

# THE COMING OF THE NATION

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## Comment on Things Doing

By Charles Edward Russell

### A THANKSGIVING SERMON



**M**OST of the suffering in this world, all of the poverty, all of the destitution and degradation, all of the lives led in darkness and misery, all of the drudging and debasing toil, all of the conditions under which four children in every five born into the world are doomed from that instant (if they survive) to joyless lives, all of the wars and race hatreds that imbitter the children of each and make it a hell instead of a heaven, are absolutely unnecessary.

If then there shall be a just man anywhere that goes his way and accepts without protests all this indescribable and overpowering sum of needless pain, by what means shall he account to himself for his indifference?

If he acquiesces in these conditions he shares the guilt of them.

From that conclusion there can be no escape. If he says to himself that he employs no working women at starvation wages and therefore he is not responsible for the fallen women of our streets he is a liar and he knows it. All society employs these women and all society drives them down to hell so long as society tolerates the conditions under which their employment at starvation wages is inevitable.

If he says he is not responsible for child labor because he owns no factory in which children are employed, he is a liar. All of us are accessories to the murders of these children so long as we endure the conditions under which their employment is certain.

If he reads in his morning paper that someone has starved in the streets and tells himself that it is no concern of his because he subscribes to the Charitable Organization Society, he is a liar. All the Charity Organization Societies in the world cannot affect the most monstrous anomaly under which there is destitution in a world filled with plenty.

If he says that he did not make this system and therefore is not responsible for it, he is a liar. Every man is responsible for it that does not daily protest against it.

If he says that he has done his duty when he has contributed to some cause of reform he is a liar. All the reforms between here and the perdition that is full of reforms never affected the cause of all this boundless misery.

If he says that granting all this there is for him no part in the work of emancipation he is a liar. He has at least this part that he should be able to feel that he has never for a moment consented to the degradation of his brother and the ruin of his sister.

If he says that evil will be removed in the due process of time and that his duty ends with his care of his own household he is a liar. The whole thing exists and survives merely because of the consent of such men as he. It has no other basis. If the just men of the world should resolve today that this murderous system has long enough wrought its infinite evil, that it has cost enough lives and shed enough blood and that as nothing could possibly be any worse the blood-stained thing must cease to exist, today would be its last of all days and the human race would for the first time have a chance to be decent and to live in the true sense of living.

If he says that he is opposed to it and in favor of dealing justly by the creators of the world's wealth, but still withholds his hand because of the bitterness or violent words of Socialists, he is but playing tricks upon himself. In what measured terms shall one speak of wholesale murder? Or how can any terms be excessive in which



we denounce the slavery of the race? Or what can be adequate language for the guilt of child labor? Or how shall one proceed to speak with too much feeling of the slum regions of our great cities and the lives led therein? If he says that he is discharging his duty by participating in some movement of

political or municipal representation, he is dealing unjustly with his own soul. He knows well enough that not one item in all this sum of needless horrors will ever be changed by any such movement.

If he says, "Am I my brother's keeper?" he shall find no refuge there; and if he says that poverty is divinely ordained and not to be meddled with, he shall find no refuge there; and if he says that the poor bring their troubles upon themselves, he shall find no refuge there. Because he knows well enough in his heart that all these sayings are but the sickening lies of guilty men, trying to find some way of cleansing the blood stains from their own hands.

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What then shall the just man do, and what shall he say to himself of his part in all these iniquities? If he allows them to go on without his protest, he is become the active partner of every keeper of every bawdy house; he is helping to drag more women into the burning pit; he is killing the little children in the factories and mines; he is helping to produce the criminals that fill the penitentiaries and overcrowd the courts. He acquiesces in all these things; they are all absolutely unnecessary; he sustains the system that produces them. As he goes to his Thanksgiving dinner this week he must have a pleasant sensation, supposing him to be well-to-do and to know anything about this world as it is. There he sits and feasts upon plenty, and in the homes of the toilers that gave what he eats are only misery and insufficiency. His children are sleek and well-fed and secure of opportunity, and the children of the workers that produced for him all he has sit about a cheerless board and look forward to lives of monotonous drudgery.

He gives thanks for his good fortune. Suppose when he lifts his head there should look in at his window a knot of people from the slums he has helped to create. It would be a happy feast around that man's Thanksgiving table, would it not?

So he says to himself, I am just and do not wrong anybody, I try to be decent so far as I can, I do many good works, I am a good citizen, I support good causes. Why do these creatures come to bother me?

And the creatures reply, Because you and your kind have made us what we are and we want you to see on this day of feasting the results of your work.

And he says, When did I drive any woman to prostitution, or kill any little child, or refuse the birthright of hope and joy to any human being? When did I take the bread away from you, or condemn you to live in garrets, or drive your children upon the streets, or darken your homes, or produce your misery?

And they say to him, Inasmuch as you have consented to the thing that produces all this, so is the guilt of it laid at your door.

I think that would make joy and gladness in that household, would it not?

But where is the man that could say it were unjustly done? Who could find fault with the eternal equity of it? Because of the consent of just men this thing endures. Upon their heads then falls the blood that is shed for it. Feasting! Why, surely. Bring to the tables of the fortunate the numbers of women of the street that were buried last year in the potter's field, and an account of the six persons that in the city of New York starved to death

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in the midst of plenty, and the statistics of increasing tuberculosis and pauperism and insanity, and see what a merry feast they shall make in the face of it all! Let us give thanks, said the president and the governor in their proclamations. Surely. But let us give thanks first of all for every sign, however slight, that "this daily system of hell in the midst of the most enlightened people of the earth" is coming to its end. Long enough it has darkened the world with its shadow. Let us give thanks that it is beginning to collapse.

But for that just man that we imagined at the beginning sitting upon the thrift of this misery and consenting to it, upon what terms must he be with himself, if ever he endures so much as one moment of reflection?



## THE MONUMENT OF FAILURE

The Interstate Commerce Commission has now been in existence twenty-four years, nine months and sixteen days.

In that time it has afforded to the world its most conspicuous example of how not to do anything.

It was created to solve the growing problems of unjust rates, extortions, rebates, discriminations, swindles, frauds, grand and petty larceny, stealing from the person, larceny as bailee, breaking and entering, highway robbery and other diversions that distinguish the American railroad system.

It has never solved any of these problems nor any other except the problem of existence for some poor but deserving politicians.

After sixteen years of the most comical exhibition of futility ever seen in an articulated government, its failure was explicitly acknowledged in what was termed the Elkins act, which was designed to remedy the defects of the Interstate Commerce act.

After three more years the failure of the Interstate Commerce act plus the Elkins act was so notorious that the two were supplemented with the Hepburn act.

After three more years, the failure of the Interstate Commerce act plus the Elkins act plus the Hepburn act was so notorious that the three were supplemented with the Taft railroad act, creating the justly celebrated Court of Commerce.

After two more years the failure of the Interstate Commerce act plus the Elkins act plus the Hepburn act plus the Taft act is so notorious that at the coming session of Congress a determined effort will be made to rid the statute books of the whole accumulation of rubbish and start over again.

In all these twenty-four years the railroads have never ceased to practice the rebates, swindles, frauds, grand and petty larcenies as before, nor has one essential feature of the railroad problem undergone the slightest change because of the existence of this amusing and fatuous old body.

I cite these facts, which are perfectly familiar to every person that has ever paid the least attention to the subject, because there has lately issued from the latitude of Lobster Bay a fantastic roar on the subject of "controlling" the corporations and Crazy Horse, the famous wild man, running out of his cave and gnashing his teeth, says that the way to "control" is to have in charge of the corporations "a body similar to the Interstate Commerce Commission."

After this it would be interesting to know just what suggestions on the subject would emanate from a collection of gibbering idiots in the incurable ward.



## THE UNIVERSITY OF FLABBILAND

The United States of America faces today the gravest economic problems it has ever known. So much is, I believe, admitted even by Cave Dwellers—or at least by Cave Dwellers in whom the thinking faculty is not wholly atrophied.

No need to spend much time in reciting

these problems. The continued increase in the cost of living, the troubles caused by a controlled and manipulated money supply, the perilous line of credits that the banks are carrying, the small percentage of cash on hand to total deposits, the long lines of speculative loans, the universal complaint of stagnation in business, the steady increase in the number of the unemployed, the appalling absorption of the country's wealth by a few men, the still more appalling development of power by these men, the decline of the economic condition of the majority of the population together make a situation that imperatively demands a remedy.

We have in the United States of America 157 universities and colleges, the most of which are of great fame as centers of learning and wisdom.

From time to time some of us are moved to remark that so far as any need of the nation is concerned these institutions are a gigantic failure.

Instantly up leap a horde of perfervid gentlemen who yell, "Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah, Mich-ee-gan! 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! Mich-ee-gan! You're a liar!"

To these warm and dear old friends of mine I should like to present the simple little fact that in this national crisis not one graduate of nor one professor in one American university or college has made one rational suggestion as one remedy for one of these evils—outside of the membership of the Socialist party.

I should then like earnestly to beg of them to leave for a moment the subject of the football championship and tell me just how they adjust this most singular fact with their firm belief that the American university is not a national failure.

I offer them the columns of the COMING NATION for any explanation that may occur to them. I not only give them opportunity, I beg of them to use it. More than that, I will reward them richly. To any university champion that will successfully defend the proposition that the American university is not a national failure, the COMING NATION will be sent free of charge for one year. I make this offer not only to encourage the 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! boys to feats of English composition, but in the interests of education. Who will be the first to win this splendid prize?

\* \* \*

The two most conspicuous "leaders" of the American people, I am told, are Crazy Horse for one of the old parties and William J., the Hot Air Specialist, for the other.

Both have tackled these problems, more or less.

Crazy Horse thinks that the solution is to "control" the corporations through an Interstate Commerce Commission.

The Hot Air Specialist says that the thing to do is to return to competition.

Both of these eminent thinkers are university men. The best they can do is a couple of suggestions utterly superficial, childish and silly.

Is it any wonder that American economics fill the economists of the old world with inextinguishable laughter?

Somebody ought to write a chapter on American university economics. It would be an excellent paraphrase of the historic chapter on "Snakes in Iceland."

CHAPTER XXVII.  
ECONOMICS IN AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES.  
There are no economics in American universities.



## A LULU BIRD ON HIS TRAVELS

The national aviary, it is well known, contains many strange birds, but to my notion nothing stranger, nor in its way, more beautiful than the great American moa.

This curious beast, long extinct in other climes, goes about its own country with its head so high in the air that it can see nothing on the ground, but it has the peculiarity of trying to observe much when it goes abroad, mostly of things that are not so.

The grandest specimen that I have seen for

many years is United States Senator Nixon of Nevada.

This fine moa, fully grown, has lately been in Europe, and on his return he gave to the *Reno Gazette*, a newspaper published in his own state, an entrancing example of the moa bird's song.

"I wish that every American could go abroad," runs this delectable ditty. "I wish he could travel through the countries of Europe and note the conditions there, the squalor and misery, the pinched face of suffering, the lack of incentive, the discontent. I think it would be a liberal education, not only in the way it is generally intended to be, but also in that it would bring about a deeper reverence for this country of ours, a richer continent.

"You can see more squalor in a short walk in Paris or London than you can find in the whole United States. In the science of government and in all the paths of industry our country stands alone."

Loud applause must certainly have greeted this moving utterance. It is the moa bird's highest flight of song.

The idea that you can see more squalor in a short walk in Paris or London than you can see in Pittsburg, Paterson, Lowell, Fall River, the East Side of New York, the West Side of Chicago, the poorer quarters of Washington, or the negro quarters of any southern city would be the most preposterous nonsense ever uttered if you encountered it anywhere except in a song of the moa bird. For these remarkable creatures we must claim the indulgence due to ophthalmic defects that are congenital and incurable. They see everything upside down. Moreover their contributions, as doubtless you understand, are not taken seriously except in a scientific way by investigators that happen to be making a study of guff.

It has never been definitely determined whether the moa bird is capable of being taught. The best authorities are inclined to think that it is not. But if this unusually fine specimen is docile I should like to take it on a little excursion among the iron workers' homes, or through Essex, Eldridge, Allen and Stanton streets in New York, or in regions I know in Chicago, and then if he or anybody else can show me anything worse in any continental city, I will buy the champion moa a bright new cage.

We have in the United States 10,000,000 negroes of whom almost one-half are illiterate. We have about 25,000,000 wage workers whose average earnings are less than \$400 a year. We have a condition under which more than 85 per cent of the population is either poor or very poor, and sufficiency, prosperity and opportunity are restricted to less than 15 per cent. And the grand old moa bird, having been approached by a beggar in London, flaps his rudimentary wings, shakes up his rudimentary brains, and warbles forth a pean of thanksgiving that we have no poverty in America.

Can you beat it?



But what is really needed in this country is not an investigation of Senator Stephenson. It is a careful, deliberate, searching inquiry to determine whether the name of the President of the United States is William H. or Charles P. Taft.

\* \* \*

The wife of the present governor of the State of New York refuses to ride anywhere in an automobile that does not carry what is known as the governor's flag. For pure, simple, grand old democracy apply always to the American woman.

\* \* \*

Every normal man is a Socialist at heart. He may not be aware of it at present, but the fact can always be brought to his attention if you go at it right.

Now, now!—Don't say anything to me about Crazy Horse, or Bill the Balloon. I said normal man.



# The Renters' Rebellion

By Nat L. Hardy

**R**EBELLION has again broken out in the South. This time it is the tenant farmers that have issued a declaration of revolt. The weapons to be used in the great fight now beginning are united industrial and political action.

With the breaking up of the great plantations at the close of the war between the states there came into existence a system of tenant farming which has grown until today it is the predominating factor in Southern agriculture.

It began, and continued for many years on a basis of rents which gave the landlord one-third of all grain crops and one-fourth of the cotton; the tenant to be furnished a garden, pasture and fuel free in addition to the house, barn and well on each tenant place.

There was little change in this until the past ten years during which time things have changed very fast to the detriment of the renter. With the increase in the price of land the land owner began to search for means by which he could get a greater return from his places and receive what was usually termed a reasonable rate of interest on his investment. Thus land that paid a dividend of ten per cent when valued at \$40 per acre paid only two and one-half per cent when the price advanced to \$100 per acre. In the black land belt of Texas, land is now valued at from \$80 to \$200 per acre.

The first encroachments on the rights of the tenant was to deprive him of free fuel, pasture and gardens. While in many parts the renter still gets the advantage of one of these and in a few places of all three, the average renter gets neither.

The improvements on the tenant farms were mostly built years ago and built as cheaply as possible; today they are not fit habitations for swine. Most of the houses, to use a common expression, have "holes in them that you could pitch a dog through." They were never constructed with any design for beauty or comfort and today they are the incarnation of ugliness and misery.

A typical family consisting of the parents, four grown daughters, a grown son and some smaller children are living in a four-room house in which many of the window glasses are out, part of the weather-boarding is off, grass growing up through the cracks in the floor of the porch and the whole affair having the appearance of dilapidation. These young ladies liked beautiful things. They tried to keep a neat, orderly house. They had real artistic taste, but were stifled by continuous hard work and the impossibility to keep things neat in such cramped and uninviting quarters and more than likely they will be slatterns before they reach middle age. That is the way many others have gone. I have heard women discuss this and they say that they get to where they do not care after battling for years to keep things neat in a crowded shack.

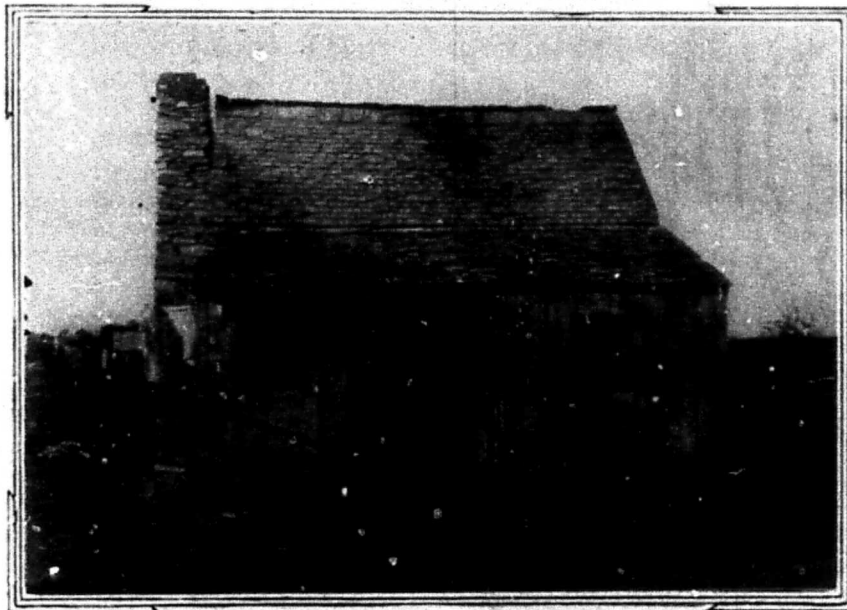
On going to a renter's house after night, when I stepped upon the porch I was tripped, and almost fell, by the loose boards. The house consisted of three small rooms in which the household effects had to be literally stacked upon one another. The housekeeper in this home was an old woman. She had reared a large family. She had worked like a man in the field; being a widow she had the responsibility of managing the affairs. Now that she had given to the state a number of good citizens in her sons she was forced to live in this dog kennel. Used to a life of toil and never having acquired a taste for reading, what work she had to do was not unwelcome, but it is impossible to give even a faint impression of how this grand old lady longed for a respectable abode.

Through lack of barns and sheds the waste in feed stuff, machinery and stock on the Southern farms is as great in two years as from actual wear and tear, and consumption in one year.

In 1897, when the price of cotton became so low, there was an effort made to introduce a system of cash rents; and since that time a large part of the black land country, which is the largest and richest farming section in Texas, grain land is cash rent

only. The rent is from \$5.50 to \$10 per acre on such land at present.

In 1905 many landlords that had superior improvements began demanding one-third of all crops. Today much land is rented on these terms. In Bell county, Texas, there is one farm of three thousand acres that is rented for next year for one-third of all crops and another farm of one thousand acres adjoining the town of Rogers, Bell county, which is without improvements that is rented at one-third all around. These tenants are paying \$6

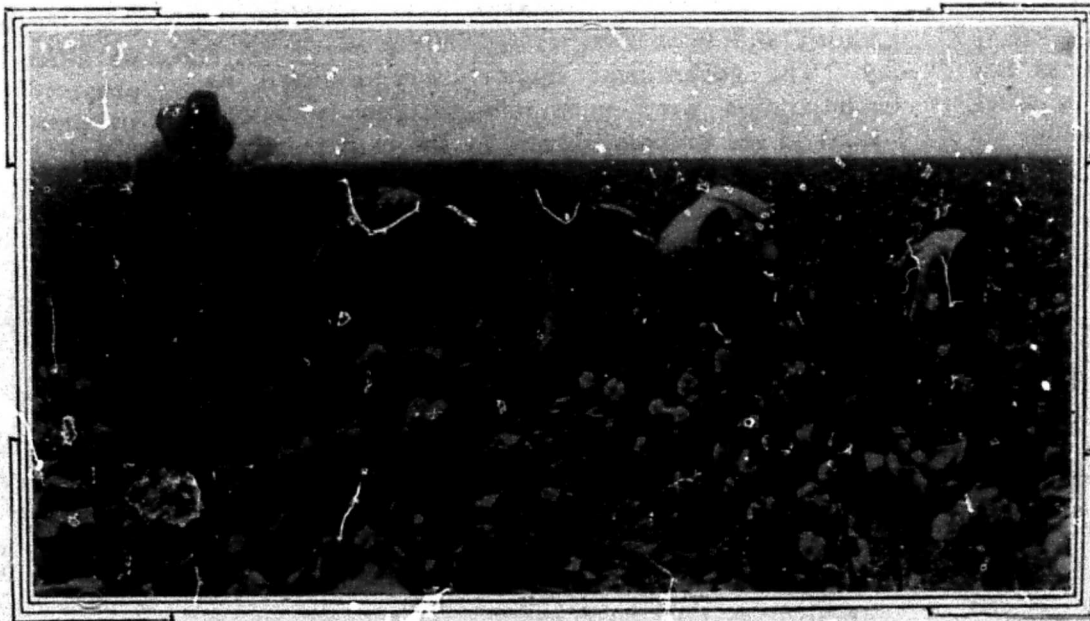


A renter's shack

per month house rent in town and working this land.

In Williamson county, in Bell county, Milam county, Collin county and twenty or thirty other counties hundreds are paying one-third and many one-half of all crops and furnishing their own teams, seed and tools. Even some are paying one-half and \$1 per acre cash bonus.

The cash bonus was unheard of until the last three or four years. It came into existence in this way: renters became more numerous than farms and a tenant who had been unable to secure a place would go to one that had and offer him from \$1 to \$3 per acre to give his place up to him. This



Cotton pickers at work

gave the landlord an idea and today they are demanding this bonus cash in advance for nearly all of the desirable places in at least seventy-five counties.

The bonus is what stirred the long downtrodden renter into action. At first there were spontaneous organizations that bordered on to Nightriderism and Whitecapping. In Bell county a farm of twenty-eight hundred acres with twenty-eight renters came near being the scene of serious trouble. A renter gave another \$200 for his place. The landlord at once demanded \$200 each from his twenty-seven other tenants. An organization was formed and just what they did or proposed to do could never be found out, but it was finally broken up without accomplishing its purpose. Questioning one whom I supposed to be a member (the organization was a

secret one). I asked if they threatened violence and was promptly answered no; but after many other questions he admitted that they notified the landlord that they would horse-whip him if he persisted in his demand for the bonus.

Several local unions were formed in various counties and in July, 1911, *The Rebel*, a Socialist paper, edited by T. A. Hickey, and published at Hallettsville, Texas, issued a call to action to the tenants of Texas, which was met with a hearty response. Lorena, Falls county, was the first to organize and their secretary, Mr. A. G. Maxey, was elected temporary state secretary.

This local issued a call for a state convention to be held in Waco, Texas, November 4th. Eighteen counties were represented by delegates bearing credentials from local unions, some having as high as 163 members. About forty other counties were represented by tenants that have as yet formed no organization, but are waiting for a permanent state union to be established.

The members of this convention were mostly crude, uncultured farmers, who had difficulty in expressing their thoughts and knew little of parliamentary procedure, but showed that they were in accord with the latest principles of democracy and were determined to give all a fair showing in getting their organization started right.

Resolutions, preamble to constitution and declaration of principles were adopted and the details of the constitution were left to a committee and are to be submitted to a referendum vote of the membership when finished. Permanent officers are to be elected by referendum after the constitution is adopted.

It was the first farmers' convention ever held where actual farmers attended to the business in hand and legislated in their own behalf.

Many of the most active delegates were Socialists and the spirit of revolt against the entire capitalist system was strong. The meeting cheered loudly the statement of one of the speakers that the United States would go Socialist in 1916.

The unanimous declaration of the convention for the abolition of the renting system and a confiscatory tax on land values were the most revolutionary features of the meeting. The resolution on ways and means provides for political action and demands opposition to all parties and candidates not favoring their demands.

The spirit of all the speeches was, that now they have started, they do not propose to stop until the last landlord is put off the backs of the farmers.

The capitalist daily press gave the meeting much space in their pages and featured the activity of the Socialists. This was probably done to scare the people away from the union. But this will be or no avail as the necessity of the union is so apparent to the farmers and the justness of their demands is admitted by so many, that this effort of the capitalist press only drives more and more into the Socialist party.

Many blame the tenants altogether for their condition and some of those speaking before the convention stated that the cause of the increased rents was tenants who were satisfied with little and who did not work, and care for their places. The conflicting interests of the landlord and tenants breeds an enmity which causes many tenants to do nothing to keep

the improvements in repair, and in some cases to deliberately destroy them, and the landlord to fail to make good his contract to keep the premises in good shape.

It is an evident fact that the unorganized condition of the renters and their bidding against one another for places has been the main cause of the spread of the bonus system. Some are very bitter in their condemnation of the renters that have done this. A conversation overhead in a country store explains the situation. The first renter to pay a bonus there had been without a place for one year and was unable to secure one for the next. He went and gave a renter \$200 for his place, the result was that a number of others had to pay this amount to the landlord which caused much bitter feeling. Another renter said to the men who were cursing



him: "Jest put yersel' in his place. Live around a little old town all the year with nothin' to do except a little job here and there. A family dependin' on him fer support; fer a roof to go over their heds and what 'ud you do?" He added: "All the renters jest goin' hedlong competin' with eech 'uther a man has got to do the best he can. He ain't no scab unless they wuz all tryin' to stick together." They had no answer to this.

The individualistic life of the farmer gives those who are not students of social science an individualistic ideal. It is not likely that the Renter's Union will ever make a beginning in re-establishing the third and fourth system of renting, much less the individual ownership of the land. But it is certain that their attempt to organize along class lines will be a long step toward the establishment of a system that will give the producer the full product of his labor and society the greatest possible yield on the land used.

From a draft of the constitution it is shown that



Where the little slaves are relieved of their load

the tenants intend to restrict the membership as closely as possible to those exploited through the private ownership of land. Of course the greatest robbery of the farmer comes through the control of the markets by the big capitalists; but all farmers are exploited in this way and due to class divisions among themselves all organizations for the purpose of controlling markets have been practical failures. Political action is the only effective weapon that the farmer can now use to remedy this condition. The class struggle in agriculture is a very complicated condition and difficult to handle.

The present tenant system is satisfactory to no one. It is now on the verge of dissolution. It is unsatisfactory to the landlord because it does not pay as high dividends as money invested in other things. The land is concentrating in the hands of fewer men every year and is being cultivated by hired labor to great extent.

In Bell county I saw sixteen hundred acres in one field, with fourteen cultivators plowing row to row and thirty-six negro cotton choppers working in one squad. This labor was paid \$1 in the winter months and \$1.25 in the summer months per day. The white plow hands were employed the year around and the negroes hoed about two months in the spring and picked cotton about three months in the fall. This took a number of the best families out of the community and was detrimental to the school and church, their only social centers. The neighbors heap curses on Sweeny and Sweeny buys a new place each year. Every landlord in ten miles of this place tells his renters when they protest against each new rise in the rent that they can move if they want to and he will hire it worked like Sweeny does. They say, and it is true, that Sweeny is making more money than any of them.

Sweenies are becoming quite common and more and more men are unable to rent places every year.

There is also a tendency to supplant white tenants with Mexican and negro families. They are more ignorant and submissive. Their standard of living is lower; and that is saying a good deal. Every year one finds more whites that are willing to go without "Sunday clothes" and live without grumbling on a diet of bread, beans, bacon, coffee and molasses.

The present tenant system is becoming unbearable to the tenant because he and all his family must work as hard as the mule that he drives and have very little more chance to enjoy intellectual and spiritual life. His yearly income will range from \$200 to \$500 per year for an average family of six or eight. With necessities at their present

prices it is evident that they enjoy no luxuries. They cannot make a single improvement to their premises to suit their taste; they are bound by contracts and mortgages to their landlords and the merchants until they have very little personal liberty. They are forced to buy on credit and pay ten per cent on all accounts, even though it be for a few months only.

It takes about \$400 worth of implements for the average farmer which will wear out every six years. From \$400 to \$800 worth of teams are required which must be replaced every ten or twelve years.

A positive proof of the lowering of the standard of living that is going on is the increasing amount of debts unpaid each fall. The renter cannot live on his income.

He is isolated and has no social life to speak of. His political liberty is being taken away from him. Many have been unable to get places because of their socialistic activity and hundreds are afraid to subscribe for a Socialist paper or attend a Socialist meeting. To show the extent that some landlords have gone; it was brought out in the investigation of the recent statewide prohibition election, by the Texas legislature, that a number of renters in Caldwell county, in order to get places, had been forced to sign a contract that they would not take a drink of intoxicating liquor during the year.

In most cases they are required to take more land than they can properly cultivate and plant nine-tenths of it to cotton. This overcropping and single cropping is wearing out the land and giving unsatisfactory yields. Land formerly valued at \$40 per acre and yielding from one-half to a bale of cotton per acre now produces only from one-fourth to one-half a bale per acre and is held at \$125 per acre.

Government demonstration farms have proven that with proper cultivation this land will produce from a bale and one-half to two bales per acre. The present tenant system makes it impossible for the scientific methods to come into general use.

Mr. B. M. Anderson, who has charge of the government experiment work in McClennan county, addressed the convention and said: "The question of landlord and tenant comes up in my work every day. The government cannot carry forward its demonstration work until this question is settled. I want to see the land owned by the man that does the work, so he may educate his children to good citizenship."

These changes in the economic life have brought with them great changes in the social life of the farmers. Formerly nearly all the landowners lived on their farms, they had little social advantages of their tenants, their children worked in the fields and attended the country schools and all mixed and mingled together. Today a large per cent of the landlords live in towns; they are bankers, merchants, doctors, lawyers, politicians and gentlemen of leisure. Those that remain on the farm have been put in close touch with city society by good roads, automobiles, telephones and other modern conveniences; they have built costly country homes and the "low common renter" is no longer welcome. A few months ago while driving along a country road in a buggy with a tenant farmer we were overtaken by a heavy rainstorm while near a fourteen-room country mansion. Proposing that we seek shelter the farmer answered that we would probably be met at the door by a colored servant and ordered to get off the place. This particular family he said had to go to a large city to get furniture expensive enough for them. We took the rain rather than even ask for shelter in their barn. The renter resents this expression of social caste more than he does the economic oppression. He, too, is proud and thinks himself the social equal of any man.

One of the main advantages of the Renters' Union will be the promotion of social features for the renters and self-education. Nothing will give the working class more encouragement in fighting their battles than the development of a society of their own, founded upon the class divisions. Pride is

necessary, but it must be proletarian and not bourgeois pride.

The growth of expensive farming on a factory basis, which has a good beginning in the Taft ranch and a few other farms of similar nature, will clarify the class struggles on the farm and allow a real revolutionary organization of the rural worker. It will also impress the advantages of co-operative farming upon him and hasten social evolution in agriculture.

While what has been accomplished toward organization the tenant farmer may not satisfy the ultra-revolutionist, all must admit they have made a remarkable good beginning. And when one considers that the membership of the Socialist party in Texas has grown from two thousand in August this year to thirty-seven hundred at present and that nine-tenths of these are farmers it is evident that the man with the hoe will be an important factor in accomplishing the Social Revolution.

## A New Political Party

BY MAURICE KORSHET.

At a recent convention of financiers and trust magnates held in J. P. Morgan's Banking House, a new, non-partisan, political party was organized known as the National Party of Busted Millionaires.

Scenes of wild enthusiasm marked this epoch-making event. Rocketeer was greeted with a storm of applause. Morgan was cheered for one hour and forty minutes. He would have been cheered longer but the automatic cheering machine broke down.

The following ticket was unanimously nominated: President, J. P. Morgan; Vice President, J. P. Morgan. A few nominations for minor offices were given to some insignificant millionaires.

A terse and characteristic platform was adopted. One facetious member suggested that the proper platform for them to stand on would be the multiplication table, but he was ruled out of order. The platform reads as follows:

"We, the maligned, persecuted and down-trodden millionaires of America hereby reaffirm our allegiance to our property rights as guaranteed us by the Constitution. We deplore the spirit of unrest and distrust which is sweeping over the land. We request the people to put their trust in us; our little trust will do the rest."

At this point in the reading, an excited Kansas delegate jumped up and made a violent attack upon the Supreme Court. He was speedily suppressed.

"Our first and last demand is a highly elastic currency. Money with us is a necessity; with the people it is a luxury. Therefore, the vexatious question of money should be left entirely in our hands as we are best fitted to handle it. We need money in our business while the people would simply use it for the vulgar purpose of feeding and dressing themselves."

"Our party, being non-partisan, was organized after election for the obvious reason that it makes no difference to us which political party wins. Our property and profits will continue to be protected. In short, our aim is propagandist rather than political."

On adjournment, the members departed in the Corsair for Monte Carlo.

## The Hammerman

BY HENRY MILLER.

*I swing the sledge on the glowing bars,  
Till I'm drenched in the golden rain;  
While the whirr of the wheels, and screech of the  
files,*

*Bite into my weary brain.  
And I hammer my heart on the anvil,  
All through the livelong day,  
The heart that aches for the long white road  
That winds o'er the hills away.*

*I swing the sledge on the glowing bars,  
While I tread the road in a dream;  
The roar of the forge is the wind on the heath,  
Its light is the sun's red gleam.  
When the pallid arc light floods the shop  
With its strange and ghastly glow,  
Then I walk the fields all silver'd  
By the big moon sailing low.*

*The glowing bars are my prison bars,  
But I hammer the bars in vain,  
With a breaking heart; when the long road calls  
I never can tramp again.  
For Fate set a trap with laughing eyes  
And the wild bird "settled down";  
The shattered bark does the same I'm told,  
When the shrieking sailors drown.*



# The Agricultural Revolution

**M**ORE power is used in turning over the soil each year than in all the factories of all the world. This uprooting of the sod, this loosening of the soil in preparation for the crop is the greatest task man has to accomplish, and, up to the present time it is the task which has been performed in the crudest manner.

It is invidious to draw comparisons, and the statement is trite that where all things are necessary no thing is more necessary than another, nevertheless, in all save a few localities, without this work of stirring the soil there would be no other processes to perform, no peoples to perform them.

To a great extent the measure of a society's affairs is the way in which it prepares the soil for cropping. We speak of the stone, the bronze and the steel age, and think of these, in later days at least, principally as applied to factory industry, yet when the soil is not stirred at all, when the only "tool" is the stone, or wooden war or hunting club, we have savagery. When a sharp stick is pulled through the soil with some semblance of regularity mankind steps upward into feudalism and fixed institutions.

Finally, capitalism is, more largely than we who have studied mainly in the field of factory industry are prone to recognize, based upon the fact that the turning of the soil preparatory to cropping has been so crudely done.

Thorstein Veblen has emphasized and analyzed further than anyone else the importance of what he calls the "machine process" as influencing social movements. He shows that only when a body of people become subject to the leveling, exploiting influences of machinery as applied to large numbers of persons, do we have that revolt of a class upon which Socialism is based.

Hitherto the machine process has not been applied directly to agriculture. Indirectly the railroad and the factory have brought the pressure of that process to bear upon the farmer. The machinery trust has reached him through certain processes on the farm. But it has been significant that these processes in which machinery is widely used, do not include the basic one of stirring the soil. This is still done by animal power. We hitch steam, the waterfall, the explosive power of gas or gasoline and the force of electricity to the task of transportation and the further manipulation of the raw materials from the farm, but we leave the uplifting of millions of tons of earth each year to be accomplished by forces which were discarded centuries ago in other fields of industry. According to a census bulletin just issued there are twenty-four million draft animals, exclusive of oxen, in the United States. Of these, twenty million are horses and mules over two years of age. This is the power with which the land has hitherto been prepared.

It has been carefully calculated that five acres of land are required to raise the feed necessary for a horse every year. In other words, one hundred million acres of land in this country are devoted to the raising of hay, oats, corn and other feed for horses.

This was not so important a thing in the days of free land, but today, when the price of land has more than doubled in ten years, when at every point population is pressing into new fields of free land, this becomes of great importance. The support of horses requires an acre of land for every man, woman

By A. M. Simons



*By Horse and Man Power*

and child in this country and those who know anything of the new intensive farming know that this is land enough to feed all the people in this nation today. In the evolution of agriculture a stage has been reached where the very existence of the race depends upon some method being found by which power can be applied to this greatest of human tasks. Intensive farming affords no relief. Intensive farming, on a large scale, simply means more horses. More horses means land wasted in raising feed for horses, an endless circle from which there is no escape.

Yet until the prairies of Western America were open to cultivation the progress of man in this field was less than in almost any other that could be named. The plow of 1830 was but little different from those shown on the Egyptian monuments. To be sure, both in England and the United States



*Modern engine drawing five harvesters*

men were working on improvements. Thomas Jefferson and Daniel Webster each entered this field of invention, yet it was not until the Civil War drew away great masses of men from the north that any important improvement was made in the plow. That war was won in no large degree by the improved agricultural machinery that sprang from the minds of inventors to take the place of the men fighting in the south.

Capitalism is the only system of society that can profit by the murderous trade of war. The fact that each worker can produce more than is needed to feed himself creates a condition where the only limit to profitable production by machinery is found in the market for the product.

The northern army formed the "foreign market" for the product. The inventive worker of the north created mechanical slaves to till the fields under the direction of the women, the children, the aged, and the crippled that were left behind so that profits

did not cease while war went on. Then, for a half century, improvement was slow, consisting almost entirely in the hooking together of two or more plows and mounting them on wheels to make the sulky gang plow.

When in 1900 free land disappeared the United States had ceased to be a great exporter of agricultural products and land values went mounting skyward at a rate never before dreamed possible. When these phenomena were accompanied by an overproduction of capital in industry that must seek new investment it was inevitable that the inventive genius that had revolutionized the factory should enter the field of agriculture.

Then came the farm tractor—the steam, or explosive engine. Practically non-existent six years ago, a trade journal now reports that seven thousand of these tractors, suitable for plowing and general work on the farm, were sold last season.

The illustrations accompanying this article will show the divers characters of these machines and the multitude of tasks that they accomplish, and should set forever at rest the question of their practicability. Carefully collected statistics show that, tried by the only test that present society cares for, that of cheapness, the mechanical horse is bound to displace his flesh and blood competitor. He will do this, not alone in plowing. The harvesting of grain, the picking of cotton, the hauling of crops to market and a hundred and one other tasks hitherto done by man or animal power will, in the near future, be performed by great creatures of iron or steel drawing their energy from the stored-up heat units in coal or kerosene or gasoline.

Until the motor could conquer this fundamental task of plowing there was little hope for introducing factory methods in other forms of farming industry. Now that plowing is done by machinery the other tasks are falling swiftly into line.

This invasion of the other fields of farming by machinery is bringing with it a secondary revolution in methods. When the tractor first came to the farm, the plow, binder, seeder or other farm tool that had been drawn by horses was simply hitched on to the mechanical steed. Instead of hitching on one plow they hitched on ten, but it was the same kind of a plow; instead of hitching on one binder, they hitched on a half a dozen, but it was the same old binder.

Those familiar with the introduction of the factory system into industry will remember that the same stage was passed through there. We have already entered upon another stage—that of the combination of tools. Already manufacturers are preparing to combine plows, seeders and harrows.

The fact that the instruments for planting the new crop have already been hitched behind the self-binder foretells the swift coming of combined machinery that will embrace the features of the great harvester, now used in some portions of the west, that threshes the grain as it moves along, and to which will be attached the instruments for the plowing, cultivation and seeding for the new crop. Of course, this can be done only with very few crops. In fact, it is probable that it will be practicable only with the one great food furnishing crop of winter wheat.

However, there is no reason why the plowing should not be done in connection with harvesting of any grain crop.

What will be the social effects of this great me-

*Double Discing 4,480 acres*

*Pulling flax to market*

*Drilling 100 acres per day*



chanical change? We know what happened when steam was attached to the spindle and the shuttle. We know what happened when the engine entered the field of transportation. What then will be the effect when it comes to this greatest of industries.

We may be sure the revolution that will be produced will be commensurate with the fundamental character of the industry. The change will be a much greater as the field of plowing and harvesting is greater than that of manufacturing and transportation. The amount of capital required for profitable farming will be vastly increased. This will be due not alone to the expensiveness of the machinery but to the extreme rise in the price of the land that is always limited in quantity. Farming will become an engineering problem. Already there is a demand that the agricultural department shall establish "A great national bureau in the department of agriculture to bring the engineering problems of the farmers to a focus, where they may be solved by the men best qualified."

The productivity of the soil per acre will be vastly increased. The productivity per individual worker will be increased even more. We will have an intensive cultivation of the soil on an extensive scale.

In his speech before the National Conservation Congress President Taft said:

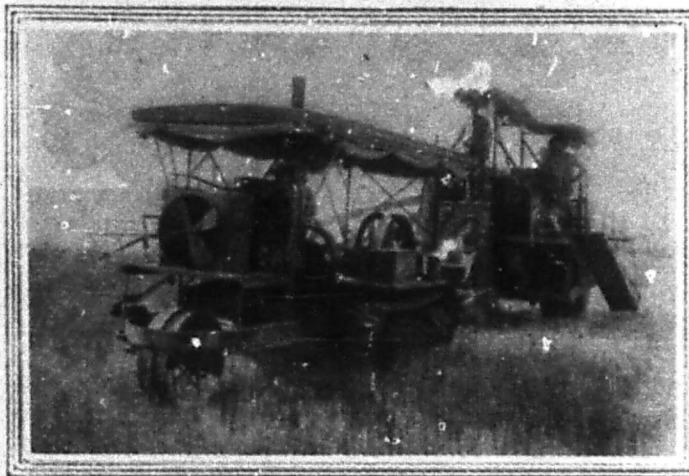
Mr. Holmes, of the Department of Agriculture, in the Yearbook of that department for 1899, points out that between the years 1855 and 1894 the time of human labor required to produce 1 bushel of corn on an average declined from 4 hours and 34 minutes to 41 minutes, and the cost of the human labor required to produce this bushel declined from 35 3-4 cents to 10 1-2 cents. Between 1830 and 1896 the time of human labor required for the production of a bushel of wheat was reduced from 3 hours to 10 minutes, while the price of the labor required for this purpose declined from 17 3-4 cents to 3 1-3 cents. Between 1860 and 1894 the time of human labor required for the production of a ton of hay was reduced from 35 1-2 hours to 11 hours and 34 minutes, and the cost of labor per ton was reduced from \$3.06 to \$1.29.

But a fraction of this increased value was reaped by the farmer, the rest was seized by the flock of parasites that feed upon him.

The introduction of vastly greater economies that will accompany the application of power will bring still less benefit to the worker. The manufacturer of one of the great combined harvesters operated

by an explosive engine boasts that they will "Put the hobo and the horse out of business." They explain that by this they mean that so little labor will be required upon the farm that it will no longer furnish employment to the wandering workers.

The majority of farmers, unable to secure the broad stretches of land necessary to the economical use of those improved machines, will suffer the fate already endured by the handicraftsman in the field of industry and the stage driver in the field of transportation. They will be driven to little patches of land that they will cultivate with the fierce intensiveness of the Hindu and the Chinaman. These little patches will not bring "Three acres and liberty," but three acres and slavery, the only difference being that the master that drives is



Engine tractor and side-hill harvester

hunger and the bonds that bind unite to the soil instead of to the employer.

As power comes into agriculture the condition of the small cultivator will grow worse and worse, because he will be brought into competition not simply with other fiercely competing little farmers, as is the Oriental farmer of today, but in addition will be compelled to match his strength with that of the mammoth steel and iron contrivances that do the work of a hundred men. It is this process that is going to "Take the little farmer's home away from him." No Socialist will have a chance to do this, and no Socialist wants to do it.

The children of the farmers of previous generations followed the factory to the city. The children of the present farmer will find the factory methods

of production coming to the farm to drive them off the earth.

Against this process there is but one effective method of resistance. If the workers of the farms and factories will take possession of the government—national, state and local—then they can stay upon the farm or in the factory and enjoy their own product. If these machines are socially owned, if the land on which they run belong to the people, if they are directed by experts employed by the people, manufactured in factories belonging to all the workers, and the product of their tremendous energy goes to all the people, then they will come with a message of relief from toil instead of profits for the plunderer—of Socialism instead of capitalism.

### About How Long?

BY ELLIS O. JONES.

In view of the agitation and growing antipathy against get-rich-quick concerns, why doesn't some social researcher set about determining the exact time which should be consumed in this universal ambition?

It would not, of course, be a simple task. No general rule, such as, "all men should be rich by forty," would apply. Some men should "get rich quicker" than others. Accordingly, an exhaustive table would have to be compiled in census form, stating the requirements for each individual, or at least for each class or group of individuals. Some of us should "strike oil." Some of us should be born rich. Some of us should have riches thrust upon us. Some of us perhaps should prolong our affluent period, even unto the third and fourth generation.

There must be someone in the community, however, who is competent, both morally and statistically, to undertake this task and go through with it. Undeniably we have all become so moral and unselfish as to recognize getting-rich-quick as a Satan to be sternly put behind us, but how long is quick? And is quick for the goose, quick for the gander?

While our investigators are at it, they should determine the corollary also; how long should we take to get poor. We used to say, "three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves," but that is not heard much nowadays. We might even discover that getting poor "quick" is more reprehensible, more greatly to be deplored (and muck-raked) than getting rich quick.



Battery of gas engines double-discing an enormous acreage



# Co-operative Farms of Sicily

HOW THE ADVANTAGES OF CO-OPERATIVE FARMING ARE BEING UTILIZED

III.

In the preceding article Odon Por described how the co-operative of Trapani in Sicily was founded and described its method of organization.

The co-operative was established in 1902 on a small scale, and has grown until it now cultivates over twelve thousand acres and has taken up a large number of functions for its members.

**T**HESE successes encouraged the peasants to spend more on improvements. This is shown especially in an increased use of chemical fertilizers, for which they spent over nine thousand dollars in 1910.

Here the co-operative furnished especially valuable assistance. It bought the raw materials at wholesale prices and combined them to meet the special needs of the crops and the soil, thus there was an important gain both in prices and character of material. Meantime, the co-operative furnished technical instruction from experts, which brought about a much more intensive cultivation, with proportionately increased returns.

The result of all these things is shown very strikingly in a table which was prepared by the co-operative and published in a parliamentary report, in which it is shown that the value of the products has increased under the co-operative regime during the last six years by over three hundred and fifty thousand dollars as compared with the value of products during a similar period under the old system.

## Storage and Banking

The work of the co-operative, however, does not end when the crop has been raised. It furnishes facilities for the storage of the wheat, and on this crop the banks advance four-fifths of its value. This meets the immediate needs of the farmers, and this to a far greater degree than was ever possible for the individual farmer to have obtained credit.

The best wheat from the entire crop is then selected as seed. This assures each member a far higher grade than would be possible under individual cultivation.

This process of selection has already raised the grade of all the wheat raised by the co-operative until it brings a higher price and a readier sale in the market than the ordinary wheat. The wheat which is produced in this locality is a special hard variety used for macaroni manufacture.

The ability to store and wait a favorable market relieves the farmer of the necessity of selling immediately after harvest when prices can be forced down by speculators.

The co-operative is now preparing to introduce collective insurance against fire, hail and accidents.

## Admission Easy for All

That admission to the society may be as easy as possible the shares are sold for five dollars each, and may be paid for in installments. At the present time these shares are valued at a little over six dollars, this increase coming from the reserve fund now amounting to over eight thousand dollars. This reserve fund is for the purpose of meeting possible losses, and also to be used for extending the work of the society.

Fifty per cent of the profits go to the shareholders, but these profits are limited to five per cent or twenty-five cents per share. A member owning the maximum of twenty shares allowed to any person cannot receive more than five dollars per year.

As a matter of fact, these dividends are always left with the co-operative, where they become a part of the reserve fund.

Ten per cent of the profits are given as a premium for the best cultivated field, and as an addition to the wages of those who work in cases of emergency for some of the members. The remainder is devoted to educational purposes. Another ten per cent is distributed among the members.

One of the most important rules of the co-opera-

## BY ODON POR

tive is that the products of the fields, even though cultivated by individual members, belong to the co-operative until the member has paid all his debts to the co-operative.

This insures the general credit of the society. Only in those cases where a member is not indebted to the co-operative, or where his debts have been definitely assumed by the society can the individual sell his own products.

Expert control of the books by an unprejudiced authority is insured by the fact that the Sicilian bank makes a monthly audit, upon the result of

some fields that have been set aside to be cultivated by the collectivity

## Preparing for United Management

The rules of the co-operative provide for the cultivation of the fields under the direct management of the administration, either with the members working for wages or for half the product. In the latter case the seeds, fertilizers, machines, tools, new plants and technical supervision are supplied by the co-operative. Under the old system of renting from the private landlords the tenant was required to furnish at least half of these things.

The greatest obstacle to the general collective management of the land is the difficulty in obtaining long term leases. It was only after the co-operative had shown its financial stability and technical skill that the land owners expressed themselves as willing to give longer leases, and recently two estates have been leased for twenty-four years at a fixed rental. On one of these estates, having about seventy acres, which had hitherto been cultivated as a wheat farm, the co-operative established a vineyard.

## Socialized Production and Distribution

On this tract of land 115,000 vines were planted, and one thousand vines were assigned to each individual member. So many wished to participate in this enterprise that it was necessary to apportion the shares by lot. These allotments are not the base of the division of products, but only an assignment of labor to be done.

Every member is free to work his allotment when most convenient, but the work must be done within the proper time, and according to methods approved by the experts in charge.

That the work may be as equal as possible, the lots are assigned

to different members each year. During the stage of planting the vineyards each member works for credit, just, as a matter of fact, he would do in his own fields where he would be obliged to wait until the crop was harvested. In the case of the co-operative, however, he is furnished the necessary materials.

Arrangements are made to grant credit to the workers until the vineyard begins to bear, but the credit so extended must not exceed the probable share of the person receiving it.

General work, such as building of roads, houses, planting, etc., is paid for by the co-operative, and the amount deducted from the income when the vineyard begins to pay.

## Marketing the Crop

When the time comes for the harvest the crop is gathered by the society and either sold to outside merchants or bought by the co-operative at the market price, to be transformed into wine by the society itself.

Twenty per cent of the profits are reserved to the general society to be used for the various common purposes. The remainder is divided in equal parts among the members.

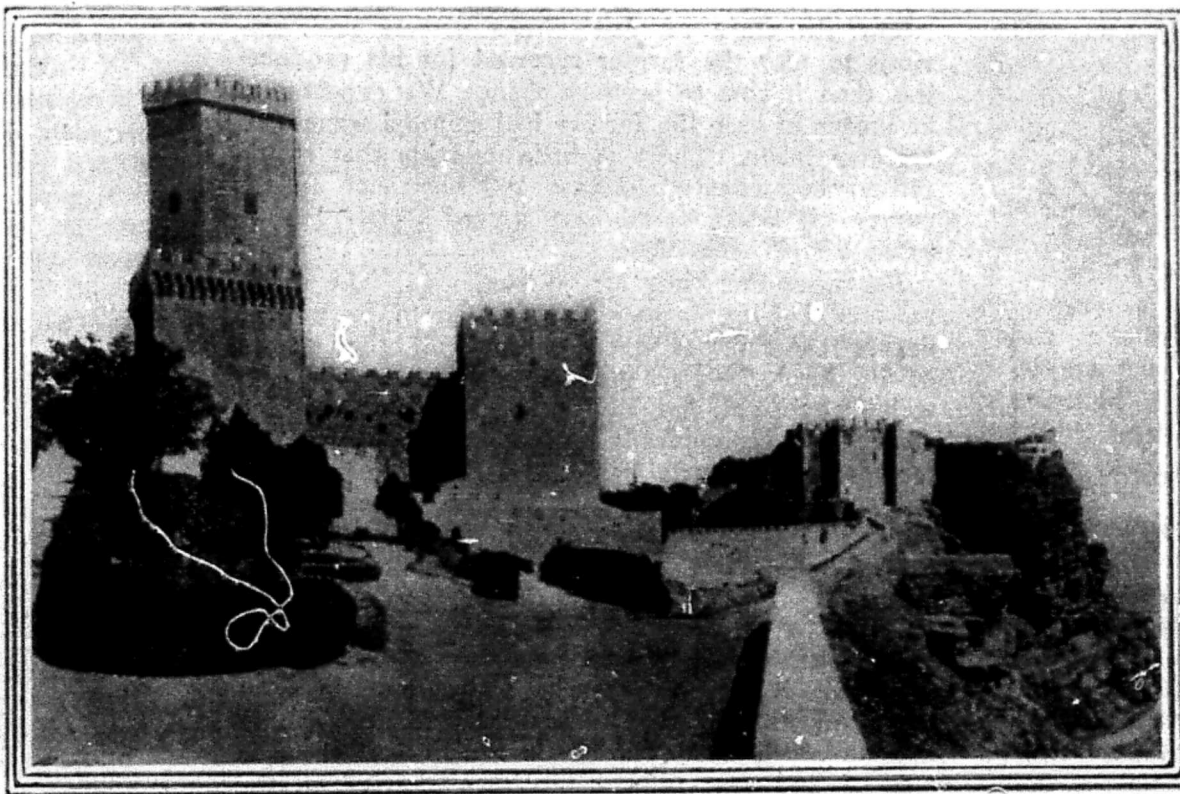
Experts are appointed by the society to see to it that the work is properly done.

I saw this vineyard, and experts in connection with its management confirmed my opinion that it is excellently cultivated and managed. This is not surprising, for the members work with a perfect passion and follow closely the advice of the trained specialists.

The other land on which a long term lease was obtained is only partly available for vineyards. Neither is its area sufficient to make collective management either for the raising of grapes or wheat feasible.

It will be necessary for the co-operative to wait until it can secure more land before it will be profitable to invest the large sums in machinery and tools necessary for modern wheat cultivation. In the meantime, the fields are being prepared with some extensive improvements, which would not be

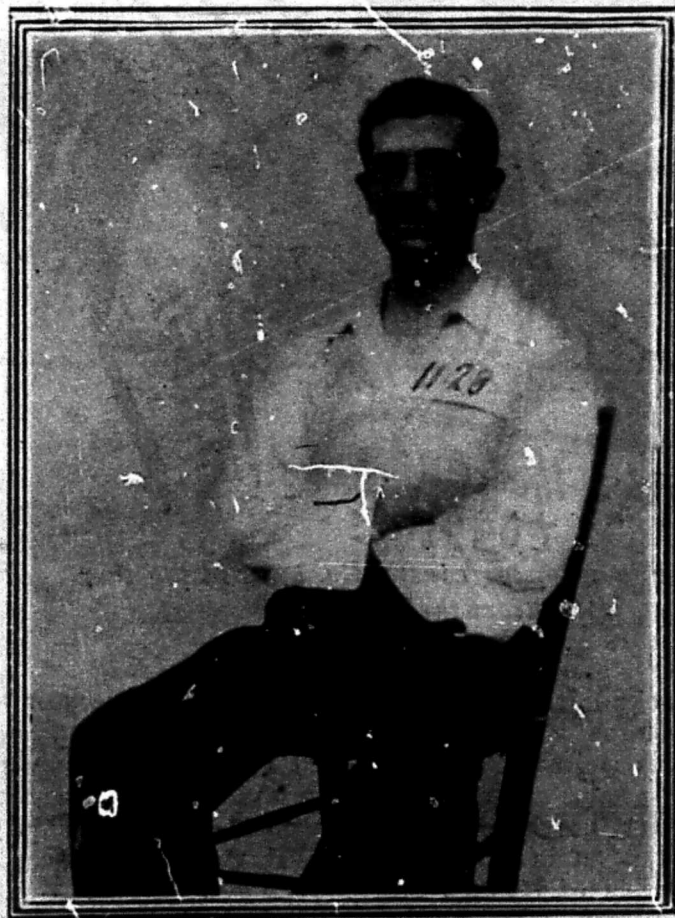
(Continued on page nine.)



Feudal Castle, at the foot of which lies the Co-operative

which depends the credit to be granted.

The resources of the co-operative are still too small to enable it to purchase the most efficient and costly machinery, which would insure the greater productivity and the greater advantage to its members. Until this difficulty can be overcome a con-



Giscamo Montalto

Leader of the movement in Trapani; jail for two years

tract has just been made with a federation of farmers of northern Italy possessing such machinery.

To train its members in the use of such machinery an experimental farm has been established on



# Playing the Ends Against Each Other

WHY THE FARMERS AND WAGE EARNERS HAVE NO LOGICAL QUARREL

By Clyde J. Wright

the consumer's price; for eggs the farmer received 69 per cent, for cabbage 48.1 per cent, for apples 55.6 per cent, for corn 70.6 per cent, for potatoes 59.3 per cent, and it takes no statistician to see the difference between 7-cent steers and 30-cent beef-steak.

The report says: "It was a safe inference that the poorer people paid nearly twice the gross profits that the well-to-do people paid," and also, "It seems probable that the farmer is not receiving a larger share of the consumer's price than he received ten years ago."

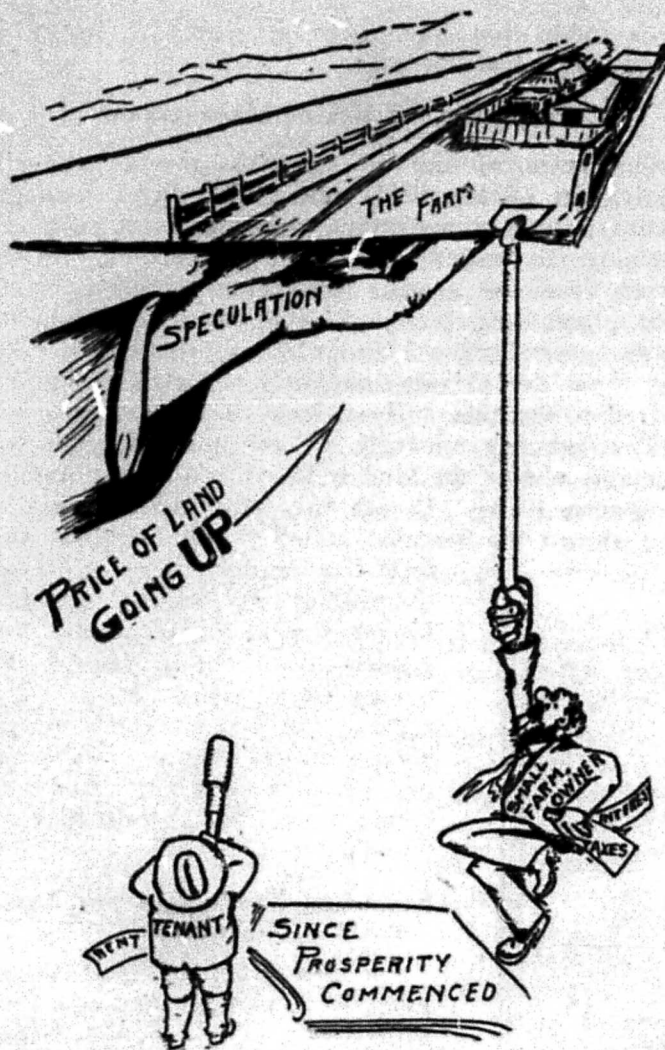
### "Stacking the Deck"

The Secretary of Agriculture detects that previous to 1897 the farmer received for his products less than it cost to produce them. We expect that he means in case the farmer had counted wages for his own labor. There is little question that if the farmer had counted interest and insurance on his money his labor would have served society largely as an act of benevolence.

But since that time Mr. Wilson says "The prices received by the farmer have advanced in greater degree than those received by nearly all other classes of producers." Perhaps the eminent secretary is technically right, but as for benefiting the farming class he is economically wrong; this apparent and temporary prosperity has but stacked the deck for the small calibre capitalists and the prospects for the actual tiller of the soil are not promising for the future—in fact, are extremely discouraging right now.

When the price of land increases everybody knows that the farm's fertility does not essentially increase. But there must be an increase in what the products sell for because the farmer cannot live on much less than he does now and there is interest and rent to pay to the exploiters on the increased valuation. An increase in land values instead of benefiting the farmers in the end puts land out of their reach entirely and introduces the capitalist to a new opportunity.

We know well enough that a farm, as property,



Speculation raises farms out of reach of the digger in the earth

THERE is a fundamental point overlooked by the farmer when he thinks that the city working class might pay a little more, and the same thing is overlooked by the city buyer when he thinks that the farmer might sell for a little less, and that thing is the organized "middle" which has no other function than to bump the ends against each other for the benefit of the "middle."

The Secretary of Agriculture says that "The price received by the farmer is one thing; the price paid by the consumer is far different." When Mr. Wilson said that "The distribution of farm products from farm to consumer is elaborately organized," he hinted strongly that it is completely monopolized. If the farmer's attention is not completely detracted from his present thinking he is likely to let go entirely of the Republican party.

Don't fail to note carefully that the price of farm products has advanced a little less than money wages;

But the cost of living has advanced out of proportion with either wages or farm prices;

The advance in the price of land has put up the rent for the tenant, increased taxes for the little farm owner and opened up the deserved opportunity for capital to expropriate and alienate the actual farmer from ownership of the land which he farms.

Whatever was gained in prices for farm products has been largely appropriated by the increasing landlordism, the money lender, and the increased cost of machinery, clothes and groceries. Whatever was gained in money wages by the wage worker has been more than appropriated by increased rent and cost of provisions, and in fact, the standard of living has been lowered for both and the chances for the future almost demoralized.

### Robbed by the "Middle"

No matter whether the farmer gets less or the consumer pays more, the difference goes to the "middle." The two ends should be at peace with each other.

The Agricultural Yearbook (1910) shows a few facts to prove this. The creameries received 86.3 per cent of the consumer's price paid for creamery print butter; the farmer received less than 50 per cent of the price paid by the consumer for milk; for poultry the farmer received 55.1 per cent of



The two ends are being constantly bumped together to distract their attention

looks mighty good to almost anybody, especially in Kansas and Nebraska and the middle west, and this is just the time when it looks mighty good to a particular somebody with the money and absolutely impossible to all who do not have the money. It is an indisputable fact that we are becoming a nation of tenants.

When farm products commenced to rise, and likewise land values, it was then that the facts were furnished which caused a leading land agent to tell the writer that 65 per cent of his sales were to speculators and prospective landlords. The digger in the earth will have to bear the speculator and the landlord upon his back from this time on.

The sword and the word! Do you study them both, Master parson?—Shakespeare.



He is likely to let go entirely

### Of How Much is the Worker Robbed?

What portion of the product of the laborer is taken from him by the capitalist? This is a question to which no definite answer has ever been given. Socialists have made many wild guesses, and have quoted some rather foolish figures from censuses of the United States. Until the present one, however, the census reports have been carefully arranged to cover up the amount of exploitation. The bulletins that are now being sent out by the census bureau, for the first time, give some basis for a calculation of the amount of surplus value taken by the capitalist.

To be sure, these statistics tell us nothing of the waste of competition. Nothing of the multiform indirectness of exploitation. They do, however, give facts upon which it is possible to base some conclusions.

The bulletins for the manufacture of musical instruments, carriages and wagons, and automobiles are now accessible. These give the amounts paid for salaries and wages, and also, what has hitherto been absent, "the value added by manufacture," which we are parenthetically informed is the "value of products less cost of materials."

The manufacture of wagons is a declining industry. The competition in it is fierce, and, consequently, the rate of exploitation is low, yet in this we find that out of \$77,943,000 of value added by manufacture \$45,555,000 is paid out for salaries and wages, leaving a balance of \$32,377,000 as the amount of exploitation.

Since "salaries" is almost as frequently a means of covering up exploitation as of the payment of the legitimate expenses of management, and since it is always largely expended for competitive wastes, it is probable that a large portion of the sum so designated should be added to the amount of surplus value taken from the workers.

Even taking this figure and dividing it by 70,000, the number of wage earners who are employed, we find that the average exploitation per worker is \$462.

In musical instruments the exploitation per indi-

(Continued on page eleven.)



# THE BIG CHANGE

By Eugene Wood

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

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### Class Philosophers

**W**HEN I come right out with it and assert that Capital is only a spook, I am aware of the fact that you can take down a book from a shelf in your library and show me where it says in print—in print, mind you—that Capital is a heap more chunky and solid than a spook because it is "the saved up product of Labor employed in the production of more Wealth."

That ought to squelch me but it doesn't somehow. It is in vain that you point out to me the pedigree of that definition, and trace it away back for nearly two centuries, and show me that, all along the line, the "authorities" who have read up on the subject are dead against me when I declare that Capital is a spook, and exists only in the minds of people who believe in it. I go farther, and declare that I haven't a smidgeon of respect for the definitions and declarations of "authorities" two centuries old or one century old or half a century old on any subject, whether it is chemistry or biology or geology or aeroplanes or whatever. Nor I won't take a definition made ten minutes ago if the understanding is that the definition is fixed and final and what you might call a "Ger-reat Ter-ruth," one that is always and forever just so, and cannot be changed any more than the laws of the Medes and the Persians. I will grant that an imaginary line has length but no breadth but I will maintain that a real line, however thin it is, has some breadth. For imaginary conditions I will grant you anything you like but when you come to practical applications, I must insist that the definitions must fit the facts, and not the other way around.

In the first place, when you are making a definition that will stand forever, you ought to know all that can ever be known about the thing that you set out to define, whereas the fatal fact is that we don't know all about the most dinky and insignificant thing there is.

In the second place, if we did know all about the thing at 2:30 p. m. we should have to change the definition by 2:45 p. m., because the thing has changed in that time. Nothing is; everything is becoming something.

The world about us is a moving picture show with a reel of film going that may not be endless but is endless as far as we are concerned. If we take any one of the pictures out of the reel of film, and from that one instantaneous snap-shot try to make a positive declaration and definition about the whole show, it is just possible we may be in

"I won't take a definition made ten minutes ago if the understanding is that the definition is fixed and final and what you might call a 'Ger-reat Ter-ruth,' one that is always and forever just so, and cannot be changed any more than the laws of the Medes and the Persians."

error. Because the picture shows a man in the midst of taking a step, we might declare that men always stand on one foot and stick the other out in front of them.

Any definition of anything made before the Big Change is especially objectionable to me as a fixed and final declaration, not only because of the tremendous advance in knowledge since the Big Change set in, and not only because conditions have been so tremendously altered but—here's the main point—because those definitions were made by men not intellectually square and honest. I wouldn't trust a statement made before the Big Change about how old the world was or whether the Hebrew language was the original language that Adam learned from the Almighty's lips or anything along that line because I should know that the definer was thinking all the time: "I wonder, now, if that'll lose me my job."

Every age tries to explain things to suit the big-bugs of that age. (It may be, too, that the explanations which suit the big-bugs of an age are the only ones permitted to survive.) It is characteristic of the Rough Rider age of history, the feudal period, that its explanations go on the supposition that at the head of affairs is some powerful personage whose will is law. He spake the word and they were made; he commanded and they stood fast. Under this great personage are lower orders ranged on broadening bases. There was the king who could do no wrong because his say-so made a thing right, then nobles, and then commoners; there was the pope who could not make a mistake, then bishops, and then the common clergy; there was God, the Omniscient and Omnipotent, then arch-angels, and then just common angels. Things were as they were because God, and the pope, and the king had so ordained them to be. The authorities looked the matter up and found out how things were ordained to be and that ended the matter. The astronomers, for example, were clearly in the wrong when they said there were more than seven planets. There couldn't be more than seven. Why

look: There are seven days in the week aren't there? And seven holes in a man's head, and seven colors, and seven metals, and seven tones in the scale, and seven sacraments, and seven wonders of the world, and—No. I won't look through your telescope. Why should I? There can't be but seven planets because it was ordained that there shouldn't be, and if your telescope shows more than seven there's some shennannigan about it.

Yet even when the philosophy of the Rough Rider age was most securely held I do not doubt that among those whose class was shortly to have the upper hand and be the big-bugs of the age of the Smooth Talkers, money-lenders, traders, promoters and such—I do not doubt that among such there was a sort of philosophy that the universe was governed by law, as they were trying to get the world around them governed. They did not, of course, imagine a parliament of the forces of nature; a bill introduced providing that on and after a certain date water should run down hill or be imprisoned at hard labor in the county jail; after the third reading of it the clerk calling the roll and each member of the parliament of natural forces voting "Aye!" Nothing so clearly thought out as that. But they had a great affection for the expression "law of nature." It was a hollow log with an opening at each end. If you tried to hole them up and they found it difficult to maintain the proposition that the universe was a riotous kind of an arrangement, liable to tear up Jack unless its conduct was personally looked after in every particular, then, being Smooth Talkers, they protested that what they meant by "law of Nature" was the regular dependable course of things. And if that got them into trouble on the charge of being atheists, they, being Smooth Talkers, protested that God made the "laws of Nature."

But whatever the sort of age, whether the big-bugs in it are daylight robbers plundering by mere brute force and physical cruelty or whether the big-bugs are great on giving a game of talk and live without work in that way, there must always be a working-class to produce things. And these have their philosophy in every age, which is, when you come to look into it, that things are as they are by Process. It isn't that some great one ordains that the field be plowed; it isn't even that the plow and the team of horses and the plowman are the cause and the plowed field the effect; it is that the plow was set just so, and the team harnessed just so, and the furrow turned just so, a whole lot of actions done in a certain way, and if anything was done differently the job was spoiled. That's the philosophy that rules since the Big Change.

### Co-Operative Farms of Sicily

(Continued from page seven.)

profitable under short term leases or individual management.

In the operation of these two estates, and especially in the vineyard, the principle of social production is being carried into practice. The methods by which the work is organized, the handling of the product and the standards by which the profits are distributed forecast probably even in considerable detail the socialized production of the future.

By organizing the management of the great estates industrially these co-operating workers have created the financial resources and the organized labor force necessary to extend its activities and to insure its victories in the coming battle for the socialization of all land.

Consider for a moment what it has done.

First, it has transformed a medium quality of wheat land into a highly profitable vineyard. The cultivation of grapes on a large scale naturally led to the founding of a bottling establishment. From this new profits are accruing for future enterprises,

so that one thing accomplished leads on inevitably to other and greater things.

By its system of employing its own members in the improvement of the soil (the money for the wages to be deducted later from the co-operative profits, or more frequently the labor is given as direct donation from the members in the expectation of later advantages), several interesting developments have come. In the first place the unemployed time of its members is used in a more or less profitable way. Second, the fields are made available for intensive production, which, in the near future, will bring more work and more products to the members until unemployment will be entirely abolished. Third, by this system of organization and deferred payment the necessity of immediate capital for improvement is done away with, and the advantages of these improvements are assured to those who do them. It must not be forgotten that upon these improvements such as road building, reforestation, regulation of rivers, building of wells, reservoirs, irrigation channels, etc., depends the solution of the agricultural and social problems of Sicily, and the whole of southern Italy.

Here again one thing leads indirectly on to another. The carrying out of these improvements on a large scale under co-operative management leads to the introduction of similar methods in agricultural work. It has, for example, already led to co-operative housekeeping, with common kitchens which are in use on some of the estates under co-operative management.

In other words, socialized production and distribution of wealth forms the basis upon which social well being in general must be established.

City people must be on their guard against attractive land schemes. Now and then it is possible to pay for the land and make a living out of it at the same time, but these cases are so few that the intending purchaser would better not make his calculations on them. Farming is no longer a poor man's business. It requires capital to equip and run a farm as well as to buy it, the same as in other business. It is a common fault of land schemes to magnify the incomes and to minimize both the risks and the needed capital.—Prof. L. H. Bailey in *Country Life in America*.



# THE SHADOW UNDER THE ROOF

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BY PEYTON BOSWELL

Illustrations by John Sloan.

## \$550.00 FOR SOLVING THIS MYSTERY

The Eighth 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, employes 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, who communicates with Frisbie. He discloses her to be a former friend who has now become Ford's mistress.

Preceding installments of the story will be supplied to new subscribers.

### CHAPTER IX.

The chilling damp that the east wind brought in from Lake Michigan was not felt by Frisbie as he walked along the almost deserted street. The sky was overcast and the ancient gas lamps at the corners lit up the old thoroughfare in an odd, fantastic way that would have proved a study for an impressionist, but Frisbie was impervious to impressions. His mind was busy with the strange things he had just seen and heard. He was conscious of a painful fear for his own safety, mingled with a feeling of indignation at a world so full of wrong—of a world that could produce a Mollie Jessup and her misery.

Added to this was a reflection even more disquieting, yet springing inevitably from what he had seen and heard—that the woman he had just left was essentially a mad woman, and that Ford himself was little more than a madman. And the thought that these people were pulling the strings of his own fate was exceedingly disquieting.

The unfeeling and calculating precision of Ford in his business life made his new aspect—that of the embroiled and dangerous lover of a woman—seem all the more incomprehensible. Frisbie, man of books and dreams, had never bothered his brain about such a thing as the psychology of sex. Yet within him he vaguely felt, even then, a something which was the very germ of the answer he sought, for he was conscious of a subtle, sensuous spell which the woman, with her oriental fullness, had thrown about him. Had he been able in his imagination to have multiplied this attraction until it reached the vast power capable of being felt by such brute-men as Ford, in whom the primeval instinct of possession

overwhelmingly prevails, the solution might have been at hand.

As for the woman, if the chemist had been less of a recluse he might have understood her partially—at least as much as it is given any man to understand a woman. She was representative of the type that was indicated by her physical appearance—impulsive and weak. Intellectually of a rather low order, yet she was susceptible of the keenest feeling—either of pleasure or pain—and this made her the more helpless on life's turbulent sea, to be driven hither and thither by a will not her own. In contact with the powerful personality of Ford, she was at his mercy in all things, and though she might loathe him at times, the contemplation of his titanic strength bewildered her and held her. The suffering she had endured in these years of bondage, her ineffectual rebellions and the sense of helplessness that had ever and ever been borne in upon her, combined to create the half-mad woman who had plunged the scholastic Frisbie into so troublous a maze of thought.

And so, wrestling with these things, in perplexity mixed with real fear, he covered the whole distance from the house of the woman in black to his own lodging, where he mechanically let himself in and ascended the stairs.

When he opened his own door he was astonished to find the light turned up and a woman sitting in his easy chair by the table. A second look assured him that it was the worthy Mrs. Yocum, his landlady. She was sound asleep, and open in her lap was the same volume of Shaw's plays that Frisbie had been reading. The look of odd solemnity on the good woman's face provoked Frisbie to smile.

"Good evening!" he said, in a loud voice.

"Er—eh!" Mrs. Yocum awoke with a start, which spilled the luckless book on the floor.

"You don't seem to have found that volume very interesting," observed the chemist.

"Oh—er—you must pardon me, Mr. Frisbie. A message came for you marked 'Very Important' and I was afraid if I left it on your table you might not see it, so I thought I'd stay up till you came."

She handed him an envelope. He broke it open and read:

"Mr. Frisbie: Please come to my home at once, as I have something very important to tell you. Come, no matter how late, as I shall stay up till you arrive."  
"HELEN ROBLEY."

Frisbie ran his hand through his hair and stared at the letter.

"I've got to go out again, Mrs. Yocum," he said, "and thank you very much for what you did."

"Oh, that's all right, Mr. Frisbie. I always do everything I can." She hesitated. "Something very important, is it, Mr. Frisbie?"

"I can't tell you that—indeed, I can't." Frisbie had not taken off his overcoat. He snatched his hat from the table where he had tossed it, and with a "Good-night, Mrs. Yocum," was gone. The good soul, shaking her head in excess of disappointment, closed his door and made her way to her own quarters.

It was not a very great distance to the old Robley mansion, and to have taken a street car would have been to use up in roundabout travel the time gained, so Frisbie started to cover the distance on foot. It would give him a chance to get his bearings, and, after the previous events of the evening, he felt sadly in need of something like that.

What was going to happen now? Was he not about to face another night interview with another woman whose cup of misery was overflowing—one who recently had lived through such a tragedy as woman is seldom called upon to endure? And there came before his eyes the vision of David Robley, sitting in his chair, bound hard and fast, and with that look of ineffable terror stamped on his face—the look that Helen Robley saw when she ascended the ladder to the white-washed attic and, in the fitful glare of a match, beheld her brother's body.

Frisbie clenched his teeth at the recollection, and wondered what was going to befall at this coming meeting with the murdered man's sister, but reassured himself with the reflection that here, at any length, was a woman who had the self-control that comes of a trained intellect, and who under no ordinary circumstances was likely to give way to hysteria, as poor Mollie Jessup had done.

He was admitted by Miss Robley herself, who conducted him up the soft glow of the stairway to the library on the second floor. This evidently was where she had been spending the time before his arrival, for an easy chair was placed against the table near the reading lamp, and at the edge lay an open book. She seated the chemist nearby, then resumed her chair by the lamp. She appeared nervous and as she began to speak laid her hand across the book and fumbled at the leaves.

"Undoubtedly you were greatly surprised to get a message from me," she said. "It was not until 9 o'clock that the occasion arose that made it necessary for me to see you, and my perfect confidence in you caused me to send the message forthwith, almost without reflection, for it was of the utmost importance." She shot a penetrating look at him. "I have just learned," she continued, "that Mr. Ford suspects you in connection with my brother's death."

Frisbie sprang from his seat. If the information imparted earlier in the evening by Mollie Jessup was astounding to him, this was even more so, because, apparently, it indicated that the consummation of the plot was under way.

Miss Robley looked upon the agitated form of the chemist and read in his face what she wanted to read—the consternation of innocence, not of guilt.

"Of course, it is absurd, and I have the utmost faith in you," she continued, in a voice so quiet and full of whole-hearted assurance that Frisbie at once regained his self-possession. "Nevertheless, it was necessary that you be informed at once, so that we may find out quickly what it all means. I have only the barest information brought me tonight by one of the old clerks at the office, who was very friendly toward my father. Yesterday he overheard Mr. Ford, in his own room, say to the detective, Mr. Hinton, 'With this we can prove that Frisbie killed Robley.' That is all he heard. He studied over the matter last night and finally decided to come to me. He never liked Mr. Ford."

"The same story," said Frisbie, "has been told to me, only with fuller detail, by one who heard



Mr. Ford and the detective go over the whole plot. Mr. Ford has prepared documents to show that I stole money from the firm and that Mr. Robley had threatened me with exposure, thus furnishing a motive. I am supposed to have poisoned him by some secret means, known only to chemists. This evidence has been got ready, but is not to be used unless Mr. Ford himself is suspected."

"Mr. Ford suspected?" exclaimed Miss Robley. "Why should Mr. Ford be suspected?"

Frisbie was about to reply with the truth, but he caught himself in time to prevent betraying the confidence of Horton, as to the documents hidden away in his safe.

"My informant did not discuss that," was the answer he made. This also was the truth, because Mollie Jessup had not mentioned to him either Ford's thefts or Hinton's blackmailing.

"But why should he choose you as his victim in this matter? Is there ill feeling between you?"

"There has been no expressed ill will, but I have always disliked him and undoubtedly he has felt this and responded in kind. You are familiar with my views on certain questions—we have often talked together. Somehow I have come to regard

this that weighed on his mind before he was killed, and my woman's instinct tells me that this is why he met that awful fate. I was quite willing for Mr. Hinton to take the position he did, because my brother was not worthy to live and I do not care to bring to an accounting the one who was responsible for his death."

Nothing more was to be said. Frisbie arose, thanked the girl for the confidence she had shown in him, and took his leave. She accompanied him to the door.

"I want you to come to see me again tomorrow night," she said, and gave him her hand on parting.

Frisbie felt better. He was a normal man again as he walked toward his lodging, and was able calmly to analyze the situation in which he found himself. And, approaching the subject in this way, he could reassure himself with the thought that the dreaded possibility of being called on to face the charge of murdering Robley was remote indeed, since it depended on the other possibility of Ford himself being put in peril, something that was not at all likely.

Filled with this thought, and, for the time being, with Mollie Jessup completely out of his mind, he

I don't know what Ford has found out, but I have been observing him closely and there is something on his mind that does not make for good. On two occasions I have caught him looking at you in a way that I don't like. Therefore, I took the liberty of spending a couple of hours in his office tonight in the hope that I might add another document or two to my collection. I searched his desk and spent half an hour working the combination of his private safe, but found nothing that I wanted."

Frisbie looked up and down the street. Not a person was in sight. The two might have been in a wilderness so far as privacy was concerned.

"This has been an eventful evening for me," he said. "It is a good thing you came by, for otherwise I would have been at your house by the time you awoke in the morning. If ever a man needed counsel I do now. What you saw in Ford's face had a right to be there, for he has actually made ready to accuse me of Robley's murder, though the motive it has pleased him to give me is not the one that you and I have feared."

Then Frisbie proceeded to tell all he knew concerning the plot, at the same time being careful to keep his pledge to Mollie Jessup and shield her identity.

Horton heard the story in silence, and at its conclusion sat for some time without a word.

"Frisbie," he said finally, "you have laid by some money and so have I. You have no ties that bind you to Chicago. Suppose you leave town for awhile and keep yourself some place that is not known to anyone but me."

The younger man drew back.

"Is there any suspicion in your mind, Horton, that I had anything to do with Robley's death?"

"Why, my boy, I know you didn't."

"Then why should I fly? Would it not make matters worse—would it not furnish just the proof Ford wants, if I ran away? What danger there is, I will stay and face. Doesn't this look like the wise course?"

"What I said was merely a suggestion. It does not appeal to you, so we'll say no more about it. Not for the world, boy, would I dictate to you your actions."

Horton spoke sadly. There was silence for a time, then he resumed, half musingly.

"So Miss Robley sent for you as soon as she found this out."

"Yes."

"It seems to me she is taking a great deal of interest in you." He turned about suddenly and looked the other squarely in the face. "Be careful, boy, lest, in the presence of the living, you should forget the duty you owe the dead."

"You need not say that to me, Horton. I would die in my tracks rather than prove false to the one who is gone."

Horton yanked at his machine and a whirring sound came from its innermost parts.

"I will see you tomorrow," he said. "Get as much rest as you can, so as not to betray what is on your mind by your looks. It isn't necessary to tell you that I, myself and all I have are yours in case you need me."

He gave the machine another yank and it slowly started away.

(To Be Continued.)

### Of How Much is the Worker Robbed?

(Continued from page eight.)

vidual is shown by the same methods to amount to \$466.

It is the automobile industry, however, that furnishes the rich plum to the exploiter. Here an average of \$784 is taken from each of the 75,000 employes. That these figures are fairly representative of the average is seen by the bulletin for all manufacturers in the city of San Francisco. In this city, in spite of the fact that organized labor has checked exploitation until we are told by the capitalists that industry is driven away from the Golden Gate, the manufacturers are still able to take an average of \$939 from each of the 28,000 wage earners in the manufactories of that city.

In this figure we find ample explanation of the activity of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association, the attempt to hang the McNamaras and the fierce fight at Los Angeles.

### Suppressing Inventions

Thousands of patents have been bought and laid away merely to keep them off the market. No large concern building a standard line of machines will consider an improvement, if it will add to the expense of manufacture unless there is a strong competitor who will take hold if it does not. In that case it is willing to buy the patent outright and lay it aside or, possibly, add the improvement and thus force competition.—*Gas Review.*



"I have come to hate him as thoroughly as I do the thing he represents"

Mr. Ford as the personification of all that is evil in the present industrial system, which is reducing men to mere machines, destroying their personality and making the toilers of the world perpetual and unresisting slaves of the rich. Mr. Ford would have done worse in the factory had it not been for Mr. Robley and Mr. Horton. And somehow—it may be a weakness with me—I have come to hate him as thoroughly as I do the thing he represents."

"I can understand that, Mr. Frisbie. Your views and mine on a great many subjects are the same."

She fell to musing. The soft light from the reading lamp fell on her face. With her Grecian head and placid yet firm features she might have represented a modern idea of Minerva, except that her figure was not strong enough to completely carry out the idea. At last she spoke.

"I have been thinking," she explained, "of Mr. Ford's fear of being suspected. This would seem very significant were it not for the fact that I know it could not have been Mr. Ford any more than it could have been you or Mr. Horton."

"You have some theory of your own, then?"

"Yes. In spite of all the detective, Mr. Hinton, says, I know the letter found in my brother's room leads to the person who took his life. It was

walked lightly and briskly, and soon turned the corner a block away from his home.

He stopped suddenly, for in front of the house was an automobile, whose peculiar appearance proclaimed it to be Horton's. His giant figure muffled in his great overcoat, and wearing his cossack cap, the superintendent sat in the machine, waiting.

Deep in thought, he did not see Frisbie until the chemist was close upon him and had greeted him:

"Ah, my boy," he said, "I am keeping late hours tonight, the same as you," and he bent a look of inquiry on the younger man.

"Not long. I saw the light burning low in your room and knew you were out. Well, I have spent the last two hours in Mr. Ford's private office, among his books and papers, without that gentleman's leave, but it was time thrown away. Bad—too bad!"

"You have been in Ford's office? Did no one see you?"

Horton gave half a laugh.

"No one saw me," he said. "I was careful to take care of that. But where have you been?"

"Tell me first why you did this? What has happened?"

"Nothing has happened, but I have been keeping my eyes open and I don't like the look of things.



# The Coming Nation

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**PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY**

## Three Get Bound Volumes

The competition for the bound volumes grows more interesting. Three workers each sent in twelve dollars for subscriptions this week. Although no provision is made for a tie, the COMING NATION wishes to do the fair thing, and, therefore, has sent bound volumes to each of the three.

This 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.
- Margaret W. Emminger, H. Bloch and Burt Hammers, twelve each

## Back Numbers

Orders for back numbers of the COMING NATION are received daily. In some cases we can fill these, but most issues are exhausted within a few days after they are off the press.

Many want these back numbers in order to get the first installments of "The Shadow Under the Roof." To meet this need these chapters have been printed separately, and will be sent free to any one asking for them when sending in a new subscription.

More orders were received for number sixty, the special farmer issue, than could be supplied. To meet this, need the present issue was prepared and we are trying to print enough of this to supply every one for a short time at least. Until these are gone you can get them in bundles of ten or more for two and a half cents each. Those who sent money for number sixty after the issue was exhausted will be sent copies of this number.

## Have You Got One of the Histories

Those histories are going rapidly, but there is still time enough to get one.

The Chicago Evening Post has a full page review of it as the "Book of the week," in which the reviewer says:

"It is a book which shines into the dark of the past like a searchlight. At every page one pauses, wondering: Why did I not know this before? It is a book for every student of social, political and economic conditions, for every reader whose mind thrills to the impact of new knowledge, for all men and women who desire to know the true history of their native country."

If you want a copy send three dollars for three subscriptions or three subscription cards and ask for "Social Forces in American History," by A. M. Simons.



Something has scared the capitalist press and its editors are squawking and cackling like a flock of chickens disturbed by a circling hawk.

The swiftly sweeping flood of Socialism has given them a panic and they are engaged in telling "how it all happened."

Quite a number explain that it is only in municipalities that Socialism has grown.

The *St. Louis Globe Democrat* where the Socialist party is now the second party, is quite sure that "Socialism finds its only promising field in this country in local canvasses," and "that it will never elect a president, and it will never gain a majority of either branch of Congress."

The most common explanation, is that of a "protest vote." The *Bloomington (Ill.) Pantagraph* says that, "A Socialist ticket is a convenient means by which members of the old parties can register a protest against existing local conditions."

The *Brooklyn Eagle* consoles itself with the observation that "There is always a protest of that sort being made," and that "protest against the existing order has had recourse to the Socialist ticket this year."

The *St. Louis Post Dispatch*, while it admits that, "Socialism, as a political system, has gained support," nevertheless concludes that, "Much of the Socialist growth in the cities has been caused by the popular disgust of the spoils bossism, the corrupt methods and purposes, and the governmental inefficiency of the old parties."

By the way, that would seem to be a very good reason for voting the Socialist ticket permanently and abolishing the conditions complained of.

The *Baltimore American* claims that, "The gains of the Socialists may reasonably be assigned to the fact that the voters find it a convenient instrument of punishment for the other parties."

Of course, this editor is quite sure that that punishment is now going to cease.

This idea that the Socialist party was used by somebody else is also found in the *Philadelphia Bulletin*, which alleges that the "Socialist party organization is utilized as the convenient nucleus for the expression of popular protest," and the *Lafayette (Ind.) Courier* says that, "It is quite evident that the Socialist organization \* \* \* \* \* was taken up as a ready means of popular escape from the upper and nether mill stone of bi-partisan arrangements which have come to exist in boss-ridden cities."

This is also the explanation of the *Christian Science Monitor* which thinks that the use of the Socialist party was simply because, in their desperation, "Voters accept the chance to use any and every weapon in a combined attack against corrupt politicians."

Here and there we catch glimmers of human intelligence even in capitalist editorial chairs. Some of them begin to see that something is really going to happen. Perhaps the thing that arouses most of them to interest was the fact that the Socialist movement is extending beyond industrial communities. The *Toledo Blade* notices that in the list of Ohio cities captured by the Socialists there is "Only one community whose dominant element is manufacturing." Among them are municipalities with interests almost solely mercantile, others whose commerce is laid upon an agricultural foundation.

The *Norfolk (Va.) Pilot*, roused by the great growth in Mississippi, admits that, "We are at a loss for an explanation and have seen none offered. We should have thought the state to be the least likely in the union to offer promise for such propaganda."

The *Pittsburg Gazette* has discovered that, "The Socialist theory and principle \* \* \* \* \* have obtained a footing among clerical employes, and among the

ranks of salaried people," while the *Allentown (Pa.) Call* laments that, "Even into country districts, always the last to be affected by new movements, the Socialist vote showed strength," and it concludes that, "The big political parties must open their eyes and face the situation. If they do not they are slated for the toboggan."

Then, the question comes as to what is to be done about it, and the treatment which is offered to sick capitalism by its physicians shows that in a multitude of counsellors there is more confusion than wisdom. There is a general agreement on only one thing, and that is that the cause must be removed, but no two seem to agree on what the "cause" is.

The *Ft. Smith American*, the *Peoria Herald Transcript*, the *Indianapolis News* and the *Minneapolis Journal* are a few among a long list who allege that the only way to keep the Socialists from growing is to clean up the old parties, but they look in vain for a Hercules to undertake this Augean task.

The Democrats declare the Republicans are to blame. The *St. Louis Republic* announces that "The cure is an enlightening, progressive and militant Democracy."

The *Des Moines Capital* informs us that, "Socialism is the hand-maiden of insurgency" to which the *Cedar Rapids Gazette* retorts that, "The conditions which produce Socialism are the conditions which stand-patism has been excusing and even defending."

Somebody has evidently told the *Brooklyn Citizen* something, for it has discovered that, "Seeking for reasons to explain the strength of Socialism among the working classes economic conditions hold first place."

We wonder who put him next.

The *Scranton Tribune* is another paper into which a modicum of intelligence has trickled, for it has discovered that the only cure is to "Go to the root of the tree. Take away the monopoly. Recover to the people the income that belongs to them of the right of the sovereign ownership of the resources of the earth."

The *Omaha World Herald* has also discovered that the, "Discontent on which Socialism feeds" is caused by the fact "that a larger and larger proportion of the people are beginning to understand that those who sow do not reap: that there is inequity in the distribution of wealth and that inequity is due, in part, to the special privilege enjoyed under color of the law."

Somebody has been telling the *Lincoln (Neb.) Star* something also, since it has discovered that the increased Socialist vote is due, largely to the "Discontent growing out of the administration of so-called justice in the courts, and the disclosures that have been made concerning the recent reconstruction of the United States supreme court."

The *Hastings (Neb.) News* whistles this cheerful tune to keep up its courage. "However, there isn't any danger of the Socialists capturing this country bag and baggage, for they will be consumed in time—just as the Populists were."

Wonder what the Socialists will be doing during that consuming process.

The *Portland (Ore.) Journal* figures that the way to "Check the spread of Socialism is for a progressive Republican and a progressive Democrat to gain ascendancy and send law breaking trust magnates to jail."

The *Shawnee (Okla.) Herald* makes the very wise observation "That so long as the conditions that make Socialists continue so long will the number of Socialists continue to increase," which is about our idea of nothing to say and well said.

The *Council Bluffs (Ia.) Nonpareil* predicts that "Ten years from now several of our larger cities will be represented in Congress by Socialists and

several of our larger cities will be under Socialist administration."

You are right brother, but who told you?

The *Springfield (Ohio) Sun* has discovered that a large number of the men who vote the Socialist ticket are foreigners. If this is true so much the better for the foreigners, but that explanation doesn't seem to fit Mississippi, California and several hundred other places.

The *Dubuque (Ia.) Times* and the *Pittsburg (Pa.) Gazette* are both worrying about the effect that woman suffrage may have on Socialism, and especially on the Los Angeles election. The latter paper hangs out a scare crow to woman suffragists as follows:

"It is possible that the discovery of socialistic leanings among suffragists may dampen the enthusiasm of certain leaders of the vote-for-women movement in the more conservative sections of the country." Sure. But for every suffragist lost there will be ten working girls to take her place.

The *Milwaukee Journal* joins the chorus of praise of several notorious anti-labor papers for Samuel Gompers' sneer at Socialism in his presidential address at Atlanta. Gompers ought to feel complimented.

The *Dayton (Ohio) News* pays a tribute to the "soap box" orator. "The growth of Socialism," it says, "is now the really great issue in this country. It is the one issue that is causing all other parties to do more thinking than is anything else and it is the development of the street meeting."

Anyhow, this explanation comes nearer the truth than some of the others.

On one thing nearly all the wise advisors are agreed, and that is that the Socialists would be all right if they weren't Socialists.

The *Chicago Post* praises the fact that thus far the Socialists have been extremely cautious in their movements.

The *Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch*, and numerous other papers, warn the Socialists that if they are only good and are nothing more than insurgents that they will continue to grow. Somebody ought to tell these editors that Socialism has grown faster in Wisconsin, the home of insurgency, than in any other state, and that, having got along so far without following the advice of these wise editors, the Socialists will probably keep right on for some time longer.

One thing is sure, the conspiracy of silence has gone forever and perhaps the most suggestive comment in the whole list is the head line in the *Christian Science Monitor*. "Labor Likely to Get Laws it Advocates Through Next House."

## The First Agitator

BY AGNES THECLA FAIR.

Carry neither scrip nor stock issued by your master, salute no master on thy way, but enter his house by day and remain eating and drinking such things as they have.

And into whatsoever city ye enter, and they receive you not, these shall remain in ignorance and fear of their masters.

But whosoever shall receive the agitator, to him shall be given wisdom.

Behold, I give unto you power to tread on masters and serpents and scorpions. By wisdom ye shall have all power over the enemy and nothing shall by any means hurt you.

And turning to his fellow workers, he said, "Blessed are the eyes which see things, for many a slave is blind to his own interests."

"The light of the body is the eye; take heed, therefore, that the light which is in thee be not to abolish slavery."



# Children's Page

EDITED BY BERTHA H. MAILLY

## Drauf and Dran

BY RICHARD ARONSTEIN.

My story reads back to Dingshagen, a little village nestling in the midst of the Wildenberger hills on the east side of the Middle Rhine, and its time dates back to the fall of seventy-eight. "But," I hear you say, "that is an odd place and time for a military story!" Ah, but you would have thought differently



Marching and Counter Marching

had you been there as I was. Yes; had you just spent one day with Max Baumberger, the village doctor's boy, in that month of August, 1878.

In that month *Sedanstag* was celebrated, the day of the battle of Sedan

shining sabre, he was a fine sight. And didn't Herr Schroeder walk about the village every Sunday with the little apparently inconspicuous black and white ribbon on the lapel of his coat, denoting that he was the bearer of the iron cross, medal of especial bravery on the battlefield.

Oh, it was a stirring time, and when Max came home that Saturday noon, he was so full of military enthusiasm that he didn't need much dinner. He went upstairs to his room and decided to take a little nap.

But there wasn't much rest in Max just then. As soon as his head touched the pillow he was exhorting his troop of Hussars up the hill, up there where Friedrich Heyman, the big boy of the village, the idol of the smaller fry, was fighting, as major of the heavy dragoons, a brave but hard pressed battle against an overwhelming force of French cavalry.

"*Drauf und dran*," shouted Max to his men as he led them, mounted on his white charger; and as he cut his way through the enemy's troop, he performed such valiant execution that he left a swath of giant French cuirassiers behind him with the aid of his trusty sabre.

It was the day after and a feeble little boy awoke to see from under heavy eyelids how his anxious mother re-



The Dream Battle

that ended the Franco-Prussian war in 1870. The boys had to prepare for a fine military exhibition on that day and weeks before it was marching and counter-marching, exercising, front attack and skirmish lines under the direction of an old but enthusiastic veteran soldier.

Max was captain of the middle class company and thus more interested than the rest. It was not for the sake of exercising alone. Oh no; the wise old teacher, aiming to arouse the right enthusiasm amongst his pupils put all the permissible time in school hours on the stirring war history of Prussia in the preceding decades. And then the songs they learned, the *Nacht am Rhine* and similar tunes, songs that stirred the blood and set your feet to marching time.

Max also practiced on the recitation of a poem for the celebration, a spirited war poem that wound up at the end of every stanza with "*drauf und dran*" sock it to 'em, as you might translate it freely. Adding to all this military excitement was the fact that Hans Hess had come home on a furlough. In his red Hussar uniform with its white trimmings, his spurred boots and his

garded him, adjusting his covers, while his father standing near consoled her with the words: "*Ja, ja*, it's been a hot fever, but we've got it broken. Just keep him in bed and give him a drink of that camomile tea every two hours or so."

Max has led a roving life since then, encircling the globe and finally winding



Give him some Camomile tea

up in the west, a life of hard work, work that did not leave much chance for military trimmings. Yet when the Spanish-American war broke out, he

joined a volunteer regiment at the first opportunity, which regiment, however, much to his sorrow, was not called out for action.

As years rolled by he has since learned to regard war and the war fever with a calmer head, wondering in his mind at the folly that caused peaceable, well-meaning men to fight other just as peaceable, neighborly men for no reasonable cause. As he sat musing over the problem one day, there came to his mind the memory of that attack of fever on that August day of 1878 in old Dingshagen and a great light came to him.

That, then, was the cause. The perpetuating influence in childhood of histories of wars and conquests, of toy sabres and guns, exercises, poems and songs of the "*drauf und dran*" quality, show of military splendor, all these were artificial means to stir the blood of the youth of the land knowing that the impressions received in earliest youth are the most enduring ones and that the boy soldier will be an ever ready fighting man.

Thus convinced Max regarded the war spirit in a different light and as he read the bellicose speeches of prominent men and the big-sticky talk of Roosevelt, he thought to himself, "poor, poor little boy, oh that his mamma would give him some camomile tea."

## The Election

The children may rejoice together with the grown-ups over the recent election results, which show us Socialist victories in sixty different cities.

Why should the children rejoice?

Because every Socialist victory means a step nearer to a time happier for Father, happier for Mother and happier for all the children.

Every Socialist victory means the surer coming of the day we all hope for when little children shall not work in factories, when fathers and mothers shall easily have enough to give their children what they need, when war shall stop and when all people in the whole world can live together in peace and love.

Now this fast growth of Socialism means that when you children grow up, you will have great tasks to do. You will have to finish the work of bringing Socialism full and complete, into the world.

So you must learn what Socialism means just as soon as you can. Especially you girls. The time is right here when women are not only being allowed to vote but are being elected to offices. One state after another is allowing

women to vote and when you are grown up you will surely have that right. In Los Angeles, the women will surely decide whether a Socialist mayor shall be elected or not. For they have just been given the vote and 90,000 have registered in order to vote in the election on December 5.

See to it, Girls and Boys, that when you are grown you never fail in your loyalty to your class, the working class. And now read Mrs. Heltzel's little poem on this page, "Do You."

## Do You?

BY KATE BAKER HELTZEL.

(Written especially for the Children's Page.)

When the fire burns bright in the grate,  
And the wind blows keen at the door,  
And you gather close in the sweet home light,  
Do you think sometimes of the poor?

When it seems so snug and warm,  
And Mother tucks you in  
Do you ever think in your deep content,  
How it really might have been?

When the snow lies deep and cold,  
And work cannot be done,  
Do you sometimes pause in your snow-ball  
Fight, and your frolic, noise and fun—

When thinly clad, some child,  
Goes shivering past your door,  
Do you think sometimes you could  
Do with less that they might have the more?

Do you know there is a way, that the  
Poor may all be warm?  
May all be fed—and all be housed,  
And free from want and harm?

Do you know that you will help,  
Or hinder this great cause?  
Then learn to think, and know the truth,  
And help to make out laws.

## Fuel



—Harper's Weekly

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# Democracy and Religion in the New Books

*Christianity and the Social Order*, by R. J. Campbell, M. A. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York. Cloth, 283 pp., \$1.50.

*The New Theology*, by R. J. Campbell, M. A. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York. Cloth, 258 pp., \$1.50.

*The Call of the Carpenter*, by Bouck White. Published by Doubleday, Page and Co., New York. Cloth, 355 pp., \$1.20.

These three books all tell the same story in a different way. That story is of the simultaneous rise of democracy and the decline of the church. All three aim at the same object—the hitching of the church to this new spirit. All three recognize that Socialism is the incarnation of this spirit, and all avow more or less frankly that only through an alliance of the church with the Socialist movement is there hope of a religion in the future.

The works of Campbell, the well-known minister of the City Temple of London, are of a type that has grown conventional. They describe the decline of a church, they tell of how the workingman is leaving it, and attempt to show that Christianity and Socialism are the same. But they seek to take the heart out of Socialism and to preach a Christianity which is not commonly known under that name.

"Christianity and the Social Order" is the older book of the two and is openly a propaganda work. "The New Theology" is an attempt to re-write theology in the phrases of democracy without grasping the spirit of the class movement, out of which the social revolt springs. It alleges that "The new theology is spiritual Socialism." It finds its only "inspiration" in the "subconscious mind," it denounces the idea of the "Fall," and lends new meaning to such time-worn doctrines as the "nature of evil," the "divinity of Christ," the "atonement," the "authority of scripture," "salvation," "judgment" and the "life to come." On the whole, the impression is one of artificiality. It gives the impression of a person who senses failure in his own institution and seeks to hitch it to a passing triumphal car.

The other book, "The Call of the Carpenter," by Bouck White, the Head Resident of Trinity House, New York, is of a wholly different character. It is by far the nearest approach to something that might be called epoch-making in this field that has recently been published. It is entitled to this name because it does not attempt to reconcile or to explain, but boldly accepts the new foundation of historic materialism and on it builds an exposition of the life and work of the Carpenter of Nazareth.

It is significant that the frontispiece by Balfour Ker shows not the conventional Christ of the middle ages, but a modern carpenter, with a suggestion of the halo, to be sure, and with the burning fire of labor's battle for emancipation in his eyes.

Here, too, we have the same recognition of the failure of the church, and the rise of democracy. But instead of an artificial attempt to connect the two to save the church they are simply taken as a starting point of an inquiry to determine why the two currents are proceeding parallel.

From the beginning. "We here address ourselves to view Jesus, the Carpenter of Nazareth, from the viewpoint of economics." Rome, "the system" of its day, was taxing and exploiting the world. The Roman plutocracy wielding the power of government had associated itself with the exploiting class of every subject province—in Palestine

with the Jerusalemite priesthood. "Rome coalesced with the exploiter class in every country, for joint conquest over the proletariat in every country."

"Man was undermost, and property paramount. The "Golden Age"—literally—set in. The Roman Empire, that apotheosis of property rights, fastened itself upon the world. Embracing all nations and tongues and climates, a motley crew, they had one cohering principle which swallowed up their diversities—the coherence of a common plunder."

Gallilee was a working class district. In Gallilee the oppression and exploitation came personally home to every family. Mary had experienced this oppression and her Magnificat, announcing the coming birth of Jesus, is called "the Marseillaise of the ancient world." When read in this light, the words

*"He hath put down the mighty from their seats,  
And exalted them of low degree.  
He hath filled the hungry with good things;  
And the rich he hath sent empty away."*

justify the name.

The birth in the manger came at the time of the levying of a universal poll tax throughout Palestine, and saw the working class population hunted by the Roman soldiers seeking to collect the tribute.

In this atmosphere of extreme poverty, due to oppression and exploitation, "The child grew and waxed strong in spirit."

Through manhood the Carpenter toiled and shared the misery of his people.

"Jesus planned to make the Jews the nucleus of a federation of the world's proletariat against the world's oppressor. He saw that the moment was opportune. The people were astir. Probably there has been no moment in history when democracy was more rampant than at this instant when Rome was seeking to fasten upon the world her empire of infinite repression—'fields white unto the harvest,' as he expressed it. The barometer plainly indicated that Palestine would be the storm center. Jesus planned to set His cause so fully at this explosive core, that when the crash came it would hurl His word to the Farthest East and Farthest West, and range the common people in a united front against the united aggressor. At the focus of the world he would set democracy as the light of the world. As he phrased it in his opening words, wherein he unfolded to His nation the strategic position it occupied at the vortex of the world currents: 'A city set on a hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house.'"

To unite the workers of his own nation with those throughout the world empire in a revolt against Roman tyranny was the plan of this agitator. "He perceived that Israel's hope of deliverance lay in making common cause with the proletariat of those other nations." So he went about, tramping from place to place, among the working people arousing them to hostility against the Roman tyranny.

"The common people heard him gladly," and in every scene of his life "the multitude" is in the background.

When he made his triumphal entry into Jerusalem it may have been with the hope that he could arouse the priesthood to become a part of this great movement. He saw his failure and lamented, "O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killeth the prophets and stoneth them that are sent unto thee!" and from



El jah Johnson, Philip Galatin and G. H. Newsnoime

## The Battle in Arizona

Arizona Socialists are claiming that the next inspiring news from the battle line of Socialism will come from the Arizona detachment. Elections in this state take place on December the 12th.

The Socialist party, which was somewhat disorganized by the conflict over the constitutional convention, has rallied and been growing at a most remarkable rate.

Twenty-one locals have been organized in the last 90 days. Both the Republican and Democratic candidates for governor are bankers. The Socialist candidate, Philip W. Galatin, is an active member of the Western Federa-

tion of Miners, and has been employed as a miner for twenty-five years.

tion of Miners, and has been employed as a miner for twenty-five years.

Elija Johnson, candidate for United States Senator, has been a Socialist for as many years as the Socialist party has been in existence. He is working at the trade of shoemaker at the present time, and, although more than sixty years of age, is still an active propagandist.

George H. Newsnoime, candidate for Secretary of State, is a farmer and state secretary of the Socialist party. The Western Federation of miners is almost solidly behind the party and a large number of local speakers, several from outside, including Mayor Duncan of Butte, Mont., will tour the state during the campaign.

then on it was war between him and the ruling class, not only of Rome, but of his own people.

Then comes the scourging of the parasitic priests and Pharisees from the Temple, the bribing of one of his followers and the crucifixion, a punishment particularly reserved for the working class.

"The murder of Jesus was the greatest crime in history. It removed the one person who was able to awaken the proletariat of the ancient world, and to guide it after being awakened. As it was, the proletariat, left leaderless, either lashed itself into a frenzied and suicidal fury, as in the Jewish War of Liberation three decades later; or else—and this was the fate of the masses in most of the countries—it despaired of any rescue from the hand of the oppressor, and slumped into the animalism that ever accompanies despair. No authentic monument marks the skull-shaped knob of ground outside Jerusalem where the murder was committed. But it needs no monument. The Orient as it is today, and as it threatens to remain for millenniums yet to come, is a tombstone sufficiently dismal, recording the event."

For a period Rome let loose bloody vengeance on the head of those who had followed "The Call of the Carpenter." This is peculiarly significant, for the Roman Empire was indifferently tolerant of "religion."

"Let me control a man's work and I care not who controls his worship," was the principle on which Rome proceeded. The creed of the Roman Empire had "two articles: slavery and taxes. Given these they yielded every other point." Yet they slaughtered the early Christians in such multitudes as to afford the world's classical example of bloody massacres, and these were killed because "They denied the legitimacy of a worldwide empire of property rights. An empire whose industrialism was based on slavery, whose social system degraded the many for the exaltation of the few, and whose government was irresponsible and enforced by military might."

But these early Christians were no meek, non-resistant lambs. This author declares that evidence shows that the charge of having set fire to Rome instead of being a libel, as later historians would have us believe, is a statement of fact and a tribute to the des-

perate resistance of the rebellious Christians. Indeed, he declares that "It is admitted by modern scholars that the 'Book of Revelation' is a burst of joy when the news arrived of the burning of the city."

His whole explanation of the "Book of Revelation" as a celebration of this burning and a prophecy of the victory of labor, written in allegorical form to evade the Roman censor, is extremely suggestive if not convincing.

What violence could not crush, cunning captured. Paul, "The Roman Citizen," began the process of annexing Christianity to Rome. The Pauline gospel is explained as an attempt to make the religion of revolt respectable.

"Nothing could have impeded Christianity from the outside—obstacles did but bring increase of momentum, the blood-baths soaked new strength into their sinews. Christianity was betrayed from the inside. Rome insinuated herself within the Christian ranks, and there did her work. By a reinterpretation of The Carpenter—under the pretense of adding to his glory—she exorcised from that magic name its power of evoking democracy; she turned it into a reinforcer of despotism. It was a masterpiece of strategy. The goad which had been pricking the people into unrest, was now a flail beating them down into submission. Religion with its powerful leverage on the human heart no longer urged the liberty and self-respect. It lent its ghostly counsels now to quietism—obedience, at any cost of personal values. If the light that is in the world be darkness, how great is that darkness!"

From then on the process was swift. Constantine soon completed the "emancipation" and bloody, oppressive Rome became "The holy Roman Empire."

The conclusion is a burning appeal for a recognition of the revolutionary character of early Christianity. It is inspiring, splendidly written, but somehow, one wonders if you really can use the old bottles to confine the new wine of the social revolution.

Municipal elections were held in Berlin on November 5th. Representatives were to be elected from seventeen districts. Of these the Socialists already had eleven and they captured five of the remaining six at this election and lost the seventeenth by only forty votes.



# Come Have a Smile With Us

## Flings at Things

BY D. M. S.

### Fine Music

Hear the swelling note of freedom  
Round the world.  
Tyrants stand to get their whiskers  
Nicely curled,  
Far and near  
This good year,  
And a cookie it is worth  
Just to be alive on earth,  
Hearing as we move along  
Liberty's compelling song  
Hummed in every modern tongue.  
Banners to the breezes flung  
State it boldly, without fear  
That the people's day is here.

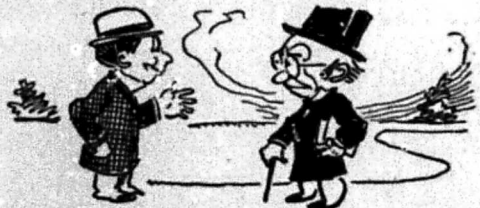
From the men of every clime  
Grasping for the Newer Time  
Comes a note  
From the throat  
Of a people roused and strong  
From a dream that lasted long.  
Man unshackled stands alone  
Fearing neither king nor throne  
But resolved himself to rule.  
Not a plaything nor a tool  
For an emperor or czar  
With the world policeman's star.

Even China feels the thrill;  
Practiced long at standing still,  
See it moving  
To the proving  
That in any sort of nation  
To the far end of creation  
Freedom's microbe getting busy  
Can the slowest ones make dizzy  
And will work.  
See the Turk  
Who more hopeless could be found  
In a search the whole world 'round.

So it's all around the planet,  
Systems thought to be of granite,  
(Warranted or money back)  
Show a most decided crack,  
Systems that were built for ages  
Now will run but few more pages  
In the history that will  
Children of the future thrill.  
Tyranny's dark sun has set.  
Liberty's the one best bet.

### Walking All Around Us

"I heard you speak, professor, of a man as being a good democrat. Isn't that a contradiction of terms? Can there be such a thing as a 'good' democrat?"



"I think so. Much on the same order as the good Indian."

"To be sure. What was I thinking of? Most of the democrats I know answer the description, being dead ones."

### It Helps a Lot

"You talk," said the sarcastic man, "as though the weather would be better under Socialism than it is under capitalism."

"It will," replied the agitator confidently.

"There you go again. If you people would just talk sense there would be some getting along with you. Socialism has some good points, but you carry

it to such absurd lengths. Now take this claim of the weather for instance.



A simple-minded person might take you seriously."

"And you, you all-wise owl, you don't."

"Of course I don't."

"Then you will not admit that the weather is better now for the man in an enclosed taxicab than it is for the dub who is mending the streets."

### Whole Line

"Great little list of Socialist victories."

"You bet."

"Let's see, what cities did we carry? I am a poor hand to remember names."

"Oh, Schenectady, Canton, Lima and intermediate points."

More people know what Socialism is than ever before. That explains the big vote.

Socialist papers will soon have to be enlarged to be able to record the victories.

## Little Flings

Taft is a great little first aid to Socialism. Just his coming from Ohio may have caused the good results.

Los Angeles has a chance to show how civilized it is.

There will be plenty of near Socialism in the old party platforms. They may as well fill them up on that as they don't intend to keep them anyway.

East and west both have to look out or each will beat the other to Socialism.

General Otis is a left over from the last century.

Municipal grafters in Schenectady may as well be looking for honest work.



Socialism is the quintessence of common sense.

Electing a Socialist president looks no more hopeless now than did the task of electing a Socialist mayor a year ago in some of the most successful cities.

## Told at the Dinner Hour

### He Sat Down

BY J. ALBERT MALLROY.

J. Stitt Wilson, the Socialist mayor of Berkeley, Cal., tells this one:

It was during a series of dry years in Southern California, times were hard, everything in the rural districts was mortgaged up to the hilt and the farmers were eager to hear the message of Socialism. Comrade Wilson, speaking to such an audience, was dealing with that argument of Capitalism's henchmen—that the common people of the present time were so much better off than were their forefathers in that they possess luxuries undreamed of a few years ago such as books, pictures, pianos, etc.

"Now I'd like to know," said the speaker, "how many members of this audience have pianos in their homes. Those that have please stand up."

No one seemed in haste to stand. Finally a long, lean old farmer slowly began to shuffle to his feet, but before he had reached an upright position, a large hand reached forward from two rows back, rested on his shoulder and pushed him back into his seat while a bass voice rumbled through the hall in gentle remonstrance:

"Sit down, Paw, it's an organ."

### Smiles

BY EDGAR S. NYE.

"Silence! Silence!" cried the Judge, in great wrath. "Here we have decided half a dozen cases this morning and have not heard a word of any of them!" It happened in San Francisco.

Steel is what makes a blade sharp, but a blade that makes a sharper is a stealer—provided he doesn't swipe a million.

An Irishman, referring to the sudden

one remarked:

"Bill, you always did have better luck than I. Look at my last lot of buildings—collapsed before they were finished. That wind that put them out didn't seem to harm yours. Yet both your houses and mine were built the same—same materials, same workmanship."

"That's true enough," replied the other builder, "but you forget one thing—my houses had been papered."—*Harper's Magazine.*

Father—"Well, my son, you have now got your commission, and are prepared to join your regiment and fight for the glory of our country. Do you think you have the necessary qualifications?"

Young Officer—"Well, I should think so. I am the champion long distance runner of our club."

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Edwin Arnold, the English poet and distinguished Orientalist, is best known by his fine rendering into limpid lines the teachings of Gautama, the last incarnation of Buddha, under the title of "The Light of Asia." This is the most popular and concise exposition of Buddhism in our language and has done much to create interest in that cult. His "Pearls of the Faith" are verses on the ninety-nine holy names of Allah, and "Sa'di in the Garden" is a paraphrase of the great Persian poet. He endeavored in the "Light of the World" to set forth the teachings of Christ as a companion poem to the "Light of Asia"; but it falls much below that work in merit. Besides these works he published several volumes of miscellaneous verse containing single poems of beauty and power. "He and She," an unforgettable love poem is one of the most notable, and scattered through them are a few radical poems like this "War Song."

**The Battle Sound of Freedoms Army**

BY EDWIN ARNOLD.

Marching down to Armageddon, brothers bold and strong,  
Cheer the cheerless way we tread on with a soldier's song.  
Let the armies of the old flag march in silent dread,  
Death and life are one to us, who fight for quick and dead.

We are those whose torn battalions, trained to bleed, not fly,  
Make our agonies a triumph—conquer while we die.

We are they who will not falter—many swords or few—  
Till we make this the altar of a worship new;

We are they whose bugles ring that all the wars may cease,  
We are they who'll pay the kings their cruel price for peace;

We are those who will not take from palace, priest or code  
A meaner law than brotherhood—a lower lord than God.

We must slay in perfect pity those who must not live,  
Conquer and forgive our foes, or die and still forgive.

We are those whose unpaid legions, in free ranks arrayed,  
Massacred in many regions, never once were stayed;

Therefore, down to Armageddon, brothers bold and strong,  
Cheer the glorious way we tread on, with a soldier's song.

Let the armies of the old flags march in silent dread,  
Death and life are one to us, who fight for quick and dead.

**The Modern Social System**

—Der Wahre Jakob



Honor thy father and thy mother

You must shoot your father and your mother when your superiors command



A hunger revolt: Fire!

Twenty percent dividend declared by the distillery directors



Well, it ought to be good eating—Been a long time fattening

**Census vs. The Supreme Court**

Some one ought to couple the trust-busting department of the government up with the census office. If President Taft and the Supreme Court could be made to realize the significance of the figures that are being gathered by the Bureau of the Census the farcical character of the trust-busting campaign would be so evident that its continuance would be impossible.

In a bulletin just released on "Large and Small Factories" the process of concentration is shown in its resistless march.

There are 268,491 manufacturing establishments according to the census of 1909. Of these, 3,061, or 1.1 per cent, had an annual product of over a million dollars. In 1904 there were only 1,900 such establishments, and these formed only 0.9 per cent of the total, but in 1904 these employed 25.6 of the wage workers, and in 1909 30.5 of the whole number of wage workers. These "great" establishments produced 38 per cent of the total value of products for all establishments and in 1909 43.8, or, in other words, this 1.1 per cent of the factories produces almost one-half of the product and does this with 30.5 per cent of the wage workers, showing that they are by far the most efficient exploiters.

Even the "large" establishments producing between one hundred thousand and one million dollars' worth of product annually make up but 10.4 per cent of the total number of establishments as compared with 10.3 per cent in 1904, while the value of their product has decreased from 41.3 per cent to 38.4 per cent of the whole and the number of wage earners from 46 per cent to 43.8 per cent.

"Medium-sized" establishments have fallen off even more rapidly. Those which produce from twenty to one hundred thousand dollars' worth of product annually furnish but 12.3 per cent of the total product as compared with 14.4 per cent five years before. Those which are designated as "small" establishments producing between five and twenty thousand dollars, although embracing 32.4 per cent of the whole number of industries as compared with 33.7 per cent in 1905 give employment to only

7.1 per cent of the wage workers and produce but 4.4 per cent of the total value of products.

When we come to the "very small" concerns with a product of less than five thousand dollars we find that while there were 93,349 of them, or 34.8 per cent of the total in 1909, and 71,147, or 39.9 per cent of the total in 1904, yet in the former year they employed only 2.2 per cent of the wage earners and their products amounted to only 1.1 per cent of the total value of products as compared with 1.9 per cent and 1.2 per cent, respectively, in 1904.

In other words, every form of establishment, save the million dollar and more ones, has decreased in importance, has shown itself less efficient in exploiting labor and less able to maintain itself. This is the lesson that Socialists have been preaching for fifty years.

It seems so simple that a way-faring man, though a fool, could not but understand it, though Congress, the Supreme Court and the President seem unable to grasp it.

After the Swiss elections of October 29, there is now a total of ten Socialist representatives in the Parliament of Switzerland.



Labor's Advance