

# THE COMING NATION

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A JOURNAL OF THINGS DOING AND TO BE DONE

A. M. SIMONS  
CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL } Editors

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## Comment on Things Doing

BY CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

### IN MEMORY OF A TRUE DEMOCRAT

**T**HIS last week some of us have been observing, rather inadequately, the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Wendell Phillips.

Except for the Socialists and the negroes the occasion passed with little attention.

Wendell Phillips was the greatest orator America has ever known and one of the greatest of all times. It may be questioned if any man ever excelled him in the power of extemporaneous eloquence, or in his ability to sway the minds of his hearers.

Far more than this he was a public man of life so pure, unselfish, and pre-eminently useful, and he had upon the history of his times an influence so unusual that he would naturally seem to stand out as one of the commanding figures of the American story.

Yet few persons in this generation are familiar with his unique career. In the schools, as a rule, nothing is taught about him.

He was the ideal citizen of a republic, and his name is passed over for fifty names of men of far less service, worth and achievements.

He is the only man in history that throughout a long life wielded a great power only for the noblest purposes and steadfastly refused all honors or rewards except the pure satisfaction of service.

He gave over a distinguished career that he might take up the cause of the hated and the oppressed.

He was the most powerful and effective of all the Abolitionist agitators. Yet in history and in literature all the others have been honored above him. Even his matchless triumphs in oratory, even his solid learning and extraordinary mind, even the literary merit of his unique style, have been effectually obscured for this generation and for generations to come.

How does it happen that all other Abolitionists are eulogized and he is neglected?

It happens because after the civil war he alone was not content with the abolition of chattel slavery, but saw that the next great object to attain was the abolition of wage slavery.

Before the war he attacked the Peculiar Institution of the South, which was chattel slavery. After the war he attacked the Peculiar Institution of the North, which was factory and wage slavery.

The Peculiar Institution of the South has perished and can sting no more. The Peculiar Institution of the North has grown more powerful than ever. It hated Phillips while he lived and has obscured his fame ever since.

It controls all the literature, writes all the text books and manages all the schools.

When Wendell Phillips in 1865 took up the labor movement, demanded an eight-hour day and bitterly attacked capitalism he sealed himself to obloquy.

When he wrote for the labor convention of 1871 the famous platform beginning with the words "We affirm, as a fundamental principle, that labor, the creator of wealth, is entitled to all it creates" and declared war with the wages system, he made himself the object of a hatred that still survives twenty-eight years after his death.

He was a fervent Democrat. He made war upon injustice wherever he found it. He believed unreservedly in the rule of the people and the rising of the working class.

He attacked snobbery, aristocracy and exploitation. He is the best possible model for young Americans, but to make them even fairly acquainted with him you will have to rewrite the text books and revolutionize the schools.

### A STRUGGLING PHILOSOPHER

**T**HEY have grand thinkers in England, too. Winston Churchill of the English Cabinet is one of them; one of the grandest, I should say. Lately he has been thinking about strikes and thinking so hard that something seems likely to give way.

Strikes, says Winst., are very bad things. We had one here last summer that tied up the English railroads and transportation service and do you know, the city was for some hours actually short of food! It was, and we don't want that to happen again.

Now, what I propose, says Winst., is that in such cases the government shall step in and stop the strike by compelling the companies or employers to grant higher wages.

Suppose they are not striking for higher wages, but for better conditions, what should I do? says Winst. Why, I suppose the government would be obliged to compel the employer to grant the better conditions.

And suppose the employer was unable to grant the higher wages or the better conditions, what should I do? says Winst. Why, I suppose the government would be obliged to allow the employer to increase his prices or rates.

Wouldn't that mean that the government would be obliged to establish both wage prices and commodity prices; likewise other things—dividends on railroad stocks, for instance? I suppose it would, says the philosopher.

Good boy, Winst. You're hot stuff on the thought proposition. Just stick to it and you will find something, I shouldn't wonder. Follow out that line about the government fixing dividends, wages and prices and see what that plumps you against.

For instance, if the government fixes the returns on railroad stock it fixes the value of that stock, doesn't it? And if it fixes the value it thereby denies the principle of private ownership, doesn't it? Think on, mighty Churchill! Follow this vein of thinking to the end and see where it lands you.

And when you see, don't let anybody tell you that it teaches the doctrine of free love or is trying to destroy the home, for it doesn't do anything of the kind.

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### THE McNAMARA CASE NOW

**Y**ES, we denounced the kidnaping of the McNamaras. Yes, we insisted upon a fair trial for them. Yes, we opposed the apparent attempts to railroad them. Yes, we believed them to be innocent until they should be proven guilty. Yes, we thought the case had the appearance of a capitalist frame-up.

What of it? Knowing what we know of capitalism in America we had good reasons to believe that it would not hesitate to attempt by any feasible means the destruction of any man that stood in its way.

What of it? I can see nothing to retract or be ashamed of. The working class



in America is monstrously exploited, preyed upon and victimized. We had every reason, therefore, to insist that when members of that class were accused, apparently because they had made themselves obnoxious to the capitalists, the laws should not be broken to secure their conviction.

That was all. The accused men turn out to have been guilty. That is not our fault nor the fault of the labor movement. It is not the first time that the advocates of a just and righteous cause have been deceived by individuals and will not be the last.

Yet the good cause goes on and is not to be turned aside no matter who may be deceived.

These are the facts in the present instance. I think they will be recognized as fundamental.



It is not pleasant to be deceived, but I believe, looking impartially over history, that it is not uncommon.

Any man or any number of men may prove to be unworthy. The truth continues to be the truth.

Anyway, I had rather be deceived while standing for the right of an accused workingman to have a fair trial than to acquiesce for a moment in the breaking down of any safeguard that has been established for the protection of the accused or than tolerate for a moment the kind of thing Harrison Grey Otis stands for.

The lesson of the whole sickening story that violence begets violence, that injustice fosters revenge, that violence always defeats any good end, that agitation and union are the strongest weapons against wrong in any community—may that not be lost upon this country.

I see that Mr. Gompers was so upset that for an hour and a half he wandered about the Pennsylvania railroad station like a man in a daze.

Mr. Gompers should cultivate philosophy, which is not only a comfortable thing to have in the house, but useful to him in his business.



The good souls that since the recent election have believed the emancipation of the working class to be assured by a progressive series of easy victories may have found food for reflection in some aspects of this development.

In the issue of November 25th the COMING NATION took occasion to remark that one result of the election would be greater and more determined activity by the capitalist class and another would be the appearance of new tactics.

It may have been noted that six days before the election at Los Angeles comes an event that rendered certain the success of the capitalist ticket.

If this is a coincidence it is one of the strangest co-incidences and for capitalism, one of the most fortunate that has lately happened.

Anyway, I never could understand why some of us think that capitalism will on receipt of a polite invitation, vacate the saddle, touching its hat, meanwhile and apologizing for intruding.

Those of us that entertain this pleasant vision may have it jolted away in the next few months. You need go no further than the war now being made on the *Appeal to Reason* if you wish a good tip on what is at hand. The wave of radicalism lately sweeping over the country must be turned back at any cost. Now watch the ways in which the gentlemen in the saddle will try to turn it back.



## THE FOUNT OF WISDOM PLAYS AGAIN

Mr. Wharton Barker, former banker and present publicist of Philadelphia, says that Mr. Roosevelt bargained with the railroads for his election in 1904.

This being called to Mr. Roosevelt's attention he observes sapiently:

"I would as soon think of discussing a pipe-dream with an out patient of Bedlam."

Of course, as all can see this is a complete and logical refutation of Mr. Barker's charges. Nothing more could possibly be desired. After reading such an explicit statement you perceive at once the truth of the matter. I marveled that the great one should have deemed it necessary to add anything to a remark so original, wise, courteous, polished, statesmanlike and convincing. But he did. He said:

"Go and look at my message of 1904."

Why, of course. How strange that we should have overlooked the fount of wisdom as of truth! "Go and look at my message of 1904, if you want to learn about any subject under the sun. It shows whether there was any bargaining for the Presidency; also whether there was any bargaining with the Steel Trust about the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company; and whether there was any bargaining about the Panama revolution; and why some trusts are good and some are bad; and why Mr. Taft was forced upon the Republican party as its candidate in 1908; and why Leonard Wood was jumped over the heads of all his seniors to be the chief officer of the army; and why William Lorimer was snobbed and Simon Guggenheim exalted; and why some trusts were prosecuted and some were immune; and how the members of the Ananias club got in bad; and all about undesirable citizens; and Socialism; and many other workers. In all the world's literature there is no wisdom equal to the wisdom of "my message of 1904"—except "my" messages of 1905, 1906, 1907 and 1908. Indeed, yes; all these are gems.

Meantime certain obtuse persons are demanding that the great one take the stand and furnish what they call an "unequivocal" response to Mr. Barker's charges.

Even for the correct answer to this impudent demand we can go to the words of the great one, uttered upon a famous occasion when other obtuse persons were making unpleasant remarks in his hearing:

"Miserable creatures! Be silent!"



## THE STORY OF A GOUGE

The relations between excessive capitalization and the cost of living, and the relations between corporation needs and government have just had a beautiful illustration in the latest chapter of a serial that might be called "The Great Traction Swindle" of New York.

The Metropolitan Street Railway Company in 1907 consisted of every surface street car line in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx. It carried a capitalization of about \$500,000,000, of which four-fifths was water.

This capitalization had been reached through a period of about twenty years by obtaining one road, issuing first securities upon it, and with these obtaining another road on which still more securities were issued.

In this way not a dollar was ever paid for the property, but one road after another was added to the gigantic monopoly, each in turn augmenting the total capitalization.

While this was going on the men in control of the property were enriching themselves in monstrous sums. One of their devices was to buy a railroad for a small sum and then sell it to the Metropolitan for a very large sum, issuing securities which they took for themselves. They had many others.

When they had piled up the capitalization to a point where they knew the income of the road would not pay the fixed charges, they forced up the price of the stock to 269 and unloaded it upon the public.

Immediately thereafter the new owners discovered that the road was not earning its fixed charges and after a time a receiver was appointed.

To increase the revenue so as to cover even a part of the fixed charges the receiver abolished transfers among the different lines and

changed the routing of cars so that on long journeys about the city passengers must now pay two fares instead of one.

These changes affected chiefly the working class. Only the working class used transfers. By abolishing them and by the changes in routes an additional tribute was levied upon the working class of New York estimated at \$5,000 a day.

The interests of the public in its dealings with the corporations were supposed to be guarded by a fake institution designed by the clever mind of Charles Evans Hughes, now a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. It was called the Public Service Commission.

The facts about the abolition of the transfers were presented to this body in 1907 and later. It declined to interfere with the gouging.

The abolition of the free transfer was in most cases not only illegal but violated a court order, so that the railroad company was liable for contempt of court.

If a similarly flagrant contempt of court had been committed by a workingman on strike for better wages he would be arrested and thrown into jail.

No person responsible in this instance was even arrested nor was any attempt made to enforce the court order.

Last week the matter was brought again before the Public Service Commission and the Commission ordered that at most of the junction points involved the free transfer should be restored.

By a curious coincidence great quantities of water had meantime been squeezed out of the institution (to the heavy loss of many innocent stock purchasers) and the additional tribute from the working class was no longer necessary to meet the fixed charges.

It is not often that these relations between capitalization and the people's expenses can be shown so simply and directly, but they always exist and gradually the public is beginning to learn some of the reasons for its depleted pocket book.



## HOW ABOUT THIS?

Here is something that I earnestly commend to the pondering of every American.

The Republic of Portugal has now been in existence more than a year.

It has been officially recognized by every other republic in the world except one, and by several of the monarchies.

The one republic that has not recognized it is the republic of the United States.

What do you think is the reason for this strange fact?

If Mr. Taft on his travels will kindly tell us about this and tell us the truth we will gladly spare him any further defense of the judiciary.

There are very strong reasons why we ought to know about it.

One of them is that the Catholic Church is trying very hard to overturn and destroy the Portuguese Republic, and the Catholic Church has exercised a singular degree of influence over the present administration as over the preceding.

How much has John Ireland had to do with all this?

This magazine meddles with no man's religion; he can believe in one God or a million for all we care. One denomination looks to us like another. But if any church whatever its name has attained such a power over the government of the United States that it is able to make us reverse out traditional and well-established policy of friendships to republic and hostility to absolutism, then the country ought to know that fact, and know what flabby officer of the people consented to such a condition and for what reason whether for power, political advantage or the promise of a renomination.





# The New American Drama

BY WILLIAM MAILLY

**G**OING to see a show" is coming to have a new meaning to the American people. They are growing away from the idea that the theater is a place intended merely for amusement, to pass away an otherwise idle or heavy hour, to provide relief from the cares of the everyday world. They are beginning to realize that the theater can be all of that and much more; that it can also teach them something of what life is and how the problems of life are to be met and adjusted to the welfare of all. In other words, that the theater is an institution with a social function above and beyond that of entertainment alone.

This conception of the theater has been a long time developing in North America. Even now there are those who dispute it. In Europe, however, the significance of the theater as a factor in social education and enlightenment has long been recognized. It is no longer considered there to be inartistic or impracticable for a dramatist to have a mission apart from devotion to his art, or the attainment of popular approval and financial success. And yet there is no country in the world where the theater exercises the potent influence that it does in this country. For instance, figures recently compiled show that in New York alone 129,406 persons visit nightly what are termed the first-class theaters. The total weekly attendance at all theaters in Manhattan is estimated at 1,760,088; of this number 900,000 attend moving-picture theaters. Last year twenty-two and a half million dollars were taken in at theaters on the Island of Manhattan. These figures can be applied proportionately to every city and town in the country. The approximate value of the theaters scattered throughout the United States is in excess of half a billion dollars. The inhabitants of the United States spend per capita for amusement \$6.20 per year and there are upwards of 55,000 people employed to furnish it. This will give some idea of the extent to which the American people go to the theater.

But few of these people, until recently, ever stopped to consider that the theater is as much a social institution, with a direct bearing upon the thought, morals and conduct of the community, as are the schools, churches, libraries and universities. Perhaps it is not exaggeration to say that in view of the wholly voluntary character of its attendance and its widespread popularity, there is no other institution so close to the hearts of the people and so much a part of their social life.

William Faversham, the actor, was not far wrong when he said in a recent lecture, that he ranked the influence of the theater to be as high, if not higher, than the pulpit. "The theater," he declared, "could be the greatest educational factor in the world. The people in our modern workday world tire their brains out during their working hours and therefore enjoy their problems, or their sermons, or whatever they feel inclined to receive, from the stage of the theater, because it is visualized for them through their eyes."

The drama is as old as civilization itself—older

even than Christianity. Its beginnings can be traced back to the very beginnings of the race. It has always exerted a tremendous influence in the life of the masses. It did so in Greece and Rome in the height of their glory and later in the Middle Ages through the Miracle plays, enacted by the clergy in the churches and monasteries as part of the liturgy of the Catholic Church. Later, the

flect those ideas and movements. The existing social order, with all of its institutions, customs, ideas, and standards, is being subjected to the searchlight of free criticism on the stage.

In Europe, Henrik Ibsen and Bjornsterner Bjornson of Norway, Hermann Suderman and Gerhart Hauptman of Germany, Maxim Gorki of Russia, H. Heijersman of Holland, Octave Mirbeau and Eugene Brieux of France, G. Bernard Shaw and John Galsworthy of England, have been among the leaders of the movement to socialize the drama in the terms of our modern life.

Only in recent years have American dramatists begun to realize the immense possibilities for great drama that exist in the social conditions prevalent in this country. Heretofore, we have been too much absorbed in material advancement, in the pursuit of wealth and the power that wealth brings to give attention to the other and nobler things that make life really worth while. Fine art, great literature, inspiring music, intellectual drama—all that makes for ethical and spiritual enrichment has been neglected so that dollar chasing should have its culmination in a gross and fantastic materialism.

But a change is at work, in the drama as in other things. The stage in America is at last taking hold of the realities of life. It is growing away from the artificial romances and shallow insincerities that have heretofore littered its boards. It is grappling with the vital issues of deep social significance until there is not a problem arising from the complexity of our modern civilization, but is finding expression in the drama of our day. This comes in response to the quickened interest in social questions among the people themselves. The stage is merely reflecting the social psychology of our time.

As a result we see plays being produced and meeting with success today that would have died in a night only ten years ago. And more and more these plays deal with problems and reflect conditions peculiar to this country alone, and less and less is our stage dependent upon the imported plays of foreign dramatists to attract audiences. Here life is more varied, more vivid, more rapid, more complex, more full of individual and social conflict and contrasts than anywhere else in the world. And our stage is seizing upon these variations and complexities and the clash of ideas and character that arise from them and projecting them as vital, absorbing and thought-provoking drama.

Take, for instance, "the Fourth Estate," Joseph Medill Patterson's play revealing the inside workings of the influence which determines the editorial policies of the daily press and the decisions of the judiciary—the influence which the corporations and trusts exercise through control of the advertising columns of the paper and the corrupt political organizations and bosses, who control the courts, high and low, throughout the land. That play would have been impossible a decade ago. It would have been resented as a slander upon the integrity of "an incorruptible and patriotic press" and "an unbiased and exalted judiciary." But the people have been learning in these recent years, and now the conditions



AUGUSTUS THOMAS

CHARLES KLEIN

drama acted its part in the Protestant Reformation through the Morality plays which had developed among the guilds in the towns and villages.

In each successive age, the drama has always reflected the manners, customs and prevailing social ideas of the time. So it is that with the widespread growth of democratic ideas, and the development of social reform and social revolutionary movements, the theater of today has begun to re-



MISS RACHEL CROTHERS



which Mr. Patterson portrayed are not only accepted as true, but their exposition on the stage is applauded for its truth and fearlessness.

Mr. Patterson is one of the group of playwrights small in number but increasing yearly, that have sensed the new order of things in the American drama. The most conspicuous members of that group are Patterson himself, Eugene Walter, Edward Sheldon, Rachel Crothers, Augustus Thomas and Charles Klein. Each of these in his own field has done notable work that promises still greater things in the future. And while these dramatists have been influenced by the example set them by the social dramatists of the old world and would be the first to acknowledge their indebtedness to the genius of Ibsen, Suderman, Shaw and the others, yet their plays are American in their texture and in the portrayal of conditions and characters typical of their own land.

Mr. Patterson's latest play, "Rebellion," is a striking example of this. In this, the dramatist takes as his theme a phase of the divorce question which manifests itself here as nowhere else. It is the conflict between Georgia Connor, a young Irish-American working woman, a stenographer who is married to a worthless, brutal drunkard, and the Catholic Church, which through its priest, forbids her to get a divorce because her husband is not guilty of the one sin for which the church recognizes divorce. Georgia sees her two children die of disease inherited from their father, before she rebels finally and announces that she will seek divorce and marry another and better man whom she has come to know and love.

This play is the most daring of the kind that has been presented upon the American stage, but it is so skillfully constructed and the characters of Georgia and her mother, a typical Irish woman of the older generation, and of the Catholic priest, and Georgia's husband and her lover, are so truthfully, faithfully and sympathetically drawn, and the working class environment so realistically suggested that the play carries conviction and compels attention even from those who would be inclined to differ with it. It is a bit of actual life dealing with a question that is very real to thousands of people, not only in Chicago, where the scene of the play is laid, but throughout the country.

Mr. Patterson can write such plays as "The Fourth Estate" and "Rebellion" because he has first-hand knowledge of the conditions with which they deal. He was reporter and editorial writer on the *Chicago Tribune* for several years, afterward Commissioner of Public Works of Chicago under a Democratic administration, from which position he resigned to join the Socialist party, and to become first managing editor of the *Chicago Daily Socialist*. He is also author of the book and play "A Little Brother of the Rich," a scorching satire upon the profligate and idle rich of the United States.

Eugene Walter is one of those who believe that the theater can be a great educative medium. Speaking in defense of his greatest play "The Easiest Way," which had been condemned because it dealt frankly with the debauchery of women in large cities by men of wealth, he declared that "the people need to be awakened to the real condition of things. If the colleges and societies, and even the libraries and often the newspapers, ignore the real conditions to a great extent, then the stage should take it up. I have tried to show something of the truth behind the social evil in 'The Easiest Way.'

"My play has not been accepted in some quarters as I intended it should be, but has been classed with other productions which had nothing but the salacious for their appeal. Have these people condemned certain magazines for fighting white slavery or attacking trusts? Then why should they think the stage less capable of teaching a lesson or of exposing conditions that must be wiped out for the good of the country?"

That is a question Mr. Walter's critics have found hard to answer. In "The Easiest Way" he showed

how difficult, and almost impossible it is, for a woman to fight single-handed and alone, however sincere she may be, to earn an honorable living in a great city with luxury and ease ever temptingly before her as the price of her dishonor. If the girl in "The Easiest Way" falls it is not alone because she is weak, but because the forces against her are strong enough to overcome even stronger than she.

This was the play the Democratic Mayor of Boston, Fitzgerald, forbade presentation in that city on the ground of its immorality. The mayor did not explain at the time why he did not forbid the vile performances in low-class burlesque houses that are notorious throughout New England. They were,

versity, taking a course in dramatic construction under Professor Baker, who has accomplished much toward interesting college students everywhere in the importance of studying playwriting as a profession.

Sheldon first became known through his play, "Salvation Nell," which had the unusual privilege, as the work of an unknown author, of being produced by Mrs. Fiske, the leading actress of the American stage. "Salvation Nell" itself was unusual since it dealt wholly with working-class people on the lower East Side of New York and did so sympathetically, though rather superficially. The play was a success, however, and paved the way for "The Nigger," which was produced at the New Theater, and was one of the few successes of that short-lived institution.

"The Nigger" caused a sensation because it was the first play to deal boldly and truthfully with an acute phase of the crucial color question. The principal character is one Phillip Morrow supposedly a white man who discovers after he has become governor of a Southern state that he has negro blood in his veins, through the illicit intercourse of his grandfather with a Creole slave, whose grandson Morrow is. He is confronted with the alternative of compromising with certain corrupt corporation elements in his state, thus maintaining his hard-won position, and retaining the love of a Southern girl to whom he is engaged, or of having the truth revealed by his tempter and losing his position and

the girl at the same time. He chooses the latter, and resigns as governor, knowing that in the face of race prejudice, the question of character, ability and devotion to duty would go for nothing, and he goes out to begin life again among "his own people." At the same time he renounces the girl he was to marry rather than have her suffer the social ostracism which he knew would inevitably be hers.

"The Nigger" is really a brief for the recognition of the negro on the basis of his intellectual and moral worth. It is valuable as a social document and is a rebuke to the malignant influence of such plays as Dixon's "The Leopard's Spots" and "The Clansman." Sheldon's last work, "The Boss," did not maintain the promise indicated in "The Nigger," being a superficial and poorly constructed vehicle

for the exploitation of one character, that of a self-made political boss of the "Fingy" Connors type, with a labor strike as the background of action. It was a success mainly because of the exceptionally good acting of Holbrook Blinn in the chief role.

The question as to whether there should be a double or single standard of morality for both sexes is an old one, but it remained for a woman, Rachel Crothers, to present it from a modern woman's viewpoint in "A Man's World." Miss Crothers had already written a successful and strong play in "The Three of Us" before "A Man's World" was produced.

In the latter play, Miss Crothers, through the agency of a very human and probable story, shows that men should be held accountable for their sexual morality to the same degree that women are, that a man who has transgressed the moral law should not expect from a woman what he has not deserved himself, and that women themselves are responsible for their own sex being judged by the dual standard, which excuses in a man what it condemns in a woman. Miss Crothers protests against this being considered merely "a man's world," and declares that both women and men should be judged equally where the moral code of the race is involved.

Miss Crothers was a school teacher in Bloomington, Ill., until she went on the stage, from which she retired to join the faculty of a dramatic institution in which she had been a pupil. It was there she began writing plays and with her success, coming after severe struggles, she has become an ardent woman suffragist. Her progressive ideas are reflected in her plays.

Perhaps the one man who has, in recent years, used the drama as a direct means of exploiting his ideas is Augustus Thomas, considered by many the ablest dramatist in America, from the technical and



1—Scene from "A Man's World"  
2—Scene from "The Fourth Estate"  
3—Scene from "The Third Degree"

and are still, unmolested, for political reasons, of course.

Walter, like Patterson, was also a newspaper man, receiving his training in Cleveland, Ohio. His play, "Paid in Full," through which he scored his first big success, was hawked around by him from manager to manager before it was accepted and produced, and not then until after he had had to use a bench in a public park as his resting place for several nights. He is now only thirty-six years old and his work as a social dramatist is only beginning.

One of the men who believe that "America offers the greatest opportunities in the world for drama writing," to use his own words, is Edward Sheldon, the youngest of all the group under consideration. Sheldon has done remarkable work for a man well under the thirties. Unlike the others, he served his apprenticeship as a playwright in Harvard Uni-



literary standpoint. Thomas believes in what is called "New Thought," and has written several plays promulgating the doctrine of telepathy, in which there is a growing, popular interest. His first play along these lines was "The Witching Hour," and in this he was not only successful in presenting a human story of American life, but he also offered a convincing argument of the power of thought in determining character and action. Up to that time Mr. Thomas had been known best through "Arizona," "Colorado," "In Mizoura," "Alabama" and other plays dealing with various phases of life in the Western and Southern states.

The scene of "The Witching Hour" was laid in Kentucky. His next play, "The Harvest Moon," which showed the effects of persistent negative suggestion upon the mind of a young girl, was placed in the East, but had a Frenchman as the chief character. In his latest play, "As a Man Thinks," Mr. Thomas dwells upon what he calls the "toxic property of hate" introducing at the same time an argument for the Jew, answering the commonly prevailing prejudice against that race. Incidentally also, Mr. Thomas takes occasion to reply to Miss Crothers' argument in "A Man's World," for he declares that women are expected to be better than men, and they must observe a different moral code because they have a greater responsibility as mothers of the race. In this way does Mr. Thomas, hitherto considered progressive on social questions, commit himself as a reactionist, on this subject at least.

Mr. Thomas, who was born in Missouri, and before he essayed playwriting, had a somewhat varied experience as newspaper man, railroad brakeman, and other things, believes in "the potency of the stage as an instrument of suggestion." He says "the mimetic faculty is among the strongest of our possessions, especially of the youthful person, that is to say, that we are disposed to imitate consciously and unconsciously the things that we see. It is impossible for a person to visit the theater and not have the chemistry of his mind affected by what he sees. Because of that fact the theater is an instrument powerful for good and equally powerful for evil, and the persons who realize that are endeavoring to shape and direct the character of this influence."

Charles Klein is of another and quite different type from the others. He has been called the "dramatist of the newspaper" because of his faculty in seizing upon any current public question and using it for dramatic purposes. In this he has been phenomenally successful. His work is not of a high order, but it has been immensely popular. At the height of the agitation over the trust question provoked by Thomas Lawson's articles a few years ago, he wrote "The Lion and the Mouse," employing John D. Rockefeller as the model for the principal character, John Burkett Ryder. The success of the play made Mr. Klein a very rich man.

Since then he has written "The Third Degree," in which he attacked the well-known methods used by the police in large cities to extort confessions from people accused of crime. In "The Gamblers," produced last season, Mr. Klein uses a group of bank wreckers and a "muck-raking" district attorney as his chief characters, although he shows the former in rather a sympathetic light and the latter

as selfishly ambitious and unscrupulous.

The most notable failure of Mr. Klein's was his attempt to dramatize the struggle between capital and labor in "The Daughters of Men," in which he promulgated the brotherly love theory exploited by the Civic Federation. Mr. Klein showed himself then lamentably ignorant of the actual facts concerning the theme he had chosen and the play failed, as it deserved to do. While Mr. Klein is apt in his choice of topical themes, he is neither as thorough as Patterson or Walter or Crothers, nor as skilled as Thomas, but he can make plays that hit the popular taste and excite popular approval.

I have not here space to speak at length of other writers and their work. I can only mention, as illustrative of my general subject, W. J. Hurlbut's



EDWARD SHELDON

"Writing on the Wall," which dealt effectually with the tenement house conditions in New York and which succeeded in achieving some measure of reform in the conduct of Trinity's notorious, disease-breeding tenements. Miss Olga Nethersole starred in this play with success.

Then there was George Broadhurst's "The Man of the Hour," dealing with municipal reform, but in a superficial way; Langdon Mitchell's "The New York Idea," a scathing and brilliant satire of parasitical high society and its lax ideas on marriage and divorce, also produced by Mrs. Fiske; Clyde Fitch's last play, "The City," showing how the environment of a large city tests character, and Paul Armstrong's "Alias Jimmy Valentine," founded on a

short story by O. Henry, and which made very plain how difficult the police make it for an ex-convict to reform and make an honest living.

A young dramatist who has done good work in an ethical way is Percy Maclaye, whose charming comedy, "Mater," had reform politics for its theme and the influence that women can exercise toward modifying the harsher personal conditions of our political life. The late William Vaughn Moody wrote a strong play in "The Great Divide," revealing the diversity of character produced by the varying social environment of the Far West and the extreme East.

"The Servant in the House," by Charles Rann Kennedy, is a notable example of how the stage can be used to promulgate the doctrine of brotherhood and common service, but while universal in its theme and application, the characters and the setting are English, although Mr. Kennedy has since become an American citizen. It is curious that this play failed in London, but has been immensely successful in this country. Also curious is the fact that the one play that has dealt with some degree of accurate observation and sympathy with the question of immigration as it affects this country, with the scene placed in New York, is "The Meeting Pot," by Israel Zangwill, an English Jew.

I may note in passing that nearly all the dramatists with progressive ideas are from the Middle Western States where the Socialist movement has its deepest and firmest hold, and where the American type, so far as yet developed, largely prevails.

I need not say that I consider what has been done along the lines indicated as sufficient or all that can be done. After all, the real drama going on all around us is greatly neglected. No one has yet penetrated down into the heart of our social life and realized a title of its possibilities.

What of our great strikes, for instance, and the forces that provoke them? What of the wanton destruction in our mines and mills of human life unequalled anywhere else in the world? The workers, too, are ignored or used chiefly, except in rare cases already noted, without any evidence of understanding of their life and their psychology. The great struggle of the toilers in workshops and on the farms and on the sea, that which goes to create real and vital history making drama is ignored for the petty, commonplace adventures and intrigues of the middle and capitalist classes.

Nevertheless, we have reason to hope. We have already a glimpse of the big drama, wrought out of the social life of our time, illuminated with the social vision of the future, and pulsating with the inspiration of high social ideals. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," staged as a play in the '50s and still popular, did much to arouse the nation to protest against chattel slavery. Without being a great play in any sense, except in the genuineness of its human appeal, yet it was vital to its epoch and it did an inestimable service. The play that will do for wage slavery what "Uncle Tom's Cabin" did for chattel slavery cannot be far away.

It is for us to say how soon it shall come by giving our support to the drama reflective of our national life and expository of the social conditions out of which the existing social conflict arises and through whose adjustment a new and better society must be evolved.

# Socialist Victories in England

By Shaw Desmond

British Correspondent of the Coming Nation

At last, the rising tide is with us, for the Socialist and Labor movement shows, in the Municipal Election returns for England, Wales and Scotland, just to hand, an extraordinary sweep of victories, which have put new heart into our fighters and carried dismay into the enemy's camp.

The following is a final analysis of results:

Name and Number Candidatures	Successful	Gains	Losses	Net Gains
I. L. P. and Labor 305.....	137	85	14	70
Social Demo. party 29.....	7	2	1	1
Undefined Socialists, Independent Soc. etc. 23.....	5	2	..	3

In a word, Socialism has stormed successfully 89 new seats and have lost only 15, leaving a net gain of 74 as the result of its efforts. We had reached low-water mark in 1908, when the movement sustained a net loss of 33 seats; in 1909 (a year when the London Borough Council elections took place), the net gains were 23; last year (1910) the net gains for the twelve months were 29; and now comes 1911 with the magnificent total gain of 74.

If you want to find out the effect and the extent of a victory, the best place to search for it is in the

camp of the enemy. One of those periodical anti-Socialist waves, which sweep the country from end to end in the shape of newspaper articles, pamphlets, and frantic oral appeals, is now letting itself loose on our devoted heads. If our friends, the enemy, could only understand how delighted we are with their ill-starred efforts, they would call off the dogs of war, which, in this case, are toothless hounds, who only manage to "bay the moon," and call together the masses of the people to hear the Socialist remedy.

Here is the current appeal from the anti-Socialist Union of Great Britain, which has appeared in the principal organs of purity and light:

"The results of the municipal elections prove beyond word that Socialism is spreading over the country like a deadly miasma.

"Three years ago we recognized the disease had taken root, and that nothing but an organized na-

tional movement could save the country from Socialist rule and the wholesale horrors in its train. . . .

"The situation is desperate—a million Socialist voters—a discontented proletariat with real grievances—nearly 100 Socialist candidates pledged to *tax property out of existence*—and hundreds of thousands of workers flushed with the success of the recent strike ready to rise to a mar. . . . Cheques and postal orders should be sent, etc., etc.

"(Signed) (The Hon.) CLAUDE LOWTHER,  
(Chairman).  
WILFORD ASHLEY  
(Vice Chairman).  
(LORD) ABINGER  
(Treasurer).

\*The italics are mine.

Just a word about this anti-Socialist Union. It has at its back all the forces of reaction and shoddy finance. It has passed thousands of men and women through its schools to fight Socialism, and has tried to "hobble" our own Socialist speakers in some cases. During this year alone it has held over 400 meetings a week, and has circulated throughout the country "many millions" of pamphlets and



leaflets. Every effort they make is followed up by failure and disaster—because Socialist speakers are always on their tracks, with the result that they cover the expense of advertising meetings which are promptly "collared" by the hated Socialist!

In another screed, the Union asks for a contribution of a cool \$500,000, which they say is necessary to combat the "2,000 meetings a week held by the Socialists and as an insurance against a revolution." They point out that there are at least 1,000 Socialists helping to administer the local government and the poor law, "councils have taken to trading in opposition to private enterprise," the amount of money they are playing with rising from "193 millions sterling to 588 millions in the last thirty years." They allege that "attempts have been made to stir up mutiny in the army and navy," this in allusion presumably to our efforts to Socialize the fighting men, and they wind up by asserting that Socialist magistrates cover the benches of our Quarter and Petty Sessions.

The above constitutes as fine an advertisement as any movement in the world could desire, it shows unmistakably the grip we are getting upon the activities of the nation, and, above all, the fact that our adversaries, at least, do not appear to contemplate the advent of a Socialist Government in the near future as an impossible contingency.

#### The Reasons for the Victories

These inspiring victories have been won through many causes—chief of which is the broad, general fact that the ceaseless activity of the movement in purely educational propaganda is awakening the people of Britain to a national and what one might call "co-operative" consciousness. Without this spade work, commenced so many years ago by the devoted workers of the Social Democratic party, and prosecuted by them, and, later, in what many of us think the still more practical and efficient form of alliance with the Trade Unionists in a National Labor party, no permanent results can be expected. It is quite useless, as all experience has proved, to look to strikes alone, however far-reaching, for results that will last, but they have their

own real value in stimulating the workers into a sense of solidarity and breaking up the ground for the solid, educational propaganda.

In a more immediate and transient sense, one must attribute the great Socialist wave to the recent strike, and to the unrest at the time of writing amongst the masses of the miners and the railway men. It is quite on the cards that these two bodies of workers will initiate either singly or together the greatest strike this country has seen, although at the moment the strike barometer points at "settled." Then again, these strikes themselves had their splendid spur largely in the increased cost of living without a corresponding wage lift. As I showed in a recent article in the *COMING NATION*, wages have actually become depressed in their net purchasing power during the last few years. Now we have Professor Ashley, the well-known statistician of the Birmingham University, who certainly has no axe to grind, showing by a masterly analysis of the figures that in respect to the dietary of a normal laborer's family prices for foodstuffs had risen 18 per cent in thirteen years. In other words, the English shilling has sunk to the value of the French franc, for it purchases today rather less than tenpence used to purchase. The orthodox economists give as the causes for this decline three reasons—(1) decrease of supplies as compared with increased demand; (2) better trade, and (3) the increased output of gold.

#### The Fight for Life

Board and lodging around London have gone up from 10s to 12s, almost the exact amount of the increase of the food bill, according to the official returns, and all over the country the proletariat is finding the fight for life becoming a sort of jungle nightmare, which is compelling them, with the other causes mentioned, to consider Socialism as a possible remedy.

This, in fact, is the prime reason for the victories at the polls. For the first time, through sheer economic strain, the man-in-the-street, who, after all, is the determining factor in the fate of the country's administration, is being willy-nilly, forced to con-

sider the facts which we Socialists are letting him have as fast as he can digest them. That has never been the case before to any great extent at least.

Today, after conversations with many hundreds of voters of the ordinary respectable shop-keeper class, I find that men are voting the Socialist ticket who, even two or three short years ago, would have thrown it into the fire. Even the orthodox parties of reaction, the Liberals and Tories, have acknowledged through their chief mouthpieces that "there is something rotten with the state of Denmark"—England, to wit, and now we are having the Tories about to start another of their wild-cat schemes in the shape of a national campaign for the raising of wages throughout the country, simply because they find themselves compelled at least to make the pretense of dealing with the misery of the people in the bulk.

#### The Lessons of Experience

Nevertheless, one cannot be too cautious in dealing with the political map of Great Britain. They learn their lessons hardly, these fellows, for they forget quickly. But, I think it may be said without exaggeration, that we have only the happiest auguries from the present local government successes for our success at the next General Election. The fact remains that in the two by-elections, fought by Socialists and Labor men within the past week or two, we took from the enemy a total of approximately eleven thousand votes in a total poll of roughly forty-two thousand.

Then the promised introduction of Adult Male Suffrage to the exclusion of the women will set free against the Liberal Government the armies of the women suffragists in full blast, and, with this weakening of their forces, it is probable that many votes will be taken from them by honest men who, whatever their particular brand of politics, regard the keeping out of the women from a voice in the national affairs as a crying shame.

These fellows are between the devil and the deep sea, and they know it. Whatever step they take is a step towards the Socialist abyss they abhor. Socialism is coming to its own.

## America's Congress of Labor By J. L. Engdahl

**D**URING the early part of November, just past, men of labor from every part of the United States and Canada were making their way to the annual convention of the American Federation of Labor to be held at Atlanta, Ga.

For the most part they were disheartened and filled with the fruitlessness of their journey.

For had not Samuel Gompers, perennial president, already appointed the committees and mapped out and pigeonholed everything of importance that was to come before that body? Would not the big machine, supported by the steam roller, work well oiled from day to day until all that the administration forces desired had been accomplished and nothing more?

But the train of events had not played its part. Things even bigger than the present administration of the American Federation of Labor, or perhaps than the American Federation of Labor itself, had not been taken cognizance of.

So during the latter part of November, just past, men of labor from every part of the United States and Canada were returning to their homes, with new hope, new spirit, renewed courage and filled with the knowledge that the world is moving.

#### Practical Democracy

Long ago urged and fostered by the Socialist party, the initiative, the referendum and the recall are now sweeping the nation. These measures have been supported in political campaigns by the American Federation of Labor.

But as they supported these measures in the political structure of the nation, the "old guard" in the A. F. of L. refused to incorporate it into the structure of labor's national organization, being content to have the officialdom thereof chosen by a method compared only to the election of United States senators.

As a result of the present convention the executive council must investigate and report on the feasibility of adopting the initiative and the referendum for the A. F. of L. elections.

#### War on the Civic Federation

Everyone is familiar with the National Civic Federation. It was endorsed by the thirty-first annual convention of the A. F. of L., just held. It has been condemned by smaller labor bodies from one end of the land to the other. The reasons why it was upheld in the A. F. of L., as contained in the discussion on this subject in the convention are to be published in pamphlet form and distributed to

the labor of the land, and an awakening is promised for the workers.

The officials of the A. F. of L. believe that this awakening will result in a universal endorsement of the Mark Hanna-Belmont-Carnegie institution for the administering of knock-out drops to militant labor. I predict that it will be an awakening of labor to the real nature of the reactionary characteristics possessed by the high officials of the A. F. of L.

Through it all, working night and day, the forces



From left to right—C. E. MAHONEY, Sec. Western Federation of Miners. FRANK J. HAYES, Vice-Pres. U. M. of A. DUNCANSON McDONALD, Sec.-Treas. Illinois Mine Workers.

tending toward industrial unionism, are never idle. Resolutions endorsing the industrial form of organizing labor on the economic field were rejected by the convention, where but a moment before tendencies toward industrial unionism had been cheered to the echo.

It will be charged that these are glaring inconsistencies. They are. There is no doubt but that they are as inconsistent as some of the capitalist newspaper attempts to explain the recent victories of the Socialist party at the ballot box.

To the ardent Socialist these political victories

indicate everything. At the same time the old-party politician tries to delude himself into the belief that nothing will come of it. He sits upon the smouldering volcano and, gradually becoming accustomed to the warmth, he will be content until the heat overcomes him.

It is the same in the American Federation of Labor. The reactionaries take the victory for the administration in the debate on the National Civic Federation and claim that the Socialists were more badly trounced this time than they were years ago at either Boston or New Orleans. So let them slumber. They are seizing all the straws of hope in sight while the rushing current of progress sweeps them on in spite of themselves.

#### Future is Socialism

One fact is clear. The progressive in the labor movement is sure to be a Socialist when it comes to political action. The Socialist is always sure to be the progressive in the labor movement.

This may give the answer to the question as to why Gompers and his followers always raise the cry of "Socialist!" when some progressive move comes stalking boldly into the convention.

The word "Progress!" has the tingle of invitation about it to those who are or believe they are struggling for something better every day; while the word "Socialist!" especially when explained by Gompers, still rouses the prejudices of those who do not understand.

Therefore, we find Gompers, or his satellites, shouting "Socialist!" to rally their re-enforcements against a measure, whereas they would be much more consistent in raising the battle cry of "Progress" to summon their forces in the war to secure something better for the masses who toil.

The ignorant old-party politician feels secure in his ignorance. The officialdom of the American Federation of Labor feels securely enthroned in its arrogance.

But the sentiment behind the old-party politician is like the sentiment behind the old and dying institutions in the American Labor movement; once upon a time it was strong, but now it is growing weak and soon it will shrivel up and disappear entirely.

Above all the most immediate results of the present convention of the A. F. of L. is looked to come from the putting into effect of the initiative and

(Continued on page fourteen.)



# Los Angeles and Its Lesson

By A. M. Simons

TWO Democratic politicians, members of the Catholic church, holding offices in a trade union and having always used these offices to oppose Socialism, under the counsel and direction of another Democratic politician as their chief attorney with a nominee on the Good Government ticket of Los Angeles as another attorney, and urged on by a Catholic priest and a sentimental reformer, have confessed to the blowing up of the *Los Angeles Times* building.

All parties agree that the only person directly connected with the case, who was wholly blameless in the transaction is the one Socialist—Job Harriman.

The above is a condensed summary of a press telegram that shook this country as it has been shaken but few times in the past twenty years. Around these facts and upon them have been based a vast mass of conjecture and probabilities and threats and happenings, the end of which will not be seen for many years, if ever.

When the story was first sent out it was salvaged over with a plentiful slime of pious cant. The public was told that Lincoln Steffens had gone to Los Angeles and preached the gospel of the Golden Rule to such gentle characters as Harrison Gray Otis, Harry Chandler and Zeehandler and convinced them that there was need of being gentle with the poor working man.

## Clemency Cant

So at the moment when by careful calculation it was decided that a confession could be made to strike the most deadly blow at the cause of labor—at the moment when the workers were about to seize upon the government of Los Angeles—when Otis and his gang were about to lose their grip upon the power that had maintained them to the present time, we were asked to believe that in order to practice the Golden Rule, this gang urged clemency to the men about whose necks they claimed to have the rope.

Fortunately, this slush was quickly evaporated in the heat of the class struggle, and the whining cant of pious hypocrisy has been drowned in the fierce yelp for blood.

The whole note of the Los Angeles capitalists is, "We have got 'em down, let's kill them," "Them" being the members of the working class and organized labor in particular.

In the midst of this wild hunt for blood Lincoln Steffens stands pitifully complaining because the class struggle won't stop. "Peace was meant," he says, "but war is declared. Everybody seems to be crying for blood. It is 'thumbs down' every where. Having got the McNamaras the demand is for more victims; for more men to kill."

## No Compromise in Class War

Steffens is not the only one to whom this will teach the lesson that the class struggle cannot be argued nor preached away nor piously slimed over with phrases. There is no compromise in this struggle. There can be no quarter. One side or the other must have everything. If capitalism wins, laborers must become absolute slaves. Labor is determined that if it wins capitalists shall be abolished by being transformed into honest producers of wealth.

Some workers have allowed themselves to be carried away by their indignation into demanding vengeance upon the McNamaras. Some trade union organizations have disgraced themselves by demanding the death penalty for these men.

The impulse back of this is perhaps justifiable. The McNamaras have struck labor a terrible blow.

Their greatest crime was not the blowing up of the *Los Angeles Times*—bad as that was. Not all the men that have been killed by all the bombs in the history of the world would equal the number of structural iron workers who have been killed and crippled since the McNamara trial began.

The blowing up of the *Los Angeles Times* was a crime against humanity. The burning alive of over a hundred and fifty girls in the Triangle fire, the suffocation and torture of nearly 300 men in the Cherry mine and the killing and crippling of more than half a million men and women and children every year on the railroads and in the mines, mills and factories of this country by the forces of greed and in order that profits may come is a crime a million times worse than the mad deed of the McNamaras. Yet we hear no cry from the defenders of society, from the Otises and the Burnses that those responsible for these murders should be hung.

Indeed, the blackest phase of the crime of the

McNamaras was that they set back the day when this murder in mine, shop and factory can be stopped.

## What of Darrow?

Against the attorneys for the defense the indictment must run even blacker than against the men themselves. Clarence Darrow admits that he knew the men were guilty one month ago, and that he had been urging them to confess all this time.

Attorney Fredericks for the prosecution says that Darrow began negotiations for a confession last July.

If Darrow knew these men were guilty, and, after that took a fee of fifty thousand dollars from the scanty tables and shivering bodies of the families of the workers of America, only in the end to use his knowledge of their guilt in carefully staging a confession at the moment when it would strike the most deadly blow to the cause of these exploited workers, then his crime is a so black that it should forever mark him an outcast among decent men.

If, as is alleged by the prosecution, and confirmed by Judge Bordwell, he was driven to this final dramatic act in order to save his own hide from a prosecution for bribery, this fact but adds cowardice to his other crimes.

There is nothing that could excuse the deception of the workers and the extortion from the sympathies and poverty of Labor of a two hundred thousand dollar defense fund in order, at last, to turn this very sympathy and sacrifice against the workers.

## Who is Being Shielded?

We are told that the McNamaras were sacrificed and the confession exploited for the defeat of the Socialist ticket all in order that some mysterious persons might be protected. There must be a universal demand that this veil of mystery be torn aside. The workers of this country have a right to know the names of all those who were implicated in this business. The very best method of expending what portion of the defense fund still remains would be to hunt down the real facts and place them before those who contributed to this fund.

We want to know who hired Ortie McManigal for months before the explosion. We want to know whether the affidavit of his wife is true, that during all this time he was an employe of the Burns' detective agency and if he was acting as an *agent provocateur* under the direction of the Erectors' Association or the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association. We want to know if he was telling the truth in the telegram sent to Judge O. N. Hilton of Denver, when he said he was an employe of Burns'. We want to know these things and we have a right to know them.

Just now reaction is in the saddle. The message carrying the story of the McNamaras was followed hot upon the wires by a statement from the politicians at Washington that the bill for the abolition of kidnaping would be dropped. Every day since then has brought new threats of vengeance and new moves of aggression against organized labor.

The defeat of Harriman in Los Angeles means that the government of that city has been turned over to General Otis and the *Times*. It means a knife upon trade unions. It means the imprisonment of those who dare to ask for more of what they produce. It means the killing of thousands from hunger and accident because of the withdrawing of the protection which organization would have furnished them.

This reaction will not be met in any non-resistant attitude by the workers. Already the lines are being drawn for more effective defense and more vigorous organization for the capture of the political powers controlled by capitalism.

The demand is being made that capitalist politicians be eliminated from the unions. Everywhere attention is called to the fact that no case of violence has ever been charged up to the Socialists.

The McNamaras were always staunch supporters of the Mitchell-Gompers faction in the A. F. of L., a fact which it would be well for those to remember who are urging, with W. J. Burns, that the lesson of the McNamara case is the necessity of returning men like John Mitchell to power in the union movement.

The Los Angeles affair teaches, with terrible emphasis, the lesson that there is no room in the

labor movement for the pure and simple unionist, whether he conceals himself under the cloak of "no politics," "capitalist politics" or fine phrases of "syndicalism" and "direct action."

The logical conclusion of any policy that belittles political action in the class struggle is individual warfare.

If we leave the powers of government in the hands of our opponents then whenever they choose to push the battle to the last resort there is nothing left for labor but the mad desperation of the propaganda of the deed. But this path always ends in destruction for labor. It always places the ranks of labor under the leadership of the spies of capitalism.

In Russia where, if any where, this doctrine would have been justifiable, terrorism came to be directed by the Imperial secret service through Azef and his accomplices.

In France Herve's Syndicalism became permeated with spies. The government has now admitted that Ricordeau, the leader of one of the recent dock strikes in France and one of the most prominent advocates of *sabotage* was all the time a spy in the employ of the secret service.

It is not true that every opponent of political action and defender of violence and individual warfare in the labor movement is a spy, but the obverse that every spy advocates those principles is indisputable.

Whether the McNamaras were blind champions of their class in a desperate warfare against the steel corporation, or instruments in the hands of spies directed by Labor's bitterest enemies, we shall probably never know.

The Socialists alone come out of all this mess with unsmirched character. From the beginning Socialists in the unions have opposed the tactics of the McNamaras, and have fought for the only tactics that make such actions as theirs impossible.

When they were accused and illegally kidnaped the Socialists protested against the precedent by which law was crushed aside whenever working men's lives or liberties are threatened.

Even then Socialists laid little stress upon the court fight and, contrary to their position in the Moyer-Haywood-Pettibone case, where they were fighting for Socialists in whose innocence they had faith because of the philosophy which moved these men, the Socialists, instead of calling for donations to the defense fund, started a movement to "carry California for Socialism." In so doing they struck at the vital point in the capitalist defense. It was the threat of carrying California for Socialism that precipitated the confession.

It was because labor was grabbing for the most powerful weapon of class conflict—governmental power—and because that possession was imminent that the enemies of labor became panic stricken.

That battle will still go on. That weapon will be seized. California will be carried for Socialism and the bloody warfare of industry whether carried on for profit or for revenge, will cease.

## Railroad Accidents

The Interstate Commerce Commission has just issued its statement on railroad accidents for the last fiscal year. It shows that there has been one employe killed to every 458 employed. This is the first statement of a year's record of accidents under the law of May 6, 1910. It shows the total number of casualties for the year ending June 30, 1911, to be 160,555—10,396 killed and 150,159 injured. Of this number 439 killed and 79,237 injured are classed under the head of industrial accidents which do not involve the moving of cars or engines on rails. A total of 5,287 persons were killed and 5,614 were injured while trespassing on property of railroads. There is a notable decrease in the number of passengers killed as compared with the previous year, being 356 against 421. Accidents on electric lines carrying interstate traffic show that there were 410 persons killed and 3,264 injured during the year exclusive of industrial accidents. There were 10 employes killed and 399 injured on the premises of the companies, in which accidents no movement of car or engine was involved. The bulletin gives the total number of employes in the service of railroad companies as 1,648,033.—*A. F. of L. News Bureau.*

John D. Rockefeller got his first and only job fifty-six years ago and has just been celebrating the event. The men who lost their jobs because Mr. Rockefeller did not stick to his have not had their celebration yet.—*New York World.*



# The Rough Route to Matrimony

By Stacy E. Baker

GRIGGS coughed—a harsh, nerve-racking cough. An ambulance clanging heavily by came to a hurried stop, two uniformed attendants stepped briskly off the rear steps, and in one bewildering second, the wagon was again under way with Griggs struggling frantically inside, bound—where?

"Say, you fellows, what in—"

*Clang! Clang! Clang!*

Effective conversation was made impossible by the continually-beating gong. Over lumpy pavements and rough roads went the ambulance; madly; erratically.

Griggs stole a furtive glance at his captors. One was now serenely seated beside him, and the other stood just outside the door, his hands on the polished handles. Both were young, eager-looking men, seemingly filled with the fires of purpose, and neither appeared to think this affair anything out of the ordinary. Griggs sighed heavily. He realized that the chances of escape were indeed slight.

*Clang! Clang! Clang!*

They were now in the country, and with the crazy pace still unslackened.

Griggs—Simon C. Griggs, of the East—was in this thriving metropolis on a mission of great importance. On it hinged the destinies of two people; a girl's, and his own—for Griggs was come to be a benedict.

As he sat lornful, a helpless prisoner in the newly-neat little ambulance, he tried to guess the feelings of Miss Norma Carson, waiting, in all good faith, at the church. Waiting—in vain.

The scent of woodsey things filled the unappreciative nostrils of the man.

*Clang! Clang! Clang!*

Up the pretty driveway of a pretentious and freshly-painted building, past shrubs and flower gardens and daintily artficed grass plots, sped the romping vehicle to stop before a great porch upon which were empty invalid chairs a-plenty.

"Ho, Bill," yelled the fellow on the rear steps, and in response to the summons, a great hulk of a man with a brutal jaw and a most ferocious scowl on his low brow, appeared at the open door. He wore a neat uniform and a blue hat with "attendant" written in gold across the front of it. "Here's a patient," continued the rear guard.

"Last stager, I reckon," grimly commented the giant. "Bring him in."

Smothering a cough, the visitor dismounted. A solicitous hand belonging to the man on the steps reached out to aid him.

"Keep your paws off me," growled Griggs inelegantly, "and what's more, I demand an explanation of this foolishness at once!"

"Don't get excited," soothed the gorilla-like individual with the can of authority. "It's bad for a man in your condition to give way to emotion." Strong arms carefully lifted the struggling Griggs from the ground, and the giant retraced his steps to carefully deposit the wide-eyed bridegroom-elect in one of the invalid chairs.

"You—you—" spluttered the harassed one, his face an alarming red.

"Easy, e-a-s-y," said the other softly, and with a huge forefinger pressed a convenient bell. "Take it easy. I'll have milk here for you in a moment."

*Clang! Clang!*

The rubber-tired ambulance veered crazily on two wheels and vanished down the dusty pike.

*Clang! Clang!* came back to Griggs on the echo wings of the fragrant air.

"Is this a lunatic asylum?" demanded the captive angrily.

"My name is Cobb," announced the huge one in a relieved tone. "I'm glad you've decided to take things easy, for—for—er—excitement is bad for you. Your milk will be here in a moment, sir."

"Hang the milk! You haven't answered my question!"

"No use," answered the attendant shortly. "You know better than to believe this to be a funny house."

"Possibly it's a home for retired orang-outangs," mused Griggs.

Sarcasm was lost on the muscular one. He smiled vaguely.

"You will have your little joke, won't you, sir? Ah, here's your milk."

Another attendant, evidently subordinate to Cobb, stepped softly through the open door. On a tray he carried a pitcher of the lacteal fluid; a lump of

ice clinked rhythmically against its crystal sides. Griggs, wearied by his fruitless efforts to escape, accepted a glass eagerly. He returned this to the tray and it was again replenished. At the third reiteration, Griggs rebelled.

"I have had enough, thank you."

"Tut, tut," the husky voice of the attendant chided. "This will never do. Why, you have only taken three glasses."

"I have had all I care for."

The brimming tumbler was forced between the fingers of the reluctant one. "Drink," gruffly ordered Cobb. Griggs fancied he could detect a maniacal gleam in the eyes of his guardian. He drank. Six times the glass was refilled.

Mentally, Griggs swore to refrain from all milk in the future. Slyly he watched the road. It was on his mind to call madly for assistance at the first



Garefully lifted the struggling Griggs

sign of a passer-by. Across from Griggs sat the giant critically watching.

"You're looking better now, sir," ventured Cobb at last. "I'm glad to see you take on a bit of color. You'll be surprised at yourself in a week's time and before the year is out you will be a well man."

"I'm a well man now, you fool," snapped Griggs, "and even if I were not, what right have you to constitute yourself a committee on health and grab up every pedestrian you see who doesn't conform with your exalted ideas?"

The attendant scratched his head thoughtfully. A puzzled look crept over his face.

"Can it be that you haven't heard?" he questioned skeptically.

"Heard what?" demanded Griggs, again excitedly.

"How in time am I to know anything about this fool place? I'm from Boston. I never was hereabout before in my life, and I wouldn't be here now if—"

"Your health was all right," interrupted Cobb. "I understand, sir."

"You understand nothing, you blockhead," shrieked Griggs angrily. "I came out here to marry a girl, and by heaven some one will suffer for this. She will never look at me again, after this silly affair."

"You can't help being sick," soothed the insistent Cobb, "and this herding of you weak-kneed fellows is the law, you know. In a year's time you'll be well enough to think seriously of matrimony."

"Seriously," sneered Griggs. "I suppose I'm not serious now? Why, you fool, I've been engaged for three years."

"She'll wait for you if she's the girl you believe her to be."

With an almost superhuman effort Griggs calmed himself.

"Please tell me," he murmured, "what it all means? Really, I don't know—and I would like to. I want to find out who is responsible for this—this mistake."

The tongue of Griggs almost substituted "outrage" for "mistake," but tact argued against it.

Cobb sat for some minutes, and silently eyed the complaining man.

"This is a state hospital for the confinement and cure of consumptives," he said at last. "If you have read the papers at all—even the eastern papers—you must know something about it."

"But I don't," insisted Griggs. "I haven't been reading the papers lately; I have been working night and day in order to find time to come out here and marry the girl I love."

"Then you haven't heard who has been elected governor of this state?" asked Cobb curiously.

"I am not interested in politics," answered Griggs, flushing self-consciously.

"Then I'll tell you. Our chief executive is Dr. William Horsepepper, the authority on diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes."

"What has that got to do with this place?" asked Griggs impatiently.

"A great deal, my friend. If it wasn't that this old man is in the governor's chair, you wouldn't be here."

Griggs stared.

"You see he's a crank on the subject of tuberculosis, and he claims that anyone suffering from this can be cured, if he will only stay one year in this climate, and live by a system the doctor has perfected."

"The old fellow has had this idea for some time, but unfortunately for the scheme every one has preferred to pull out for Colorado or Texas in the first stages of the disease, and a big society has been taking care of those who couldn't pay their own way. The society has had it in for the doc for some time, but he put one over last fall by running on the Independent ticket for governor and winning hands down.

"The first move he made was to foster a law putting the ban on tuberculosis and another compelling the state to furnish institutions according to plans supplied by him for the care and confinement of those whom the ambulances picked up.

"When a man coughs hereabouts nowadays, he battens down all the windows and crawls in under the bed.

"Of course, as any one can see, you are—are sick, but it's a bit hard on those who aren't."

Griggs winced.

"I'm no more a consumptive than you," he protested. "I have a slight touch of bronchitis but—"

"That's what they all say," interrupted Cobb.

"Well, you idiot," snarled the badgered one, "you must have a house physician here, if such a crazy law as you describe is really in force. Bring him out, or take me in to him until he can make an examination. He will soon affirm my statement."

"A good idea," enthused Cobb. "A rattling good idea." He lolled back in his chair, and producing tobacco and paper, rapidly rolled a cigarette.

"Well, then," roared Griggs. "Why don't you do it?"

"Can't," came the laconic answer.

"And why not?"

"Dr. Dopey—he's the specialist in charge here—is away on his honeymoon."

Griggs shrugged his shoulders hopelessly. He glanced nervously at his watch. A sudden idea seized him.

"You have a phone here of course?"

"Surely." The huge attendant lazily exhaled a cloud of pearly smoke.

"May I use it?"

"You may use it all day, if you like; but let me tell you something, my friend. All the doctors in this blooming town can't get you out of here until Dopey has passed on your case. This place was only opened for business yesterday, and I'm not taking any chances by letting the first guest go. We need patients here, we do, or some of us will lose our jobs."

"I'll not call up a doctor," agreed Griggs, his lean face brightening.

In a booth in the hall, Griggs thumbed the book until the number of his fiancee's phone awarded his efforts. Some time was spent in explanations.

(Continued on page eight.)



# THE BIG CHANGE

By Eugene Wood

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

## E'ernally True Political Economy

XXX.

SOMETIMES you run across an Uncle Billy Hardhead that holds that the Political Economy of the last half of the eighteenth century and the first half of the nineteenth century is practically inspired, and if anyone shall presume to take away one word or add one word thereto, let him be *anathema maranatha*.

They knew it all, those fellows did—Well, perhaps not "all" in the strict sense of the word, exactly. There were a few little things about chemistry, and geology, and biology, and history, and languages, and medicine, and dentistry, and electricity, and gas engines, and flying machines, and wireless telegraphy, and railroad transportation—a few little things they kind of overlooked.

They might not have ever struck a match on the hind led of a pair of breeches or worn suspenders to those breeches or had on knitted underwear beneath them; they might not have had windows that would stay up unless propped up with a stick or netting in the windows to keep out flies and mosquitoes; they might have done their reading at night by candle light because lamps burning kerosene and having glass chimneys had not yet been invented; they might not have ever eaten canned fruit or heard a reed organ or a brass band; they might not have ever had a tooth filled, and when they had one extracted they sat on the floor with their head between the knees of the doctor or the blacksmith who pried the tooth out with a turn-key, they hollering bloody murder because it hurt so, for laughing gas had not yet been discovered; they might have supposed that electricity was what you get when you rub sealing-wax with a silk handkerchief; they may have lived only a hundred years ago, but so remote from our own times that you'd have to go 'way up into the mountains of Tennessee among the hill-billies to find anybody who lives as they did. And yet they knew all about Political Economy that there is to be known.

They might be away off on every other theory, but they were divinely inspired when they took their quill-pen in hand and sat down to write the Eternal Ter-ruth about Capital and Labor and all such. Wisdom died when they kicked the bucket. The science they founded is an exact science; it cannot be changed.

The way Wealth is created and distributed is after this fashion, *in saecula saeculorum*, world without end. A man digs clams with a borrowed hoe upon a shore-front belonging to someone else;

The Declaration of Independence, it seems to me, is a typical statement of that age. It sounds fine. Why not? It was meant to sound fine. It's bully "selling-talk."

the clams he digs are Wealth; that moiety which rightfully belongs to the owner of the shore-front as a reward for his abstention from digging the clams is called Rent; that moiety of the clams that rightfully belongs to the man that owns the hoe as a reward for his abstention from using the hoe himself is Interest on Capital; the remainder of the clams which the man takes home to his wife and family is Wages. And there you are. It has to be that way, world without end. Amen, because that's the law of Nature. If it was so ordained of God, then you might beseech Him to ordain it some other way, and if it happened to please Him to do so, then He could turn the whole business t'other end foremost, and that would be right too. But Nature—Hmm. Nothing doing. You might as well try to coax the fire not to burn you and the water not to drown you. Don't you see, you discontented workingman, that you're up against it?

If you want my candid opinion, not only as to the Political Economy of that period of the latter half of the eighteenth century and the first half of the nineteenth century—as to any statement whatsoever, made by those fellows, I have this to say: I wouldn't believe 'em under oath. If they said that two and two made four, I wouldn't trust 'em; I'd go off by myself and try the experiment before I'd take it on their say so. They were middle-class people, who got their living not by working for it, and not by robbing for it, but by a game of talk. It was their idea that everything could be done by a game of talk, by parliamentarism, by laws. And just as the word "law" that they were so fond of was a hollow log open at each end so that they could crawl out whenever they had to, so all their statements were meant one way of looking at them to excuse their being on earth with the feudalists who despised them, and in another way of looking at them to jolly along the working class who suspected them. The Declaration of Independence, it seems to me, is a typical statement of that age. It sounds fine. Why not? It was meant to sound fine. It's bully "selling-talk." Listen:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among them are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed," and so forth and so on with much more of the same sort.

Now just let's look into this a little. "All men are created equal." Well, now, are they? There's material for a fine argument in that. At any rate it isn't "self-evident," is it? But that's not the point. Do you think that a single solitary, lone man that signed that immortal document believed that a field negro in Virginia or a day laborer in Massachusetts was created his equal? Remember that if anybody that worked for a living in those days had any the best of it, it was the field negro in Virginia as compared with the wretched lot of the day laborer in Massachusetts. Did John Hancock truly and sincerely believe that he and the town-poor were created equals or did Thomas Jefferson believe that he and Sambo were created equals?

Was there a man Jack of them believed that a man's right to life was "unalienable" if he acted as a spy? Or that his right to liberty was "unalienable" if he owed a shilling? Or that his right to the pursuit of happiness was "unalienable" if he pursued happiness with a fish-pole on the Sabbath? They were alienating those rights steadily and as a matter of course.

Did any one of them believe that "governments derived their just powers from the consent of the governed?" If so, what were they doing governing working people when only property-owners had votes? What were they doing governing slave plantations?

They knew right well what "governments were instituted among men" for, and it wasn't to secure these rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness for the people in general. Far otherwise. It was to keep the greasy mechanics and niggers in their proper place. You've got to go by actions, and, judging by the actions of these signers of the Declaration of Independence, they were meaner than a dog to the working people of their time.

But they stood to make a lot of money if they could put their scheme through. And you know how it is when a fellow stands to make a lot of money; he'll give you just the talk you like to hear if he can make anything by it. The signers of that immortal document had to get the greasy mechanics to do their fighting for them.

## The Rough Route to Matrimony

(Continued from page eight.)

It was evidently to the listening Cobb that the party at the other end of the line was decidedly angry. Now and then there floated out to him references to "brother Bob." Cobb yawned, much bored, and paid little enough attention to the low-voiced conversation.

In due time Griggs made his reappearance, and from then on was seemingly content with his lot. True, he rebelled at the huge quantities of milk he was called upon to consume, and it took threats of violence to convince him that raw eggs—four at a time—were essential to his health, but aside from these slight eruptions, Griggs' temper was all that his keeper could desire.

Luncheon and dinner were delightful constructions fitted to please the palate of an epicure, and silently eloquent of one efficient chef on the payroll of the state. The solitary patient was given all the food that he desired, and—more eggs and milk! The latter by force.

The ambulance was conspicuously absent, and it was evident to Griggs that the newspaper publicity given the project served to keep doubting Thomases with uncontrollable coughs indoors.

At dusk, a closed cab drew up to the spacious

veranda, and out of it briskly sprung—Dr. Dopey! With a caressing hand he assisted his bride—resplendent in a long lace veil, and carrying a bunch of bride's roses—to alight. Up the steps tripped the happy twain and were about to pass the silent one by when Dopey's eyes caught sight of him. "Ha!" he shrilled in a squeaky voice. "A patient!"

The neglected wife quietly seated herself as the dapper groom pranced nimbly over to where Griggs sat in the shadows. "Where from?" he squealed. "And how long have you—er—been afflicted?"

"I'm not 'afflicted,'" retorted Griggs, his surly humor returning, "except by a pestilence of fools, two of whom dragged me here in a jail on wheels."

"Um-m," murmured the physician, thoughtfully rubbing a beardless chin. "Am I then to understand that you consider yourself free from the tubercular bacilli?"

"You are," snorted the patient, "and it's up to you to make an examination at once. I want to go about my business."

"We will look you over," assured Dopey. "Undoubtedly we will allow you to go your way if you prove sound. This is no prison, sir."

"Perhaps not," grumbled the disgruntled Griggs. "But I would just as soon be in one as here."

"Tut, tut," remonstrated the fussy doctor. "Tut, tut, my dear sir. We have not used you as bad as

all that, I venture to say." He turned to the attendant. "Cobb, you will remain here while I make an examination of this gentleman." With ridiculous little steps, he minced over to the chair occupied by his wife.

"Lovey must stay alone one teeny, weeny second," he cooed in a raspy falsetto, "and then tweetie will be back."

"Go on then," snapped the lady. Griggs stared at her curiously as he and the attendant passed.

In a few minutes they returned.

"Very sorry it happened, I assure you, sir," the doctor was saying. "Of course you may go now, sir; of course you may go, and—er—Ethel and I will constitute ourselves your cab companions to convey you to where you wish to go. This, as a sort of penance. Will we not, my love?"

With a shrug, the bride signified either her willingness or displeasure and swept toward the cab. Griggs conjured a face for the veiled figure. It was not complimentary to the lady.

Dopey chattered like a magpie. After numerous directions to the giant Cobb, he at last joined the others in the cab which promptly rattled away.

"Gee, what an adventure!" The shrill, thin voice of Dr. Dopey now swelled to a near-bass.

It was about dark, and the dim unlighted cab

(Continued on page eleven.)



# 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  
Fifty next best solutions, one yearly sub card each 50

A total of sixty-nine prizes amounting to..\$550

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

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

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

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

6. The solutions are to be written in the English

language, briefly and simply, stating clearly as many facts and details as are necessary to make up the "best solution of the mystery."

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

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

### TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT IT

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

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

### SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

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

Ford, who had been turning money of the company to his own purposes, plans with Hinton to involve Frisbie as the murderer. 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.

A letter is found in Robley's room from a girl, who, wronged by Robley, committed suicide. Hinton discovers that Frisbie loved this girl.

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

### CHAPTER XI.

THE next day was Sunday. John Frisbie, the man who, according to the detective, Hinton, was one of the most consummate actors in the world, spent the day lounging in his room, reading a great deal and thinking a great deal. It had been five days since Mollie Jessup had made him aware of the peril in which he stood, but since that time nothing of a disturbing nature had happened, so the uneasiness of his mind had gradually worn off. Accordingly, he set about disposing of this Sunday in his usual manner, reading and ruminating. In the evening he was to see Miss Robley, for the third time in less than a week. The young woman, lonely in the problems that confronted her, was depending more and more on the chemist for companionship, which, be it said, was neither offered nor withheld.

At about 3 o'clock in the afternoon Frisbie heard the bell ring and the landlady answer at the speaking tube. A moment later she rapped on his door and called:

"Oh, Mr. Frisbie, a lady is coming up to see you."

"For goodness sake, Mrs. Yocum, keep her out for a minute."

The chemist hastily got into his coat, kicked a pair of shoes under the lounge, grabbed a shirt and dirty collar from off a chair and threw them into the bed room, then made a frantic effort to restore the table to order, but gave up in despair.

Opening the door, he was confronted by Mollie

Jessup, dressed in black and closely veiled, as she had been on the night of their first meeting.

"Mollie!" he cried.

The familiar appellation was involuntary—an outcome of his surprise. Veiled as she was, he could not see the look of pleasure that came into her eyes. She entered the room and he closed the door after her.

"You are surprised to see me?" she said, fumbling at her veil.

"I most certainly am."

Frisbie cleared away the scattered sections of the Sunday paper and placed the easy chair for his guest, then seated himself on the sofa, nearest the window. He looked disheveled, and his effort to appear at ease gave him something of a ludicrous aspect. If Hinton had seen him then, he might have revised his opinion concerning the chemist's ability as an actor.

The thick veil put aside, the woman looked at Frisbie and smiled, but her smile did not serve to make him feel any more at home in his own lodging. If anything, it aggravated matters, because, by contrast, it made him more than ever conscious of the poor figure he was cutting.

"I wanted to see you very much," she said, "and as it was not altogether safe today to have you come to me, I thought I would come to you."

She paused to give him a chance to say something.

"I am glad you did."

He knew that he was uttering the tritest of commonplaces, but for his soul he couldn't do better.

"I may be running a risk, as it is," she continued, "but I couldn't help it."

"You do wrong to venture so much for my sake."

"It is not altogether for your sake. I'll be frank with you. I wanted to see you as you live every day, to see how you look."

"I do not understand."

"I wanted to see how the man looks at home who could do what you have done."

"Who could do what I have done?"

"Yes, who could kill David Robley and set a whole city to talking about it, then be so clever as not to draw the least suspicion to himself."

"Kill Robley!"

The chemist was on his feet.

"Yes, you killed Robley—I know you did it."

She spoke very quietly, after the way they have

in the theater, for effect. She had rehearsed with herself this scene with Frisbie; she was fond of the dramatic, the spectacular, and she could not resist the temptation to get all the enjoyment out of the situation that was possible.

"Oh, Mollie, Mollie, how can you believe such a thing?"

The woman half closed her eyes as he called her name—something within her was gratified.

"You did kill him," she said, decisively, then continued, very softly, "But why should you play this part with me? I will do anything in my power for you. Try me and see."

"I swear to you—I swear to you, Mollie, by everything that is true, that I am not guilty of what you think."

She looked at him in a quizzical way, then smiled, indulgently.

"Of course, you're not," she said. "You are doing quite right to tell me that. I think better of you for it. I am nothing to you, so why should you take me into your confidence. I was foolish to expect it."

"For God's sake, Mollie, don't talk to me like that. Tell me what has brought you here."

"Why, it is partly just to see you, as I have told you, and partly to tell you that it is known just how you killed Mr. Robley, and why you did it."

"Surely, surely you cannot believe I took that money—you know Ford manufactured all that evidence."

"Yes, but he did not manufacture the letter that was found in Mr. Robley's room."

"The letter!" gasped Frisbie.

The sentence of death itself could not have staggered the poor chemist more. He turned deathly pale, and seemed about to totter where he stood.

"I know all about it," continued Mollie Jessup. "I learned it from Mr. Hinton and Mr. Ford—by eavesdropping. They know who the girl is—everything."

"My God!"

Frisbie gave way, and sat down in a heap on the lounge, with his head buried in his hands. If Hinton could have seen him then, surely his high opinion of the chemist as an actor would have fallen—or gone higher.

Mollie Jessup looked at the man's mute misery and all her anticipated enjoyment of the scene disappeared. The weakness betrayed by the chemist was not what she had expected. Then she remembered the fearful strain under which he must have been living, and a feeling of pity came over her. Neither spoke for a time. At length she arose and stood before him, but he sat immovable, bent far over, his face still in his hands. She dropped on her knees in front of him and touched his hair gently.

"John," she said, "forgive me, won't you? I came to tell you all I know, and if there is anything I can do, please let me do it. Of all men in the world, you are the noblest. Oh, how I glory in what you have done! If more men were like you, this world would be a better place for creatures like Mollie Jessup and Rose Fletcher."

Frisbie started, as if he felt an electric shock. He grabbed Mollie Jessup by the shoulders.

"Rose Fletcher! Rose Fletcher, did you say?"

His face was transformed by a look of eagerness, mixed with joy, and he almost shouted the words.

"Why, yes, Rose Fletcher."

"I thought you said they knew her name?"

"As Rose Fletcher."

"And nothing else?"

"The detective said he never expected to find her real name—you have been so clever."

Thank God!—Thank God! That's all they'll ever know." He had risen again to his feet and now paced the room, briskly. "That's all they'll ever know—I'll die before they'll know more."

Mollie Jessup sat down in Frisbie's place on the sofa. He began asking her questions, as he walked up and down—speaking sharply and quickly, with the air, at last, of a man who is confident of himself.

"How did they find this out?"



"Mr. Hinton got a clew from St. Louis and went there."  
 "He has been to the cemetery?"  
 "Yes."  
 "What did he learn there?"  
 "That the body was first put in a vault and then buried, after you visited it three times."  
 "Did he mention anyone else?"  
 "No. Yes, he did. He said you brought a photographer with you the last time."  
 "What did he say about this man?"  
 "Nothing, except that he stayed until the body was buried."  
 "Nothing else? Did he try to find this man?"  
 "I think so, but he did not succeed."  
 "Did he describe him?"  
 "No."  
 "Is he going to search further for him?"  
 "He didn't say. I don't think so."  
 "How much does he know about Rose Fletcher?"  
 "Almost nothing, except that she attended a dramatic school but kept her real name a secret. It was there that she met Mr. Robley."  
 "Damn him!"  
 "I'm glad you killed him."  
 The chemist paused in front of his visitor.  
 "You really think it was me?"  
 "Yes. I even know how you did it."  
 "How?"  
 "By the use of poison—I forget its name—that disappears a few hours after death."  
 "From whom did that come—Hinton?"  
 "No, Mr. Ford."  
 "He talked of a poison that kills and leaves no trace?"  
 "Yes."  
 Frisbie sat down in the chair by the table and was thoughtful for a while. Then he looked at the woman, with a faint smile around his lips.  
 "So you think I did it?"  
 "Yes."  
 "Do you know, I feel a sort of pleasure in hearing you say that. Strange as it may seem, I don't care if you keep on thinking it."  
 "But didn't you?"  
 She was beginning to be uneasy.  
 "This much I'll tell you. When I got back from St. Louis, I had murder in my heart—cold and calculating murder. I would have given anything—all I ever hope to have—to find the man who betrayed Rose Fletcher. If I had found him, I would

betray the faith she had in me. You wouldn't ask me to do that, would you?"  
 "No."  
 "I loved the girl known as Rose Fletcher—loved her as I never thought I could love any woman. She was young—hardly eighteen yet—but she had a beauty and nobility of soul and a faculty for understanding the real meaning of things that set her apart from other women. I worshipped her. My love for her was something different, I think, from the love that other men bear women—it was higher and purer. For a time she loved me, or at least she thought she did, and it was understood between us that someday we would be married. But I know now that I was too humdrum a fellow to inspire a nature like hers, even though she was different from others, because, after all, she was young and had within her the romance of youth."  
 "The break between us, singularly enough, was caused by something that sprang from the very nobleness of soul that I have mentioned. She wanted to be of use in the world, wanted to help mankind to be happier and better. So, when she found she had talent for the stage, she conceived the idea that she could be of most service to the world by adopting that career."  
 "This immediately became such a passion with her that it absorbed her whole life and became the one object of her existence. Now, though a radical in most things, I fear I am still very old fashioned in a few others. No man can free himself from all prejudice. So I had a dislike against anyone who was dear to me going on the stage. And besides, I saw that these new plans of hers, if she carried them out, were going to make impossible the domestic life I had dreamed of. I opposed her, and the bond of sympathy that had existed between us was destroyed. I protested and argued, as did the others who held her dear, but it was all in vain. She kept to her purpose and had her way. She became 'Rose Fletcher' and began to attend the dramatic school. The rest you know. Oh, she was good, she was good!"  
 The chemist was silent, and the look in his eyes told where his thoughts were.  
 "John," said Mollie Jessup, very softly, "tell me what she looked like. She must have been beautiful."  
 For answer Frisbie walked to a bookcase and took down a volume of Poe's poems. He opened the book between the pages of "The Raven" and took

the chin well formed. But the most striking thing about the face was its expression. Even the throes of death had not effaced the mute grief with which the betrayer had filled her soul. Or, if the horror of that last struggle had set its imprint there, the misery that surcharged the heart had afterward crept upwards and spread over her features, supplanting all else.  
 Mollie Jessup put the picture aside and began to weep, silently. Frisbie took it up from the couch beside her, replaced it between the pages of "The Raven," and put the volume in the case against the wall. When he returned Mollie Jessup was on her feet.  
 "You are one of the noblest men in the world," she said. "You have proved your right to that title. I want to ask you something, and I want the answer from the very bottom of your heart."  
 "What is it, Mollie?"  
 "You know what I am. Tell me, is it ever possible for me to be worthy of respect and love again?"  
 "Why not?"  
 "Is it possible for me ever in life to be worthy a true man's love?"  
 Frisbie thought a long time before he answered.  
 "Yes—to be worthy of it," he said. "But men are queer creatures, and reason and justice do not always rule them. Most men, Mollie, if they knew what you have been, would shrink from loving you, even while they knew that you were worthy of being loved. It is man's nature to be thus. Yet, with some men it would not be so, for there are those who could understand, who could know what you have suffered and see that you have gathered strength from what you have undergone. Undoubtedly, Mollie, you can be as good and as worthy of love as you desire to be."  
 Joy glistened through the tears as Mollie Jessup stretched her hands toward him.  
 "Will you help me to be that, John?"  
 "Help you, Mollie?"  
 "Yes. Will you let me be with you and talk to me as you did just now—encourage me and give me strength to be what I want to be? You can save me—you can make me good. Will you try?"  
 "I'll do what you want me to, Mollie."  
 She seized his hands and looked into his eyes.  
 "I will hold you to that," she said. "I am going now."  
 She rearranged her veil, letting it drop until it completely hid her features. He would have accompanied her down stairs but for the haste and abruptness of her departure.  
 Frisbie went to the telephone in the hallway and tried to speak with Horton at his residence in Oak Park. After waiting for a long time the operator said:  
 "Your number does not answer."  
 The chemist looked at his watch. It was 4 o'clock. There still remained four hours until the time for him to see Miss Robley.  
 (To Be Continued.)

**The Rough Route to Matrimony**

(Continued from page nine.)

made it almost impossible for Griggs to distinguish the face of his companions. The bride had quietly thrown aside her veil, and this the whilom patient knew only because her shadowy face kept coming closer and closer . . . soft, warm lips were pressed against his own . . . the bride had—kissed him!  
 "You poor boy! Don't you know me?" The heart of Simon C. Griggs swelled proudly, and his arms went out and around the girl he had come west to marry.  
 "You!" he marvelled. "How—how in the world did you come here, and with Dr. Dopey?"  
 The man in the seat across laughed. "Never tell me again, sis, that I'm not an actor," he enthused.  
 "It's Bob, Simon. Didn't you recognize him? He's crazy about the stage, you know—especially since he graduated from that Chicago correspondence school of elocution. The real Doctor Dopey won't be home until tomorrow, or possibly the day after, so this was the easiest way to get you out. Grease paint—that was how it was done, and as Doctor Dopey is quite a friend of the family, Bob has his mannerisms down to perfection. I—I had bride's clothes, because—  
 "Because you're going to be one as soon as ever it is possible," interrupted her lover, and again their lips met.

**Cotton Growing Corporation**

John Cudahy of Chicago has bought 200,000 acres of land in the Imperial Valley of California, for a corporation which will devote it to the production of cotton. Mr. Cudahy already has 32,000 acres in cotton. He plants only Egyptian cotton, and it is estimated that the 232,000 acres will produce a gross revenue of about \$25,000,000 yearly.



"I swear to you (that I am not guilty.)"

have set about to avenge her and do mankind a service."  
 "And you found him?"  
 "Something found him."  
 They sat in silence for a time, Frisbie studying the carpet, Mollie Jessup never taking her eyes off his face. It was she who spoke first.  
 "Tell me something about this girl," she said, softly.  
 "Some things I will tell you. Mollie, because I think you will understand. There are other things I can't tell you or anyone, because to do so would

out a photograph, a thin film that had never been mounted. He handed it to Mollie Jessup.  
 "There is her picture," he said.  
 It was a photograph of the dead—the picture that had been taken by flashlight in the burial vault—and the edges of the coffin made a frame for the head, and the long hair ran in waves down upon the shoulders, forming a dark background for the white face. The features had a certain beauty even in death. The forehead was stately and the nose, accentuated by the shrunken cheeks, was long and slightly aquiline. The mouth was generous and



# The Coming Nation

PUBLISHERS  
J. A. WAYLAND. FRED D. WARREN.

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

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

## Bound Volumes Going

The bound volume containing the issues of the COMING NATION for last year up to No. 52, went to John G. Martin this week for eight subscriptions.

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

Following is the list of winners to date:

Frank Truesdale, six subscribers.  
Lars A. Swanson, twelve subscribers.  
C. B. Schrock, seven subscribers.  
F. Marchant, five subscribers.  
John Frank, eight subscribers.  
John Fladmark, nine subscribers.  
Margaret W. Emminger, H. Block and Burt Hammers, twelve each.  
Frank Furlan, eight subscribers.  
John G. Martin, eight subscribers.

## In the Next Issue

We are going to have some good fiction next week. There will be a story by Frank Stuhlman, that we have been keeping for some time, that we believe our readers will especially enjoy.

There will be another instalment of Odon Por's study of co-operation in Sicily, and a discussion of the Aldrich Bank Act by Ellis O. Jones. When this latter article was first suggested we thought the title sounded rather dull. A reading of the manuscript convinced us that it was intensely interesting and, moreover, that it uncovers one of the most subtle schemes on the part of the great banking interests of America.

## Extra Copies of Farmer Issue

For a short time bundles of the special farmers' issue, No. 64, can be supplied. The other farmers' number was exhausted very quickly, and it is probable that the copies of No. 64 will be gone in a few weeks. While they last they will be sent in bundles of ten or more for two and a half cents each.

## Talking About Us

No other single subject occupies the editorial attention of the American Press so extensively and so continuously as does Socialism.

Socialist gains are now so regular that the necessity of explaining them grows constantly stronger.

In Riverside, Cal., a Socialist was defeated at the election on November 21st. The fact that there is but one issue in politics, and that Socialism, is shown by the complaint of the *San Diego Union* concerning the Riverside election that, "Opposed to the Socialist nominee for the mayoralty were two non-Socialist candidates, one a Republican and the other a Democrat. Thus it will be seen that, while the Socialists are united the non-Socialists are divided."

After the election, when it was discovered that the Socialist vote had risen from 692 to 1,490 in a year, the same paper suggests that this "Great accession of strength plainly suggests that the Socialists had been very active in Riverside during the past six years, although not more active, perhaps, than they have been elsewhere during that period."

The attempted impeachment of Mayor

Seidel has turned attention to Milwaukee once more.

The *Milwaukee Journal* and its Kansas City name sake are both protesting very vigorously because the Socialists have been chosen to try the impeachment proceedings. Somebody ought to call their attention to the fact that it is a Republican senate that is trying Lorimer and that capitalist politicians have always been tried exclusively by capitalist judges and officials.

The *Erie (Pa.) Dispatch*, recognizes this fact. It says: "The fact that the charges will be tried before a committee of five Socialists does not justify anybody in asserting that the trial will not be a fair one. It is likely to be just as effective in arriving at the truth as if it were conducted under the ancient political auspices that used to dominate the affairs of Milwaukee."

The *Williamsport (Pa.) Sun* praises the Municipal Child Welfare Commission recently established by the Socialists in Milwaukee and says: "It is by



South Bend (Ind.) Journal  
"We knew him when—"

the promotion of just such instruments of civic improvement as this that the Socialists can do the most to reflect credit on their ideas of government."

The chorus of approval for Samuel Gompers because of his opposition to Socialism continues to proceed from the enemies of trade unionists. His actions at Atlanta are joyfully acclaimed by the *St. Louis Republic*, *Indianapolis News*, the *Fresno (Cal.) Republican* and the *Milwaukee Sentinel*. It will be well to watch these papers and see what they say when there is a strike in their locality.

The attempt to explain why Socialism is growing still occupies more space than anything else, and produces the most amusing comment.

The *Lincoln (Neb.) Journal* is worried because the "Nebraska returns show the heaviest Socialist gains in rural counties" and the *Monessen (Pa.) Independent* suggests, "Just watch the attitude of some of the corporations toward the common people, then observe the power of the trusts and then analyze the 'justice' that some of our courts hand out and you will be getting mighty near the cause all right."

The *Boston Nation* suggests that perhaps a reason for Socialist success in municipalities is that, "The Socialists, whatever else they may be after, do look upon the possession of the city government as an opportunity for doing things of real importance to the community."

The *Tacoma (Wash.) Ledger* asks itself the question, "Why did the Socialists make such gains in the recent elections?" and replies that it is because "The Socialists are well organized and stick together through thick and thin," and concludes that, "Among the foremost reasons for Socialist gains at recent elections should be placed their party organization, which is industriously at work while many citizens are lauding the merits of non-partisanship."

That it is not impossible to get an idea into the head of a capitalist editor is shown by the fact that quite a number of them have discovered that the Socialists are not fighting trusts.

The *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* says, "The trust organizers have been the master builders of Socialism in this country," and the *New York World*, after pointing out that Wall Street and the Socialists "Both are agreed that competition has outlived its usefulness," suggests that since Wall Street is

headed towards government ownership of industry that differences between Socialists and Wall Street "Can be settled at a conference between J. P. Morgan and Morris Hillquit."

## Hyndman's Impressions of Marx

And so I found myself with Hirsch at 41 Maitland Park Road and, ushered in by their old and trusty servant, saw Marx in the large room, on the first floor facing the gardens, which he used as his study. I wonder whether any great man fully bears out the conception you have formed of him before meeting him. I presume not. The first impression of Marx as I saw him was that of a powerful, shaggy, untamed old man, ready, not to say eager, to enter into conflict and rather suspicious himself of immediate attack. Yet his greeting to us was cordial and his first remarks to me, after I had told him what a great pleasure and honor I felt it to be to shake hands with the author of the *Capital*, were agreeable enough; for he told me he had read my articles on India with pleasure and had commented on them favorably in his newspaper correspondence. We were with him at that time for fully two hours and it did not take me long to appreciate that Marx's conversation was quite on a level with his writing.

When speaking with fierce indignation of the policy of the Liberal party, especially in regard to Ireland, the old warrior's deep-sunk eyes lighted up, his heavy brows wrinkled, the broad, strong nose and face were obviously moved by passion, and he poured out a stream of vigorous denunciations, which displayed alike the heat of his temperament and the marvellous command he possessed over our language. The contrast between his manner and utterance when thus deeply stirred by anger and his attitude when giving his views on the economic events of the period was very marked. He turned from the role of prophet and vehement denunciator to that of the calm philosopher without any apparent effort, and I felt from the first that on this latter ground many a long year might pass before I ceased to be a student in the presence of a master.

I had been surprised in reading the *Capital* and still more when perusing his smaller works, such as his pronouncement of the Commune of Paris and his "XVIIIth Brumaire," how he combined the ablest and coolest examination of economic causes and social effect with the most bitter hatred of classes and even of individual men such as Napoleon III and M. Thiers, who, according to his own theories, were little more than flies upon the wheels of the great Juggernaut car of capitalist development. Marx, of course, was a Jew, and to me it seemed that he combined in his own person and nature, with his commanding forehead and great overhanging brow, his fierce glittering eyes, broad sensitive nose and mobile mouth, all surrounded by a setting of untrimmed hair and beard, the righteous fury of the great seers of his race, with his cold and analytical powers of Spinoza and the Jewish doctors. It was an extraordinary combination of qualities, the like of which I have known in no other man.

As I went out with Hirsch deeply impressed by the great personality we had left, Hirsch asked me what I thought of him. "Well," I replied, "I think he is an Aristotle of the Nineteenth Century." And yet as I said it I knew that this did not cover the ground. For one thing it was quite impossible to think of Marx as acting the courier to Alexander while carrying on the profound studies which have so deeply influenced later generations, and besides he never so wholly segregated himself from immediate human interests—notwithstanding much that has been said to the contrary—as to be able to consider the facts and their surroundings in the cold hard light of the greatest philosopher of antiquity. There can be no doubt what-

ever that his hatred of the system of exploitation was not only intellectual and philosophic but bitterly personal.—*From an Adventurous Life, by H. N. Hyndman.*

## A Memorable Campaign

"The Presidential Campaign of 1850," by Emerson David Fite. The Macmillan Company. Cloth, 356 pp., \$2.00.

More and more historians are being driven consciously or unconsciously to adopt the Socialist point of view. This is not the first contribution of this author, however, to the economic interpretation of history. His "Social and Industrial Conditions in the North During the Civil War" is a companion volume to this one. He recognizes that "in the last analysis the one complete justification of secession was an imperative necessity of saving the vast property of slavery from destruction; secession was a commercial necessity, designed to make these millions secure from outside interference."

The opening chapter on John Brown shows the explosive nature of the social compound at that time. Of the influence of John Brown the author says, "By the creation of sudden and intense excitement, which rendered deliberation and moderation well nigh impossible, he forced the political parties of the country to assume extreme positions and declare extreme principles before they were prepared to do so; and from these positions and principles, once assumed and declared, there could be no receding."

His second chapter is almost the first example of a non-Socialist writer giving full credit to the effect of Hinton Rowan Helper's "Impending Crisis." This work which simply shows that slavery was unprofitable save to a very small class in the south had a great influence in determining sectional alignment.

In congress and outside the discussion of slavery was growing sharper and the interests that divided north and south were becoming more irreconcilable, yet in convention the republican party became more conservative on the slavery question than it had been in the previous convention. It no longer denounced slavery as one of the "twin relics of barbarism" and its platform had a clause declaring "that the right of each state to order and control its domestic institutions is essential." John Brown was disavowed and Lincoln was nominated because his "greatest asset was obscurity." The campaign was largely one of dodging issues on all sides and by all persons with the single exception of Lincoln.

It was not because the south expected any direct attack by the republican party on the institution of slavery in the states where it already existed, but because it realized that with the national government and supreme court out of slaveholding control and with the whole power of that government in the control of the competing wage slave owners it would be impossible for chattel slavery to maintain itself at a profit, that the south seceded. "With this assumption in their minds no other course than secession from the union for protection of their vast property was possible."

The platforms of the parties and the speeches of their candidates and principal spokesmen are included in the appendix.

## Push vs. Pull

President Taft was to be the principal speaker at a convention, but he had not hit upon a subject until he entered the hall and saw upon the door the word "Push" and decided to speak upon that.

"Young men," he finished, "let your motto always be that word which is on the door. Let that raise you to a position of trust, and that only."

Every eye turned toward the door and a grin spread over all faces. The word on the inside was "Pull."



# A Page for the Children

EDITED BY BERTHA H. MAILLY

## The Story of Joe

(Continued.)

So Joe started off—in the old days of Puss-in-Boots they would have said “to seek his fortune”—now to “hunt a job.” When it came right down to going, it was pretty hard, because his mother was crying a little and his father, who was still lying sick in bed, looked old and thin.

“Don’t you worry, Mother,” said Joe, trying to make his voice bright and cheerful. “I’ll find something pretty quick and you’ll get a surprise some day in a five-dollar bill. And I’ll come back for the winter, sure. No place like this to suit me.”

He had already eaten his supper and now took his little package of clothes and with a few dollars in his pocket, walked down to the freight yard. He didn’t know much about riding on “freights” and he expected every switchman he met to order him out of the yards.

At last he found a train making up to go out and as the dusk was coming on, he slipped into the open side door of one of the cars. His heart almost stopped beating as he heard a man ap-

train at the first town we stopped. I didn’t hop very much, though. I was so stiff I could hardly get out. I guess the brakeman saw me get out, but he sort of looked the other way and never said a word. After I ate some coffee and rolls for breakfast, I felt better and made for the first smokestack I saw. What do you think it was but a shoe shop? I knew before I got there, by the smell of the hides just fresh from the tannery. Thought I was home again. But my hoodoo in the shoe trade lasted here for the foreman said they had had about twenty fellows already in the last two days wanting jobs and it was no good for me.

So I walked around the town and when I saw another factory, I pulled up to the office and asked for a job. It was bottle factory and I guess the same twenty fellows had been there, too, because the foreman said, “Nothing doing today. But in a couple of days we’ll have some extra work and need a few hands. If you’re around then, we’ll give you a chance. That is, if you ain’t afraid of work and will take the wages we give you.”

So I hung around the town and went to the shop every morning for three days. Then they gave me a job with the boys at \$5 a week. It’s a pretty poor job for me, but I’ll see what I can learn about the trade and I’ll either get more wages or quit. In my next letter I’ll tell you about the work. How are the kids and Dad? Take care of yourself and if Bob comes to the house, tell him I’m all right. Your loving son, JOE.

(To be continued.)

## Children’s Plays and Sports in the Olden Times

You spin your brightly painted tops in the street, or you rejoice in your little pockets, fat with round little marbles, but I’m sure that not one of you children ever thinks that your great-great-grandfather and great-great-grandmother many hundred years ago played with the same things. With just the same pleasure they whipped their tops across the pavement in summer or the smooth ice in winter, or were just as proud when they could count a beautiful colored glass marble among their ordinary clay ones.

In fact, many of our plays and amusements are very, very old. The pretty fairy tales of Snow White, Red Riding-Hood, Sleeping Beauty and the others are from times long, long past.

In the old, old days, when the only clothing that the old Germans wore was skins, they carved horses and bows and arrows out of wood for their boys. While indoors the mother baked honey cakes and fashioned little horses of dough at the time of the turning of the sun, which is our Christmas tide.

And hundreds of years ago, little girls played with their dolls, dolls in long baby clothes as well as little doll brides. Of course, the dolls of those days were not so skillfully made as today. They could neither speak nor open and close their eyes, but were roughly whittled out of wood or fashioned of clay which was burnt.

Nuremberg, which is today so well known as a maker of playthings, had that reputation at the beginning of the middle ages. In Nuremberg were made the wonderful little wooden men, which it was said, could fight of themselves. Big and little horses, of wood and metal, some, even covered with skin were mingled with bears and wolves, hares and deer, all in great hunts. For little girls were dolls’ kitchens all furnished complete.

In the year 1631 in Nuremberg an old maid fashioned a doll’s house that from cellar to garret was furnished complete

and in it were even musical instruments and a collection of books. She placed it on public exhibition and gave out a printed account of it. She thought this was a good way to prepare girls for their future housekeeping. Of course, these beautiful toys were only for the children of rich people. The children of the poor day workers and peasants had to depend quite on their own imaginations for toys. These passed their lives even more than today out of doors in the streets. There were no giant cities then like New York and Chicago, with their millions of inhabitants, where one must ride for hours before reaching the country.

With a little run the children then were in the fields, climbing and bathing and picking berries without being disturbed or interfered with by policemen.

The city streets were not then so monotonously clean and orderly as they are today, where even orderly roller skating is forbidden. Of course, they didn’t have roller skates in the olden times, but the open city gutter flowed through the streets and I am afraid the children used to play about in the water and mud, floating little boats, building little dams. Geese and ducks and doves and dogs and cats and pigs all wandered comfortably about the streets amidst the children. But nobody minded very much and the children played away with their mud forts as they wished.

Well, suppose I tell you some more about how the little children played in the olden times next week. Now it is time to stop.—C. Hoernle, in *Equality* (Translated from the German.)

## Blanche, Buster, the Partridge, and the Working Class

BY THOMAS HEATH FLOOD.

From the nearby forest one morning  
A partridge flew into the yard,  
And strutted about in the sunshine,  
No danger, it seemed to regard.

For Buster, our cat, from the lilacs,  
The stranger’s approach had observed,  
From his manner I know he considered  
His breakfast about to be served.

And as he crept stealthily forward  
His tail slashing left and then right,  
I could see as he crouched there a moment  
His eyes were as black as the night.



Carried it into the woodshed

The partridge, not knowing its danger  
Was walking direct toward the cat,  
All this I observed from the window  
Where speechless and spellbound I sat.

A flash of a long yellow body  
And a startling whirr of the wing,  
“Oh dear!” I cried out in amazement,  
“Oh Buster! you horrid old thing!”

For Buster had captured the partridge  
And as I ran out in dismay,  
The poor little thing lay there helpless  
Its life-blood was ebbing away.

I carried it into the woodshed  
Where father was cutting up wood,  
And he was as heartless as Buster,  
He said, “We will keep it for food.”

He picked off its beautiful feathers  
And dressed it as he would a chick,  
And said, “We will serve it for supper  
For little Bob,” who was quite sick.

He carried it into the kitchen  
And washed it all clean at the sink,  
Then laid it away on a platter  
Its body so pretty and pink.

While Buster looked on from the distance  
His back proudly arched in the air,  
Stood purring and digging his toenails  
In the seat of his own kitchen chair.

I picked him up in an instant  
And just boxed his ears good and hard,  
Then gave him a terrible scolding  
And carried him into the yard.

Mother then called us to dinner  
And as we were sitting at tea,  
There came a loud crash from the pantry  
And mother said, “What can that be?”

Our knives and our forks with a clatter  
Were dropped, as we rushed from the room,  
And mother, in search of a weapon  
Had hurriedly picked up the broom.

We went to the pantry together  
And cautiously opened the door,  
To find mother’s platter in ruins  
And scattered all over the floor.

And there in the midst of the wreckage  
Stood Buster, the brazen old thing,  
He had eaten most all of the partridge  
Except a few bones and a wing.

“I’ll whip him severely,” said mother,  
And started for him with the broom,  
But Buster had scented the danger  
And quickly escaped from the room.

For mother was really quite angry  
And I couldn’t blame her for that,  
But father spoke up from the pantry  
Saying, “He is a very wise cat.”

“The partridge was his in the first place  
He caught it and killed it himself,  
Then we took it forcibly from him  
And laid it away on the shelf.”

“He knew if he waited ’till evening  
The bones would then be his to pick,  
Which in my candid opinion  
Is a mean and contemptible trick.”

“Just as our industrial system  
Now uses the people that work,  
By taking the most of their product  
And giving it to those who shirk.”

“And if a majority of workers  
Had the sense of our big yellow cat,  
They’d not lose four-fifths of their product  
And they’d always know where they were at.”

## Letter from a Socialist Girl

Hurrah, Okla., Oct. 25, 1911.

Dear Editor:

Here comes another Socialist girl to join the children’s page. I am a girl of 16 years.

I have studied Socialism for eight years, and think it to be the very thing. Papa has taken the COMING NATION for one year and he says he wouldn’t be without it. I always read the children’s page and like it fine.

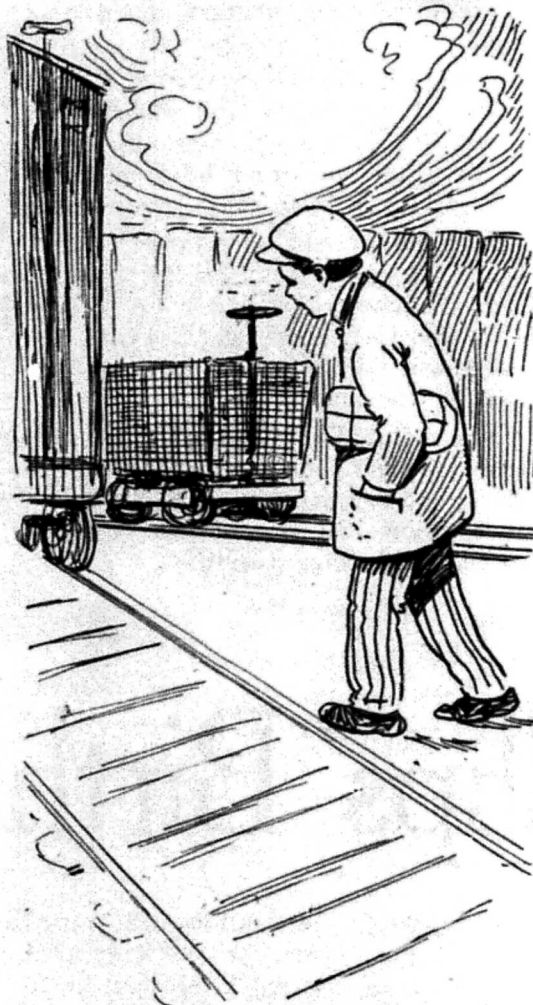
Hoping to see my letter in print, your Socialist reader, DELLA HAMILTON.

## JUST PUBLISHED

### THE SOUL OF SOCIALISM By JOHN MILTON SCOTT

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

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



Walked down to the freight yard

proach the side of the car and close the door. No, the man neither looked in, nor locked the door, and Joe felt almost weak with relief when the train started.

Such a noise and a bumping and a jolting! Joe was very tired with all the excitement of the new adventure, but he slept little and he was mighty glad to see the morning light coming through the cracks of the car. He said to himself as he stretched his arms and body. “You can bet, I’ll get off at the first town that has a factory chimney. Wish I were home in my own bed.”

And what took place from then on, Joe told to his mother in the first letter that he wrote some ten days after leaving home.

Dear Mother—I had a pretty bad night in the freight car that first night I left home. I think us working fellows ought to have the easiest kind of railroad cars to travel in when we’re hunting for work. You’d think we were loafers, the way everyone wants to chase us, when we’re only asking a chance to help make the things that people need.

You bet I was glad to hop off the



## America's Congress of Labor

(Continued from page six.)

the referendum in the election of officers. It is not believed that the executive council will dare to report unfavorably on this proposition. If it does it is firmly believed that it will be carried into effect from the floor of the convention.

There are those, although they may be few, who see the handwriting on the wall and dare not go contrary to it.

As long as this measure has already been dubbed a Socialist proposition, it might be as well to admit that it came from a Socialist and that every Socialist party member, who is also a delegate to the A. F. of L. convention, this year, next year, or the year after that, will be heartily in favor of it.

### Victory at Last

Joseph Proebstle, delegate of the brewery workers, had introduced resolutions calling for the initiative and referendum in A. F. of L. conventions before the one held this year. Other Socialist delegates had also done so. At first it was not thought worth the while doing so again this year.

Proebstle mentioned the matter to a group of Socialist delegates who were one evening discussing the work to come before the convention. "Go ahead; introduce it again!" was the unanimous verdict, and Proebstle went ahead and brought the matter before the convention in the form of a resolution, calling for an amendment of the constitution.

One pioneer for Socialism meeting with repeated reverses often grows discouraged in the attack and gives it up as hopeless. Where there is a group, however, giving room for mutual encouragement, there is no giving up the fight; and when the ranks are replenished with new blood the struggle goes on unceasingly.

There will be new Socialist blood in the next convention of the A. F. of L., in addition to that already there, and the fight of the Socialist acting as a trade unionist, for progress in the labor movement, will know no backward step.

Seeing the coming storm, Gompers mounted the band wagon in the present convention of the A. F. of L. and declared himself in favor of the initiative and referendum. That will not be forgotten in the convention of 1912.

"Industrial unionism" is another expression that is synonymous with "Socialism" to the trade unionist who is traveling in the rut of the days that are past and gone in the American labor movement. He bobs up with the greatest self-assurance possible in the conventions of the A. F. of L.

There is a trend, one might say a very encouraging trend toward industrial unionism, in the American Federation of Labor. The phenomena about

it is that it is coming with the consent of those who claim to be opposed to it. Working on the declaration that "one trade, one organization," is to be the policy of the A. F. of L. in all jurisdictional disputes, different organizations declared to be different crafts are being hammered together.

In this convention this was especially true in the case of the steam fitters and the plumbers. The steam fitters vehemently claimed that they were not plumbers. The convention declared that they were. Thus we see growing up one comprehensive organization for all the pipe fitting trades.

### Uniting Crafts

This is not industrial unionism, to be sure, but it is a step that tends in that direction and one that is breaking down the prejudices toward industrial unionism.

In the same way we have the wood workers facing the demand that they must join the carpenters; the Brotherhood of Railway Carmen gobbling up the International Association of Car Workers, and the day is now seen when the reactionary Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen will be forced into the American Federation of Labor only to gobble up the Switchmen's Union.

It isn't at all pleasing to Samuel Gompers, either. The International Association of Car Workers has been true to Gompers these many years, while the Brotherhood of Railway Carmen is sending a bigger and bigger Socialist delegation to the A. F. of L. conventions.

It might not be out of the way to say something about the different departments now being formed as a part of the American Federation of Labor. Much has been said to the effect that these departments are not accomplishing anything. In answer to this it might be said that no movement in its inception ever possessed its ultimate strength.

In the American Federation of Labor at the present time we have the Railway Department, the Building Trades Department, the Union Label Department and the Metal Trades Department, while a charter is about to be granted to a Mining Department with a Wearing Apparel Department and a Transportation Department now undergoing the process of agitation.

On the closing day of the convention just held, Frank J. Hayes, Socialist, vice president of the United Mine Workers, announced that a mining department to include the coal and metal miners on the American continent had been agreed upon, and the delegates applauded.

The formation of this mining department has no doubt been delayed by the fact that the Western Federation of Miners has but lately become a part of the American Federation of Labor.

It is believed now, however, that the mining de-

partment will take the lead and in the amalgamation of all the workers handling the mineral products of the continent build up an organization that will be a model of its kind. With these departments working in harmony one big step toward the massing of all labor upon the economic field will have been accomplished.

After all it is not the name so much that we seek. It is concrete results. What is wanted is all labor acting in harmony as one great, unified power. When this is accomplished call it what you will.

Equally on the political field what we want is one big world-wide political organization for the emancipation of the working class; call it the Socialist party as we do in the United States, or the Social-Democratic party as is done in Germany and other European countries.

"Socialism" and "Industrial Unionism" are the bogeys of the conventions of the American Federation of Labor, wielded with good effect by Gompers from his throne to keep his subjects in control. Nevertheless, tendencies toward Socialism and Industrial Unionism are favored.

To some Socialists, and some Industrial Unionists, the names must be repeated and reiterated until their true meaning and purpose often times becomes confused and indistinct. This should not be so. The meaning of words must be held more sacred than the words themselves.

The invasion of the A. F. of L. by the Western Federation of Miners will show its good results in years to come more than it has in this convention. The resolution introduced by Delegate Joseph D. Cannon calling for a universal exchange of cards between all unions was rejected; but, as one labor paper distributed at the convention, declared, it will have its educational effect.

There were hosts of resolutions that went through the hopper of the A. F. of L. machine, but they meant little. There were other matters, again, that caused not a ripple.

But there was enough of importance that went through the rapids of opposition and survived at least to some extent to give hope, new spirit and renewed courage to those who have been the plaything of the A. F. of L. machine these many years.

Many, like Duncan McDonald, secretary-treasurer of the Illinois Mine Workers, who led the fight on the National Civic Federation, will use the record of the convention as their text in carrying the message of progression to the labor movement to the toilers throughout the land.

For the labor movement, like the Socialist movement, has the intelligence of its membership as its foundation. The greatest attention must be given to the worker in the mine, the shop and the factory, and then all the rest will come easier.

# The Centenary of Wendell Phillips' Birth

By James O'Neil

ON November 29, 1911, one hundred years passed since the birth of Wendell Phillips, perhaps the greatest figure of the Abolition struggle. In many respects Phillips was the greatest man in American history, towering above Washington, Franklin and even Lincoln if uncompromising zeal in behalf of convictions is a test.

When he became conscious of the infamy of slavery he did not hesitate to sacrifice anything that came in conflict with his beliefs. He abandoned his law practice because he could not conscientiously follow it under a Constitution that recognized property in human beings, that was "a covenant with death and a league with hell." He allowed no products cursed with slave labor to cross his threshold. He lost companions and friends. He deserted polite society and it deserted him. Even the grief of his mother over his abandonment of a brilliant "career" could not swerve him from his purpose.

Then the storm beat about his head. Northern merchants and the ruling class in general, "choked with cotton dust," hated him for his attacks on slavery. Southern knights of the lash placed a price on his head. Preachers consigned him to hell for questioning the "divine institution" of slavery. He faced hissing mobs that clamored for his life, but Phillips, with joy, sacrificed wealth, power, influence and friends and often ventured his life to speak for an enslaved race.

After the war many of his comrades in the Abolition struggle retired to private life. Not so Phillips. He declared that there was work for a century to come. When the struggle was over he was advised to cease agitation and be content. He answered that "with an interest as broad as humanity

all great questions still concern an American. Momentous issues are before this and the next generation. The race question, temperance, woman's position, capital and labor furnish toil for years."

He warned others of the future when he said "here on the soil enriched with the blood of the patriotic dead is to be erected an aristocratic monarchy with wealth as its God." He spoke in behalf of woman suffrage and his argument remains a classic today. He distrusted the educated and ruling classes and looked to the workers for a better future. Remembering his past experiences he said, "I go out with no faith whatever in institutions. I see a Government lashed by the iron hail of necessity to a great step. I see a Church shamed by the rising public opinion about it, at last, into a decent observance."

So that in 1870 he accepted the nomination for Governor of Massachusetts tendered by the Labor party and the prohibitionists and wrote the following declaration that could be accepted by Socialists today: "We affirm, as a fundamental principle, that labor, the creator of wealth, is entitled to all it creates. Affirming this, we avow ourselves willing to accept the final results of a principle so radical, such as the overthrow of the whole profit-making system, the extinction of monopolies, the abolition of privileged classes, universal education or fraternity, and the final obliteration of the poverty of the masses."

Later on when approached by a member of the

International Workingmen's Association and invited to join it he gave as his reason for declining that he was too old to take up the work and left it to younger men.

Wendell Phillips belongs to the working class of America and were he alive today his great heart and powerful voice would be enlisted in the Socialist movement. His life and work belong to the revolutionists of today. Why should not the centenary of his birth be remembered by Socialists on November 29 and so give some recognition to one who braved mountains of prejudice that would have cowed all but the lion-hearted?

### A Tramp Amidst the Roses

*'Twas morn in golden June, the Surrey hedgerows  
Were gemmed with wild dogroses, newly blown,  
Like clustered stars, they lit the velvet verdure,  
Or lustrous jewels on a carpet thrown.*

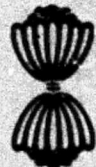
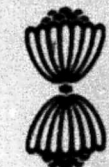
*Indeed! each fairy blossom was bejewelled,  
With tears, bright diamond tears of dewy night,  
A-tremble on each curving sun-flushed petal,  
Reflecting tiny beams of magic light.*

*While feasting on their beauty, much I marvelled  
That men should grub and grovel like the swine,  
That maids and wives should barter priceless Honor  
For bits of colored stone that gleam and shine.*

*While there was nature's glory, spent and squandered  
In the silence, on the scented summer air,  
With one poor homeless tramp to stand and worship  
Entranced amid the roses trailing there.*



# Come Have a Smile With Us



## Flings at Things

BY D. M. S.

### The Pious Collector

When J. Pierpont Morgan comes passing the plate  
Pray, how do the worshippers keep their faces straight?  
It may be a sin  
In meeting to grin,  
But how 'till they get to their homes can they wait?



To see him come coaxing the nickle and dime,  
The pants button too (although that is a crime)  
You well may believe  
They laugh in their sleeve  
And quietly have a hilarious time.

On six working days he is skinning the land  
And every big bunco game helping expand,  
Collections outside  
He points to with pride  
And uses his Sundays to keep in his hand.

If one of the worshippers doesn't come through  
With what Pierp is pleased to consider his due,  
Next morning on 'change  
He'll doubtless arrange  
To hand him a tip that will break him in two.

A rich man can enter the kingdom on high  
The same as a camel can crawl through an eye  
But here down below  
The rich have a show,  
But oh, what they'll get in the sweet by and bye!

### Surplus Ahead

"How is the joke department?" asked the great editor of the great magazine.



"Running low," replied his trembling first assistant.  
"Never mind. Next year they will be writing the political platforms and then we will have a surplus."

### Oh Sure

"Do you think he is all right?"  
"I know he can do no wrong."  
"Why so sure?"  
"Say, he is a bank president."

### The Difference

"Socialism would be all right if it wasn't for the Socialists," observed the man who thought it was a mark of originality to be caught repeating flip things he had heard.  
"Well, maybe," replied his patient

friend. "But that is where it has one on capitalism which wouldn't be all right even if it were not for the capitalists."

### The New Competition

The thirty-five kids  
Will do as he bids  
The price will be still standing pat.  
If there is a change  
It upward will range,  
Do you see competition in that?

The grand supreme court  
May cut the arms short  
Of John D.'s delectable pet,  
May chew it in bits  
But wait till it quits  
Before you go making a bet.

With ownership not  
Disturbed by a dot,  
Control under one bulging hat,  
With every concern  
To one dad to turn—  
Do you see competition in that?

## Told at the Dinner Hour

### But the Pay Stops

BY D. W. TOZIER.

"Out home," said the story teller, "there used to be a creek running through our pasture, and in that same pasture was an ugly billv goat. Just behind the barn was a high bank at a bend in the creek where the water was deep. We used to go down to that bank and tease Billy till he came tearing down on us like a young cyclone. When a few feet away from us, we would step out of his path and hold out a half bushel measure for him to butt, giving him at least that much satisfaction. To see him go head over heels into the creek was highly entertaining.

"One day the old man caught us at it and of course read the riot act. Shortly after we noticed him pick up the half bushel measure and chuckle reminiscently to himself. We decided that something was about to happen, and hid in the barn loft to await developments.

"In about fifteen minutes along came the old man with the half bushel measure, and seeing no one around made a bee line for the creek bank. He shook the half measure and finally got Billy started, but in his excitement the old man forgot to move. Billy took him plumb center.

"We had to hustle down and pull pa out of the creek. He gave us fifty cents apiece to keep quiet.

### The Food Problem Solved

BY HENRY AYE.

The most important problem before the average American today (no matter how the old party clowns try to divert the public with their funny little tariff jokes and slapjack) is how to get three meals of nourishing food a day.

We have been treated the last year with a flood of suggestions as to what to eat that will not consume all our wages and leave us in debt to the pawnbroker: Such as corn meal mush and molasses, at 20 cents a day; bananas and nuts at 10 cents a day; or try the

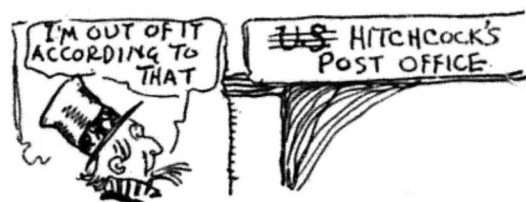
## Little Flings

Otis can't see yet what he has done.  
Ohio will not long stand for Taft's taffy.

A sane Christmas is impossible in an insane society.

Having lost the prophets we can lose the profit system with profit.

Hitchcock looks on the postoffice de-



partment as his private property.

After Harmon the deluge; but Wall Street doesn't suspect.

great Chinese diet at 3 cents per diem, etc.

But a Russian Count, whose brilliant article I have just read in a Pittsburg paper, has all the others beat a mile. He says that we are throwing away the best part of our food, i. e., the peelings. That skins of apples, potatoes, in fact, all the peelings of fruits and vegetables are more nourishing than the inside portions. He has also found that hay and grass make a delightful soup when properly prepared and seasoned, and states that he and the countess have lived for weeks on such garbage.

Old Nebuchadnezzar, after all, may have fared sumptuously when he was put out on grass.

Perhaps the malefactors of great wealth are really doing a great philanthropic work in edting up the supply of tenderloin and leaving the neck and the chuck and the juicy soup-bone for the proletariat. Perhaps after a while some scientist will find that the hide, the hoofs and the horns are the most nutritious parts of the steer and just the thing to feed the work slave. Maybe the juicy, tender portions are a snare set by cruel Nature to lure the victims on to their death by heart failure, apoplexy, Bright's disease and the other fatal ailments that ravage the well-to-do.

The Count's discovery will no doubt bring joy to many an ambitious mamma of the near rich, who has been longing for years to annex a count (it being the style) to her family circle; but has hesitated on account of the expense incident thereto.

Now that we know that garbage

makes an ideal food for the nobility, she will need hesitate no longer.

I always did have a sneaking idea that garbage was the proper food for counts and other titled riff-raff.

Since the G. O. P.'s slogan, "the full dinner pail," no longer enthuses, why not adopt for their rallying cry:

"Vote for the full garbage can!"

**LISTEN** I have been trying for years to find a preparation for Washing Clothes that would be harmless and do away with heavy washing machines. I have been successful. Please send 50cts. for recipe.  
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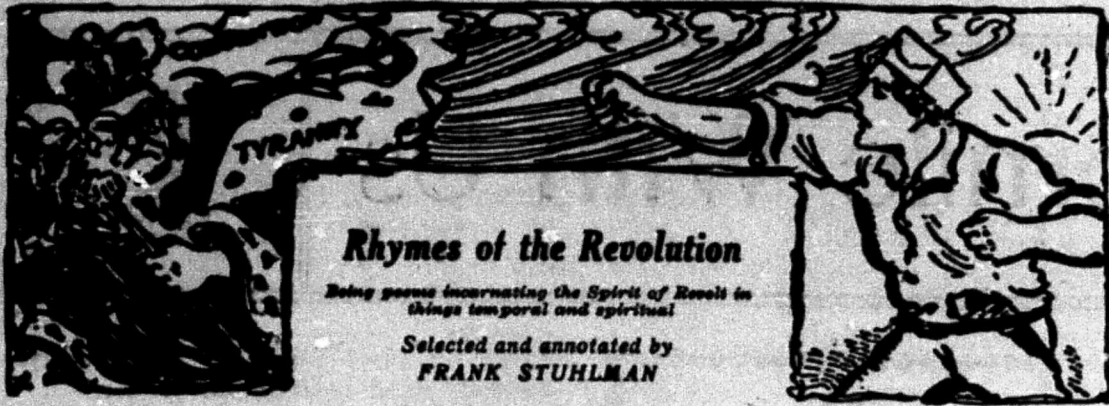
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R. W. Gilder, editor of *The Century*, is one of the more prominent writers of today. Although most of his verse is conventional both in theme and spirit, a few poems have a strain of patriotism, somewhat narrow but sincere, that redeems them from the ruck of magazine verse. Some of his poems possess a fine spiritual appeal and many of his love poems are beautiful. "The Whisperers" was written of the malodorous New York legislature of 1905, but it applies to any capital in America in any year.

**The Whisperers**

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

In the House of State at Albany—in shadowy corridors and corners—the whisperers whispered together. In sumptuous palaces in the big city men talked intently, with mouth to ear. Year in and year out they whispered, and talked, and none heard save those who listened close. Now in the Hall of the City the whisperers again are whispering, the talkers are talking. For speak they never so low, their voices are as the voice of trumpets; whisper they never so close, their words are like alarm bells rung in the night. Every whisper is a shout, and the noise of their speech goes forth like thunders. They cry as from the housetops—their voices resound up and down the streets; they echo from city to city and from village to village. Over prairies and mountains and across the salt sea their whispers go hissing and shouting.

What they would hide they reveal, what they would cover they make plain; What they feared to speak aloud to one another, unwillingly they publish to all mankind; And the people listen with bowed heads, wondering and in grief; And the wise men, and they who love their country, turn pale and ask, "What new shame will come upon us?" And again they ask, "Are these they in whose keep are the substance and the hope of the widow and the fatherless?" And the poor man, plodding home with his scant earnings from his hard week's work, hears the voices, with bitterness in his soul, And thieves, lurking in dark places and furtively seizing that which is not their own; and the petty and cowardly briber, and he who is bribed, nudge one another; And the unarch and the thrower of bombs clap hands together, and cry out, "Behold these our allies!"



When will he confess to his murders?

**Fundamentals and Superficials**

BY ELLIS O. JONES

The beautiful thing about the present socio-economic-politico-business situation is that it is fundamentally all right. I know this is so because I have it from the very highest authority. The *New York Times* says it's fundamentally all right. And the Christian

Penrose and General Otis and Bathhouse John and Hinky-Dink all say it's fundamentally all right. And the Southern Republicans and the Northern Democrats and the Western Prohibitionists and the Eastern Insurgents say it is all right, and Hearst says it's fundament-

to a great big nation like this? It means that there are a great many things that do not have to be studied and examined and changed and fixed up and revolutionized. It relieves us of a great deal of patient digging, profound analysis, spectacled lucubration, diligent research and historical interpretation.

It means that the foundations of things are all right. If they were not all right, we should be in a most annoying fix. We should then have about us all sorts of little superficial things, such as grafting and capitalists domination, and cost of living and low wages and child labor and long hours which would have to await their turn interminably until the fundamentals could be hunted up by the Boy Scouts and the Burns Detective Agency and then turned over to J. P. Morgan and Co. who would proceed to look at them very carefully and then capitalize them; and issue bonds and stocks and press notices about them.

We should have to have these fundamentals hammered into shape and adjusted true to the moral plumb. Then Jim Hill would have to issue a long statement about it. And then Roosevelt would write an editorial in the *Outlook* showing how he did it all just before the Spanish War or after the African junket or some other time.

But, as we said before, all this nuisance can be avoided, for our fundamentals are in splendid condition. All the channels of rent, interest and profit are well oiled and in good working order. So, therefore, we can go right ahead and attend to those few little superficials above mentioned. And they are easy. Almost nothing at all. Nothing at least to the natural intellectual powers of this great and good nation. Easiest thing in the world. Just a simple twist of the wrist, or perhaps a few speeches by Taft, or possibly a Congressional investigation, or a Su-

preme Court decision, or maybe a vice commission or mayhap the punishment of some labor leaders for alleged dynamiting.

There is really nothing to worry, or even to talk about. Things are fundamentally all right and no intelligent man will undertake to deny it.

**Water Enough**

The rich steel magnate and his Arabian guide were crossing the desert. One morning the guide broke forth in lamentations. "Oh, Allah, we are lost, we are lost!" he cried.

"What the hotel is the matter?" asked the man from Pittsburg.

"Our water has given out and we have one more moon's journey," replied the guide.

"Be of good cheer," said the magnate, and reaching into his saratoga he pulled forth a bunch of steel stocks and wrung from them enough water to fill the water bottles and leave a small lake in the desert besides.



Convincing the Producer

Science Monitor says it's fundamentally all right. And the *New York Sun* says it's fundamentally all right. And Jim Hill and J. P. Morgan and Andrew Carnegie and Divine Right Baer and all the leading financiers say it's fundamentally all right. And Aldrich and Taft and Wickersham and Knox and

ally all right. And the bank clerks and the scabs and the detectives and the judges say it's fundamentally all right.

So there you are. What more can you ask? That proves it beyond a doubt or a quibble or an argument or a nevertheless.

And do you know what that means



Imminent danger