

THE COMING OF THE NATION

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Comment on Things Doing

By Charles Edward Russell

BEAUTIFUL MINNEAPOLIS



MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., is a large and beautiful city of about 320,000 inhabitants.

It has attractive stores, some handsome streets, many imposing residences, and abounds in what is known as

"civic spirit."

Fifty years ago it could hardly be said to exist; forty years ago it was a village in a mud-hole twenty-five years ago it had 125,000 inhabitants and was a raw town of the frontier. Now it is the northwestern metropolis.

* * *

It is a place of which many of its inhabitants are inordinately proud. When they travel they talk much and loudly about it and take a high key of superiority. No other city on the continent, they proclaim, has equal merits. They can discourse for hours about its marvelous success and achievements and then begin all over again if they can get a fresh lot of hearers. They will show conclusively that Minneapolis represents the summit of city making. It has the best schools, the best parks, the best streets, the best factories, the best citizens, the best everything. They invite you to name another city fit for comparison; but accept not of the bidding. They will but howl you off your feet with derision.

* * *

It is a place of many millionaires and among them many that made their fortunes in very dirty ways. Some stole timber lands, some stole ore lands and some made a business of defrauding the state. Everybody knows the manner in which these fortunes were accumulated and that if justice had been done many of the millionaires of Minneapolis would be in the penitentiary. But they are not in the penitentiary; they are among the most highly honored citizens. Nobody ever thinks the less of them because they stole their money; on the contrary, good men vie with one another in paying honor to these millionaires.

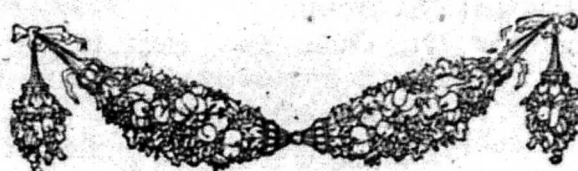
If a stranger comes to town and learns of these facts and expresses wonder thereat the townspeople look upon him as a strange, uncouth beast. Very likely, then, he will point out that the entire community is the loser by the peculations that made the millionaires rich. That will be cheerfully admitted, but what of it? To be sure, these men stole their money, but they got it, didn't they? And they have it now, haven't they? Then what of it? What's the use of being prudish about these things?

But if a burglar is caught entering a house or a clerk makes away with some of his employer's funds, Minneapolis is a place of the sternest public virtue toward such.

We must have honesty, if we have to enlarge the penitentiary.

* * *

It is a place where beautiful palaces line a few famous streets and vast aggregations of miserable dwellings huddle together unnoticed. Of the miserable dwellings the eloquent Minneapolitan on his travels apparently has no knowledge. "There is no poverty in Minneapolis!" he constantly asserts. "All are well to do here." A local officer being asked by the national department of Commerce and Labor concerning the number of unemployed in his city, replied that there was none. A thousand walked the streets within gunshot of his office.



It is a place where three-quarters of the population toil to make other persons rich, but they themselves get nothing for their toil except bare existence. The eloquent Minneapolis orators, being confronted with this fact, brush it lightly aside and dwell upon the superior mental attributes of those that have enriched themselves in their city. They would

not dwell with admiration upon the superior mental attributes of pickpockets or second-story men, and yet to the impartial observer the only difference seems to be that the second-story man robs an individual and the timber thief robs the community.

* * *

The advantages of a "civic spirit."

It is a place where three-quarters of the population dwell in poverty and have no possible chance to dwell otherwise, where three in every four children are condemned at birth to lives of drudgery, misery and want, where not one child in five can receive anything like a fair education, where life for three children in every four can mean nothing but darkness, insufficiency and slavish toil for the benefit of the minority.

In this city so much boasted of and so highly praised exist some of the worst and most abject poverty and some of the vilest conditions to be found anywhere in the West. On one side the impartial observer sees the increasing slum and on the other the senseless and idiotic extravagances of the rich, and year by year both conditions become more striking and more sinister.

It is a place where all these things are known and nobody cares. It is a place where in spite of the wide-spread "civic spirit," whatever that may be, you can get no response among the comfortable to any facts about the growth of poverty or the menace of basic conditions; where leading men frankly admit that they do not believe in democracy; where at any time you can cause a riot of protest among the bourgeoisie and the parasites by merely suggesting that a workingman might hold an office; where the ideal of public virtue is expressed in a fulsome reception to a railroad magnate that made his money by the most questionable means; where nothing is admired but money; where the one standard and measure of respectability is dollars; where in the pursuit of more dollars men gouge and tear and snarl like wolves at one another; where the only achievement to which the young are encouraged is the getting of dollars; where the only topic men willingly talk of is dollars; where everything is smeared with the filth of dollar grubbing; where young women are trained to squander in display and the race for social distinction the dollars gouged by their fathers or husbands; where the fat-head business man subscribes painfully for an art gallery because that is said to be the proper thing, but will not give one moment's heed to the rising tide of poverty; where the art gallery, the boulevards and the parks are

openly arranged for the especial delectation of the rich and the fortunate; where the universal fashion among the classes is to sneer at the poor as ignorant and responsible for their own condition.

* * *

MERRILY GRINDS THE DOLLAR MILL

It is a place where thousands of women work in factories and the basements of stores under the most unsanitary conditions; where almost no effort is made to civilize these places; where the department stores keep open on Saturday nights until nine o'clock; where the department store girls frequently faint from weariness at their tasks; where when they so faint, water is dashed into their faces until they revive, and are driven back to their work

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again; where the wages paid to these girls are a crime against humanity.

It is a place where there are thirty or forty Women's Clubs that meet regularly like convocations of sleek and well-fed cats, to exchange scandals and play bridge; where to every one of these clubs the facts about women's employment in Minneapolis are perfectly well known; where the members of all these clubs know well enough that these women employes are being murdered in body and soul and where if one were to suggest to these clubs that the members owed any duty to their working sisters such a one would be looked upon as no better than insane.

It is a place where the greedy employer has unlimited power to oppress, maltreat, swindle, rob and slay his working women and the well-to-do know it and do not care a hang.

* * *

THE DUKE OF MINNESOTA

It is a place that has the rottenest railroad station in the United States, a vile, dark, filthy, stinking place, infested with rats, perilously unsanitary, twenty years outgrown by the traffic. It is a place where not long ago a committee of prominent citizens was formed to see if it were not possible to remove this hideous blight upon the city. The committee-men went on their bellies to the railroad magnate that rules the city and the state and humbly begged to know if Minneapolis might please have a new station; where the magnate kicked the committee in the face and refused the petition; where not one member of the committee nor of the complacent, well-trained business community was moved to inquire what right this man had to decide such matters, nor who created him a feudal baron with dutiful subjects at his mercy.

* * *

REASONABLE LOCAL PRIDE

It is a place where the corporations rule, where the street railroad company gouges and extorts, where corporations have obtained long-term and preposterous franchises to rob and plunder, where the express companies make an additional charge for delivering packages, where the telegraph companies make an additional charge for delivering telegrams, where no one protests against these petty forms of larceny, but where the dollar grubbers regard them as smart and clever, being ways to get the dollar.

It is a place where people go smugly to Church and rejoice that there are no poorly-dressed persons in their congregations; where snobbery reigns triumphant, graft runs riot, all the truly good are on the make, nobody among them cares for anything else, the water supply is polluted, the poor get typhoid, the rich buy spring water and are immune, everybody is satisfied with this and every other putrid condition and the fat Pharisees walk to and fro in the market place, thanking God that all the persons in their set are respectable.

Yes, it is a great place, a typical, Twentieth Century American city, and no wonder the blatant gentlemen that offend your ears by shouting its praises are so extremely proud of it.

Who could fail to be proud of such a city!

* * *

P. S.—

They have had lately at work in Minneapolis a Vice Commission. I talked with one of its members. He told me the Commission had found that there were no more gilded palaces of ill-fame in the city. Policemen, hackmen, detectives, all testified that such places were going out of fashion.

I asked why.

"Why," he said, "since the cost of living has risen so much it has become more than ever difficult for many employed women to support themselves on their wages. Difficult!" he broke out suddenly, with a violent gesture and a bitter word, "it's impossible! Well you know what that means."

But you could tell that fact to the whole middle-class outfit in Minneapolis and they wouldn't care. It is not our daughters that

go thus to the devil. On with the dollar-grubbing!

But suppose the class whose daughters do thus go to the devil should weary of the game and demand that their daughters should have equal opportunity with other daughters to live and maintain their womanhood?

That would work some changes in this Graftopolis, this soft and easy Paradise of the Pharisees, wouldn't it?

What?



THE MOUNTAIN BUILDERS

I understand that Mr. James B. Duke, the most active spirit in the American Tobacco Trust, is so much disgusted with the recent decision of the Supreme Court in the case of his company that he intends to give up the business and devote himself to other interests, a change that would pave the way to the complete absorption of the Tobacco Trust by the Standard Oil group.

Whatever Mr. Duke may elect to do he will always have a picturesque place in the history of American plutocracy.

He is the man that having vast millions collected by the operations of the Trust could think of no way of spending his income except by creating artificial mountains. He could buy any number of natural mountains ready made, but none of these would do for Mr. Duke. He must create some. So he bought several thousand acres of perfectly flat land near Somerville, N. J., and for years now an army of workmen has been engaged in piling up a range of mountains to his taste. Thousands of train-loads of earth have been carried thither, three mountains 600 feet high have already been constructed, there are lakes, plateaus and mountain streams where formerly was only a dead, flat plain. An immense water works system pumps up the water for the mountain brooks which flow in a life-like manner over artificial rocks and concrete chasms. At one spot the eye is entranced with the view of three lakes and a cascade. It is a grand place and has cost Mr. Duke so far about \$30,000,000. Some persons say that our rich men (after our willing contributions have made them rich) do not know how to make wise use of their money. I point to the example of Mr. Duke as the refutation of all such slanders. You bet he knows. What could be wiser than to make artificial mountains?

The facts about Mr. Duke's enterprise are not generally known. I have set them down here because I am convinced that all consumers of the Tobacco Trust's pleasing goods will be interested in knowing what becomes of their money. This is what becomes of a part of it. Artificial mountains.

I do not know what Mr. Duke intends to call his mountains when they are done. The Alfalfa Range would be a pretty name.



A FINE, LOVELY WAR

The real reason for the war between Italy and Turkey is that a syndicate of Italian bankers has discovered a line of very profitable industries that they can command in and about Tripoli if they can get rid of the Turkish domination there.

It is for this splendid and patriotic ideal that Italian soldiers are now rushing to the firing line and the Italian navy shows itself worthy of its best traditions by deeds of the utmost gallantry.

And the Italian bankers—are they on the firing line and leading the attack upon the Turkish cruisers?

Why, how you talk! Don't you understand that these bankers are among the foremost citizens of Italy? They are Captains of Industry, Leaders of the Business World, our honored Financiers, affording employment to thousands and sustaining the whole fabric of the Commercial World. Would you have

them anywhere near the firing line? Think—they might get hurt!

But the low, common workingmen, they ought to go gladly to the place of sacrifice. Willingly and cheerfully they should lay down their lives in such a cause. It is good for them to die or be mangled for the sacred profits of the banker's trust. They like it; or if they don't they ought to. And anyway, it teaches them their place. The great trouble nowadays is that workingmen too often do not know their place. When they are driven up to the firing line or are blown to pieces with a shell they learn their place.

Grand war. The Associated Press is careful to tell us every day that the entire Italian populace is cheering madly for the expedition. You might possibly think that the wives, mothers and children of the men that will be blown to pieces for the sake of Profits would not be cheering with much enthusiasm. But the Associated Press says they are, so it must be that these, too, know their place. How nice that must be for the bankers!



THE FINEST SPECIMEN IN CAPTIVITY

This life of ours abounds in bitter disappointments, but none, I think, equal those that beset and afflict the conscientious collector of intellectual curios.

Take my own experience as an example. When I got the Hon. Augustus O. Stanley of Kentucky I was perfectly sure I had secured the finest specimen extant of the prehistoric dodo bird or flying bone-head. Day after day I looked up at him, ornamenting the shelves of my collection, and gloated over his acquisition. Where else in all the world, I said, contemplating his matchless beauties, where else would you find a Congressman that can sit all day on his perch and utter the word "Competition"? And echo gleefully answered "Where?"

But now in Massachusetts they have unearthed another specimen compared with which the Stanley bird looks poor indeed. The new treasure is called the Hon. Samuel W. McCall and is also a Congressman. The Stanley bird, it is believed, dates from about 1100 A. D., but the McCall bird has come down to us from an antiquity so great that none of the archeologists has so far ventured to compute it.

The Stanley bird can say "Competition," but the McCall bird utters a whole sentence. Properly prodded under the feathers he cocks his bone-head on one side in the prettiest fashion and says: "Government by the people must always be a failure; what we want is government by the Wise and Good, of which I am what."

Wonderful specimen! Happy Massachusetts! Happy collector that can put on his shelves a thing so rare! I am told experts report that you could get a new idea into the Stanley bird with an awl, but the head of the McCall bird has turned a diamond drill.

* * *

About 18,000,000 words, it is estimated, were uttered at the recent special session of Congress.

The session passed four measures. One of them was subsequently killed by the Canadians but never mind that; let us still say four. That means 4,500,000 words to a bill.

Now we are a practical people. No nonsense about us. All business, and quick about it. Why not introduce a reform in this Congress matter and get it down to tacks? Four million five hundred thousand words are required to each measure. Very well, then, get phonographs. That's the thing. Let phonographs grind until they have reached the 4,500,000 mark on each bill, and then let Congress assemble and pass it. No one would pay any attention to the phonographs, but, then, nobody pays any attention to the Congressmen, and the remarks of one would be just as effective and valuable as the remarks of the others. And think of the time it would save!

THE SHADOW UNDER THE ROOF

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BY PEYTON BOSWELL

Illustrations by John Sloan.

\$550.00 FOR SOLVING THIS MYSTERY

The First Installment of the Coming Nation's Great Mystery Story—Read the Rules Governing the Contest and Then Read the Story

RULES AND PRIZES

1. To the persons from whom the COMING NATION receives by mail, and not otherwise, the best solutions of the mystery in "The Shadow Under the Roof," the following prizes will be given:
For the best solution\$250.
Three next best solutions, \$50 each..... 150
Five next best solutions, \$10 each..... 50
Ten next best solutions, \$5 each..... 50
Fifty next best solutions, one yearly sub card each 50

A total of 69 prizes amounting to.....\$550

2. Any reader, whether a subscriber or not, may compete and win prizes, but only one solution may be entered by any one reader.

3. The last installment but one of "The Shadow Under the Roof" will be printed in the COMING NATION dated February 10, 1912. An interval of two weeks will be allowed for the receipt of solutions, and the final installment will be published in the issue of March 2, 1912. The latest moment at which solutions will be received and considered will be 6 o'clock p. m., February 23, 1912.

4. All solutions must be sent by mail and in no other way, plainly addressed to "Mystery Story Editor, The COMING NATION, Girard, Kan."

5. The prizes will be awarded according to the conditions and rules here set forth and according to the best judgment of the judges appointed by the COMING NATION. These judges will have complete control and final decision in this contest, beyond all appeal.

6. The solutions are to be written in the English language, briefly and simply, stating clearly as many facts and details as are necessary to make up the "best solution of the mystery."

7. The names and addresses of all the prize winners will be published in the COMING NATION at the earliest possible date after the judges have determined their awards.

8. Employees of the COMING NATION and the Appeal to Reason and members of their families are not eligible for this competition.

\$550.00 for Reading a Good Story

Everybody likes to read a mystery story: It is a challenge to the mind of the active reader. It has that element of uncertainty that is the spice of life.

The greatest novelists have recognized this universal demand. The great stories of Poe and Doyle and many others turn on concealment of some mysterious climax to be revealed only in the final chapter.

The COMING NATION has just secured a splendid mystery story. It is written by Peyton Boswell, now on the editorial staff of the Chicago Record-Herald, formerly managing editor of the Daily Socialist, author of "Steel," a one-act drama, and who is generally well known as an entertaining story writer.

The story is splendidly told, and of most gripping interest from the very beginning. The first installment which is printed in this number proves this better than any description.

After we got the story we wanted the best artist to illustrate it. We finally persuaded John Sloan to undertake the work, and those who know his illustrations will know that a treat is in store for those who obtain these numbers of the the COMING NATION.

The COMING NATION is printing this story for two reasons: First, it is a ripping, good story, and the COMING NATION is constantly seeking to hunt out and print the very best fiction for its readers. Sec-

ond, because by offering some very valuable prizes to those who can guess the solution of the mystery, we expect to greatly increase the subscription list of the COMING NATION and to introduce that paper to thousands who have never seen it. Experience has shown that those who see it become permanent subscribers, and active friends of the paper.

The greatest pleasure in reading a mystery story comes from guessing how it will end. It is the chance to match wits with the author that makes everyone want to read such stories.

In this case there will be added incentive of a chance at prizes amounting to over \$500 that will be given to those who are most skillful in solving the mystery. Five hundred dollars cash besides fifty other prizes.

The person who sends the solution that comes closest to the one that will be given in the last chapter will receive two hundred and fifty dollars (\$250.00).

If you succeed in guessing some portion of the true solution you will stand a good chance of winning one of the prizes of fifty dollars that will be given to each of the three who send in the next best solution. The five others who come nearest to solving the mystery will each receive ten dollars, and the next ten five dollars.

Finally, if you succeed in solving any portion of the problems that will be presented you will have a good chance of securing a yearly subscription card to the COMING NATION, value one dollar, as one of these will be given each of the fifty who give the next best solution of the mystery.

There are no strings on this contest. Everyone can enter. You do not need even to be a subscriber. You may beg, borrow or steal the copies from which to read the story. Or buy them from the Socialist Scouts. Of course, we prefer that you should send a dollar for a year's subscription, and that is the only way you can be sure of getting all the copies. You can call in all the help you wish. It would be a good idea for a Socialist local to all join in and figure out probable solutions. Then each one can send in a guess and if you win the prize, it will give funds with which to push Socialism.

There will be an interval of two weeks after the last installment but one has appeared, in which there will be no installments of the story. That will give plenty of time for everyone to read all the story but the last chapter and then send in their solution.

Do not send in letters asking questions about the story. All information is contained in the rules published elsewhere, and no letters of inquiry will be answered. To do so would be to give an undue advantage to a few.

Deciding on Best Solution

The judges to be named by the COMING NATION will use the following method in deciding on the best solutions.

When the last installment of "The Shadow Under the Roof" is published, the main points of the final chapter will be itemized and each one given a value, of so many points, according to its importance. The solutions submitted by readers will then be examined and graded according to this system, and the one receiving the most points will be given the first prize, etc. This method, it will be seen, is similar to that employed in schools and in civil service examinations.

ence to his helpmate had turned his thoughts within himself, guided the automobile in silence back to the boulevard, then eastward again. Neither he nor his companion spoke during the rest of the journey as the car swept on toward the factory district.

There was nothing out of the ordinary in what had just happened. The big, solemn-faced man had been calling for the other every work-day morning for a year, it having been just that long since he had put the little automobile together with his own hands, in the experimental workshop he maintained at his suburban home in Oak Park.

His name was Richard Horton, and he was the superintendent of the plant of the Robley-Ford Consolidated Brass Company. His companion was John Frisbie, chemist at the same works. The two were fast friends, and had been for years, due, perhaps, to the law which draws opposites together, for two human beings could not possibly be more unlike than Horton and Frisbie.

Physically, the superintendent was a large man, loosely knit together, but powerful; the chemist was of medium size, compactly built, and good to look upon. Horton had a long, square-cornered face, a large thin mouth and eyes of a peculiar mesmerizing grey, that people instinctively avoided; Frisbie had a bright, thoughtful face, with friendly, expressive blue eyes. Horton was well past middle life, as was indicated by his iron-grey hair and the lines that seamed his features, while Frisbie was not over thirty at the outside.

Mentally the contrast was even more keen. Horton was a human machine, he cared little for any-



"His eyes wandered from time to time"

CHAPTER I.

AT about 7:30 o'clock on a Monday morning, the twenty-first day of March, 1904, a small automobile, crude in appearance and open to the wind, crept into Chicago from one of the western suburbs and took its way down Washington Boulevard toward the populous main section of the city.

Automobiles were not as plentiful in those days as they are now, and those who possessed them did not stir abroad so early as 7:30 o'clock in the morning. So the car in question had the pleasure-way all to itself, as it drove on block after block, for even the owners of modest carriages had no use for them at that untimely hour. The great toiling communities of the city, it is true, had long since been disgorging their hordes of workers, by thoroughfares more plebeian, but men of affairs, leaders of industry, were not yet swallowing their coffee, and many fair women were still slumbering for their beauty's sake.

The looks of this solitary little vehicle were unusual, but the physical appearance of the driver was even more likely to draw attention. He was a tall

man, muffled in a big overcoat and a cossack cap, for the breeze was raw. All that was visible of his physiognomy was a long, solemn face, with an aquiline nose and heavy dark eyebrows, but it was enough to fasten itself on the beholder's mind and make him remember the man long afterwards.

The automobile made its way down Washington Boulevard until it reached a certain cross street, when it turned aside. Proceeding for a couple of blocks more, it stopped in front of a three-story flat building, and the driver glanced up at a window on the second floor. A moment later another man, of medium stature, opened the door and walked quickly to the car.

"Good morning, Jack—jump in," said the big man, making room in the seat.

"I looked for you yesterday," remarked the other, as he climbed in. "What did you do?"

"Stayed at home with the wife and cluttered around a bit in the workshop. And you?"

"Books—books—stayed in my room all day." He spoke briskly, then added softly, "How is Mrs. Horton?"

"Still the same—poor mother!"
And the big, solemn-faced man, as if this refer-

thing save mechanics, and he knew nearly all there was to know about that; his thoughts were of machinery, his body was angular like a machine, and his outlook on life was much as if he regarded the world as a vast mechanism, orderly in its movements, each part having its use and place; he was practical—practical as steel or brass itself. Frisbie was the exact antithesis; he hated routine toil, he was a man of books and theories and fancies, his faculties were speculative, his mind was venturesome and free and he declined to think in the smooth grooves that millions of other minds had worn.

Horton to the young chemist was a wonderful man, a wizard, and the superintendent reciprocated by thoroughly enjoying the varied conversa-

tion of the other, and so a bond of friendship had grown up between the two, the like of which is seldom seen in this common-place modern world.

The little automobile proceeded down Washington Boulevard, with its handsome residences on either side, past Halsted street, until suddenly it turned aside into the very heart of the factory district, and was soon threading its way among heavy trucks along a narrow street, either side of which was lined with tall, sooty buildings, from which came the din of awakened industry. The pulsation of steam, the whirr of great wheels through partly open windows, the clang of hammers, smote upon the air.

Again the vehicle turned, this time down a still narrower and more cavern-like thoroughfare, only one block in length, at the end of which, blocking the way, stood the building occupied by the Robley-Ford Consolidated Brass Company. Originally it was of red brick, faced with yellowish stone, but the grime in the air had long since made both materials nearly the same color.

As the car rounded the corner, the hands of the clock seen through a window of the little lunch room, just off the main street, pointed precisely at 8.

"Ha! It's rather early for that," ejaculated Horton, as he spied the big touring car of David Robley, the junior partner, standing in front of the company's offices, which occupied a part of the first floor.

"A woman, too," said Frisbie, as they drew nearer.

"Helen Robley, to be exact," added Horton.

The big motor stood in silence, the chauffeur with his hand resting on the wheel.

"Good morning, Mr. Horton," called the young woman from the car. "I am so glad you have come. The office is locked and none of the foremen has a key."

Frisbie dismounted from the superintendent's tiny machine and walking over offered to assist the young woman to alight.

"But, Miss Robley," he asked, "is your brother not with you?"

"My brother is not with me, and that is the reason I am here. My brother is missing—he has not been at home since Saturday."

Horton bent upon the girl those peculiar eyes, which looked out beneath shaggy brows.

"Mr. Robley not at home since Saturday?" he queried. "That is strange. Have you no idea where he is?"

"Not the slightest. Saturday evening he was at the Inland Club and spent several hours there. At about 11 o'clock he came out of the club and gave his chauffeur orders to drive here. When he got here he sent the machine away. He did not come home that night, nor all day yesterday. I have found no one who has seen him since."

"Strange—strange." The superintendent started toward the office door.

"Oh, Mr. Horton, I dread to have you go in there. I feel sure something has happened to my brother. I know it—I know it."

"Why do you feel that way?"

The superintendent turned and transfixed her with a penetrating look.

"Because—because he has been acting so strangely of late. Something has been worrying him—I could see it."

Horton again turned and walked to the door, which he unlocked and threw open for the others to pass. Miss Robley hovered near Frisbie, following him closely.

The air had that stagnant odor peculiar to office rooms on Monday morning.

The chemist and the girl paused just inside and Horton strode past them, his footfalls waking the silence as he walked between rows of desks toward a door marked "Mr. Robley, Private." He threw it open and called back the one word:

"Empty!"

Then proceeding to another door marked "Mr. Ford, Private," he likewise opened that, and cried:

"No one here!"

Then he retraced his steps to where the others were standing.

Yellowish sunshine pouring through the windows fell in patches upon the floor and over the desks. The rumble of machinery that came from the rest of the factory—work had begun at 7 o'clock—served to accentuate the silence that reigned within the big office room.

Horton motioned the girl to a seat, Frisbie took another near by, while the superintendent leaned his great loose-jointed form over the top of a desk and again bent upon the girl those metallic grey eyes.

But at this point it will not be amiss to turn aside for a moment and tell the reader something about the Robley-Ford Company and the persons connected with it.

The firm had its beginning years before in a little establishment founded by Cyrus Robley, now dead, who had come to Chicago from the East for that purpose. His business had grown as the

city and the great West had grown, until finally it had reached proportions that made it a very considerable factor in the world of industry, and its owner moderately rich.

The elder Robley was a man of pleasing personality, and half his success was due to the friendly personal relations he established with his patrons, the consumers of brass and brass products. However, at the very top of his prosperity a shadow fell across his path. This shadow was the reflection cast by a rapidly growing competitor, the Ford Manufacturing Company, at the head of which was William T. Ford, a man whose very unlikeness to Cyrus Robley had made him a dangerous rival. For, while Robley as a salesman was unsurpassed, Ford far excelled him as the executive head of a business; he could drive a harder bargain with the producers of raw material, he was a better systematizer both in shop and office, and he had the golden faculty of extracting the last ounce of usefulness from an employe. And so it came about that, while "the trade" would much prefer to use Robley's products, they found that Ford was able to offer them prices that made buying of the older firm very poor business; and since no man can survive in business if he lets his human feelings interfere with profits, Robley found his old customers gradually slipping away.

But Robley had amassed considerable means and, when he found he had to, was not slow to join the issue with his rival. He began selling goods under cost and a bitter price war ensued that not only put an end to all their small competitors, but actually threatened to bring ruin to both participants. At this point, however, one of them had an inspiration. If the two were able to do so much harm to each other as rivals, would they not be well nigh invincible as partners? A conference was held and the result was the Robley-Ford Consolidated Brass Company.

Driven thus unwillingly together, the alliance proved most successful. Ford assumed complete charge of the routine of plant and office, while Robley devoted himself entirely to enlarging the market; each fitted exactly into his chosen sphere and the firm grew past all expectation.

All this happened years before the opening of this narrative, for Cyrus Robley had now been dead nearly two years, and his place in the company had been taken by his son, David Robley, a young man in the middle twenties, who in every way was a fitting successor. His amiability and pleasing tact much resembled that of his father, and he had been specially reared to fill the older man's place in the world. He was fond of the society of his fellows and was popular in whatever circle he moved.

It was this David Robley who, according to his sister, was missing on this Monday morning in early Spring.

The sister herself was a girl of perhaps 22, pleasing to look upon, but not pretty, and with an intellectual cast of countenance. She was not the typical daughter of the rich. Cyrus Robley had not trained his children that way. Instead, the young woman was of a serious turn of mind, desiring of all things to be of some use in the world—a rather unusual heritage for a busy industrial fighter to leave to his progeny.

Horton, from his point of vantage over the desk, looked at Frisbie, then again at the girl.

"It is evident, Miss Robley," he said, "that your brother is not about the factory. Is it not likely that he has gone on a business trip unawares to you or has been kept away from home for some cause he has neglected to tell you?"

"It is not at all likely, Mr. Horton. My brother never before spent a night away without first letting me know—and now he has been gone for two nights. Besides, there are other things."

She hesitated.

"I think you may safely speak to us, Miss Robley," Horton glanced at Frisbie, then again at the girl.

This reassurance had all the more force because the young woman knew Horton for an old and trusted auxiliary of her father, his connection with the firm extending back for many years. As for Frisbie, she knew him personally even better than she did the superintendent. Her father had once referred to Frisbie's advanced views, and the girl, just out of school and with radical ideas of her own, had found means to make the acquaintance of the chemist. The freedom with which he sought facts, the audacity with which he questioned many long established beliefs, his iconoclasm and his Socialism, had aroused admiration in her, because she had already found her mind running in nearly the same channels. As a result there came many long conversations between the two on her visits to the factory, and she had even allowed the chemist to become in a way her preceptor, having read many books that he suggested.

"My brother," resumed Miss Robley, "for the past two weeks has been acting so strangely that I

fear there can be only one of two explanations—either his mind has become unbalanced or he has been the victim of some misfortune he has kept from me."

"Surely you are wrong," said Horton. "Several times during these two weeks I have had occasion to consult Mr. Robley and have noticed nothing unusual, nor has anyone else here, I am sure. So, it would seem, that disposes of the idea he was mentally unbalanced."

"Then only the other explanation remains, that some great trouble has befallen him, and if that be true, then it is possible—oh, I fear something very serious has happened to him."

The girl's voice broke, and there was the trace of a sob.

"This looks like borrowing trouble, Miss Robley," spoke up Frisbie. "Perhaps it was some little business worry you noticed, that has been forgotten by this time. I cannot think but that Mr. Robley is all right."

"Tell us just how he acted," Horton asked.

"The first day he stayed in his room and did not go to the office. He claimed to be ill, and ate nothing, but when he thought he was not observed he would pace the room, as if in great mental excitement. I heard him that night as long as I remained awake. Next day he seemed to be himself again and went to the office, but that evening he ate little and paced his room as before. This lasted for a week, then—the girl's voice fell—"he began to drink. He would sit by himself, with whisky in front of him, and consume so much that on two occasions the servants had to put him to bed. Always when I questioned him he would tell me he was not feeling well. Friday he seemed much better, and Saturday evening he went to his club. But I learned that he drank heavily there and left partly intoxicated."

"He came to this office?"

"Yes, he had the driver bring him here, then sent the machine away."

"If you wish, Miss Robley, we will examine your brother's desk and see if we can find any clew to the mystery."

"If you please, Mr. Horton."

The little party arose and, with the superintendent in the lead, entered the small room cut off by a partition from the rest of the office. In one corner was a mahogany desk and in the center stood a large table of the same rich material, the top covered with plate glass; two or three chairs were lined up around it. On the wall a mission clock ticked away unobtrusively. Everything was in good taste and everything was tidy save for one thing—all over the table and all over the desk, which was open, account books were scattered, some open and some closed, piled over each other with an air of confusion.

"It is undoubtedly true that your brother has been here since Saturday afternoon," said Horton, "for I cannot believe that things were left in this manner. Indeed, come to think of it, I was here when Mr. Robley was getting ready to leave, and I am sure these books were not in the room. Lend a hand and let us see if we can find anything."

The three examined the table and the desk. Nothing was found. The junior partner was neater than most men of business. He had left no letters or papers or memoranda scattered about—the account books were the only things out of their place. No effort was made to go into the carefully labeled pigeon holes and drawers of the desk, and the search so far was fruitless.

However, while Frisbie and Miss Robley were busy turning over the account books on the table, Horton spied a single piece of paper lying in the waste basket. He stooped and picked it up, then smoothed it out, for it was crumpled. His mouth opened in surprise, then a queer sort of smile puckered his eyes. He crumpled the paper again and put it hastily in his overcoat pocket.

Miss Robley sank into a chair, a pitiful little bundle of nerves, almost in tears. Frisbie stood near her, his looks betraying solicitude and sympathy.

"It is only a little past 8, Miss Robley," he said, "and I'll venture to say that within an hour your brother will be here at work, safe and well."

The girl gave a cry and started up.

"My brother's chair—it is not at his desk or in the room."

Her woman's eye had discovered a thing so obvious it had escaped both her male companions. The junior partner's large revolving chair was indeed gone. A search was made of the main office, then of Mr. Ford's room. Everything was found in perfect Monday morning order and there was no trace of the missing chair.

Here was a situation that was almost incongruous. David Robley, member of the prosperous Robley-Ford company, who had visited his office late on a Saturday night, had disappeared in a most mysterious manner, and the chair in which he sat

likewise was gone. What bizarre connection could these two facts have, the one with the other?

CHAPTER II.

THE three did not again venture into David Robley's private office, for each, without knowing why, all at once became possessed of a feeling of aversion for that particular spot. Perhaps it was because in the mind of each the idea of death began to be associated with every thought of the missing man. Although the word "death" had not yet been spoken, the feeling that Robley might not now be numbered among the living intruded further and further into the consciousness of each of the little party.

With scarcely a word, they waited in the front of the big room. The sunshine, coming diluted through a window, fell across the face of the girl, revealing in dismal distinctness the drawn look that anxiety had planted about the eyes and the corners of the mouth.

It was a well made mouth, the lips were full, but delicate. The nose was rather short and the forehead came out too far to make the face beautiful. The eyes were deep blue and had a straightforward look about them that indicated their possessor was forever in earnest. Just now they were fixed anxiously upon the narrow street down which everyone must come to enter the Robley-Ford establishment.

Under the inexorable rule of Ford, every clerk had to be at his desk promptly at 8.30 o'clock; and because of the exacting habits of the taskmaster, each one saw to it that he never came very many minutes early. Frisbie took out his watch and compared it with the clock on the wall. It was exactly 8:15. In another quarter of an hour the room in which the three now kept a silent vigil would be a populous hive, containing a score or more of human beings earning their daily bread.

The door opened and in stepped Ford, the senior partner. He stopped short when he saw the little group in front of him. Recovering from his surprise, he bowed to Miss Robley and advanced, hat in hand. He was a stocky built man with a heavy face and a firm-set jaw.

"Good morning, Miss Robley," he said, then, noting her more closely, added, "Is there anything wrong?"

"My brother has not been seen since Saturday night," she replied.

Ford regarded her impassively, without betraying the least acceleration of interest. By long usage, he was able to think behind a screen.

Frisbie spoke. "We thought perhaps he might have left the city suddenly on some mission for the firm." The way in which it was put made it a question.

"No," said the senior partner, "not that I know of. I stick closely to my own department, and it is possible Mr. Robley may have taken such a trip. But I don't think so."

His tone was quite matter of fact, as if he were discussing a shipment of brass or some other business detail. Miss Robley turned her head away. His failure even to suggest a reason for her brother's absence caused hope to sink again in her heart, and the man's cold, quiet manner so contrasted with her own feelings that she was hurt.

"There is a fact that seems very odd, Mr. Ford," said Horton. "The chair in which Mr. Robley sat when he was last here, Saturday night, is also missing. It can't be found anywhere."

"The chair in which he sat Saturday night? How should he be here Saturday night? Impossible!"

"Nevertheless, he was here. The condition of his office proves it."

"What do you mean?"

"Account books, some of them dating three years back, are scattered all over his desk and his table. I am certain they were not there Saturday afternoon."

Abruptly, and without a word, the senior partner turned on his heel and hurried to Robley's office. As soon as he entered, there came to the ears of the others a curse, sharp and venomous, evidently uttered to himself, but loud enough to reach all over the room. Then he could be heard tossing among the books and muttering something not distinct enough to be understood.

Horton looked at Frisbie in a way that caused the young man suddenly to straighten up, so full of meaning was the glance. But it was not intentional, and the superintendent's face again became as expressionless as the sphinx.

Presently Ford returned. He betrayed no sign of agitation. His brow was serene and there was even a trace of a smile across his lips. No one in the office had ever seen him really smile, and if anything about the factory ever amused him he concealed it—for policy's sake, no doubt.

"Well, Miss Robley," he said, raising his voice

slightly, "your brother has undoubtedly paid a visit to the office since Saturday afternoon, and evidently spent quite a few hours going over the books. This to me would indicate that no harm has befallen him, and I expect to see him show up at his usual time. For some reason, no doubt, he has preferred to stay down town."

"But the chair," cried Frisbie. "Does it not seem strange that it, too, should have disappeared?"

"Yes—that is strange," answered Ford, knitting his brows.

The outer door opened and three clerks entered. Others followed, and the room began to be occupied by its usual corps of workers, who, divesting themselves of their overcoats and hats, opened desks and pulled out files and were soon ready for the day's routine.

"Suppose we go into my office," said Ford, "and you can tell me all you know about the matter."

Then, in the orderly precincts of Ford's own

Miss Robley seated herself at one end of the large table in Ford's room, where, through the open door, her view commanded a part of the main office.

The table was shabby compared with the one in Robley's room. It was of heavy oak, scarred by usage, and the green baize that covered it was faded. The other furnishings were of a like cheerless quality. Ford's desk, too, was much more modest than the fine mahogany piece in the adjoining room; it was of oak and had a hard look.

The contrast in these surroundings was much like the contrast in the men themselves—one volatile, agreeable and of gentle bearing, the other secretive and forbidding, so far at least as his business relations were concerned. As for his private life, it was a closed book to everyone connected with the Robley-Ford establishment. His existence ceased, so far as they knew, when he left the portals of the big factory, and began again when he reappeared next morning. Years before, it is true,



Even in death his eyes stared straight ahead

room, Horton and Miss Robley went over all the details that were known concerning the disappearance, even including the queer behavior of Robley during the last two weeks. Ford, seated at his desk, listened much as he would if he were giving audience in a matter of business. In such conversations he seldom looked anyone straight in the face. When no more was to be said, he leaned forward and pressed a button. An office boy responded.

"Tell Mr. Beck and Mr. Simpson to come here," he commanded. When the clerks appeared, he said: "Go to all the departments of the plant and find if any of the foremen know of Mr. Robley's whereabouts, and also find if a revolving chair from the office is in any other part of the building." When they had departed, he turned to the young woman and said:

"There is only one thing to do, Miss Robley. If your brother does not turn up by half-past nine, as I have no doubt he will, my advice would be to lay the matter before the police. However, I would give myself no worry, for really it seems impossible that anything should have happened to him."

Ford began to sort out a package of mail that had been placed on his desk. Horton and Frisbie remained, and in an almost incredibly short time the two clerks returned from their round of the plant. Duties were performed with dispatch in Ford's establishment.

No one had any knowledge of Mr. Robley's whereabouts, was the report, and no one had seen anything of a revolving chair from the office.

"Well, then," said Ford to Miss Robley, "the only thing we can do is to wait. Make yourself comfortable here in the office. I will go through the mail, and if Mr. Robley is not here by 9:30 I will communicate with the police department."

Ford threw a glance of dismissal at Horton and Frisbie and the two went away. The superintendent and the chemist had their own offices in another part of the factory.

when the partnership was first formed, the elder Robley had prevailed upon his associate to dine at his home on two occasions, but these efforts at sociability proved disappointing and were not repeated.

There are two ways by which men maintain positions of authority. One is by being agreeable and firm, the other is by being incommunicable and firm. The latter way—that of the close mouth and the iron jaw—was the only one known to Ford.

Seated at his desk, with his back to the girl, he opened the firm's mail, piece after piece, but on this particular morning he did not give to this work the undivided attention that was his custom. His eyes wandered time and again away from the stack of mail, while a troubled look, unobserved, was allowed to creep over his face.

The girl sat motionless, her arms resting on the table, a picture of suspense. The silence of the office was unbroken save for the shuffling of feet by some uneasy clerk and the slitting of envelopes and rustling of paper by Ford. This silence wrought upon the girl's state of mind, as she waited. A tragic sense of helplessness began to possess her and a dozen times she overcame an impulse to start from her seat.

Finally, when it seemed she could endure the fearful vigil no longer, the outer door opened and Horton entered, his long arm around the bent and drawn figure of old Peterson, the night watchman, whom he hurried, almost carried, into the presence of the senior partner.

"Here, Mr. Ford, is news," he cried.

"Ah!" ejaculated Ford, turning quickly in his chair.

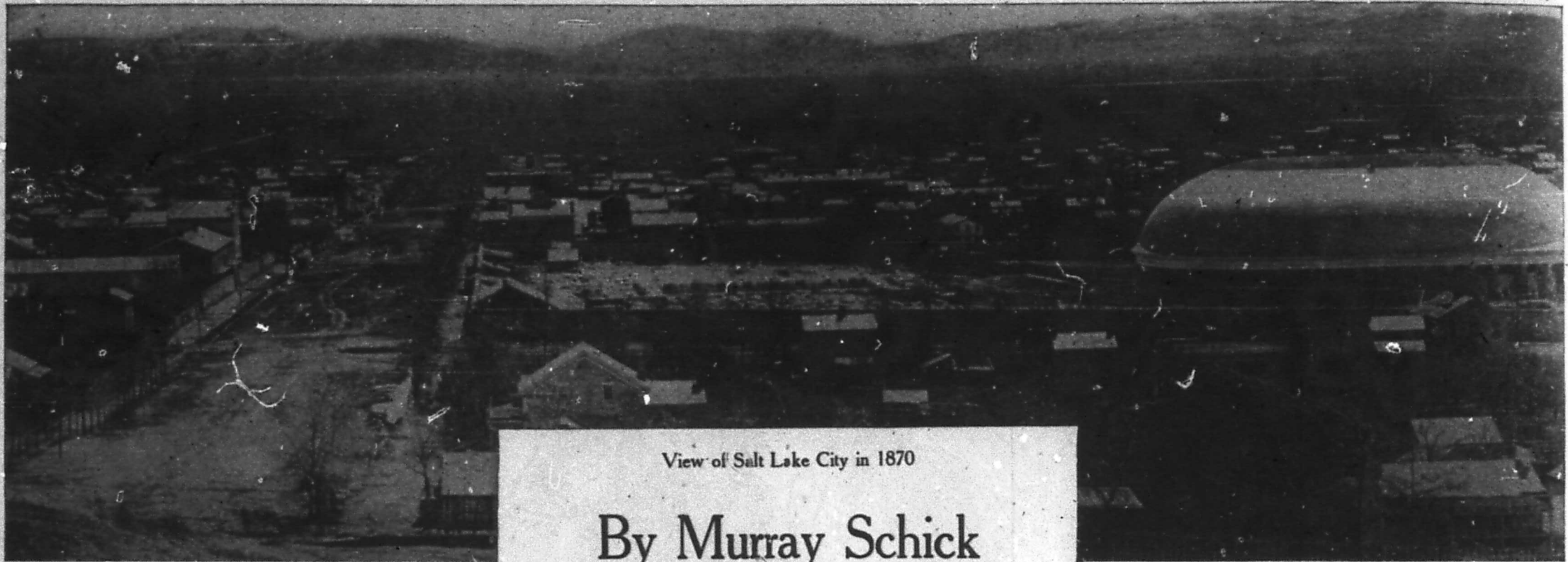
The aged Scandinavian stood before his employer, hat in hand.

"I came to tell you I didn't work last night because I was so sick," he faltered, gripping his hat hard with one hand and nervously stroking the side of his face with the other. "I took sick in the

(Continued on page eleven.)

Mormon and Mammon

DEALERS IN REVELATIONS, RAILROADS, SUGAR, SALT AND SALVATION



View of Salt Lake City in 1870

By Murray Schick

CHAPTER II.



MODERN Mormonism in Utah dates from a mining and real estate boom in the latter part of the eighties. At Park City, Utah, the most productive silver mine in the world was developed. Its success gave a great impetus to mining in all parts of the territory. Bingham and Tintic hummed with life. Sleepy old Mormon communities were stirred into new activity by the spectacle of riches wrung so readily from the ground.

In the wake of an army of miners, prospectors, engineers and smelters came a camp-following of brokers, speculators, real estate dealers, merchants and investors. Over night the little band of pioneer gentiles in Utah, consisting largely of carpet-baggers, was swelled from a negligible factor to a force capable of aggressive action. The mines, beside bringing reinforcements, furnished money to finance a gentile campaign.

What was all the fighting about? That is hard to say. The differences were real, but not clearly defined. The gentile pioneers had been regarded by the young and the ignorant among the Mormons with the curiosity and suspicion that surrounds a Mormon or a Chinese settlement in an ordinary American community. This atmosphere embittered the gentiles. They came in time to think that all the faults and weaknesses of their neighbors were due to the fact that the neighbors were Mormons rather than the fact that they were mortals.

Clash in Business and Politics

But more than at this the gentiles chafed under the restriction of their money-making activities and their political opportunities. The Mormon church, being so largely a business institution, made it a religious obligation to patronize Mormon enterprises, especially the miscalled "co-operatives" and the tithing marts. The church treasury, always open to promising Mormon commercial ventures, was an effective and dreaded weapon in the competitive struggle.

Political honors could come to a gentile candidate only by federal appointment or by servile truckling to the Mormon priesthood. Such were the principal gentile grievances.

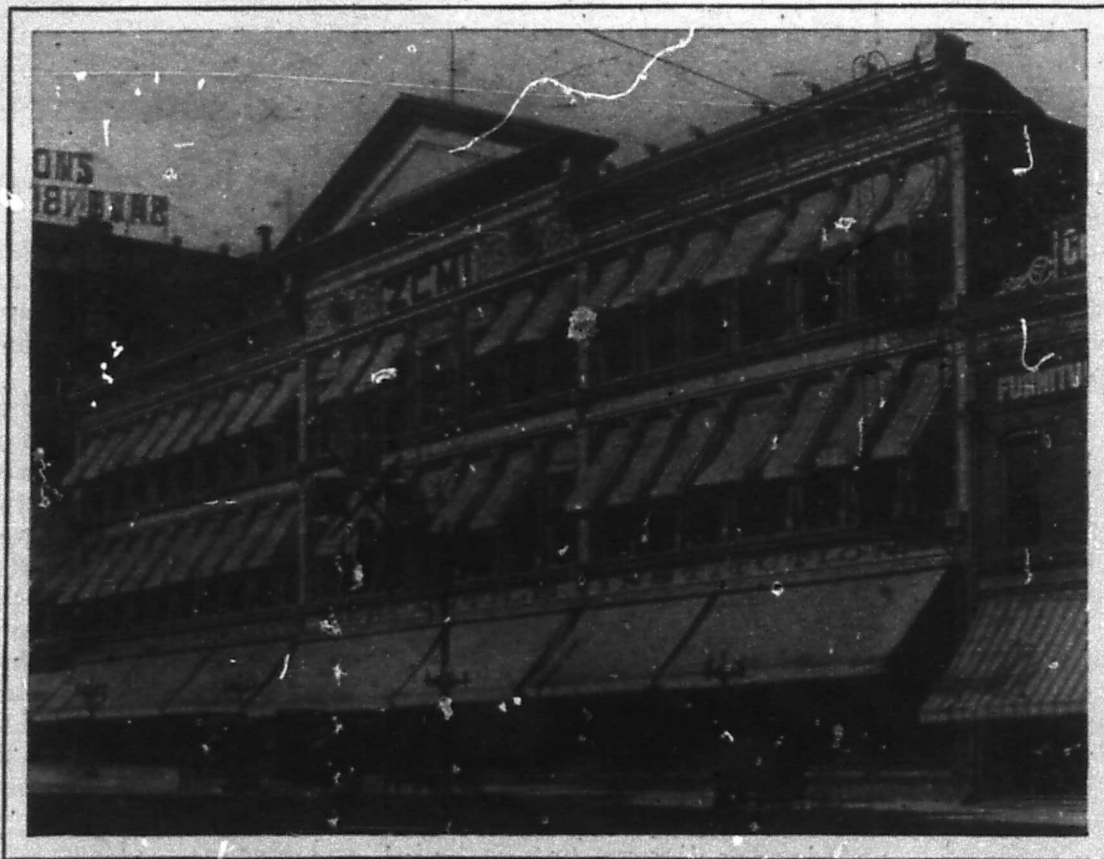
On the Mormon side was resentment at the aggressive methods of gentile merchants. The appointment of non-residents and non-Mormons as territorial officials was another sore point. The leaders were apprehensive, and with good reason, of the moral effect of the gentile invasion. Tithing became doubly onerous to the Mormon brother who saw his gentile neighbor escaping the burden and, apparently, enjoying just as much of the Lord's favor. Church discipline was impaired when

the disobedient saint could find countenance and encouragement by crossing the street.

Polygamy is not mentioned because it was a secondary issue. Among themselves the early gentiles regarded Mormon marriage customs as something of a joke—at least an interesting vagary that gave Utah a vast amount of free advertising. But when the campaign was really on and they began to negotiate outside assistance they found the minor grievance the most powerful of them all.

Had they appealed for help on the ground that the Mormons would not buy from them, the Methodist merchant in Indiana would have said:

"I have troubles of my own; lots of the Baptists here patronize that Baptist merchant across the street."



Zion's Co-Operative Mercantile Institution, founded by Brigham Young.

Had they complained that the Mormons would not elect them to office the eastern politicians would have said:

"That's pretty tough, boys, but the Freemasons here are much the same—they will vote for Freemasons. We don't see what you can do about it unless you stave off statehood and hang on to the federal offices."

Polygamy Becomes the Paramount Issue

Polygamy, however, when properly exploited, could be made to arouse every ancient prejudice and shock every humane sentiment. Folks calloused by familiarity to the sufferings of deserted families and poverty-stunted children in the next block could be melted to tears by the trials, real and imaginary, of polygamous wives. Polygamy could be attacked without treading upon the toes of any vested interest outside of Utah. It gave churches and home

missionary societies a mission, novel and romantic enough to attract the dollars from contributors whose interest in Hottentots and Chinese was waning. It afforded boundless opportunities for congressional eloquence and political posing.

Congress could not pass laws against voluntary tithing, co-operative stores or individual freedom of trade. Plural marriage, however, came within its jurisdiction and in legislating against polygamy congress stretched its authority to interfere as much as possible with the commercial affairs of the Mormon church.

Congress Takes a Hand in the Fight

Congress declared, and the courts affirmed, that the church had no legal right to hold property for other than religious and charitable purposes. The flocks, herds, real estate, produce, stocks, bonds and other secular holdings of the church were seized and put in the custody of the United States courts.

In the end the church regained a good deal of this property by assigning title to individual officers. This solution accounts for the present ownership by the president of the church as "trustee in trust" of great property interests. Such holdings pass, not from the president to his heirs, but from a dying president to his successor.

The Mormon people may thank the solicitude of the constitution makers for "vested interests" that they were able to retain any of their church property. But for that aegis the expansive sweep of anti-polygamy legislation would have ruined the commerce of the Mormon hierarchy and turned the bulk of its business over to the gentiles.

Despite the loopholes of property-protecting law the church suffered severely in pocket and the escheatment proceedings was one of the victories that culminated in 1889 in the election of gentile governments in Ogden and Salt Lake City.

Up to that time there had been but two political parties in Utah—church and anti-church. The Mormons wanted statehood as a refuge from non-resident government. The non-Mormons, or Liberals, opposed statehood, largely because the territorial form of administration kept gentiles in office.

The Doctrine of Polygamy Suspended

After the fall of Salt Lake City the church leaders could conceal from themselves no longer that their practice of plural marriage was the vulnerable heel of their political body. To save the body they decided to cut off the heel and the manifesto of 1890 suspended the application of the doctrine. Following this closely came the division of the church, or People's party, on national lines. These two master strokes, together with the collapse of the real estate and silver mining boom, finished the Liberal party and brought statehood in 1894.

State government meant to the hierarchy the long-sought opportunity to cultivate politically their commercial aspirations. It was necessary to control the local policy of both recognized parties, or, at least of the party in power. At first this was easy, habit having accustomed the voters to obedience, but in time party feeling rivaled religious fervor and the church authorities were constrained to take disciplinary measures.

These measures constitute the "political control" of which so much has been said. It is not exercised for amusement. When the business interests of the church are not concerned the church is as non-political as an Episcopal prayer meeting.

The ward teachers who visit from house to house at short intervals are the eyes, ears and tongues of the central authorities. Through them counsel is given to the lay members. They are the most important cogs in the political machine. On occasion they sound the voters as to their political views and advise all who can be influenced as to the wishes of the leaders. The teachers do not say:

"President Smith commands you to vote the Republican ticket."

That would be dictation. They put it this way:

"The church has important interests at stake. You are the church, so these interests are your interests. The authorities have looked into the matter very closely and they believe that the election of the Republican ticket is necessary for your prosperity."

The strength of the argument lies in its partial truth. If we concede that the success of the church in business benefits the mass of its people the argument is unanswerable. It is off the same piece as the plea of the railroad companies for the votes of the railroad men.

Opposition Entails Ostracism

The Mormon who refuses to heed such an appeal is regarded as lukewarm in the faith and open opposition is looked upon as opposition to the welfare of the church. There is no prescribed penalty for the offense, but the offender is likely to suffer in his social relations, his business and his chance of ecclesiastical advancement. His sufferings are nothing, however, to those of an employe of the Denver Gas company who might agitate for a municipal gas plant.

In the beginning Mormon-Gentile commercial battles were for petty retail trade. Now the spoils are of wholesale proportions and the lines are drawn, not between gentile and Mormon interests, but between independent gentile interests and gentile "big business" as represented by the church.

The extent to which the trusts have gained control of church enterprises was emphasized by the testimony of Joseph F. Smith, president of the church, and other Mormon witnesses before the congressional committee investigating the sugar trust.

Co-Operation of Church and Trust

Hampered by lack of capital and menaced by merciless competition the church sugar companies were facing bankruptcy when the trust took them in on generous terms. The trusts have always been generous in dealing with the church in consideration, doubtless, of its close organization adapted so beautifully to political purposes. No trust is oblivious to the advantage of having the humblest Mormon voter believe that he is a partner in the enterprise.

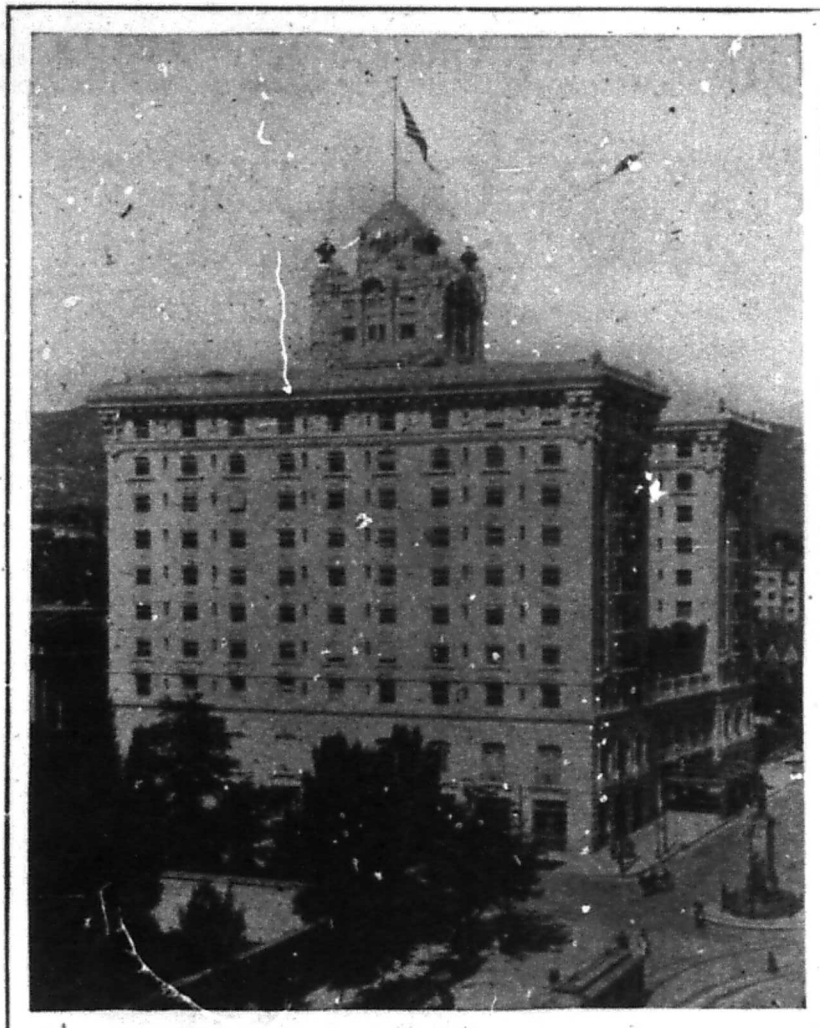
There is no difference, substantially, in the methods by which Mormons and other small competitors have been forced into trusts. The church salt industry preceded and the church traction interests followed the sugar factories into the fold. Neither could be conducted profitably in opposition to trust interests. Within the last five years the church has lost approximately one hundred thousand dollars in promoting a smelter in opposition to the smelting trust.

The Relations of the Church and Union Labor

Identity of interest between the church and the trusts is particularly apparent in the labor field. The church opposes labor unions for a number of substantial reasons. Primarily it wishes to preserve the economic bond between itself and its worker members. As an employer of labor it has an interest in restricting wages. As a founder of infant industries it has been virtually compelled to offset the advantages held by its established competitors with the counter advantages of cheap, zealous labor.

Its attitude toward the wage question is, however, more complicated than that of the ordinary employer. In theory and, to some extent, in fact Mormon labor is the Mormon church.

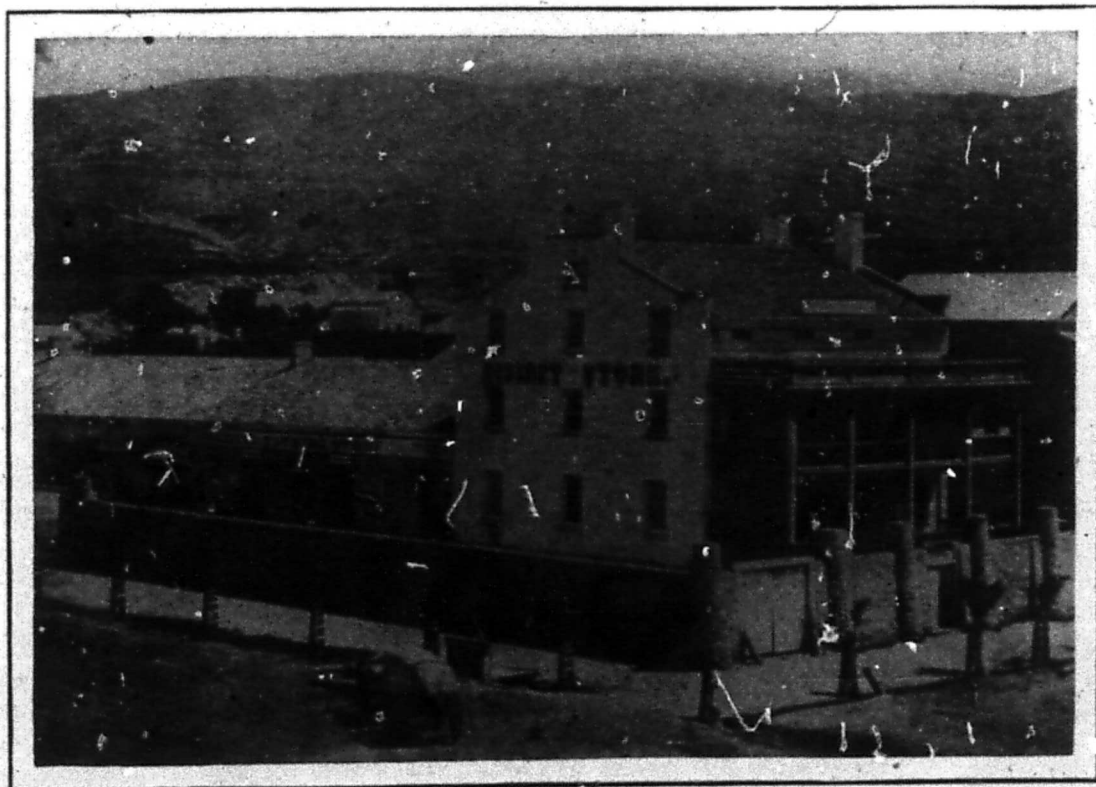
While the church is interested in building its industries on a low wage scale and long work days, it is no less interested in keeping its members employed and contented. It goes even farther than the trades unions in finding and creating work for the unemployed. For instance, its farmers have



Hotel Utah, largely owned by Mormon Church

been encouraged to replace striking foreigners in the coal mines during the winter months when farming is at a standstill. The wages paid by gentile employers can never be too high to suit the church. The higher the wage the greater the amount received in tithing.

That tithing—the union dues of the church laborer—cuts both ways. It is a differential of ten per cent in favor of the Mormon as against the



Mormon Tithing, Once—Hotel Utah now occupies the site

gentile industry, for the church employe cannot evade the payment. And it is a differential of ten per cent against the Mormon seeking employment in competition with gentile labor since he must figure on ten per cent more than actual living expenses in making his bid.

In their finality the questions of Mormon political control and the treatment of labor by the Mormon church simmer down to the one question: "Do the Mormon masses gain enough from their church industries to compensate for their sacrifice of political independence and industrial initiative?"

Mormon Labor at a Disadvantage

There is no standard by which to value the spiritual satisfaction derived from the spectacle of the financial power wielded by their beloved leaders, but

in a material sense there is small compensation for voters or laborers.

The cost of living in Salt Lake City is notoriously high. The church employe of the church sugar factory has to pay for his sugar the wholesale price in Chicago, plus the retailers' profit, plus the freight rate from Chicago to Salt Lake City. The worker in the church salt ponds pays more for his table salt than the worker in Chicago—he pays the freight rate from Chicago.

The church, either direct or through its officers, is interested in wool. Woolen goods are more costly in Salt Lake than in Denver, San Francisco or Chicago.

For his devotion to church industry the Mormon wage-earner may get an assurance of continued employment at something less, the tithing deducted, than the going rate of wages, the vague promise of cheaper living when the industries are farther developed and the benefit of a fairly-well organized system of charity when he is crippled or superannuated. To understand why he gives up so much to gain so little one must read in the history of the church of the stress under which industry was welded to religion. But for the shadow of past necessity the industrial adjuncts of the church would have been discarded long ago.

Socialism in Utah

The best-informed Socialists in Utah differ as to the degree in which their propaganda is affected by the influence of the church. A large element insists that the church has made a special campaign against Socialism and that but for this opposition the party would have been much more successful in the state. Some Socialists have declared that it is hopeless to make a political fight while the church controls politics and have joined the American, or anti-church party, thinking that the crippling of the church is a short cut to Socialism.

Another group of Socialists is composed of loyal Mormons who maintain that true Mormonism is Socialism and preach socialistic sermons at the doors of the meeting houses.

My own observation is that church opposition to Socialism is negative rather than positive.

Socialism, with its union labor affiliations, does not stand for "protection of home industries" nor making wage concessions on religious grounds. That is all the church leaders really know about it, so they oppose its extension by influencing all whom they can to vote—not against Socialism particularly, but for the policies the Socialists reject.

Election statistics show that the Socialist party vote in Utah for the past ten years has kept pace with the average throughout the country. Very few Mormon Socialists heed the political advice of the priesthood.

Mormon Strength Exaggerated

To gain an approximately accurate knowledge of conditions in Utah the reader of popular magazines must unlearn a large amount of alleged information. Alfred Henry Lewis, who would massacre one hundred facts to make one epigram, is the most irresponsible of the muck-rakers. His vision of a world-wide Mormon empire based on tithes is on a par with the amateur poultry-raiser's estimate of a world overrun with chickens based on a geometrical ratio of increase. His "one tithing-payer who pays \$10,000 a month" is recognizable as Jesse Knight, a rich mine owner. Mr. Knight probably did pay the amount designated during a few months of unusual prosperity, but his case is exceptional if not unique. The church is reputed to have invested \$100,000 in the Knight smelter, which is practically lost.

Thousands of nominal Mormons pay no tithing at all. Thousands more "cheat the Lord" by paying less than the specified ten per cent. As the church can collect payment only by moral force tithing is a very uncertain foundation for a financial kingdom—far weaker than profits on commodities, fixed by monopoly and collected by force of necessity.

Two-thirds of the destiny of the Mormon church was written when its first treaty with a trust was signed. To read the remaining third requires no prophet—Mormon or otherwise. The church will divorce its industrial annex and with the passing of its economic interests there will pass its interest and its influence in politics. Simply as one of a thousand religious sects it will be neither feared nor hated. As an economic unit it will become as a drop of red wine in a barrel of water, tincturing the whole faintly, but impossible of identification.

An International Organization of Agriculture

BOOK-KEEPING FOR THE WORLD'S FARMING

By Odon Por

Of agriculture, the greatest of industries, we have the least accurate knowledge. Its very size and diversity has contributed to this end. In one place we have small farms, with increasing population. In another the farm grows larger and crowds out the population. Intensive farming, utilizing the latest victories of science, exists side by side with the use of most primitive tools scratching great expanses of territory. In one district the farmers unite co-operatively for the solution of the technical, financial and commercial problems of their industry, while in others each one's hand is against the other in individualistic battle.

All the time the youth are leaving for the city in the hope of finding inexhaustible sources of labor, pleasure and amusement.

No where do we find the standardization and exact knowledge that comes with the factory industry.

All this introduces the element of uncertainty and uncertainty is the base of gambling. In the farming industry especially, it is the producer who has least knowledge and the speculator and manipulator of crops who gambles upon what knowledge exists.

Eliminating Chance

A great international effort is now being made to bring order into this chaos. An institution has been established practically embracing, by close treaty relationship, forty-nine different governments that propose to gather the facts concerning the world's harvests and prospective harvests, and to place them at the disposal of the producer. This is the International Institute of Agriculture, whose establishment is due to the tireless efforts of David Lubin, a California apple merchant.

Some fifteen years ago he first set about the forming of an organization that should gather, systematize and publish the crop reports of the world. He visited boards of trade, government officials and agricultural societies and carried on a tireless campaign of publicity until at last he engaged the sympathetic help of the king of Italy. The Italian government then took up the work of securing the co-operation of other governments. As a result a conference was summoned at Rome in 1905. This conference prepared an international treaty, which was ratified by forty governments, and these have since been joined by nine others.

Today, more than ninety-eight per cent of the population of the globe is represented in this institution, making the largest international organization on earth.

The treaty upon which the institution is based provides that the Institute shall:

(a) Collect, study and publish, as promptly as possible, statistical, technical, or economic information concerning farming, both vegetable and animal products, the commerce in agricultural products, and the prices prevailing in the various markets.

(b) Communicate to parties interested, also as promptly as possible, all the information just referred to.

(c) Indicate the wages paid for farm work.

(d) Make known the new diseases of vegetables which may appear in any part of the world, showing the territories infected, the progress of the disease, and, if possible, the remedies which are effective in combating them.

(e) Study questions concerning agricultural co-operation, insurance, and credit in all their aspects;

collect and publish information which might be useful in the various countries in the organization of works connected with agricultural co-operation, insurance, and credit.

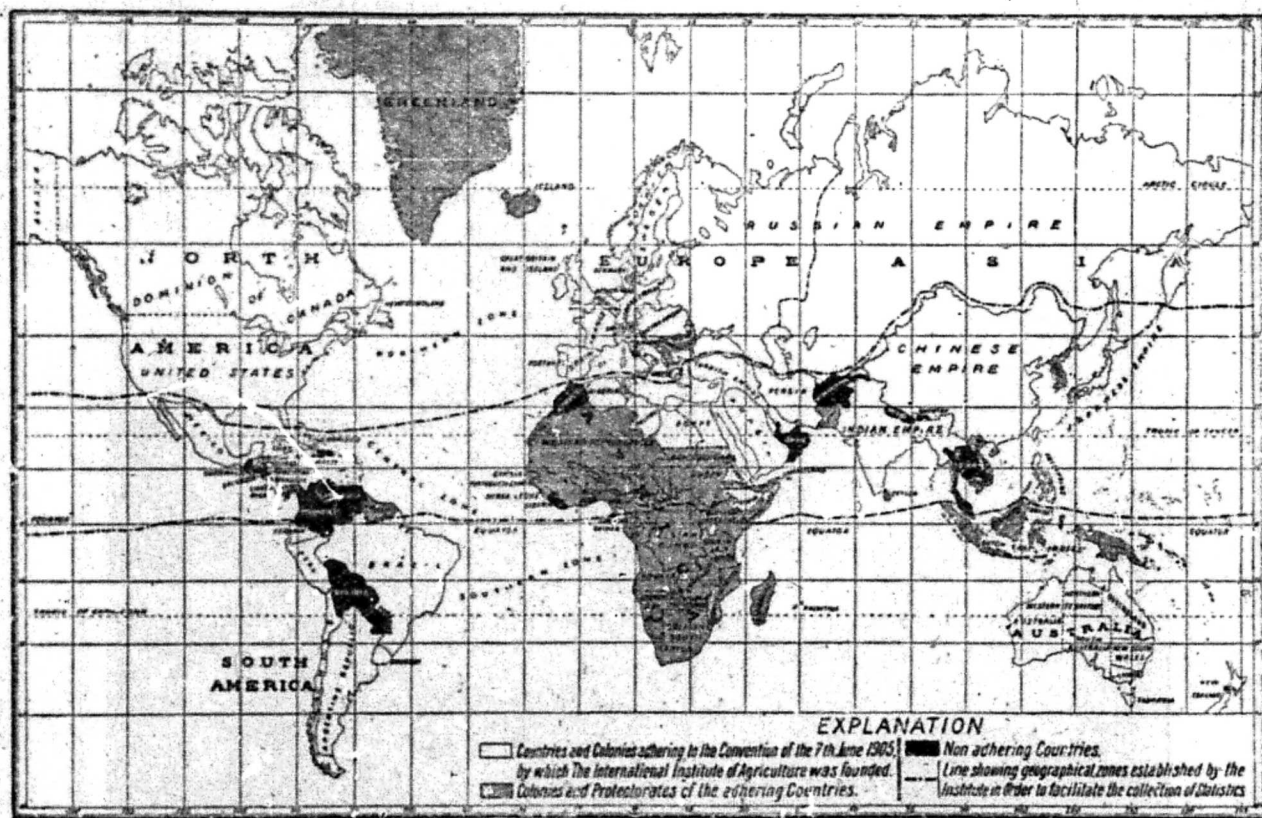
(f) Submit to the approval of the Governments, if there is occasion for it, measures for the protection of the common interests of farmers and for the improvement of their condition, after having utilized all the necessary sources of information, such as the wishes expressed by international or other agricultural congresses or congresses of sciences applied to agricultural societies, academies, learned bodies, etc.

Division of Work

It was not until 1908 that the wide spread staff of international experts could be obtained, and the organization completed. At the present time the work of the Institute is divided among four bureaus:

1. General Secretary.
2. General statistics.
3. Agriculture, intelligence and plant diseases.
4. Agricultural and social institutions.

The Bureau of the General Secretary has charge of the administrative work; the relations of the Institute to the public, and of the library. The formation of this library was one of the first tasks of the



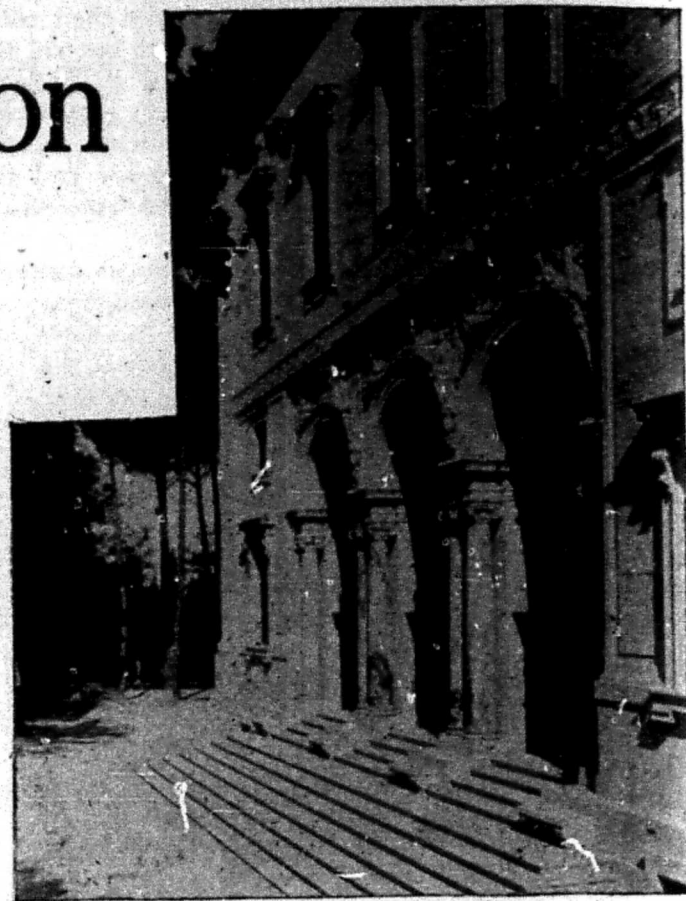
Map showing countries and colonies adhering to the International Institute of Agriculture

administration, since upon it was based the technical work.

In addition to an extensive catalog issued in 1910, a weekly bibliographical bulletin was published containing a complete list of all the works on agriculture appearing throughout the world, with short summaries of articles appearing in about two thousand periodicals.

The bureau of general statistics has charge of the work which was the primary purpose of the Institute. It aims to protect the producer and consumer of agricultural products from the devices of speculators by the regular publication of accurate data concerning the most important price-forming elements of such agricultural products as are subjects of international commerce. The Institute claims that, whenever the farmers awaken to the necessity of using this information, they will be able to completely control the handling of their products and avoid the violent oscillations in price upon which the gamblers fatten.

The first step to the preparation of this matter was a study of the methods by which agricultural products are gathered and to ascertain if these



Facade of the International Institute of Agriculture

could be combined and presented in a uniform manner.

A Union of Nations

This investigation, and the correspondence consequent upon it, impressed upon many nations, hitherto indifferent, the necessity of gathering such statistics. Italy was one of the first of these, and one of the next to move was China, where anything of the kind had been hitherto entirely unknown.

At the present time twenty-two have been led by the work of the bureau to take steps to improve their methods of gathering statistics.

The statistical bureau of the Kingdom of Prussia

undertook in 1910 to estimate the probable harvest output in order to supply the material required by the Institute. Sixteen countries now supply data for crop estimates. Most of these have appointed special experts, or organized special departments to correspond with the Institute and supply the necessary information.

In January, 1910, the Institute first attempted a regular international crop reporting service by the issuance of a monthly bulletin of the agricultural statistics. The treaty previously referred to is obligatory on the various nations and will ultimately require them all to supply the information required. These bulletins are now published in five languages, and their value is recognized by the fact that a summary of each one is cabled to the press of the world immediately on its appearance.

So far only seven of the most important crops are dealt with—wheat, rye, barley, oats, maize, rice and cotton.

That this report may be in the simplest and most easily understandable manner, what is called the "single numerical statement" plan, first adopted by the United States department of agriculture, is used. Mr. Lubin explains this method as follows:

"Taking 100 as a 'fair average crop' of a given staple; if the Institute should report 100 for the adhering countries it would signify that the world has a fair average crop; if the Institute should report 102, it would signify that the world's crop is two per cent above the average; if it should report 98 it would signify that the world's crop is two per cent below the average. This 100, or this 102, or this 98, as the case may be, is, therefore, the single numerical statement in percentage form."

Practical Value of Work

The last year furnished an example of the value of this crop reporting. The Italian wheat crop was little more than half as large as usual. Under ordinary conditions this would have meant a sudden fluctuation and the raising of prices, especially in the more backward portions of Italy. The Insti-

(Continued on Page Thirteen.)

..THE BIG CHANGE..

BY EUGENE WOOD

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

Illustrated by Ryan Walker.

CHAPTER XXI.

O that is what the Big Change, as far as it has come, has done for us, eh? It has made us lose our faith that Christ will come again to be the judge of all the earth. Is that it?

When, in rich Old Trinity, they are about to celebrate with pomp and splendor the poor, cheap, cow-barn First Advent, and the prophet's voice is heard crying from under the back gallery, "Jesus is coming!" meaning that the Second Advent is near, this time in might and majesty so terrifying that the great ones of the earth shall call to the rocks to fall on them and hide them from the wrath of Him that sitteth upon the throne, the police put the prophet out on the sidewalk for a man cracked in his wits. And we, who witness it, smile faintly at each other, half in pity.

So that's what it amounts to, is it? That it is mere insanity to suppose that there will ever be a Day of Reckoning, a Day on which justice will be done at last. He has been sitting up there, listening to sweet music, and fulsome praises and compliments while the cry of the poor and of him that hath no helper has gone unheeded century after century, while outrages have been committed on us and on our fellows that we should be less than men if we did not resist. But they told us: "Be patient and endure. It will all be made up to you. Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." Do not you raise a hand against the mighty ones. For it is written: "There is no power but of God; the powers that be are ordained of God. Whosoever resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God." And if God is not to repay, if vengeance is not His, then what is this that they have told us?

"Well," we may imagine Mr. Worldly Wiseman saying, first wiping a smile from his face, "there is a certain economic value attaching to any game of talk that serves to keep folks still while they are being robbed."

And then the smile breaks out again, a smile that makes you want to shake him.

There is to be no Judgment Day at all, then? And what about that where it says that whoso offendeth one of these little ones it were better for that man that a millstone were hanged about his neck and he cast into the sea?

"Be reasonable," says Mr. Worldly Wiseman. "What good would that do you? Shall Nero be raised from the dead, wrapped in a tarry shirt and set on fire to please the early Christians also raised from the dead? Shall mill-owners toil and toil in resurrection bodies that the hordes of mill-children hurried to their graves before their time may clap their skinny hands in sport? If every anguish that the rich and powerful have inflicted on the poor and helpless—and cowardly; don't forget that, cowardly, afraid to die—in all the history of the world could be paid back, exactly pang for pang, why, what would that be? More wretchedness, not more joy. That's revenge; that's 'getting hunk,' the poorest sort of satisfaction. It's savage; worse than that, it's childish."

Yes, that's true, that's true. I shouldn't want to see Uncle Tom flog Legree. I shouldn't want to see the Versaillesists stood against the wall at Pere la Chaise and massacred by Communards.

But—just a moment, please—after Judgment Day there was to be a thousand years, the millennium, an age in which the kingdom of heaven was to be on earth with justice and equity for all. Is—

"Well," we may imagine Mr. Worldly Wiseman saying, first wiping a smile from his face, "there is a certain economic value attaching to any game of talk that serves to keep folks still while they are being robbed."

Is that another game of talk to keep the people quiet while they were being robbed?

"You mean that that millennium was to come from above?" asks Mr. Worldly Wiseman, and when we answer "Yes," he lifts his shoulders, and spreads out his hands, and raises his eyebrows, and cocks his head to one side, and pulls down the corners of his mouth.

Then of all living things upon the earth were



"Be reasonable," says the Worldly Wiseman

we the wretchedest! If all this hideous cruelty is to go on forever; this wrenching of bleeding arms from workmen's bodies because to save the arms would cost some eighteen cents; this deliberate smothering of coal miners to keep the coal from being destroyed; these burnt sacrifices of girls in Triangle factories; these unnumbered crushings and manglings, and starvations of the wrecks and cripples, the punishment laid upon those who do the world's work and make life liveable; these children with all the marvelous possibilities of achievement before them doomed to be stupid and ignorant—And all for what? Good God! For what? That the idle and useless may have money by unending handfuls to fling about—If all this is to go on forever and forever, then we had better far lie right down here and die. Enough! Enough! Yes, cut the children's throats. It were a cringing soft-heartedness, crueler far, to let them live their lives out in a world whose motto seems to be: "Evil, be thou my good!"

"Oh," says Mr. Worldly Wiseman coolly, "the world progresses. But, however it progresses, there

will always be about so much of human error, human selfishness. There will always be more or less injustice."

Yes, that is true, we tell him, calmed a little. It is hard to make a general rule that will not bear more hardly than it should on some. And there is the wrong-headedness—especially in other people—that cannot see the right thing to do though it diligently seek for it. But there is not so much of this, really. What we complain of bitterly is not *wrong-headedness*, but *wrong-headedness*. It is not mere clumsiness, mere blundering, mere unintended and unavoidable injustice. It is a complete tangle of *intended* wrong. It is a castle, so to speak, where we have let robbers congregate who mean to take their living, not to make it; they mean to take it by force or fraud from those who are the makers. And we have let the castle add to itself, here a citadel, and there a turret. Sometimes a gang of rival robbers makes an attack upon the castle from a vulnerable

side. They breach the wall, and we throw up our hats and cheer. But the robber gang makes terms with the rivals, repairs the breach, and makes the place more impregnable than before.

Nobody thinks it's right that there should be a robber gang. Everybody knows it's wrong. Even the robbers will admit it, if you pin them down to it. "But what are you going to do?" It is too late to mend it; as for ending it those who can do that are the very ones that profit by it. And, naturally, they won't.

"And you thought God would attend to all that for you?" sneers Mr. Worldly Wiseman. "Well, er—er—" he hesitates and joins his finger-tips delicately, thumb on thumb, first finger on first finger and so on, very carefully. "Er—er—May I ask: Did you ever hear the saying of the ancient Romans that it was a good thing their slaves couldn't count?"

He looks at us quizzically, but we cannot take the hint. "Count?" What's the man trying to get through him? What have Roman slaves that cannot count to do with the millennium, and the reign of justice upon the earth?

Still tapping his finger-tips delicately together, he continues: "And do you happen to recall by any chance the fable about the birds that nested in the wheat field? The farmer conversed with his sons, and said that Apollo was going to help them reap the field on the morrow. This the young birds told their mother in great alarm, but the wise old bird calmed them; they were in no danger, she assured them. Apollo did not appear. Then the farmer and his son decided that they would ask their prince and ruler to help them reap the field, and again the wise old bird reassured her young. And the prince did not appear. Then the farmer and his sons angered at their disappointment cried out: 'We will cut the grain ourselves!' Hearing which, the old bird said to her young: 'Up! Let us be going. We have no time to lose!'"

Meaning that God helps those who help themselves?

"Meaning much more than that. Meaning that if you don't help yourselves nobody will do it for you."

[Next week Eugene Wood discusses the rather large problem of good and evil, and why people do not go to church, and what relation both of these things have to "The Big Change." These articles are a regular feature of the COMING NATION and are just a little too good to miss.]

WHITEFACES TRUST COMPANY

BY
MARTHA
BENSLEY
BRUERE

Illustrated by
RYAN WALKER

MIRANDA," said Whiteface to me one day, "have you made any provision for the future?" We were standing at the bars of Farmer Asreal Hopkins' pasture waiting for the Hired Man to come and milk us and this question, coming suddenly as it did, caught me unawares. It wasn't a tactful remark, anyhow, because a cow of any foresight at all knows that she is going to be made into provision for the future herself, and so she hasn't got to think about it.

But Whiteface said, no, she didn't mean that—what she wanted to know was, had I been laying up treasures of grass to sustain my declining years. It was beautiful—beautiful and poetic the way she put it, and made me feel all kind of sadly happy inside. But still I didn't see just what I was going to do about it—there wasn't any place to lay up treasures of grass in, they would get all dried up, and somebody would be sure to eat them when I wasn't looking, and besides, what would I do it all for, anyhow?

But Whiteface said no, that wasn't it, either—I'd missed the idea by about a thousand miles. And please not to try and explain it myself, explanations did seem to fog a thing up so! All I had to do was to listen to her. The other cows gathered round, and we all got so excited and uplifted by what she said that the Hired Man gave it up in despair and didn't try any more to milk us till Whiteface was through talking.

"Have we not more grass in the Hopkins Pasture than we need to consume?" said she. "Not but what we could eat it all if we let our appetites run away with us, but still there are leaves of plantain, blades of grass, sprays of watercress which we might pass and still live. Do you see the point? Not yet! Why, by not eating grass we may save it—a cowslip saved is a cowslip grown—and we shall make our declining years but a revel of fresh grass, quiet streams, buttercups and bran mash!"

Now, if anyone had asked me beforehand if such an idea was in Whiteface's head, I should have said frankly—no it was not—even though she is my first cousin. And yet there it was all the time, a great big uplifting idea just waiting for a chance to get out!

Whiteface explained to us that just what we had to do was to form a Trust Company; take as much of the pasture as we could possibly do without and put it aside to provide a permanent income of grass for our old age. There was a chorus of joy at this in which seven cows Moo-oo-ed as one. Only old Crumple Horn seemed unimpressed. She kept chewing with her head on one side, and watched Whiteface out of the corner of one eye.

And then Whiteface went on to tell us how by eating just as little instead of just as much as we could, we would be practicing the high virtues of frugality and self-denial and upbuilding our characters. Oh, it was wonderful—wonderful and impressive the way Whiteface put it! I know I felt myself a nobler and a better cow from that moment.

"Then we'll use this grass as capital to acquire more," continued Whiteface. "If any cow wants a little extra grass we'll give it to her and in return she shall give us part of her pasture—that will make more for us all to eat later."

Crumple Horn gave a critical snort, but said nothing.

"Of course, we'll have to divide up the rest of the pasture so that each cow will know exactly what she has to eat. This wasn't necessary as long as

we ate all the grass in the pasture because then there was enough for everybody, but now that we're having the Trust Company it is different."

I noticed Crumple Horn winking one eye slowly to herself, but I didn't pay much attention to her because Whiteface was going on with her explanation. She said how simple—simple, but complicated it was going to be to attend to the business of the Trust Company. That is, it would be perfectly simple for us because all we had to do was to deposit part of the pasture with the company, and then live on the profits when we were aged and infirm. The complicated and difficult part—the part that was going to take a high order of judgment, incipient financial genius as you may say, was to manage the Trust Company. That would take a cow of rare ability indeed! And here Whiteface

put a motion to that effect, when Crumple Horn gulped down her cud and raised a protesting "Moo."

"You can't have my pasture," she said. "I'm not coming into this scheme. I feel that I'm just as capable of looking after any Surplus there may be as Whiteface there, and I won't give up my share of the grass by the brook to anyone," and she tossed her horns at us.

We were shocked—pained and shocked at her words. We knew it was stupid of her, but she was firm, so we gave her part of the brookside down by the fence all to herself. And I had been used to consider Crumple Horn as the most brainful cow in the pasture! I shuddered to think what an insecure old age she was laying up for herself—an old age devoid of all the comforts which self-sacrifice in youth would have ensured it! Poor

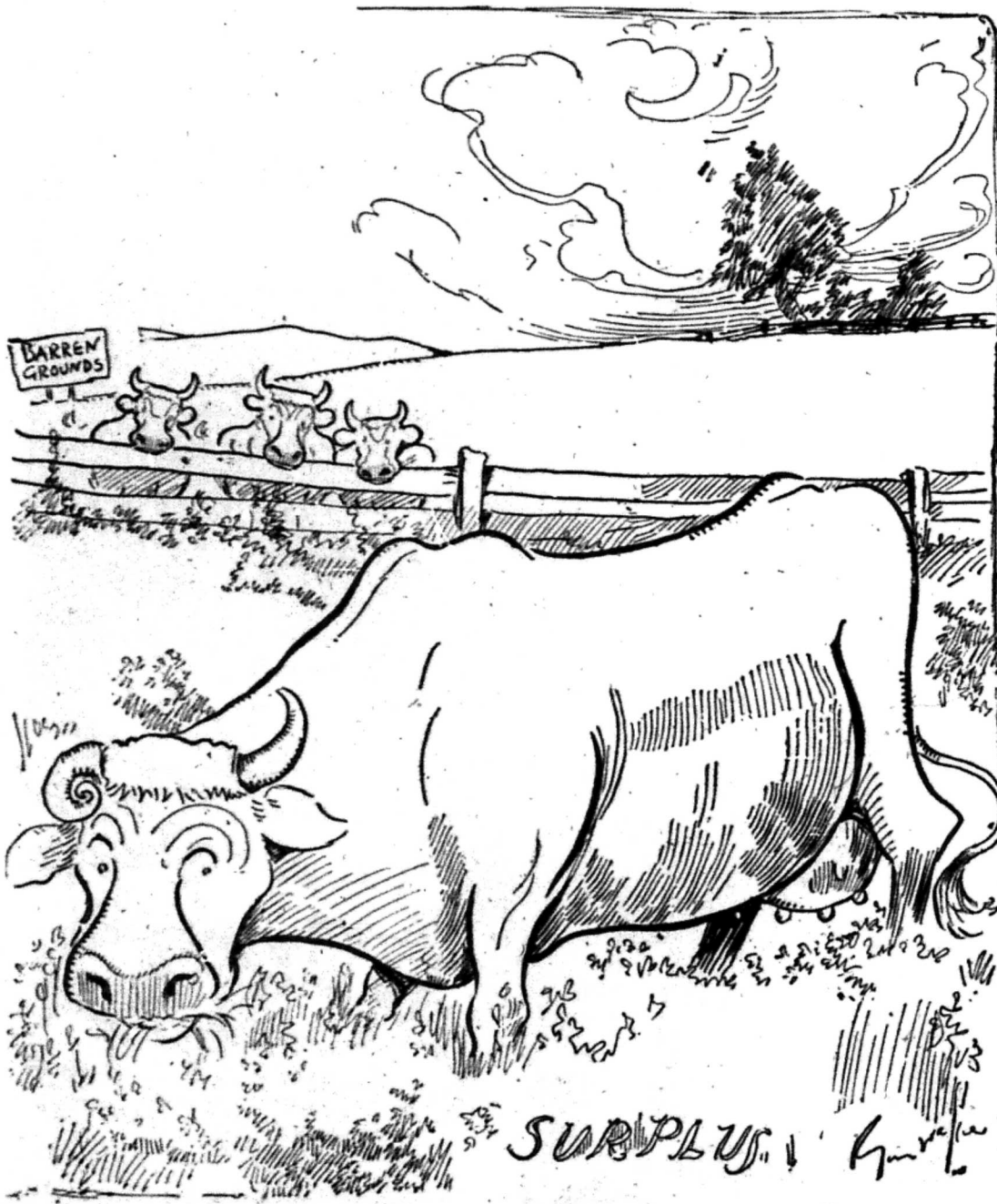
Crumple Horn—she had not learned the beauty of our text, "Little Cows, Trust One Another!"

Of course, it was evident to even the meanest bovine intelligence—the Spotted Heifer saw it—that Whiteface couldn't devote herself to our interests without some compensation. Ability and intelligence must be paid for, so it was agreed that for her services as manager she should be paid from the Surplus of grass which we accumulated. And at this Crumple Horn winked again!

Whiteface said that a Trust Company must have a board of directors as well as a manager, that they would have to decide all sorts of important questions, and hold meetings and vote things. We felt that she was right and all of us were perfectly willing to be directors if she wanted us to. But Whiteface said, no, that wasn't the idea at all. She could attend to all the business really herself, she didn't mind it. There wasn't any use in taking up our time. Besides, if we were all directors there wouldn't be any depositors and anybody could see that depositors were the most important things about a Trust Company—after the manager, of course. What we ought to have were some directors who couldn't possibly interfere with the policy of the company. When Whiteface had got as far as that Crumple Horn asked—why didn't we have those two Borlic's Condensed Milk cows over by the railroad track for directors? Of course, we all thought Crumple Horn was being sarcastic at us, for those Borlic's Condensed Milk cows are nothing but wood, though ever so much larger than real cows and no good at all for any industrial purpose except to attract

attention to themselves in a forward way. I was just about to tell Crumple Horn what I thought of her when Whiteface said, no, it wasn't a joke. It was a great idea, just exactly what we wanted and she wished she had thought of it herself. She went on to say how these wooden cows would never vote against the manager, nor eat the funds, nor anything, and wouldn't object to resigning whenever we wanted them to. And so we made them directors of the Hopkins Pasture Trust Company right away.

After that Trust Company got fairly started we had to keep our minds firmly set on the future benefits we were going to have so we wouldn't be discontented when we saw Whiteface so sleek and fat while we were thin and emaciated. Cowslip and I used to talk a good deal about the easy time we were going to have when we were old and could eat our Surplus every day. But one day when I was trying to comfort myself with a sight of our luscious Trust Company grass I saw Queen Bessie walk across to the tree under which Whiteface was ruminating and after a little conversation advanced hungrily upon our Surplus and began to feed—Whiteface looking placidly on the while!



It was joy to see the saviour of the pasture cropping the surplus

paused and looked thoughtfully around the circle. "I don't know if any of you know quite enough about business and finance to—"

Of course, I stepped right forward then and said I was sure the whole pasture agreed with me. That there was only one of us who could be thought of to manage this great enterprise—but one cow whose vast intellect and unselfish heart fitted her for the post—whose business acumen was such that we might confide the ship of our fortune to her. None of them would be surprised when I said that the name of this noble cow was Whiteface.

When I stepped back to my place there was a general stamping of approval—only Crumple Horn sniffed irrelevantly and said, "I thought so!"

Whiteface modestly accepted the post and then called upon us all to subscribe pasture to the Trust Company's capital. Of course, we saw almost at once—or, anyway, as soon as Whiteface had pointed it out to us—that it would be more profitable for us to put the very best grass into the Trust Company, and keep that which wasn't so good to eat day by day. That would bring the Surplus quicker. So we decided to deposit all the tender grass along the edges of the brook, and Whiteface had just

"Whiteface!" I bellowed as I galloped across to investigate. "Why are you allowing Queen Bessie to eat the Surplus? Aren't you here to protect it?"

"Miranda," said Whiteface loftily, "you do not seem to understand business. I, as manager of the company, and with the consent of the directors, am loaning part of the Surplus which has been lying idle to Queen Bessie. In return for this she is going to turn over to the Company the part of her land which fronts, faces or abuts on the Company's property. In exchange for grass which today is eaten and tomorrow grows again we have the permanent gain of a part of her pasture—this is Business Expansion!"

I retired abashed, but with the intent to barter some of my burdock leaves for one good meal of the Surplus. But things looked different the next day. There was Queen Bessie back again on her own bit of pasture with only the memory of a single day's full feeding, and having less to eat than ever because part of her ground belonged now to the Trust Company. It made me thankful that I had conquered my own appetite and not yielded to the temptation to barter my meager food supply for the fleeting flesh pots of the Surplus.

But all the cows were not warned by the plight of Queen Bessie. The Spotted Heifer and Cowslip exchanged strips of their holdings for fresh fodder and the average of happiness did not increase in the Hopkins Pasture. One night when an unusual toughness in my burdock supper had made me restless I drifted from dreams to the happy future in which I should be full fed each day on the Surplus, back into the past before Whiteface's idea had been put into practice—when no cow in the pasture took thought for the morrow, but each satisfied her hunger in the present, and trusted to the barns of Farmer Asreal Hopkins to provide for her old age—but I woke from this into the more progressive present!

What with these loans to the depositors and the amount that Whiteface ate it seemed to me that the Surplus was being unduly reduced, and I spoke to Whiteface about it. But she assured me that as manager of the Trust Company she was at liberty to pledge any or all of its funds to repay the debt she contracted, when by eating the Surplus she absorbed those funds into herself; that in other words, as she was sole guardian of the Surplus she had deposited it as collateral on which she loaned it to herself. And besides, it was the right of the Borlic's Condensed Milk directors to borrow if they chose, and as they being but wood could not personally eat what they had borrowed it was only the part of courtesy for Whiteface to eat it for them. Poor things, they were already deprived of the privilege of voting through being dumb, it was sad indeed if they could not even borrow the Surplus! Of course, anyone could grasp this reasoning—if they had time and the right sort of mind—but even after one had mastered the theory, it wasn't any easier to stop one's own internal craving for nourishment, nor a sense of rebellion at the sight of Whiteface filled to repletion.

But we bore it pretty well, and kept saying to each other, wouldn't it be fine when we could have fresh grass or even carrots every day out of the Surplus, and what a thing it would be to enjoy an easy old age, and wouldn't Crumple Horn be sorry that she hadn't come in with us and everything; till suddenly Cowslip asked:

"What about when it comes winter?"

"That's just like Cowslip; she has a poetic disposition and a melancholy soul! But that very night I heard the Hired Man say to Farmer Asreal Hopkins:

"This is the queerest bunch of cows I ever see!"

"How so?" asked Farmer Hopkins.

"Well, they got the darn foolish way o' eatin'! I was down in the pasture today an' what d'ye think I see? Why, every one o' them dod busted cows chewin' up all the burdocks an' devil grass they could set their teeth on an' a leavin' all thet good grass down by the brook to Whiteface and Crumple Horn! Ain't it the beatnest thing! An' there can't be nothin' the matter with that grass neither 'cause Whiteface and Crumple Horn is the only ones as gives any milk worth speakin'. Mebbe there's sumthin' the matter thet puts them off their feed. But it's most winter, anyway, an' I reckon hay or ensilage 'ill set 'em up agin."

This came as an awful blow to me, for I hadn't realized that all winter the Trust Company would have to be in abeyance as you may say with the Surplus buried under the cold, cold snow. I talked it over with Cowslip—Cowslip is so poetic!—and she agreed that even from the standpoint of justice it would be right to make use of our Surplus now, for lo the winter cometh when no cow can graze.

Then the next night there was a frost and that seemed to put the same idea into every cow's head in the pasture, for it wasn't hardly more than light before there was a procession of six provident, stock-holding cows wending it's anticipatory way

toward the Trust Company's Surplus and it's manager Whiteface.

Well it was plain to be seen that Whiteface hadn't expected this. She has been feeding heartily herself in anticipation of winter, and in fact most of the Surplus was inside her in the form of salary, loans to the Borlic's Condensed Milk directors, and loans to herself secured on her position as manager of the company.

"I want to draw out my deposit of grass and eat it now," said the Spotted Heifer who was first in the line to Whiteface.

With true business tact our manager began to argue with the heifer, but it was no use. She had got her appetite set on grass and grass she would have. At last Whiteface led her over to a strip of pasture which was in pretty fair condition and leaving her there to crop, came back to us. Cowslip was the next in line and when she, too, asked for her share of grass, Whiteface seemed embarrassed, even annoyed, and begged us all to wait till tomorrow when she hoped to be in a better state to meet our demands. But the sight of that Spotted Heifer gorging herself maddened us and we all turned upon Whiteface as one cow and insisted on having our share of the Surplus. Indeed as we looked over the depleted pasture it was evident to the most sanguine that there would not be enough grass to satisfy the appetites of all. Then Queen Bessie who was last in line offered Cowslip who was in front an hour's grazing on her share if she would change places with her, but Cowslip refused.

When she saw our determination, did Whiteface indeed tremble, for the horrid truth was that there was not now nearly so much Surplus in the Trust Company as we had originally put in.

But at this juncture did help come to us! Crumple Horn was seen advancing with measured tread upon the scene of panic. To see her you would never have guessed how great a philanthropist she was, she didn't have a bit the air of shedding sweetness and light. If she'd been a degraded tiger or a sneaking hyena y... would have been quite sure she was creeping up on something she wanted to slaughter; but that just shows that you never can judge by outward things only. She and Whiteface had a short private conference and returned to us, Whiteface looking relieved, and Crumple Horn wearing what I found out later must have been an expression of bland benevolence.

Crumple Horn explained to us that it wasn't really Whiteface's fault at all; that the trouble was the loans which had been made to the Borlic's Condensed Milk directors. But that she couldn't bare to see Whiteface, her friend, in an embarrassing position and all the rest of us disappointed—though in reality there was nothing to be alarmed about—that she would see that each of us had our fair share of the pasture. Her own section of grass was, as we could see for ourselves, covered with sweet, rich clover, for she had saved it by subsisting chiefly upon the weeds of the roadside which no man planteth or watereth. From this each cow might eat as much grass as she had originally put into the Trust Company. In return, and merely so that we need not feel any embarrassing sense of obligation to her, she would take over the Trust Company's pasture, which was practically bare of grass.

We all felt the sky lightening. Whiteface seemed to hesitate a little before agreeing to this scheme, but in fact there was nothing else for her to do. Now the strange thing about this is that as soon as we saw that the grass was really there in Crumple Horn's plot for us to eat whenever we wanted it we lost our keenness for it. Prudence regained her throne, and we returned to our barren sections again. But I seized the earliest opportunity of appointing myself an investigating committee and going down by the railroad track and kicking the legs off those Borlic's Condensed Milk directors to get even with them for all our Surplus they had borrowed.

And though I couldn't see that our own share of grass had increased or that we were getting any fatter, it was joy enough to see the Savior of the Pasture, the Beneficent, the Unselfish Crumple Horn, cropping the Surplus where Whiteface had cropped before!

The Shadow Under the Roof

(Continued from page five.)

factory Saturday night and when I got home I couldn't get out any more until this morning."

Peterson might have plenty of important information to convey, but to him the really big thing was that he had missed a night of duty, for which he might be blamed.

"Well, Peterson, tell them about it," Horton urged.

"You tell them," cried the old watchman, sinking into one of the chairs. He looked up at the superintendent as a stricken work horse, fallen in harness, might regard the man towering above him—

a suffering look, full of appeal. Horton turned to Ford.

"Peterson, as you know, is on duty in the factory from 6 in the evening until 6 in the morning. He has a regular beat and is obliged to visit every section of the plant at regular intervals. He makes his headquarters, however, in the chemical supply room, on the second floor, where he keeps a stove going in the winter and where he heats his coffee for his midnight meal. Saturday night about 12 o'clock he ate his luncheon from his bucket and immediately became sick."

"It was the coffee," weakly interrupted the old man.

"After drinking the coffee," Horton continued, "Peterson grew dizzy. Then he collapsed. When he regained consciousness it was 8 o'clock in the morning."

"It made my head spin," again spoke up the watchman. "I tried to walk around, but it grew worse and I lay down at the foot of a post. That was the last I knew." He spoke like one trying to clear himself of a fault.

"When he woke up," resumed Horton, "he was so ill that he started for home without trying to communicate with anyone. When he got there he was overcome by violent nausea. He stayed in bed all day Sunday and was not able to get out last night to come to the factory. The coffee was drugged—that much seems certain."

"But my brother?" cried the young woman, confronting the watchman.

"He was here," replied Peterson, with an effort. "Mr. Robley was here when I drank the coffee. He was working—in there," and he pointed with his thumb toward the junior partner's room.

"Was he sitting at his desk, in his revolving chair?" asked Ford.

"Yes."

"Oh, my brother! My God, Mr. Horton—Mr. Ford—please do something to find my brother."

"Now, Miss Robley, you must be calm." Ford's voice had a note of sympathy in it. "There is really nothing alarming in the night watchman's story. A sudden attack of indigestion, together with his advanced age, might explain it. There is no positive cause for fear as yet."

"There is one thing I had forgotten," said Horton. "When Peterson collapsed he fell right down on the hard floor. When he awoke he was lying on a bed of excelsior that had been brought from the packing room, and his own overcoat had been spread over him."

Ford's mouth opened in genuine surprise.

"Whoever drugged him, then, at least had some care as to his welfare," he said. "Let us hope that he was equally considerate in other things."

At this point the main door again flew open and Frisbie entered. He crossed the room quickly.

"My God, Miss Robley," he gasped, "stay here, but you, Mr. Ford, and you, Horton, come with me."

CHAPTER III.

In pursuance of the queer architectural notions of the elder Robley, an ornamental half story was added to the factory at the time of its erection. This superfluous section—for the extra space had never been needed—was only about forty feet wide by twenty feet deep, and was placed in the middle of the front of the structure, so that when one looked down the narrow street toward the Robley-Ford plant, which blocked the thoroughfare, the building had the appearance of being four stories in height, where as practically it was only three. This superstructure had four windows along its front, that matched the windows in the other stories.

As has been said, this section of the building had never been used. It was entered only by means of a trap door and ladder extending up from the third floor. The front wall, containing the four windows, open to the east, was the only one broken; the other three walls were perfectly smooth and their surfaces were whitewashed.

With Frisbie in the lead, closely followed by Ford, Horton and Miss Robley—for the chemist's protest did not serve to restrain her—the party hurried up to the third floor, where the ladder led to the garret-like apartment just described. Frisbie ascended first, then Ford, while Horton half supported the form of the girl in the difficult climb.

The room was in darkness save for the few rays that came up through the open trap from the floor below. Not an object was visible. It afterward developed that heavy black paper had been carefully tacked over each of the four windows so as to exclude every vestige of day.

Frisbie struck a match. Its flickering light revealed a sight that froze the beholders where they stood. In the center of the room a figure sat in a chair, its back toward the intruders. It did not

(Continued on Page Sixteen.)

The Coming Nation

PUBLISHERS

J. A. WAYLAND. FRED D. WARREN.

EDITORS

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

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Show This Paper to a Friend

ALL that is needed to add a thousand new subscribers to the COMING NATION list is for each person who receives this copy to pass it on to a friend. There are at least a thousand persons among the acquaintances of the present subscribers who would know a good thing if they saw it. We have no means of knowing who they are. You do. So pass this paper along and see the results. Of course, if you can find the time to ask a few persons to subscribe that will be much better. If you get three subscriptions for a year we will be glad to send you a copy of "Social Forces in American History," by A. M. Simons.

This number contains the first installment of the great mystery story. Everyone of our present subscribers has an opportunity to secure the prizes that are offered without the expenditure of a cent. They get this story and a chance to participate in this contest for what they have already paid. Now let some others have a chance. Let them read this first installment. Then ask them how they think the story ended. Then take their subscription so they can find out if their guess is correct.

A good plan to pursue is to take this copy to a meeting of the Socialist party local, or to any place where a number of persons are gathered together (if they are not Socialists, all the better) and arrange to combine wits on the question. Discuss all the possible solutions. Write them out. Modify them as the subsequent chapters come out and then each one send in a different solution, embodying the combined knowledge of all and the especial skill of the individual.

Next Week

There are going to be some things in the numbers that will appear within a few weeks that will lift our already high standard up several notches. Did you know that there is a reason for the large number of railroad accidents that have taken place this year? There have been more persons killed and injured in the first nine months of this year than in any previous twelve months in the history of this country? We will tell you why this is next week, and the explanation will be one of the most sensational things that has appeared for many months.

This number will also have a piece of fiction by Hymen Strunsky, that we think is just a little the best story that we have printed so far. When you read it we think you will agree with us. It will be illustrated by Modest Stein, an artist whose work has not previously appeared in the COMING NATION, but which can be seen in nearly all the magazines.

The Hello Girls

One week later, in No. 59, the same author will have an article describing the conditions of labor of the girls in the great telephone exchanges. This is the first time that the whole truth has been told about this great body of working girls. It makes a startlingly interesting story and one which will have important results if we can reach those who are interested. We are especially anxious that a copy of this issue

shall be placed in the hands of every girl who is working in a telephone exchange. It is splendidly illustrated and written in a manner that will challenge attention. In bundles of ten or more they will cost 2½ cents each. If you live near a telephone exchange get a bundle and hand them out. If you cannot do this personally and will send the money we will see that the papers are distributed.

Special Farmers Number

The following week, No. 60, will be a special farmers' number. It will be the first of the series of "The Nation That Is Coming." The principle article will be by Odon Por, and will describe the wonderful co-operatives that have been organized among the tenants in Italy. This organization is so simple, has so little machinery, leaves the tenants right on the farms where they have been working, but gives them such great benefits from co-operation as to transform entire communities. Eugene Wood, whose articles on "The Big Change" have attracted wider notice than anything that has appeared in Socialist publications for years, will discuss "The Cow and the Lady" in this number. Perhaps you did not know that Wood's hobby is agriculture. When you read this you will agree that he knows a lot about the subject. It will set every farmer that reads it to thinking, and he will think about other things than the breeding of cattle, although there are some good things about that subject. A. M. Simons will have a discussion of the future of agriculture and the relation of the Socialist movement to the farmer. He has been working on this for several months and it is the best thing he has done on this subject.

There will be an illustrated description of a new machine, already in operation, that is destined to create as great a revolution in the grain belt as did the self-binder. Along with this will be a general discussion of the effects of some of the new power driven machines on agriculture. All these features will make the very best up-to-date thing for propaganda work among farmers, and just as soon as our readers see it the orders will come in. Now the only way to be sure of getting extra copies is to order them in advance. Regular price, 2½ cents a copy for bundles of ten or more. Order No. 60.

Premiums for Workers

On top of all these good things in the magazine there are some fine premiums for those who want to do a little work. There are still some copies of Balfour Ker's painting, "Driven from Eden." While they last they will be given to anyone who asks for one while sending in a single yearly subscription. "Social Forces in American History," by A. M. Simons, will be off the press about the 15th of this month. We have ordered a few more copies than have been taken for premiums, but we cannot supply any more when these are gone, and at the present rate they will all go by the end of October. While they last one will be sent to any person sending in three dollars for yearly subscriptions.

Beginning with the first week in October a bound volume of the COMING NATION will be given each week to the person sending in the largest number of subscribers. There are only a dozen or so of these bound volumes, and they will go, for a while at least, for a very little work.

Literature

The COMING NATION has reprinted the editorial by Charles Edward Russell on the "Interests Grab the Magazines." This appeared last July and subsequent events have proven the truth of his statements. It makes a neat folder and a good piece of propaganda literature. Some of them were sent out and at once requests began to come in that they be placed on sale. Since they contain a three-line advertisement of the COMING NATION we decided not

to sell them, but to send them free to anyone that will agree to distribute them. Tell us just how many you will put where they will do the most good and they will be sent postage free. Ask for the leaflet entitled "Russell Truly a Prophet."

International Institute of Agriculture

(Continued from page eight.)

tute had, however, gathered statistics throughout the world showing that in Hungary and several other European countries the crop was much larger than usual, and, taking the crop as a whole, it was 99.97 per cent of an average crop. The wide-spread publication of this information undoubtedly contributed to the fact that there were no violent fluctuations in Italy, and that speculators did not reap their accustomed reward.

The bureau is now preparing to extend its work to include the production of wine or grapes, silk, tobacco, sugar, flax and coffee. It proposes, beginning in 1912, to publish a year book of international comparative agricultural statistics, which will be the great standard source of information on this subject.

The Bureau of Agricultural Intelligence and Plant Diseases gathers and publishes information concerning the progress of science in agriculture and new technical advances throughout the world, as well as the diseases of plants and methods of combating them.

With the growth of the world's commerce some of the worst plant diseases have been carried half way around the world to localities, the natural conditions of which were much more favorable to the development of the disease. This bureau organizes war on disease and insect pests on an international scale.

It gathers information concerning methods of combating disease, or insect pests in various parts of the world, and transports it to other places where it is needed.

The Bureau of Agriculture and Social Institutions has devoted its attention especially to the study of agricultural co-operation. Up to the present time the diversity in methods by which such statistics are gathered in various countries have made it impossible to present them as a whole, consequently it has been necessary to arrange for a uniform system of gathering information. After careful study the bureau decided that the existing co-operatives could be grouped under six heads, according to the purposes for which they were organized: 1, for credit; 2, for buying and selling; 3, for production; 4, production and buying; 5, insurance, and 6, integral co-operation.

This sixth group is the one established

by the Italian workers and which has been described in the COMING NATION. In this field also a monthly bulletin in French and English is published, giving a survey of the developments of these six forms of agricultural co-operation throughout the world.

This bulletin describes proposed co-operatives and legislation concerning them, together with statistical data as to growth and progress. It also maintains a detailed current bibliography of literature on agricultural co-operation, with extracts from the proceedings of the most important conventions held by farmers.

In addition, monographs are published from time to time giving the history of the agricultural co-operatives in various countries.

Scout News

The beginning of the mystery story in this issue means increased sales for Scouts already in the work and a fine start for boys and girls who begin selling papers within the next three weeks. If there's a bright youngster in your home who will give a few half hours each week to the work he'll be well repaid for the effort.

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 prizes in addition. Any boy or girl who'll agree to remit half price for what papers he sells and to return heads of unsold copies can have a trial bundle of ten papers without cash in advance. Many who began this way are now making as much as \$5 a week. Address requests for bundles to "Scout Department, Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kansas." Letter of instruction and list of prizes accompanies first bundle.

Just to vary the pictures a little we're publishing the photo of a seventy-two year old Scout this week. Comrade J. M. Hoover lives at Delta, Colo. He says he's seventy-two years young and sends greetings to all the other "kids" of the Socialist Scouts.



J. M. HOOVER.

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There is Still Time

By quick action it is still possible to secure free of cost a copy of

Social Forces in America

BY A. M. SIMONS

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

The Coming Nation, Girard, Ks

Children's Page

EDITED BY BERTHA M. MAILLY

The Story of Joe

(Continued.)

So Joe was nearly seventeen years old when he got his job in the shoe factory. The foreman gave him just one little thing to do. He had to rub on the black shoe dye when the shoe was almost finished. He had to do this to hundreds of pairs a day and when this was done he placed them on a rack and passed them on to the next man to polish them.

This didn't seem much like work to Joe the first day, but the foreman kept hurrying him up and telling him he'd never earn his bread if he didn't work faster, until at last he got so he could work very fast indeed and earned one dollar a day at it. Everyone in the whole factory worked that way, Joe found out very soon. Each one did just one little thing, sewed up one steam, pegged the heel, stretched the top of the shoe over the sole and so on.

"Say, Dad," said Joe one night after finishing supper, "I guess I'm beginning to see what the old man meant by a shoe being a social product." Do you know that sixty-five of us folks at the



"I Had a Bum Dream This Noon, Dad"

factory have to do something to a shoe before it's ready to sell? If the shoe skipped by one of us it wouldn't be a whole shoe. It sure is some different from old man Gray's way of making shoes."

"Same thing in making bread or pies, Joe. Only they don't have to go through so many people's hands."

"I had a bum dream this noon, Dad, after I finished my lunch. I guess that beefsteak sandwich Ma gave me must have been heavy. I went to sleep and dreamed a whole herd of steers was coming for me over a prairie. I could hear their hoofs away over the fields and they seemed to beat out a sort of song like this:

*Cut us up, cut us up,
Cut us up for meat.
Skin us down, skin us down,
Making shoes for feet.*

You'd think I was a kid dreaming like that. Then I dreamed they came nearer and nearer and their noise was like thunder and I was so scared I couldn't move, when I woke up, and it was the power beginning again and I had to go back to work.

"But, say, Dad, do you know I kept thinking of that dream all afternoon and that queer song kept running in my brain. You see, there's the steers and there's the butchers and there's the shoemakers and if it wasn't for the animals and us that works over the animals into meat and shoes, it seems to me folks would be walking in their bare

feet and their stomachs would be kind of aching for a good beefsteak.

"I guess you've got it about figured out, Son. But you must count us bakers in and Jimmie Hogan and all like him that builds the houses and others that make our clothes. The world's got to have all us workers. Can't get along without us."

Joe chuckled. "Do you remember the son of the fellow that owned the bake-shop, the chap I didn't like and you said I wasn't in his class? I was wondering what he'd do after about a year if he didn't have us to fix him up in shoes and bread and beefsteak. I guess he'd have to get into our class and do something for himself. Heh, Dad?"

(To be continued.)

More About Public Schools

As the public school system of the United States keeps on growing, more and more attention is being given to the question of hygiene. It is becoming more widely recognized that the education of the child should not stop at the mind, that it is important that the child should know how to take care of its body.

There would be a great deal less sickness in the world if the men and women of today had received instruction how to preserve their health when they were children. Every child should know how to keep its body healthy and strong, for a healthy mind cannot exist in an unhealthy body.

Then again, very much sickness was caused in schools by the attendance of sick children, so that other children were infected. In New York and other cities, at the beginning of the school term, the children are all examined and if anything is found to be the matter with them, they receive treatment. Special attention is given to their eyesight and hearing.

In Cleveland, Ohio, a society was formed which advocated an inquiry into the condition of pupils with defective teeth. As a result, the school children are regularly inspected and undoubtedly many children are now able to chew and digest their food better than before.

Another important feature that is being introduced is that of feeding the children by the municipality. This is coming about because of an agitation on behalf of children whose parents were too poor to send good lunches with them to school. Then, sometimes the food the children did bring with them was not well prepared.

Children who are poorly fed or ill-nourished cannot be expected to be good students. No person, whether young or old, can use his brain properly when his stomach is either empty or out of order.

Now, the system of providing lunches for school children is gradually coming into use. Lunch rooms are being established in the schools, at which a child for a very small sum can get a good substantial and nourishing lunch. This system has been in use in various European countries for some time and has worked well, only over there, the children are often fed free of charge.

So you see we are making progress in the schools as elsewhere. People are learning from the past. While there are still many children denied an opportunity to go to school, yet there are more receiving an education than ever before. And we are teaching them how to train and control their bodies as well as their minds.

And from this we shall keep on learning so that the children who go to school after we have grown up will have even greater advantages than we enjoy.

The Man That Was Good to the Ducks

BY L. J. W.

Now, Mr. Bogg was a very good-hearted man. When he went to a very beautiful spot in Wisconsin for his summer vacation, he took his good heart right along with him.

He saw that the beach of the lovely lake was very rough and bad for the ladies and children who wanted to go in wading and bathing so he made a fine path of smooth stones out into the water.

When he found a jagged rock out a little way in the water which was bad for swimmers, he piled a monument of rocks on top of it so swimmers could know where it was.

Last of all, Mr. Bogg made a nice raft of boards and anchored it out still farther for the use of swimmers who could swim out to it and then climb up and rest on it before starting back.



Mother Duck talking to her Ducklings

All of these things were very nice for the summer visitors. But one day a mother duck and her ducklings were swimming about and she spied this strange looking thing.

She gave a certain call which seemed to mean "Come this way," and they all followed her with little bobbing heads up to the raft. When she got near it, she stopped and then seemed to be a little doubtful whether it was safe. She gave another call, which seemed to say, "Go that way," for all the little ducks wheeled about and started off in another direction. Finally she swam over to the raft and clambered up on it, with all the little ducklings after her.

After that she knew very well that the raft was made by Mr. Bogg just for her and her ducklings to roost on and every night you could see a line of bobbing little black heads making straight for the raft, and Mamma Duck and the ducklings would settle themselves for a very comfortable night. And why shouldn't they?

The First Women Clerks

Do you know, children, that there was a time when it wasn't considered fit work for a girl to act as clerk in a drygoods store? Now, you remember that I am always telling you that everything changes from year to year and from century to century.

How is it now in stores? Do girls act as clerks? "Huh," I can hear you say, "more girls than men, a great many." But from the following item of news, see how it was 55 years ago:

"Saco, Maine, Sept. 23.—Benjamin Hamilton, the first merchant to employ girls as saleswomen in a store, is dead here at the age of ninety-two years."

Hamilton's store was one of the largest drygoods houses in the east. He created a tremendous sensation that year by employing pretty young women as clerks, and the women of Saco showed their disapproval by boycotting the store. The idea "took" at last, however, and Hamilton opened similar stores in Biddeford and Portland, where the novelty of women clerks made both enterprises tremendous successes.

The Only Peace Party

The Socialists are the great peace party of the world. They are the only people who want to do away not only with war, but what is more important, the causes of war.

A few weeks ago the Socialists of Germany had a great chance to show

their disapproval of war. At the height of the Morocco crisis, while France was gathering a vast fleet of warships at Toulon so as to impress Germany and Germany was doing the same thing at Kiel, a hundred thousand Socialists gathered quietly in Treptow Park, Berlin, to protest against the war agitation. In calling upon the people to turn out in their thousands to attend the demonstration, the *Vorwaerts*, the chief newspaper of the party, printed in large type on its front page:

"People of Berlin, proclaim your immovable determination for peace! Morocco is not worth the bones of a single German workman! Down with the war fever! Long live solidarity with our English and French brothers!"

A Legal Mind

Harold, aged nine, came home one day so bruised and dirty that his mother was very much disturbed.

"Mercy!" she exclaimed, in horror. "How on earth, my child, did you get your clothes and face in such a state?" "I was trying to keep a little boy from getting licked," was Harold's virtuous, if hesitating, reply.

"Well, that was fine!" said his mother. "I am proud of you, sonny. Who was the little boy?"

"Me."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

A Bad Bargain

Eleanor (aged five)—How much did you pay for the baby, Mother?

Mother—I don't know; he isn't paid for yet.

Eleanor—Do you think it will be more than \$3?

Mother—I think so.

Eleanor—Well, I certainly think you made a bad bargain in that baby.—*Harper's Weekly.*

A Wonderful Machine

If the mere machinery of a grasshopper's hop could be made plain enough and large enough, there is not a man living who would not be impressed by it.

If grasshoppers were made (as they might quite as easily have been) 640 feet high, the huge beams of their legs towering above their bodies like cranes against the horizon, the sublimity of a grasshopper's machinery would have been one of the impressive features of human life.—*Gerald Stanley Lee.*

Another Summer Letter

Dear Editor:

I was visiting out in the country, too, this summer. There wasn't any big Grandfather mountains there, like Alvie wrote us about, but there were some baby mountains and they cuddled us and the house we lived in down in between them just like Mamma cuddles Baby in her lap.

There were all kinds of insects and birds, but especially one bee was interesting to me.

One day my mamma was lying out on a couch on the front porch and she covered herself with a quilt that had little red knots of yarn tied in rows, just like any quilt.

Pretty soon a bee came buzzing around my mamma. She chased it away, but it always came back. It wouldn't stay away, but flew all around over the quilt. At last my mamma jumped up and said she might as well go in the house. She guessed the bee thought the red spots in the quilt were flowers.

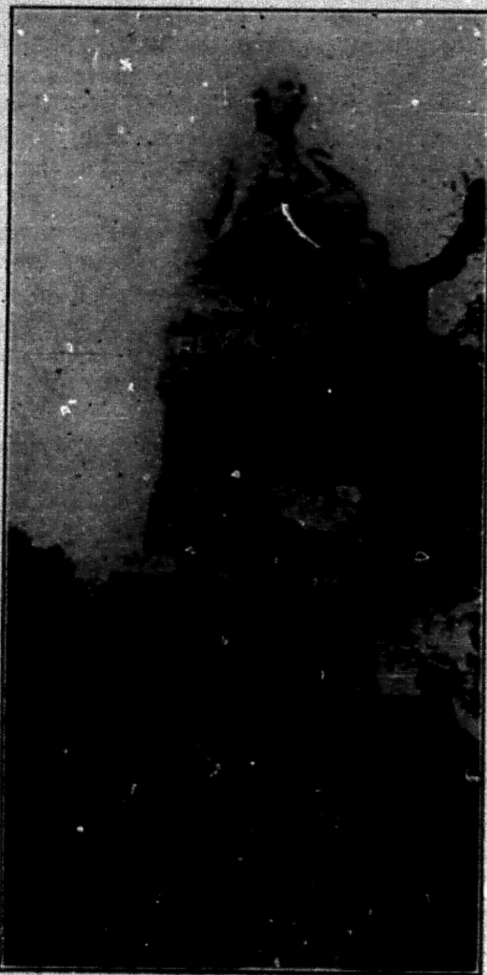
A little while after that I was out on the back porch and I had on a red necktie and another bee—or perhaps it was the same one—flew round and round me and at last it lit on my necktie. I wanted to run, but mother said if I kept still it wouldn't hurt me. It crawled around and at last flew away again.

Then we all said the bee must think the necktie was a big red rose and that bees certainly love red. Do you think so, Dear Editor? Yours,

IDA BLOOM.

High Prices Make Hunger Riots

Photo by Paul Thompson, N. Y.



An Indication of the Spirit of the Viennese

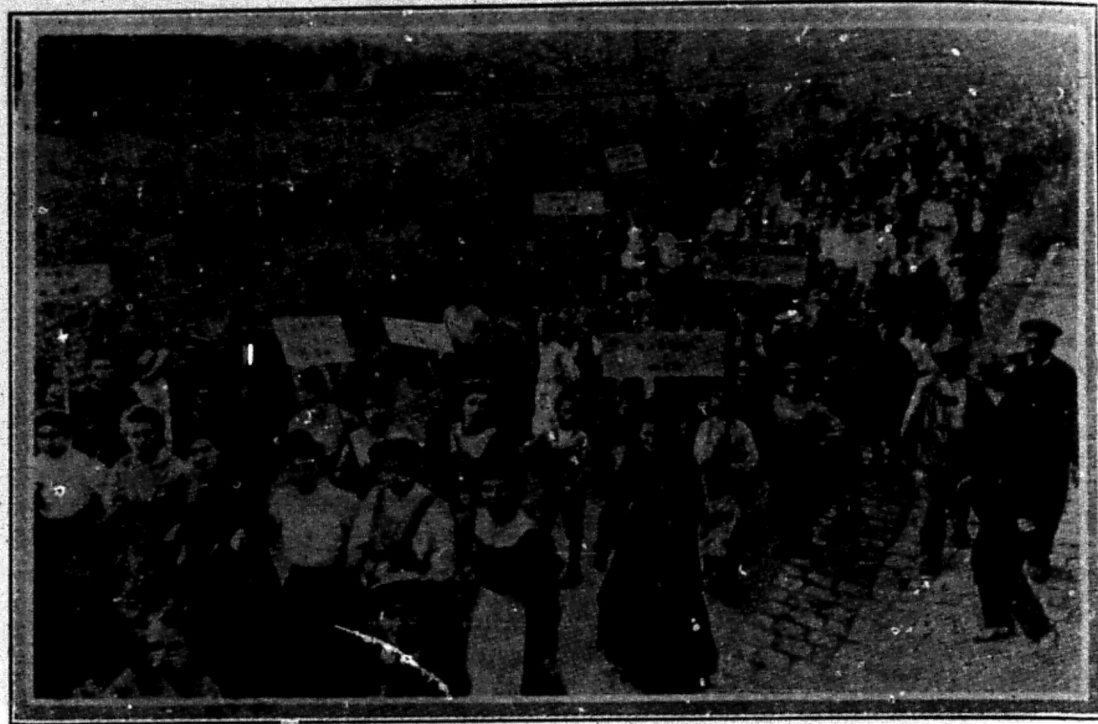
For fifteen years rising prices have been robbing the workingman's table. Each month and year has seen a little food filched from his daily meal, a little of the shelter and clothing and education withdrawn from his children.

Now the danger line is close. The hunger pains are beginning to gnaw. The call of the human beast for the primal necessities is heard. That is a portentous sound. It precedes the tumbling of governments and societies and institutions.

It was heard a few weeks ago in France. Women with banners calling for food rushed straight to the shops where food was stored and took it. Mothers with starving children have never stopped to study philosophies before acting. They were met with soldiers. Some were shot. Others were beaten back into their retreats. That remedy will not effect a cure.

A week ago the workers of Austria gathered by the tens of thousands to protest against the steady decrease in food and clothing due to rising prices. Again the remedy of tyrants was tried. A regiment of Uhlancers thought it possible to still the cry of hunger by filling the bodies of those who complained with lead.

So the troopers are riding proudly up and down before the parliament building in Vienna. But the fear of



Protest Demonstration of Housewives at Creil, France

death by shooting will not frighten armies who are doomed to death by starvation. That truth was written in blood-dripping letters at the time of the French Revolution.

We, in America, are steadily drawing closer to the condition that has driven hungry mothers on to the streets of the cities of France and Austria. The only people who are demanding that something be done to prevent hunger riots here are the Socialists.

To the Victors Belong the Spoils

BY JOHN A. SMITH.

*To the victors belong the spoil
Is the slogan of wrong and might,
To the workers belong the tools
Is a maxim of truth and right.*

*To the victors belong the spoils;
Yes, the vanquished must ever pay
And labor endure the toil
Through the night or the live long day.*

*To the victors belong the spoils
Say our courts in decisions unjust
While remanding the fines they imposed
On the organized greed of the trust.*

*To the victors belong the spoils
Says the system that's reeking with
lust
For gain in its myriad forms
While it tramples the weak in the dust.*

The writer of these lines is in his 70th year and has not in his life-time composed a score of verses.

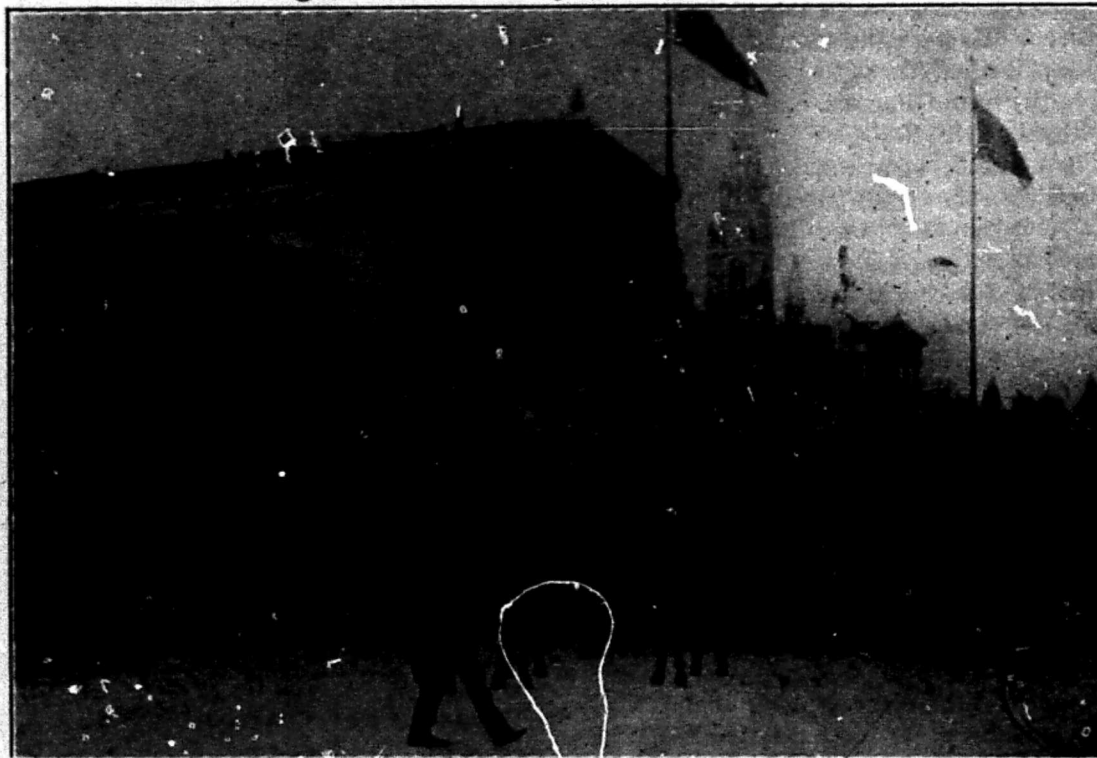
What Italy is Fighting For

BY WILLIAM MORRIS.

Like a bolt from the blue came the commencement of war between Italy and Turkey. It was as if England and Sweden had commenced hostilities, or Germany and Mozambique, or America and Uruguay. That Germany and France would go to war, was expected, and we were still wondering if the splendid demonstrations of our Comrades were about to succeed, but Italy and Turkey was a bit too much. Having recovered from the first shock of the surprise, the startled world is slowly recollecting certain facts that tend to clear up the mystery. The "explanation" that is vouchsafed us by the Italian minister of foreign affairs does not carry conviction. He enumerates in an elaborate paper a list of alleged indignities toward Italians committed by the Turks in Tripoli. There are a few assaults, an insult or two to the flag, and an alleged rape, not a very formidable list when compared with the list of assaults and murders and rapes and insults committed every day to a dozen nationalities in this very country of ours.

To seek out the real cause, we must go a little into the history of both Italy and Tripoli. In 1871 the word Italy became more than a geographical expression for the first time in more than fifteen hundred years. After all the disheartening centuries of Barbarian invasion, internecine strife, Papal rule, Napoleonic wars, at last the labors of Mazzini and Garibaldi had borne fruit, and a new nation was born.

That nation was begotten in the series of Revolutions that, during the last century, had placed Capitalism in the saddle throughout Europe. Here was a new capitalist country, and with that other new Capitalist country, Germany, born in the same year; it was born full-grown, like Minerva from the head of Jove. All the other countries were engaging in colonial expansion, for two purposes, viz., to get rid of surplus product, and to get rid of surplus population. For, believing in the Malthusian theory, the great nations had the idea that the acquisition of tropical countries would divert British, Dutch, German, Italian and Scandinavian emigration from the United States and Argentina to Tim-



Uh'landers in front of the Parliament Buildings in Vienna to Prevent Demonstration

buctoo, German East Africa and the other colonies that were acquired.

Italy, for her part, looked across the Mediterranean, and saw the four Barbary states, Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia and Tripoli. Tunisia was the best and the richest prize. Next came Algeria, and the worst of the lot was Tripoli. But Algeria was taken by Charles IX of France in 1829, when the Legitimists needed to do something to keep up their popularity, and Europe was too much exhausted by the Napoleonic Wars to be able to protest. And France also had her eye on Tunisia, the ancient Carthage of storied memory, and was already preparing the raw grab of 1881. Morocco was too far away, and so, by a process of elimination, Tripoli was chosen for Italian exploitation.

Tripoli is a vast desert of about 400,000 square miles, with a population of a million and a half. It has no wealth to speak of. There are only a few towns, and the largest of these is the capital, Tripoli, a town of only 30,000. The only mineral wealth mined is salt, and the only crop is barley, which is raised in years when it is not too hot. Just north of the Tropic of Cancer is a series of oases, the Kufra Oases, amounting to about 7,000 square miles altogether. These are on the direct

caravan routes, and so are of great importance. The southern boundary, however, has been a rather hazy line, and only last year, the Turkish army occupied these oases.

Prior to 1553, the country had been the legitimate spoil of the Sicilian Normans, the Knights of Malta and other "Christian" nations. In that year, the invincible Ottoman Turks conquered the country, and held it until it gained a certain degree of independence about a century ago. It was called a Turkish Vilayat, or dependancy, and showed its loyalty by an annual "present" or tribute. The government is about nothing at all, the people being in a state that resembles the Neolithic age. Altogether, a pretty forbidding sort of subject for exploitation.

In the early '70s, Italy wanted to "occupy" that nation. She found that she was unable to do so. But, by the treaty of Berlin, of 1877, she was permitted "peaceful penetration," and right peacefully and right merrily did she penetrate. A large proportion of the population has become Italian; and there are Italian schools, houses and banks. Even the Papacy, which refuses to recognize the Italian monarchy, has a large interest in one of the Tripolitan banks. The dominant interest, in fact,

is Italian. There was not much to exploit, but Italy exploited what there was, which was the best that she could do.

It reminds one of the Transvaal case, where an "uncivilized" state was "developed" by a "civilized" one, which then demands a share in its government.

The war came upon the world as a great shock and a surprise, but it gives evidence of having been carefully planned out. There is a scheme of government prepared, with the Duke of the Abruzzi as first governor. It was planned to spring the mine when the world was not looking, and, like "our" war move in the Mexican business, it was hoped to commit the country irrevocably to war when the people were not looking, that is, when Parliament was not in session.

The plan failed. There is going to be a serious clash at home when the Reserves are forced to "volunteer," and the whole thing will have important effects upon international politics and the Labor Movement. In the meantime here is another bit of piratical aggression, consummated entirely by the Capitalist Class, and attempting again to deliver the Working class as a sacrifice upon the Altar of Mammon.

Work

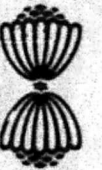
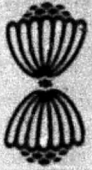
*Oh work for love
And work with song,
Thus shall your life
And joy be long.*

"What are ye doin' there, Moike?"
"Bejabers, an' oi'm oilin' the wheelbarrow."

"Well, lave it alone, I'll do it moisilf. What do ye know about machinery?"

Photo by Paul Thompson, N. Y.

Come Have a Smile With Us



Flings at Things

BY D. M. S.

Problem for Them

The idle rich who live to play,
Who scatter wide their plunder,
When Socialism comes to stay
What will they do I wonder?
I do not fret about the poor
Who live on meager wages,
They'll get along some way, I'm sure,
As they have done for ages.

The idle rich who spend their time
On subjects vain and silly,
Who feel that labor is a crime
Will find the sledding hilly.
I fear that they the roof will raise
Or will be much offended
When in the fullness of the days
They find their snap is ended.

Their pretty hands they could not soil
By useful occupation,
Nor in the busy work-shop toil,
That's far beneath their station.
I worry much about them—nit,
Their blood with wrath may bubble,
But how they in the scheme will fit
Is least of all my trouble.

No Accommodations

"That grocer is getting too stuck up for anything. If he doesn't do business on a more liberal basis he will not last in this neighborhood."

"What is the matter? Did he refuse to trust you?"

"No, I didn't ask him to. I made



him a simple business proposition and he turned it down. It was reasonable, too. Very reasonable. I wanted him to sell me an egg the same as they sell pianos, a dollar down and a dollar a month until it was paid for."

In the Near Future

"See that man over there?"
"What about him?"
"Can't you see that he is queer, just to look at him?"
"He does have an odd look. What ails him?"
"Worst freak I ever saw, he doesn't vote the Socialist ticket."

Their Destination

The kings and queens and all that breed
Including jacks, are up a stump,
From what between the lines we read
At any time they may go bump,
The future is an open book,
The writing is as plain as print
And if they wear a worried lock
It shows that they can take a hint.



The common man with grimy hand
Is fixing up a little deal,
A sort of joke, you understand
From which there will be no appeal,
He has the program cut and dried
To settle up an ancient score
And he will say to them aside,
"We will not need you any more."

Just His Hired Hand

"What is the name of the Chief Justice now?"
"Is it Pierpont Morgan?"
"No, no, I mean the name of the figurehead."

Some Hope for Him

"He is a model office boy."



"Never looks at the clock, I suppose."
"No, he is too busy reading nickel novels."

Sporting Proposition

There's a low and steady humming
And it tells a thrilling tale
Of the readjustment coming
You can bet the ginger ale.

Little Flings

The trusts found it a pleasant death to die.

Taft will have to hunt a new bugaboo. Socialism will not frighten babies any more.

Japan ought to collect royalties from contractors for war supplies.

Is liberty about to go to all the trouble of being born again?

Otis counts that day wasted when he hasn't made a few Socialists.

Good Imitation

"What do you think of the insurgent campaign?"

"It is a regular circus."

"Running round and round in a ring?"

Told at the Dinner Hour

The Preacher Lost

BY JOHN H. STOKES.

Nellie had not attended church for several weeks. So one day the preacher met her on the street, and took occasion to ask the reason.

"Cause you swear in church," replied the little girl without hesitation.

The preacher, somewhat shocked by the charge, protested his innocence; but Nellie was steadfast in her conviction that the preacher swore, and vehemently expressed her determination not to attend his church.

At last, knowing her fondness for apple pie, the minister proposed that if she would attend church the following Sunday he would bring an apple pie and give it all to her if she caught him swearing.

The bargain was soon made, and the next Sunday found Nellie seated in the front row of seats near the communion table on which the preacher had placed a large pie.

The preacher smiled at Nellie as he began his sermon, but he soon became so interested in his theme that he entirely forgot the little girl. Everything went nicely, however, until near the close of his discourse, when he brought in the phrase: "By God we live and by God we die—"

"And by God you lose your apple pie," cried Nellie triumphantly seizing her prize.

Remarkable Precocity

BY WILLIAM R. HITZLER.

In a school in Pennsylvania the teacher asked Johnnie if he knew where Putman went when he left his plow standing in the field.

"Went off and had a good time, I s'pose," said Johnnie.

"But," protested the teacher, "don't you know that he went and raised an army to save his country?"

"Oh, I read that, but I thought that was just what he told his wife."

A Practical Example

During the last panic a German farmer went to a bank in Milwaukee for some money. He was told that the bank was not paying out any money, but was giving out cashier's checks. He

like dis, ain't it? Ven my baby wakes up at night and wants some milk, I gif him a milk ticket, vot?"

Set Quite A Pace

Olie, the Swede had been engaged to help Mike, the aeronaut make preparations for a balloon ascension. When the appointed time came, Mike was suddenly taken ill and Olie volunteered "to go up."

The ascension was made without difficulty, but when Olie cut loose, the parachute failed to open and he dropped like a stone. The only thing that saved his life was the stack of fresh-mown hay on the aviation field which he happened to strike by chance.

The crowd gathered around him and as many as could congratulated him on his good luck.

A minister in the crowd thought he saw a chance to make a conversion, so he elbowed his way to Olie, patted him on the back and said:

"My good man, it wasn't luck at all; the Lord was with you."

"Well," said Olie, "was He with me going up?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Was He with me going down?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well," said Olie, "He was a goin' some if He kept up with me."

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THE FIRST STEP

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What Congress Did to the Supreme Court

In the October number of *Pearson's Magazine* Allan L. Benson continues his story of "The Usurped Power of the Courts." He gives credit to the COMING NATION as first pointing out that Congress could take away the power of the Supreme Court whenever it wished and tells something of the difficulties he had in obtaining the proof that Congress once did this.

"In common with everybody else, I was ignorant of the facts until last winter, and when I heard them, I could not believe them. That is to say, the tremendous import of the assertions caused me to suspend judgment until I could investigate them. And, when I went to Washington to investigate, I found the roads made rough for me. The Government Printing Office, which contains millions of publications, had not a single catalogue that contained the clue to the facts I sought. I ultimately found the facts only because I brought my own clue and dug out the information in the office of the clerk of the Supreme Court and in the Government Printing Office."

He describes how when a Mississippi editor named McCardle attempted to appeal to the Supreme Court for a decision on the Reconstruction legislation that Congress withdrew jurisdiction on this point. By quotations from the congressional record he shows that it was the avowed intention of Congress to so take away the jurisdiction and then quotes from the opinion of the court when dismissing the case.

"We are not at liberty to inquire into the motives of the legislature. We can only examine into its power under the Constitution; and the power to make exceptions to the appellate jurisdiction of this court is given by express words.

"What, then, is the effect of the repealing act upon the case before us? We cannot doubt as to this. Without jurisdiction, the court cannot proceed at all in any cause. Jurisdiction is power to declare the law, and when it ceases to exist, the only function remaining to the court is that of announcing the fact and dismissing the cause. And this is not less clear upon authority than upon principle.

"It is quite clear, then, that this court cannot proceed to pronounce judgment in this case, for it has no longer jurisdiction of the appeal; and judicial duty is not less fitly performed by declining ungranted jurisdiction than by exercising firmly that which the Constitution and the laws confer."

Mr. Benson comments on this decision as follows:

"As a despotic power, the court has existed 108 years upon what sporting gentlemen would call a 'bluff.'

"Forty-three years ago, Congress called the bluff and the court backed tracked hastily.

"The performance can be repeated, upon a greater scale, whenever the people recover control of Congress."



The Faculty in a Capitalistic College

The Shadow Under the roof

(Continued from Page Eleven.)

move, and instinctively those who had ventured into its presence knew that it was dead.

The girl screamed and clutched Frisbie by the shoulder. The match fell to the floor and went out, and all was darkness again. In an instant, however, Horton had torn the black covering from a window, and a great shaft of sunlight shot into the room and across the lap of the dead man.

It was David Robley. He sat bolt upright in his office chair. Any other position for him would have been impossible, for length after length of rope had been wound and knotted about his shoulders and body, binding him so closely to the chair that he could not have moved an inch had he been alive. His arms were lashed to his side and even his legs and ankles were enclosed in the rough network and tied to the lower section of the chair.

The only part of him that was free was the neck and head, which were bent forward in a way that startled the beholders. The posture was that of a man who, particularly engrossed in what he beheld, craned his neck forward in order the better to see.

"My God!" cried Ford who, the first to press forward, had placed himself in front of the body. His exclamation was caused by the horrible expression on the face of the dead man. The eyes bulged from their sockets, the mouth was open and every feature bore the aspect of extreme terror. It was as if the man had died beholding a thing so appalling that it had chilled his soul with fear. Yet he had not slunk from whatever it was, but had leaned forward and kept it in his vision to the last, for even in death his eyes stared straight ahead.

(To be continued.)

Fool Killer Proverbs.

A dog is but a cur at best
That licks the hand that smites;
A man's a traitor to his class
Who for a master fights.

Some poor men are contented,
So is the plodding ass;
When old, the man's turned out to starve,
The mule's turned out to grass.

The brainless dude an eyeglass wears,
The dudeline leads a poodle;
The wise man reads good literature
Gets something in his noodle.

When avarice starves (and never hides his face)
Two or three millions of the human race,
And not a tongue enquires how, where, or when,
Though conscience will have twinges now and then.—Cowper.



Rhymes of the Revolution

Being poems incarnating the Spirit of Revolt in things temporal and spiritual.

Selected and annotated by FRANK STUHLMAN

John Davidson, one of the most remarkable and unconventional writers of our day, was the victim of a fate that made his life a long-drawn tragedy. The chronicles of literature is strewn with the wrecks of beautiful souls who perished beating against the iron walls of adversity and the cruelties of a barbarous state of society. We read in these grim annals of mad Otway shrieking through the midnight streets of London; Chatterton, the "marvelous boy" drinking poison to cheat starvation; Keats, crushed like a fragile lily by a brutal hand; but none of these are more bitter than the story of John Davidson's life-long battle with poverty and disease and at last walking out alone in the intense gloom of the gaol to embrace death, which he hoped to find kinder than life.

War Song

BY JOHN DAVIDSON.

In anguish we uplift
A new unhallowed song;
The race is to the swift;
The battle to the strong.
Of old it was ordained
That we, in packs like curs,
Some thirty million trained
And licensed murderers,
In crime should live and act,
If cunning folk say sooth
Who flay the naked fact
And carve the heart of truth.

The rulers cry aloud,
"We cannot cancel war,
The red and bloody shroud
Of wrongs the worst abhor,
And order's swaddling band;
Know that relentless strife
Remains by sea and land
The holiest law of life.
From fear in every guise,
From sloth, from lust of pelf,
By war's great sacrifice
The world redeems itself.
War is the source, the theme
Of art; the goal, the bent
And brilliant academe
Of noble sentiment;
The augury, the dawn
Of golden times of grace;
The true catholicism,
And blood bath of the race."

We thirty million trained
And licensed murderers,
Like Zanies rigged and chained
By drill and scourge and curse

In shackles of despair
We know not how to break—
What do we victims care
For art, what interest take
In things unseen, unheard?
Some diplomat no doubt
Will launch a heedless word,
And lurking war leap out!
We spell-bound armies then,
Huge brutes in dumb distress,
Machines compact of men
Who once had consciences,
Must trample harvests down—
Vineyard, and corn and oil;
Dismantle town by town,
Hamlet and homestead spoil
On each appointed path,
Till lust of havoc-light
A blood-red blaze of wrath
In every frenzied sight.
In many a mountain pass,
Or meadow green and fresh
Mass shall encounter mass
Of shuddering human flesh;
Opposing ordnance roar
Across the swaths of slain,
And blood in torrents pour
In vain—always in vain,
For war breeds war again!

The shameful dream is past;
The subtle maze untrod;
We recognize at last
That war is not of God
Wherefore we now uplift
Our new unhallowed song:
The race is to the swift,
The battle to the strong.



The Sight of the bone marks Italy's flag y