

THE COMING OF THE NATION

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A JOURNAL OF THINGS DOING AND TO BE DONE

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Comment on Things Doing

BY CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

HO! FOR THE MALLET AND AWL

WHETHER the Merritt brothers were really bamboozled out of their great property (as they aver) by John D. Rockefeller and the Pious Gates or whether, as the genial Mr. Rockefeller declares there was no bamboozle, but merely honest business is not very important except in the minds of the paragraphers on a lee shore for matter.

In either case the fact seems to be that the Merritts once had much rich territory, that it now reposes with so many others in the capacious reserves of Mr. Rockefeller, and that the manner of the transfer was exactly what was to have been expected and what has happened in innumerable cases and is happening today.

In other words, the time arrived in the experience of the Merritts when they must have money to develop their property.

Of money there was and is but two considerable sources. One of the golden fountains is controlled by Mr. Rockefeller and his friends of the Standard Oil group; the other by J. Pierpont Morgan and his associates.

If the Merritts had not fallen into the hands of the Rockefeller group they would have fallen into the hands of the Morgan group.

Because they needed money and money could be had and can be had from only these two groups.

As their property was enormously valuable and desirable it would have made no difference to which group they had gone. In either case they would have lost out and the group would have emerged from the transaction with the property under its arm.

This is what is happening all the time and is certain to happen. The Merritts ascribe the performance to the superior machinations of Mr. Rockefeller and the Pious One. Men usually make some such charge when they see a great lump of gold slipping from their fingers. As a matter of fact machinations have little to do with it. Every developing property or business comes to a point when it must have money. To get money it applies to the one or the other of the only sources of money. About that time if their enterprise looks good the owners may bid farewell to it.

The powers that control the money supply have vast accumulated profits that imperatively demand profitable investment. You might as well expect a hungry man to refuse to eat as to suppose that when once these powers get their hooks into a profitable enterprise through the medium of a loan they will ever let go.

You need money in your enterprise. You shall have it upon such terms as these gentlemen shall dictate even to the surrender of your property in the manner that the Merritts surrendered theirs.

* * *

This process has been going on for years and steadily increasing. No law, no court, no governmental power has ever operated to check it, restrain it, hinder it, nor interfere with it. It sweeps aside every obstacle, and week by week it becomes more strongly marked as the great evolutionary development of our times.

It is from this process that a chain of three stores in the ownership of one man presently becomes a chain of six hundred stores in the ownership of a Wall street syndicate; that we see a "chain" of 137 grocery stores, another of 46 drug stores, another of 123 clothing stores, another of more than 1,000 cigar stores; and the ends of all these chains come eventually to rest either at No. 26 Broadway or at the corner of Broad and Wall streets.

It is certain, inevitable, inexorable. Constantly it attains greater rapidity and



power. At the present rate of transformation one can almost determine the time at which all the business of the country will be in the hands or the active control of the groups and all the rest of the people become the hired servants of these.

The burden of the song of one order of American troglodyte is that we must safeguard opportunity.

Let this process continue but a little longer and a young man's opportunity in this country will be to become the hired man of a mail order house, a chain store, or a chain factory and nothing else.

* * *

These facts are so perfectly obvious, certain, undeniable, even axiomatic to every person that has ever looked into the subject that to such I seem to be wasting time to recite them.

But the strange, unaccountable thing is the tremendous difficulty of securing their recognition by the troglodytish mind, which is over abundant in our broad land. If we could once get these simple truths admitted our cause would be won, for it is inconceivable that the American people will ever consent to become hopeless serfs. And yet here are the facts as plain as the day, and here are the unmistakable causes of them. Every day the mail order house becomes greater and sweeps down more retail trade; every day the chain store advances into new territory; every day the power of the money trust becomes more abnormal and appalling.

Therefore, let us to the task before us with renewed vigor. Patience and persistence are the virtues for us. Patiently take your troglodyte in hand and patiently labor with him. Providence has made such provisions in his case that facts have little penetrative power for him. Patiently reach for the mallet and awl. Patiently get his head in a firm position. Patiently drill. Strange matter will be brought up by the drilling. You must penetrate much thick integument. There will come to the surface debris of the Old Red Sandstone and fragments of the Lower Silurian. Be not discouraged; turn not aside. Drill steadily onward for the salvation of troglodytes and the glory of the race. Eventually you will, with a proud, glad shout, penetrate to the brain.

And when at last you have reached that curious and darkened chamber and your subject comprehends the simplest facts by which he is surrounded, ask him gently this question,

"What are you going to do about it?"

That's the idea, dear old troglodyte. What are you going to do about it? It was sad for the Merritts to lose all their delightful property. It is sad for fifty thousand shop-keepers to lose their business and become clerks for some trust or other. It is sad that not one scheme of regulation or restriction has the slightest effect to check these processes.

But what are you going to do about it?



DOC'S ON THE JOB

WHATEVER else may be wrong in this country it certainly ought never to go astray for want of economic seers and wise men. It has more and more startling specimens of that genus than any other nation under the sun.

A new one has just broken into the arena, and he is a peach.

Dr. Wiley of the pure health department has been pondering the causes of the increased cost of living and to his mind they are clearer than crystal.

It is the middleman, says the Doc sagely. He's the boy that does it all. Soak the wretched middleman.

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Why, how strange that we did not see that before! Of course, it is the low, miserable grocer and butcher that put the prices up and rake off all the fat profits. Nothing else is the matter with us but the existence of these piratical grocers that used to sell eggs for twenty cents a dozen and now demand fifty and sixty. There you are, you see. Hang them, if they weren't so greedy we might be getting eggs now for twenty cents a dozen. The thing to do is to knock out the grocer and the butcher. Then we can get eggs for twenty cents a dozen and pork chops for ten cents a pound as in the good old days.

Bless your heart, Doc; how glad I am that you told me! I never noticed it before, but it must be true that all these grocers are multi-millionaires and just put up a bluff of poverty to fool us. Around the corner from where I live there is one that since you have warned me I am now very leery of. I used to see him going to work very early in the morning and quitting very late at night, keeping his own books, doing all the arduous work in his store with the assistance only of one small boy, and living with every pretense of poverty in some poor rooms upstairs in Fourth Avenue. I used to think he was poor and was wont to pity him, but I see now that he is just a miserable faker. I am going around some night to see what he does with all this money he has been gouging from the patient poor. What do you think, Doc? He must do something with it, you know. Perhaps he digs holes and buries it in his cellar!

Anyway, Doc, it is awfully good of you to tell us all about this. Some foolish persons have supposed that the increase in the cost of living was due to profound economic causes having relation to the decreased labor-cost of gold and overcapitalization, but that isn't so, is it? All the trouble comes from the low-down groceryman, doesn't it? Have you called old Doc Wilson's attention to this important discovery? Seems to be right in his line. He might like to use it in his own exhaustive studies on this subject and then there would be a pair of you, wouldn't there? And how nice that would be—two old Docs telling the benighted people of America the real reason why the cost of living has gone up would be a spectacle worth seeing, wouldn't it? Well, I guess!



SOLEMN FOOLERY IN THE COURTS

In February, 1903, Judge Grosscup, of the Federal Circuit court at Chicago, handed down a decision finding that certain meat packers had been guilty of violating the Sherman act and granting an injunction forbidding them to continue their illegal behavior.

On November 18, of the present year, Judge Kohlsaat, also of the Federal Circuit court, handed down some other decision against the packers.

This serves to remind us that this tiresome old play is still proceeding.

It has now been continuously on the boards for close upon nine years, in which time the packers have not ceased to do the things complained of at the beginning and the government has not ceased to make some kind of futile and ridiculous motions about them.

Every nation has its distinguishing peculiarity. Ours is a capacity for dreary and monotonous farce.

Much good wit has been expended by Anglo-Saxon minds because the Chinese have plays that last a month. I don't see that the Chinese have anything on us in this particular. We have plays that last nine years.

There is, however, this difference to be noted. The Chinese drama has some reason for existence in the fact that it interests or amuses its spectators. Our inexpressibly dull performance of "Busting the Trusts" has no such merit. It amuses nobody, entertains nobody, and achieves nothing except to cost the government some annual millions. In twenty-one years it has not succeeded in

breaking up one trust nor in imprisoning one violator of the law. Students of human eccentricities may find some material in the fact that even if these objects should be at any time attained not one particle of good would result to any human being, nor one particle of change effected in one existing condition. But these little facts will not, of course, interfere in any way with the farce playing.

I suppose that fifty years from now, Levy Mayer will come tottering into court on canes and Judge Kohlsaat, wearing a long white beard, will read from the bench the 4,315th decision in the case of the United States against the Beef Trust, and a quavering chorus of troglodyte editors will pipe up, "Gee, ain't it great! The government is prosecuting them packing house fellers!"



And yet, there are signs of progress in spite of all this official density. I see that Mr. Taft's advisors have told him plainly that he need hope for nothing next year if he undertakes to make his campaign on any phase of the tariff question.

Cheer up; this means progress. Not so fast that it would take your breath away, but still progress. It indicates the discovery that you cannot work the same old games forever. How long ago was it that men used to march in processions, burn red fire, crowd public meetings, listen to endless oratory, and work themselves into a white heat over the question whether the duty on aconite should be 38 per cent or only 37? Those good old days seem to have gone forever. Peace to their memory. There never was anything to the tariff question but a scheme to divert the attention of men from the things that are of importance to the things that are mere fakes. For years and years it was a highly successful scheme. Until two or three years ago it was still regarded by all the old Doc Swindles as an effective device. At one time, with the help of the fake reciprocity bill, it was confidently expected that the next presidential election could be humbugged through on a pretended tariff issue. That the political gamblers see now that this will not work is a thing to give thanks for. We may be fooled for nine years by a spurious Beef Trust prosecution, but we can't be fooled forever by gentlemen that wield the tariff slap stick. Let us give thanks.



The game for the coming election is determined upon. It is to be reform bunk. Mr. Taft is going to stand—with some difficulty—on his record in prosecuting the trusts, and Doc Wilson is to go about assuring everybody that he alone has the correct dope. It is believed that if the sporting instincts of the public can be sufficiently aroused to take an interest in this contest attention can be kept for at least four years from anything that really concerns anybody.

But even this indicates progress. Let us give thanks.



WISE MINNEAPOLIS

A few weeks ago I was moved to make in these columns a few cursory remarks about Minneapolis, the ideal city of the fat-witted, complacent, uninformed middle-class of America, that goes on contentedly grubbing dollars while the working class sinks to lower depths of the perdition we have provided for it. On the publication of these comments the fat-wits called me a liar and declared that in their town everything was as lovely as could be.

For these kind attentions I felt and feel a gratitude beyond expression in words. No man need doubt that he is on the right track so long as the kept ladies of the press and the reactionaries are engaged in calling him a liar.

Since then the story of Minneapolis has taken a new turn full of instruction to those that are not ready to accept the middle-class paradise as the final condition of mankind.

I told in my earlier chapter of the frightful

condition of the Union railroad station in Minneapolis, and how a committee of eminent citizens had crawled on their bellies to Mr. Jim Hill, begging him for the boon of a new station and how he had genially kicked them in the face with the information that the present station is good enough and all they are going to get.

Some of the eminent citizens were not quite content with this answer and have been agitating since the question whether perhaps the city cannot have a new station without the consent of the Duke of Minnesota.

The project now takes on two suggested forms, either that the city shall build the station and ask Mr. Hill if he will be good enough to let his railroads occupy it, or that the station shall be built by a company organized among the citizens.

The difficulty about either suggestion is the lack of funds.

That being the case, the eminent fat-heads of Minneapolis ought to be interested in the following facts, all of which are no doubt new to them, though all matters of what should be common knowledge.

If they had only one per cent of the "melons" that Mr. Hill has cut from his railroads in the last thirty years they would have money enough to build the most magnificent railroad station in the entire West.

Or if they had twenty per cent of the annual tribute that is levied upon them and the rest of the American people to pay the interest on these "melons."

Or if they had one per cent of the grants of public money and lands that have been conferred upon Mr. Hill's railroads.

Or if they had five per cent of the water in Mr. Hill's stocks.

Or if they had a small part of the cost that this water annually imposes upon them.

One thousand men attended the other night a banquet to push along the new station project. They listened to many speeches on the subject. Not one of the speakers referred to any of these facts, but devoted all their time to pumping hot air about the greatness of their city.

One of the speakers was funny. Not so funny, though, as the idea that the public should add to its benefactions to Mr. Hill the gift of a new railroad station.

Is there any doubt that we are the wise people of the world?



MERELY WHOLESALE MURDER

Kind hearted men that live in the world and have some vague sense of the terrible injustice of the system under which men toil for the aggrandizement of the rich and the fortunate, will you let me ask you one little question?

Most of you think that in some effort of philanthropy or benevolence something will be done to alleviate these conditions. You shrink from the thought, if it is ever offered to you, that the way to cure these evils is to abolish their cause. You dodge that suggestion and resolutely put it out of your minds with notions that some day the well-disposed among the rich will of their own accord get off the backs of the poor.

They will to exactly the extent that kind-hearted Dr. Cabot, as I told you two weeks ago, has been able to affect the Steel Trust.

Do you want to waste any more time?

Remember that while you are fooling around with good-natured schemes of philanthropy that never accomplish anything, men and women are dying. Every day that you prolong the life of this monstrous system costs thousands of lives.

Here is the question:

Shall we stop the slaughter now or let it go on and kill millions more?



Old Doc Williams may be able to make his face up like Lincoln's, but Harmon has the better press agent, and that's what gets the decision in these days.

ART YOUNG

Radical Cartoonist

BY J. B. LARRIC

THE curse of the age," Arthur Young will tell you in his deliberate, side-of-the-mouth drawl, "is intellectual prostitution. What have we for those that barter their bodies? Poverty and loathing. But glory and wealth is the punishment we mete out to that far intenser evil—the trafficking of the brain. Yet body prostitution ends with the individual. He alone is destroyed. But the entire race is harmed by the defilement of the sources of thought. Instead of the people being given mental drink to refresh them with the truth they are constantly being confused and stupefied by draughts of poisonous error.

"Yes, my dear fellow, the lackey-artists, lackey-writers, lackey-lawyers and lackey-intellectuals are the genuine enemies of progress. To what use, I ask, do they put their wits? Of what gain is it to the world that their brains are acute and sharpened? Their large capacities serve only as more effective barricades to shut the people out from its rightful inheritance of culture and happiness."

Though forty-five, Young's face is boyishly round, still freshly eager with a piquant juvenile curiosity. He was born in Orangeville, Ill., in 1866. What's keeping him so surprisingly youthful? Surely it must be his passionate interest in men, women and children. His creed? God's folks. His gospel? Humanity. He has no other kind. To him all the treasures of art and all the refinements of wealth are simply scenery—so much background. Men and women—they constitute his drama. They are his altars and his fires. It is for them his pencil toils.

Don't think this serious humanitarian cannot laugh. Few laugh deeper, more joyously. Consult the pages of *Life* or *Puck* for proof that he can clothe caricatures in the sunny good-nature of the droll, the whimsical and the grotesque. Why if there weren't heaps and heaps of fun in the world, Arthur Young would resign from living. Hit his long and mobile mouth ever so lightly with the pebble of wit or repartee and away it will ripple into every widening circles of quietly infectious laughter.

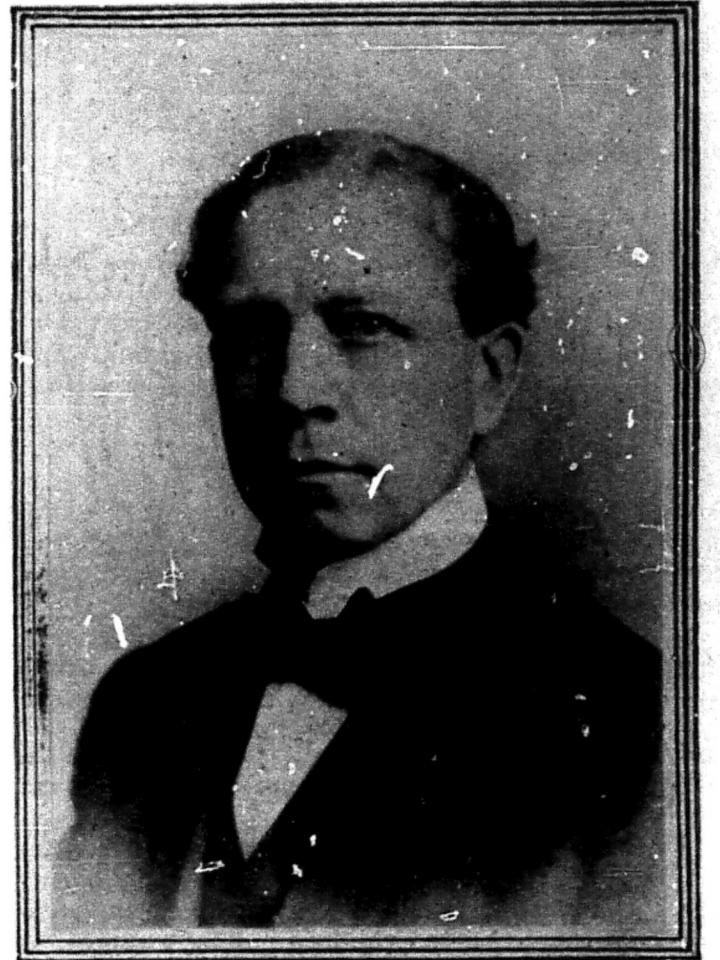
In simple, clear, concise strokes his pencil stabs at our social ills. If his style lacks finesse, so does a sledge-hammer. And many of his productions are veritable sledge-hammers that crash remorselessly through shocking evils of organized society. He will not quarrel with you overmuch if you name his method overall-art. Call his, if you have a mind to, a rake and hoe pencil. You cannot ignore, can you, an overall-pencil that furrows up the political and social ground so that it will produce finer fruit? And isn't an artist that beats his ploughshare talent into a sword to fight the battles of the proletariat a force to be reckoned with?

For the "art-for-art's-sake" painters Young has an amused toleration. If anything it arouses in him a spirit of pitying fun, and in many a humorous sketch he has gaiety

ridiculed this diletanteism. "Think," he will smile, "of a man wasting himself on such stuff as a 'Lady With A Green Pickle in Her Right Hand' or 'A Yellow Fish Viewed at Sunrise.'"

If a picture does not set before him an honest, definite mirroring of some active part of existence, he will pass it by. I do not know but that he would look at a landscape with about as much interest as a social butterfly would listen to a lecture on the differential calculus. It is incomprehensible to him that an artist should spend himself in painting inanimate subjects—those still life things—when all about him the world is yearning, striving, panting and struggling to throw off the wrongs and injustices of the ages.

However, here we enter deep waters. For the difference between the "art-for-art-sakers" and that of the "art-for-heart-sakers" has been for centuries an open wound. And, anyway, too, that's another story. Let's be satisfied to take the Young view-



Art Young

point and see how his own artistic achievements have squared up with it.

A few years ago the Trinity Corporation was accused of harboring some of the worst tenements in New York. These houses were violently attacked by the newspapers and the magazines. In defense Trinity denounced the magazines as muck-rakers and the newspapers as sensation-mongers. The public as usual grew hot under the collar for a spell. Goodness knows what it would have done if the opening of the baseball season hadn't come along. The national sport swallowed up its righteous indignation. Just when the agitation was quieting down considerably, Arthur Young "sneaked" over to the Trinity tenements in Varick and Hudson streets. He went through them carefully for himself. That's how he gains all his facts for his pictures—by first-hand observation. "Sneaking around" he calls it. And when that happens look out for a smashing picture.

The result of that nightly visit was a double-page cartoon which appeared in *Puck*. It made a powerful impression throughout the country. It was an unanswerable pictorial indictment of the Trinity Corporation. Overnight the cartoon did what the magazines, newspapers and the fickle public together had failed to accomplish. Trinity grew red in the face, hemmed, hawed, stammered, apologized. Then it promptly tore down the dilapidated structures. Brisbane republished the cartoon in the *Journal*, re-enforcing it with a stirring editorial.

Powerful and effective as that cartoon is, it finds, in my judgment, a mightier brother in "The Galley." This was thoughtfully dedicated to the states where child labor is still permitted. A thousand books on the subject—and a thousand books have been written on it—could not more furiously protest against this inexcusable crime of civilization. A trenchant force the cartoon holds that makes the fist double and the teeth set hard.

It haunts you, that picture. And anything that doesn't haunt you is mediocre art. A fine poem, a great play, a strong cartoon, a suggestive



HOLY TRINITY

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Art for Art's Sake

"The kind of art I have little use for"—Young

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painting, a penetrating novel, conjures from the depth of self this conscience-apparition that is not to be shaken off.

On a platform stands the fat, malevolent monster of Greed. He holds a whip in his thick, bloody fist. His narrow, vicious eyes are fixed threateningly on the emaciated children pulling away below at the oars of profit. Before your very eyes you see their little souls being tugged into dollars and their small bodies rowed into coin. Some of the tiny boys and girls are fainting on the deck. Others are staggering, exhausted at their tasks. Their dazed expressions, ever haunted with the physical fear of being lashed by their merciless overseer, is vividly caught. You turn away from the picture as from a dying bedside.

Even a hasty study of Young's pictures makes apparent his liberal insight into life. His pencil steadfastly refuses to hold this public official or that financial overlord accountable for conditions. Such an assumption he maintains to be idiotic. Napoleons do not—and cannot—make French Revolutions. French Revolutions make Napoleons.

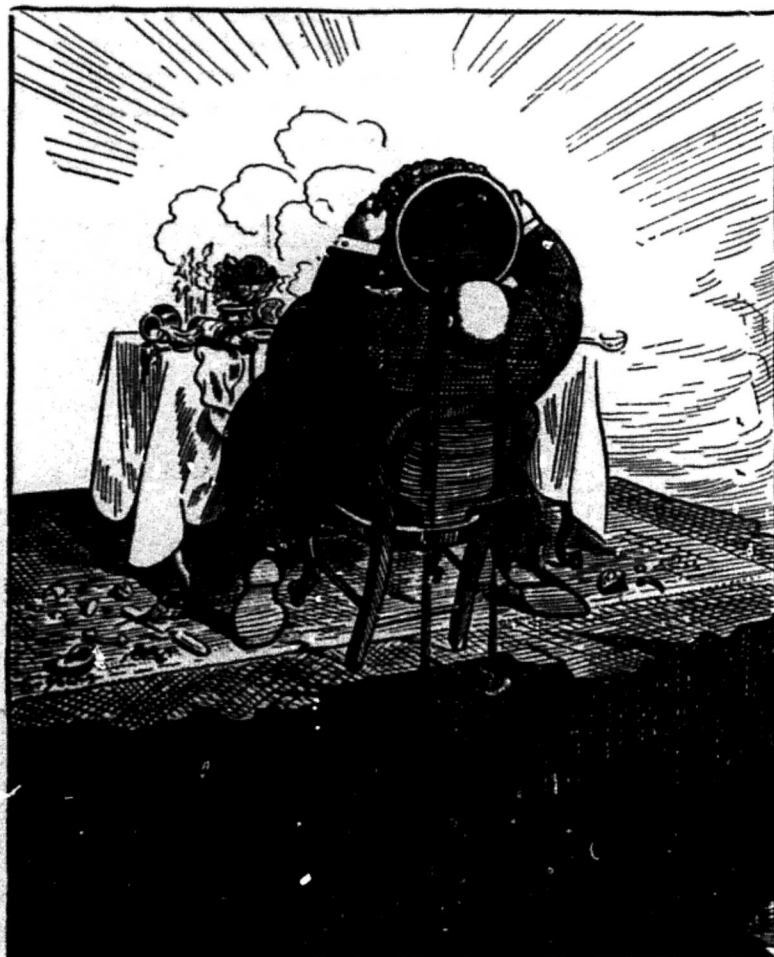
It is this sympathetic outlook which robs his sketching pen of the dripping scorn and venom that, for example, characterized many of Nast's compositions. Personalities seldom, if ever, enter into his drawings. Malefactors of great wealth represent to him but the natural outcome of pursuing a mistaken ideal. The Roman warriors triumphantly entering the imperial city bearing the plunder of conquest were not murderers. They were heroes. And they were heroes because conquest was the Roman ideal, just as the amassing up of wealth is ours. But do not imagine because Young's work is impersonal it lacks concrete force. On the contrary, its subtle compromising, reconciling surface does not put you on your guard against the evil foundations that are being hacked at.

The Roosevelt motive that you can wipe out corruption in high places by imprisoning corruptionists he regards as very shortsighted. He would put it this way: Suppose you kept on destroying the false currency coined by a counterfeit machine, persistently ignoring the machine itself, would that be of any use? It's the machine that's bad; therefore, the machine is to be changed. For, after all, what are men? The imprint of the die of inheritance and environment. Nothing more. This is the handle by which Young is to be grasped if you wish to be sure to understand him.

Few can draw the rural types as well as he. Did I say types? They are vivid personalities, each drawn with a distinct identity. These truly are the people from whose loins Lincoln sprung. They stand before you in all their ignorance, quaint humor, uncouth strength and practical shrewdness. These country folks of Young's are not mere assemblages of the usual newspaper sketches of cow-hide boots, Greeley whiskers and gol-darn-yees. They peer out at you from the printed page with a loving pathos, a melancholy, homely humanity that characterized the Great Liberator himself. They seem mentally pinched and bowed down by an ever-ending multitude of small tasks. At these rustics Young keeps poking fun continually, but his affection for the 'ol' folks at home" is nevertheless intense. When he soberly speaks of them, you would think he was saying grace—probably the only time your suspicion would be aroused in that direction.

In 1891 Young published a neat quarto volume of cartoons under the suggestive title of "Hell Up to Date." The West took to the book as a thirsty roe to water. The bewildered artist found himself in possession of \$1,500 in royalties. That is the only time in life he thought seriously of becoming

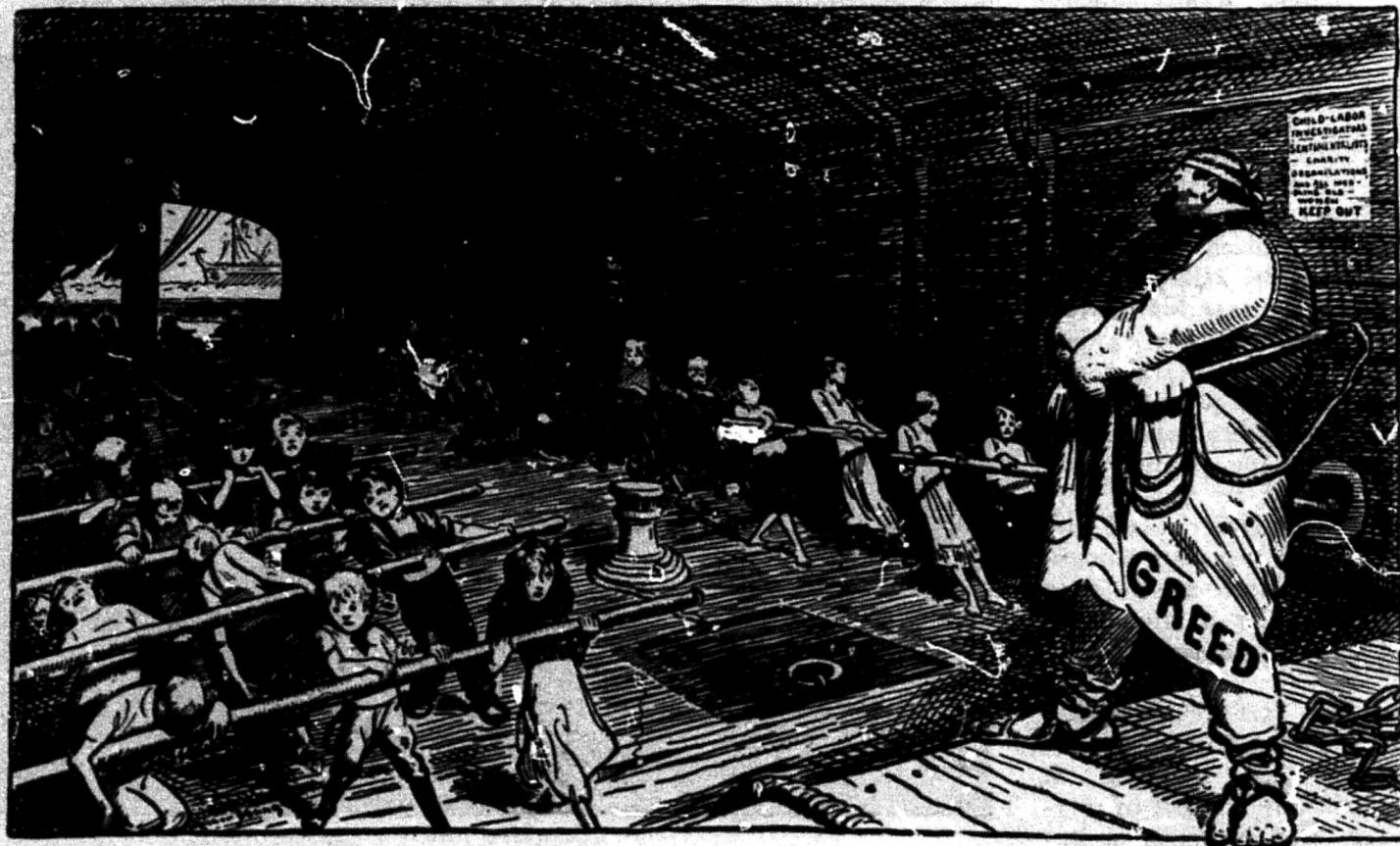
a conservative. Luckily for us, however, his newly acquired riches took wings. An artist that could hold on to his money could hold on to a bolt of greased lightning. Everyone greatly enjoyed, however, the racy flavor of these caricatures and licked his tongue for more. So under the title of "Snapshots in Hades," *Life*, many years later, printed a



Capitalism By permission Life Pub. Co.

companion series. These new contributions proved more popular than the first. They display more carefully executed drawings and a better balance between conception and execution.

Essentially an optimist, Young holds out for us the fairer days of the brotherhood of man. To that time his pencil is consecrated. The old order, he perceives is hastening to its end, the momentum of



By permission Puck Press

The Galley—Dedicated to the states where child labor is still permitted

its doom accelerated by its own greed, selfishness and materialism. The concept of the passing of the present crude individualism he has lately put into cartoon form that strikingly conveys his faith.

In this cartoon we behold a bloated aristocrat glutting himself before a table piled high with luxurious viands. The besotted capitalist is draining the overflowing wine from a large, richly ornamented vessel, his head in his avaricious thirst thrown so far back that he dangerously tilts the chair which is near the edge of a frowning abyss. You know that the gourmand has but to drain the dregs of the beverage to precipitate himself into destruction below.

Young's great cartoons are helping to throw over the chair.



One of Young's farmers

What We Need Most

BY W. R. S.

We need organizers more than we need agitators. We need house-to-house canvassers more than we need soap-box spielsers.

We need literature agents more than we need polished lecturers.

We need shrewd students of national, state and municipal problems more than we need erudite philosophers and historians.

We need comrades who will spend their evenings visiting working people in their homes more than we need martyrs who defy the police to deprive them of the right of street speaking.

We need the sort of organizer who makes a circuit of towns at least once every three months, stopping in each place from three to ten days for the purpose of inaugurating campaigns and teaching the comrades how to manage them—more than we need agitators who jump from town to town, giving a lecture here, a lecture there, and doing nothing else but talk.

We need to train a host of pamphlet sellers and subscription getters more than we need to train a lot of public speakers.

Of course, we need all sorts of propagandists, but the most important fields of endeavor seem to be neglected for those kinds of work that take the most money, that occasion the most prejudice, and that reach the fewest number of people. Is it not about time that we exercised a little discrimination?

Hence, competition under the corporate system of doing business is no longer a principle of sufficient force to regulate either prices or profits. Capital once invested in a corporation must, in practice, keep on producing, and pay its way, or else sink itself. Over-production and falling of prices do not, to any dependable extent, divert capital and productive energies from one field to another, except over a long period of time. Therefore, as the corporate form of ownership becomes more popular, free competition as a regulative principle sinks deeper and deeper into the grave.—*Wall Street Journal*.

New York Garbage Workers' Strike

By William Maily

Photos by Paul Thompson, N. Y.

THE municipal government of New York has again proven itself an efficient strike breaking machine—this time not for a private corporation, but on its own account. At a cost of \$35,000 a day, with the active co-operation of the most notorious scab agencies, the use of 3,600 regular policemen and 500 "strong arm" plain clothes men and the unanimous support of the capitalist owned and controlled press, the strike of 2,000 garbage workers, civil service employes, has been smashed without mercy or compassion and with tremendous unctiousness and bravado. The Health, Fire and Water Departments have all joined in the sport to the best of their ability.

And all because the garbage workers, among the poorest paid and hardest worked of the city employes, asked that the system of night work, which had for six months been devastating their ranks with disease and irremediable injuries, should be abolished, and failing even to get consideration of their grievances, revolted.

The strike was only resorted to after three months of fruitless efforts to avoid it. Almost every week during that time committees waited on Street Commissioner "Big Bill" Edwards, ex-Harvard football player, and Mayor Gaynor, but they evaded and procrastinated until the day after election, when a final and irrevocable "if you don't like night work you can quit" from Edwards was given.

Backing this reply on the same date was Mayor Gaynor's ukase to Edwards inviting a strike. Refusing even to consult with representatives of the union and declaring the garbage workers "can strike just as soon as they see fit," that "not one of them would get back into employment again," that "the city could get along without them," and scornfully ignoring all propositions for arbitration or mediation from any source, the Mayor once more revealed himself to be as inveterate an enemy of organized labor as ever held office in the United States.

As a result, filth has accumulated and piles of reeking, disease-breeding garbage have heaped up on the streets, emitting the most revolting and intolerable stench, poisoning the air and threatening those in the congested districts, especially the children playing in the streets, with infection and death.

And against this condition of things no protest has been made, except by the Socialists, and the strikers have had no press to defend them and state their case other than the Socialist papers, *The Call*, *The Volkszeitung* and the *Jewish Daily Forward*.

The night work system of collecting garbage was established last April, by order of Mayor Gaynor, who got some dust from an ash can on his immaculate Prince Albert that same morning while walking to the City Hall. At first, the garbage workers were given to understand that the new system was to hold only during the summer months. To this they agreed, but specified that it should be changed back to the day system when winter approached. "Winter," said Commissioner Edwards, "is a long way off, we'll see then about it."

They saw about it when the election was over and it was too late to make the men's grievances a campaign issue, which the men had wanted to do and which Tammany politicians in the union had succeeded in preventing.

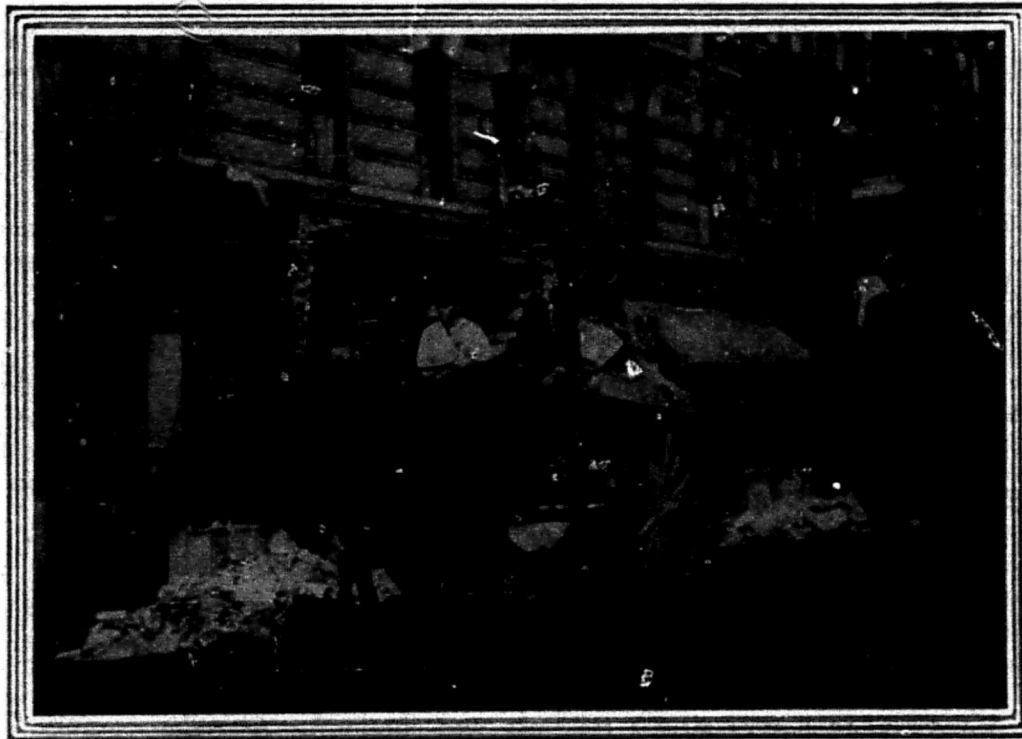
The objections to the night system are well grounded. In winter it means working in weather that causes pneumonia and rheumatism. Snow and ice add to the hardships which obtain at all seasons. Slippery streets mean falling horses; during the day three or four men are required to lift a fallen horse; at night one man alone must do it, as it would be impossible to get help.

In the big buildings the ash cans are stored in deep areaways. To find these cans men have to carry lanterns. Frequently the lantern lights are blown out by the wind and men stumble and are injured. At this writing eleven men have been in the hospital some weeks because of injuries received in this way.

There is another danger, one that would hardly be thought of. Homeless cats sequester at night

in the ash cans and when the men move the cans, these cats spring at them and scratch their hands and faces. Many men bear these scratches now and have sustained blood poisoning from them.

Carrying the ash cans from the deep areaways means climbing flights of steps with them. The ash cans weigh from 100 to 200 pounds when full. Four hundred men have been ruptured and incapacitated for further service since last April, when the night system was established. The garbage collectors asked for helpers, but were refused.



Strike breakers escorted by the police

There goes with this, too, the disorganization of home life which night work always incurs and the inability of the men to sleep amid the ceaseless noise and clamor in the crowded parts of a large city, where the men are compelled to live.

There are other grievances. The men get \$2.42 a day. Out of this they have to pay tribute to a swarm of petty bosses—political job holders—day and night foremen, day and night superintendents, assistant foremen, almost all of them favorite of the political bosses of the city. To displease one



Mounted police dispersing strike sympathizers

of these satraps of Tammany often means being laid off two and three weeks and receiving discharge papers at the end of that time.

Then there is the custom of having the men at the several stables at different times present testimonials to Commissioner Edwards in the shape of diamond rings and jewelry, all thoughtfully inspired and arranged by the sub-bosses who want to keep in with the "big fellow," and to which the men are intimidated into contributing.

But all of these things were waived temporarily for the main issue of the night system. And to maintain this, Mayor Gaynor had prepared to use every means at his command. Some say because of his highly developed ego. When it comes to stub-

bornness the mule has nothing on him. But there is something else, other people say.

In the Mayor's ukase already quoted from, he told Commissioner Edwards, "Let the contract system be resorted to if necessary." Therein probably lies the kernel of the situation. Tammany wants the collection of garbage taken out of the city's hands. The contract system means more opportunities for graft and graft is the breath of Tammany's nostrils. So it was quite natural that the day after the strike began the representatives of several contracting companies were haunting the city hall.

To accomplish this end and to discredit the principle of municipal control of municipal enterprises, the most approved method of strike breaking has

been resorted to. Advertising through the capitalist papers for scabs and entering into contracts with scab agencies like Waddell and Mahon, Dougherty, Schmittberger and others, are functions which the city government has assumed. In eight days, ten thousand strike breakers have been imported from Chicago, Baltimore, Pittsburg, and other cities. On the whole, they are the most miserable specimens of humanity that are to be seen anywhere. They are housed in barns and stables, sleeping on canvas cots and living on black bread, watery coffee and rotten eggs, instead of the good hotel fare they were promised. There is undoubtedly fine graft in the strike commissaries for the Tammany emissaries.

Of these ten thousand strike breakers, there are now actually 4,436 remaining. Some, brought here under false pretences, have quit when they found what they were wanted for and forfeited their pay in doing so. Others have been unable to do the hard work required or to live under the filthy conditions obtaining in the stables. Others still are hoboes, who welcomed a chance

to get to the metropolis free of charge to hibernate here for the winter. All these are food for the city workhouse sooner or later.

But the scab agencies have reaped a harvest. They have drawn on the city treasury until the comptroller has protested against its further depletion. And as citizens are flooding the comptroller's office with protests against this expensive strike breaking enterprise, he is frightened.

The agencies get \$5 a day for each strike breaker and \$7 a day for strike breakers' "chaperones." The strike breakers themselves get \$3 a day—when they get it. The "chaperones" are common thugs sent along to protect the strike breakers.

Things were warm for the first few days. The women in the working class districts took a hand and bricks were thrown both on the streets and from the housetops. The strike breakers were unable to work because of the aggressiveness of the women. Strike pickets have been arrested wholesale and the magistrates, as usual, promptly "sent them up" for from ten to thirty days. Two men are dead and hundreds injured on account of riots.

There might have been a general strike, if the union leaders had wanted it. But they discouraged the idea. A large number of sweepers did join the strike, and the transportation workers showed their sympathy in many ways.

Significant has been the attitude of the capitalist daily press. Two weeks ago they were unanimously denouncing Tammany Hall and Gaynor. That was during the campaign.

Now, regardless of party, they are unanimously supporting them. "This strike," we have been told, "is treason to the state." It appears that employes of the state or city have no rights as individuals. They must submit to whatever rules are imposed upon them by the officials in power. The "courage" of Mayor Gaynor is endorsed in fulsome eulogy. He is praised for teaching "ungrateful and unpatriotic public employes" a needed lesson. From a demagogue and egregious egotist he has become a hero. The blame for the existing menace to the public health is placed entirely upon the men.

The usefulness of the garbage collector to society is not considered, though it has been amply dem-

(Continued on page eleven.)

He Didn't Belong to Her Tribe

THE FEMALE PHILOSOPHER OF THE KLAMATH BASIN GIVES SOME ADVICE TO A YOUNG GIRL WHO IS NOT CERTAIN THAT SHE HAS FOUND HER AFFINITY IN THE YOUNG MAN WHOM SHE HAS PROMISED TO MARRY



I got a letter from a little girl the other day, a kind of pitiful letter, somehow, and because I reckon there's more girls like her, I'm goin to put the answer in a place where maybe some other girls will see and read it. I'm frank to say I ain't never been around to amount to anything, and you can all see that I never got no schoolin to speak of, even after the printer has doctored up this here manuscript of mine; but I've made a study of human nature for the last fifty or sixty years and even the dumbest of humans is bound to learn a little something about a subject if he stays with it that long, and I've always felt it was the duty of one generation to give the benefit of their experience to the one follerin provided the last mentioned was willin to receive it.

This is the way part of the letter read, exceptin names and addresses, of course:

"Dear Aunt Nancy: I have been readin your articles for some time and should like to get acquainted with you, as you seem to be real kindhearted. My mother is dead and I need some advice in regard to a very important matter.

"I am engaged to a young man. He is honest, industrious, amiable, and what is known as a 'good rustler.' Doesn't use liquor, and has a nice little home free from debt.

"But his manners—well, they are most decidedly not what one would call 'polished'; his grammar is simply fierce and he could not be induced to wear a stiff collar. He smokes and chews and uses profane language. He cares nothing for art or classical music. Will not read a novel or other light reading, but has read considerable history and other 'solid' reading. I myself am fond of novels, though not exactly of the lighter sort, and have read most of the popular novels. He reads the daily papers and plays fairly well on a mouth-organ.

"I myself am passionately fond of poetry and art. I attended High School until I lost my parents and since then have been dependent on relatives.

"Now, Auntie, I want to do right by the young man in the case—I am not thinking solely of my own interests in the matter—and I am going to ask you to advise me. Would you advise me to marry him, or do you think it would be to our mutual interest for me to break the engagement?"

* * *

Now I ain't lived to the age I be without findin out that this givin advice to folks that is thinkin of gettin married is about the most thankless job a body ever done; but bein as you asked it of me, honey, I'll do what appears to me to be my duty.

In my opinion, little girl, you could do a heap worse than to marry an honest, amiable, industrious man that don't drink and has got a home for you, even if he ain't got lily-white hands and his manners wouldn't pass muster at a Fifth Avenue dinner to a European bargain hunter from the upper classes. In fact, I don't believe you could do much better. I am inclined to think, to be plain-spoken about the matter, that you have a chance to make an investment in something that will bring you in handsome dividends for the rest of your life. It's what old Spearpoint Morgan would call "a gilt-edged security," I reckon; and honey, you won't mind my sayin it, but you're gettin it at a bargain.

Fur as poetry is concerned, when Si reads it, it always puts me in mind of that tune the first phonographs played so much: "Two Little Girls in Blue"; I was mighty fond of poetry myself when I was a girl, but this ain't never caused no difficulties to speak of betwixt Si and me. But then we didn't have much time anyhow, for readin poetry, when him and me was first married forty year ago.

Fifty years from now most of what we call "poetry" now will only be found on the shelves of museums and such places, anyhow; if the poets don't get onto their jobs and quit waterin their stock, as I might say, the art of writin poetry is goin to be a dead one. We ain't got no time for huntin grains of wisdom out of whole bushels of verbal chaff, which is what readin most poetry is like, to my notion. Life is too short in this day and age to devote a great deal of it to discussin what some Ambiguous Genius meant. The day of the Ambiguous Poet has mighty near drawn to a close.

Talkin about art, I don't claim to know much about it myself, so it ain't caused no friction between Si and me, at least, not so as you could notice it; but many's the time he has called me out to look at

By Kittie Spargur Hulse

the red and yeller clouds at sunset, and the trees at the top of the divide back of the house standing out like sawteeth again; the light, or the moon a-peekin out from behind a cloud on a summer's night to look at herself in the old pond down by the power house.

I've got it sized up this way, honey: Art is only imitations of what we meet up with in real life, and some of it is mighty bum imitation at that. It can't hold a candle to the real thing, to my way of thinkin. You just take your young man out in the orchard, honey when the apple trees is in bloom; and if he can look five minutes at an orchard in bloom without calculatin how many apples them trees is goin to bear, you can bank on it you and him ain't goin to have no serious differences about art!

I just naturally love music, and Si never could carry a tune; and it makes me laugh to this day to recollect how he used to scowl at the tenor when him and me used to sing out of the same book in the choir at meetin. Old as I be, I can't keep my feet still when I hear a fiddle, and you can take it from me, honey, that Si Woods wasn't no fancy dancer; but we've managed to get through some forty years of wedded life without more than the average amount of misunderstandin.

You know you can buy graphophones cheap nowadays on the installment plan and if you like classical music you can get all you want (tho it comes higher) and to my way of thinkin, hearin it beats seein it all holler. Me and Si went to hear an opry once, back East. The primy donner was a big, fat woman, a heap bigger than I be now; and I was on nettles all the time she was singin for fear she would bust a corset string. And when she reared back and screeched out some of them "ravishin high notes" as folks called them, her mouth put me in mind of what I'd heard of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky.

I shouldn't consider that not appreciatin classical music would bar your young man from bein your affinity. His musical taste may develop some yet, with you cultivatin of it, if you go about it right. And the chances is that you won't consider a likin for classical music so essential to domestic felicity fifteen or twenty years from now.

Talkin about manners, I recollect I was terrible mortified once, to a party, when me and Si was goin together, because he shovelled in his grub with a knife; but when he got up from a spell of typhoid after eatin less than nothin for six weeks, I was so tickled to see him alive and able to eat that I wouldn't have cared if he had took a spade!

But when you talk about Art, and Classical Music, and Poetry, honey, I can't help wonderin how you expect to get time to enjoy such things, as the wife of a Workingman, and what kind of company you expect to run with. Most of the folks that will be in your class ain't never had time to explore the labyrinthine mazes and windings of the most of the great poets by the light of the Cyclopaedia and Webster's Unabridged.

And to be real plain about it, honey, I don't see much show for you to be anything but the wife of a Plain Workingman. You see there ain't so very many of the cultivated kind, and with so many girls all settin their caps for them, there's pretty sharp competition. It may be you've got an idea into your head that you could make a mash on some of them fellers that is onto all the poetry that has been wrote, from Homer to John Kendrick Bangs and knows so much about art that they could give old Mike Angelly and Rem Brant and that there dago painter that used to live over in Spain, some pointers that they would appreciate, if they was livin; and have saw all the oprys goin so they could have something to brag and blow about when they meet up with folks that has knocked about the world all their lives and ain't got no very valuable assets but Horse Sense; but, honey, you can take it from me that the average girl of your kind ain't got no more show with the men that thinks themselves "cultured" than an icicle would have in Yuma, A. Ty., on a real warm day in August. Just you walk up to the glass and take a good, square look at yourself, and figger up the amount of real culture you've got in that little sassy, puffed-covered head of yours, and be honest with yourself, for once; and see if

the folks that has the culture you're pinin for would see a great difference between you and that beau of yours that don't care a hang for classical music.

Poetry and music is all right and I hope the day will come when everyone will have all the culture they hanker after—the Pure Quill, though, and I'm thinkin it's going to be a heap different from what they call by that name these days. But you can't live on music and art. You could cut out the paintins and the poems and the opry houses and the world would go on, and most folks wouldn't notice any great difference to speak of—seein that most folks has only heard about those things instead of bein intimately acquainted with them—but if you was to cut out the spuds and the cabbages and the beef and the wheat that the Uncultured Classes is producin, we'd all find it out mighty soon, I'm a-thinkin!

Most of the young fellers that you would be most likely to make an impression on had to start out to make a livin for themselves or maybe help Dad make a livin for the rest of the kids, at about the age when you commenced to acquire that passionate fondness for Art and Poetry. They was oilin engines or firin on a spur or ridin the range to look out for steers or breakin broncos or diggin spuds or hoein corn or breathin chaff on a thrashin machine and doin other work that has got to be did if we are to have anyone alive to be cultured and educated!

You know, honey, what the Bible says about there bein "No rose without a thorn"—or words to that effect. And I've saw more than one specimen of what is called "the cultivated classes" that hann't no cultivation in the art of handlin an axe or a water bucket.

Of course, you've had dreams of an Ideal Life very different from the kind you've always lived: somethin kind of like settin on the edge of a rose-colored cloud with your feet hankin over the edge, longside of a masculine companion that hadn't nothin else to do but dangle his legs off the edge of the cloud and spoon with you, just you two floatin forever in a kind of wakin dream; but if you'll examine the statistics of the folks that has fell off the edge of the pink cloud and landed in the Divorce Court you will find their numbers greater in proportion to population than the numbers of them that never got such a good start towards livin the Ideal Life.

It might pay you to set down some day and make a list of the girls you've knowed that has got married in the last few years, and see how they're chalkin up. Their smooth pompadours is mostly out of whack and their belts isn't always pulled down far enough to hide the safety-pins in their skirtbands; but if their men brings home their checks and throws them in their laps on Saturday nights and ain't too cultured to build the fires and hang out the clothes when they ain't at work; and brags on their cookin and looks at them with true and loving eyes when the curl is out of their hair and most of it reposin in the bureau drawer at that, you won't find them same girls a-sighin after the life on the rose-colored cloud.

If you can't bear tobacco smoke, livin with a man that chews and smokes will be like joltin in a lumber wagon over a rocky road—till you get used to the smoke; but most roads has drawbacks of some kind. Life ain't no Automobile Highway for most folks.

If you just loved a man, honey, he'd look good to you even if he did come in from ridin the range like my Si has many's the time, with his lips and the corners of his mouth betrayin an intimate acquaintance with one of the staple products of the Southern states; and the sound of his cussin would sound sweeter than any classical airs that ever got on the nerves of a couple of old hayseeds like me and Uncle Si—providin he had a right to cuss and wasn't a-cussin you!

You would, maybe, be happier with your Ideal Man, dear child, but them kind don't grow on the sagebrush in this part of the world. And anyhow, I don't recollect that I've ever yet saw a woman that was married to her Ideal Man. I don't believe there is any Ideal Men today, honey; and it's goin to take time and a different kind of environment to evolute them. Wherever anyone has had Unlimited Power that identical Individual has come mighty near abusin his power, whether he run over one poor, little miserable woman that he could squash between

(Continued on page seven.)

Socialism in Scholarly Boston

BY

Alice Spencer Geddes

Of course when Socialism planted its roots in Boston it had to do it in a scholarly fashion—else it would have been tabooed.

The School of Social Science realized that fully when it chose for itself a label of such heaviness. In its prospectus issued last year (it is but a year old anyway) it phrased its purposes staidly and with eminent propriety thus:

"The School of Social Science has been organized by a considerable group of persons desirous of securing a scientific study of sociological matters and all which relates to the origin and development of society, especially that which indicates the condition of future progress."

Such a phrasing drew to the series of lectures the high brows of the hub of the universe, who would (to use the language of the street) have been "scared stiff" at anything even vaguely suggestive of that Anarchy (with a great big A) that most book-bound high-brows associate persistently with Socialism (with a great big S).

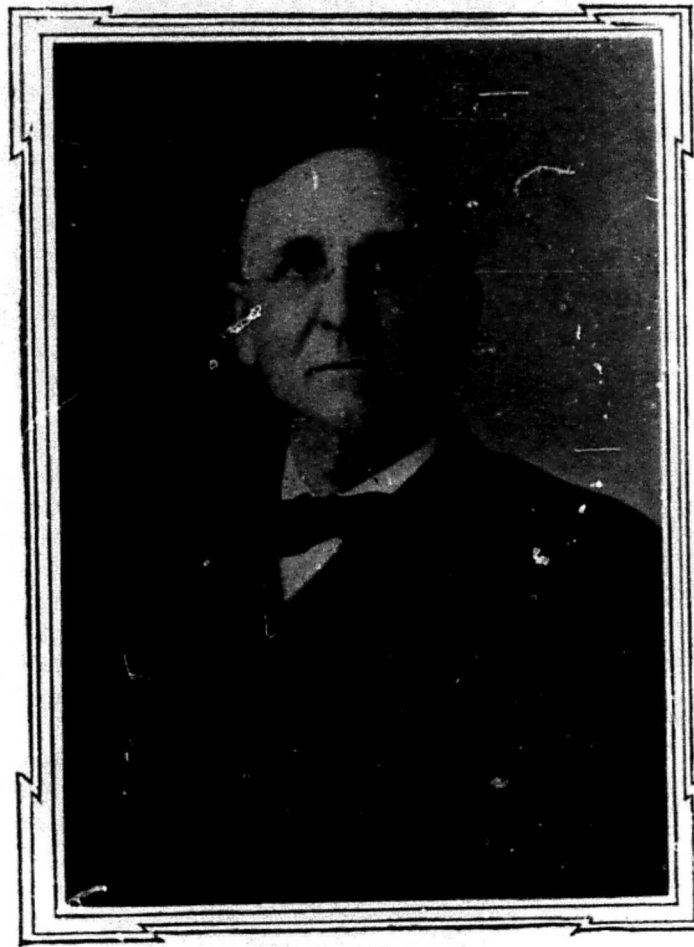
There were three courses given under the auspices of the School of Social Science last winter. The first series was given by James MacKaye of Cambridge, a brother of Percy MacKaye, the dramatist. His general subject, cloaked with propriety, was "Democracy and Efficiency."

The second course was by Charlotte Perkins Gilman under the caption "Toward Socialism"; the "Toward" being the saving means of grace for publicity in that Bostonian of all Boston dailies—the *Boston Transcript*—which covered it fully.

The third course was by Algernon Lee of New York, secretary of the Rand School.

To celebrate its first winter of success, the Boston School of Social Science held a dinner last spring at that top-notch of clubs—the Twentieth Century. The speakers included James MacKaye, Mrs. Elizabeth Glendower Evans, George Willis Cooke and Dr. Richard C. Cabot who is as near to being a Socialist as he can be and not admit it.

This year the School is giving a series of lectures at the Pierce building on Sunday afternoons. The general topic is "Economic Determinism and Social Progress." The lecturer is George Willis Cooke, than whom there is no more scholarly interpreter



George Willis Cooke

of Socialism in New England. He has subdivided his main topic into four divisions: The True Nature of Economic Determinism, Sex and the Causes of Social Combination, Methods of Higher Social Combination, and Conditions of Industrial and Social Progress. It is Mr. Cooke's intention

to have these essays published in the spring, when they will serve as one of the most thoroughly scholarly books of Socialist propaganda that has yet been published.

The School is arranging for another course by Prof. G. H. Parker of Harvard college. His subjects will be "Theory of Descent and Lamarckism" and "Modern Evolutionary Views."

The work that this School is doing in Boston is the sort of work that that particular city needs. That city's reputation for conservatism is in no way exaggerated. Socialism must cater to that reputation in order to get a hearing. This particular kind of propaganda, veiled as it is, works itself into the very strongholds of conservatism. During the past year, the *Atlantic Monthly* has given considerable space in its dull pages to the various phases of Socialism, conservatively treated—but yet treated. And the *Transcript*, in its monotonous columns, really gave more just reports of the socialistic gains throughout the country in the recent election than did any other Boston paper. The recognition that has come to the cause in Boston has come largely through the efforts of the School of Social Science, which realized that the means employed must be commensurate with the calibre of the persons who make Boston what it is.

Another interesting development along similar lines has come within the past week from the new president of Boston University, Lemuel Herbert Murlin, who has just been called from the West. He has come out with the public statement that he intends to plan some way that the University shall be open wide to every boy and girl in the Nation who desires a college education. Just how it is to be done, he has not seen. But he feels—as do all good Socialists—that all the educational equipments should not be restricted to the few who are well-to-do, but should be entirely available to the needy many. Of course, President Murlin has not yet progressed sufficiently to advocate municipal ownership of all higher institutions of learning or any Socialist plan—but his statement and his Western determination to back it up only show which way the staid and eminently proper wind of conservative Boston is blowing.

He Didn't Belong to Her Tribe

(Continued from page six.)

his fingers if he was a mind to, or a lot of women, and men, too. As long as most women has got to depend on their men for a livin, and their men realizes it, and knows that they can't take care of their children by themselves, and that they won't never leave them children under no circumstances, even the best of men will be bound to put on airs more or less over their wives—and their wives has got to take it. As long as women is financially dependent on their men, there won't be no Ideal Men—nor Ideal Women, either, honey!

* * *

Your young man's lack of taste for classical music ain't goin to cut much ice in the matter; nor the other little trifles you mention. But there is things that does count. Many a time a verse that one of them Carey girls wrote that used to live down to Boston, comes into my mind. It's about boilia or freezin oil and water and the oil always comin to the top no matter what you do. You see, honey, oil and water can't be mixed; as the scientist says, there ain't no affinity between them, and there is differences of character that can't be compromised or arbitrated. There is people with characters so different that they could live together longer than me and Si has, and their souls would be just as much separated as they was in the beginning, same as the oil and the water.

If you can't keep your feet still when you hear dance music and your man thinks dancin is immoral, ten chances to one he ain't your affinity; if he has a habit of kickin and beatin poor, dum brutes and it hurts your feelins and makes you madder than a hornet to see it did, the chances is that your wedded bliss will some day be put an end to by your applyin for a little document "forever dissolvin the bonds of matrimony" between you and him, on the grounds of cruelty; if he is suspicious you can look out for squalls; if you are honest by nature and he goes on the principle that if you don't do the other feller first he is sure to do you, the chances are

that your little bark will slip a little water if it ain't swamped entirely.

There's another snag you want to look out for, honey, and that is jealousy!

Jealousy is a wise provision of nature, the way I've got the thing sized up; and a man with no jealousy in his makeup would be like a cake with the flavorin left out; but you can get too much flavorin in a cake.

So you just set down a bit, honey, and you, too, all the other little girls that reads this, and see if the man you're thinkin of allowin to put the holy bonds of matrimony on you has got any of these serious defects—defects that is defects. And if he has, you can bank on it that he don't belong to your tribe; and I never knowed two Injuns from different tribes to get along as well as them from the same tribe.

Me and the Boozier Poet was talkin about this same thing out to the ranche once, and when he come downstairs next mornin, he brought the poetry which I am enclosin. I've always suspicioned that the B. P. as we call him, has had some experience along these lines, but never could learn nothin for sure without bein too inquisitive.

Whenever you need any advice, don't be bashful about bringin your troubles to

Yours Lovingly,

AUNT NANCY,

"E. Z." Ranche, Klamath Basin, Ore.

A Modoc Maid and a Boston Man

BY THE BOOZIER POET.

*A Modoc Maid in the sagebrush strayed,
When along came a Boston Man;
He stayed to tea at her Dad's tepee—
So their dream of love began.
They were speedily wed; ere a moon had fled,
The Modoc Maid awoke
From her dream of bliss, to the truth—'twas this:
That wedded life's no joke;
That the rule of her lord was harsh and hard
And marriage a galling yoke.*

*He didn't belong to her tribe;
He didn't belong to her tribe;*

*'Twas this caused the trouble that burst Love's
bright bubble;*

He didn't belong to her tribe!

*The wigwam was smoky and made him feel choky;
He didn't like sagebrush for fuel;*

*He kicked her and beat her and threatened to eat
her—*

Oh, the Boston Man was cruel!

*His treatment she stood as long as she could,
(As wives have done before);*

*Then she rose one night and threw him quite
Outside the wigwam door.*

She read him the law, this Modoc squaw:

"You no come here some more!"

He didn't belong to her tribe;

He didn't belong to her tribe;

*'Twas this caused the trouble that burst Love's
bright bubble—*

He didn't belong to her tribe!

* * *

*So, Girls, ere you marry your Tom, Dick or Harry,
First think of this truth I inscribe:*

*('Twill save you much trouble, your joys it will
double,*

Be sure he belongs to your tribe!

Before the adjournment I moved for liberty to be given to the different members to take correct copies of the propositions, to which the convention had then agreed, in order that during the recess of the convention, we might have an opportunity of considering them, and if it should be thought that any alterations or amendments were necessary, that we might be prepared against the convention met to bring them forward for discussion. But, sir, the same spirit which caused our doors to be shut—our proceedings to be kept secret—our journals to be locked up—and every avenue, as far as possible, to be shut to public information, prevailed also in this case, and the proposal so reasonable and necessary was rejected by a majority of the convention; thereby precluding even the members themselves from the necessary means of information, and deliberation on the important business in which they were engaged.—*Luifer Martin, Secret Proceedings of the Federal Convention, page 26.*

THE DYNAMITERS

THE BIGGEST CASE OF HERLOCK, THE GREAT DETECTIVE

By Ellis O. Jones



"THIS is to be my greatest case," said the peerless Herlock calmly as he gazed out of the window.

"It sounds interesting and I should be glad to hear more of it," replied Dr. Watson. "You say the dynamiting was committed in Nevada, while the culprit was found in Ohio. This is wonderful. How did you accomplish it?"

"Hold on. Not so fast, Watson. If I were as careless as you in repeating bits of testimony, I should be in hot water all the time. In the first place, I did not say that the dynamiting was committed in Nevada. I said the explosion occurred in Nevada.

Whether it was dynamiting or not is another matter, although it happens to be a very important matter. The owner of the building insists that the explosion came from dynamite. Others insist that it came from gas which had leaked either accidentally or otherwise."

"Oh, I see," said Watson. "You haven't made up your mind whether it was dynamite or not?"

"Oh, yes I have."

"Perfectly marvelous. How did you do it, Herlock?"

"Simplest thing in the world, my dear boy. Listen. The owner of the building is sure that it was dynamite. The question is to prove that it was dynamite. He hires me at a very high price. I find out what he wants it to be and dynamite she is, slick as a whistle."

"But that doesn't prove it."

"It does and it doesn't. So far as the public has faith in my ability as a detective and in my integrity, they will believe me when I say it was dynamite. But, of course, the real proof must come later.

"But how did you find the man?"

"Easiest thing in the world, my boy. In the first place, you must always bear in mind that, having hired myself out to the owner of the building and the association of employers behind him, my reputation was at stake. When a great detective's reputation is at stake, he will stop at nothing. Well then, having decided upon dynamite, I had a long talk with the owner of the building. By putting two and two together and by other deductive methods of which I am the acknowledged master, I soon discovered that it was a union man and no ordinary union man, but a prominent union man."



"Excuse me, Herlock, but I think I must have missed a link in the chain of reasoning. How did you find out it was a prominent union man?"

MARVELOUS!



"From the owner of the building. He made that plain at the outset. As he was himself a prominent anti-union man, he said it would be of no interest whatsoever to prosecute an ordinary man for the crime. If he could not make a furor of it and utilize the situation for a vicarious attack upon the whole theory of organized labor, he said he would merely take his insurance money and quit. That would have meant that I had to take no money and quit, and it would have been unprofessional for a detective to quit when there was money in sight."

"Quite true and I marvel at your perspicacity. But tell me. There are thousands of union labor men in the country. How did you select the right man?"

"By prejudice, my boy. Deduction is good for most things, but in a case of this sort, prejudice is the only thing that can be used effectively. In short, we looked over the field and found an officer of a labor union that had been most active against the interests of the owner of the building. As soon as we found him, we knew at once that he was the very man.

"Marvelous."

"And you see, Watson, the advantages of that system. If possible, always pick out a prominent man, one whose address is well known. That's why we had no difficulty. Although we were in Nevada, we knew our man was in Ohio. Do you see what a deal of hunting that saved?"

"Oh, yes, but the evidence?"

"The evidence follows the good detective. Having decided upon our man, it was only necessary to go and find dynamite in his cellar."

"Easier said than done. Suppose there had been no dynamite there?"

"Impossible. I saw to it personally that that matter was attended to. Then we went after the fellow and nabbed him."

"You are certainly a great detective, old chap."

"Well, my dear boy, that's what the magazines say. It must be so. At any rate, I'm getting the money."



ports on the Black Sea, and was awarded an indemnity of about thirty-five million sterling of which a large part is still unpaid. England laid hands on the Island of Cyprus in the Mediterranean as a counterpoise to the Russian occupation of the Port of Batoum in the Black Sea, and four years after seized Egypt as a result of disturbances there caused by its financial entanglement, though nominally recognizing the suzerainty of the Sultan of Turkey.

Italy remained out in the cold waiting thirty-three years and four months, just one-third of a century for her share. Alone among all the great powers forming what was then called the European Concert, Germany asked and took nothing from Turkey. She had other and higher objects in view.

What led to Italy's action just now was the rupture of the Algeiras compact between the European powers and the United States which since the advent of the Republican party to power in 1896, is being dragged into all kinds of international complications. Disregarding public opinion and its international engagements alike, the French government proceeded to take possession of Morocco, and gave evidence of its intention to take exclusive advantage of its resources. Germany, which had acquired certain concessions for its subjects in Morocco from the Sultan, contested the French action in the interest of what is known as the "open door." At one moment there seemed every prospect of the dispute ending in a war between the two countries, but France's two allies, England and Russia, being neither of them in a condition to back her up, the French Government agreed to discuss the matter amicably with Germany, with the result that an agreement satisfactory to both has been arrived at and will shortly be promulgated.

Concurrently with the action in Morocco the French government began a series of aggressions in the hinterland of Tripoli where the frontiers between the French possessions in Tunis and the Sahara and the Turkish territory were undetermined, as also is the boundary line between Tripoli and Egypt.

At the same time the Turkish army which since 1878 has been undergoing a thorough reorganization of training under German officers, had developed into a force of formidable efficiency. It has proved its efficiency in the suppression of serious insurrections in Albania in Europe, in the Hanran in Syria, and in Yemen in Southwest Arabia on the Red Sea. This last was the most dangerous of the three, as its success or failure involved the question of the Khalifate, and with it the religious control of the Moslem world. The Italian government, therefore, determined to act before Turkey had time to organize a resistance in Tripoli and before France could infringe further on the territory of the hinterland. It happened also that a considerable part of the Turkish army in Tripoli had been sent down to Yemen to assist in putting down the insurrection there.

All the conditions were favorable. The few vessels composing the Turkish navy were quite inadequate to prevent the movement of an Italian army into Tripoli or to protect vessels carrying reinforcements and war supplies to the garrisons there. The Italians had been secretly making preparations for the expedition of a large army to take posses-

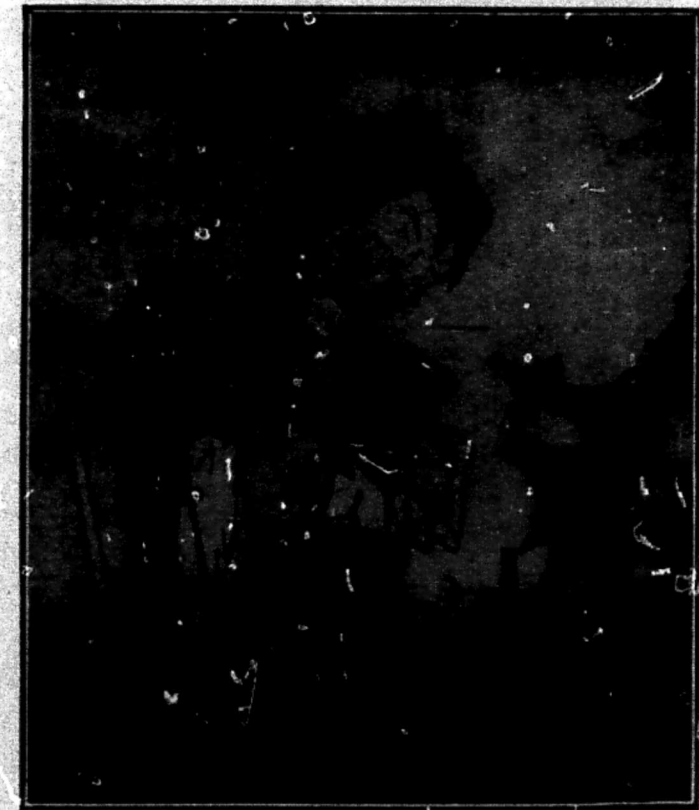
The Italian-Turkish War By "Esnaf"

It may seem a little premature to speak of the Italian raid upon Turkish Tripoli as if already a closed incident, but the probability is that the intervention of Germany with the co-operation of other European powers has brought the conflict to an end. The general opinion is that Italy's action was the result of a sudden impulse; but this is far from being the case.

Ever since 1873, when, after the Russo-Turkish war, the Berlin Congress patched up a peace by apportioning slices of Turkish territory to different powers, it has been commonly understood that on the expected dissolution of the Turkish Empire,

Italy should receive Tripoli as her share. Austria was given Bosnia and Herzegovina; Montenegro received a piece of Albania, and Serbia a good slice of valuable territory. Roumania acquired part of the Dobrudja with a port on the Black Sea; Bulgaria was made a semi-independent state, and East Roumelia, after passing through a stage of provincial vassalage to the Sultan, was snapped up by Bulgaria with the help of England. Greece was given Thessaly and a small piece of Epirus.

Russia obtained nothing from Turkey in Europe as spoils of war, but in Asia she acquired the celebrated fortress of Kars with much territory, several



L'Asino
To kill and steal is patriotic when the equilibrium of the Mediterranean is involved

sion of the coast towns and for the occupation of the hinterland, while at the same time issuing official
(Continued on page nine.)

THE BIG CHANGE

By Eugene Wood

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

CHAPTER XXIX.

MEN make philosophies, not so much because they ever expect to understand the world completely as because they hope to get some sort of a hand-hold on it to slew it around for their own advantage—the advantage of mankind in general, it is true, but also for their own individual advantage. Even when a man is interested in knowledge for the sake of the knowledge, and doesn't expect it to be of practical benefit in the money way to the race or himself, yet he hopes that the fact will turn out to be so that his theory will be right and the other fellow's wrong.

And so, however a man may resolve that he will tell the truth and shame the devil, he can't. Allowing that he is so superhumanly fair-minded as not to care whether his theory is right or wrong, there's his financial interest to look out for, and not his alone either. While he may be willing to starve to death or be burned at the stake for what he believes to be the truth, there's the wife, and there are the children. And grant that he is superhumanly fair, and a single man and is of the opinion that we eat too much anyhow, there is the imperfection of human knowledge. And finally there is the fact that the world is always changing, and you cannot take a snap-shot of human history and from that one instant in an uncompleted action make a full, accurate, and unchangeable definition of how things are and always will be.

Here is a Rough Rider of feudalism who has become baron or king or some such personage that makes people give him his bacon and beer and bread without his doing a tap of work. If they don't come up to the captain's office and settle there will be trouble. Understand? Trouble, squealing and hollering, and house-burning, and throat-cutting. Here is a Smooth Talker who has got to be a financier. He is away above beer and bread and bacon; he wants automobiles and hand-painted pictures, and choice wines. He gets them from the same source, the people, but in a much more genteel and noiseless way, what Robert Hunter calls "quiet violence." Now when the philosopher of an age comes to write about how things are and the way they come to be as they are, even supposing he isn't afraid either that he'll have his throat cut or that his stomach will think his throat is cut; even supposing that he has a clear understanding of the situation; even supposing that he has sense enough to see that the way things are is not the best way for things to be, there is still the danger that he will come to the conclusion: "It has always been this way, and it will always be this way." This is the greatest mistake that can be

"Now, the idea of Land as private property is a spook. It exists as long as it is believed in. It can be believed in only so long as the people believe that a snap-shot of an uncompleted action is a full history of the world, that private ownership of Land has always been and always will be."

made, the mistake of supposing that the snap-shot of a particular moment in the world's history is the picture of an enduring and changeless condition.

For whenever you think about what goes on about you it is impossible to suppose that there is no sense in anything. It is impossible not to suppose that, if conditions are not at present favorable to human life, they must be so in the long run somehow or other; or else that there is something that prevents them from being otherwise than they are. It may be that the misery of the masses and the prosperity of the few is to develop a special brand of super-excellent man among the few, which would be so worth while breeding that it would be well for the race to fling away millions of human lives; or it may be that in Heaven all these miseries endured for a few years will be made up by endless ages of happiness, which would also be worth while. On the other hand God might have ordained that the millions should be miserable and the few comfortable; or it may be that this is a law of Nature. In either case, that settles it. It would be impious or impossible to change conditions.

In the feudal period the theory was that God had ordained it so. But it gets tedious, this thing of having to go out and argue with a farmer that unless he comes across with the supplies, the baron or duke or king will be under the painful necessity of starting something in the rough-house line. In those days the immediate source of everything was seen to be the earth. Then the fiction was invented that one man could hold land God gave it to him. But he didn't really care to farm it, and so John or Richard might farm it provided they kept the lord's pork-barrel from ever getting empty. It gradually reached the point that what was coming for the use of the land was all above what would keep the actual worker on the land alive and in fit condition.

Now the idea of Land as private property is a spook. It exists only so long as it is believed in. And it can be believed in only so long as the people believe that a snap-shot of an uncompleted action is a full history of the world, that private ownership of Land has always been and always will be. You and I know that there was a time when the people could no more think of Land being private property than we can think of the sky being private property. And for a long time when land was transferred it was so hard to understand that it could be done that they had to cut a sod of turf and hand it over; the new owner had to "seize" it to hold it in "seisin." What did not exist at one time may cease to exist at another time. Everything changes.

When the Smooth Talkers' age came in, though, the times had so changed that the steady dribble of a side of beef from John, and a barrel of beer from Richard, and a dozen of eggs from Mary and a yard of linen from Jane did not meet the needs. There had to be, instead of this dribble, an explosion, a lot of money at once. The commons would not give the lords the money to outfit an army with which to go and make war unless the lords conceded what the commons called "liberties." It was this concession of "liberties" that played Whaley with the feudal age. And later when these money-lenders went into machinery, this need of cash to outfit the industry became as important as a source of income as Land had been to the feudal lord. So the fiction of Capital was invented.

But the Smooth Talkers could hardly make the claim for their new-fangled method of getting a living without working that it had always been that way and always would be that way, so they had to spring the doctrine that such was the "law of Nature." They were merely returning to the natural way of doing things. The beauty about a law of Nature is that it is inexorable. If it was God that had ordained it so, why, He could be swayed by appeal and fervent prayer. He had a way of raising men up and putting men down that was liable to make trouble for the high and mighty. But Nature was as cold as a fish. She went right ahead and if you didn't like it you could lump it.

It was a law of Nature that Capital was entitled to a "reasonable return." A reasonable price for a thing is what the other fellow is willing to pay. And the working people were willing to pay all of the product above what would keep them alive and in fit condition. And there you are.

But, as the poet has so beautifully expressed it: "What goes up must come down,
So every man look out for his crown."

The Italian-Turkish War

(Continued from page eight.)

denials of any hostile intent against Turkey. Caught unawares the Turkish government was impotent to act, and to all intents and purposes, Tripoli has passed from under the rule of the Sultan of Turkey.

Morally speaking, this action of Italy was one of international brigandage, pure and simple. On the other hand might made right in this case as in so many others; and Italy could plead that she had thirty-three years of European recognition of her claim to the reversion of Tripoli, with specific agreements respecting it with England and France dating a few years back, and that if she waited much longer Turkey might become too strong to be attacked. So she resolved to strike before it was too late, and the Italian acquisition of Tripoli is now an established fact.

Whether any consequences will follow this disturbance of the equilibrium of the Mediterranean remains to be seen. England can hardly contemplate with satisfaction the establishment on the western

border of Egypt of an army of one of the members of the Triple Alliance, between the other two members of which and herself there is but a very thinly veiled enmity.

Turkey, whose territorial integrity outside of Africa is guaranteed by the Triple Alliance, and Roumania, having lost its derelict African province, can now give all its attention to the consolidation of its European and Asiatic possessions, while Italy, unless she assumes a conciliatory attitude toward Turkey, may find that in annexing a purely Moslem population she has caught a Tartar. The outlook for Turkey then, aside from the sentimental view of the situation, is not so bad after all, for this attack by a reputed Christian power on her integrity will tend, as indeed it has already done, to unite all the races of the Ottoman Empire, irrespective of religious differences, in defense of what is left. The two countries which are most threatening Russia and England are debarred by their own embarrassments from present action against Turkey. Russia still smarting under its defeat by Japan and the revolutionary troubles that followed, coupled with the revelations of internal administrative conspira-

cies in the circumstances of the Stolypin murder, has no heart for another war that might bring about the break-up of the empire; England with economic troubles at home, unrest in her Indian possessions with the Hindus in almost open revolt, their seventy millions of Mussulmans calling on the British Foreign office to oppose Italy's action against Turkey, whose sovereign is also Khalifa or head of their religious faith, is in no condition to push any active schemes of conquest. The outlook for peace in Europe is good and Turkey will have the long-needed opportunity to consolidate its political institutions and develop its great natural resources.

The modern barons, more powerful than their military prototypes, own our greatest highways and levy tribute at will upon all our vast industries. And as the old feudalism was finally controlled and subordinated only by the combined efforts of the kings and the people of the free cities and towns, so our modern feudalism can be subordinated to the public good only by the great body of the people, acting through their government by wise and just laws.—James A. Garfield.

THE SHADOW UNDER THE ROOF

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BY PEYTON BOSWELL

Illustrations by John Sloan.

\$550.00 FOR SOLVING THIS MYSTERY

The Ninth 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
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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. They are overheard by Ford's companion, a mysterious woman who communicates with Frisbie. He discovers her to be a former friend who has now become Ford's mistress.

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

CHAPTER X.

On the fourth night after the events last recorded, at about 9 o'clock, the detective Hinton ascended the steps of Ford's house and rang the bell. Precisely as was the case on his previous visit, he was admitted by Ford himself, into the dimly lighted hall, and thence ushered into the living room, which is familiar to the reader. And precisely as happened before, no sooner had the men passed from view than the figure of a woman in black appeared at the top of the stairs, then crept cautiously down and stationed herself at the curtain, in the darkened parlor.

"What is up?" said Ford to his visitor. "I haven't heard a word from you for five days."

He took the usual box of cigars from the sideboard and placed them before Hinton.

"I've been busy," replied the detective, taking a cigar and preparing to light it.

"At what?"

"I've been busy on the David Robley murder case, looking up some evidence that really is evidence."

"Eh!"

Ford was about to light a cigar to keep his guest company, but paused, match in hand.

"I say I've used up the last five days running down this letter that was found in Robley's room, and I've succeeded."

"You have?"

Ford proceeded to light his cigar, his flurry having passed.

"Yes, I know who the girl was, I know where

she killed herself, I know who claimed the body and I can take you to the spot where she is buried."

"The devil you can!"

Ford's interest was aroused, and there was a note of enthusiasm in his voice that gratified the detective.

"Yes, and all of it put together makes the prettiest case you ever saw."

"Has it anything to do with Robley's death?"

This with a hint of incredulity.

"I'll tell you all I know and you can judge for yourself."

The detective settled back in his chair and blew a wreath of smoke.

"Up to five days ago," he said, "all my efforts to get a clue as to the writer of the letter were without result, as you know. Finally, as a last resort, and without having much faith in it, I enlisted the services of other agencies in nearby cities, on the bare chance that the girl really meant to do what she said she would and had left Chicago to commit suicide. Much to my surprise, this yielded results. The agency at St. Louis advised me that about five weeks ago a young woman had killed herself in a hotel there and that two days later a young man from Chicago, claiming to be her brother, identified her body and took it away with him.

"I took the next train for St. Louis, fearing that if I spoke to you, you might interfere. I found that the suicide had taken place in a small hotel near the Union Station there. She had taken the best room in the house. Her body was found the next day in the disordered bed, where she had died in agony, but apparently without a groan, after swallowing acid from a phial that stood on a table nearby.

"The fact that she had no baggage at first caused the police to think she was a resident of St. Louis. The purse she carried contained nothing that shed light on her identity or her place of residence. Her linen had no laundry mark and her shoes bore the name of a firm whose goods are sold in all large cities. A note, however, was found pinned to the table cloth, near the phial, which read simply:

"My body will be called for in two days by my brother. "ROSE FLETCHER."

"The police had the body taken to an undertaker's, instead of to the morgue, the newspapers printed stories about the case, and on the morning

of the third day a man about thirty years of age appeared and said he was the girl's brother. He gave his name as John Fletcher and told a straightforward story, answering all questions to the satisfaction of the authorities. He said the girl had killed herself because of grief for her mother, who had died recently. A perfunctory session was held by the coroner's jury, the ordinary suicide verdict was returned and a permit issued to the man to remove the body.

"So far, there was nothing to establish any connection between this St. Louis affair and the Robley case, except the fact that the girl came from Chicago and the dates tallied. But I looked up the documents in the coroner's office and was able to compare the handwriting of the brief note she left with that of the letter found in Robley's room. Not only was the writing identical, but the same style of paper had been used by the writer.

"That established the first big fact. It was now necessary to trace the body and find out who the Fletchers really were. I had not a doubt at that time that the story told by the alleged brother was the truth, with the exception of the pardonable lie about the girl's bereavement.

"I had no difficulty in finding that the body of Rose Fletcher had been shipped to Chicago by John Fletcher. The railroads' records in such cases are always quite complete. I took a train back to Chicago. On my arrival I found, after some hard work, that the body had been taken immediately from the railroad station to a vault in Waldheim cemetery. Here a startling fact came to light—so unexpected and so astounding that it fairly took my breath away."

The detective leaned over the table toward Ford.

"The man who claimed the body of Rose Fletcher in St. Louis gave a different name—his right name—to the owner of the hearse in Chicago and to the custodian of Waldheim Cemetery. That name is as familiar to you as my own."

"Who was it?"

"John Frisbie."

"What is this—a joke?"

"It's the gospel truth. He made no effort any longer to conceal his own identity, but otherwise his movements were as mysterious as death. The body lay in the vault five days before burial, and was visited three times by Frisbie. On the day of the interment he brought a photographer to the cemetery, who took a picture of the body, by flashlight, while it was still in the vault. Frisbie and the photographer were the only ones present at the burial. I tried to find this man, but have not succeeded. Three weeks afterward, a firm of marble cutters, at Frisbie's order, placed a plain shaft over the grave, with this inscription."

Hinton took from his pocket a piece of paper and tossed it over to Ford. It read:

To the Memory of
ROSE FLETCHER
By Those Who Loved Her

"You will note how discreet the inscription is," resumed the detective. "Not a line to indicate her parentage, or even to show the date of her birth. The secret of her identity was well guarded, even in death."

"Her name was not Rose Fletcher, then?"

"No, it was something else, though I am as far from the truth of it now as I was the day Robley's body was found. The secret is Frisbie's own, and the remarkable part of it is that no one who knows Frisbie suspects that he has a secret. So far as I have been able to find, even those with whom he lives haven't the slightest suspicion that the fellow has been acting a part in a romance—or a tragedy.

I take my hat off to Frisbie as being the most consummate actor I have ever known."

"What makes you so positive the girl's name wasn't Fletcher?"

"I have absolute proof. Yesterday I worked a ruse to get Frisbie's landlady away from the flat for a couple of hours, and while she was gone I played housebreaker. I went through his belongings at my leisure, but found only one thing that had any bearing on the case—the original letter that Rose Fletcher wrote to Frisbie from St. Louis, telling him of her intention to kill herself. It sheds a lot of light on the case, but leaves it still a mystery. I have it here. Listen:

"John: For the sake of the love you once had for me, I am going to ask you to do me the last favor that I will ever ask of anyone. I am going to ask you to come to St. Louis and get my body and see that it is properly buried. Because, when you get this letter I shall be dead.

"In order that you may understand why I am doing this, I will write it down, though it will hurt me worse than it will to die, and die I must. So much shame has come over me that to live is impossible, much less to look in the face those who love me.

"Not long ago I became acquainted with a man whose name, for your own sake, I will not give. He seemed to me to be highly honorable and I enjoyed myself in his company, although I never cared for him. For that reason I gave him only the name Rose Fletcher. He used to take me to the plays I wanted to see and afterward to places for supper where rich folks go. He always treated me as he should, and this made me trust him.

"Two nights ago we went to the theater and afterward he took me to a restaurant. I had a headache and did not wish to eat anything, and he suggested that I take some drink whose name I do not remember, saying it would make me feel better. I drank it and he ordered another. I drank that and then my head seemed clearer and the music sounded sweeter. This feeling kept growing and at first I found it inexpressibly pleasant. My companion kept up a continuous conversation. Before I knew it, another drink of the same sort was before me. After I drank it I began to get dizzy, so much so that I complained of it. He seemed to be greatly concerned and said he supposed I had taken too much of the drink, and suggested that I take a little wine to offset its effect. He ordered the wine and I drank it. The dizziness grew worse and finally all I remember was him grasping me strongly by the arm and leading me toward his automobile.

"When I awoke—Oh, God, I cannot go on. You know how good a girl I have been and how my parents have trusted me. My shame is unbearable. I cannot face you and I cannot face them—all I can do is die. I have thought it all over and it seems the only thing for me. I have come to St. Louis—as far as my money would take me from that dreadful spot. Pity me, please pity me, and forgive me.

"Oh, how I wish I had taken your advice and their advice and never have gone to the dramatic school, then this never would have come on me. My one consolation is that their name will never be disgraced. Let me die as Rose Fletcher and bury me, please, as Rose Fletcher, and when you come for my body say you are my brother. They will expect you. And never let anyone, not even them, know my secret.

"You once loved me. For the sake of that love, do as I ask you now. Come to St. Louis for my body and forever keep my secret from every living soul. As you love me. "ROSE FLETCHER."

When Hinton was silent, a sob was distinctly heard by both men, and both started at the sound. The direction from which it came was not certain. Ford arose and walking to the curtains parted them and looked into the parlor. He saw nothing, so returned and resumed his seat with the belief that he had been mistaken.

Hinton relit his cigar, which had become extinguished during the reading.

"I got possession of this letter yesterday," he returned, "and today I put in some hard work on it. Taking my cue from the line, 'I wish I had never gone to the dramatic school,' I called at the three institutions of this sort in Chicago and found that at one of them Rose Fletcher had been a pupil until five weeks ago, when she ceased to attend, without

any explanation. I found it was known there that Rose Fletcher was an assumed name. However, she was enrolled under that name and neither the manager nor anyone else about the school had ever known who she really was. The manager, Mr. Rodman, I ascertained, was an acquaintance of Mr. Robley's, and it was through him that the two became acquainted. Mr. Rodman recalled that Mr. Robley had several times telephoned to him about the girl after she ceased to attend.

"That's as far as I've gone, and I freely confess I don't think I'll get much farther. Frisbie has been altogether too clever, and I admire him for it. Every door to the mystery has been closed, apparently, and he alone carries the key. I think he would die rather than disclose the girl's secret—that's just the sort he is."

"Are you convinced now that Frisbie killed Robley?"

There was a challenge in Ford's look. Hinton

propose to make a hero of the fellow—I don't think that much of him."

"You would treat him that way—after this?"

"Certainly, if the necessity arose."

Hinton lapsed into thought. When Ford next spoke he said:

"You think Frisbie is a pretty clever fellow, don't you?"

"I have sufficient reason to think so."

"Well, if Frisbie murdered Robley—and it seems you have almost established that fact—the cleverest part of the thing has thus far escaped your notice."

"What is that?"

"The remarkable manner in which the murder was timed—so to speak. Robley was killed on a Saturday night, and the body stored in the unused attic of the factory, where it could not possibly have been found until the following Monday morning. Plenty of time, you will notice, for all traces to have disappeared."

"All traces to have disappeared?—I don't understand."

"Well, there are certain poisons that produce death and of which all traces are destroyed by chemical action in the human body in a few hours. Certain forms of chlorine gases work in that way. Then, for instance, there is aconitine, a form of aconite, which when introduced in the blood stops the action of the heart, and within twelve hours completely disappears. You see how clever the murderer must have been? He gave nature at least thirty-two hours to aid him to cover up his crime."

"By God, Ford, I am going to make you tell me some day just how you took Robley's life."

The detective was excited. The manufacturer looked at him very calmly.

"How much did that trip of yours to St. Louis cost?" he inquired.

"Cost?" echoed the other. "Well, I had to pay the agency down there, and was put to considerable personal expense. The figure, I think, is about \$300."

"Shall I write you a check?"

"If you please."

"That's queer," said Ford, taking a check book from his pocket. "You used to insist on currency."

"This isn't blackmail," replied the detective. "It's payment for legitimate services."

"By the way," spoke up Ford. "There is one thing that makes me feel uneasy—the peculiar manner of Horton, the superintendent at the factory. I don't know why it is, but in the last few days I have got the idea that he knows something he ought not to. He is a follower of the Robleys, and it is just possible he is holding some sort of evidence over my head, although I have been careful to destroy everything at the office that might give a clew."

"Where does he live?"

"In Oak Park, I think."

"I'll do what I can."

Ford tossed the check over to Hinton, who folded it and put it in his pocket.

(To Be Continued.)



"I went through his belongings at my leisure."

half closed his eyes and regarded the other as if he would read his inmost thoughts.

"Well," he replied at last, "let us say I'm up a stump, and let it go at that."

"He certainly had a strong motive," persisted Ford.

"Well, what if he did avenge this girl by taking Robley's life? Even if the facts were as plain as could be, you never in the world could get together a jury of twelve men that would convict him."

Hinton was expressing his own feelings in this, for the human cormorant had a queer streak in him. Though he was absolutely without morals, as the term is understood—which was proved by his dissolute life—and a thief without compunction, there was, in despite, a grain of chivalry in his make-up, and a love of fair play—when it didn't interfere with his own shady plans. Bad as the man was, his soul recoiled at the crime Robley had committed against the girl Rose Fletcher, and his sympathy and admiration went out to Frisbie. This trait—this mixing of good and bad—is not anomalous and may be noted in most criminals; it is responsible for a large part of the fiction of the world and an equally large proportion of the dramatic output.

"But what does it matter?" the detective continued, observing Ford's silence. "No suspicion is going to attach to you, so there will be no necessity of doing anything in regard to Frisbie."

"And if there should be, we will proceed as if we knew nothing of Rose Fletcher. The original proofs we have got ready are good enough. I don't

onstrated by this strike. As Socialist Representative Maurer said at the great sympathy mass meeting held by the Socialist party, "garbage men and street cleaners are greater benefactors to society than the physicians. They prevent disease while physicians only try to cure it."

At the same meeting, the three chief strike leaders, W. H. Ashton, general organizer of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, and Edwin Gould and William H. Prescott of the local union, all confessed to having supported and voted for Gaynor in his campaign for mayor, believing him to be a "true friend of labor," but they would never do it again. If "an open confession is good for the soul," these leaders probably feel better now. Whether the lesson to be learned from the strike and its destruction will have its effect upon the workers themselves remains to be seen.

Meanwhile the garbage piles still fester on the streets and pollute the air which the people must breathe. Death will reap a rich harvest later.

New York Garbage Workers' Strike

(Continued from page five.)

The Coming Nation

PUBLISHERS

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DESIGNER

A. M. SIMONS. CHAR. EDW. RUSSELL.

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Bound Volumes

Eight subs brought a bound volume of the COMING NATION last week to Frank Furlan.

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

Following is the list of winners to date:

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

As to Back Numbers

We must again repeat that it is impossible to supply back numbers of the COMING NATION, except in a very few cases.

The demand has been so great that practically every number has been exhausted, and in some cases we have even underestimated those required for our subscribers.

There are no copies remaining of number 60, the first farmer's number. We were obliged to fill a number of orders received for this issue with number 64. There are still some of number 64 on hand and while these last they will be sent at the rate of two and a half cents per copy in bundles of ten or more. But this is almost the only one of which any extra copies remain.

What "They Say"

The most unenlightened spot in modern civilization is undoubtedly the editorial desk of the average capitalist newspaper. Any one who doubts it has only to read the editorial comment on Socialism for one week.

Here is the Greenville, O., *Democrat* saying that "Socialists * * * advocate that an individual favored by nature whose earning capacity has become lucrative should divide up with the indolent and the worthless," and right along side of him the East St. Louis *Gazette* drags another corpse from the tombs with the warning that "The tyranny of Socialism would not alone shackle the physical abilities and individual initiative of man, but would likewise destroy every vestige of Christianity."

The Oklahoma City *Times*, after announcing that, "Socialists are the only economists of the day," concludes with this illuminating remark, "Before Socialism can hope to get everybody's endorsement, it must attack the finality of things in life, it must show that it has definitely settled the purpose of the thing called civilization."

If that don't hold Socialism for a while what will?

The Corpus Christi (Tex.) *Caller* has a new explanation for the growth of Socialism. Here we are informed that it is not to be "attributed so much to poverty and grinding conditions," but, "it is due rather to the very munificence of American life."

That must be the reason why those Texas renters are turning to Socialism. They are getting so much for their cotton and have so much money they don't know what to spend it for and

The Trick of a Politician

BY A. M. SIMONS

THE career of the McNamaras, dynamiting, confession and all, is a logical result of the mixture of capitalist politics and the trade union movement. These men were democratic politicians inside the union, that fought all use of the ballot in the interest of labor and unionism.

When their union was crushed they saw no alternative but dynamite. There was no hope from pure and simple unionism. The trust in control of government was impregnable to such weapons. Still less could be expected from the Democrat party to which they owed allegiance.

So they sought refuge in blind, hopeless violence, in an act that strengthened the grip of capitalism, weakened the foundations of organized labor, opened the road to the activities of the hired agents of the steel trust, and paved the way to the final cowardly blow they have just struck at their own class.

In the staging of this last act we see the added cunning of the lawyer-politician. In Los Angeles labor was about to be victorious. Here capitalist politics and anarchist violence had alike been driven from the labor movement. Here the powers of government were about to fall into the hands of labor. That victory would have strengthened the resistance of the workers to exploitation throughout the nation. It would have driven the traitorous politician of the McNamara type out of the ranks of union labor.

Such a victory, pregnant with danger alike to the capitalist exploiter, politician and pure and simple unionist must be stopped.

The attorneys for the McNamaras, with the single exception of Job Harriman, were capitalist politicians bound by every tie of interest and tradition to the cause of capitalism.

These capitalist attorneys furnished the diabolical touch of staging the confession at the one moment when it would strike the heaviest blow for capitalism, and against Socialism. The chief attorney admits that he had been laboring for weeks to secure the confession at this time.

The only mistake that can be charged up against the Socialists in this fight is that they were over-confident in the innocence of the members of their own class. Socialists by the hundreds in the union movement had been charged with similar crimes, but had always been proven innocent. The Socialist knows better weapons than violence, and Socialism and unionism produce no McNamaras.

Not to have defended Democrats or Republicans in the union when charged with crime by capitalist powers would have been to lay the Socialists open to a charge of worse than cowardice.

The only thing for which Socialists could have been censured was that they neglected the opportunity to point out that a mixture of unionism and capitalist politics (or no politics) is always explosive.

This is the lesson which this terrible experience must teach us.

are buying Socialist books and literature with it.

The Portsmouth, (O.) *Blade*, having a combined nightmare composed of "Socialism and Roosevelt," says that in case of the nomination of Roosevelt "the Socialists might even forego the privilege of naming a presidential candidate of their own in order to throw their strength to the Democratic nominee."

Another standard amusement of the capitalist press is lying about Milwaukee. Otis of the Los Angeles *Times*, who is having a fit regularly every day over the prospective victory of Harriman, reaches the climax along this line, as he does in most other lines, with the statement that "The principle result of a Socialist regime in Milwaukee has been to put a stop to business expansion, curb industries, shut down shops and fill the streets with idle men for whom the Socialists are doing nothing," and all this in spite of the alleged fact in the same editorial that, "In no measure accomplished or projected has a step been taken in the direction of establishing a co-operative commonwealth."

The Los Angeles *Express*, on the other hand, urges in defense of Alexander and his backers, that they "have carried the doctrine of co-operative ownership further in Los Angeles than it has been carried in any other city." From which it should appear that the Socialists are bad because they are not Socialists, but other folks are good because they are Socialists. No prize is offered for the solution of this mystery.

Another group of papers, including such rabid anti-union organs as the

Milwaukee *Sentinel*, Detroit *Journal*, and the Boston *Transcript* praises Gompers for having fought the Socialists and defended the Civic Federation. Gompers ought to be proud of his friends.

By some process of penetration the minds of a few more capitalist editors are reached each week with the news that Socialism is growing.

The Kansas City *Journal* recognizes that the showing made in the recent elections was "Made despite the fact that many thousands of those Socialistically inclined must have voted for Insurgents, Democrats and other opponents of the Republican party."

We note that the Tulsa (Okla.) *World* steals this editorial, which would indicate that it is a measure of the intelligence of more than one editor.

The McKeesport (Pa.) *News* preaches the gospel to the old parties in the following words: "Unless the present domineering political bosses wake up and do more than promise; unless they adopt some of the Socialist ideas and give us a real democratic

form of government we have an idea that in the not far distant future we will see a double funeral in which the donkey and elephant will be buried side by side."

In spite of these signs of human intelligence the majority of the press are agreed that the people who voted for Socialism didn't mean it.

The Stromberg (Neb.) *News* found out somewhere that "More than half the voters who contributed to these so-called Socialistic pluralities are not Socialists."

The principal source of consolation is drawn from the hope that the Socialist party will not last long.

The Fairbury (Neb.) *News* suggests that "Many of the Populist ideas have been adopted by both the Republicans and Democrats and when that was done the necessity for the Populist party was gone and the party practically disappeared. It will be the same with Socialism."

Wonder if that editor ever heard tell of the Populist party of Germany, France, Italy and some fifty other countries.

The Waco (Tex.) *Times-Herald*, the Indianapolis (Ind.) *News*, the Rawhide (Wyo.) *Journal* and the Waterloo (Ia.) *Times Tribune* all join in the chorus that the Republicans are to blame for the existence of the Socialists. The latter declares that "The Democrat party is the party of individualism. It never was tinctured with Socialism."

The Socialists will cheerfully endorse this statement and also testify that it never was tinctured with anything else connected with intelligence.

Death of the LaFargues

That Paul LaFargue, the keen thinker, jovial writer and cheerful companion, and his wife, Laura Marx LaFargue, the genial hostess, and co-worker of her husband have committed suicide is the startling news that has brought sorrow to hosts of Socialists throughout the world.

Those who had enjoyed the hospitality of their home at Draveil, near Paris, who knew their remarkable personalities and especially their apparently unflinching good humor and optimism the news seems incredible.

The reason given is that for years he had been suffering from a mysterious incurable disease that baffled the skill of even the greatest physicians of Paris to diagnose. Sixty-eight years of age, it seems that he, with his wife, looked upon the world and decided that for them the time had come to leave it and they acted upon that decision bravely and frankly.

For almost half a century Paul LaFargue has been known as a revolutionist. From the time when in 1866 he was expelled from the French University for having taken part in an anti-military demonstration, this expulsion sent him to England where he met Karl Marx, whose daughter Laura he married.

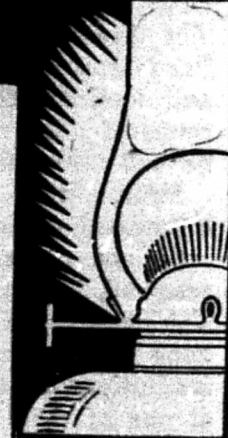
The story of his life has been the story of the revolutionary movement of Europe. Exiled from France, for activity in the Commune he returned to become a member of the Chamber of Deputies. With Jules Guesde he built up the strongest and the most intelligently revolutionary wing of the French Socialist party.

His writings have been translated into almost every language, and their sharp, biting wit, keen analytic power, shot through with that gentle humor so much needed and so seldom found in Socialist writings will go on for many years fighting the cause to which he and his wife gave so many years.

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Children's Page

EDITED BY BERTHA H. MAILLY

The Story of Joe

(Continued.)

So poor Joe left the court room and got home somehow, with a tumult of rage and shame boiling within him.

How he hated that lawyer fellow. "Why should he have the chance to humiliate me?" thought Joe to himself. "I haven't done anything but work hard and be decent, and he gets me treated like a common thief. He's always had the chance, just like Dad said, and I've not had any."

Joe was a little cooled off when he reached home, but so weary that he only stopped to go to the pantry for a cold bite before dropping into bed and falling asleep.

The next morning he told his father all about his arrest and the little affair with the lawyer who was his schoolmate in the boyhood days.

"He's got it all over you now, Joe, and he always will have probably, so far as success in money and position are concerned. But just remember this, you have something to be proud of that he hasn't, in being a workingman and standing by your shopmates when they try to defend themselves. There is nothing grander than an army of workers, standing shoulder to shoulder for the good of all. You're all right, Son, and I'm prouder of you today for being arrested than if you were the other lawyer fellow with a hat full of money."

So Joe felt a little comforted and started out after breakfast to go to the Union headquarters.

"Well, here I am, good as new for picketing this afternoon," said Joe as he closed the door after him.

"Not to any great extent," said one of the men in charge. "They've got out an injunction against our picketing. If you picket, it's off to the workhouse you go this time for sure."

Joe had heard of injunctions before. They were much talked about among the men. But the piece of legal paper issued by the judge that said, "You are forbidden to picket," he couldn't help but look upon with awe.

"Then it's me for hunting a new job," said Joe. And Joe did hunt. It seemed as though there was not any place for a strong young fellow of twenty-one.

Then Joe's father fell sick and after two or three weeks of illness, Joe's mother said to Joe:

"Joe, what shall we do? I have only a few dollars more and your father won't be well for some time yet, and then he may not get his job back."

Joe felt his throat tighten a little. Then he spoke out bravely: "Well, Ma, you can use my hundred dollars and I'll leave town and see if I can't find a job somewhere else and send you some money." For Joe had somehow gotten along without using any of his precious hundred dollars which was in a savings bank and which seemed to him like a dream of something very beautiful in the future, he didn't quite know what, but something that would be jolly.

"Oh, Joe," said his mother, her eyes filling with tears. "How can I take it? You'll want it some day to be marrying on."

"Nonsense, Ma, that'll be so far off I can earn another hundred before then," answered Joe, lightly.

So Joe drew out the money from the bank and gave it to his mother. Then he made his little preparations to go away with quite a light heart, for he thought it would be a good deal of fun to go out and see the world a bit. He decided to take his chances on a freight train, as so many fellows he knew had done.

Before he started, he went to say good-bye to Bob and Kit. He didn't feel quite so light-hearted about going

away and he almost wa... sorry he had decided to go.

But they joked and chattered all the evening and made believe that Joe was going out to seek his fortune and would come back very rich and great. Joe almost thought so himself.



Joe's Father fell sick

"Then you'll have forgotten us all by that time," said Kit, as they shook hands good-bye.

"I'll agree not to forget you if you won't forget me."

"Well, I suppose I'll have to think about you when I wear the slippers, and anyway—I don't believe I forget so easily," was Kit's farewell. And Joe hurried down the stairs and away.

(To be continued.)

Where Birds Get Their Colors

According to a quaint old Indian legend, in a long ago time the leaves of the trees thought themselves as much a permanent part of the tree itself as the trunk and the branches, never dreaming that a time would come when they might flutter away and fall to the earth and die.

But a hint of their sad fate was carried to them one midsummer day by a little busybody, telltale breeze that, unresent by the Great Spirit, maliciously whispered to them that their departure was at hand; that soon, very soon, instead of sunshine and warmth there would come storm and cold and blight and disaster.

And the poor little green leaves were sorely disturbed and perplexed, but while they fluttered and whispered anxiously each with each as to whether these things might really be true they kept up a brave courage, showing to the world only a growing brightness and seeming cheery day after day, until all men cried aloud in admiration: "How brilliant and how gay are our little friends, the leaves, all shimmering in scarlet and gold, and how very well and happy they look!" while underneath it all the brave-hearted leaves one after another felt a creeping chill and a dark foreboding and a loosening of their hold upon life and home and happiness.

Slowly their colors faded as their vitality ebbed away; slowly they fluttered down to the heart of the kind earth mother, who sooner or later gathers to her arms once more the earth born in each of her children—the body but not the spirit of even a little leaf.

For the Great Spirit, looking down, decreed, "Ye shall not die! Spirit of the flying, fluttering, brown leaves, enter thou into the brown birds of the air! Spirit of the crimson leaf, enter thou into the red! Spirit of the yellow,

spirit of the green, enter thou into my yellow birds and my green songsters!"

And so, the legend tells us, do the birds always nest in the trees, for is it not to them but a return to their old home?

Let the Cloth Be White

Go set the table, Mary, and let the cloth be white!

The hungry city children are comin' here tonight;

The children from the city, with features pinched an' spare,

Are comin' here to get a breath of God's untainted air.

They come from out the dungeons where they with want were chained;

From places dark an' dismal, by tears of sorrow stained;

From where a thousand shadows are murdering all the light;

Set well the table, Mary dear, an' let the cloth be white!

They ha' not seen the daisies made for the heart's behoof;

They never heard the raindrops upon a cottage roof;

They do not know the kisses of zephyr an' of breeze;

They never rambled wild and free beneath the forest trees.

The food that they ha' eaten was spoiled by others' greeds;

The very air their lungs breathed was full o' poison seeds;

The very air their souls breathed was full of wrong and spite;

Go set the table, Mary dear, an' let the cloth be white!

The fragrant water-lilies ha' never smiled at them;

They never picked a wild flower from off its dewy stem;

They never saw a greensward that they could safely pass

Unless they heeded well the sign that says "Keep off the grass."

—Will Carleton.

The Fathers of Great Men

The working class is the chief support of society, in muscle and general intelligence, even if not in what is called education. Even the great men of the world's history have nearly all sprung from working class fathers.

The father of Samuel Pepys whose diary has become literature, was a tailor. The father of James Mill, the economist, was a cobbler. The father of Jules Verne, the great novelist, was a day laborer. Oliver Cromwell's father was a brewer. Epictetus was the son of a day laborer. Socrates was the son of a day laborer. Giotto, the artist, was a peasant's son. The father of Schumann, the musician, was a bookseller. The father of Cowley was a grocer. The father of Charles Lamb, the essayist, was a servant. Mozart's father was a bookbinder. Milton, the poet, was the son of a copyist. Neander's father was a carter. Homer was a farmer's son.

As Usual

A certain editor had cause to admonish his son on account of his reluctance to attend school.

"You must go regularly and learn to be a great scholar," said the fond father, encouragingly, "otherwise you can never be an editor, you know. What would you do, for instance, if your paper came out full of mistakes?"

The boy looked up into his parent's face with childish innocence.

"Father," he said, solemnly, "I'd blame 'em on the printer!"

Thanksgiving

It is very beautiful to think of the Thanksgiving holiday as celebrating the "harvest home" or the home bringing of the harvest. We think of the crops of wheat and corn all gathered in, the

cellar with the potato and apple barrels full to overflowing, the yellow squash and pumpkin, shining in their mellow plumpness; then to top all this splendid gift of Mother Earth, the feast day of the family.

All this is good to enjoy, if it were not that on that day even in the midst of feasting we cannot help but think of the thousands who have not even enough to eat and drink and clothing to keep them warm.

It spoils our pleasure and makes us resolve never to stop working for the coming of a better day. A poet has written:

"Died of starvation!"—what does this all mean?

Scores of provisions everywhere are seen.

"Died of starvation!" here's the place and name

Right in the paper; let us blush for shame!

This city wastes what any one would call

Nine hundred times enough to feed us all;

And yet folks die in garret, hut, and street,

Simply because there isn't enough to eat!

Let our one thanksgiving be that there is one way and one hope for all the poor and suffering, the way toward plenty and beauty and happiness and comradeship. We must find it!

Ducks

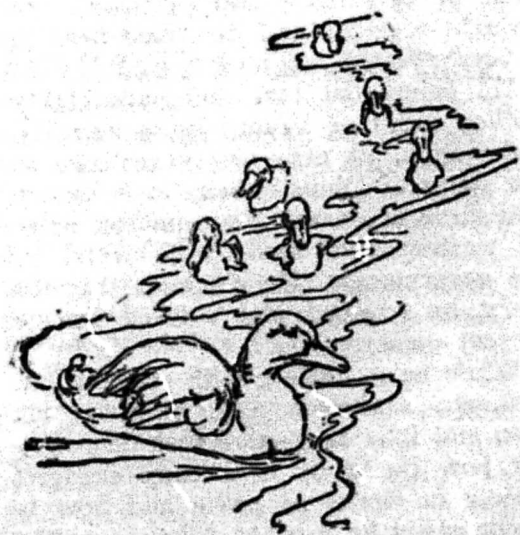
BY WILBY HEARD.

(For very little children.)

Ducks go "Quack, quack, quack," and they wobble when they walk. They love to live in the water as much as they do in the mud or on the grass. Ducks eat grass and they eat mud, too. Their feet are webbed so that they are able to swim well. Ducks are all good swimmers.

Once upon a time, on a farm, there lived a big family of ducks. There was the mamma duck, the papa duck, Drake, the farmer called him, and with them lived all their little children-ducks. Every morning after breakfast, they would all go down to the pond for a swim. The first one to go was the papa, every now and then shaking the pretty little feather all curled up on the end of his tail, then came the mamma followed by all the little ducks going "Quack, quack, quack," as they wobbled along. They looked just like a long white string stretched out upon the grass.

To see them on the water one would think they were just so many little toy boats set to sail by some playful little



boys. When they had swam all they cared to, they would come ashore, wobble back to the barnyard, find a spot where there was grass, and lay down in the sun to rest. At the same time they would nibble at the grass about them, some would twist their necks back and tuck their flat bills under the feathers of their wings and sleep. But you could not catch them asleep, though, for they seemed to sleep with their eyes open, and if you came near to them they would all jump up and run away.

What They Are Doing in Indiana

By JAMES ONEAL, State Secretary



James Oneal

Recent town elections in Indiana, though few, show that the proletarians of Indiana are determined to seize what measure of power they can from the dominant parties. Four towns out of eight have elected a majority of Socialist officials, and three of these have elected every one of their candidates. The remaining four towns have elected one or more officials and all the remaining towns where the Socialists nominated tickets report a large increase in the vote.

The progress of the party organization during the past six months tells the same story. In May we had 66 Locals organized in the state, while at the present writing there are double that

number, 133. The number of Locals organized during this period is 67 with 955 charter members. From four to six speakers have been traveling during this period and over 3,000 ten-cent and twenty-five-cent books have been sold. All this has been accomplished in spite of the prevalence of an acute attack of unemployment in all parts of the state.

The gains and increases have not been confined to any special section of the state. The large cities, the mining towns and even the agricultural districts, all show a uniform development of revolutionary consciousness. We have had no trouble in reaching the farmers, and over twenty Locals have a membership mainly composed of farmers.

Another phase of this development is striking. The working class has found its voice. During the past six months Locals like Muncie, Indianapolis, and Terre Haute have developed a large number of local speakers who are capable of addressing any audience and do credit to the movement. In the past we have had to rely on outside speakers. Now there are more than could be placed in the state in the most active campaign that we might wage.

We confidently expect to carry a number of the larger cities in the next general elections, especially in the Gas Belt. Seasoned veterans in the movement all predict that the state will send one or more Socialist Congressmen to the Congress next next. The Gas Belt may supply one or two Indianapolis one, and the coal fields another.



W. M. Ralston

An Ohio Victory

W. M. Ralston, Socialist Mayor elect of Fostoria, Ohio, writes that the victory there was a protest against machine politics and gang rule, and "the index of the rising tide of Socialist sentiment resultant from the propaganda work of the Socialist Local."

Only one councilman, Henry Wentz, was elected so that the mayor will be able to accomplish very little.

He has outlined a very clear program of proposed measures, especially those tending to improve education and to care for the school children, which he intends to push.

Making Headway in the South

The fact that the Socialist candidate for Lieutenant Governor, J. T. Lester, polled nearly ten thousand votes, while the remainder of the ticket polled about five thousand shows, first, that the solid Socialist sentiment has grown rapidly in Mississippi, and second, that this rapid growth has been accompanied with considerable confusion, which leads to the voting of split tickets, and finally, that the extraordinary large vote for J. T. Lester, candidate for Lieutenant Governor, was due to a fight within the Democratic party.

Sumner W. Rose, the state secretary, writes that more than a hundred ap-



J. T. Lester

plications have been received for speakers and organizers, but that he is unable to meet this demand.

What's in the New Books

The Better Country, by Dana W. Bartlett. C. M. Clark Company, cloth, 560 pp., \$1.50.

Insurgency has now begun to have a literature, and this book is one of the first to come under this category.

It is a description of the "uplift" tendencies in American society.

The author sees the passing of the *laissez faire* idea and the extension of governmental functions, and describes a large number of the phases that this movement has taken.

The work of the reclamation service, the protection of forests, the department of agriculture and of health are brought together and described here in a very effective manner.

He points out that there are eighty million acres of swamp lands awaiting redemption, an area nearly as large as the states of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, and there are seventy-one million acres of western coal lands still owned by the government. He demands that the latter be retained and worked by the present owner.

While he is dealing with reclamation, drainage, sanitation, etc., he is at his best, and it is suggestive that he points out how the army is already engaged largely in works of peace and how it might easily be used to "dig the water ways and harbors, drain the swamps, build the railroads and reclaim the arid lands."

There are two great weaknesses of the book.

First, the author has no vision of the direction in which all of this is tending, unless it is found in this sentence on next to the last page: "Collectivism through trusts and corporations is being merged into collectivism through government." Aside from this almost detached sentence he has little vision

of the meaning of the forces and the tendencies he is describing.

The second weakness is even more striking. The whole point of view of the book is that things are to be done for the people. The motive force to which he appeals is sympathy for the workers. He has no conception of a movement of the workers for themselves. In his constructive program the weakest point is naturally that portion applying to the wage workers and the city laborer. He tells about how Jacob Riis, for whom he has a great admiration, abolished certain slum districts in New York, but seems to be ignorant of the fact that other equally as bad ones sprang up in other places.

No where is there a suggestion of the struggle that labor is making for a major share of its products, and higher wages are never mentioned as one of the methods of benefiting "the people."

There is no reference to Socialism anywhere in the book, although nearly all the constructive ideas upon which it is based are derived from a garbled understanding of Socialist philosophy. In all this again the author is typically insurgent.

Self-Maintenance for the Unemployed. By J. Hunter Watts. The Twentieth Century Press, London. One Penny.

The problem of the unemployed has become of so great importance in England that Socialists are continuously forced to suggest ways and means for solving the question so far as it can be solved under the present industrial order.

One of the suggestions offered by the writer is that the unemployed shall be put to work on the under-cultivated land, so much of which is to be found in England. The products resulting

should not be put on the market, but be for use. He points out that the unemployed cannot be put to unproductive work without incurring a heavy burden to the state. He would have provision made for the manufacture of farm machinery. Out-of-work tailors, shoemakers, etc., would be set to work providing apparel for the workers. All carpenters, masons, and bricklayers out of work would be employed if the Acts providing for better housing were enforced.

While these suggestions were made as early as 1883, there is more probability that they can be carried out now because the workers have learned the cause of poverty and are more able to enforce their demands.

For the "unemployable" the author would have decent refuges provided and wholesome maintenance, but objects to "labor colonies" under any condition.

Rebellion, by Joseph Medill Patterson. Published by Reilly and Butler, Co. Cloth, 351 pp., \$1.50.



J. Medill Patterson

A Catholic woman is married to a worthless, diseased, dissipated man, who has spasms of reform. She is supporting the whole family, sees her home destroyed, children die, her life in general ruined, while at the same time the other man in the case is everything desirable.

The struggle between her religion and the course which would be dictated by reason is the theme of the book.

Her family throws its influence on the side of the church and there is a suggestion, though not very strong, of the old conflict between generations.

She runs away from the man she

loves, but finally decides to secure a divorce.

The scene between her and the priest is especially well written. The position of the church is set forth strongly, without prejudice and the conclusion seems to arise out of the inevitableness of things rather than out of the result of reason.

The book bears evidence throughout that it was written for dramatic effect and the single theme and the simple, straightforward plot is one that lends itself to dramatization rather than a novel, yet it is a strong, forcible story, written in a workmanlike manner and effectively driving home the intended moral.

Growth of the Socialist Vote

Lost in the woods of monopoly and special privilege, the plain people who only ask enough to live comfortably and make modest provision for their old age, looked about them and saw two bewildered old parties, each beckoning them to follow.

"Why, we did follow you," said the plain people. "That's how we happened to get lost."

Then along came a new guide. He bore a red flag, but that didn't frighten the people very much, because he claimed to know the way. And it was, at least, a new way—not the one that had led them to the jungle.

"Do you know why the people are beginning to follow me?" asked the man with the red flag, as he and the plain people walked cheerily along.

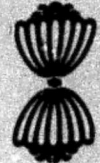
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Come Have a Smile With Us



Flings at Things

BY D. M. S.

The Rising Tide

The Socialist tide is arising
 And wetting plutocracy's feet,
 The waves that it sends are surprising,
 And they will be back to repeat;
 The plutocrats feel them and tremble
 Though kindled for fair is their
 wrath;

It does not in one point resemble
 Their friend, the immunity bath.

The Socialist tide is arising
 And soon will be able to float
 Without any page advertising
 Most any old kind of a boat.



The plutes and their timid time servers,
 Exploiters and all of those chaps
 Will need have for fat life preservers
 Before many moons shall elapse.

The Socialist tide is arising
 And several old scows it will swamp
 In spite of the owners' devising,
 In spite of their wealth and their
 pomp
 But one vessel, dauntless is ready
 Though white caps around it may
 sport,
 The Socialist ship, staunch and steady
 Will sail unobstructed to port.

Found It Wasn't His

"Loafing, Bill?"
 "Sorry to say, yes."



"What has become of that fine job
 you were bragging on?"
 "I forgot to get a mortgage on it."

Not to be Tolerated

The labor leader, downhearted and
 chastened was being tried at the bar
 of working class opinion while a capi-
 talist lawyer was charging up and down
 the line looking for loopholes through
 which his client might escape.

"What is he charged with?" asked the
 court.

"Flirting, your honor," replied the
 complaining witness.

"That isn't a serious offense. With
 whom?"

"Old party politicians."
 "Horrible. Off with his head."

Beating the Game

Winter is short of its terror;
 Man can make sport of the cold;
 Calling it names is an error;
 'Tis not the winter of old.
 Once it was one of the topics
 Man with a shudder discussed,
 Now he can shift to the tropics
 Leaving old winter nonplussed.

There he may revel in loafing
 Sitting around at his ease,
 Or when the chauffeur is chaffing
 Go any place he may please;
 Calmly forgetting the blizzard,
 Gladly forgetting the chill

Let the heat soak in his gizzard,
 Fearing no coal dealer's bill.

Are you, to join them, too lazy?
 Maybe the cold you disdain;
 People will think you are crazy
 If in the north you remain.
 Order your space in the sleeper
 Draw on your bank for the price;
 You must be needing a keeper
 If you reject the advice.

Not for Them

"Ah me," said the pessimist, dropping
 a sign into the waste basket and almost
 filling that useful receptacle, "I fear for
 the worst."

"Cheer up. Didn't you notice that
 dandy line of Socialist victories?"

"That is the trouble. Our very suc-
 cess will attract old party politicians
 who will disrupt our movement."

"Take something for what ails you.
 The politician isn't in politics for his
 health."

Dinner Hour Stories

All the Proof Needed

BY J. ALBERT MALLORY.

Every Socialist agitator is familiar
 with the half-intoxicated butter-in, deaf
 to argument and bent on creating a dis-
 turbance. In squelching such a one it
 is always essential to keep the crowd
 good humored and for this double pur-
 pose the following usually serves ad-
 mirably:

The speaker says to the audience in
 a confidential tone: "You are wonder-
 ing why I don't deal with this man as
 he deserves and I would do it if it were
 not for one thing. Not long ago I
 was interrupted at one of my meet-
 ings by a fellow who in word and ac-
 tion strongly resembles this one. I
 roasted him to a turn so that he slunk
 away and did not bother again. I
 thought that I had done right, but after
 the meeting several people came to me
 and took me to task for dealing so
 severely with the fellow.

"But," I protested, "he brought it on
 himself. He was disturbing the meet-
 ing in a senseless manner."

"Yes, we know all that, but you see
 in this particular case it was hardly
 fair to say what you did, because the
 man is an idiot and not responsible for
 what he does.' And I judge the man
 who is now interrupting is in the same
 class and so I spare him."

It was in Douglas, Ariz., that the
 writer tried this dose on a drunken pest.
 But it didn't work. The fellow pushed
 through the crowd and shaking his fist
 in my face cried:

"You insinuate that I'm an idiot!
 You've got to prove what you say."

"I must prove that you are an idiot?"
 "Yes, you've got to prove it to this
 crowd."

"You are mistaken," I said. "I'll leave
 it to the audience. Gentlemen, is it
 necessary for me to prove to you that
 this man is an idiot?"

It was not, and he bothered me no
 more.

The Human Hog

BY WILL HERFORD.

That's about all he lives for,
 To push and crowd and take.
 All he can lay his hands on;
 Just getting for getting's sake.

Little Flings

Speaking of a real campaign, watch
 this one.

Teddy doesn't know he is dead, but
 he will know it.

Insurgency is the last resort of the
 grafting scoundrel.

Would you believe a man could be as
 far behind the procession as Taft?

What Ohio did in a year other states
 should be able to do in less time, now
 that the example is set.



If other parties are opposed to graft
 why don't they stop it while they have
 the power? They are not going to be
 there long.

Otis is afraid the Socialists will blight
 the climate of California. They will
 for him.

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Know Why Socialism is Coming

Don't be a socialist unless you know why you are one. Know why Socialism is coming. Trace the economic development of civilization through from slavery to the present and know why socialism is inevitable.

Victor L. Berger says:

"A few socialist phrases is not sufficient to make a scientific socialist. In order to know WHY SOCIALISM IS COMING, a socialist should have an idea of evolution, he must know history, he must know something of economic development.

We as socialists are vitally interested in the development of civilization. History for us is not a collection of shallow village tales, the story of coronations, weddings and burials of kings. For us the true lesson of history is the story of progress of mankind by gradual steps from brutal slavery to enlightenment, culture and humanity.

The manner in which one system has grown out of another, feudalism out of slavery and capitalism out of feudalism is most suggestive of the manner by which the Socialist Republic will gradually develop out of the present system.

To show how the Socialist Republic will gradually develop out of the present system, the Library of Original Sources has been published. It is a treasure mine."

The Library of Original Sources

(In the original documents—translated)

clears away the bigotry and superstition that has accumulated around religion, law, government, education, etc.—brings to light the naked truth and shows why socialism is coming. This wonderful library gives the authoritative sources of knowledge in all fields of thought—socialism philosophy, science, education, etc. The rock-bottom facts which for centuries capitalist writers have deliberately kept from the people.

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Rhymes of the Revolution

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

Selected and annotated by FRANK STUHLMAN

Auberon Herbert, the English sociologist and statesman, first came to public notice in that stormy day in Parliament when that young radical lion, Charles Dilk, moved the abolition of royalty. In the tremendous riot of vituperation that ensued, Auberon Herbert arose in his place in the House of Commons and in a voice that rang over the angry tumult declared, "I, too, am a Republican!" From that day until his death some months ago he was the unfaltering friend of progress.

Ouida, the novelist, in her "Critical Studies" says of his book of poems: "Auberon Herbert is known to the world as a daring and original thinker, a sociologist who lives three centuries before his time, a fearless preacher of new liberties and ideal creeds; in this book he is also a poet. The verse springs from the depths of his heart, and calls to those who, like himself, have loved and suffered." The following poem was written to show the blind folly of rulers who seek to conquer by power and gold and not with truth and justice:

And Someone Laughed

BY AUBERON HERBERT.

For a statesman there was with the heart of a fox,
Who tricked the nations in turn;
And he rubbed his hands as he stood and watched
The fires he kindled burn.
And he cried aloud in his scorn and pride;

"O ye who would empires make!
Go, learn to build with iron and steel
And with blood the cement to slake."

And another arose, who spoke in his turn;

"Go, forge me a golden chain,
To bind my Empire fast and strong,
Against all stress and strain;
Go, buy me their hearts with a penny piece,
Lest our labor be in vain."

And some one laughed—men heard the laugh
Across the earth and sky;

"Ye builders with blood and iron and gold—
In the tricks of your trade shall ye die!

"But learn, if ye can, there is only one
True faithful builder's art—
To bind in peace, to hold by faith,
To build on the unbought heart,

For your wisdom is as foolishness—
And what ever the work of your hands,

It shall turn to your hurt, it shall come to naught,
It shall crumble to dust as it stands.

The Crime of Poverty

BY BERNARD SHAW.

The worst of crimes. All the other crimes are virtue beside it; all the other dishonors are chivalry itself by comparison.

Poverty blights whole cities; spreads horrible pestilences; strikes dead the very souls of all who come within sight, sound or smell of it.

What you call crime is nothing; a murder here and a thief there, a blow now and a curse then; what do they matter? They are only the accidents

and illnesses of life; there are not fifty genuine professional criminals in London.

But there are millions of poor people, abject people, dirty people, ill-fed, ill-clothed people. They poison us morally and physically; they kill the happiness of society; they force us to do away with our own liberties and to organize unnatural cruelties for fear they should rise against us and drag us down into their abyss.

Only fools fear crime; we all fear poverty.

Pah! you talk of your half-saved



King George and Queen Mary have sailed for India—for the greatest Durbar in history.—News item.

ruffian in West Ham; you accuse me of dragging his soul back to perdition. Well, bring him to me here; and I will drag his soul back again to salvation for you. Not by words and dreams; but by thirty-eight shillings a week, a sound house in a handsome street, and a permanent job. In three weeks he will have a fancy waistcoat; in three months a tall hat and a chapel sitting; before the end of the year he will shake hands with a lurcher at a Primrose League meeting and join the Conservative party. . . .

It is cheap work converting starving men with a Bible in one hand and a slice of bread-and-butter in the other. I will undertake to convert West Ham to Mohammedanism on the same terms.

I hate poverty and slavery worse than any other crime whatsoever. And let me tell you this. Poverty and slavery have stood up for centuries to your sermons and leading articles: They will not stand up to my machine guns. Don't preach at them; don't reason with them. Kill them.—From Major Barbara.



A stitch in time saves exposure



To Tripoli go the millions that are needed at home

L'Asino