

THE COMING OF THE NATION

J. A. WAYLAND
FRED B. WARREN { Publishers

A JOURNAL OF THINGS DOING AND TO BE DONE

A. M. SIMONS
CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL { Editors

No. 63, New Series. Established April 30, 1893.

Girard, Kansas, November 25, 1911

Price 5 Cents. \$1.00 a Year

Comment on Things Doing

By Charles Edward Russell

THE JOLT OF THEIR LIVES



THE surest evidence of the deep dent made in the capitalistic mind by the great Socialist gains in the election of November 7 is the frantic efforts of the kept ladies of the press to reassure the gentlemen that pay their board.

From all the peroxide ones rises a united chorus to the same effect.

"There is no cause for alarm," says Madame the New York *World*. The Socialist gains indicate nothing except passing discontent with bad local government. "If the old parties do not provide good government in our cities they must expect to see these independent movements attain to success for the time being."

"Do not be alarmed," says the Brooklyn *Eagle* lady, putting on a little more rouge, "we have seen before these futile third party movements that seemed to promise some strength and always disappeared. Look at the Prohibition party in 1884. No, there is nothing to be alarmed about. Order up another bottle."

One of the patchouli sisterhood professes herself convinced that the returns show nothing except that "local causes" have been at work, and there is no sign that the country generally is turning to the crack-brained theories of Socialism. Another thinks that possibly the increased cost of living may have had some influence upon these election figures, but pats her man playfully under the chin and says that the trouble will soon be past and the uneasy workingmen will return to their proper allegiance to the two old parties. That old painted harridan, the New York *Sun*, gives a few mincing steps that make her old bones creak and says, "It does not follow that the organization as such is increasing in power"—meaning the Socialist organization.

And so on across the country. Of course, none of these ladies ever refers to the fact that everywhere the Socialists' subordinate local issues to the great cause of working class emancipation; nor to the fact that in all parts of the country the Socialist gains are about the same; nor to the fact that the percentage of increased vote keeps even pace with the percentage of increase in the party membership in the last year. These facts might be disturbing to the board payers. They wouldn't like to hear that in the small rural towns of New York state where there was no local issue and not much of a campaign the gain for the Socialists was proportionately even greater than in Schenectady, for instance. The evidence that in many places farmers went to the polls and supported Socialism would not be music in the ears of big advertisers. None of the ladies mentions the real significance of the election. But what of that? Would you go to the red light district to learn the truth?

* * *

The fact is that Socialism did not carry one of these places on a local issue. Take Schenectady as an illustration. It was evident a year ago to anyone capable of co-ordinating what one sees that the city was becoming Socialist on principle. What carried Schenectady was no local issue, but the hard, painstaking, unrelenting and intelligent work of the Schenectady Socialists in convincing workingmen of the basic truths of the Socialist philosophy. There is in the city a band of earnest men and women that perceives in Socialism not merely a remedy for a local condition but a vast social revolution to set men free. It is due to their efforts that Schenectady was carried, and to nothing else.



the Socialists.

I have heard Socialists in different parts of the nation lament the slow advance of their cause.

Any city in this country can be carried in the way Schenectady was carried.

If Socialism makes slow progress in the United States of America the fault is with



THE STRUGGLE NOW BEGINS

But, any way, here we are, and there ought to be no mistake about the situation. Socialism has advanced to the point where it is a serious menace to the existing order. You can read that in the remarks of the kept ladies as well as in other indications. On the day after election in 1910, the only reference to Socialism made in the columns of the kept New York *World* was in the list of Congressmen elected, where under the head of "Wisconsin" appeared "V. L. Berger, S. D."—in half measure agate. No where else in the entire issue was so much as the word Socialist, and the *World*, in fact, never to this day has recorded the first Socialist victory in an American Congress district. Those were the days when the kept ladies thought they could ignore the existence of the movement. Such days have passed now. With Socialism sweeping city after city and the first Socialist assemblyman sent to Albany, it is no longer possible to ignore the truth. So the "Don't mention" lists in all the newspaper offices have been overhauled. It is no longer forbidden to print the word Socialism, but the rule now is to treat it in a light, blithesome, indifferent manner as a matter that exists, but is really of no importance.

And what will come next?

Well, I think the Socialists are in for it now. From this time on it means business. In the next year they may expect to see something doing. "This thing must be stopped here," is the thought now uppermost in thousands of capitalistic minds. There will be some distinct effort to stop it. What form the effort will take, I don't know, but you may be sure there will be something. It may be a fake reform party with the idea of drawing away the Socialist strength. The only place in the country where the Socialist vote declined this year was in Philadelphia where it went astray after a plausible fake reform movement, and lost fifty per cent of its strength. I don't suppose that the capitalists have overlooked this pregnant fact. It would be no wonder if they were to act upon the hint by supporting the Insurgent boom. That clever variation on the eternal Punch and Judy would seem likely to appeal to a large element of half-baked reformers. The man that cannot see that the people of this country have had about enough

and are bent upon some kind of a change is a foolish person. The Insurgent movement appeals to many superficial thinkers as a kind of democracy. They do not stop to consider that it is a kind that would never get anywhere even if it had the chance, nor that there is in it nothing that could disturb the powers that be in the graft line. I should think that Insurgency would look pretty good to any of these grafters that are seeking some good promising device with which to fool the people.

Or there may be some kind of a fake labor party put into the field. It was pretty well understood a year ago or more that Crazy Horse was contemplating something of this kind as a good play. "Knee Pants"

In This Issue

More Light on the Common Good

BY CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

Co-operative Farms in Sicily

BY ODOM POR

The Big Change

BY EUGENE WOOD

The Shadow Under the Roof

Mystery Story

BY PEYTON BOSWELL

A Patron of Art

BY EMANUEL JULIUS

Winning from Coast to Coast

John Hammond was said then to have framed up a scheme that seemed to him invincible if he could get the wild man from Lobster Bay to take hold of it. The wild man is liable to break out of his cave any minute and do that or any other thing that promises to hit Socialism a biff and turn the spot light upon himself.

Or other things might be pulled off. There is the old bomb racket; perhaps there is life yet in that hoary scheme. Explode a bomb somewhere and charge it up to Socialism and see if the people will have hysteria about it. That doesn't seem so promising now as it used to. Too many persons now understand how wide is the gulf between Socialism and any kind of violence; but perhaps it might go if it were worked cleverly enough.

Or they may fully arouse the Catholic church and induce it to put forth all its efforts to crush the proletarian movement—secretly.

Or they may engineer a practical consolidation of the old parties wherever Socialism looks dangerous—the Republicans playing into the Democrat's hands or vice versa.

Or they may depend upon an extension of the present method by which one-third of the Socialist vote is never counted or never allowed in the official returns. If they can cut out one-third they might with a little more effort cut out one-half and thus try to discourage the movement with the idea that it was declining instead of advancing.

Or you may see some practical effort to disfranchise a large part of the working class. Suspicious moves are being made in that direction.

Or you may see some action along the lines predicted by Silas Hood by which men shall be introduced into the Socialist party for the purpose of wrecking it.

Some or many of these devices are certain to be adopted.

But there is one thing you will never see.

You will never see an attempt to meet the arguments of Socialism. You will never see any fighting against it done in the open. You will never see anything but bushwhacking, stalking, sneaking and guerrilla work.

There is not a man now engaged in opposing Socialism that dares to meet it face to face, and not one that is not trying to get back of it with a stiletto.

I should think there was something in that fact that would make the independent and the sincere reformer stop and ponder—supposing that they can for a moment lift their eyes above the level of one of the blessed offices.



A LITTLE STORY OF STEEL

Dr. Cabot, the celebrated physician of Boston, owns a block of stock in United States Steel. He heard some of the things that are said about the conditions under which men toil to make the dividends of this corporation and he determined to see if it were really true that every dollar he received from his investment was soaked in men's blood.

To that end he hired a skilled investigator and sent him to Pittsburg where for more than a year he labored as a workman in the steel mills. His name is Fitch; certified to me as a careful, truthful man.

Mr. Fitch presented to Dr. Cabot his report, which was long, minute and circumstantial. It showed that the worst things ever said about labor conditions in those mills were not bad enough.

Dr. Cabot had the report printed at his own expense and prepared to send to the stockholders of the company about 25,000 copies.

He applied to the company for a list of the stockholders.

The company demurred and side-stepped for a time, trying to find out what the doctor wanted the addresses for.

Dr. Cabot said he wanted to send to the stockholders a circular of great importance to them.

At this the company brightened up and said cheerfully that if the doctor would send to

the chief office all his circulars, wrapped, stamped and ready for mailing the company would put on the addresses and send them to the postoffice.

Dr. Cabot trustfully sent his circulars, wrapped, stamped and ready for mailing. But the company did not send them out. It just piled them up in the office and let them remain there.

Dr. Cabot now demanded that the company either fulfill its promise and send the stamped circulars to the postoffice or else return them to him.

The company declined to send out the circulars on the ground that they contain statements calculated to injure the concern in the minds of its stockholders. Someone in the office had been carefully reading Mr. Fitch's remarks.

Dr. Cabot now brought suit to compel the company to furnish him with a list of his fellow stockholders. This litigation is still pending.

Meantime the company has his circulars and his postage stamps and refuses to return them and the doctor will be compelled to sue again to recover his property.

So far the investigation of the Steel Trust has cost him about \$100,000, including the services of Mr. Fitch.

I have never seen Mr. Fitch's report, but I should like to see it. I am told that it is the hottest stuff on labor conditions in the steel trade that was ever put together, and all the stronger because that it was prepared by one that had no interest in the matter except to find and report the bare truth whatever that might be.

I have but one extract from it, and that brief, but not without its significance.

What do you think is the average of all wages paid by the United States Steel Corporation, including salaries for superintendence, salesmen, clerical labor and the like?

Twelve dollars and forty-eight cents a week.

How does that strike you for a land of prosperity?

A vast number of the men get only six dollars a week or thereabouts. Mr. Fitch himself went to work for six dollars a week.

How happy we ought to be that we live in a country where there is prosperity and not in one of those wretched pauper labor countries of Europe!

Here you can work for six dollars a week and have the privilege of being killed for the sake of Steel Trust dividends.

That ought to make any man happy.

No wonder we break our necks to get to the polls to vote for the Republican and Democratic parties. No wonder workingmen send capitalists to represent them in Congress. Anybody else might break up this pleasant condition in which men work for six dollars a week and the privilege of being killed for Steel Trust dividends.



THE RAILROAD PERIL

By August of this year the railroads of the country had reduced their working forces to such an extent that they had affected a saving of \$90,000,000 in annual wages.

In the same period in which this reduction had been going on, about ten months, the number of accidents had increased to figures that far eclipsed any previous records.

Since August the accidents have continued to occur with appalling frequency, but the railroads do not increase their working forces. It has been clearly demonstrated that one reason for the perilous state of railroad travel in America is insufficient staffs. The railroads are all under-manned. Yet their settled policy seems to be to continue to cut the wages bill.

If you say to any railroad manager that his company had rather kill people than diminish its dividends he flies into the air with rage and instantly calls you a liar, which is his favorite word on all such occasions.

Yet here are the facts.

About a year ago the process of overcap-

italizing these roads had reached a point where it was imperatively necessary either that rates should be increased or that expenses should be reduced, for the reason that the incomes of the roads were no longer able to produce the dividends on the rapidly increasing capitalization.

The Interstate Commerce Commission refused to sanction the increase of rates.

Thereupon the railroads began to discharge employes until they had effected a saving of \$90,000,000 a year and had doubled the danger to life and limb on their roads.

Well, then, what's the answer?

* * *

Perhaps we liked to be killed. It looks that way. The old adage says there is no accounting for tastes. Every nation has its peculiarities. My own observation of railroad wrecks has not been such as to entice me largely toward that way of exit, but if my fellow countrymen enjoy being torn to pieces and burned to death for the sake of a "melon" industry that means nothing to them except monstrous impositions, I suppose no one has the right to find fault.

I see that the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western has just cut a fine ripe piece of fruit in the shape of a thirty-five per cent stock dividend presented to all its stockholders. It adds a trifle more than \$10,000,000 to the road's capitalization, on which dividends must be paid yearly to the end of the chapter. I don't know how large was the Lackawanna's share of the \$90,000,000 gouged out of the working efficiency of the railroad system of America, but if this early fruitage be any indication one would be tempted to say that it must have been considerable.

I venture to call this little incident to the esteemed railroad press of America. If they can leave off calling me a liar long enough to explain it they will be doing a much greater service to the country.

Some years ago an inquiry started as to just what we got out of these "melons."

A casual reading of the accident reports seems to answer that question sufficiently, but it can hardly be pretended that the answer is particularly exhilarating to one that would like to live for a while yet.



WHY THE EXPLOITERS LAUGH

The underpaid and overworked street cleaners of New York City are at this moment on strike for better conditions, and their employer, the city government, is using the public funds to hire professional strike breakers at \$5 and \$7 a day to break the spirit of its striking servants and drive them back to their work.

The government that does this was put into office by the votes of workingmen, who rejoiced with great joy when the candidate for mayor that they had supported was put into office.

They might have elected one of their own number that in every conflict between capital and labor would have stood by the interests of the working class.

Instead, they deliberately preferred to elect a lawyer that could not by any possibility sympathize with them and whose adherence to the capitalists was a foregone conclusion. They preferred this lawyer to a workingman, and of course the lawyer is true to the instincts of his class and hires with the city's money the strike breakers that are relied upon to cow the workingmen into submission.

Who furnishes the money that thus becomes the ammunition against labor in its struggles for its rights?

The working class and nobody else.

Who chose the officers that make this perverted use of the working class' money?

The working class and nobody else.

Apparently not being quite sure that we shall be beaten in any other way we pick up a stone and with it hammer out our own brains.

How long is this going to last?

More Light on the Common Good

DOING THE ABORIGINES GOOD (AND PLENTY)

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON gives in *The Wrecker* an interesting account of his introduction to the strange, magic world that is commonly called the South Seas and needs a better name.

He says that in San Francisco he used to frequent the places on the water front to which old ship captains most resorted, where he would listen to and be charmed by their talk about the Pacific islands long before he dreamed that he should ever see one. Then he says:

"From their long tales, their traits of character and unpremeditated landscape, there began to piece itself together in my head some image of the islands and the island life; precipitous shores, spired mountain-tops, the deep shade of hanging forests, the unresting surf upon the reef and the unending peace of the lagoon; sun, moon and stars of an imperial brightness; man moving in these scenes scarce fallen, and woman lovelier than Eve; the primal curse abrogated, the bed made ready for the stranger, life set to perpetual music, and the guest welcomed, the boat urged and the long night beguiled with poetry and choral song."

Years afterward, as the world went better with him, he chartered a schooner and saw this wonderland for himself, singing its epic, and falling asleep at last in the midst of it.

If he could come back now he would weep above the changes in his earthly paradise.

Civilizing the Natives

We have been at work since, civilizing it.

Six years ago I visited Angaur, a little island gem that lies about nine degrees north of the equator on the road from Australia to Hong Kong, and looking upon the matchless beauties of the place, I repeated those lines from Stevenson, and was moved now with their truth as much as their felicity.

Very few white men had ever set foot on Angaur; the natives were in their pristine state. A wondering German told me that for nearly two years he had been the guest of the chief; because he was a stranger the entire population competed in acts of kindness to him; he came there sick, and they nursed him with a tenderness like to his old mother's.

A beautiful, stately forest covered the island; on one side the surf came very close, and great spouting streams shooting up from the rocks made one think of the "Merry Men" except that these were pleasing and musical instead of terrible. The fertile coral soil produced every fruit and vegetable known in the tropics; the yams were particularly good. The natives were Polynesians, strong, healthy, vigorous and strikingly handsome as is usual with that race. They had the Polynesian sense for art, decorated their houses, sang, danced and were happy.

Struck by Civilization

Six months ago I went back to Angaur. The advance wave of civilization had struck hard upon it. The German flag on a lofty pole, floated above the fringe of cocoanut palms. A row of white houses and offices sheltered the German commandant and his staff. A great part of the forest had been cut down; the soil was gashed and scarred in many places. From the pier a little railroad ran quite across the island, passing under a great, hideous breaker, or elevator, duplicating one of the breakers of the anthracite region of Pennsylvania. It shook all day with thundering machinery; a cloud of yellow dust floated from it and powdered the earth around; the scream of the locomotive whistle echoed in the woods that still stood and were daily threatened with the advancing axes.

In and about the breaker and the holes in the soil was a horde of wretched black and brown men, working under the rifles of guards. Exploitation

BY

Charles Edward Russell

had arrived with civilization, its old-time bosom companion; together they were rapidly banishing content and bringing misery.

Over on the other side of the island the handsome native village still stood, although half deserted. Such inhabitants as were left greeted me with the same old smile. The chief sat upon his

company should seize profits from it and its inhabitants.

The precise manner of this exploitation struck me as novel and rather ingenious. Nearly all the men that worked on the island were prisoners.

I want to go in detail into this matter because it illuminates so beautifully and everywhere the whole system of profits.

Enslaving the Natives

For sixty years the labor problem has been acute in all that part of the world, including Australia.

The thousands of islands scattered over the ocean between the Philippines and Queensland contained great numbers of vigorous, powerful natives that had no idea of wages, money, nor money values, but were congenitally disinclined to work.

For centuries their ancestors had lived in hot and fertile lands where the soil gave them everything they needed and hard labor was superfluous.

English planters came and began to till the vast productive areas of Queensland. What they needed was labor. To supply their need the slave trade was regularly re-established. Self-complacent Britons were at that time severely condemning the United States because it tolerated slavery within its borders, and even while they condemned, vessels bearing the British flag cruised among the South Sea islands, kidnaping natives and carrying them to the plantations. If we wished we could retort upon the British with highly pungent taunts on this subject. African slavery was abolished in the United States in 1863; the South Sea island slave trade flourished under the protection of the British flag until 1906.

Then the Labor party of Australia got hands upon it and stifled it forever.

The slave catchers used to go about the islands in schooners. Their usual practice was to entice the natives on board by some pretense of hospitality, clap down the hatches, and up stick for Queensland.

"Volunteer Labor"

At first this was easy because the natives, if Polynesians, were of a kindly, generous and unsuspecting nature. Some years of the slave trade changed all this, and the traders were obliged to resort to ingenious tricks and subterfuges to get what they wanted. Stevenson takes a bitter fling at this in his description of Bill Bostock, the old ruffian of Sydney, a seasoned man-hunter.

"He was speared in seven places in New Ireland," says Stevenson, "the same time his mate was killed—the famous outrage on the brig Jolly Roger; but the treacherous savages made little by their wickedness, and Bostock, in spite of their teeth, got seventy-five head of volunteer labor on board, of whom not more than a dozen died of injuries."

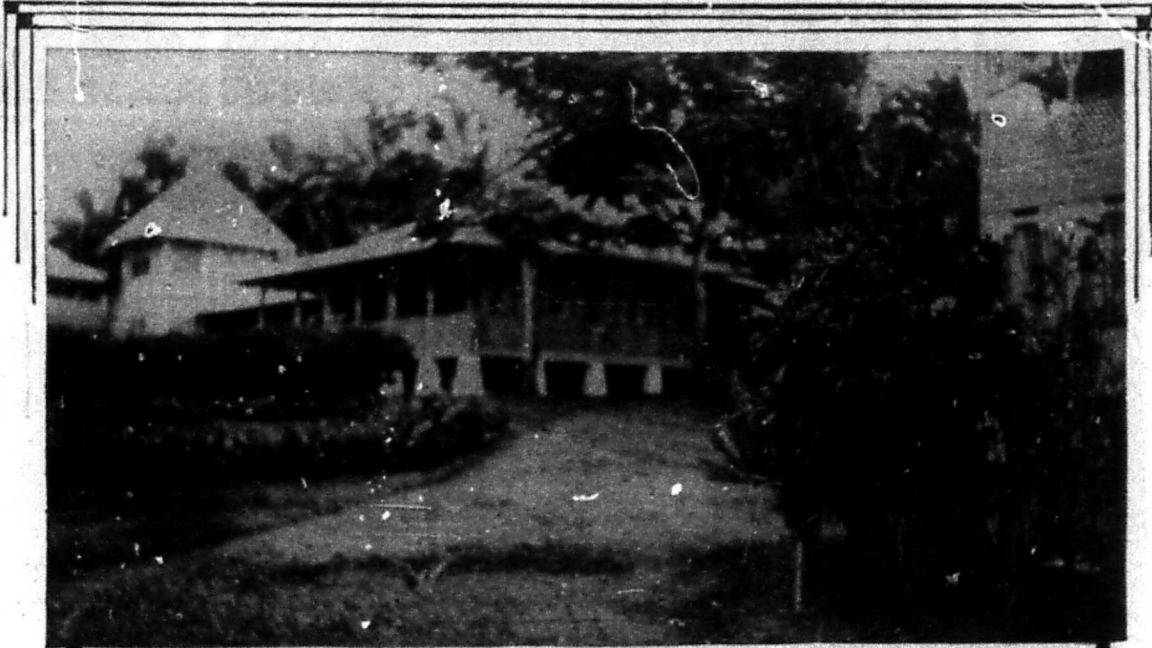
"Volunteer labor" is sarcasm. It was the term by which the slave trade was disguised so as to save the consciences of the fat-souled gentlemen in England and Australia that shared its profits.

The Australian Labor party came and knocked it to pieces so far as Queensland was concerned. The aristocratic element in Australia is in the habit of sneering much at the Labor party; but in one year it abolished an indescribable horror and blot on humanity that aristocratic government had winked at for forty years.

North of Australia, except for the Solomons and a few other groups everything is German now until you get to the Philippines. The German government had long been rigorously determined against this villainous labor trade in their possessions and had tried to suppress it so far as they could in that illimitable waste of seas with one cruiser and a couple of tug gun-boats.

But now note.

Under the present system of society the names



1—Hotel at Herbertshohe, New Britain. 2—Old Chief's house at Papeete, Tahiti, portico covered with brilliant purple Bougainville flowers. 3—Fringe of Palms at New Britain.

floor and could not rise. He had led a resistance to some aggression of the German masters, and had been shot in the knee, crippling him for life. He signed in the stately native way for one of his young men to bring us refreshments, and we drank green cocoanuts to his better health.

For years the island had been, with many others, in the possession of Germany. Why, God knows; or what sense or justice there could be in such ownership. But so we with the white faces go about the world pirating. Germany, after long neglecting the place had leased it to the German Pacific Phosphate Company, and then had sent the eagles of her army and navy to watch while the

of evil things change; the essence of evil things remains.

Germany on one side and the Australian Labor party on the other were determined that the island slave trade should come to an end.

But the planters must have labor.

A vast world of riches is just opening in that region; men are but beginning to apprehend its possibilities. A rapid development is transforming island and methods. Copra, which is the dried kernel of the coconut and one of the staple products of the islands, is coming into wide demand. Labor is needed for the coconut plantations and for copra making. Many of the islands contain great deposits of phosphate; the demand for phosphate, an excellent fertilizer, increases constantly from Europe, China, Japan. Labor is needed for the phosphate mines and works. Sugar, coffee, cotton, are promising crops in many of the islands. These cannot be grown without much labor.

From many sources, therefore, the pressure for labor is very great, and powerful interests are concerned in getting it. German companies have invested millions in these South Sea enterprises; the German government has encouraged them. They must have labor; to insure profits on their investments the labor must be cheap. The German government is against the slave trade, but what shall it do under this pressure?

Manufacturing "Convicts"

Naturally, it has yielded. Convict labor is still labor, the planters want it, the government supplies it, and vigorous gentlemen make sure that there are plenty of convicts. About two months before I came along that way there had been what was called a rebellion in the island of Ponape, some distance to the north of Angaur and Yap. The German governor was extremely rigid in his control; the easy-going Polynesians are not keen for strict government. A native annoyed the governor by some trifling impropriety; laid out the wrong suit of white ducks, or something like that; and the governor beat him with a cane.

The Polynesians are a proud race and have a strong sense of solidarity. At this intolerable insult to one of them the whole tribe revolted and took to the woods.

German troops armed with Mausers took after them. The natives were badly armed, but fought with courage and even with skill. They killed some German privates and one officer. He was a lieutenant that with his soldiers sheltered himself behind a rock in the face of a band of the Ponape men. He put his cap upon his sword and lifted it above the rock. Instantly it was shot full of holes. Thinking he has drawn the enemy's fire, he put up the cap again, this time on his head. At once a bullet struck him between the eyes.

Exploiters Need Labor

The rebellion was crushed, of course; the rebels were taken prisoners, hundreds of them, and sentenced to life-long labor in the phosphate mines, the government leasing them to the Phosphate company. Thus was the demand for labor supplied. We took seventy-five of them over from Yap, where they had been collected, to Angaur. I cannot pretend that it was pleasant to observe them; so many fine, stalwart young men, with so much intelligence and capacity, going to a living death; to be driven into the phosphate diggings in the morning, to come out at night, to have a pittance of food and a corner in which to sleep, and to have no prospect nor hope or anything else until they should die. All for the crime of fighting for their fatherland. I have heard innumerable Germans extol that in themselves as a splendid virtue; even radical Germans with a professed faith in democracy and brotherhood. And here for exercising that virtue these men were sentenced to a fate so horrible. I would someone could justify this discrepancy; to my mind it sorely needs defense.

But the exploiters need labor. In the United States they need the control of the courts. Whether

in the South Seas or in the United States or elsewhere they get what they want. In the South Seas, where they are not able or not willing to hire the labor they want, the government supplies it in prisoners and convicts. In February, 1911, five Chinamen stowed away on a German steamer bound from German New Guinea to Brisbane. They were discovered and brought back. I went to New Guinea

the pit of quick-lime; the insurgents are now sentenced to the phosphate holes. Where the phosphate companies are obliged to pay for their labor the compensation is merely nominal. Sometimes if the island be under close government observation the pay may be twenty-four cents a day; in many places it is only twelve. Where the labor is Japanese it suffers the least; the Japanese government is interested in the companies that furnish coolies and looks after its goods—more or less. But even in the best islands the conditions are very bad; in the worst they are not to be described otherwise than as hellish. The cruelty, the long hours, the wretched fare, the miserable accommodations and the essential slavery of the poor drudges makes up a perdition hardly to be paralleled this side of the old convict camps of Australia.

Two Hundred Per Cent Profit

Bearing all this in mind it is pleasant to read, as for instance in a commercial journal of Hamburg last January that one of these exploiting phosphate companies had declared in twelve months, dividends aggregating 200 per cent on its capital stock. You do not get the full force of this triumph of civilization unless you have stood at the edge of the phosphate pit three degrees from the equator with the sun vertical above you and watched the men out of whose lives and hearts and bodies these goodly profits are dug. Then you will learn to love civilization, exploitation, dividends and capital stock with an almost passionate affection, and if from such a scene you could be transported instantly to the side of the sleek, full-bellied gentlemen of Germany and elsewhere that receive these blood-stained dividends your joy would be complete.

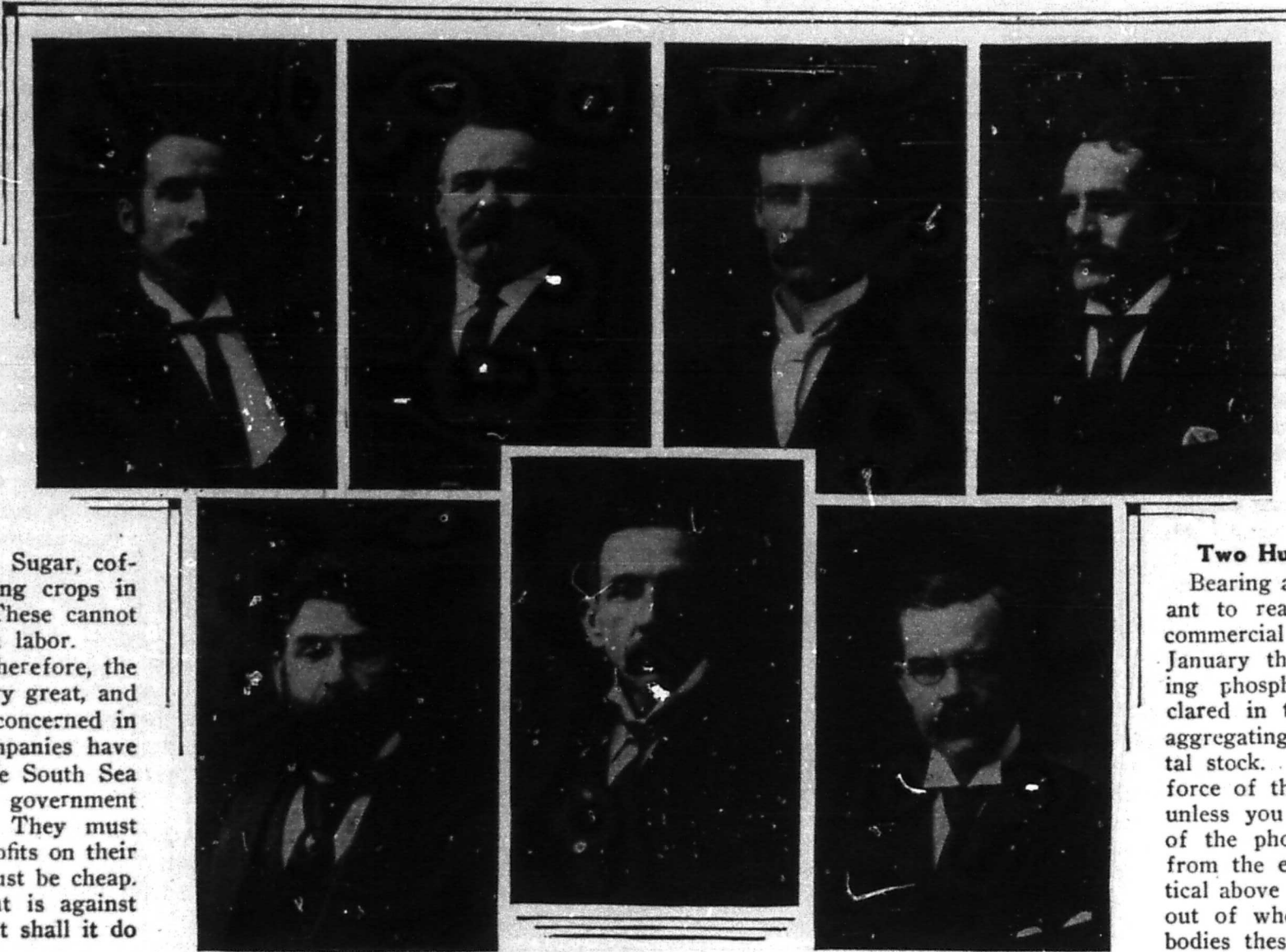
Six years ago Simpsonshafen in New Britain was a wharf, a warehouse (go-down) and a shack for the bilious German condemned to live there and collect copra. It is now a little city with wide shaded streets, handsome white houses, hotels, clubs and stores. All the hills about that before were dense with virgin forest and jungle now show the long regular lines of the coconut plantations. Where the principal hotel now stands was in my time a sweet open space among the trees sacred as the meeting place of all the natives of the region. I have seen hundreds of them on the occasion of a native festival performing an ordered program of recitation, singing, instrumental music and dancing, all well done, but particularly the dancing, which included the most extraordinary and graceful performances I have ever seen.

There is no more dancing, no more singing, no more native festivals. The discouraged brown folk that are not actively undergoing exploitation on the plantations or in the warehouses droop all day under the shadows of the palms. Civilization has done for them.

Better Than Injunctions

The British government has also its full share of responsibility for the dark cloud that is beginning to settle over the happiest region on earth. Wherever you go in Oceania among the bourgeois and the white planters you will find enthusiastic references to the extreme prosperity of Fiji and other British possessions in the South Seas. I don't know as I ever grasped before the true meaning of that word prosperity. Beyond question the planters of Fiji are prosperous and here is the way they attain to the blissful condition.

As before remarked the essential of the planter's profits in the South seas is cheap labor. The British government provides that commodity with neatness and despatch. Any planter in Fiji that needs workers merely notifies the government agents of the number desired and where and when. The government has them on the spot at the exact minute desired. They are not slaves; they are "contract labor." The government contracts their labor to the planter for three or five years. If they do not like their work and leave it the government pursues them, catches them and drags them back to their jobs. If they run away again the government



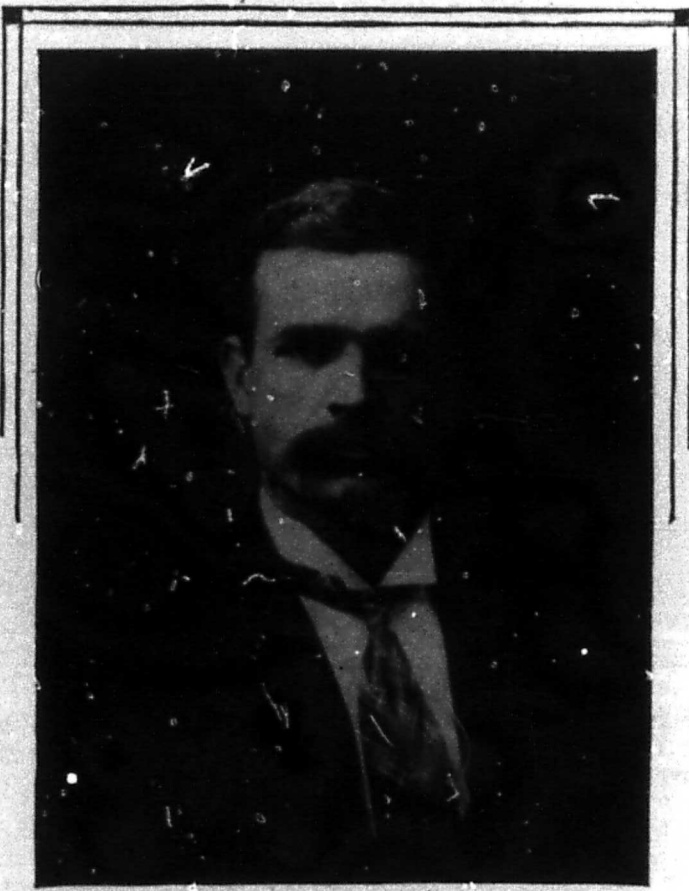
Australian Labor Cabinet

Top row, from left to right: Hon. George Pearce, Minister of Defense, carpenter; Senator G. McGregor, Vice-President of Executive Council, mason; Hon. E. L. Batchelor, Minister for External Affairs, engine fitter; Hon. F. G. Tudor, Minister of Trade and Customs hatter. Lower row: Hon. King O Malley, Minister for Home Affairs, bank clerk; Hon. W. Hughes, Att'y General, cook; Hon. J. Thomas, Postmaster General, miner.

Photos collected by the author

in the same ship. On the morning that we arrived at Friedrichwilhelmshafen the stowaways were sentenced to labor for long terms and the men that were responsible for their venture to labor for life.

"We must have labor," say the phosphate managers. Under the existing system they are not likely to be without it. The supply of convicts promises



Hon. Andrew Fisher

Prime Minister, locomotive and mining engineer

to be ample. In many islands like New Britain, New Ireland, and New Guinea, the natives (Papuan), are both idle and sullen. Clashes with the white authorities are frequent; the situation is tense, and the white population is often nervous. In the old days outbreaks of the natives were punished with death. Civilization has found for their bodies a more profitable use than that they should lie in

thrusts them into jail until they are ready to be docile and go back to work.

This strikes me as an immense advance upon our injunction judges. So simple, you know, and yet so efficacious. No fussing about courts, hearings, lawyers or writs; the instant a man goes on strike the government reaches out and grabs him and drags him back to his work where he belongs.

Curing Labor Troubles

There are very few labor troubles in Fiji, you may be sure of that. The government's man catchers are always alert and faithful.

Under these conditions 40,000 men are at work in the Fiji sugar and other plantations. They make much wealth for the owners of these plantations and Fiji sugar is rapidly coming to the front.

They are not slaves; they receive wages. So says Mr. Complacency.

Some of them get twenty-four cents a day and food, so to call it. The food consists of a handful of rice and a piece of dried fish. If the "contract laborer" objects to this diet the government knows how to silence the disturber of public tranquility and assailant of the social order; and does it. Planters in other islands not blessed with the British flag look with envy upon Fiji. One of them, a resident of Tahiti, which is territory of the despicable French, spoke passionately of the difference. He said that in Fiji, the planters, to use his own words, "were masters of their own labor" an arrangement that seemed to him of indescribable excellence. But in Tahiti, hang it all, what can a planter do?

I found on visiting Tahiti that this gentleman's indignation was well founded. Planters there, because of the hateful French government, haven't a chance on earth. Ever since Tahiti became a part of the French Republic the government has proceeded upon the strange and Quixotic principle that it is wrong to exploit the natives and that a person with a dark skin has exactly the same rights as a person with a white. Preposterous, of course, as you can readily see. It began by conferring upon the natives all the land in the island instead of taking it away from them as it should have done. Then it made every Tahitian a citizen of the French Republic and of course sowed in his mind the most pernicious ideas of equality and all that. Then it insisted that laborers with dark skins should have exactly the same pay for the same work as laborers with white skins.

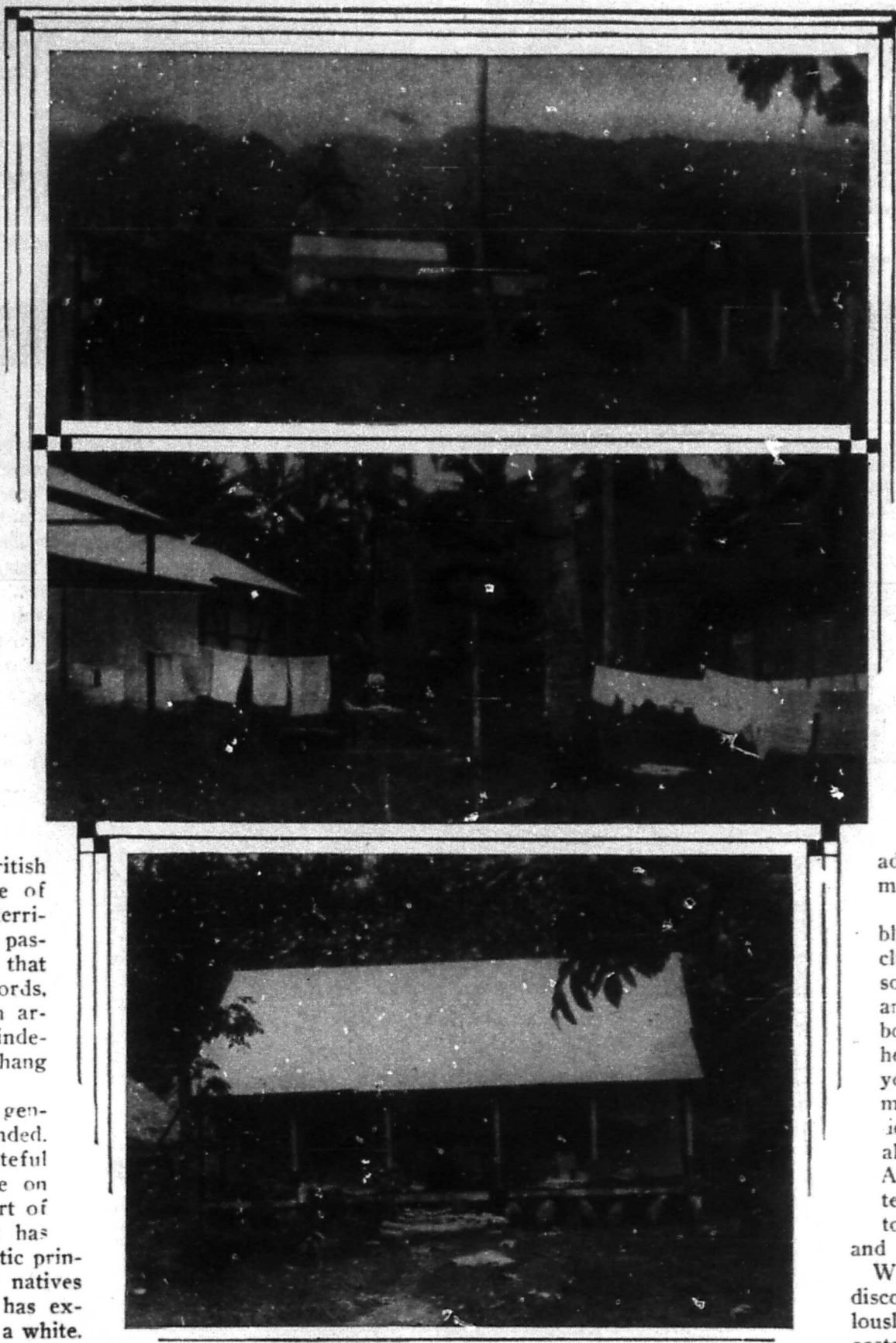
Of course that doomed Tahiti. The planters there are far from prosperous. Think of it! They must pay native laborers 80 cents a day and can't drive them into the fields at sunrise and out at sunset. They must have the same conditions as white men. You see planters in Tahiti are not "masters of their own labor." Consequently there is no "prosperity" in Tahiti—for planters. So what's the use?

Someone suggested once that the difficulty could be solved by bringing over Chinese coolies, but that failed miserably. The wretched French government would not allow even Chinese coolies to be exploited. It is a very poor government, indeed, but what can you expect of these low-down French? Only English and Americans know how to conduct a government right. Look at Fiji and Hawaii. They're prosperous.

Tahiti raises sugar even with its high-priced labor, but only for its own consumption. It also raises the finest coffee in the world, for its own consumption. You can't raise these things for export on the wage scale that the ridiculous French maintain. The natives are the richest and the happiest in all the South seas—at least where civilization has shed its light benign. They are better housed and live better than any other natives. They have excellent schools, churches, newspapers, roads, farms and laws. They are independent, self-respecting, intelligent, kindly and decent. No one ever goes hungry in Tahiti, no one works very hard and no one cares very much.

But if you could step into the club at Papeete, the chief sea port, tonight, you would hear the planters cursing the inferior French government and lamenting the sad state of the island, which is not "prosperous."

If it remains in its present condition it will be before long about the only spot in the South Seas



1—Native house at Tahiti. 2—New Britain laundry women 3—Native house at Paratonga

that will be answerable to Stevenson's vision. Over all the rest English, German and American exploiters are rushing in an army carrying in one hand "prosperity" and in the other extinction for the natives. There had been left in the world a few



Maori girl in native dress

corners where the masses of men did not toil to create wealth for the masters. They were an anomaly and one that could not be expected to last long. In the name of prosperity I suppose we ought to be satisfied.

Business and the Increase in Cost of Living

Thus having surveyed four aspects of this Business that is the real American Government and all the branches and functions thereof, let us now cheer the drooping spirit with divertisement. Shall we say with vaudeville? Good! And shall we say with a species of national or international vaudeville calculated to instruct as well as to amuse?

Good again! Vaudeville is the true relaxation of the inquiring mind.

Let us, therefore, bring on the grand old figure, familiar in cartoons and drawings—of Uncle Samuel, striped trousers, starred vest and all, but with his usually genial face now marked with many cares.

He begins the scene by posting upon the wall a card of rules and regulations for his household. There shall be no evolution, no new methods, no "combinations in restraint of trade"; there shall be no pooling, no rebating, no granting of favors by his railroads; there shall be no trusts; and so on to the same effect. These he contemplates with great satisfaction.

Presently he learns that the only attention his household pays to his beautiful regulations is to tear them down and kick them full of holes. After some perplexity he has what he deems a happy thought. He levies upon the persons that scorn his regulations a series of fines. These also he views with joy.

After a time he discovers that whenever he fines any of these persons he is really fining himself, because in every instance he ultimately pays the fine. The persons he fines are engaged in furnishing him with things he must have and they merely

add the fine to the price—with interest and many times.

When he perceives that this is indubitably and in every instance the fact, he concludes that, after all, his thought was not so happy and hereafter he will not fine anybody. Next he thinks he will put somebody into jail. So he selects the person he wants to put into jail and it takes five years and an enormous expenditure of money to get the persons inside the jail door, and as soon as the person is there all the country wants to have him out. And, meantime, nobody pays the least attention to the old gentleman's rules except to dance on them with keener enjoyment and kick more holes in them.

While this is going on the old gentleman discovers that his living expenses have marvelously increased upon him, so that everything costs him about twice as much as it formerly cost, and he must pinch and skimp and economize to live within his income.

Thereupon he concludes that the reason why his expenses have increased and he must pinch and save is because these bad persons have torn down his regulations and danced on them. He told them they must obey the rules and scolded them and showed his teeth and stormed at them and threatened them with his club; but still they would not mind him and they would persist in their evil ways. So now he has another happy thought. He will punish them—by starving himself. He will show these ribald ones what it means to dance upon the statutes of the United States, made and provided. So he organizes a National Anti-Food-Trust League and he takes a pledge that he will eat no meat for sixty days and no butter for sixty-one days and no eggs for some other period, and sits down to watch the Vile Trusts wither up and pass away under this terrible punishment. They have done ill, let them suffer; he will have no mercy. But somehow they neither suffer nor wither. The only person that withers is poor old Uncle Samuel. The Vile Trusts wax fat and declare another stock dividend, while he, on a diet of stewed sawdust and fried bran, thinks longingly of the juicy steaks and chops he used to eat.

So he gives up also this magnificent scheme to punish the wrong-doers by punishing himself, and the last scene in this delightful sketch shows the old gentleman with his club in his hand standing over two bad boys, members of the Beef Trust, and saying:

"Compete, confound you! Compete! Why don't you compete? The rules say you must compete. Why don't you compete? Compete or I will beat you up with this club."

But the bad boys bite their thumbs at the old gentlemen and laugh derisively. They have examined the club and they know it is only a slapstick.

Whereupon the curtain falls amid the loud laughter of the nations, to whose gaiety this pleasing turn has ineffably added.—From *Business, the Heart of the Nation*, by Charles Edward Russell.

THE BIG CHANGE

By Eugene Wood

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

Illustrated by Ryan Walker.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SOME may think that I have taken up more space than really was necessary in considering the effect of the Big Change upon the churches. I am not sure but what I have. But it seemed to me that the very noticeable falling off in attendance on the services, and the abrupt decline of faith in healing powers outside ourselves was not so sad and portentous after all. On the contrary it seemed to me the most hopeful and encouraging feature of the whole situation. This is not because I have anything against the church but, literally and in just the strictest meaning of the words, because she has failed to make good.

Deeply spiritual religion is twin sister to Despair, if indeed she be not Despair painted and powdered to look pretty. Only when human possibilities seem to be exhausted do we turn to God for help with strong crying. This is not alone individual experience. It is the experience of nations. Israel in captivity; Europe in the most brutal periods of feudalism; Europe when the free cities had been conquered; the negroes in slavery and the white people in the financial panics before the Big Change was fully come—all are instances of profound religious movements co-inciding with the conviction that the situation was hopeless, humanly speaking. Men cried to God because there was none else to help.

That they no longer do so shows, I am persuaded, that they feel that it is humanly possible to accomplish this thing without outside help. We are able for it. When we no longer put our trust in whiskey and prune-juice as an easy indoor way to cure consumption, we are prepared to accept the doctrine that if we nourish our bodies with plenty of good food, breathe pure air, and do not exhaust our strength by over-work we shall get well by our own healing powers. When we no longer expect Divine grace and mystical sacraments and words repeated after the manner of charms to make it possible for us to live up to our ideals of what is right, then we are prepared to accept the doctrine that sin is provoked in much the same way as consumption is and may be cured by much the same method of treatment. For the desire to do good and to be good is so strong in all of us that we should have no trouble in living up to our ethical standards if in so doing we were not so heavily penalized. Who would steal chickens if with, say, four hours' work a day he could live well and even luxuriously?

When we no longer expect Apollo to come and help us cut our grain, the grain is appreciably nearer being cut. It is not a physical hindrance at all that keeps us from passing resolutions on this wise:

"WHEREAS, the Big Change has come, and
"WHEREAS, we shall have to acknowledge it sooner or later, therefore be it

"Resolved, That the Big Change has come and that we govern ourselves accordingly."

The hindrance is no such thing. Forms of words learned by heart in our personal and national childhood—these are what hold us in bondage. We know well enough that what does not change is dead, and yet we cry to the fleeting institutions of the past, like crazy Lear: "Cordelia! Stay a little!" We know that life is a moving picture film, yet such is our nature we

For the desire to do good and to be good is so strong in all of us that we should have no trouble in living up to our ethical standards if in so doing we were not so heavily penalized. Who would steal chickens if with, say four hours' work a day he could live well and even luxuriously.



feel obliged to stop the reel right in the middle of an uncompleted action. We want to think that this country is just as it was in 1787 or 1865, and some of us have a moment when we want the reel to stop, a moment to which we give the name of "Under Socialism." But the reel goes right along, and all the sin and all the wickedness is, when we look into it, nothing but a moral standard of the dear past propped up to look as if it were alive in the present. Last year's egg was good last year when it was fresh; it is disgusting now. The only thing that we can do is to keep step in all things with the age, to keep our minds right up to date. It is good advice the hymn gives:

"Forget the steps already trod.
And onward urge thy way."

And so, if we dismiss from us the fond hope that Apollo will come and help us cut our grain we are much forwarder. So also, if we dismiss from us the fond hope that any prince and ruler will come and help us cut our grain we are that much forwarder. This also is a patent medicine

advertisement not to be believed but at our peril.

The essential nature of princes and rulers is that they do not cut grain. Ice, perhaps but not grain. Whether the family name they bear be Caesar or Hohenzollern or Morgan or whatever, these are but aliases for the good old patronymic Neversweat. They have no calluses on their hands, and their muscles are soft as putty. Whatever the situation may seem to have been, judging from one snap-shot in the uncompleted action of the cinematographic reel of history, we know that princes and rulers, fighting or financial, never do one formed hate of themselves. If they help out at all it is by letting it be done instead of opposing it.

Fighting rulers we need not consider; they're back numbers. It is the financial rulers we must consider, the capitalists.

The factors of production are not, as the Henry Georgians do vainly talk, Land, Labor and Capital, nor are they as others say, who also go by one picture out of the whole cinematographic reel, Capital and Labor. There is only one factor, Labor. That's all.

The belief that Capital is necessary is a notion that has only one mate for nonsense that I know of. About every ten days I read in my evening paper this question: "Is there an Edison star?" The answer is always: "No." But this does not prevent the question from coming up again regularly every ten days. People still believe that Edison has made a star and sent it up into the sky.

To my mind Capital no more exists than does that star. It is a superstition. So long as a superstition is believed in it exists for the believer. So long as people used to think it was necessary for the priest to light a fire early every morning and call the sun up, so long he drew his living from the useful act of causing the sun to rise. But when they learned that the sun would rise anyhow without his efforts, he lost his job.

Capital is a spook. If you'll be patient with me I'll try to prove that to you, with the kind assistance of the Big Change.

Corporations Own 76 Per Cent

The national corporation tax law compelled every corporation to report the amount of its capital

corporation to report the amount of its capital stock, bonded debt and net income. These figures have just been classified and are found in the latest annual statistical abstract of the United States. They show that out of a total wealth estimated at about \$110,000,000,000, the corporations have capitalized a little over 76 per cent, or \$83,000,000,000. To be sure the *Wall Street Journal* claims that so much of this is water that the actual value of the property covered by these securities is not more than \$55,000,000,000.

The capitalization and income is divided among the following classes of corporations:

Class	Number of Corporations	Stocks and Bonds	Income
Financial	29,822	\$5,128,253,791	\$394,747,699
Public Service	24,252	36,374,458,805	508,960,651
Manufacturing, etc.	89,384	28,604,902,859	1,325,807,156
Mercantile	54,678	5,754,489,883	359,754,616
Miscellaneous	64,359	8,743,474,109	236,211,077

These figures are respectfully referred to those who insist that "individual initiative" is still the guiding force in industry.

THE SHADOW UNDER THE ROOF

Copyright, 1911, by Peyton Boswell.
All rights reserved.

BY PEYTON BOSWELL

Illustrations by John Sloan.

\$550.00 FOR SOLVING THIS MYSTERY

The Seventh 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 sixty-nine 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.

TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT IT

Thousands of persons who would not be interested in Socialist philosophy would read a good story, and would try to win the prizes that are offered for the best solution.

If every reader of the COMING NATION will hand his paper to a friend and call his attention to this story, the circulation can be doubled within a few weeks. It is still possible to supply preceding installments and these will be sent to any one asking for them when they subscribe.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

David Robley a young man, head of the Robley-Ford Brass Co., is found dead in an unused room, the top floor of his factory. He has been brought to his death in a mysterious manner, bound fast to his office chair. No wounds are found on his body. David Robley's sister, Helen Robley, Robley's partner William Ford, John Frisbie and Richard Horton, employees at the factory and Charley Hinton, a detective connected with Ford, are the principals immediately connected with the tragedy. Horton and Frisbie pursue an investigation and discover certain facts concerning David Robley's past life: Robley's death remains a mystery to the police.

Ford, who had been turning money of the company to his own purposes, plans with Hinton to involve Frisbie as the murderer. They are overheard by Ford's companion, a mysterious woman. Preceding instalments of the story will be supplied to new subscribers.

VIII.

Frisbie read the note through twice, then took out his watch. It was now 7 o'clock—an hour and a half until the time mentioned in the letter—and he had plenty of leisure to think it over. He sat down in an easy chair, filled his pipe with tobacco and lit it. Then he picked up the letter again.

The envelope bore no mark other than his own address. The handwriting undoubtedly was that of a woman. Frisbie thought of Horton's solicitude for him, reflected on the mischief that sometimes lurks in an anonymous letter, then tossed the missive on the table, resolved to pay no further attention to it. Picking up the nearest volume, he started to read. It happened to be a book of plays by Bernard Shaw, but the lines, though filled with epigram and wit, were not clever enough to hold his attention.

The mysterious envelope lay at the edge of the table, and when the chemist's eye fell upon it, he started suddenly. The way in which the name *John Frisbie* was written all at once had a familiar look. He picked up the envelope and studied it, but the spell was broken. He turned it in different ways, but the chord of memory that had been struck would not again respond.

He took up the book once more and began to read "Cæsar and Cleopatra." A particularly jarring anachronism of Shaw caught his attention, then another and another, and soon he was devouring the lines with relish. He read through one act, then another, but at the end of it he looked up and his glance again fell on the letter. Again he started, for the writing took on an even more familiar look. He threw the book on the table, picked up the envelope and examined it long and steadily,

racking his brain for the fugitive memory that was stirred by the line, *John Frisbie*. But the more he strove, the further he got away from the answer. The doors of the memory have a way of flying open when one doesn't care to enter, then closing and remaining closed when admission is demanded. Frisbie tried strategy: he turned the envelope over so as to hide the writing, then suddenly turned it back, literally flashing it on his brain. This seemed to promise success, and once or twice he was just at the point of grasping what he wanted. Then his brain became schooled to the deception.

Frisbie took out his watch again. It was almost 8 o'clock. The distance from his lodging to the place mentioned in the letter was not more than ten blocks. He needed a walk, he reflected, so he would stroll over that way and, as he went along, make up his mind finally as to what he should do. Men who devote a great deal of time to books and reflection are apt to compromise with judgment in this manner, and, hesitating the while, finally reach a decision forced solely by circumstance.

The evening was raw and disagreeable and pedestrians were muffled in their winter garments. The temperature was not freezing, but what cold there was penetrated to the very bone. Such weather is a feature of early spring in Chicago. Frisbie walked briskly and, almost before he knew it, found himself in the vicinity of Madison street and Western avenue. The clock through a store window showed the hour to be 8:20. As it was still ten minutes until the appointed time, there could be no harm in walking around by the corner.

Frisbie paused at the curb to watch a foreign woman with a very large family climb into a street car. Someone touched his arm and a woman's voice said:

"You are John Frisbie, are you not?"

The chemist turned and beheld a figure enveloped in a great sealskin coat and veiled until the features were completely hidden.

"I am Mollie Jessup," she said.

"Mollie Jessup! No, it cannot be."

She fumbled at her veil, then raised a part of it long enough for him to get a look at her face.

"Am I not Mollie Jessup?"

"Yes."

"I am the same Mollie Jessup you used to know when she was a girl—changed, much changed, but still Mollie Jessup. I have something very impor-

tant to tell you, but we can't talk here, so come with me to my house."

The woman indicated the way and the pair walked in a direction different from the one by which Frisbie came. Not a word was spoken, for obviously small talk would have been out of place. Half a dozen blocks were covered in silence, then Mollie Jessup turned into an old fashioned house, set some distance back from the street, the door of which she opened herself with a key.

A light was burning low in the parlor. She turned it up, revealing a room that was luxuriously, yet tastefully furnished. Seating Frisbie in an easy chair, and saying, "I will be with you presently," she vanished, leaving her guest bewildered by the elegance with which he found himself surrounded.

The furniture was of old mahogany—rich and comfortable. The carpet was of velvet, and two shiny leopard skins lay stretched upon it, one with its eyes fixed upon the door, the other with its yellow orbs looking into the grate. In the corner of the room was a splendid piano. On the walls were two paintings, one an old world landscape, the other a picture by the sea.

Frisbie looked at all these things, then thought of the modest little village in Indiana where he had spent his youth and where Mollie Jessup had been his boyhood sweetheart; he thought of the simple poverty of the girl's widowed mother, of the struggle she had, with her slender means, to rear and educate her three children, and he could not help thinking that surely fortune had been kind to his companion of early days.

While he was still busy with these reflections, Mollie Jessup returned, and her appearance, as she stood before him, quite banished his reverie. For, in place of the old Mollie Jessup, the slender little girl with the big black eyes and braided jet-black hair, there appeared a vision of full blown womanhood, oriental almost in its beauty. The figure was robust, voluptuous, full of curves, and draped in black in such a way as to accentuate those qualities: the lips were impulsive and full of health, the hair stylishly dressed and luxuriant; but the eyes were Mollie Jessup's own, still soft and appealing as of yore.

"Can you guess whose house you are in?" she said.

"Yours, I think you told me."

"It belongs to William Ford of the Robley-Ford Company,—your employer."

"Then—you are his wife?"

"No—I am not his wife."

The woman's gaze never faltered and she looked him straight in the eyes.

"I will tell you something of myself later, if you wish," she continued, "but the reason for my bringing you here concerns yourself. You are in grave danger, and from Mr. Ford."

"I am in grave danger?"

"Yes. I did not send you that letter until I had reflected over it for nearly three weeks. But now that I have decided what to do, I will tell you everything. Mr. Ford is planning to accuse you of Mr. Robley's murder. He has prepared enough evidence, he thinks, to fix the crime on you and thus save himself."

Frisbie had half risen from his chair.

"Can this be true?" he stammered.

"Every word of it. You wonder how I know? By eavesdropping. On two occasions I have stood at the curtains there and heard Mr. Ford, in the next room, discuss his plans with a detective whom he has employed to help him; once three weeks ago, when I heard him explain his plan to involve you, and again last night, when the two went over the evidence he has prepared against you—the papers Mr. Ford has forged. I heard every word."

The chemist was speechless. Being a man of books and reflections, his mind was overwhelmed by what he had just heard.

"There is one grain of comfort for you, anyway," Mollie Jessup continued. "They do not intend to use this proof unless Mr. Ford is in danger. It seems that no one has even suspected him yet, and both of them were confident last night that all of

the danger is over."

"Did you find out the nature of this evidence you say they have prepared against me?"

"Yes. Mr. Ford will present documents to prove that you stole money from the firm by means of false invoices for supplies and also that Mr. Robley knew about this and had threatened you with exposure. They rely on the fact of your being a chemist to explain the manner of Mr. Robley's death—some secret poison, as I understand it."

"Poison?"

The chemist could only repeat after her, such was his state of bewilderment.

"Yes, some poison that kills and leaves no trace. I have told you all I know, without reserve and without asking any pledge, because—well, because I felt that I had to. But now I am going to ask you to give me your sacred promise never to tell anyone that I have spoken with you, no matter

quit writing that I took up typewriting and stenography. My two older sisters, you know, became school teachers, and they bought me a machine and helped me to attend business college for a term. I had no desire to teach, as my sisters were doing, and decided to come to the city and make my own way here.

"Well, I got a place to go, with a family whose name had been given me by some friends in Trescott, and started out to find a position. You have no idea how hard it was. Times were very bad then and there seemed to be twenty stenographers for every job. Besides I was a beginner and at most places they only wanted to pay five dollars a week for such a girl. Even these places were quickly taken. The money was not enough to pay board and carfare, but some who lived at home were willing to work for that rather than be idle.

"Three weeks had passed and already I had been

for me. And I could not help being glad, in spite of the fact that I knew he was married. Finally, one evening, he had me stay after all the others had gone. He told me how he loved me and—I found myself in his arms."

Mollie Jessup paused. She had never taken her eyes off the flickering grate. When she resumed it was in the same even tone.

"A few months later I found myself the mistress of this house, surrounded by everything I could wish. I was happy for awhile, then the shame and horror of it all came over me. My love for him, if it really ever was love, ceased to exist, but I dared not show it, for the feeling he has for me, whatever it is, has grown stronger and stronger until he would do anything."

Her voice broke and she covered her face with her hands. At last the chemist spoke.

"Why don't you leave him?"

"He would follow me to the ends of the earth. He is like a savage. He would kill me. Once there was almost another man, but he found it out and—Oh, God! He nearly killed me. No, I cannot leave him—I am like an animal in a trap and I can't get out."

She sank forward in her chair and convulsive sobs shook her frame.

Frisbie jumped to his feet and put his hand on her shoulder.

"You shall leave him if you want to," he said.

"No, no!" She arose. "You do not know what you say."

"You shall leave him," he repeated. "I am determined that you shall."

A look of real fear came over her, and she took a step backward.

"I will not—I will not!" she almost screamed. "I tell you he will kill me. He will do anything."

"It is as you please," said Frisbie, seeing the danger of the situation.

"Thank you for that."

She was laughing, hysterically. She sat down at the piano and leaned over it. Frisbie remained standing, not knowing what to make of things.

"You are a friend of Mr. Horton, are you not?"

Frisbie started.

"Yes."

The woman turned around. Her countenance was as composed as when she first entered the room. "Perhaps this is something I ought not to tell you. Nevertheless I will. Tell Mr. Horton to be very careful of his new invention. Ford will get the best of him if he can."

She arose. "It is time for you to go," she said.

"There is one other thing," interposed Frisbie, quickly. The scared look came into her eyes again.

"Can you tell me what the detective Hinton has done regarding a letter that was found in Mr. Robley's room?"

"A letter from a young woman? How did you know that?"

"I was present when the letter was found."

"The detective has done nothing yet, although he has been trying."

She was walking with Frisbie toward the door. Almost before he knew it, he had bade her good-night and was on the street.

Her last words to him were:

"I will do what more I can for you."

Returning to the room, Mollie Jessup went to a beautifully painted cabinet and, unlocking it, opened a drawer. She took out half a dozen photographs and replaced them, all but one, which she carried with her to a seat before the fire. She gazed at the picture for a long time, then, letting it fall in her lap, sat looking at the flickering log, calling up memories of the past.

The photograph was that of John Frisbie, taken when he was a youth back in that little Indiana village.

(To Be Continued.)

Earth Is Enough

BY EDWIN MARKHAM

*We men of Earth have here the stuff
Of Paradise—we have enough!
We need no other thing to build
The Stairs into the Unfulfilled—
No other ivory for the doors—
No other marble for the floors—
No other cedar for the beam
And dome of man's immortal dream.*

*Here on the paths of every day—
Here on the common human way
Is all the busy gods would take
To build a Heaven, to mould and make
New Edens. Ours the stuff sublime
To build Eternity in time!*

—Message to the First National Conference on Social Center and Civic Development at Madison, Wisconsin.



"Am I not Mollie Jessup?"

what may happen. It may mean life or death to me. Will you do that?"

"I give you my pledge."

"Be sure that you keep it."

Now that her task was over, the woman looked tired, her eyes had not the life in them that was there before.

"But are you not running a risk by bringing me here?" asked Frisbie. "Suppose Ford were aware of my presence?"

"God help me then! But there is no danger. He is at home."

"At home?"

The words expressed pure wonderment. The pitiful look from the woman that answered them, caused Frisbie to shrink back in his chair.

"I am cold," she said, shivering. "Allow me to light the gas in the grate."

She stooped and held a match to the burner and a hundred little flames began to flicker over the asbestos log, sending a flood of warmth out into the room. Mollie Jessup pulled her chair near the hearth and leaned forward toward the fire. She began speaking without looking at Frisbie.

"It has not been many years since you and I were playmates together in Trescott, yet many things have happened since then and many changes have taken place." She spoke very softly and her head was bent low. "Both of us have changed—I more, perhaps than you. It may do me good to talk with you. Anyway, I feel that I must."

"I do not ask it," said the chemist, almost inaudibly. Apparently without hearing him, the woman continued.

"After you left Trescott to go to school and fight your way in the world, we wrote to each other for a long time. Then our letters became less frequent and finally we ceased writing altogether, and forgot about each other. I think it was before we

obliged to write home to my sisters for money. I was on the verge of despair when at last one afternoon I succeeded in getting ahead of the hundreds of others. The afternoon paper contained an advertisement for a stenographer at a factory on the west side. I was the first one to get there, and I lied and said I had had experience. I got the job. It was on Friday and I was to go to work Monday at ten dollars a week. It was the happiest Saturday and Sunday I ever spent in my life.

"My employer was William Ford. This was a year before he joined the elder Mr. Robley in forming the Robley-Ford Company. The factory was situated on Clinton street, as you doubtless know.

"At first Mr. Ford was very crabbed, and several times I nearly lost my position because of the mistakes I made. Then his manner towards me began to change and he seemed to be taking a great deal of interest in me. I had heard lots of stories about such things, and would have quit if it hadn't been for the trouble I knew I would have in getting a new place. I soon got used to the new way Mr. Ford treated me, however, and gradually began to like him. He was stern to everyone else, but always pleasant to me. He would talk to me about his business affairs and about other things outside of the office. He seemed so different from what he was before that, instead of being afraid of him, I began to consider him as a friend and to admire him for the very things that caused others to hate him—his strong will and the masterful way in which he ruled those about him. In fact, before I knew it, I had come to look upon him as a sort of hero—a man that knew how to succeed in a world that was full of failure.

"He took me more and more into his confidence and became more and more tender toward me, and finally I knew without his telling me that he cared

Co-operative Farms of Sicily

BY ODON POR

SEVENTY-FIVE thousand Sicilians come to the United States every year. By the unthinking public and the police authorities these are recorded "undesirables," yet it will be easy for me to show that if these Italian agricultural workers were given the opportunity they would form a most desirable factor in American society. Indeed, there is much that we might learn from the farmers of Sicily.

This great island is divided into two distinct agricultural divisions, one of which lies along the coast and the other in the interior.

Where the land meets the Mediterranean spring reigns eternal, and the whole land is like a vast garden. Vineyards and orchards of olive, orange, lemon, walnut, almond and mulberry trees border the closely-tilled fields.

So intensive is the cultivation in this strip that, while it occupies but little more than one-fifth of the territory of the island, its agricultural output is nearly three times that of the remainder.

The medium-sized farms of the sea shore are largely owned by city dwellers, who lease them through speculators to tenants, who, through this double exploitation, are reduced to the point where they maintain existence only by seeking work on the larger farms.

The Rome Granary

The interior zone was the granary of the Roman Empire. Even today it is a great wheat country, whose *latifundi* retain both the name and the size of the great estates of the Roman Empire.

Around the larger villages and cities, widely separated by the open country, are to be found the ancient public and church lands, as was once the case in nearly every European country. When capitalism created modern Italy these commons were seized by a small class of great land owners.

Let us get this picture. Close up to the city is to be found the medium-sized estate in the hands of the city dwelling bourgeoisie. Beyond these stretch the great *latifundi*. On these latter wheat is alternated with pasture in most wasteful cultivation. Their average size exceeds a thousand acres and the concentration is still going on.

On these great estates will be seen small groups of houses in which the better paid employes live and beside these the storage sheds and stables. Near to these are the primordial stone huts, where the farm laborers live during their stay on the farms.

Such a system of agriculture leaves a semi-barbarous state. There are few good roads. Over many square miles the only means of communication are mule trains. The plow used is that which was familiar thousands of years ago. Rotation systems are those which were discarded centuries ago in other lands.

After the grain has been threshed out with flails or trod out by animals, it is transported to the distant village on the backs of mules.

A system of speculators intervene between the landlord and the tenant, exploiting the latter still closer than would be possible by direct rent.

According to the statistics of 1910 seventy-five thousand of the three and a half million population of the land are agriculturists. More than half of these latter are farm laborers. Seldom do they obtain more than two hundred days' work per year. The average daily wage is thirty-six cents for some fourteen to sixteen hours of toil. The yearly wages are between fifty-four and seventy-two dollars as a maximum and minimum. Only fourteen per cent of the peasants own their own fields and have any measure of independence.

The few great land owners, by the aid of their retainers organize and control the political parties. An active agency in this ruling is a band of professional criminals. Under such conditions the peasant realizes that there is no possibility of his obtaining justice through the government. When, therefore, the peasants, either individually or socially,

feel themselves injured there is apt to be an appeal to violence.

Driven desperate by these conditions, Sicilians seek salvation in other lands. Between the years of 1904 to 1906 an average of ninety-five thousand people per year left Sicily, three-fourths of them for

industrial proletariat of Sicily. They preached a sort of Christian Socialism, basing their words on the religious consciousness so strong among those workers. They presented the Christ of the Saint legends as the first Socialist, and contrasted his teaching with the conspiracy of the priests and with the feudal lords to keep the people in subjection.

As the Socialist unions and the schools and political societies spread the workers drew away from the church. Organized strikes took the place of the primitive rebellions and working class organizations grasped at political power.

Radical reforms, including the common ownership of the great landed estates were demanded.

Frightened at the rising strength of the movement, the ruling class called the government to its aid. Under the pretext of suppressing domestic insurrections, which in some cases were incited by government agents, the radicals were imprisoned, the organizations dissolved and the movement momentarily disappeared.

But the seed which had been implanted continued to develop and soon the work of organization was taken up anew. It was less spectacular and impulsive in its second appearance, although the Socialist ideal was still retained. The organizations were based upon the necessity for the solution of immediate economic problems.

In 1908 there were 161 agricultural unions in Sicily, with 59,000 members. Owing to immigration and other causes this membership has slightly decreased in recent years, although it is much more effective than ever before. These unions embrace all those who are engaged in actual cultivation of the soil. The small tenant farmer and the peasants are more numerous than the farm laborers because the latter are so sunk in their misery as to make them difficult of organization.

These organizations have carried on many great strikes for better wages and better contracts with the landlord. In a large number of cases they have been victorious. Out of this fight has grown a general demand for collective possession of the soil. This has taken form, first, in the co-operative societies, and in recent years the great battles have been to secure possession of the soil by the co-operatives.

The Co-operative of Trapani

One of the first places to feel the spirit of working class revolt in Sicily was the province of Trapani in which the city of Monte S. Guiliamo is situated.

Numerous unions were founded here and won many splendid victories. By 1906 there were 61 unions, with 16,651 members in this province. Of these only 14 per cent were farm laborers, the others being small land owners, tenants and peasants.

This membership has since fallen off one-half through immigration.

After a long period of persecution, during which martial law was enforced, many of the leaders were victimized, and many of the rank and file, including Giacomo Montalto, the original organizer and guiding spirit of the movement, the organization at last entered into a regular, although not an undisturbed, period of development. By 1901 the government came to realize that suppressing a movement only accelerated its progress.

In the meantime, since neither the strikes, nor the farm laborers, nor the refusal of the peasants and the small tenants to cultivate the soil had either increased wages upon the one hand nor lowered the rate of rental on the other, the organized workers decided in 1909 to found an agricultural co-operative society.

The articles of incorporation provided that the society should have as its object the co-operative conduct of agriculture on leased or purchased fields by its members.

It was also provided that the cultivation should



A typical group of Italian farming co-operatives

the United States. Here these skilled agriculturists were herded together in the cities, or became pick and shovel men on the streets and railroads.

Nevertheless, the wages which they received in their new home, although considered low in this country, were so much better than the starvation rations of their home that in 1907 these immigrants sent back to Sicily more than eleven million dollars in the form of money orders and bank drafts, while returning immigrants brought an almost equally large sum.



Organization and immigration together has raised wages somewhat, but this has been neutralized by an increased cost of living.

This increase in wages has caused the great land owners to reduce still further their labor forces. The returning immigrant has one great ambition, that is to satisfy the land hunger of his race. He finds it almost impossible to do this. The great land owners will not sell, the small ones are being eaten up by the large ones. What land is for sale brings so high a price that the purchaser has nothing left with which to fit out his farm.

Competition of returning immigrants and land buyers has driven the conditions of rental higher and higher. Caught in this whirlpool of industry the Italian worker has been forced to find a way out or die in his misery. He has found that way. It is the way of co-operative farming.

Twenty years ago a few educated men and women, with a glimpse of the Socialist vision, started a magnificent campaign among the agricultural and

be conducted in the most scientific manner, and that the society should obtain credit for and grant it to members and to third persons.

This latter provision was necessary since the law provides that any society granting credit must extend this to non-members. It was also provided that the co-operative should become the agents of the Sicilian bank, which is endowed by the government for the purpose of extending agricultural credit from a special fund.

The by-laws made some further important provisions. In the first place it was provided that the number of members should not be limited. From the very beginning the principles were laid down that the society should not become a corporation of a few favored individuals, but should be a part of a class movement of the workers. In pursuance of this same subject it was also provided that only those who are members of a union and active cultivators of the soil should be eligible to membership in the co-operative.

Every member must take at least one share of the value of five dollars, and no member can own more than twenty shares. These may be paid for in installments. Every member has one vote, no matter how many shares he may own. No member can cultivate any fields in addition to those that he may himself own, or are leased by him from the co-operative. Members must personally cultivate lots leased from the co-operative and cannot sub-lease. Any violation of these laws is punished with expulsion.

In these special cases where the lands at the disposal of the co-operative or owned by any individual are not sufficient to maintain him, special permission may be given to such a member to lease outside lands, only on condition that this land is not wanted by the co-operative.

When the co-operative was established in 1902 it had 518 members, who cultivated 595 lots. Its capital amounted to about \$25,000. By 1910 the number of members had increased to 2,018, reaching about fifteen hundred families, including between eight and ten thousand persons. These cultivated 2,802 lots and the paid in capital amounted to over twelve thousand dollars.

In the beginning only a few hundred acres were leased. At present the co-operative leases 31 lots, embracing over twelve thousand acres, and paying

an annual sum of almost fifty thousand dollars as rent.

These estates are not in one solid block. They are scattered over considerable territory, some of them at a considerable distance from the headquarters of the co-operative.

They are not cultivated under one management, but are distributed in plots among the members. With such a large number of members, the distribution of plots becomes a very delicate affair. The by-laws provide that each share of stock shall entitle the owner to the rental of a plot, but since the area controlled by the co-operative is not enough to give each member as many plots as he buys shares and, indeed, in many cases, it is not possible to give every member an area sufficiently large to make for economic cultivation, the different plots are distributed by lot.

The committee composed of an agricultural engineer and some members of the co-operative are charged with the work of seeing to it that the lots to be divided are as nearly equal as possible. In those cases where it is impossible to give equal fertility all in one piece, two lots are "married." In this way the unproductive and the fertile land is equally divided.

This same committee fixes the amount to be charged for each lease. They must so arrange this that the total amount paid by the various members of the co-operative shall not exceed the amount that the co-operative must pay the owner. Every member of the treasury must pay five per cent of the value of his lease into the treasury of the co-operative.

The administrative expenses of the society are apportioned to each member according to the number of acres cultivated and usually amounts to between seventy-five cents and a dollar per acre.

The individual members are, on a whole, permitted to cultivate their lands as they wish, subject to certain restrictions which are imposed by the general lease with the owner of the land. The management has practically no direct control over the cultivation of the field.

The members derive their advantages, not from a modern centralized business management, but from the various functions performed by the association, which indirectly contribute to the income or comfort of the members. The first, and most direct gain, comes from the elimination of the speculators

who formerly controlled the lease. In many cases this amounts to quite a sum for each member.

A second benefit comes from the credit operations of the society. It procures and lends money to its members at six per cent. This must be contrasted with the rate which was formerly paid to the users, proprietors and speculators, which was sometimes as high as twenty-five per cent. The co-operative obtains the money from the Sicilian bank at four per cent and adds the difference of two per cent to the general social fund.

In the beginning the banks put all possible obstacles in the way of the co-operative obtaining credit, and sought to restrict its operations as much as possible. As the years passed, however and the integrity and reliability of the co-operative became demonstrated, the banks were obliged to concede a larger credit. In 1910 the Sicilian bank extended credit to the amount of sixty thousand dollars. Even this was far less than should have been granted, judged by ordinary business standards. At this time the co-operative was leasing over 7,500 acres of land and should have been entitled to a credit of at least one hundred thousand dollars. Could this have been obtained the society could have greatly developed its activities along technical and industrial lines, and it is very probable that it is just this fact that led the capitalists to restrict the granting of credit. In spite of the hard conditions which it had to meet, the co-operative, during the five years from 1904 and 1908 has secured credit to the amount of nearly one hundred thousand dollars for its members. This has been expended for fertilizers, seeds, buying of animals, for wheat for immediate consumption, for materials for protecting the animals and plants from disease, for machinery and tools. For this sum the members paid only six thousand dollars, of which two thousand dollars went into the collective fund of the co-operative. It is safe to say that for similar credit before the establishment of the co-operative these same peasants would have had to pay at least twenty-five thousand dollars in interest, of which no part would have gone to a society in which they were interested.

(Next week Odon Por will continue the story of the work of this co-operative and explain how it has benefitted its members.)

In Black and White By Emanuel Julius

A Patron of Art

BY Jove! Smith," the editor exclaimed enthusiastically, "the chap that wrote this is a genius. He'll strike a new note if only he gets a chance. Read this 'copy' over, will you? and you'll see for yourself." While the manuscript was changing hands, the editor turned in his swivel-chair and shouted, "Copy-boy!" "Say, Tommy, what sort of a fellow brought this story in?"

"Aw, Gee, he's a bum lookin' skate. He's skin's hangin' out over his bones an' he coitenly looks as though he'd grab at a free lunch—"

"Tell him I want to see him," the editor ordered.

It was a forlorn creature that stepped to the editor's desk. His appearance was none too pleasing. A pallid face, shrinking demeanor, furtive glance and weary expression were noticeable after a moment's glance at him.

"You wrote that?" the editor asked, pointing toward the manuscript in Smith's hands.

"Yes, sir," was the other's faltering reply.

"Pretty good stuff," the editor remarked unenthusiastically. "I guess we'll be able to use it some day."

"Thank you," came from the young man, his face lighting up with joy on hearing this decision. And then he hesitatingly inquired about the compensation.

"Oh, we pay our contributors on the Saturday following publication. Good morning."

Five or six days later Smith turned to the editor and said, "I say, what about that story you bought last week? I haven't seen it in print yet—"

"Oh, I'll use it some day," was the editor's reply. "I tell you, Smith, I've read that manuscript over and over, and each time I'm convinced all the more that that young fellow has a great future before him, but I've decided to go slow—"

"Why?" interrupted Smith.

"Well, it's this way, I don't want to spoil the chap. I used to write that way when I was young, but prosperity and commercialism have ruined me. I don't want the same to happen to that boy so

I've decided to let him starve a while. It'll do him good and give him incentive for more and even better work."

Just then a reporter entered the room and handed in a half-dozen "local items." The editor hurriedly glanced at them. One impressed him particularly. It read:

"*Steven Oriand, a young man of twenty-two, said to have possessed marked literary talent, was found dead in his room at 210 East 12th Street, yesterday morning. Starvation is given as the cause of his death.*"

"Well, what do you think of that?" the editor muttered to himself, as he threw the notice into his waste-basket. He feared Smith would see it.

You Never Can Tell

"Father, I ask you again for permission to marry. You really can't imagine how I love her—"

"No, I confess, I can't imagine how you can love her. What did you say she was? A nurse? Hm. Well, you just tell this Miss—this—what'd you say her name was?"

"Miss Smyth, Gladys Smyth."

"Tell this Miss Smyth that my son is too young to marry. Why you haven't graduated yet. Wait until you get your diploma and open an office and get a practice. Then it will be time enough to marry."

With a sigh George Marsh rose to his feet and walked out of the room, leaving his father reading a multi-colored magazine in peace.

* * *

"How is father?" George asked Dr. Williamson as he met him in the hallway.

"Doing nicely, but I have ordered him removed to a hospital. He'll get careful attention and I am sure he will pull through all right," replied the doctor.

An hour later an ambulance stopped at the door and then hurried away with Mr. Marsh as its passenger.

At the hospital Mr. Marsh was placed in a pri-

vate room under the charge of a blonde, bright, vivacious nurse. He had much to thank her for; she nursed him with great patience, was anxious to serve each of his wants, was tender in her actions, enthused him with her overflowing optimism and thrilled him with her soft, appealing voice and happy laugh. It is little wonder that he soon became convalescent.

Gradually, as health and strength returned, Mr. Marsh's thoughts turned to love. Yes, he realized that he had been caught in cupid's snare but he did not resist in the least. In fact, he felt happy and told her so.

One beautiful afternoon, as he was about to leave, Mr. Marsh frankly professed love and proposed marriage. The nurse, after the usual trite expressions of unexpectedness, accepted.

"What is your name, little girl?" he asked.

Mr. Marsh paled. Then regaining his composure, he said to himself: "By Jove, this is the very girl George was forced to give up because of my commands. Good. I'll marry her instead. Won't it be a good joke on George, though. Ha! Ha!"

* * *

"My son, meet my wife," said Mr. Marsh, smiling sardonically.

It goes without saying that George was astonished beyond words. Mrs. Marsh was heavily veiled, so the lad could not discern her features. He grasped her hand and shook it awkwardly.

"Why father, you astound me. I never thought you would marry again. Well, well, let me congratulate you. God bless you."

"Look carefully, George, I think you two have met before."

George obeyed. He slowly shook his head.

"Don't you know my wife?"

"No."

"Why, her name was Miss Gladys Smyth and she was my nurse at the hospital," said Mr. Marsh in astonishment.

"Someone has played a joke on you, father. She may have the same name but it can't be my Miss Smyth for I married her last week."

Winning from Coast to Coast

THE long years of Socialist agitation are bearing fruit. The days and weeks and months and years that have been spent patiently hewing away at the foundations of capitalism are at last causing the whole structure to shake.

Some twenty cities of considerable size, and many smaller places come into complete control of the Socialists. Everywhere there was a steady, continuous growth.

Of course, the most striking victory is the capture of Schenectady, and the election of the mayor and a majority of the council and a member of the legislature and the county ticket.

The mayor elected, Dr. George R. Lunn, is the editor of *The Citizen*, and the capture of the city is in no small degree due to the effectiveness with which he has edited that paper. He is a comparatively young man, having been born thirty-five years ago in Lennox, Iowa. He had the usual struggles of the proletariat in Omaha, Council Bluffs, Grand Island and Des Moines. He finally entered Bellevue College at Bellevue, Neb., to study for the ministry. After graduating from this college, and a few years preaching he spent a year at Princeton, then enlisted as a volunteer in the Spanish-American War in the regiment commanded by William Jennings Bryan. While in the army he contracted a fever, which brought about his discharge, and which also compelled him to leave Princeton, where he had gone to complete his studies.

Later, however, he succeeded in graduating from Union Theological Seminary in New York. In 1903 he became pastor of the First Reformed Church of Schenectady. Soon his sermons aroused the antagonism of the aristocratic element that controlled this church and he was compelled to resign. So large a number of people, however, wished to listen to him that he organized an independent congregation, of which he is still the pastor.

The vote in Schenectady shows a continuous, though rapid, increase. There were 32 votes cast in the county in 1900 when Eugene V. Debs ran for the presidency for the first time. This had grown to 434 four years later, 853 in 1908, to 1,963 the next year, 2,628 the next and reached 6,535 this year, when victory was won.

Even more significant perhaps than the election of the mayor and council is the sending of the first Socialist to the New York legislature. This is Herbert M. Merrill, member of the National Brotherhood of Electrical Workers.

He was born at Campton, N. H., in 1871, and traces his ancestors back to Puritans arriving in this country in 1632 and 1635. He is a charter member of Local Schenectady, Socialist party, and has been one of the steady workers in the ranks from the beginning.

The greatest message of cheer at this election came from the great industrial state of Pennsylvania. For years this state has been one of the puzzles of the Socialist movement. More money, literature and effort have been poured into it than into any other state in the union, yet until a little over two years ago growth seemed slow. Then all at once it appeared as if these long years of preparation had so permeated the working class of the state that it was awaking all at once to solidarity and revolt.

In New Castle, Pa., the fight was only second in intensity and national importance to that in Los Angeles, and many would give it the first place. Here Walter V. Tyler, a brakeman, was elected mayor, along with three Socialist aldermen. While this does not give complete control of the city, it will be sufficient to prevent any further vicious illegal attacks such as have been conducted against the Socialists during the last year.

In Reading, Pa., the home of "divine right" Baer, the fight was almost equally fierce, and here two select councilmen and three common councilmen were elected, and the Socialist, Republican and Democratic vote were within one thousand of the same.

All over Pennsylvania the vote showed a heavy increase and a small army of officers was elected in minor towns. Connecticut was another place where a beginning was made by the election of a councilman at Bridgeport.

In Ohio, the home of Taft and Harmon, the gains were more wide spread than in any other state, with the possible exception of Pennsylvania.

In Lima, Toronto, Lorain, Fostoria, Mount Vernon, Salem, Martins Ferry, Barberton, Cuyahoga Falls and St. Mary's, Socialist mayors were elected. In Canton, the home of President Taft, the may-



Dr. George R. Lunn
Mayor-elect of Schenectady, New York



Herbert M. Merrill
First Socialist elected to the New York legislature



Chas. Morrill
Re-elected to the Massachusetts legislature

orality election is disputed. The Democrats claim a plurality of eight over the Socialists, otherwise the city goes Socialist for most of the other officers.

In Hamilton, the city council is captured; in Columbus four councilmen, four assessors and three members of the board of education were elected, and the candidate for mayor was defeated by but eight thousand votes. When Columbus was almost carried at the previous election the wise capitalist editors all said that it was only a "strike vote," and would disappear. The present election shows that it was based on the solid ground of agitation and education.

In Toledo a Socialist alderman was elected and Brand Whitlock retained the mayoralty only by claiming to be a "Socialist too."

In Massachusetts Chas. Morrill was re-elected to the state legislature, and the vote in general showed a heavy increase.

New Jersey, the home of Woodrow Wilson, showed an increase in the Socialist vote and the election of two councilmen in Elizabeth.

Moving toward the west the Socialist wave rose in Minnesota, in the election of a mayor in Crookston and five Socialist aldermen out of six at Thief River.

In the Rocky Mountain states, Utah reports Socialist victories in Murray, Manti, Ureka, Tintic and Stockton.

California has just shown, in the Los Angeles election, that the coast will not be found wanting.

Kentucky showed a heavy increase, but just how much cannot be determined until the official vote comes in, nor was the extreme south lacking, since in Mississippi, the only southern state in which an election was held, the Socialists piled up a vote of over five thousand for Lieutenant Governor—an increase of nearly fourfold over any previous election.

This is the really important fact about the election: that the victories were wide spread, that they were where the propaganda had been most intense and where the party was best organized, and, finally, where there was close co-operation with organized labor and an actual waging of the class struggle over things of interest to the working class.

Pennsylvania, Ohio and California are the states where the *Appeal to Reason*, and other Socialist papers have the largest circulation.

The first two are states in which great meetings by Eugene V. Debs have recently been held. All are states on which extraordinary propaganda efforts have been concentrated.

These victories did not come by chance. They were earned and they point the way by which others can be earned. We are on the road toward greater victories than even the most sanguine of us have dared to dream possible for the immediate future.

In a few weeks more the Milwaukee daily paper will appear. During the first week of its publication the Los Angeles election will be held and that must mean another Socialist victory. Within a little over a month, on the 12th of January, the German elections are certain to bring us news that this advance guard of the great international army of Socialism has pushed on further into the enemy's country, and added millions to its strength.

In three more months will come the spring elections throughout the country, when more than a hundred additional cities will be enrolled beneath the red banner. Then we will be in the midst of a battle which it is worth living a lifetime to be a part of—the great presidential campaign of 1912.

During the intervening months the great Lyceum Bureau Lecture campaign will be in full swing. More than a thousand lectures will be delivered, more than three hundred thousand new readers will be added to Socialist publications, and a mighty flood of Socialist literature will be poured out.

The minutes are all too few to do the work that must be done before we enter upon the battle of next summer. We must have one hundred and fifty thousand paid-up members in the party before the national convention meets next May. We must send out our campaign literature into a nation permeated with Socialist thought. There is work to do, and it is work that there is joy in doing, and a work to do which no sacrifice is too great.

No one can set limits to the possibilities of the next year. No one can tell how fast a people will move when once they are set in motion. No one knows how thoroughly the supports of capitalism have been undermined nor how close is the final victory.

The election just passed showed that it is not far away. We can bring it years closer by our work during the next few months.

The Coming Nation

J. A. WAYLAND. FRED D. WARREN.

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

Entered as second-class matter September 26, 1910, at the postoffice of Girard, Kansas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

By mail in the United States, \$1 a year. In all other countries, \$1.50. Bundles of ten or more, 2 1/2 cents a copy.

Stamps must be inclosed for the return of manuscripts. The COMING NATION assumes no responsibility for manuscripts or drawings sent to it for examination.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

Weekly Bound Volumes

Nine dollars brought a bound volume of the COMING NATION last week to John Fladmark.

One such bound volume is given each week to the person sending in the largest amount for subscriptions during the week.

Following is the list of winners to date:

Frank Truesdale, six subscribers.
Lars A. Swanson twelve subscribers.
C. B. Schrock, seven subscribers.
F. Marchant, five subscribers.
John Frank, eight subscribers.
John Fladmark, nine subscribers.

Another Farmer Number

No issue of the COMING NATION has met with a more enthusiastic response than the special farmer's number. Within less than a week after it was off the press all the extra copies printed were sold and the orders were coming in and are still coming in as fast as at the beginning.

In addition to bringing in orders this number brought in considerable new matter and this decided us to issue another special farmer's number, which will appear next week and be number 64. This will have another article by Odon Por in his series on Italian Co-operatives. This will be a continuation of the one appearing this week, but it will describe in detail the work being done in the wonderful Sicilian Co-operative.

There is a movement in America, however, that is pregnant with possibilities as great as anything that is happening in Italy. This is the "Renter's Rebellion," which is now going on throughout the south. In Texas the renters are organizing and recently held a great convention at Waco.

Nat L. Hardy, whose work for the COMING NATION has shown that he is perhaps the best posted man on southern agriculture writing on the Socialist movement today, attended this convention for the COMING NATION. He has made a thorough study of the conditions that gave rise to this uprising of the renters and next week will tell this story, and it is a remarkable story. The article is accompanied with many photographs taken especially to illustrate the conditions described.

Clyde J. Wright describes how the capitalists are "Playing the Ends Against Each Other," with the farmer and the wage earners as the ends. This is a striking piece of Socialist propaganda for work among the farmers and is accompanied with some drawings that emphasize the points made.

The article on the use of machinery, by A. M. Simons, in the previous number, has brought a mass of information in all directions and he is compiling this together with a host of illustrations for another article that he believes will be better than the one published in number sixty.

There will be several short articles and much other interesting matter.

Those who ordered number sixty will, unless objection is raised, be sent copies of number sixty-four. As the press facilities for the COMING NATION are limited those who wish to be sure of getting this special number should order as quickly as possible, although we

Beat Them to It

BY A. M. SIMONS

UNDER the title of "Services of a Woman Socialist," the Kansas City Times commented as follows on an article recently published in the COMING NATION:

A constructive service to the state of Kansas has been performed by the Socialist, Mrs. May Wood-Simons. It was Mrs. Simons, wife of a Socialist editor and publicist, who called Governor Stubbs' attention to the disregard of life in the mining district of Southeastern Kansas.

Just indignation has been aroused in Kansas by the murders committed by, or at least among, some ignorant foreign workers in the mines. About six unpunished killings have been committed by knife and pistol in Cherokee and Crawford Counties in the past two or three years. That was very bad, and so was the selling of liquor to inflame the perpetrators of these acts of violence. The governor has done right in wiping out that part of the lawlessness.

But in two months there were seventy-eight homicides and bodily injuries committed in most instances, not by ignorant foreigner workers, inflamed by drink, but by presumably educated mine owners, inflamed by greed.

A few of those deaths may have been guiltless—that is, unavoidable. But the most of them were criminal homicides. They were avoidable, but were not avoided, because the owners broke the law and broke the rules of common humanity by refusing to make their mines safe for men to work in.

Dr. Charles McCarthy, a great Catholic Irishman of Wisconsin University, said to a reporter of the Star: "There's just one way to beat the Socialists, and that's to beat them to it." In exposing this worst of the lawlessness of Crawford County a Socialist woman beat all the rest of Kansas to it. And all the rest of Kansas should be grateful.

Dr. McCarthy is right in his logic. But because his logic is right, there is no hope of beating the Socialist.

For some fifteen years Socialists preached the need of the initiative, referendum and recall. By the time their enemies got around to "beating them to it" the Socialists had proceeded to something else.

The same is true of municipal ownership, factory legislation and a long list of other things in a race extending back some fifty years.

Not one of the opponents of Socialism has ever got within hailing distance to say nothing of beating the Socialists to anything of importance. The reason is the same as that in the case referred to by the Kansas City Times.

These mining laws had been on the statute books from five to twenty years, most of them for the longer period. They were put there in the first place only because the organized miners fought for them. They were put there with no intention of enforcing them because it was hoped that the miners would continue to vote the old party tickets.

Then the miners turned to Socialism and it was too late to "beat them to it."

The mine accidents, the killing and crippling of miners went on from year to year. Nothing was to prevent any capitalist official from beating the Socialists to the enforcement of the law, but no move was made in that direction. Only when the Socialists got after them and drove them to work was anything done.

Now, the state government and local authorities are all protesting their eagerness to "beat them to it." They seem to be blind to the fact that even in their most frantic efforts they are only tagging along behind.

Socialists need have no fear that their enemies will follow Dr. McCarthy's advice. Public officials and political parties, tied fast to exploiting class interests, cannot win in a race toward the goal of labor's enfranchisement.

are going to try to print enough to supply the demand.

Histories Going Fast

The opportunity to receive a copy of Social Forces in American History, by A. M. Simons, for three subscribers, will probably continue about three weeks longer. That is the best guess we can make, judging by the way in which the books are going now and the supply we have on hand, and that will give ample time for those who send in promptly.

The letters are just beginning to come from those who have received the book and in each case they are enthusiastic. In New York a class has been formed

for the study of American History with this as a text book, and in several other places similar classes are planned. You can have such a class right in your own home by securing a copy of this book. It will open up a whole series of new ideas on American History and every one of these ideas will furnish you with a new argument for Socialism.

The Shadow Under the Roof

This thrilling mystery story, by Peyton Boswell, has been running for eight weeks in the COMING NATION and is attracting intense and wide spread interest.

Prizes aggregating \$560 are offered for the best solution of the mystery.

All the copies of the COMING NATION containing the early installments have been exhausted, but in order to give every one an equal chance, these chapters have been reprinted on separate sheets, and will be sent free of charge as premiums to every one sending one dollar for a subscription to the COMING NATION.

The Appeal Staff Indicted

On the 15th of this month the federal grand jury at Fort Scott, Kan., indicted J. A. Wayland, Fred D. Warren and C. L. Phifer for sending obscene matter through the mails.

The story of this indictment leads up to what will certainly be one of the historic battles in the struggle of the working class to establish a free press and fight its way to freedom.

For some time there had been rumors of a horrible condition existing in the federal penitentiary at Leavenworth. Last March the evidence upon which these statements were made was brought to the Appeal to Reason. It was shown that the conditions had been presented to the government, and that the guard who had made the exposure had been discharged for so doing.

Here, then was the situation. A mass of hideous abuses, practiced against the prisoners by the officials in charge; the evidence concerning these when presented to the government had not only been disregarded but the person who had dared to present it had been punished. There was only one possible way in which conditions could be changed. That was to publish the facts and bring the power of wide publicity to bear. The Appeal did this, then the government acted because of the evidence so published.

The officers accused were removed. Thereby the government placed the seal of its approval upon the action of the Appeal. This action of the government testified that the facts published were true, that they were published with good motives, for the accomplishment of desirable ends, and that they accomplished these ends.

But this exposure came very close to the people high in power in the federal government, and these are determined that if good must come it must not come through Socialists. Consequently, according to the statement of District Attorney Bone, the authorities at Washington ordered that the staff of the Appeal be prosecuted for having furnished evidence of the corruption of government officials.

Wanted—A man or woman to act as our information reporter. All or spare time. No experience necessary. \$50 to \$300 per month. Nothing to sell. Send stamp for particulars. Sales Association 932 Association Building, Indianapolis, Indiana.

ANTI-NICOTINE PIPE

"Get the Pleasure Without the Poison" (TRADE MARK REG.)

40c Three for \$1.00

The pipe they let you smoke at home

Looks and colors like meerschaum. Absorbs the nicotine and keeps you tasting sweet.

You never had such an enjoyable smoke. Sent prepaid anywhere. Money back if not satisfactory. Order Today.

Send for illustrated catalog of Smokers' Elegant Articles.

H. MENGES, The Smokers' Friend
455 Henges Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

THE HAT WITH THE MOST FRIENDS!



3 Felt Hats IN ONE

Sent Postpaid to You for Only

THE HAT THAT DON'T BLOW OFF

The noblest and most comfortable hat you can buy at any price for dress, business, travel, motoring, and all sports. It is made of genuine English felt, has flexible leather sweat band, and will wear like iron. Can be rolled up and into several shapes without damaging. All sizes in black, blue, brown, and gray. If not exactly as represented—drop me a line and I will refund your dollar by return mail—and you may keep the hat. You can't lose—send ME a dollar to-day. Two for \$1.50. Write for Booklet of "Working Clothes for Workingmen."

GEO. D. BUNGAY, 28 S. William Street, N.Y.

Children's Page

EDITED BY BERTHA H. MAILLY

The Story of Joe

(Continued.)

So Joe for the first time in his life knew what it was to lose his job. The superintendent did not waste many words in discharging him, and he let him understand in no gentle tone, that he didn't want men around who stirred up trouble among the other employes.

By this Joe knew that someone had heard him talking at the meeting and had reported him to the superintendent. He felt so hot and angry and filled up that he couldn't say a word, although many stinging remarks were rushing through his brain. It seemed impossible to say them, although he didn't really feel afraid of the superintendent.

Joe went straight through the shop without looking at the other men and out onto the sidewalk. He walked fast to Bob's home, and told about his trouble. Then both Joe and Bob went to the headquarters of the union, where Joe reported his discharge. There he found that another lot of men, about fifty, had been laid off.

That night another meeting of the workers in the shop was called and many more joined the union. The workers in the shop were quite despairing, for none knew who might have to go next.

Before the meeting broke up, it was voted to call a *strike*, for it seemed as though something must be done to stop the treatment of the men and women in the factory. So before two days were gone, there was a big *strike* on at the factory, all the men except about fifty having agreed to stop working until their wages were fixed by agreement and the work adjusted so that none of the men should be laid off entirely. And the most important thing the men asked was that the superintendent should treat with a committee from the union instead of with the men one by one.

This the superintendent would not do. He had all of the affair to manage, because the owner of the factory was off taking a trip and didn't know very much about what was taking place in his shop.

Joe was right in the thickest of the excitement. He was sent morning and evening to picket in front of the shop, to see that new hands were not taken in and to try to persuade the remaining fifty in the shop to join the strike.

One evening as the workers were coming out of the shop, guarded by private detectives, Joe slid up behind one of the men he knew in the shop and started to talk with him.

"Here, what are you doing?" called out one of the guards. "Get away from that man."

Then, somehow, there was confusion and before he could understand what was happening, a policeman had hold of Joe and he was under arrest.

In the court room next morning, where Joe was taken after an angry, humiliating night in a cell in the station house, he was charged with disorderly conduct.

Joe felt a little dazed and started to explain to the judge, when some man told him not to say anything until he was asked.

"Who are you?" asked Joe.

"Lawyer for the Union," came the brief answer.

So Joe kept still and after some words passed back and forth between the judge sitting up behind the desk and the man, Joe was told to step back, which he did.

Just back of him were standing two men, officers of the union, talking together in a low tone.

"The judge ain't so hard on our boys," said one, "or he wouldn't be if it wasn't for that young snap of a law-

yer. He certainly has got it in for us. He looks young, too. What makes him so mean?"

"Well, I hear," replied the other, "that his father is one of the richest men in the bread trust here, and had a bad fight in the bakers' strike last year. That young chap's in training for a corporation lawyer and they sent him down here to break him in, I suppose. Well, he's breaking us in. I guess the judge is afraid of the money back of his father, the way he favors the fellow."

Just then Joe was called up once more and as he came up before the judge, the lawyer for the other side asked:

"Did you strike this man as he was leaving the shop?"

Joe looked up at the lawyer. Then a quick flush spread over his face and his hand clutched in spite of himself. For Joe looked into the face of his old time schoolmate, the son of the man who owned the bakeshop where he had his first job as errand boy, the lad whose look first taught Joe what c'ass feeling meant. The old feeling rose up in Joe, only stronger and bitterer.

The judge pronounced the fine, the usual one for strikers.

"Ten for disorderly conduct."

Joe looked around dazed. "I haven't the \$10," he faltered.

"The union will pay it for you," whispered the union lawyer in his ear.

Then Joe turned at the touch of the policeman and followed him to the gate.

Joe went into the cool night air. "He got the best of me, again," thought Joe to himself. "But wait, some day—"

(To be continued.)

Hans, the Hunter



Another Old King Cole Story.

Once upon a time there were three sisters who lived in a cottage near the forest. One of them was called Anna, the second Barbara, but the third had no name at all. The reason why the third had no name was that her father and mother forgot to think of one, and when the time for christening came, and they were asked for the name of their baby, they just stood and looked at one another and said nothing.

Well, near this cottage there lived a hunter, whose name was Hans, and everyone called him Hans the Hunter. He was still quite young, but no one could hunt nearly so well as he. Whenever he blew his horn, all the wild beasts in the forest trembled with fear, and indeed some were so frightened that they could not run away at all, but just stood still and trembled till Hans shot them down. Hans was proud of his horn, and indeed some people called it a magic horn.

Now Hans had never spoken to the three sisters, but he had seen them, and he often thought that if ever he wanted to marry he would like to marry one of them. So one day he put on his best clothes, and set his best hat on his head, and set out to pay a visit to the three sisters. But as he went, the

Wolf saw him and ran off to tell the Wolf Mother, who is the bad fairy of the forest, and the Wolf Mother hated Hans the Hunter, and had always wanted to be revenged on him. So the Wolf Mother hurried off and reached the cottage before him. She did not go in her own shape, for then they would never have let her in, but she put on the form of an old beggar woman. And so when the three sisters saw her, they took pity on her and let her in. But the moment they let her in they repented, for she waved her wand and turned them all into birds.

So when Hans the Hunter came to the cottage, he found it empty, and no one near but an old woman who was hobbling away as fast as she could.

"Hullo!" he said. "Surely I've seen that old woman before. Why yes, that's the old Wolf Mother, and I'm sure she's been up to mischief."

So Hans the Hunter took out his magic horn and blew a blast, and the Wolf Mother in spite of herself, was turned back from an old woman into her own shape, and ran off howling into the forest.

Then Hans the Hunter said to the horn:

"Well done, old horn. Thou art a true and trusty friend, and a sure defense against all evil spirits."

Then Hans the Hunter mounted his horse and rode off through the forest looking for the three sisters. For a long time he searched, but no one was to be seen. Then suddenly he heard the singing of birds so wonderful and sweet that the whole forest seemed to be full of it.

He looked round and saw that the singing came from three birds, and lifting off his hat, he said:

"Bravo, little birds, you sing splendidly."

Then as he was about to go along further, he felt the horn trembling under his arms, and hitting his sides.

"Hullo, old friend," said Hans the Hunter, "what's the matter?"

The horn could not speak, but only trembled and swung itself about.

Hans the Hunter thought for a minute. He had never seen his old horn behave like this before. So he took it up, put it to his mouth, and blew a blast with all his might.

In a moment the three birds stopped their singing, and when Hans the Hunter looked round he saw, not the three birds but the three sisters, who ran forward to thank him.

"Do not thank me," said Hans the Hunter, "but thank my trusty old horn, who is a sure defense against all evil spirits."

So they thanked the horn, and asked Hans to take them home again.

"But first," said Hans, "tell me your names."

"I am Anna," said the eldest, who was beautiful as copper with her dark brown hair.

"And I am Barbara," said the second, who was fair and fresh as silver.

"And what is your name?" asked Hans the Hunter of the third, who had lovely golden hair.

"I have no name," she said modestly.

"Then I shall give you one," said Hans the Hunter, "for you shall be my wife."

And so he married her, and they lived happily ever after.

The Worker

Give me the true man, who will fear not, nor falter,
Though went be his guerdon, the work-house his goal;
Till his heart has burnt out upon Liberty's altar,
For this is the man I hold dear to my soul.

—Gerald Massey.

In a certain school in Michigan a teacher was explaining to her class that God loved all creatures. A little boy at the end of the class piped up:

"Must be he never was stung by a wasp."

Autumn

By mid-October, most of the Rip van Winkles among our brute creatures have lain down for their winter nap. The toads and turtles have buried themselves in the earth. The woodchuck is in his hibernaculum, the skunk in his, the mole in his; and the black bear has his selected, and will go in when snow comes. He does not like the looks of his big tracks in the snow. They publish his goings and comings too plainly. The coon retires about the same time.

The provident wood-mice and the chipmunk are laying by a winter supply of nuts or grain, the former usually in decayed trees, the latter in the ground. I have observed that any unusual disturbance in the woods, near where the chipmunk has his den, will cause him to shift his quarters. One October, for many successive days, I saw one carrying into his hole buckwheat which he had stolen from a nearby field. The hole was only a few rods from where we were getting out stone, and as our work progressed, the racket and uproar increased, the chipmunk became alarmed. He ceased carrying in, and after much hesitating and darting about, and some prolonged absences, he began to carry out. He had determined to move; if the mountain fell, he, at least, would be away in time. So, by mouthfuls or by cheekfuls, the grain was transferred to a new place. He did not make a "bee" to get it done, but carried it all by himself, occupying several days and making a trip about every ten minutes.

The red and gray squirrels do not lay by winter stores; their cheeks are made without pockets, and whatever they transport is carried in their teeth. They are more or less active all winter, but October and November are their festal months. Invade some butternut or hickory-nut grove some frosty October morning and hear the red squirrel beat the "juba" on a horizontal branch. It is a most lively jig, what the boys call a regular "break-down," interspersed with squeals and snickers and derisive laughter.—John Burroughs, in "A Year in the Fields."

Simple Strategy



Emily—"Wot's the use of yer standin' lookin' in the winder, when yer ain't got no money?"

Sophy—"Well, I'll tell yer. I stand and aggeravate myself to that extent that the excitement of it gets me hungry, an' I rushes home an' eats me dry crust o' bread wid an appetite."

An Investigation

William (four years old) had been presented by his aunt with two goslings. The goslings died and were buried in the back yard by William, who was grief-stricken. His mother, in an effort to comfort him, explained that his pets had gone to heaven.

Three days later, armed with the fire shovel, William started for the back yard, and was soon busily digging into the newly-made graves.

"What are you doing?" inquired his mother.

"Want to see if goslings gone to heben," promptly replied the four-year-old.

What's in the New Books

George Bernard Shaw, Life and Work, by Archibald Henderson. Cloth, 524 pp., \$5.

"This book is designed to give an authoritative account, biographical and critical, of Bernard Shaw's work, art, philosophy and life up to the present time."

This introductory announcement is made good in the many pages that follow.

We have Shaw as the novelist, the art, music and dramatic critic, the playwright, the technician, the dramatist, artist, philosopher and man. There is also a chapter on the Fabian and another on the Shavian Socialists. Naturally, the Socialist turns to these first, and if he went no further he would turn away largely in disgust.

It would be hard to write anything about Shaw that would not be interesting, but it is unfortunate that the biographer did not find out a little bit about Socialism before he began to write.

All who are familiar with Shaw have heard his well-worn joke about being the only one who has ever studied Marx, but his biographer evidently took him seriously and speaks of the members of Social Democratic Federation in its beginning not having read Marx. This, of such men as H. M. Hyndman, Belfort Bax and Andreas Sheu!

After this we are not surprised to find Kropotkin and Henry George included as Socialists, and Marx spoken of as a capitalist (page 168), or to be plunged into a mass of nonsensical talk on economics.

According to this biographer, Shaw completely demolished Marx's theory of economics and established the Jevonian theory of final utility. Evidently, nobody has told him that the theories of Jevons, Boehm-Bawerk and Menger in this field have now been discarded by the majority of orthodox economists.

The story about Liebknecht to the effect that he was deceiving the working men with phrases while acting on wholly different lines from what his words indicated, if not intended by Shaw as a joke in the first place is something of a libel. The whole of Liebknecht's life gives the lie to the implication.

The statement that the "tactics of the German Socialist party in the last few years have been Fabianized by sheer force of circumstances," does not sound very good in view of the Congress of a few weeks ago at Jena.

It being true, as we are assured, that "Every phase in Shaw's career, it cannot be too strongly insisted upon, is the legitimate and logical outcome of his Socialism," and it being also true that the biographer has no conception of Socialism, the heart of the whole book is weak.

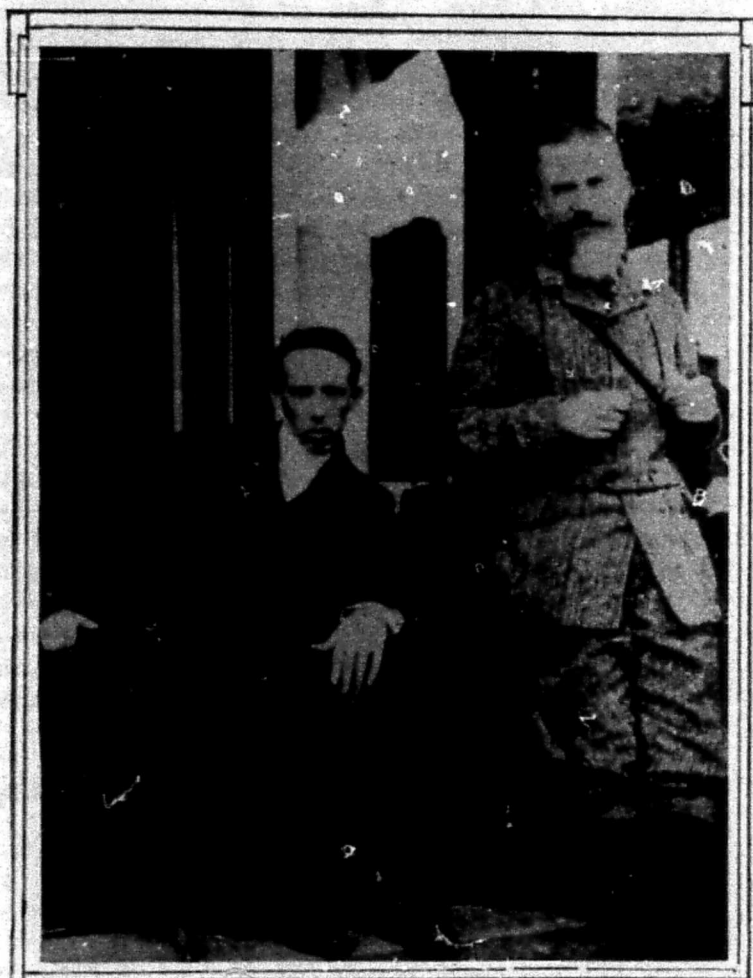
Shaw as a dramatic critic, dramatist and playwright fought a great battle, and compelled recognition against all the powers of orthodox society. His power to do this was based on his Socialism, and had the biographer really understood this, he would have seen Shaw's life not as a series of detached activities, but as a rounded whole.

No one but a Socialist could have

written "Mrs. Warren's Profession," "The Perfect Wagnerite," or "The Widower's Houses." No one but a Socialist could have put his finger so unerringly on the weaknesses in the Bourgeois literature and drama.

Dr. Henderson sees how well Shaw did all these things, but he does not see why he did them. The Socialist can supply this and to him this book is a mine of information. To the non-Socialist it must be a confusion. To be sure, there was something of this confusion in Shaw himself. His weakest point has been his knowledge of Socialist philosophy, and therefore, instead of becoming the constructive force, which he dreams that he is, he has been largely an iconoclast smashing the ideals of the mid-Victorian Bourgeoisie.

Rising Tide of Socialism, by Robert F. Hoxie, reprint from the Journal of



George Bernard Shaw and his biographer, Prof. Archibald Henderson

Political Economy.

This careful study of Socialist victories published in the October number of the *Journal of Political Economy* has attracted widespread attention. This shows that there are 435 Socialist office holders in thirty-three states and about 160 municipalities and election districts. A map which accompanies the article shows that Wisconsin leads in the number of officials elected, with California and Illinois next, and Minnesota, Kansas and Missouri in the third group.

The most interesting portion of the article is undoubtedly that in which he attempts to explain Socialist successes. To the Socialist reader it seems that there is a strong effort here to find some explanation besides the natural ones, that they are the result of Socialist propaganda and education, accompanied with the working class reaction against exploitation. His statement that "in the majority of interpretations, however, Socialist doctrines and agitation do not rank as essential factors" will be challenged by every Socialist familiar with the facts.

The states first named are those in which Socialist agitation has been most persistent. They are those that head the column of subscriptions to Socialist papers, and those in which the class struggle has been sharpest. If it were possible to strike a mathematical balance of these victories and compare

them with the Socialist strength as measured both by vote and agitation the two lines would be found to run closely parallel.

His statement concerning Socialist victories that "not one was found in which Socialism of the radical type could be proved to be the main issue," is probably true if by "radical type" is meant that type of Socialism which vents itself in revolutionary mouthings rather than to fighting the class struggle.

That a separate explanation is found in nearly every locality is natural, but the general explanation which will apply everywhere must be "organization, agitation and education," although he disputes this. That the other explanations are not adequate and that the people who have voted the Socialist ticket are more apt to be Socialists than those who vote the Republican and Democrat are apt to be followers of the principles of those parties is evident to any one who knows the bitter prejudice against which

the Socialist agitation is compelled to fight. While it would be foolish to say that in any Socialist victory every vote for the successful candidates was cast by a person who thoroughly understood, or even completely accepted all phases of the Socialist philosophy and program, it would be much less of an error to take this position than to take the other one that the success was due to indifference to Socialist philosophy and platform.

Many of the writer's conclusions in this regard and also in regard to the probable temporary character of Socialist progress have received a most striking rebuttal by the election successes since he wrote. At the same time the Socialists owe a debt to the compiler of these facts. We understand that he proposes to continue this study and if so Socialists owe it to themselves and to the movement to give him every possible assistance.

Peace Manifesto of the International Socialist Bureau

TO THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD:

On the night between the 26th and 27th of September, of this year, immediately after the meeting of the International Socialist Bureau in Zurich the Italian government, which must not be confused with the Italian people, sent a brutal ultimatum to the Ottoman government, and forty-eight hours later declared war.

This act cannot be too severely denounced by all those who have the peace of the world at heart and any regard whatever for the rights of the people. Never perhaps has the predatory politics of capitalism stripped itself so completely of every hypocritical veil. Never before has it made so little effort to keep up even the appearances of an excuse for a violent act against another civilized nation that was just beginning great reform measures.

Against such an act the international workers cannot but unanimously protest. Our Italian comrades are in complete agreement with our Turkish comrades in protesting in the name of the general interest of the proletariat against an act that is as foolish as it is criminal, which is fully as injurious, perhaps even more injurious to the victor than to the vanquished, which releases the scourge of a world war and threatens to open up an abyss between Europe and the new Mohammedan world, and which, in its last analysis, must necessarily afford further excuse to the great powers for the increase of military burdens.

In order to emphasize this protest based upon the Stuttgart and Copenhagen resolutions as well as upon the special action taken at Zurich on the 25th of September, the International Socialist Bureau urges that in all the great states of Europe meetings shall be held to protest against the coup d'etat in Tripoli and against war in general.

The expedition against Tripoli is, in fact, nothing more than one of the manifold expressions of the politics pursued by all the great powers.

Just as Italy proceeded against Tripoli, so England had seized Egypt; France and Germany are quarreling over Morocco; Germany has led the expedition to Agadir, and Austria Hungary seized Bosnia and Herzegovina.

The Italian government would not have dared to act as it has had it not had an understanding with its allies and with the great powers.

Therefore, it is not simply Italian policy but the policies of all the great powers that International Socialists must denounce to the people as a policy of savagery. This policy is as destructive to those who are sacrificed to it as to those who think to draw advantages from it.

In Turkey and in Mohammedan coun-

tries in general this policy arouses a stubborn rage, a dangerous fury and does this just at the moment when noble spirits are seeking to introduce into these countries the ideas, institutions and the liberties which Occidental nations long ago secured, and it furnishes the reactionary elements with effective arguments against any peaceful entrance of European culture.

In Europe it gives rise to murderous and expensive colonial wars; the Spaniards showed this in Rif; the Italians are beginning to suffer its effects in Tripoli. It opposes democratic tendencies and retards their development. It strengthens the reactionary forces and turns them from all social efforts. It envelops the people in the endless chain of military expenses.

At this very moment it threatens to bring about catastrophes whose horrors will exceed any horrors that the world has ever known. Against this policy of ferocity and force the international proletariat must, more than ever, oppose its every power.

Our Italian comrades have already done all that is possible, considering the unfavorable circumstances, against the expedition to Tripoli. They have fought, and will continue to fight foot by foot against the nation's bestiality. But their efforts must be supported by the whole International Socialist Movement. Every section must extend to them its moral solidarity.

We protest therefore with them against the war and at the same time we express our desire that the Turkish government (in that it may draw lessons from the events through which it is passing, in that it may exert itself to abolish the ethnical antagonism, and to relieve the burdens of the working class) may contribute to the closer association of the Balkan states, pending the time when their closer union as a federated organization may develop.

The nations of southeastern Europe possess the cultural essentials for an autonomous development. They are economically connected and they should be politically connected.

The Socialist movement will, with all its influence, support the idea of the solidarity of the Balkan states and strengthen the resistance powers of these people to the attack of European capitalists.

WORKERS OF THE WORLD, UNITE AGAINST WAR! DEMONSTRATE FOR PEACE, FOR DISARMAMENT AND FOR THE SOLIDARITY OF THE PEOPLE!

The Executive Committee of the International Socialist Bureau—EDWARD ANSEELE, LEON FURÉMONT, EMILE VANDERVELDE, CAMILLE HUYSMANS, Secretary.

Come Have a Smile With Us

Flings at Things

BY D. M. S.

Just An Annoyance

Well, Otis, do not worry
Or take it so to heart;
While this may be your finish
It only is our start;
Upon the wheel of progress
A tiny fly you are
So while we like to lose you
You hardly leave a scar.

What! You inflated pigmy,
Do you imagine, pray
That you the cause of progress
Could in its march delay,
You cheap, and brazen monkey,
Reaction's final whine,
When history is written
You will not get a line.

Your strut is walking sideways,
Your pose at standing pat
Calls only for derision;
Your bluff has fallen flat:
The tune the birds are singing
For you is "Nevermore."
Hunt out the smallest knothole
And drop down through the floor.

An Old Standby

"Ain't it awful the way prices are hitting the high places? You expect



luxuries to go kiting, but it is fierce when the necessities of life go up."
"Not all of the necessities of life have gone up."
"Is that so? Name one that hasn't."
"The Little Old Appeal."

Learning the Ropes

"Mustn't do that, baby."
"Why not?" asks the up-to-date youngster.
"Because mamma says not."
"You will have to show me that it is unconstitutional."

Precaution

"Why have your farm machinery marked 1913?"
"So it won't be out of date before I begin using it."

Not Very Previous

Say, Central, connect me with Morgan.
His number? Oh, yes, 23.



The wrong one you say? Perhaps so today,
But that very soon it will be.

Nothing Is Safe

"Who is that fellow snooping around the observatory?"
"He says he is an amateur scientist who wants to get a line on the comet."
"A line on the comet? Watch him. He is probably some real estate shark who wants the line to be a lassoo."

Had An Idea

"Who is running this newspaper, anyway?" asked the excited editor of the common citizen who dropped in to ask for a correction.

"If you will let me look over your



list of advertisers I might tell you, if you are so curious to know," replied the common citizen with just the faintest suspicion of sarcasm in his voice.

Curious to Know

"What were you saying was the matter with the Chinese emperor?"
"I don't know. You could hardly call it color blindness. One of his age is not supposed to be able to make these fine distinctions. As I say, you could hardly call it color blindness, but he would like to know the difference between the yellow peril and the red terror."

Sure Proof

"How are the folks around here? Are they an intelligent people?"
"Intelligent? I should say so. Even the two-year-old tots know about Victor Berger."

What Chance

"He started in the oil business about the same time that Rockefeller did."
"Oh, that accounts for his being lusted."

Little Flings

Vested rights are thoughtfully pulling down their vests.

California's climate is fine for the growth of Socialism.

Otis hasn't got Los Angeles as well trained as he thought he had.

Honesty is the best policy, but your capitalist prefers to succeed.

Does no one love Wall street? Watch the collector of the campaign fund.

The principle function of present time elections is to register the Socialist increase.

The worker is lost to the cause of the boss when he gets a few facts in his head.

It is a simple matter to get an intelligent man. Just let him know what Socialism is.

In these days it would be possible to shoot promiscuously into a crowd without hitting a Bryan democrat.

We would hate to have to carry home without a wheelbarrow a book filled with what LaFollette doesn't know.

The dispute had reached a climax just before the whistle blew, and one of the participants sarcastically remarked:

"Well, you ain't two-faced any way."
"I am glad you admit that much," growled the other.

"Sure, if you had any other face you would have left that one at home," came the reply as they started for the shop.

Told at the Dinner Hour

A Good Illustration

BY FRANK A. ADAMS.

Recently a lanky Missourian known as Bill, who had rustled something over a month to get work in "The largest gold mine in the world," also "The richest 100 miles squares," finally got permission to commence mucking.

After sticking it out for three weeks as a "mucker" (sometimes spelled with an s), he gave it up in disgust and called around for his time.

"What's wrong?" asked the time-keeper.

"It's getting just a wee bit strenuous," answered Bill.

"Well!" exclaimed the time-keeper, "didn't you come here and ask for work?"

"Say," quietly replied the disillusioned Missourian, "if sumun asked ye fer a drink would ye turn the fire hose on him?"

Related to Both

BY JOHN S. OKES.

One day Pat observed a highly perfumed society lady walking along the street leading a pet dog. Pat became interested in the dog and, not knowing the ethics of high society, had the impudence to ask:

"What koin'd av a dog is that?"
The lady looked haughtily at him a moment and then sneered:

"It's a cross between an Irishman and a skunk."

"Begory, thin, he's related to both av

us, ain't he," retorted Pat with a grin as he passed on.

Economy to the End

The candidate for the position of locomotive fireman had studied the impressive figures showing the aggregate loss to the company each year resulting from careless firing and waste of coal and oil. The first question put to him in the verbal examination was what he would do if he found his freight train confronted by an on-coming passenger.

He hesitated only a moment, then replied:

"I'd grab a lump of coal in one hand, the oil-can in the other and jump for my life."—H. F. Lane, in Success.

The Natural Result

BY SIMON FERGUSON.

"What became of that Puritanical old uncle of yours from New England?"

"The coroner's verdict was that he died from natural causes."

"Dear me! What happened?"

"He was investigating the electric lighting arrangements, and came in contact with a naked wire."

"Well?"

"Naturally he was shocked to death."

Brassy Teeth

Little Norman accompanied his father down town. Among other places of interest, he was led into the courthouse yard where a band discoursed loud

music on the least provocation. It was an old-fashioned republican rally, and the chief speaker whose prominent teeth were rendered the more conspicuous by the amount of gold-filling in them, was holding forth volubly and all the while gesticulating madly.

"Pa," drawled the little boy after they reached home, "what was the matter with that man?"

"What man, son?"
"That man that hollered so; that man with the brass teeth!"

A Swozzled Sonnet

BY ALLAN UPDEGRAPH.

(Note—"Swozzled" means that it started out to be a sonnet, but couldn't keep up with the author's flow of thought. It compares with the ordinary sonnet as scrambled eggs with the ordinary fried egg of commerce, and ought to make a hit.)

I talked straight Socialism to a guy
For half an hour; and then he said to me:

"You're a progressive young Repub., I see;
But I'm a Democrat until I die!"

He made me sick. Those damned P. R.'s and I

Have no more in common that the few planks they've

stolen from the Socialist platform—just planks enough to make 'em a platform so full of holes that they have to be acrobats to keep from falling through and breaking their political necks. A good many have gone through already; and I wish the rest of 'em luck in the same direction.

As for that dub who's Dem until he dies,

I hope he won't be kept from Paradise much longer. Wender if he'll be willing to listen to any new ideas up there?

A Dinner Tale

BY GEO. SALLMAN.

The close-fisted farmer's hired man had developed keenness of wit as well as leanness of stomach. As he sat down to the lightly-burdened table he remarked, "Thank God, my sight is returning. Yesterday I couldn't see the butter on the bread, but today I can see daylight through the cheese."

A Hero Still

Many a man strives greatly in the cause of justice and retires, beaten, at the end. An overcome hero is a hero still. A man can do only what he may and no single blow for liberty is struck in vain.—Franklin H. Wentworth.

JUST PUBLISHED

THE SOUL OF SOCIALISM

By JOHN MILTON SCOTT

This is an inspired document by a master. It will bring joy to the seeking soul and the weary heart. Do not miss it; if you have a love for good reading, send for it today. Two silver dimes bring it.

DAVID I. DOBSON, Publisher
Box 213 Chicago, Ill.

Wanted—Active Man in Each Locality
To join this Society. Advt introduce our membership. Sick, accident, death benefits. All on spare time. \$50 to \$500 a month. Every member secured gives you a steady monthly income. Box L.D-295 Covington, Ky., U. S. A.

NON-EXPLOSIVE GASLIGHT BURNERS
FOR METAL & GLASS-TRIP-UP LAMPS

Perfectly safe. Brilliant beautiful light. No chimney. No mantle, screen or delicate parts to get out of order or burn out. Will last for years. Low Price. Fast Seller. 200 PER CENT. PROFIT. Experience not necessary. SAMPLES to all who mention business. Not sold in stores. LUTHER MFG. CO., 14 Butler St., CINCINNATI, O.



Rhymes of the Revolution

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

Selected and annotated by
FRANK STUHLMAN

This is one of the blazing poems that Swinburne flung in the face of the world in that flaming book, "Songs Before Sunrise," that made power and convention shriek and gibber in a shocked chorus of protest against the daring singer. For this book and the remarkable poem, "Laus Veneris," he was considered among the "very respectable" and the "unco guid" as one to cast into the outermost darkness. Any author who wins the hate of these classes deserves the admiration of the people.

Watchman, What of the Night?

A. C. SWINBURNE.

Watchman, what of the night?
Storm and thunder and rain,
Lights that waver and wane,
Leaving the watch-fires unlit.
Only the bale fires are bright,
And the flash of the lamps now and then
From a palace where spoilers sit,
Trampling the children of men.

Captives, what of the night?
It rains outside overhead,
Always, a rain that is red,
And our faces are soiled with the rain.
Here in the season's despite
Day-time and night-time are one,
Till the curse of the chain
Break, and their toils be undone.

* * *

Mourners, what of the night?
All night through without sleep
We weep, and we weep, and we weep,
Who shall give us our sons?
Beaks of raven and kite,
Mouths of wolf and hound,
Give us them back, whom the guns
Shot for you dead on the ground.

Liberty, what of the night?
I feel not the red rains fall,
Hear not the tempest at all,
Nor the thunder in heaven any more.
All in the distance is white
With the soundless feet of the sun.
Night, with the woes that it wore,
Night is over and done.



A Shackled Queen

-Woman's Journal

Los Angeles

BY ANTON QVIST.

Shackle-bound, oppressed, the city of
eternal summer lay
Enthralled. Churchmen, war-lords,
merchants, moneyed kings in council
sate
New tyrannies to forge, and chains and
bolts to quench each hopeful ray
Of shining liberty. The common people,
vulgar low estate,
On favors lived and hungered thankfully,
bowing a scourged and weary back
To titled and beribboned power; bore
as one, in common grief
Poverty's burden, the scornful lashing,
and the pain of slavery's rack,
The clanking chains, the weariness;
a servitude without relief.

The sun shone clear on leaf and flower
In the city of eternal summer
Where tyrants ruled with iron hand
And bowed the people of the land
With long endured burdens.

Then rose, like chiming from the mold,

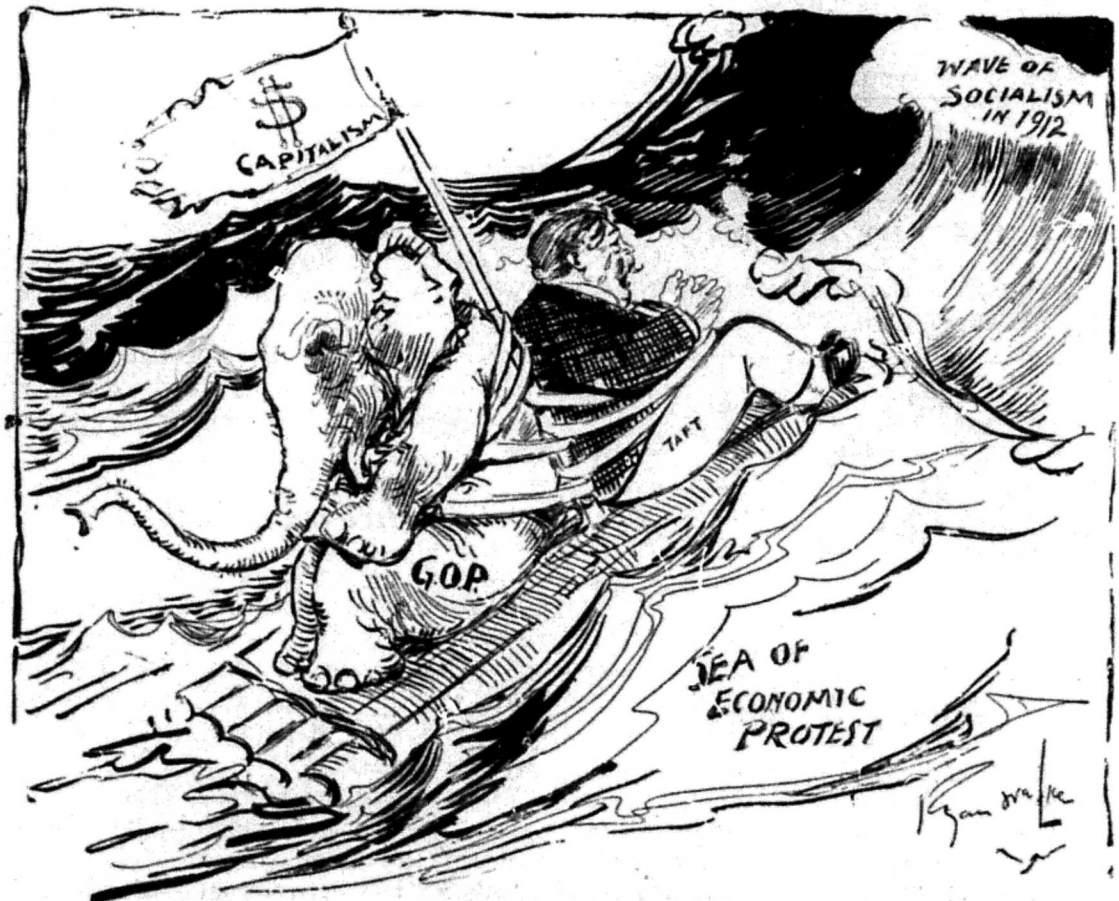
A still small voice, yet clear and wonderful,
That grew in tone and power a hundredfold,
That shook the sun city's tower and wall
And awakened the timid in hut and hall.

The mighty in anger heard the sound
That seemed about to storm the throne
Of tyrants that reared with splendor crowned;
The herd that had in sorrow sown
And borne in common, thralldom's brand,
The burden of want and poverty,
Took heart, for in the voice that sang
They heard the song of liberty
The hymn at mornin's dawn that rang
With hope, clear and strong and full,
A life fanfare that called and drew
A mighty throng,
A host of awakened eyes that gazed,
Upon the dawn of liberty;
A mighty host of hands that raised
To rend the master's tyranny,
The shame, the want, the clanking
chains of slavery.

Through the city of eternal summer
triumphant rolled
The great world epic SOCIALISM.



If this tree is struck by lightning, I'm done for



Their finish is in sight