

# THE COMING OF THE NATION

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A JOURNAL OF THINGS DOING AND TO BE DONE

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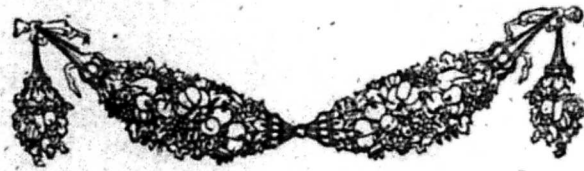
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## Comment on Things Doing

By Charles Edward Russell



OR my part I have heard enough of this cheap talk about Superior and Inferior Races and can do very nicely (as they say in England) if I never get any more.



The most superior race in the world, supposing there to be any such thing, has so little to boast of and so much to do to clean up its front yard that it had better attend to its work in hand and forget any temptation to indiscriminate yawp.

In the Twentieth Century, among the nations composed of these famous and yawpy "superior races" we still have kings, hereditary legislators, nobles, dukes, titled vermin of many kinds, state churches, militarism gone mad, imprisonment for debt, *lese majeste* in one form or another, and a few trifles of that kind calculated to silence the celebrating ardor of youthful minds that imagine a parliament in session to be the ultimate goal of human progress.

We also have in all countries managed by whatsoever of these superior races, slums, poverty, destitution, huge machines to make idiots, huge machines to make criminals, vast, ingenious arrangements to produce disease and reduce the surplus population by means more effective than war.

We also have conditions under which the overwhelming majority of the population must live in insufficiency and want, in a pit of misery from which there is no escape.

We have conditions under which it is impossible for more than one child in twenty to receive anything like an adequate education or have any opportunity in the beautiful world that we inherit.

We have all government organized to maintain these conditions, all courts operated to prevent any escape therefrom, all the forces of society at work supporting and lying about it.

If under the most superior of the superior races things are so badly managed that sufficiency and opportunity are the exclusive possessions of fifteen per cent of the inhabitants of a world overflowing with abundance, I should like to know what an inferior race would do with the same problems.

Also I should gladly know what about all this is so gaudy with achievement as to give any member of any so-called race the right to look down upon any other. "Go and get a reputation!" says the champion pugilist to the unknown fighter. "Go and do something," would be a good comment to any of these gentlemen convinced that they belonged to a race superior to any other.

\* \* \*

As a matter of fact, there is no such thing as a superior race. All races are essentially alike, admitting that there is any such thing as a race. In some parts of the world because of fortuitous circumstance, some of us have advanced a microscopic distance beyond some others less fortunate. But a reversal of conditions would have produced a reversal of results; and anyway there is no group nor tribe of the whole family that is out of hailing distance of the jungle.

You only have to look at the slum region in any city to see that.

\* \* \*

And another thing, while we are on this subject, I have heard enough of that word "dago" applied in a derogatory sense to a person born in Italy.

Here is a very good example, one of the finest in the whole world, of this idiotic and bone-headed thing called race prejudice. Let's take a good look at it as exhibited in the case of the anti-Italian feeling that runs riot in some parts of this country.

Superior Saxon, talking in this large, vague way about the undesirable nature of the Italian immigrant, are you aware that what we call Western civilization is nothing in the world but the Roman Empire?

Do you ever reflect that all the culture we have, we drew from the shores of the

Mediterranean and the Adriatic?

Do you know that we are indebted to Italy for the foundation of all we have in government, law, organized society, art, literature, and every influence that makes life decent and above savagery?

Do you know that we are all Italians so far as we have in us any of the results of education, knowledge, restraint and the accumulated wisdom of the world?

Do you ever reflect that Rome was never really conquered by the barbarians, but conquered them, overcoming them with its civilization and spreading through them to the darkest corners of Europe the light of such culture as we have?

Do you ever stop to think that if there had been no such thing as the spirit of Italy we might all be barbarians this day?

When your ancestors and mine were skin-clad savages running about in the woods, killing with a club something for breakfast, Italy was writing immortal books and laying such foundations for the education of the race as can never be overthrown.

When your ancestors and mine believed implicitly that a dirty rag of a man that called himself a king was a deity with the just power of life and death over his subjects, Italy was founding republics and discovering the principle of universal suffrage.

When the people of England lived in filthy styes and had neither art, literature, decency nor ideas of progress, Dante was writing one of the world's eternal monuments of literature and a thousand schools in Italy nourished learning for the rest of the world.

For all the modern world, she was the mother of every art. We owe to her music, painting, architecture and sculpture, poetry and the drama.

She even taught us to cook.

In the face of this record, the descendants of a nation of greasy hut-dwellers that for centuries never did a thing except eat raw meat and carve one another, look rather ill talking in an awesome manner about the inferior Italian race.

\* \* \*

We can even go farther.

What is it that the English-speaking people most brag about when contemplating their vast superiority to the lowly Latin?

Why, it is what we are pleased to call our achievements for human liberty and free government.

When I was a school boy they used to drill that into me.

The English Revolution of 1688 was supposed to be the grandest event that ever happened; all progress took its date from 1688.

The American Revolution, supplementing this, shed glory far around and proved that when it comes to struggles for liberty the English speakers are the only genuine. All others are imitations.

Yes. Well, there is not a page in the history of the English-speaking people fit to compare for a moment with the most obscure record of the Italian Revolution. We think we have made sacrifices for liberty, do we not? The truth is we are not fit to be torch-bearers to the Italians. All that we have ever done put together is childish compared with the unequalled story

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of that tremendous struggle that ended with a United Italy. Those long years of dogged, ceaseless, unswerving struggle, defeated and never turning back, betrayed in the hour of hard-won victory, fooled by the Pope, tricked by Napoleon the Little, the soldiers of freedom horribly persecuted, hanged, imprisoned, tortured, subjected to the fiendish malice of the unutterable monster, Ferdinand the Second, and all this consuming not years alone but more than a generation; and yet there was no turning back, and no thought of giving up, but only persistent ceaseless fighting. Where can you match such a record?

Where among the annals of mankind is a figure fit to stand by the side of Mazzini?

We make overwrought heroes of Hampden and Cromwell, Sydney and Gladstone. They are but pigmies all compared with this wonderful man. With the single exception of Wendell Phillips the English speakers have never produced one man deserving to be classed with him. The poorest Italian village has its memorial of Mazzini. In America the name of Phillips is already obliterated. Are we really so superior?

As Phillips himself said a fair test of the ideals and aspirations of a nation is had from the monuments it erects. You go about the city of Washington and are edified with the sight of monument after monument to military heroes. Where did this man fight? I forget. What was this man's contribution to the humane cause? There is something about him in the school history, but I don't remember what it is. They are all very brave in uniform, with swords and pistols and things. What did they do? Well, nobody knows, exactly, but they were great fighters. Where are the monuments to the men that lead in ideas of freedom and progress? I haven't seen any of these in my own wanderings about the capital of my native land, but wherever they are I will engage to find for each one of them one hundred memorials in Italy to the name of Joseph Mazzini, intellectual friend and liberator of mankind, head and soul of the Italian revolution, life long, unselfish, pure and steadfast Soldier of the Common Good.

\* \* \*

In Milan you will find a beautiful white marble monument to a lawyer that devoted his life to agitating for the abolition of capital punishment.

We have not yet found time to erect any memorials to our men in civil life that have interested themselves in behalf of humanity, but in every state in the Union except three we still hang men or put them to death in the electric chair. Italy has been for forty-four years free from the barbarism of legal murder. I should think that Englishmen or Americans pausing over our hangmen's records, would be moved to go a little slow about the inferior Italian.

And yet they are not. I was crossing the Atlantic a couple of years ago on a steamer from the Mediterranean that carried many Italian immigrants. These disported themselves on the fore-castle and it was a common practice for the first-class passengers to assemble forward and lament the addition of "such people" to the superior population of the United States.

Instead of lamenting they should have rejoiced.

Perhaps if we can get enough Italians to come here they may civilize us to a point where we shall not desire to hang anybody.

\* \* \*

These "such people" have other qualities for us—among them the sense of workmen's solidarity, a willingness to make sacrifice for the common aim, and a persistence that never tires.

An Italian strike is known as one of the hardest of all strikes to subdue.

Not long ago the management of a great branch of one the most important trusts in America was engaged in the pleasant and congenial task of reducing wages.

It reduced wages everywhere until it came to a department wherein all the employees were

Italian. No wages were reduced in that department. The management was asked why, and frankly gave the reason. It knew that the American employees would stand for a cut, but the Italians would not, and if one of them quit all would quit.

I should think that a few more men of that kind would be quite an addition to our outfit.

\* \* \*

Good news comes from England to cheer the drooping spirits and add to the gayeties of the harvest season.

From time to time unauthorized persons have announced that because of the famine and the terrible scourge of the plague now raging in India, the gracious King George would abandon his intention of holding a Durbar at Delhi to celebrate his coronation.

It is pleasant to have all such disturbing rumors set at rest. From an official source it is definitely announced that the King and Queen will go to India and hold the Durbar, famine or no famine.

I am sure that the King's intrepid decision will have the heartiest approval of our best circles everywhere. What we want is a Durbar. The world needs it. As you go to and fro in your daily walks you have doubtless seen millions of people with their tongues hanging out asking for a Durbar. The need of the hour is not the world's peace nor a solution of the problem of unemployment nor any more guff about poverty. The need of the hour is Durbars.

Clearly the gracious King perceives this great truth and with the courage of his ancestors he proceeds to do his duty to a suffering world. Fear not, ye afflicted; be of good cheer; the King will see to that. Boldly he faces famine and plague for the sake of this noble cause. Dear brave King! He is not afraid. With a train load of provisions and six doctors to watch him he will dare famine and plague to do their worst, while with unshaken heart he provides a famishing world with a Durbar.

Why should he not? There is at all times in his own kingdom and within a rifle shot of his palace, famine; also plague. But was he ever known to flinch from a dinner or show dismay at a reception because of such things? Not on your life! Kings are not made of that kind of stuff. They can look other people's famine right in the eye any time and never turn a hair.

Possibly some persons in this country do not know what a Durbar is—we are so slow and provincial about such things. I have even met persons in America that did not know the duties of the Groom of the Royal Posset. Would you believe it?

For the benefit of this low and ignorant class, which, of course, is not at all in our set, I will explain that a Durbar is a gathering of all the wealthiest nobles and dignitaries of India for the purpose of comparing elephant trappings, diamonds and their women.

Now you can see how necessary and reasonable it is. Would you expect us to try to get along without it?

The last Durbar cost \$7,000,000 and lasted a week. Twenty thousand persons died in that same week in India from preventable plague. It is expected that both records will be eclipsed on the coming occasion, which will be the grandest possible opportunity to show the world how England does India good and Plenty.

\* \* \*

When his gracious majesty gets through with the Durbar in India he ought to come to the United States and hold one. Judging from the cable despatches it seems to be the only other country in the world where people are willing to starve in a nice, quiet, gentlemanly manner.

\* \* \*

At Smithkin's Ferry yesterday, President Taft said:

"If rain falls on the next Fourth of July the ground will be wet."

It is understood that the President intends

to repeat this powerful observation at even one of the forty-six towns he is to visit on his tour.

People in these towns are making arrangements to take to the woods.

\* \* \*

One of the gems of thought already emitted by this powerful thinker as he goes about the country slapping his thigh and making speeches has reference to agriculture. Wake up, tillers of the soil and listen to this if you want to know how chumpy you have been hitherto about things. Speaking at the New York State Fair the other day he said:

"I am not one of those who agree altogether with some of the alarmist addresses that my friend Jim Hill of the Great Northern emits at times, in which he says we will be starving in the course of 50 years. But certain it is that statistics are enough to put us on guard to the necessity of developing all our energies to making the ground produce double what it produces now. They do it abroad and there is no reason why we should not do so here."

Sure. At the present time two-thirds of the produce of the soil goes to fatten the hoards of a class of parasites that have nothing to do with any form of production except what can be raised by a pair of coupon shears. If we work hard and increase the fertility of the soil in the way suggested by this great man we can raise that proportion so that the parasites can get three-fourths or four-fifths. What more do you want?

\* \* \*

The attempt upon the life of that old beast, Stolypin, has called forth the usual fine crop of admonitions to the Russian people from the reactionary American press.

I read in one of those enlightening journals that the Russians "are still manifestly unfit for self-government," and that so long as they indulge in such lamentable outbreaks there is no chance that they can win anything like free institutions. In another I learn that Stolypin was "a martyr to order" and that the violence of the Russians alienates from them all the sympathy of the discerning in other countries.

These are grand, sweet doctrines to be taught by Americans.

From the vast majority of the American newspapers you would never imagine that Russia lived under a tyranny so savage and bloody that there can be by no possibility any protest against it that does not partake of the nature of violence. You would never imagine that the Russian people have not a right on earth but dwell surrounded with spies and dragooned by cruel and unbridled soldiery. You would never imagine that any people ever revolted against such conditions nor that the world now honors them for such revolt. You would never imagine that the American people won by force their own liberties from a state of oppression merely childish and foolish compared with the least of the infamies that the lower class Russian suffers every day. All you would gather from those newspapers is that the Russians are a disorderly and riotous lot, in revolt against the constituted authority, and Americans must not be misled into giving them any countenance or sympathy.

The great majority of the American press favors us with such reflections every time there is the slightest outbreak in the darkest corner on earth.

In every instance, those papers are the same that oppose every radical advance in their own country, that are horrified by the initiative, referendum and recall, that talk impressively about the sanctity of the courts and the sacredness of the constitution, that uphold every dirty game of the corporations, that fight every suggestion of municipal ownership, and that, if the truth were known, are owned secretly by the local traction company, gas company or a railroad.

If the exploited of the world were bound together by any such strong cords of instinctive sympathy as hold the exploiters, exploitation would be of few days and full of trouble.

# More Light on the Common Good

## New Zealand Government Housing Schemes for the Working Classes

BY

### Charles Edward Russell

**U** every scheme for the betterment of the race is doomed from the start to inevitable failure.

Even when the thing is in itself wise and admirable; even when it is designed and carried out by the best UNDER the existing system of society of men with the most unselfish purposes; and even when in itself the plan seems in line with eventual progress, in one way or another it will be corrupted and perverted by the present system, and be brought to naught.

So that, as a matter of fact and not of theory, all charitable work, all efforts in political or social reform, and all attempts to deal with the growing problems of poverty, are practically certain to be useless so long as we retain the foundation of the present system.

You might as well try to build a stone house on a quickstand.

This is shown in many ways by the experience of New Zealand with its advanced and utopian legislation; but the best of all these illustrations is the story of the experiments in housing the working class.

New Zealand suffers like all the rest of the world from the steady increase of the cost of living beyond any increase in wages and incomes.

From 1890 to 1904 the average price of meat in the large cities increased 100 per cent, the prices of other household commodities increased from 10 to 50 per cent, house rents advanced from 30 to 60 per cent.

These changes absolutely nullified the chief aim of the elaborate Arbitration system that the country had installed at so much expense. The idea was to ameliorate the condition of the workingman and bring about a more equitable distribution of wealth by making the labor union an efficient and recognized institution. If all workingmen belonged to the unions and all the unions were allowed to secure increased wages, why, the problem seemed to be solved. All workingmen would receive a larger share of the proceeds of industry, and the gross injustice of existing conditions would be remedied.

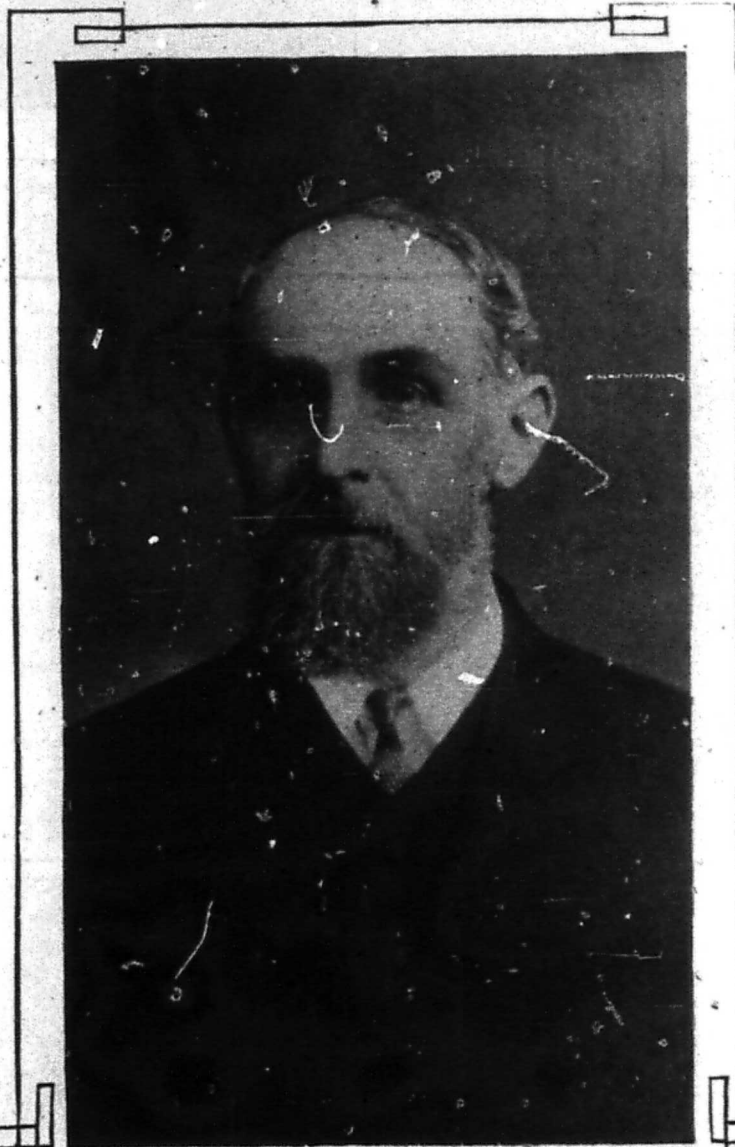
So thought the good men and true that in the early days of the Labor-Liberal control of New Zealand started the country with its face toward Altruria.

But what shall it benefit a workingman to have an increase of 10 per cent in his wages if all his expenses be increased 20 per cent?

The good men had not thought about this contingency; before long it was brought with brutal plainness upon their attention.

In all the essential conditions of life the working classes were no better off with the arbitration system than they had been without it. Every time their wages went up the cost of living soared also. When the butchers' assistants went before the Arbitration court and secured an increase of wages equivalent to an increase of one-half cent a pound in the cost of meat production, the butchers instantly advanced the price of meat one cent. In every industry the proprietors added to the cost price whatever increase of wages was allowed by the court and then piled on something else for good measure and something for interest upon the investment. In the course of time all these increases came around to the happy workingman, who paid for them all out of his increased wages, and found that he had less left than he had before.

Meantime the Coal Trust, the Steamship Trust, the Fish Trust, the Wool Trust, the Bank Trust, the Chain Store, and a long list of other combinations were thriving and fattening, and beginning to think



Mr. John Lomas, Secretary of Labor, the workingman's earnest champion  
A beautiful New Zealand city, the river Avon at Christ Church



mightily well of the Arbitration law, because it assured them peace with their employes and foreknowledge for two years at a time of the cost of their labor.

With a large part of this situation, the government, for reasons that will be apparent hereafter, did not dare on its life to deal; but the rent matter was particularly grievous, especially in the large cities; the feeling against the grasping landlords was bitter; the grasping landlords were not organized; and altogether the government felt that it really ought to do something about those rents.

The obvious thing to do was to adopt a housing scheme like the schemes the London County Council has carried out so extensively in some of the slum regions of London. The workingmen in the New Zealand cities were paying very high rents for very

poor houses. Now let the government step in, furnish very good houses at very low rates, and of course the rent trouble would cease, prosperity beam upon all and the grasping landlords be overwhelmed in defeat. Down with the grasping landlords! Indeed, yes!

So the cautious government had its activities in this respect legally limited to the four principal cities of Wellington, Auckland, Christchurch and Dunedin, where the grasping landlords most had their lair, and then started in to make things hot for that despicable crew, well-known to be piratical all around the world.

The means chosen was to build model houses for workingmen and then rent them at prices that would bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of the grasping landlords if those dreadful persons were not far beyond the reach of shame.

The first place chosen for this goodly service was the Wellington suburb of Petone. The site was inaccessible and undesirable, and the skirmish left the wicked and grasping landlords undismayed.

A much more promising opportunity now opened in the division of Wellington called Newtown. I should observe here that early in the game the landlord swatters found that model houses for workingmen were easily built on paper but before they could avail much to swat the grasping landlord they required a more substantial foundation, and land was mighty hard to get. It had been grabbed long ago by the grasping landlords. Such is the wickedness of these depraved persons!

But out at Newtown, a region inhabited chiefly by workingmen, was a tract of one acre about the ownership of which was no trustworthy data. It fell in, therefore, as crown land, and the government hailed with joy so excellent a change to overwhelm the wicked, as aforesaid.

To level the ground and prepare it for building cost \$5,000; after which the government erected upon it twelve model houses of a really excellent design, well lighted, dry, sanitary, and fitted with every modern convenience—to use the real estate agent's favorite cloquence. They had ranges, fixed copper boilers, set tubs, bath tubs, hot and cold water. Four to six rooms each, and they cost to build, the smallest \$1,275 and the largest \$1,700. They were far and away the handsomest cottages in Wellington and the best; for the government had fallen upon one piece of phenomenal good luck. It had found an architect that had skill, taste and sympathy with the plan. So rare is such a bird that I think his name should be known. It is Woburn Temple.

Before the houses were well under way the applications began, and by the time the builders were through there were nine families after each house. Decision among these came to be a burden, but it was finally achieved by the ballot of the Crown Land Commissioners, who chose, I am told, on the basis of the merit of the applicant and the number of his children; thereby upholding worth and adding another brand of disapproval upon race suicide.

Here are some of the rents for these government-built cottages.

A wooden house, four-roomed (exclusive, that is, of scullery, wash-house, and so on), rented for \$3.90 a week. A similar house in concrete, rented for \$3.35. A five-roomed wooden house (exclusive of scullery, and so on), rented for \$3.90, and another not quite so large, for \$3.25 a week. A concrete house of about the same plan as the last rented for \$3.35. These are separate houses. Half of a double house containing five rooms (exclusive of scullery and the rest), brought \$3.30 a week. Another of six

rooms rented for \$3.85. This was the highest rental I found in the group. On these terms the houses were quickly filled by a fortunate and happy tenantry.

Meantime, how about the wicked and grasping landlords?

Why, thank you, they were doing very nicely. Strange to say, they were never swatted a bit. Such was their wicked and depraved nature that they just laughed—and put up the rents another notch. Desperate men, you know. On the front of the government's acre was a row of beautiful government-built houses that rented by a benevolent administration for \$3.50 a week, or thereabouts, and directly across the street was another row of far worse houses, not at all beautiful, owned and operated by the wicked and grasping ones, and renting for \$6 a week. They rented for \$6 a week before the government houses were built, and they rented for \$6 a week after the government houses were built, and the only change that has ever been manifest about them is a disposition on the part of the wicked and grasping ones to raise the rent on the ground that the advent of the government houses has improved the neighborhood. See how wicked is a landlord's heart!

And the wicked ones elsewhere in Wellington, have not been terrified since the government began to build houses for the working classes? Well, not so that you would notice it. These bad men have gone on charging the same old rents and a little more. Twelve families in Wellington have now good and cheap houses. The rest of the working population fares exactly as before, except that from month to month the task of stretching the good man's wages over the increasing household expenses becomes more and more puzzling to the worried housewife.

But, you say, although it be true that these twelve families represent no amelioration of the condition of the working class, they are an indication of what might be done. If the government were to erect 1,200 houses in Wellington it could similarly benefit 1,200 families instead of twelve. With 12,000 such houses it could help 12,000 families. And so on until every workingman's family in New Zealand should be comfortably housed at a low rent.

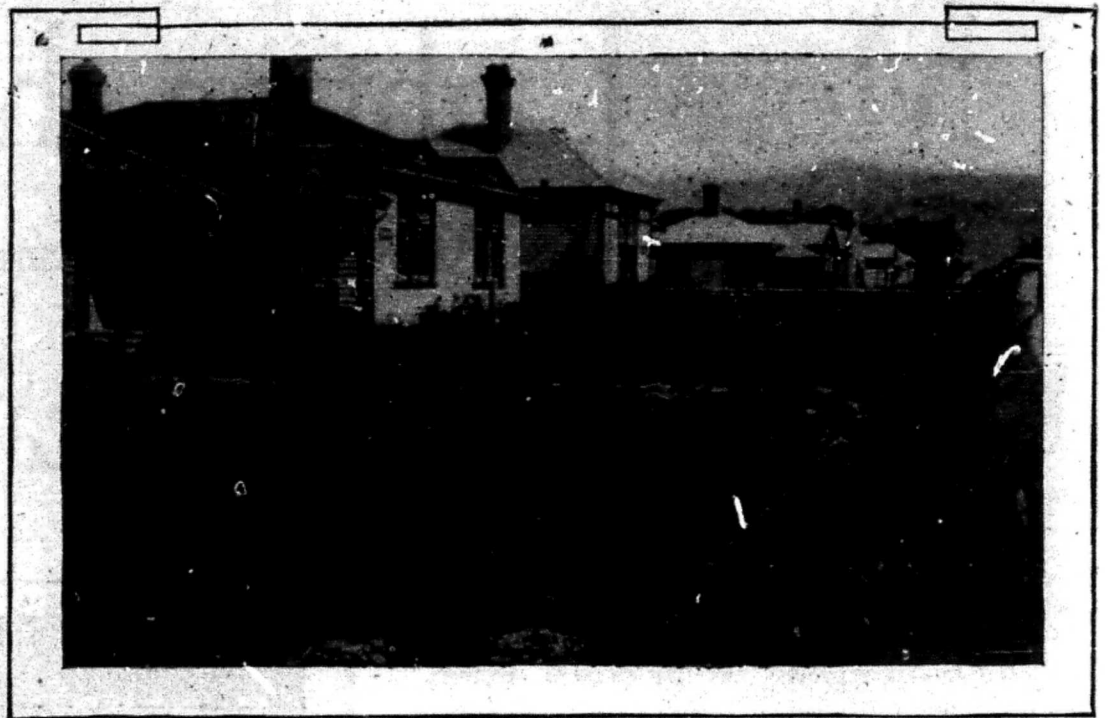
Fine. But the government of New Zealand will do nothing of that kind. In the first place it can't and in the next place it doesn't want to. If the government owned all the land in New Zealand that would be one thing; but with about every inch in the two islands long ago grabbed up by speculators, gamblers and estates, where are you going to get the necessary land? You can't legislate it into existence. And if you get something seventeen miles from a human habitation, that will be of no use to a working population; and if you attempt to get something inside the city, land speculation has driven up the prices until the government would be bankrupted if it undertook any purchases. And there you are. In ease and comfort the twelve happy families dwell at Newtown, and the rest of the working population shifts for itself.

There is also another reason why the thing is on the shoals in spite of the additional legislation that was intended to assist, extend and further it.

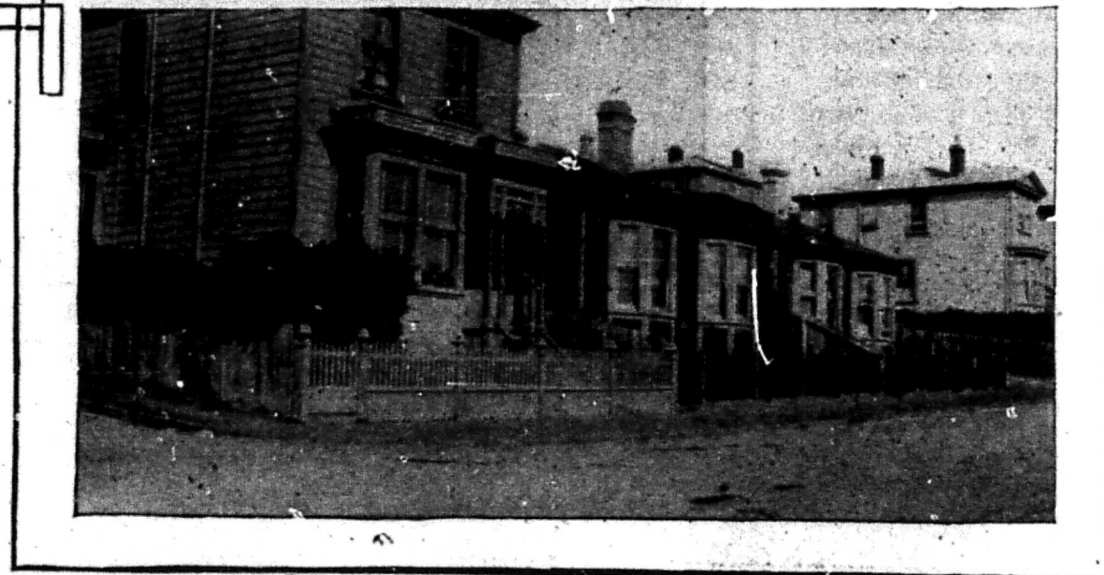
In the beginning the government houses were leased for fifty years without revaluation and subject to renewal. This kept the title in the hands of the government.

Now observe. At the same time that the benevolent government was wrestling with the housing problem in the cities it was also confronting the situation in the agricultural regions where the land grabber and the great estates had seized all the land available for cultivation and were preventing the natural settlement of the country. To meet this difficulty the government was engaged in buying land, which it leased in small parcels on very good terms to actual settlers.

Against this practice grew up a very strong agitation. Men wanted the unearned



Row of government-erected houses at Christ Church, renting at from \$2.30 to \$2.80 per week



GOVERNMENT vs. PRIVATE LANDLORDISM

Houses privately owned in lower picture renting at 35 per cent more than houses across the street built by the government, in the upper picture

increment to gamble with. They wanted a chance to get rich from the increased value of the land. They objected to the retention of the title by the government and demanded that the lands should be sold outright and not leased. How much of this agitation was backed by land companies, professional speculators and thrifty non-residents I do not know; but knowing what the present system is you can fairly well guess, no doubt.

Included in the complaints about the agricultural lands were others of a like tenor about the government houses in the cities.

The government was timid. Under the existing system any government absorbed in the task

of holding its job and walking the political slack wire will be timid. This government made concessions to those that wanted to gamble in land values and the concessions included a change in the methods about these houses. By some evil inspiration a clause was inserted in the law by which a Board was empowered to decide whether a house should be sold or leased. To save the government from too much of the appearance of abject surrender from a fine principle, provision was also made that if the workingman that purchased one of the houses desired to sell it he could sell only to another workingman, and that one in receipt of no

greater income than \$750 a year.

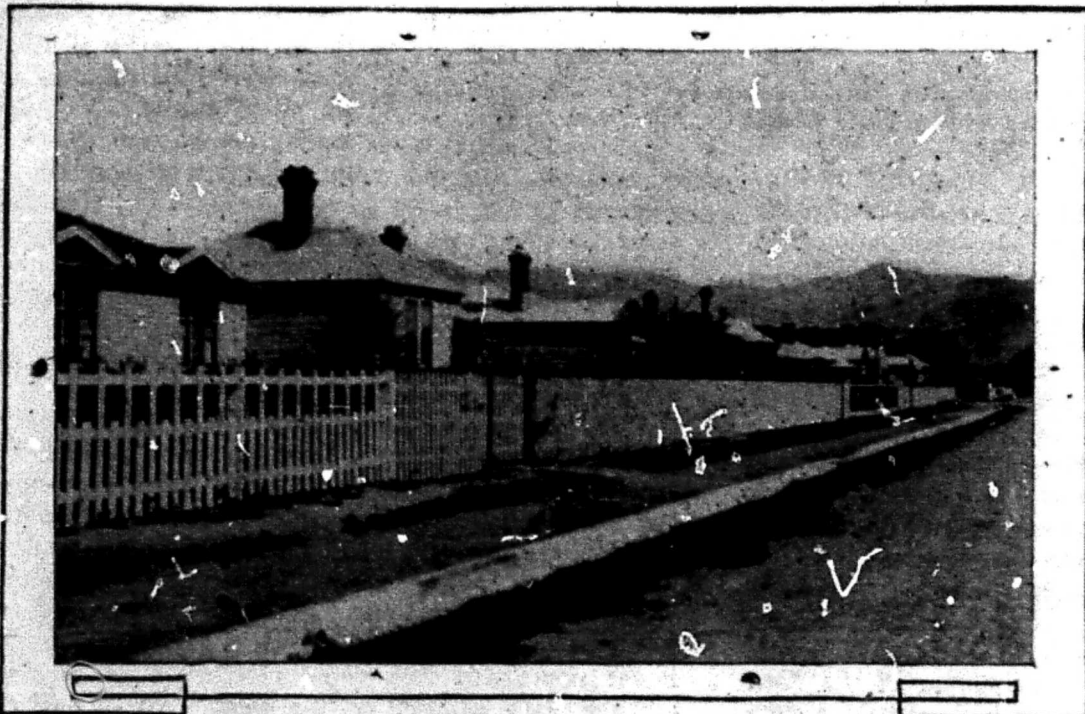
To those that know how easily paternal laws are evaded this limitation will seem merely comic. Any man might at his will be termed a workingman and limit his income on paper to any desired amount. So that the outcome of all this is clear enough. The houses are going back to the landlords. They always do. Swat the wicked and grasping ones? Certainly. With a slapstick and a stuffed club. The gallery isn't supposed to tell them from the real thing.

Under the original law and its subsequent extensions houses were built at places where the rents were even lower than those in Wellington. In the division of Christchurch called Sydenham a handsome four-roomed government built cottage rented for \$2.33 a week. Five-roomed cottages brought from \$2.37 to \$2.60 a week. A six-roomed cottage rented for \$2.80. At Ellerslie, Auckland, rents were slightly higher again and ranged from \$3 a week for a four-roomed house to \$3.75 for a house of six-rooms. In all these places, Wellington included, the rents of the government houses were from 30 to 42 per cent cheaper than the rents for other houses of corresponding size, and the government houses were almost incomparably better.

The law had not been long in operation before it was amended by general request so as to bring the whole country under its benefits. In the course of time there was added to it a remarkable feature the purport of which was to enable any workingman to get a home on the most reasonable terms. On the deposit of \$50 the government was authorized to build a house for him, and then sell it to him on long time and easy payments, the interest being calculated on 5 per cent on the investment.

This is a better arrangement that he can make with a mortgage broker or loan agency, and to that extent he is better off—or would be if the plan were feasible and extensively operated.

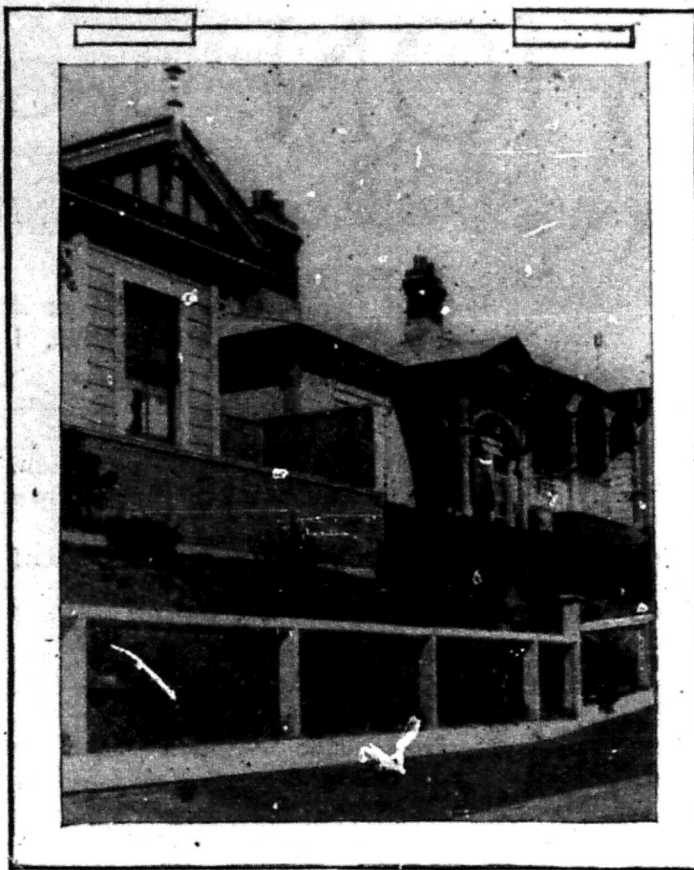
But the available land for such building is strictly limited. The government cannot buy land anywhere near the center of a city because, even if it could find such land the price and the corresponding interest charges would be prohibitive to the workingman; and if the government goes to the outskirts, where land is comparatively cheap the distance from the man's place of work is no less a bar. For these reasons and some others the housing enterprise lags wonderfully. The government has been at it for six years and there are now



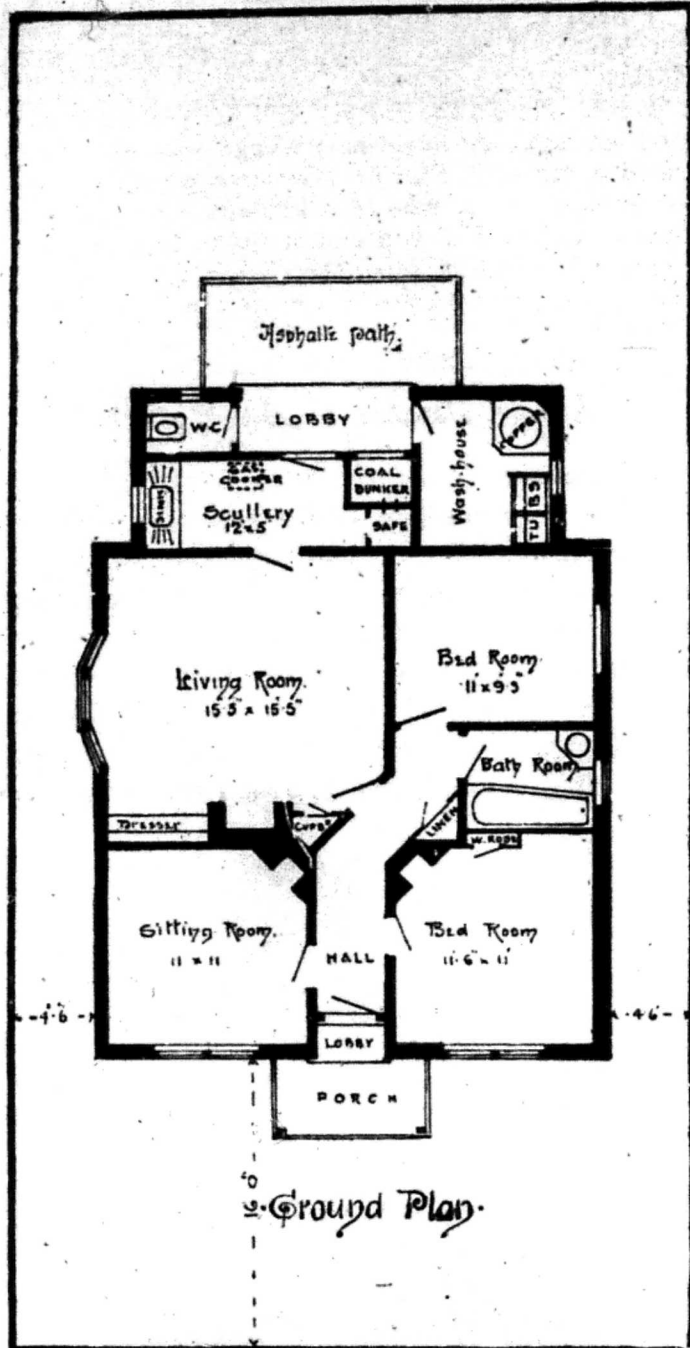
Four, five and six-room houses built by the government at Christ Church

in New Zealand all told to show for its efforts 126 of its houses for workmen, including those that are leased and those that have been sold under the amended law.

One hundred and twenty-six families are well-housed at a reasonable cost. How about the others? Well, as aforesaid, they shift for themselves, and help to pay for the comforts of their fellows. Has the wicked and grasping landlord been brought to his knees? Not once. He goes on piling up the rents



Four and five room cottages at Wellington



Plan of four-roomed government-built cottage in photo. Rent at Wellington \$3.30 a week; at Christchurch \$2.50 a week

month by month. Most of the houses have been built in Wellington, Auckland and Christchurch, and their presence in these places has not for one moment halted the upward tendency of rents. The grasping ones continue to grasp.

As to the government, I don't think it cares much. It is operating for the grandstand, anyway. So long as it can say in campaign time that it has instituted a system of building houses for workmen it is quite content with the fact that its houses do not interfere with any interests that might be disturbed if rents were widely lowered. Banks that lend money to the landlords would be rather apt to have something to say if the security of their loans were im-

perilled by low rents. The government does not desire to have any trouble with the banks. It is too wise about politics for any risk of that kind.

Its attitude toward these interests is precisely like its attitude toward the Coal Trust and every other great interest that exerts a power upon affairs and is therefore to be feared. It goes before them prone and obsequious.

Take coal as one illustration. There is in New Zealand an oppressive and avaricious Coal Trust. There are also enormous deposits of excellent coal. As the distances are short coal should be very cheap. Because of the trust it is very dear.

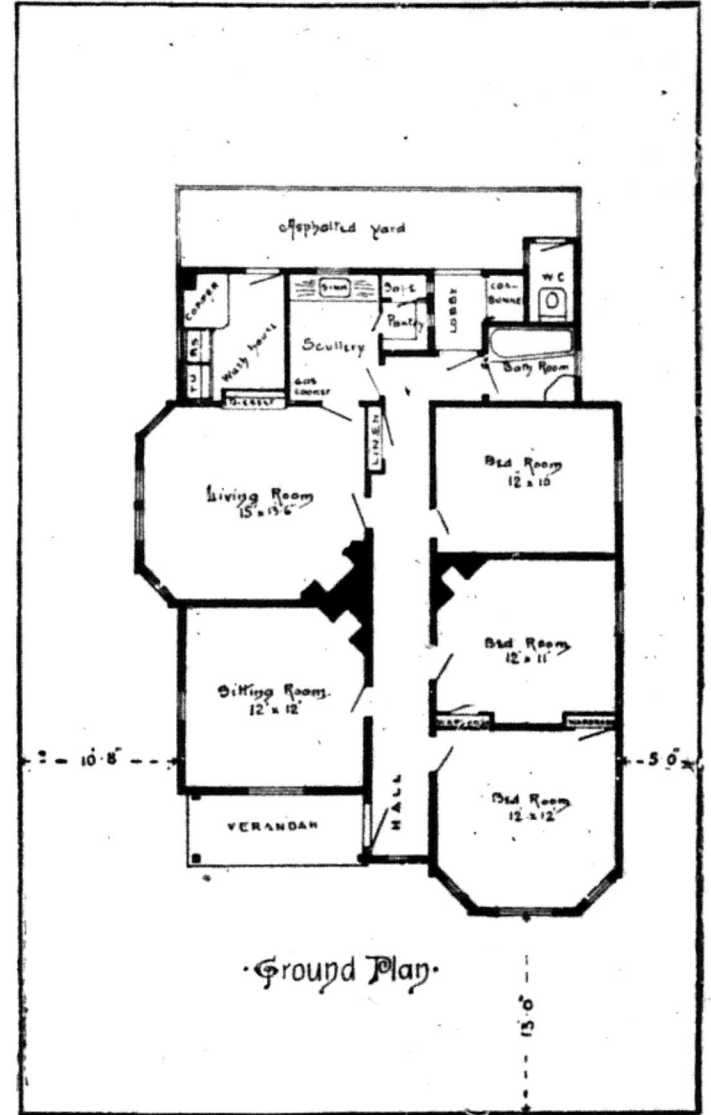
Now the government owns vast coal fields and two coal mines. It is therefore able, if it so desires, to sell coal at cost and thereby break down the monopoly and make coal cheap.

Does it? Hardly. Of the 1,911,247 tons of coal mined in New Zealand in 1909 (the latest year for which statistics are available), only 289,990 tons were mined in the government mines. There would be nothing about this that would be very disturbing to a healthy Coal Trust even if all the government coal were put upon the market. But as a matter of fact, very little of it ever reaches the market. The greater part of it is used for fuel on the government railroads. The rest is sold under such conditions as never to compete with the trust.

Wise government. It knows when it is well off. "Look at our government coal mines!" shout the government orators when there is an election on. Well, here they are, if anybody wants to look at them. Quite capable of breaking the monopoly, and so operated as to uphold the monopoly's hands and help trim the people.

Or the same government could end the hateful steamship monopoly by building a few steamships. It can find no money for such a purpose, but it easily found \$10,000,000 to build a Dreadnaught for the British navy. It could break up the Oil Trust's monopoly of the oil market by developing the coun-

try's oil fields. It can find no funds for such expenditure, but it can send its prime minister and others to parade in knee pants at the stupid coronation. It could with its State Fire Insurance system, cut insurance rates in half. It prefers to do a merely nominal business with its department, and leave the public to the expert plundering of the companies. It could with its State Life Insurance system drive from New Zealand every life insurance company, and furnish all the people with insurance



Ground plan of five-room cottage built by the government

at cost. It is satisfied to maintain enough business to keep the system alive without interfering with the games of the incorporated cormorants.

For all these anomalies there is one and the same explanation.

The government does not interfere with any of the exploitation by the Coal Trust or the Steamship Trust or the Standard Oil company, as it does not interfere with the profits of the landlords, because all these are the real rulers of New Zealand, and the government nominally in power merely executes their will.

In other words, the situation in New Zealand is exactly like the situation in the United States and everywhere else.

By one pretense or another the government leads the workman up the dark alley and the exploiters trim him to his last cent.

Meantime, the tribe of Good-Men-Afraid-of-the-Truth fumble industriously over one futile device after another and are filled with amazement because the workman's pockets are empty and his standard of living falls steadily to lower levels.

# MUSIC HATH CHARMS

By Emanuel Julius

Of course, Dick was not to be totally blamed. Accidents will happen, you know. In a moment of carelessness his horse turned to the right and, as a result, caused the wagon's right front and back wheels to sink into a foot-deep trench in which some of the city's laborers were digging.

The first thing Dick did was to get violently angry and then swear like a trooper. You couldn't blame him much—he was in a hurry to catch a boat.

"Bring yer nag to the roight an' thin back oot," suggested a red-headed Irishman, after heaving a shovelful of soil on the sidewalk.

Dick tried to obey, but only managed to get his horse in the trench. To back the wagon was beyond that poor animal's strength, so he stood and puffed as Dick turned to the Irishman and called him a muddle-headed Harp. Then followed a heated argument in which that son of Erin threatened to put a three-foot dent in Dick's shadow.

In the meantime a number of trolley cars had been blocked. The motormen and conductors all agreed that Dick should clear the way. One re-

marked that "that guy ain't no driver. He'd make a better nurse." The other's seemed of the same opinion.

Dick pulled out his whip and lifted it. "Hold!" shouted a ministerial-looking individual. "Dare to strike that poor, dumb creature and I call an officer of the law!"

A messenger boy came to Dick's defense, bawling: "What's de matter? T'ink 'e kin put sense in dat hoss wid a fedder duster?"

"Tell you what to do, mister, try to get yer hoss to pull left. Maybe he'll get over," was the suggestion a bystander offered.

Dick tried; but failed. "Come on, come on," shouted the motorman, "get a gait on—we ain't—"

Poor Dick was bewildered. Turning to the motorman, he yelled, "Come over here an' I'll bust yer face, you frazzled-faced mutt!"

"Who's a mutt—"

"You. And you come over here an' I'll show ye soon 'nuff," Dick replied, brandishing his business-looking whip.

"Dat's right, stand up fer yer rights," remarked

a newsboy; encouraging Dick in the hope that a fight might ensue.

Just then an Italian organ-grinder stopped on the other side of the street and proceeded to yank out "The Wearing of the Green."

Dick, who had intended saying something particularly nasty, changed his mind. The motorman forgot all about the near-fight and whistled excitedly, beating time with his feet. The news and messenger boys clasped hands and tried to waltz a few steps. Even the solemn-faced gent hummed, as he fetched a penny out of his pocket and threw it into the collector's tamborine.

When the organ-grinder had gone, the motorman deserted his car to look the situation over. "Say," said he, "that hoss can't pull dat load out alone. Say, fellers, give us a hand and we'll get 'er out all right. Hey, you," (to the bible teacher) "get behind there an' push! An' you, come on, you too. All together now, boys. Over with 'er. Dat's de stuff."

And what pleased Dick most was the fact that he didn't miss the boat.

# INSPIRATION

By George Allan England

A GLIMPSE OF HOW THE WHEELS GO ROUND—UNDER CAPITALISM



"LOOK at *those*, will you?" wearily remarked the wife. She sat down at the breakfast table with a sheaf of bills in her hand—bills from the butcher, the baker, the gas man (and then some). "Look at them!" "Huh?" grunted the Popular Author. Buried in his morning paper, he heard her only subconsciously.

"Bills!" she repeated. "More than sixty dollars we owe, this very minute!"

"That so?"

The Author emerged from his paper and blinked at the sheaf. "Sixty? Humm! Well, there'll probably be something in this week, from the *The Cinchbug Weekly* or some place. I've got nineteen articles out, you know. They can't all get turned down, can they?"

He tried to go back to his paper, but the Wife headed him off.

"Articles!" she sneered. "Articles! I wouldn't give a snap for all the articles between here and Halifax! You know well enough it's fiction they want and pay for!"

"Yes, I suppose so," he wearily admitted. That made the 200th time he had said the same thing. "Why, you aren't really worried, are you?" Absent-mindedly he reached over and snapped the baby's fingers away from the sugar-bowl.

"Well, no, not exactly worried. But these bills—they've got to be paid some time, and baby's got to have some new things, and there's laundry next week, and rent, and only half a ton of coal in the bin, and I've simply got to have some stockings, no use talking; and then, too—"

"There, there, that's enough!"

"Then, too, look at your own clothes! What kind of clothes are those for a man in your position?"

"That's right, they *are* a bit high. Vest all shiny, and sleeves so frayed I've dulled two pairs of scissors clipping 'em, and pants worn clean through at the bottom where they turn up. No cigars for a month past; either—nothing but *that*!"

He pointed at his powerful corn-cob on the sideboard.

"Jones has been here twice for the rent-money," put in the Wife.

"Sure, I know. We're certainly shy for cash. But I kind of hate to knock off work on the book, just now. I want to finish the chapter on Fake Charity, anyhow."

"Humph! If you *do*, there'll be no fake about the kind we'll have to apply for!" retorted Wifey, scraping egg from Baby's bib. "You've just simply got to get down to business; Algernon, and make a strike, or—"

"Oh, I suppose so," the Author grumbled. "Well, the quicker it's done and the money spent, the better. What'll it be?"

"Why, a love-story, of course, for ready cash. You know the *Manicures Weekly* can always use a love-story."

"Love! Huh!"

The Author ran lean fingers through his hair and stuck out his under-lip. "What rot! Two young fools. Says he: 'Will you?' Says she: 'Yes!' And they lived unhappily ever after. Oh Hades!"

"Yes, I know; but these bills won't wait, so it's up to you. You're slated for a love-story, that's all there is to it!"

"All right. I'll tackle one this morning," he caved. "But how about a plot? Seems to me pretty nearly every possible change had been rung on the he-and-she racket. So far as I'm concerned, I've already used the jealousy-motive, and revenge, and fidelity, and suspicion, and hope deferred, and fear, and—"

"How about another of those hospital romances?"

"Nothing doing. One's enough, per year. (*Will you keep that kid's paws out of the marmalade?*) Backwoods-beauty is played out, too."

"Wireless?"

"A chestnut. I've used it twice already."

"Aeroplane stuff?"

"Nixy. Too technical."

"Motor-boats?"

"No. Don't like em." And I've already worked the boat-business to death with my stories of the Thousand Islands. Light-house and Philippine dope, N. G. Been used to death. Let's see . . . let's see . . ."

"Auto-chase?"

"Huh! Guess *not*! Floyd Crossbun has put *that* sort o' thing out of the running. Beaches? Sum-

mer-resorts? (Say, kid you get down and beat it away from the table, see? Skip, now!) No, I don't see anything in those."

"How about mountains, or cliffs, or something of that sort?"

"Mmmm. . . . Might do. Work in the ocean, too? Say a cliff with woods on top, ocean down below, jagged rocks and things?"

"And the tide coming in. That would be a bit of good business, the tide."

"Pretty *passee*, but she'd do on a pinch."

"Tide's always popular, Algernon."

"Yes, if well handled. Hullo! There's the bell. Mailman already? Now for a check. . . ."

"Huh? What? Just a paper, by Gad! And, oh the deuce—another Jun from Jones. Rent! 'Please remit!' I guess it *does* look like I'd got to get a hustle on. Let's see—where were we at?"

"Cliff, woods and tide," said Wifey.

"Oh, yes. So much for the darned local color. Now for characters. One man, one girl, or—?"

"Why not try two men and one girl? Jealousy. *A* pitches *B* over cliff. *B* is rescued by *C*, the girl. *B* had previously scorned *C*, but now repents and marries her. All right?"

"Naw! Chestnut! Better have two girls and one man. Country girl, shy, beautiful, uncultured and—"

"But, Algernon, you said rural beauty was a back number!"

"Shhh! Don't interrupt! Uncultured, but a diamond in the rough. City girl is at summer hotel. Also beautiful. But no nerve. Get that?"

"Well, what next?"

"Why, man makes love to country girl till city girl arrives, then throws her over—"

"The cliff?"

"No, no, of course not! Can't you see? Bounces her; gives her the axe. Shows his good sense by getting rid of *one* female, anyhow."

"Algernon!"

"Well, I call it good sense."

"Why, Algernon, before we were married you used to say that it was the Eternal Feminine that—"

"Hmmm! Well, pass that up. No time now for it. As I was saying, he gets rid of one girl. But then the darned fool makes up to another—to the city girl."

"All right. They get engaged. Moonlight scene, Algernon? You do them *so* well; they always remind me of the summer we first met at Revere Beach, and—"

"Oh, in that case, I'll cut 'em out in future. No, I'll just make this couple row to a rock. Then the dory breaks loose. They get rescued in a storm by the country girl, who drowns. *That* would be good! Dandy chance to work in my notes on the Maine coast, also squirt some pathos into the punk. Pathos is always a good gag. Gee whiz! What's that? Say, *will* you stop that kid from battering up all the crockery in the cupboard?"

"There, there, Algernon, don't get so nervous and irritable. She's all right now; she'll be quiet. . . . Now if I were writing it, I'd have the man go down cliff for a flower for city girl. Falls. Breaks leg. Tide coming up. City girl runs for help. Doesn't dare go down cliff. Meets country girl, who rescues him. Then—"

"I might kill country girl. Remorse?"

"No, only hurt her badly. Both rescued. Married."

"Huh! What grudge have I got against the man? I'd better *kill* 'em both right off, and avoid the tragic."

"There now, don't get hateful! Remember, you had to ask *me* three times. What's that you're grumbling?"

"Nothing, love. Let 'em get married if they want to."

"Have to, if you want to sell it. You know what the editors all say. Must have a happy ending, or no sale."

"Sure. That's just what I can't understand. Happy ending, yet they get married. Discrepancy somewhere. However, let that slide. The plot's settled, anyway. Nothing to do now but look up names for 'em, hunt a good place on the map where it's pulled off, and oil the typewriter. She's been a bit gummy of late. Four thousand words will do the trick. That's thirteen pages. Gad! But I've only got seven sheets of paper left!"

"Never mind, dearie, I'll get you some at Dawkin's, when I go marketing this morning. Size eight by twelve, isn't it?"

"Yep. Here's the money. Good heavens, that leaves me only sixty-two cents!"

"I need at least forty more, love. Corned beef, you know. Credit's all gone, at Sullivan's Cash Market."

"Here. Here's the forty. And get me some Nigger-heel, too. A five-cent package will do. Can't afford a ten—till *Stubb's Magazine* pays up. Say, for heaven's sake, take that kid out with you, too! How in Gehenna d' you expect me to have any real Literary Inspiration when there's a rough-house like *that* going on between a cat and a baby in the kitchen? . . ."

## A Life Devoted to the Workers

Dear Friends:

I want very much to express my sincere thanks to the readers of the COMING NATION, who have helped me to carry my case through the courts, and to also express my appreciation for the way the *Appeal to Reason* has told my story to its wide circle of readers. I am sure this publicity has helped in getting a favorable decision in the lower court. I am sincerely hoping to win in the Supreme



FRANK LANE

Court. If this \$25,000 is awarded to me, I pledge those of you who have helped me, to devote the balance of my life, to helping those poor unfortunates, who are injured on the railroads, in the mines and the factories of our country. That I may be equipped for this work, if my life is spared, I have already taken up the study of law through the Legal Department of the *Appeal to Reason*.

I am proud to tell my friends that, mentally, I feel strong and equal to the task. While I will never be able to walk again, I can and do dedicate that mind to help others as you have helped me.

Yours for justice to the workingman,

FRANK LANE.

To work for the people—this is the great and urgent need. It is important, at the present time, to bear in mind that the human soul has still greater need of the ideal than of the real. It is by the real that we exist; it is by the ideal that we live. Would you realize the difference? Animals exist, man lives.—*Victor Hugo*.

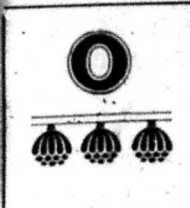
# ..THE BIG CHANGE..

BY EUGENE WOOD

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

Illustrated by Ryan Walker.

CHAPTER XIX.



ONE Christmas morning, years ago, I went to hear the festal music in the church that Wall street slopes up to so naturally. I knew the music would be beautiful there, not only by experience but by the light of reason.

Trinity parish has the money to buy the best there is in the musical line, and the best there is in that line is none too good for an offering to the God whose altar is in Old Trinity. By all accounts that God hears a good deal of singing, and is supposed to be a judge of it.

Trinity corporation owns a lot of tenements crowded with the poor. They aren't exactly model tenements yet, I hear; at least, I should not like to have to live in one of them. But they are a lot better than they were before Charles Edward Russell got after them with a sharp stick and shamed the new rector and the corporation into some improvements. On the Christmas morning I speak of they were notoriously bad tenements. Very good-paying properties, though, very good-paying, and there was plenty of money for the choir-master to do with so that he could hire the best trebles.

But it seemed to me that the golden sweetness of the voices of the choristers that stood in snowy-cottas, rank on rank, to sing: "Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other—" It seemed to me, I say, that the natural sweetness of the voice that comes from musical training, and refined surroundings, and wholesome living had been reinforced and added to by drops distilled out of the voices of the children of the tenements, leaving these dryer, and harsher, and more vulgar.

I recollect I wondered if there hadn't been some mistake about the God. There was Moloch, you remember. They had music in his worship, the clashing of brass and the braying of horns, but that was to drown the cries of the children flung into the fire as offering to him. Of course, this wasn't Moloch that had his altar there. There was the figure of a workingman hanging on a cross—they're still keeping that up, at any rate. But couldn't there have been some sort of a quiet substitution? Like, you know, when the constitution of the United States was slipped in, and lots of people think it is the same thing as the Declaration of Independence.

Also, I recalled the words of Comrade Jesus to the effect that God was not worshipped in this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem but that God, the real one, was spirit, an inward being, and when He is worshipped it is in spirit and in truth. The meaning being that it isn't the outward flub-dub that counts.

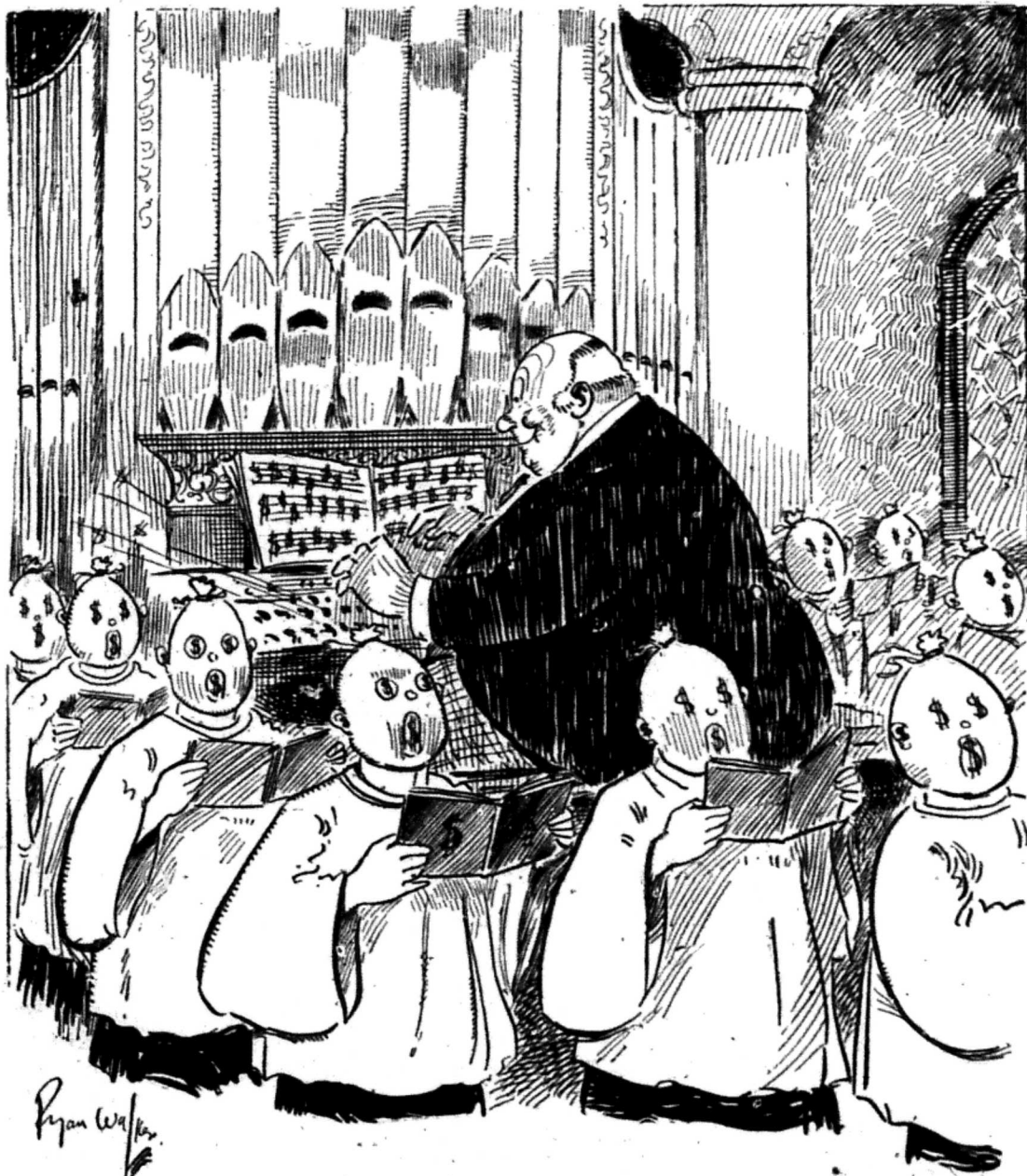
But all that I thought then seems kind of dim because I was listening to the prelude on the big organ up in the rear gallery, whose deep pedal bass thudded in my ears and made the stone pillars quiver, the organ whose chorus of tones from rows on rows of pipes was as the voice of many waters—a Niagara of harmony, so to speak, a Niagara whose tone-colors shifted and changed as if some fine-light blazed upon them.

This organ solo was also an offering to God. The psalmist may say that He delighteth not in any man's legs but that must be a mistake, for it is well-nigh impossible to worship properly without an organ solo, and such pedal-work as was in this

prelude was even more skilful leg-work than dancing. And, anyhow, this is the psalmist that says: "For thou delightest not in burnt offerings," thus flatly contradicting Leviticus. "The sacrifices of God," he says, "are a troubled spirit. A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

In these offerings I saw no indication of a heart troubled for any of its deeds or a spirit broken. The contrary rather.

Also, this same psalmist says: "I will not offer a sacrifice to the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing." And all these things had cost Trinity corporation nothing. The poor, huddled in wretched tenements, had paid for it all, even to the uttermost farthing.



Ryan Walker

There was plenty of money to hire the best trebles

But it was very fine music, that offering of the organist's fingers and legs up in the rear gallery. And I enjoyed it thoroughly. Presently it ceased, and there was a moment of sweet near-silence, for the smaller organ in the chancel had taken up the last chord of the grand organ and was softly modulating with gentle salicional and a tender flute-stop into the key-note of the processional. It was at this moment that something happened.

The processional was just on the verge—you expected its first note with your next heart-beat; you could even fancy that the far-off choristers had just breathed in and opened their mouths—when this something happened.

The processional has the tune that you perhaps know better by the name "Portuguese Hymn" than "Adeste fideles," and its words call to the triumphant faithful to come to Bethlehem. The hymn says that he was born there the king of angels but the picture I have of it in my mind is a tiny, red-faced baby, done up in such clouts of rags as could be found in a hurry and lying on the hay in a manger among the cows and horses. As I see it there is no glow of soft, supernal light above the young child, shining from adoring angels who swing their censers;

the only light is from a stable lantern, and the only incense is the sweet breath of cows that chew their cud. There is no golden crown upon the mother's head; she looks to me like a young woman that did her own work and spread the washing out upon the currant-bushes. Saint Joseph carries no long stalk of lilies; he is a carpenter with horny hands.

And yet this birth, not in the Waldorf-Astoria of Jerusalem, not even in the Eagle Hotel of this country town of Bethlehem but a birth in a stable of a baby to very poor, working-class people, was what was celebrated in the church to which Wall street is an avenue of approach, this church standing on ground so costly that if it were covered all over with a layer of twenty-dollar gold-pieces that would not be price enough; this church which was, so to speak, a distillery in which the crude mash of misery and ignorance and vulgarity, stewing in rotting tenements, produced the luscious sweetness of boys' voices, music in the most excellent taste, vestments of rich silk, and a golden chalice studded with diamonds and rubies worth, I daren't say how much, sacrifices to the God that has an altar there, to His honor mainly, to be sure, but also to the honor of William Waldorf Astor.

Just at the moment of sweet near-silence when the chancel organ modulated into the key of A, and one looked at his next heart-beat to hear the hymn begin, faint and far-off at first, but increasing as the singers drew nearer and doors were opened, till, when the choir and clergy had fully entered both organs and the congregation should take up the splendid tune—just at that moment a thin, strained voice lifted the cry: "Jesus is coming! He—" and then it hushed. There was a scuffle back there among the throng by the great door. Evidently the police had put the prophet into the street. None of that!

All information that Jesus is coming must originate from the other end of the church, not in any shrill, prophetic yawp, but in a dignified, mellifluous manner (the organist having first sounded G for a reciting note), and in language like: "O God, who maketh us glad with the yearly remembrance of the birth of thine only Son Jesus Christ, grant that as we joyfully receive Him for our Redeemer, so may we with sure confidence behold Him when He shall come to be our judge, who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. Amen." Like that.

From the back end of the church the news: "Jesus is coming!" were bad news for Trinity. If that messenger of evil tidings had been Jesus himself, undeniably Comrade Jesus himself, the Second Coming instead of the annual, formal, hired celebration, all bought and paid for, of the First Coming—*It*, in short, it had been Judgment Day instead of only Christmas Day, it would have been embarrassing to the rector of Trinity parish, to his vicar, to the curates, to the master of the choir, to the organist, to the lay-clerks and children of the choir, to the wardens and vestry—to all who had fingered in any way the money distilled and sweated out of "the least of these my brethren." Very embarrassing.

And not to Trinity alone. Truly, if the whole world believed that He would shortly come again, the whole world would pray quite earnestly for "sure confidence to behold Him when He shall come to be our judge."

(Continued on page eleven)

# What the Unions Have Accomplished

## The Growth and Influence of the Cigar Makers' Union

By Hyman Strunsky

**T**HE Cigar Makers' Union, perhaps more than any other labor organization, is entitled to credit for its tenacious clinging to life, for its brave struggle for existence, in the face of overwhelming difficulties. It has encountered many enemies, but has stood its ground with a fortitude that commands respect and inspires admiration. It has been continually called upon to fight unskilled labor; it has been overwhelmed by competition with working women and children; it has encountered the introduction of machinery, and last, but not least, it has had to reckon with the Trust, whose history, in the words of the Supreme Court decision, "is so replete with doings of acts which it was the obvious purpose of the statute to forbid, so demonstrative of the existence from the beginning of a purpose to acquire dominion and control of the tobacco trade, not by mere exertion of the ordinary right to contract and to trade, but by methods devised in order to monopolize the trade by driving competition out of business, methods which were ruthlessly carried on upon the assumption that to work upon the fear, or to play upon the cupidity of competitors, would make success possible."

One of the methods devised by the Trust was to fight the union by the introduction of machinery and by the removal of its principal plants to the Southern states where it employed and still employs women and children. It has opened retail stores and has sold non-union-made cigars at a cheaper price in order to defeat manufacturers that employed union labor. It has always treated the union with contempt and has persistently refused to recognize it. And now, when the Trust has reached the culmination of its disgraceful career and has been fully exposed, the union is stronger than ever before! The total membership of the Cigar Makers' International Union today is 51,442, notwithstanding the fact that in 1900 there were 25,000 enrolled and that one year later, in 1901, this number dwindled down to 4,000. This falling off was due to the absorption of the independent factories by the Trust.

### Reduces Hours

The early history of the union is obscure and there is no record from the year 1851 to 1870. The present constitution was adopted in 1879. In 1881, at the Cleveland convention, the union passed a law limiting the hours of work to ten a day. In 1886 the hours were further reduced to eight a day. In 1895 the union became affiliated with the American Federation of Labor.

The dark power of the Trust did not dishearten the workers, though they were reduced to a handful. Each reorganization of an independent company meant a loss of union members and each removal to a Southern state resulted in the substitution of women and children for adult workers. But the union fought each move and the disputes in the trade culminated in a number of strikes, 65 per cent of which involving 68 per cent of the workers, were successful. According to Meyer Jacobstein, of Columbia University, who has made a study of the tobacco industry, 102 strikes out of 124 for an increase in wages were successful, benefiting 9,855 workers, and 92 strikes out of 139 arising from opposition to reduced wages were successful, benefiting 7,451. The author remarks:

"Where machinery has displaced skilled by unskilled labor, as in the manufacture of plug, smoking and chewing tobacco, machine-cigars and stogies, the hours of labor are from nine to ten a day, and the yearly income averages but \$300. Where much skill is required, as in the manufacture of mold and hand-made cigars, the workers, with the aid of an efficient organization, earn from \$500 to \$600 a year."

### Raises Wages

The different scale of wages in unionized and non-unionized cities tells to what extent the union has succeeded in maintaining a high standard of pay. In Boston, the best organized city, the average rate per hour for bunching and rolling is 42 cents. In New York, it is 32 cents. The average yearly wage in Boston is \$825, in New York it is \$592. Massachusetts, a well organized state, shows an average yearly income of \$660, while Pennsylvania, a poorly organized state, shows an average

yearly income of \$397. In Philadelphia, a poorly organized city, bunching and rolling, for which in Boston is paid 42 cents per hour, brings but 24 cents. In Rochester, a well organized city, bunching and rolling brings \$10 a thousand, while in Birmingham, where there are non-union shops, the same amount of work brings only \$7.

These scales are not modified by a different standard of the cost of living. The cost of commodities in these states and cities is the same, and no other reason can be found for the difference in the earnings of the cigar makers than the existence of their union.

The difference is still greater in the earnings of men as compared to those of women. Mr. Jacobstein points to the fact that in the South Atlantic divisions, except Florida, men on mold work receive 17 cents an hour, while women are paid 9 cents. In the North Atlantic divisions, men receive 23 cents an hour and women receive 13 cents. The author states specifically that the difference is due to no other cause than the lack of organization. In Tampa and Key West, Florida, where most of the Havana hand-made cigars are made, the average for men is \$600 a year, for women, \$300.

In six Southern states, North Carolina, Virginia, Ohio, Maryland and Missouri, which manufacture 75 per cent of the entire output of this country and where unionism is weak, the average yearly earning for adult males is \$330, for females, \$236, and for children, \$162. In four Northern states, New York, Michigan, Illinois and New Jersey, organized states, the average for males is \$488, for females, \$300, for children, \$180.

Not only do the unorganized workers earn less, but they have to work longer hours. The average hours in the non-organized states are from 54 to 60 a week; in the organized from 45 to 50.

The extent to which the union has effected relief for its workers was illustrated in 1903, when the Prudential Tobacco Company, a New York concern, acquired a new machine and threw out 700 people.

Machinery is the inevitable substitute for human labor and there was no way of preventing its use; to fight against labor-saving devices meant to fight against progress and industrial evolution. But the 700 discharged workers made a strong appeal to the progressive elements of the East Side and the United Hebrew Trades took the matter up. Backed by this organization the Cigar Makers' Union called a strike and after some negotiations the company agreed to employ 100, teach them to operate the new machine and to discharge the other 600 in batches of 150 every three months. Thus the union gained an entire year in which to find employment for the displaced workers.

### Provides Benefits

The strength of the Cigar Makers' Union is attributed to its well constructed system of benefits. The system consists of a traveling fund, which enables workers to go from place to place in search of employment. A sum of twenty dollars is advanced at one time and the borrower pays it back as soon as he obtains a position. Payment is made at the rate of ten per cent of the wages.

There is an out of employment fund. A member who is out of work receives \$3 a week for eighteen weeks.

The sick benefits consist of a \$5 a week allowance for 13 weeks.

During a strike a member receives \$5 a week for 16 weeks and \$3 the weeks following.

In cases of death and permanent disability the beneficiary receives from \$50 to \$500. The amount is determined by the length of membership.

To participate in all the benefits the worker pays (as shown by the reports from 1900 to 1905) only \$8.93 a year, or 17 cents a week. Last year the amount was raised to \$13.99 a year, due to the great sum paid for benefits in the Tampa strike. Out of a total amount of \$221,044.70 paid in strike benefits last year, \$205,000 went to Tampa.

Commenting upon the last annual report in the *Cigar Makers' Journal*, issue of April 15, 1911, President George W. Perkins has the following to say:

"The general fund shows a decrease of \$182,757.41,

which was due to the enormous sum expended in the Tampa strike and lockout. While the total amount expended in strike benefit was \$221,044.70, of this amount about \$205,000 was expended in the Tampa strike and lockout, which leaves about \$16,000 spent in other strikes. In 1909 the amount expended for strike benefit was about \$20,000, hence it may be seen that were it not for the extraordinary expenditure of money for the Tampa strike and lockout, the general fund would have shown a handsome gain instead of a loss.

### Employment Steadier

"The amount expended for out of work benefit purposes dropped from \$76,107.25 to \$39,917, showing a decrease of \$36,190.25, which indicates a steadily improved condition in the state of trade as compared with the year of 1909.

"The amount expended for sick benefit remained practically the same as the preceding year. It amounted to \$189,438.59.

"For the first time in the history of the payment of death benefit, the amount expended for this purpose was less than the preceding year. In 1909 we expended for death benefit purposes \$238,284.47, while in 1910 the amount expended was \$226,717.53, showing a decrease of 11,566.94. During the last twelve years the amount expended for death benefit purposes has increased \$131,777.70. The total benefit paid during 1910 was \$716,946.59.

"The total amount paid for each benefit since the adoption of the benefit system, November, 1879, has been as follows: Traveling loan benefit, \$1,220,523.60; strike benefit, \$1,432,951.93; sick benefit \$3,098,873.47; death and disability benefit, \$2,593,580.74; out of work benefit, \$1,306,782.36. Grand total, \$9,652,712.10.

"The cost per member to pay the benefits for 1910 was \$13.99, as compared with \$10.49 for 1909.

"The total membership, including the twenty-cent and fifteen-cent dues-paying members, is 51,442."

This report speaks much for the solidarity of labor and for the efficiency of a well organized union. A half century of fighting with destructible elements sees the union in a better and stronger condition than it ever has been. The history of the union is replete with remarkable successes made possible by united action. It has escaped destruction from the heterogeneous element of the trade and it has withstood the attacks made on it by an unscrupulous Trust. It counts today more members than it ever did before.

### A Moral Influence

The union has a moral influence on its members. It fosters responsibility and places a premium on honesty by making conduct a necessary qualification of membership and good standing. It is no small matter to govern 50,000 men who are constantly under the pressure of temptation to "scab" through lack of employment, and to borrow money because of extreme poverty, and not repay it. A man out of work is a man struggling with powerful forces that drag him to degradation, and a lost job is the forerunner of lost dignity. Thousands have gone down to perdition because they lost their self-respect and because they had no comrades to whom to bring account for their behavior. Loneliness promotes recklessness. A man never struggles so desperately as when he struggles alone.

The union accepts the man and makes him one of 50,000 comrades. He becomes one of a large army of honest, dignified and self-respecting workers. It helps him when he is sick; it helps him when he is out of work; it helps him to travel from one place to another in search of employment; it helps his family in case of death. But it places on him obligations. It makes him responsible for his behavior and forces on him an ethical code to which he is bound to adhere.

The official organ of the union is full of letters about members who have not paid private debts and who have not been faithful to the union. There are threats from secretaries that if Mr. So and So does not report and explain he will be exposed and charges will be brought against him. Injustices committed to fellow workers are brought before grievance committees, and unfaithfulness to the union is punished by inflicting fines. Thus the union does not only offer material assistance, but also constitutes a moral force which cannot but have a beneficial influence on its members.



# Why Johnston Won By Louis Kopelin

**B**ROTHER JOHNSTON, we have been greatly impressed with your work at this convention and we would like to have you as the president of our district union. Will you take the job?" Thus spoke one of the delegates from District No. 44, of the International Association of Machinists which embraces all machinists employed by the Government. Delegate Johnston, of Providence, R. I., hesitated a moment as if he were non-plussed by the suddenness of the proposal.

"Why, I really can't answer now," said Johnston. "I must have time to consider. But I want to thank you and the other delegates from your union for your kind offer. I appreciate the honor very much."

The delegates gave him time. A few weeks later they reported to their union that Johnston would accept if all members agreed to the proposition. A vote was taken, Johnston was elected unanimously.

This was two years ago.

Today, Johnston—William H. Johnston—is the President-elect of the International Association of Machinists with a membership of 70,000.

What has Johnston done the last two years that made it possible for him to wrest the presidency from James O'Connell, the prime minister of Gompers' cabinet and head of the machinists for the last eighteen years?

There is one answer: Johnston "made good."

Johnston is a militant Socialist. He believes that labor officials shall serve their unions energetically and faithfully. And he practices that belief. He surprised the rank and file by showing them that he was a loyal servant instead of being a domineering official.

Unlike the average labor official Johnston declined to become a cog in the administration machine. A local union president can gain a great deal by "playing in" with his international officers. Such reciprocal relations pay. But Johnston served the men who elected him to office.

Again Johnston's position brought him to Washington, D. C., where the international office of the machinists' union is located. The more he saw of the O'Connell aggregation the less he cared to be associated with these officials. Johnston had plenty to do in looking after the interests of the men employed in the navy yards and arsenals of the United States and in the machine shops of the Panama Canal Zone.



WILLIAM H. JOHNSTON

His work brought him very often before the committees of Congress. But never did he appear in the interest of any measure not concerned with the welfare of the men he officially represented. He never sold or "gave away" his labor prestige to any politician. But as a result of his work before Congress, legislation has been enacted guaranteeing the eight-hour day on \$28,000,000 worth of

work. A great deal of this work has been given out to private plants—but with an "eight-hour clause" in the contract.

Two years is a mighty short time to do very big things, but Johnston crowded a great deal of work in that period. As the Washington Navy Yard men say, "Johnston is always on the job." At the present time he is fighting the introduction of the Taylor sweatshop system in the Government works. His weapons at this stage of the campaign are diplomacy and publicity. But this is only the beginning.

The thousands of workers who have been benefited by Johnston's activity in their behalf are responsible for his elevation to the international presidency. They urged him to become a candidate. They financed his campaign. They circulated literature among their fellow workers in which they pointed out his record. And they have succeeded.

Let no one imagine that Johnston was elected because he is a member of the Socialist party. That helped. But the real reason is the fact that Johnston is an able and loyal leader. He won on his merit.

Ben Hanford once told the writer that every time a member of the New York printers' union joined the Socialist party his usefulness to the union would automatically cease. "For one thing," said Hanford, "he would stop attending meetings. This is just what the Tammany gang wants. They can run things to suit themselves when the Socialist kickers don't show up at the meetings."

But Johnston always mixes his Socialism and unionism. He always attends the meetings of both.

At the time he joined the Socialist party—about seven years ago—his union elected him as business agent.

About the same time he received the Socialist nomination for Governor of Rhode Island his union honored him by electing him as delegate to an international convention.

When he came to the National Capital to take up his duties as president of District No. 44 he brought along two transfer cards. One was for the Socialist Local and the other for the machinists' union. And since that time he has been active in both.

"Unionism is the body and Socialism is the soul of the labor movement," says Johnston. "If the class-conscious workers would get really active in both wings of this great movement the world would soon be theirs."

## Commercialism in American Art By Andre Tridon

**A** VERY pessimistic view of the conditions with which artists have to contend in America is presented in the August issue of the German magazine, *Der Turmer (The Watcher)*. What with an Academy that strives to stifle every sign of originality apparent in newcomers, with picture dealers who either prefer to deal in old masters or carry a "line" of modern painters as the adjunct of a frame or paint business, the outlook is rather dark.

Struggle as stubbornly as he may an artist who departs from Academic mediocrity and from standards which Europe discarded years ago has a very slim chance of every winning a large following. The majority of modern American artists who really have an artistic message are without honor in their own land, although Europe knows them and admires them and many of them are already on the wrong side of forty.

To quote *Der Turmer*: "As members of the Academy generally sit on the juries of art exhibitions in almost every large city, the artist whose canvases were rejected in New York has but scant opportunities to have them hung elsewhere; thus the artist who has left behind the frontier ports of traditionalism is doomed in advance. His only refuge are dealers, galleries and private exhibitions. But the most important art dealers in New York are without exception representatives of European firms or mere traders in European art merchandise. The few among them who devote themselves to the sale of American works of art have neither the necessary patronage of wealth nor the critical faculty which characterizes the typical art dealers of Europe."

"We could mention many art dealers who, hav-

ing done once a thriving business in picture frames or in paint tubes, conceived the ambitious project to trade in works of art. As their aim is to derive the highest possible profit from this line of business, their standards are determined by the untutored taste of an uncultured public.

"Thus it becomes impossible for artists of striking individuality who were excluded from the official exhibitions, to ever reach a large public and their influence on the growing public is absolutely nil.

"To triumph over such a combination of hostile elements and of untoward circumstances requires a desperate struggle, in the course of which much strength goes to waste. When continued personal effort or a stroke of good luck finally carries them over the obstacles, those men are generally advanced in years and embittered if not broken in spirit."

"The case of John La Farge who became a little too late in life the recipient of many honors," *Der Turmer* adds, "is not an exception. Whistler never was elected a member of any American Art association and is even today the butt for many critic's jests."

"The most interesting painters and sculptors of America, whose work breathes the spirit of today, have almost all passed their fortieth year. . . . In order to exclude them from exhibition galleries the arbiters of art bring against them the age-worn charge of artistic heresy. It is thanks to them, however, that America can boast today of masterpieces which reveal a thoroughly novel and pulsating soul, an original conception of man and of nature, free from the imitation of any models. . . ."

"The exhibition organized in December, 1907, by the eclectic National Arts Club proved to the New York public that besides the senile, anaemic and toneless productions of the official artists and the

art as observed in the galleries of European dealers, there was a third category of art; modern American art."

Besides Karl Haag, Paul Noquet, Solon Borglum and Abastenia St. Leger Eberle, few sculptors seem to follow the new gospel of art. A large number of painters, on the other hand, have shown their eagerness to "secede." William Glackens has deserved to be characterized as the American Daudier. His restaurant scene "Chez Mouquin" reveals powerful originality. Luchs revels in the bold and bare notation of the most repulsive subjects of modern life. He has immortalized "la bete humaine" of the New York Streets.

Colin Campbell Cooper, John Sloane and Paul Cornoyer come in for a good deal of praise as painters of New York vistas. Among the landscapists, Van Deering Perrine, McRichards, Ernest Lawson and Albert Groll appeal particularly to the critic of *Der Turmer*.

"Leon Dabo, however, is the most distinguished representative of the American secession. . . . What makes him distinctly American is his feeling for space and distance. He's the painter of the immense horizons which are characteristic of America . . . of the fairy-like morning mists and of the solemnity of starlit nights. . . . He paints Nature as Whitman's eyes saw her. . . . Besides he has redeemed the oppressive heaviness of the New York skyscrapers by showing them in the twilight or in the shadows of night when their thousands of windows gleam like witches' eyes. . . ."

"The same impressionism, based upon a deeper study of light and values, has curiously enough inspired two masters at the opposite ends of the American continent. While Dabo busied himself

(Continued on page eleven)

# A GENTLEMAN BORN

## CHAPTER II.

**D**URING the next two days neither Beckie nor Georgie broached the subject which lay in the front of their minds. Several times had Beckie resolved to speak plainly to her brother; but when the opportunity would present itself she invariably weakened. She feared she might not make her meaning clear—might end by offending Georgie. She could not do that. She could take no chance of driving him from her—of barring his confidence. On the third day, however, a letter in reply to the one Georgie had dispatched came to hand. It opened the subject again. Georgie glanced through the letter with evident pleasure on his face. Then he read it aloud to his sister. It was a conglomeration of misspelt, unpunctuated sentences, misquoted phrases and love verses. It covered five pages, and ended with an amateurish composition in rhyme of an amatory character. It was plain that the "lady correspondent" desired more than a mere friendly relationship between herself and the handsome young man whom she had met by chance on a train.

Beckie understood everything now. But she maintained silence. She was waiting for her brother to say something strong enough to excite her to speak her mind. But this did not happen for a week. Then it came about. Georgie was busy composing a letter to his female correspondent (he now wrote to her every day and received letters from her as often), when he wished for a word. He called his sister to help him out of his dilemma. Beckie, busy with the breakfast, came to his side:

"Georgie, why do you write to that—woman so often?"

Georgie smiled in a contented way. "We're engaged, Sis."

Beckie felt a chilly sensation. She spoke calmly, though. "You don't know the woman, Georgie. And—she's almost twice your age. You can't care for her. You're—you're lying to her, Georgie."

Georgie hit the table with his fist. "What's that to you, I'd like to know, even if I wish to marry my great grandmother! I guess I'm old enough to look out after my own affairs."

Beckie looked him in the eyes without a tremor. "It's the woman I'm thinking of now," she said slowly.

"Then think of me a little bit—'twont cost you anything. I know, I'm just your brother. But 'twont hurt you to consider my welfare—once in a lifetime. Besides, I reckon the old gal will be getting about as much out of the deal as I'll get. She's forty-five. I'm twenty-five. Looks like it's pretty square to me."

Georgie, having had his say, stamped out of the house. He finished the letter without the desired word. His spirit was ruffled. He did not like the attitude his sister was assuming toward him. She was giving herself "airs," to dare to question him concerning anything which he cared to do. Just like an old maid dressmaker! God Almighty! he'd be happy to break away from her society.

A day or two later George informed Beckie that it would be necessary to mortgage their home, for he must have money to make a visit to his fiancée—to see that all was as it should be before he "tied himself up." As Beckie's lips moved to speak, he shut her up with: "You needn't bother yourself about what I'm doing. It's settled. I'm going to marry old Dociea Thornhill, if she has all she brags about. If she's been bluffing—well, I'll look in some other direction."

"It's a low-down thing," Beckie said it with slow emphasis.

However, the following day, Beckie made application to a loan company for a mortgage on their little home. Within the week she received the money, \$300 and signed—she and Georgie together—the mortgage papers. Beckie felt it was the same thing as selling the roof from over their heads for one-third its value.

George paid a visit to his fiancée. He was gone about a week. When he returned it was with a joyous air. He was too full of success to hold himself

## By Maud Davis Walker

Illustrated by Ryan Walker.

"Beck," he cried, entering the little living room where his sister was doing some night work, "I found the mine richer than I'd dared hope for. Gee! I struck a bonanza. W'y, she's rich! Got three big store buildings in town—gets a big rent out of 'em. Got an elegant home—two full stories with all sorts of trimmings. But the biggest of all is her ranch. Hark ye! *Seven thousand acres!* And hundreds of head of cattle! God! it almost scares me. 'Fraid I'll wake up to find I'm dreaming. Her old dad died three years ago and left it all to her. There's no sisters or brothers—nor mother, thank



"I must finish what I began," declared Beckie

God—to come in for a dollar. Was there ever such luck picked up on a train?"

Georgie was so happy in contemplation of his great bargain that he failed to notice the strange expression on his sister's face.

"Does Miss Thornhill know—that—that—you are marrying her just for her money?"

"Say, Beck, you must be dippy. Do you s'pose she'd marry me if I went to her and said; 'You're as ugly as a mud-puddle, but I want your dough. So I'm going to marry you in order to get it. And after I've got it I'll give you the go-by. You'll put everything in my name, all that's worth having—and then it's ta ta, Daisy Dean, for yours. And the rattler for mine. No, I'm not a jackass yet, Beck. I flattered the old gal to beat the band. W'y she thinks I'm silly about her. That's business."

"So she thinks you are fond of her—that you'd marry her if she was as poor as we are?"

Georgie became irritated. "Hell! What do I care about what she thinks—or whether she thinks at all or not? I'm going to marry her on the twenty-fifth. That's only one week off. I'm going down to K. C. tomorrow to lay in some decent duds. Got to dress like a gentleman—now that I'll have a lot of property to look after—to dispose of, too, a little later on."

Beckie looked at her brother with stern eyes. "We—you and me—never had any training, home training, as folks call it," she began. "But something in

here"—touching her breast—"always made me want to do right. I have never laid—"

"Of course not, my Saint Rebecca," Georgie sneered. "And you'll hump over a sewing machine all your days—as long as any one will hire you. When you're too old to work, and bent double, you'll have time to set in the poor house and say, 'I've always been honest—never told or acted a lie in my life.' It'll be a great comfort to you then, Beck. But 'twont feed your belly."

"Of course, you don't understand what I mean" \*\*

But Georgie would not hear her out and went swinging from the room. Beckie sat with idle hands; her eyes looking into the far away. It was a new thing for her, this dropping of work to think.

The following day Georgie departed for Kansas City. The east-bound train which carried him thither left his home station at ten o'clock in the morning. An hour later another train pulled out towards the

west. On that train, crouched down into a corner of a seat in the day coach, sat Beckie, closely veiled against any possible recognition. She had passed the loungers on the station platform without being observed. Early that morning she had gone to Mrs. Jones and begged for a leave of absence from the shop for a couple of days. She fully realized, too, that it would increase her indebtedness to that lady.

All that day Beckie rode with the sun, and after the great luminary had sunk behind the rim of the prairie she came to her destination. She stepped from the train and glanced about her. Advancing to a man who was idling on the platform she asked a few questions. The man gave her the information she desired and she hurried off down the street. Presently she came to a corner and turned into an avenue set with young trees. The houses on this street were the best of the town, and many of them were quite pretentious.

After walking for several blocks Beckie brought up in front of a tall, brown, rather elegant house set in the midst of a well-watered lawn. Trees and flowers were coaxed and petted there. The place had an air of painstaking care. Beckie whispered to herself: "It's the place." She turned into the deep yard and went to the hall door which opened upon a spacious veranda. Her hand trembled violently as she tapped on the thick, carved panel of the door. Suddenly she felt a strange misgiving. After all, was she acting honestly toward her brother? He was the one human in the world who was deeply dear to her—the reckless, ill-reared, irresponsible boy! He had never grown up—except physically.

Whose fault was it that his life had thus far been a blunder? Was she proving false to him—coming here to betray his confidence? In her endeavor to do the right thing was she accomplishing it in the right way?

But how should she set about to save him from this meanness—if not by telling everything to Miss Thornhill? She had found out the utter uselessness of appealing to Georgie. And by remaining silent would not she be party to his baseness? "Oh, Georgie, Georgie!" and she moaned, half aloud. "I want to do what is right. It is not to ruin you that I am here—it is to try to save you." Then another thought came to her. If she saved him from this ignoble act he would at once become involved in just such another. The problem was too much for her. She was wading in water which was deepening and deepening. She was on the point of weakening and returning to the station when the door opened and a German woman eyed her suspiciously.

Beckie started and colored. "Is—I mean, does Miss Thornhill live here?"

"Yessum," informed the housemaid. "Come in and I'll call her." Beckie entered a spacious reception hall, furnished in better taste than Beckie had ever before seen. The German housemaid pointed toward a large parlor, dimly lighted by a shadowed lamp.

"Set in there," the maid ordered. Beckie followed her pointing finger and found a seat on a

great sofa near to the archway which opened the room with the reception hall. Even though her mind was in a confused state Beckie could not help noticing the grandeur of her surroundings. A throb passed through her. "Poor Georgie!" she whispered tenderly. "He wants all this so much—oh, so much!" Then the reaction set in. She shuddered at the thought that she was weakening. No, she would go on with the work which had brought her there.

A rustling of garments and a tall, matronly woman of fleshy features stood in the archway, looking at Beckie inquiringly. Beckie rose clumsily. "Miss Thornhill?"

The lady nodded stiffly. She did not advance into the room.

Beckie felt uncomfortable. "I'm Beckie—Beckie Taylor." It was out! Now she must go on.

Miss Thornhill's face relaxed. She became effusive. Rushing to Beckie she grasped both her hands, declaring excitedly: "Oh, I'm so happy to see you, Rebecca. George has told me of you—so often." (She knew she was lying. George had spoken but once of his sister, and had then said very little.) "Come, sit down. What a surprise. Why didn't you have George write me that you were coming?"

"You see, Miss Thornhill," began Beckie in a voice which sounded far distant. Then a wave of love for Georgie swept her down. She dropped upon the sofa and wiped her face with the back of her hand.

"Oh, of course, you just wanted to surprise me." Miss Thornhill sat beside Beckie and caressed her shoulder.

"No!" Beckie spoke almost defiantly. She sat bolt upright. She thrust the moment's indecision from her. "I've come to tell you something you ought to know." She felt glad that much of it was over.

Miss Thornhill's face became serious. "What is it?" she asked with apparent uneasiness. "Don't—don't—tell me it's something the matter—with—George."

Beckie closed her eyes as she spoke. It was strange how strength had come to her when she most needed it. "No, there is nothing the matter with George. He's gone to Kansas City to—buy—his—wedding—clothes."

Miss Thornhill sighed relief. "Oh, how you scared me, Rebecca! I was afraid something was the matter with him. I just felt like fainting. The way you looked—w'y, I just felt for sure something terrible was about to be told to me."

"I am about to tell you something—terrible." Beckie spoke in cold blood. She had opened her eyes and they were searching Miss Thornhill's face. "He has deceived you—he's—lied."

Miss Thornhill threw up her hands and gasped. "Oh, Lord of love, have pity on me! Oh, is George Taylor going to—to—marry someone else? Is he going to break my poor heart? Oh, oh, oh!"

"No, it's his intention to marry you—on the twenty-fifth." Beckie gave the woman a respite. "But—he's deceiving you, Miss Thornhill. I've come to tell you. He doesn't care for you—it's your money. He must go no further—I can't let him go on. I can't let him deceive you and—and—sell himself. He's so young—and he can't realize how mean it is—"

Miss Thornhill's face had recovered its composure. She even smiled. Settling against the sofa's back she broke into Beckie's recital. "Hush, my dear," she said. "Hush! I have a hired girl—that big Dutch thing what let you in and she listens to everything folks talk about. I heard her in the back room just now." Miss Thornhill listened intently a moment. "She's gone," she added. "And now, Rebecca, I don't know just what to say to you about what you—have—told me. But— Well, I know I would 'a' died if you'd said George meant to—to—break off our engagement. I couldn't 'a' stood it."

"I must finish what I began," declared Beckie. "After I have told you—*everything*, about our folks and all, then you can decide."

While speaking, Beckie arose and stood in front of Miss Thornhill. Her eyes flashed the truth of her story, which she told from beginning to end without a break. She went through every detail of Georgie's life—all that she knew of it, dragging herself in wherever directly connected with him. Unblushingly she told her parents' weaknesses, stripped the life of the family naked. This she did through love of Georgie. In a vague way she realized that his birth, blood, environment, would offer excuses for him.

After she had finished she stood trembling. Miss Thornhill gently drew her to the sofa. Beckie shrank from her touch. The woman's face divulged her small soul, and to Beckie she suddenly became an unclean thing.

"Oh, Rebecca!" began Miss Thornhill. "You—don't see things just in the right way, you know. George and I must get married now. W'y all the invitation cards are printed and I've got

three dressmakers to work on my tras-soo. W'y, it would be an awful scandal. I just couldn't face the town any more."

"And—and—you still wish to marry Georgie?" Beckie's words came in little jerks.

"W'y, Rebecca, how can you expect me to—to—draw back at this hour, even if I wished to. And I don't. I'm awfully fond of Georgie. We'll be happy, depend on it. I'm worth seventy thousand dollars. George is so handsome, and he can live like a prince. I know how you think about it. But—I can't see it that way. You see, we're not the only people that marry—that way, money on one side, you know. W'y, just look at the lords and earls and counts—the finest noblemen in the world—that come to America and marry rich women. And Georgie has as much right to do it as them noblemen, if I do say it myself."

"But your ages—you are twenty years older than Georgie. Don't you see, it's only your money—You'll never be happy together. . . ."

It was Beckie's last appeal. Miss Thornhill interrupted with a gesture. "That's such nonsense. Your father was several years older than your mother. Neither of them had money—so neither of 'em sold themselves—as you say. And you couldn't find two more ill-mated folks on top of the earth than them. Now could you?"

Beckie was silent. The woman was too vile to be replied to. At the moment Beckie felt like striking her down. Oh, the horror of it all! And to think that a woman would stoop to such a degradation, would *buy with money* a man young enough to be her own son! Georgie's sin had appeared large. This woman's sin was enough to crush her. Beckie could no longer breathe the same atmosphere with her future sister-in-law and turned and left the room. As she walked towards the front door Miss Thornhill went along beside her.

"I'm sorry you look at it this way. I had no idea you were such—such a—" She did not say the word in her mind. It was "crank." "Won't you come to the wedding?"

At the door Beckie turned once and looked at Miss Thornhill. The accusation that glance carries haunted Miss Thornhill for many days. She flushed a deep red under Beckie's scornful eyes. "Well, if you won't come, I can't help it. I'm sure I wanted to be friendly. Good bye."

Beckie found the door closed behind her. She turned and went towards the railroad station. She had been told that a train for the East passed through there at midnight. It was not far from that hour now. She would board that train and arrive at home the following forenoon. In her purse she had about fifty dollars. She had given most of the mortgage money to her brother.

She had not long to wait for her train, and was soon seated in the day coach, beside an open window. In accompaniment to the rumble of the train she thought and thought and thought. At first the process was painful, for her brain had had so little practice in the past. She bent forward and looked out of the window. It was the first time she had ever seen the Great Out-of-doors just before the dawn. The sky was glorious. The pale stars seemed to look at her tenderly. Even the great moon smiled sympathizingly. The dew-bathed land lay asleep. The foliage-laden breeze entered the window and soothed her to the depths. She had been saying over and over to herself on entering the train: "And this is the game people play—people who think they count for so much in life. They have two gods—Self and Money! And why should I—ugly, ignorant Beckie, common dressmaker, who spend my days catering to other women's vanity—hope to right things? My own life has been too little. One problem has proved too much for me to solve. It has been wrong from the beginning. It will take many lifetimes to straighten out the crooked places. The thing for me to do now is to look after the knots in my own thread. Georgie is like a fever that must run its course. Miss Thornhill is a disease—malignant. They—Georgie and Miss Thornhill—are people of the times. I had never thought of it that way before. To cure them, all the people must be cured."

Presently Beckie straightened up. She drew her lungs full of the pure, sweet air. A burden seemed to have fallen from her back. She smiled through sheer joy of the peace which had so suddenly filled her. Responsibility no longer weighed her down. Life—as wide as the sky and as deep as the sea—opened before her. She had dwelt in a hollow between two mountains; henceforth she should dwell on the mountaintop. The Past should have no part in her future life—for there should be a future! And her body should grow—oh, yes, that poor harrowed body! And her mind should expand. Ah, yes, that poor hampered mind! And her soul! She would find that, too. For every creature of God's creation had a soul! What good was sacrifice? She had lost herself in it to no avail. She had lain prone upon the earth that others might

step upon her. She had slaved that others might feed in idleness. She had been as wicked as they. Golden-browed Justice asked for no sacrifice. It was the right of each to grow.

And thinking thus, Beckie fell into a profound sleep, her head upon the open window ledge. When she awoke it was to look out across a sun-lit land of splendor. It was the morning of her new life. For at last she had taken time to think.

(THE END.)

### Unequal State Representation

Mr. Speaker, I think it my duty to observe, that during this struggle to prevent the large states from having all power in their hands, which had nearly terminated in a dissolution of the convention; it did not appear to me, that either of those illustrious characters, the honorable *Mr. Washington*, or the president of the state of Pennsylvania, were disposed to favor the claims of the smaller states, against the undue superiority attempted by the large states; on the contrary, the honorable president of Pennsylvania, was a member of the committee of compromise, and there advocated the right of the large states to an inequality in both branches, and only ultimately conceded it in the second branch on the principle of conciliation, when it was found no other terms would be accepted. This, sir, I think it my duty to mention, for the consideration of those who endeavor to *prop up a dangerous and defective system by great names*; soon after this period, the honorable *Mr. Yates* and *Mr. Lansing*, of New York, left us; they had uniformly opposed the system, and I believe, despairing of getting a proper one brought forward, or of rendering any real service, they returned no more.—*Luther Martin in Robt. Yates—Secret proceedings of the Federal Convention, page 25.*

### Commercialism in American Art

[Continued from page nine]

with the neighborhood of New York . . . Bolton Coit Brown . . . obtained the same effects on the Pacific coast; Brown is more of a philosopher, Dabo more of a poet; but both are American painters in the same sense in which Emerson is an American thinker and Whitman an American poet. The fact that both have eschewed the lure of fashion and the aberrations of certain modern Europeans and have developed along absolutely independent lines shows what new fount of vitality lies hidden under the surface of the American art world. The secession is destined to lead the art life of Americans into new domains."

The election of John W. Alexander whose sympathy with the modernist esthetic is well known, as President of the National Academy of Design, is considered by *Der Turner* as a good omen: "The fact that John W. Alexander is today the official representative of American art," the author concludes, "is perhaps the most significant symptom of the times."

### The Big Change

[Continued from page seven]

And, if you consider, the fact that this Second Coming set down in printed words as something to ask of God but a most embarrassing thing if He should take those words at their face value—that it should be embarrassing shows a Big Change in the religion that once cried: "Even so, come quickly, Lord Jesus." It is a Big Change from the days that Uncle Billy Hardhead tells about when the Millerites made them white ascension robes to meet their Lord joyfully in the air.

He failed to keep the appointment. When we heard the thin, strained prophetic voice at the back end of the church call out: "Jesus is coming!" we looked at one another and smiled. We smiled; we did not tremble.

In the old Bowery mission they had to tear the parable of the prodigal son out of the Bible. The reason was this: Every night they invited a different clergyman to preach the sermon. And every last preacher made straight for that parable assuming that the prodigality of his heavens had been the cause of their poverty. It made the men "sore" as the superintendent explained. So they tore the parable out of the mission Bible. The preachers were wrong. That Bowery audience is not an audience of prodigal sons. Occasionally one may be found. But the most of them never had any inheritance to squander.—*Herbert S. Bigelow in Twentieth Century Magazine.*

# The Coming Nation

PUBLISHERS

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

## A Study of Mormonism

HERE has been a sudden revival of writing about Mormonism. Scarcely one of the leading magazines but has had a series of articles "exposing" and explaining and denouncing or defending the Mormon Church. Part of this revival of interest is doubtless due to the necessity of a trust controlled magazine press finding some outlet for its muckraking that will not disturb capitalism. It is always fairly safe to throw stones at the Mormons. Even their Wall Street friends seldom withdraw banking support from a publication because it exposes polygamy—especially if it is not the purchased polygamy of the red light district.

But there is something more to the Mormon church than polygamy. It is a great industrial society. It is one of the largest experiments in co-operation that has ever been tried. It is in many ways a new form of industrial organization. Its attempt at a sort of co-operation, or communism or trustification, or combination of all of these has come into close competition and connection with the whole system of capitalism, and it has made some remarkable and important alliances with the powers that control trustified industry. The evolution of Mormonism has had a very great influence in determining economic and political conditions over large extents of territory. It is going to have a large influence in the growth of the labor movement, both political and economic, in several states.

The COMING NATION has secured from Murray Schick, a well-known newspaper correspondent and active Socialist of Salt Lake City, two articles, entitled "Mormon and Mammon," which will form the first presentation of the Mormon problem in the light of the economic interpretation of social events.

Here we see unfolded the evolution from a primitive patriarchal stage to modern capitalism of a society composed of several thousand persons. We see them pass through stages such as the race underwent centuries ago. We see the same direct dependence upon "revelation," the effect of tithing in connection with the force of concentration under competition in building up a powerful capitalist class. We see the struggles made by this society, first to repel outside influences, then to adjust itself to these influences, and finally to make terms with the powers of Mammon for the benefit of a few.

In these articles we see the growth of industry from primitive agriculture to modern complex industrialism, with all its religious, political and social reflexes. There is no attack made upon the Mormon religion. It is simply studied as one of the institutions evolving under economic development, and playing an important part at every stage of that development.

The articles are richly illustrated with photographs showing the various stages in this growth. We believe that they form one of the most valuable things the COMING NATION has published.

The articles for the series on "The Nation that is Coming" are being gath-

# Platitudes to the Rescue

BY A. M. SIMONS

We did get along with competition; we can get along with it. We did get along without monopoly; we can get along without it; and the business men of this country must square themselves to that necessity. Either that, or we must proceed to State Socialism and vest the Government with power to run every business.—Wm. H. Taft, at Detroit.

Many things can be done with words, as Goethe said many years ago.

With words you can build systems of philosophy, political platforms and parties and reputations.

With words you can fool all of the workers some of the time, but not this time. A multitude of words will darken wisdom and deceive the credulous.

With words you could once muddy many minds and protect the powerful few.

It is not so easy to do these tricks with words now.

The world is moving. Taft has forgotten that fact.

He has forgotten that society changes and that because we did get along once with the tallow candle is no reason why we should reject the electric light.

We did get along at one time without machines and newspapers and books and almost everything except stone axes. But we are not going to square ourselves to the necessity of getting along without them today.

Society is growing. We did get along with serfdom and chattel slavery and despotic government. But we have grown beyond these things and we are not going back to them. We have left the old times, and rather bad old times they were, too, behind us, and we are growing into the new good time that is coming.

We did get along as children—we did get along without manhood and womanhood—while the period of childhood lasted. But we cannot go back to childhood.

When we were children we thought as children, but some of us have put aside childish things, including such toy phrases as those with which Taft is seeking to darken understanding.

We know that the "business men" cannot, if they would "square themselves to the necessity" of going back to competition, anymore than the full-grown fowl can square itself to the necessity of getting back into the egg.

The business man is not going to do the squaring anyhow. He, too, is passing away as the ruler of society.

That is why we are not going to proceed to "State Socialism."

The working class will do the squaring and they are going to proceed to democratic Socialism, where a labor ruled government will have "power to run every business."

Then we will get along without a monopoly of fat fatuity to feed us words.

ered in rapidly and it is expected that the first number will appear some time in October.

There are a few hundred copies of Balfour Ker's great painting, "Driven from Eden," left. These are splendid half-tone reproductions of this work and those who have received them write enthusiastically of their appearance. While they last they are given free to those who ask for them when sending in either a renewal or a new subscription for one year.

The offer of "Socialist Forces in American History," by A. M. Simons, for three yearly subscriptions has had a great response. This offer will probably not be open for more than three weeks longer. The orders for the book will have to be sent in within ten days, and no more will be ordered than there is reason to expect will be called for on this premium offer before the book is on the market. The book is not for sale from this office at any price. It will have between three and four hundred pages, and will be the first work to explain just what forces produced political parties, court decisions, wars, legislation, and social institutions in this country.

It can be obtained either by sending in three subscriptions with three dollars or sending the same amount for three subscription cards, each good at any time for a year's subscription to the COMING NATION.

## The British Worker's Psychology

At the very last moment before this issue goes to press there came from our British correspondent one of the most remarkable articles on trade-unionism that has appeared in several years. It contains just the sort of information that is most needed in the

American trade union world. It tells how the old unionism is being transformed in Great Britain by the revolt of the rank and file against reactionary tactics; of how the new spirit of revolt is wiping out old lines of division between the workers; of how a more militant spirit is entering into both political and economic fields; of how international ties are being tightened; of how increased pressure of exploitation is being met with fiercer resistance and more determined aggression, of how, in short, a new revolutionary movement is being born. There is a remarkable interview with Ben Tillet, a description of the action at the recent Trades Congress and an analysis of the whole trade union question that is especially significant in view of present conditions in the United States. There should be a million copies of this article circulated among the union men of the United States. Change names and places and dates and you have a forecast of what must take place here, and this article is one of the things that will help to bring about the change.

Send for a bundle. Ten or more two and a half cents each.

## The Socialist Scouts

Scout orders have increased wonderfully in the past three weeks. Boys and girls are doubling and tripling their former orders. There's a prospective Scout in your home who can begin now to build up a good paying business, make plenty of pocket money, earn premiums and become a real factor in Socialist agitation.

Scouts sell the COMING NATION and Appeal to Reason and take subscriptions for both papers. They make 100 per cent on all sales. It costs nothing to start the work. I'll send a bundle of ten NATIONS to any boy or girl who'll agree to remit half-price for what papers he sells and to return heads of unsold copies. This gives him a start without financial outlay. Address requests to "Scout Department, Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kansas, and first bundle, letter of instruction and prize list will be sent.

## Must Make the Weight

Pittsburg Millionaire—"So there's a hitch in the marriage arrangement, is there?"

His Grace's Solicitor—"Yes, sir. I informed the duke that you wouldn't let your daughter enter the ring at over \$1,000,000, and he instructs me to say to you that he married his last two wives at \$3,000,000. Your daughter must make the weight or the marriage is off."—Puck.

Thoreau said once, "All reform is an awakening out of sleep." So the immediate work for the reformer is to awaken the people from the hypnotic slumber into which they are plunged by the popular catch words of progress and prosperity. The people must be made to see that those who are picking their pockets are not the leaders whose advice it is safe to follow.—Edwin Markham.

# There is Still Time

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

# Social Forces in America

BY A. M. SIMONS

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

**The Coming Nation, Girard, Ks**

**CHILDREN'S OWN PLACE**  
 EDITED BY  
**BERTHA H. MAILLY**

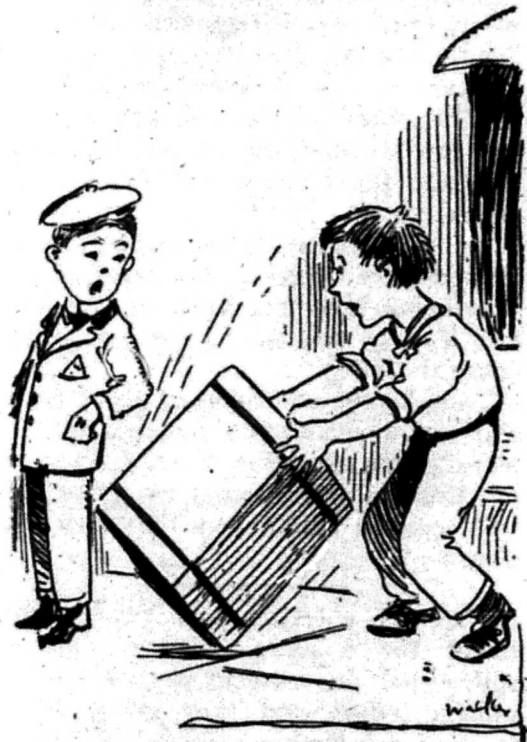
**The Story of Joe**

(Continued.)

**N**OW Joe had been working as errand boy in the bake-shop for his wages of three dollars a week about a year. He was growing tall and was quite sturdy, so much so that the foreman was accustomed to ask him to help unload boxes from the wagons and guide them down in the basement.

During this year Joe's father had somehow gotten back his old job as kneader of the dough in the same bake-shop. Joe might have given up his work and gone back to school again, but he couldn't quite make up his mind to give up that \$3 per week. In fact, it was \$4 now and Joe, besides paying his mother, was buying his own clothes and shoes and feeling that he had practically reached independent manhood. A mere bit of reading and writing compositions and working sums in percentage seemed very little compared with independent manhood, so he stayed on in the shop.

Joe liked to have his "old man," as he sometimes called his father, around.



Say, Look out There

They ate their lunch together and Joe got many a tip from him how to make his work go easier and altogether they were pretty good chums.

One very warm day, while Joe was unloading some boxes, and his face was running with perspiration and his shirt was wet through with it, his back ached and he wasn't feeling quite ready to laugh as in the old days at school, an automobile drove up in front of the bakeshop.

A young lad close to Joe's age got out of the auto and started to cross the sidewalk to the door just as Joe struggling to hold back a box from falling from the wagon with a crash, finally let it fall on the sidewalk where it just missed hitting the other boy's foot.

"Say, look out there! What are you doing, anyway?" said the other boy, as he gave Joe a look that stuck in his mind all the morning and made him say to his father, as they ate their lunch together:

"Say, Pop, there was a fellow came to the shop this morning with the boss and got in my way and when I nearly dropped a box on his toe, he looked at me—well, I don't know just how to say it, but as though he was telling me to mind how I came near him. I used to know that guy; too, he went to school with me when we were kids, but he wasn't so much in school. I'd like to have give him a punch, but he was inside the shop in a minute."

"Well, boy," said Joe's father, "it's no use your bothering about chaps like him. You see it was different when

you used to go to school together. Now you are no longer in school, you are working to earn your living; but he is off at school, has everything he wants at his father's expense, never expects to work as you do for wages and it makes him a bit chesty. He thinks you're not in his class. And you're not, Joe, you're not. There is a difference and the difference will grow bigger the older you both get. It's not a real difference. You're as good a boy as he is and you've got just as good a brain, perhaps a better one, but you haven't had the same chance that he has to get a start."

"But, say, Pop, why does he get a better chance?"

"Well, I guess, Joe, it's because I couldn't give it to you like his father. I've always been in the crowd that works like sin to get enough for the family to live on and I couldn't get enough ahead to give you what you'd ought to have."

"That's all right, Pop. Perhaps I'll make the chance for myself some day. But I don't know as I want to get into the class with that kind of a bluffer."

B. H. M.

(To be Continued.)

**Training in Democracy**

BY FRANK SHULMAN.

Membership in a "Young Socialist" club is very often synonymous with unpleasantness at home and ridicule from friends. The young Socialist movement is as yet not sufficiently popular and strong to command respect for its adherents from all the twenty million young boys and girls of our country.

The parents also are still so conservative and narrow-minded that they oppose most strenuously their children joining a young Socialist club. In spite of this we find that a marked majority of the boys and girls "stick" to their clubs, as the saying goes, "through thick and thin."

Some say that this is due entirely to the efforts of the Socialist party, which does not let out of its clutches any prey it may acquire, but this is unfortunately untrue. As yet the Socialist party is too much preoccupied with its efforts to retain those members it acquires, or too busy voting on referendums to give any attention to the young Socialist movement. All the members that stay in the young Socialist clubs do so of their own initiative.

When a boy of the age of fifteen or sixteen years joins a Socialist club, he fully understands that he will have a hard time of it, and is prepared for the combat. Rarely does a new member join before he or she has witnessed a few or many meetings of the club and has judged them at their full value. The prospective member sees the fights in the club, which are, by the way, common occurrences, observes the parliamentary quibbling and the other odds and ends of an organization, which are usually forgotten by friends, but not by enemies of the club. Still, in spite of all this the boy or girl fills out an application blank, pays the initiation fee, and is ready to join the ranks.

Or perhaps it is on account of the masterly verbal fights and ingenious parliamentary quibbling that a new member does join. I believe the latter is true. Anyone unprejudiced can see that those fights and technical discussions in a club prepare the mind for the quibbles of life. The courage to express your opinion at a moment's call is fully developed in a club. The mind, too, is sharpened very keenly by the ingenious contests over a ruling of the chair.

Many sensible parents, who are not Socialists, recognize the value of club life and encourage their children to join all kinds of clubs, which are, of course,

non-socialistic. The parents believe that the children get sufficient practice in a conservative club. I am certain, however, that any close observer will at once descry the difference between the conservative and the Socialist clubs.

In a conservative club, the president and a few friends are the actual club, and have a monopoly over everything in the club. The rulings are also never complicated, and if ever a ruling is objected to, it is purely through a personal motive. The ordinary athletic, social or debating club, has hardly anything to break the monotony of the organization.

In a Socialist club, on the other hand, the majority always rules, the ever-aspiring spirit for more liberty, the incentive of being representative of the movement, and many other similar reasons, give more opportunity for individual practice. The constant change of membership in the clubs, the efforts to adapt themselves to conditions, regardless of how often they change, and the thorough revolutionary spirit, are splendid forces to spur one onward.

The liberties each member enjoys in a Socialist club are also very great in comparison with a conservative club. In a club of the latter kind the president often serves for years without a lapse, while in a Socialist club each member has an opportunity to preside at almost any meeting. The practice of retaining any kind of officers for long periods is entirely alien to the policy of the young Socialist clubs. And finally the knowledge of the power and use of the initiative, referendum, and recall puts the member of a Socialist club in a category highly superior to that of any other club.

**The Biggest Army in the World**

Now that school has begun for the fall and winter and I presume most of the readers of this page will have been enrolled as pupils, I am sure that you will be interested in some information concerning the school system in the United States.

This information is useful as indicating what a vast and important thing public school education has become in this country.

Few children attending school stop to consider that they are only members of a great army, that their school is not the only one, and that in every part of the United States there are other children also going to school, also trying to get an education to equip themselves for the battle of life.

It will surprise you, probably, to learn that last year there were in the schools of the nation, public and private, primary and post-graduate, no less than 19,326,124 pupils. That number will be increased this year to 20,000,000, taking the natural increase in population into account. Think of being one of an army of twenty million.

Here is another interesting item. For each eighteen children in the primary grades last year, there was only one that took the high school courses. That means that eighteen million children had to leave school because their parents could not afford to give them the high-school courses that the other million children could get because they were fortunate enough to have parents who could afford it.

That doesn't look like equality of opportunity in a free country, does it?

Again, only about 330,000 out of that army of over nineteen million last year, were able to enjoy a special education by attending colleges and universities, normal schools and other institutions. I need not tell you that these were the children in almost all cases of the wealthy people. And they would not have this privilege if their parents did not live off of the labor of the parents of the other millions of children who have to leave school and go to work as soon as they have passed the primary grades.

Next week I will tell you more about the school system. In the meantime,

won't you think over what I have already told you and tell your school-mates about it?

**Woodpeckers**

One of the most endearing characteristics of the downy woodpecker is his fatherly companionship with the chickadee and nuthatch. He plainly enjoys their company, and frequently in winter he is accompanied by a number of these confiding bird children.

The woodpeckers are a noble and successful family. Though most of them are noisy they do not sing, and many of them are too busy to migrate. Almost all woodpeckers are gayly dressed and have a swinging, undulating flight.

All males have a patch or cap of red upon the head. They are among the first families in the bird world and the boy or girl who knows them without a gun will have a valuable and delightful accomplishment. — *Saturday Evening Post.*

**Did You Ever?**

Did you ever walk along a country road at five o'clock in the morning, after a night of heavy dew, and see every spider-web on bush and grass and fence marked out in silver threads of shining dew-drops?

Thousands of you children who read this never have and never will see this beautiful sight, for the only five o'clock in the morning you will know will be pulling out of bed in a tenement room, close and dark, to eat a six o'clock scanty breakfast, and hurry along stone-walked city streets to a seven o'clock job. No dewy diamonds about that, is there, unless—

Well, let's change all that and give every one a chance to see the morning beauty in the country. Will you, children? And quickly, too.

**The Right Side**

*Uncle Jackson* (showing city boy the farm)—"With all your city eddication, Sonny, I'll warrant you don't know which side you milk a cow from."

*The Boy*—"Sure, I do. It's the under side."—*Puck.*

**Which?**

"Now, I wonder," soliloquized the family cat, after carefully inspecting the new patent mouse-trap, "if that is intended as a labor-saving device for my benefit, or if I'm in danger of losing my job in this house."—*The Young Socialist.*

**What Is It?**

*There is a plant you often see  
 In gardens and in fields;  
 Its stalk is straight, its leaves are long,  
 And precious fruit it yields.*

*The fruit, when young, is soft and white,  
 And closely wrapped in green,  
 And tassels hang from every ear,  
 Which children love to glean.*

*But when the tassels fade away  
 The fruit is ripe and old;  
 It peeps from out the wrapping dry,  
 Like beads of yellow gold.*

*The fruit, when young, we boil and roast,  
 When old, we grind it well.  
 Now, think of all the plants you know,  
 And try its name to tell.*

**What Red Riding Hood Saw**

A country teacher was telling the story of Red Riding Hood. She had described the woods and the wild animals that live there.

"Suddenly," she said, "Red Riding Hood heard a loud noise. She turned around, and what do you suppose she saw standing there, looking at her and showing all its sharp, strong white teeth?"

"Teddy Roosevelt!" cried one of the boys.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Within Prison Walls

For years the Socialist parties of Germany, Russia, Finland and several other countries have included as one of the regular items in their annual reports, a list of those who have suffered imprisonment for Socialism during the previous year. We have always congratulated ourselves that such an order of business was not necessary here. Does not the precious national constitution guarantee freedom of press, speech and assemblage? How then can men and women be prosecuted for political opinions or political activity?

Yet at the present moment the jails of a half dozen states contain workmen put there because of their activity in the cause of labor.

In New Castle, Pa., S. L. Flannagan and F. M. Hartman have just been convicted of contempt of court, their offense consisting in having criticised a court belonging to the Steel trust. With two other Socialists, they are now to be tried again for "seditious libel," and will have the distinction of being the first persons for more than a hundred years to be tried for that offense in the United States.

At Garden City, Kan., C. R. D. S. Oakford was editing a local paper. He began to expose the personal record of some of the "best citizens" of the place. A mob wrecked his printing plant and he is now in jail awaiting trial under a Kansas law that was enacted especially to put out of business a sensational salacious paper that was published in Kansas City thirty years ago.

In Pittsburg, Pa., Fred Merrick, that militant fighter for Labor, is editor of Justice. This paper turned the searchlight on the superlative rottenness of Pittsburg. After a trial that reminds one of the court scene in Alice in Wonderland he has just been convicted of criminal libel and sentenced to imprisonment.

On the other side of the continent, H. C. Tuck, editor of the Oakland World, dared to tell how a chief of police murdered a working girl, by the use of the "third degree." For this he, too, is now behind prison bars.

In Los Angeles the prison is filled with workingmen. Some are charged with the terrible crime of picketing,



C. R. D. S. OAKFORD AND FAMILY

some are Mexicans who dared to dream of political and industrial freedom for their home country, and some are kidnaped victims of a nation wide plot.

Socialist Intercollegiate Society

BY EDWIN CHOATE EATON.

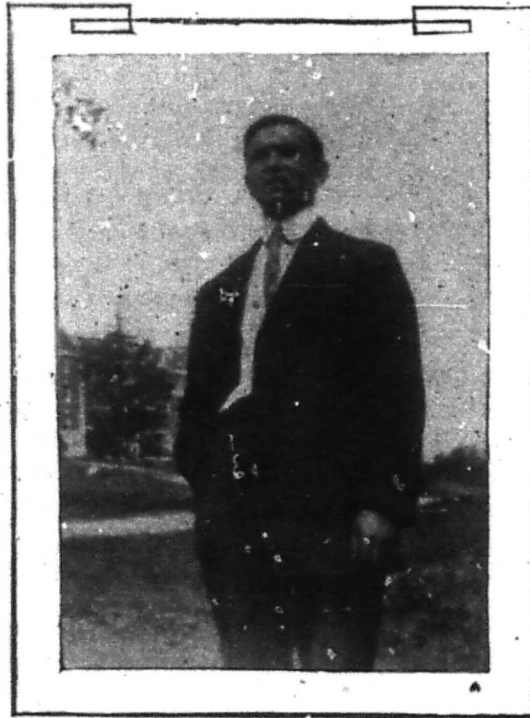
A new chapter of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society was organized and installed March 13, 1911, at the Agricultural College at Storrs, Conn., by Harry W. Laidler of New York City. The charter members were Messrs. Cohen, Goldstein, Smith, Howitz, Lazerious and Sherman of New York City, Reiner of Hartford, Conn., and Paul Austin Schurtz of Brooklyn.

The faculty and student body took great interest in this organization from the start, one of the most interested being Prof. Edwin Oscar Smith, B. S., Wesleyan University Class of 1900, professor of English and Economics, who became an honorary member.

This new study chapter is the one great live wire at the college. In public speaking and elocution the majority of the debates are on "How can Socialism Benefit the Country," "Socialism vs. Monopoly" and "The Laborer's Chances under Socialism."

To date our chapter is the only agri-

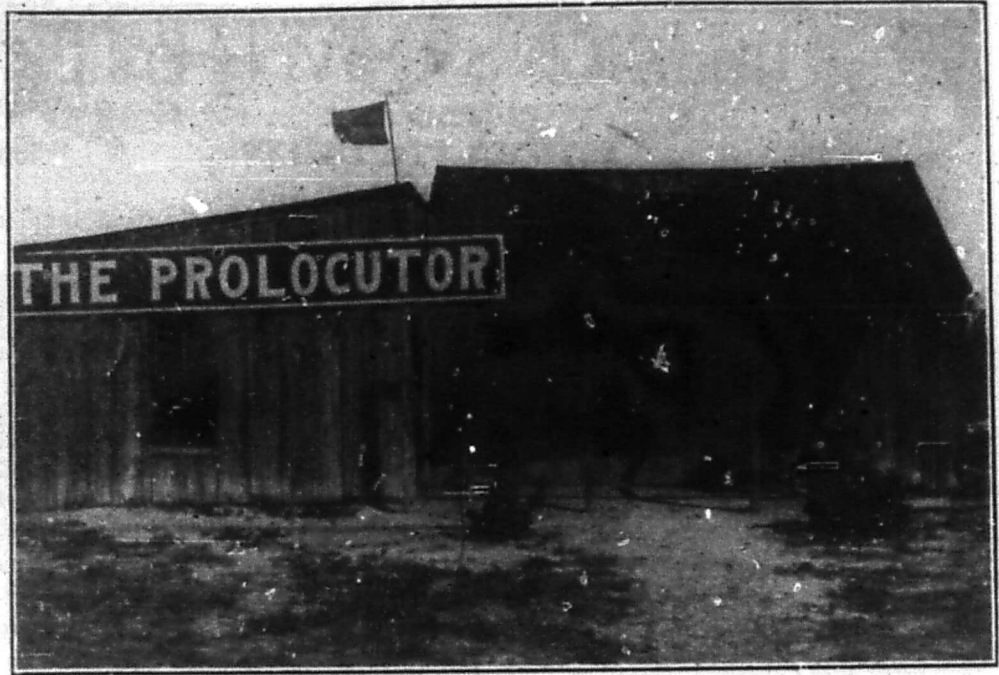
cultural college chapter in New England. Trinity College, a classical institution of learning at Hartford, Conn.,



S. J. SHERMAN

was admitted last June and is doing great work in that city among the students and working classes.

The aim of the "agris" is to become



Office of the Prolocutor, at Garden City, Kansas, mobbed August 22, 1911

imbued with Socialist ideas and upon graduating, go back to the farm and develop and propagate Socialistic ideals there. As is well known "the farmer is the backbone of the Country" and without him we of the city would starve. Hence it is the farmer that must be turned toward Socialism, and the new nation will come into its own.

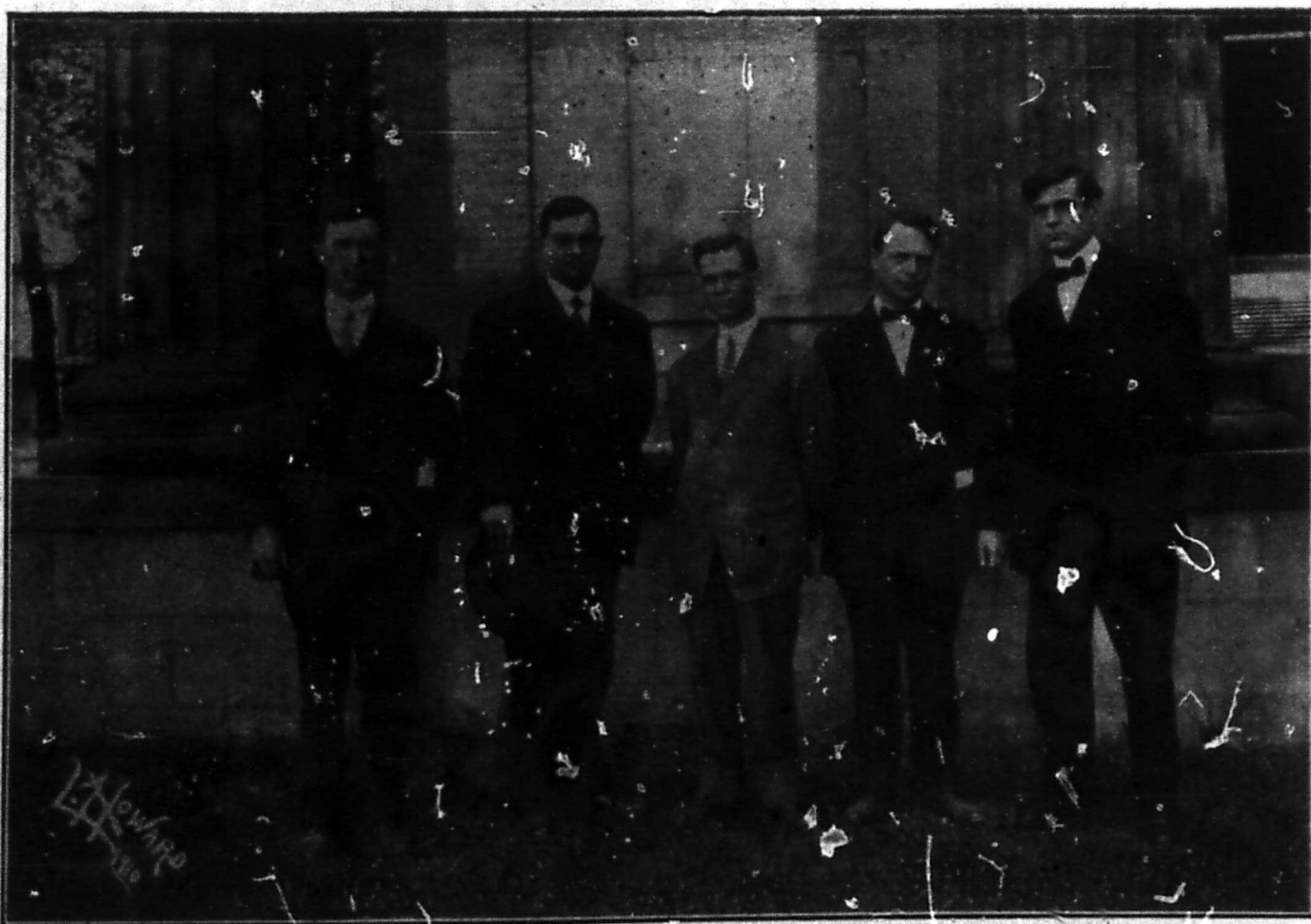
During the winter and spring terms several out of town speakers were engaged by the "Agris" Chapter, the most prominent being the author of "War, What For," Mr. Kirkpatrick, and Hugh White. In the June report to the local chapter, Mr. S. J. Sherman, secretary and treasurer of the Connecticut chapter, reports that the coming fall term will see twenty new members in the organization.

In five hundred colleges today similar chapters are thriving, the most prominent being Harvard, Yale, Brown, Vassar, Trinity and the Connecticut Agricultural College.

Thus by the education of the farmers and non-agriculturists through the Intercollegiate Socialist Society throughout this and other countries, great help will come in building up the "New Nation."

We may entertain and express contempt for a mere lawyer's want of ability, but the moment he is elected to judicial office, and thus given opportunity for inflicting penalties in lawless revenge, his abilities cannot be vigorously questioned without inviting *ex post facto* punishment for damaged vanity. Is this because the lawyer acquires new learning by very reason of his election, or is it because the people, the common people, must be kept in ignorance of the facts for fear of losing their superstitious reverence for undeserving judges?—Theodore Schroeder.

Socialist Defenders of Freedom of Speech



WHITE HARTMAN WARREN — MCKEEVER MCCARTHY

Hartman just convicted of contempt of court

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### Flings at Things

BY D. M. S.

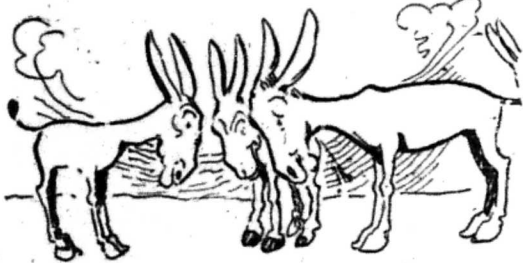
#### A Substitute

**W**e have not any czar or king  
To hold us in their clutch  
But as we have the Wall  
Street ring  
We do not miss them much.

#### Oh, That Incentive

Their master, man, was not in sight,  
The mules, quite up to date  
Began to argue how they might  
Their lot alleviate.

Said one, a worn and ancient beast,  
"We ought to ask the boss,  
With rations twice as large at least  
If he will come across."



Another said, "the work we do  
Is far too heavy now,  
Our burdens should be cut in two  
You surely will allow."

"You dream, I fear," said sprightly Jack,  
"All that would cost him cash,  
But we might ask to have our back  
Relieved from whip and lash."

Up spoke a mule both safe and sane  
Who hadn't brayed a word,  
"You fellows give my neck a pain  
Your talk is so absurd."

"Without the lash, I plainly see

All lazy mules would shirk  
For what incentive would there be  
For any mule to work?"

#### Sometimes Misses



"He started in as office boy—"  
"And now he is manager of the concern."  
"How did you guess it?"  
"I read about a case just like that  
in a story book."  
"Well, you can guess again."

#### That Draws Them

"Things seems to be pretty quiet on  
this block."  
"Yes, I haven't seen a policeman for  
a week."  
"Then you haven't made a Socialist  
speech in that time."

#### Doubling Their Pay

"How are you going to reward inven-  
tors under Socialism?" asked the  
man who was certain that he had found  
an unanswerable objection.  
"I have not any authority to lay out  
all of the details of the future society,"  
said the one who was trying to explain,  
"but I would say off-handed that we  
might give them two crusts of bread."  
"And would you consider that ample  
reward for their sleepless nights, their  
years of self-denial and their labor-  
saving results?"  
"Oh, I don't know. Capitalism only  
gives them one crust and it begrudges  
them that."

### Little Flings

Some day Los Angeles may accept  
civilization.

Rockefeller has royal blood in him,  
but then, so has Manuel.

Democracy refuses to quarrel with  
itself. The flesh pots smell too good.

Socialism is coming, but there is no  
reason why we shouldn't go to meet it.

If Socialism is a foreign importation  
why don't the tariff tinkers keep it out?

Great Britain will remember the  
dockers' strike longer than it will the  
coronation.

Taft isn't frightened at the ravings  
of the insurgents. He figures that the  
interests can put over one more pres-  
ident.

That Astor can squander the wealth  
produced by others is more to get ex-  
cited over than the fact that a silly girl

has consented to marry him.  
Capitalists are dreaming lots of



dreams that will never come true.  
Anyone who can demolish Socialism  
by a speech can hear something to his  
interest by addressing the kaiser.

#### Big Talk

The powers that be in Germany  
May bluff and bluster through their  
hat  
But will they chance a war with France?  
Not much. They know too much for  
that.

The common guy some inches high  
Has grown since last they had a  
scrap,  
The rulers know if given a show  
He'd wipe their systems off the map.

# Know Why Socialism is Coming

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

## Victor L. Berger says:

"A few socialist phrases is not sufficient to make a scientific socialist. In order to know WHY SOCIALISM IS COMING, a socialist should have an idea of evolution, he must know history, he must know something of economic development.  
We as socialists are vitally interested in the development of civilization. History for us is not a collection of shallow village tales, the story of coronations, weddings and burials of kings. For us the true lesson of history is the story of progress of mankind by gradual steps from brutal slavery to enlightenment, culture and humanity.  
The manner in which one system has grown out of another, feudalism out of slavery and capitalism out of feudalism is most suggestive of the manner by which the Socialist Republic will gradually develop out of the present system.  
To show how the Socialist Republic will gradually develop out of the present system, the Library of Original Sources has been published. It is a treasure mine."

## The Library of Original Sources

(In the original documents—translated)  
clears away the bigotry and superstition that has accumulated around religion, law, government, education, etc.—brings to light the naked truth and shows why socialism is coming. This wonderful library gives the authoritative sources of knowledge in all fields of thought—socialism philosophy, science, education, etc. The rock-bottom facts which for centuries capitalist writers have deliberately kept from the people.  
Thousands of the Comrades in all parts of the United States and Canada have secured this library on our co-operative plan, and without a single exception are enthusiastic over it. Letters like these come pouring in with every mail:

- John Spargo: "Most helpful. Ought to be in every library."
- Walter J. Lorentz, Wash.: "A boon to working men who have not time nor money to get a college education."
- A. M. Simons: "Superior to encyclopedias; will be read when novels are forgotten."
- C. E. Kline, Wash.: "I am urging all my friends to secure your great work."
- Geo. Pae, Alberta, Can.: "Just the thing to help turn the wheels of progress."
- Fred Warren: "Most important production; a Local could not make a better investment."
- Arthur M. Lewis: "The most valuable part of my library."
- C. R. Oyster, Editor Enterpriser: "The best book investment I ever made."
- Jack London: "A library boiled down. I never could spare these ten volumes from my library."
- Ernest Untermann: "The volumes will be my most valuable companions this winter."

## "Greatest Work Ever Published for Socialists"

is what a socialist editor says of this great library. You can get a set now on a co-operative basis while the introductory edition lasts. Only a few left. Write today for details. Tomorrow may be too late.

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tive plan.  
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### Couldn't 'Andle a Buffalo

BY C. V. H.

Two Englishmen lately arrived from the old country applied at a Portland livery stable for a horse and carriage. "It's a little chilly," remarked the liveryman to his assistant, as he gave him his instructions. "Better put in a buffalo."

"Hif you'll hexcuse me, sir," interjected one of the Britishers, "Hi just came hout from hold Hengland last week, hand Hi'm afraid Hi couldn't 'andle a buffalo."

#### Wanted to Be There

BY JOHN MILLER.

Tony came over from the old country and obtained employment in America as a section hand. Some time afterward he went to his foreman and said: "Boss, I like haf vacashun."  
"Tony, you don't need a vacation," answered the boss.  
"Yess, boss, I like haf vacashun," repeated Tony.  
"What do you want with a vacation?"

If I give it to you, Tony, you will go back to the old country, blow all your money, and then come back broke. You had better stay here."

"I like haf vacashun, boss," stolidly repeated Tony. "I'm going get married and I'd kinder like to be there."

#### Found Out Who He Was

BY REBA ERR.

One morning an Irishman went into a saloon, in a poor section of a city. He asked permission to light his pipe. It was granted him by the bartender.

Every morning after that the Irishman came in the saloon, lighted his pipe and walked out without saying a word. Just before his usual time one morning the bartenders were discussing him and wondering who he was. As they were talking the object of their conversation walked in. The bartender hailed him and said, "Who are you?"  
"What," says the Irishman, "don't ye know who oi am?"  
"No. Who are you?"  
"Sure, Oim the man what lights his pipe ivery mornin'."  
With that he walked out.



HE STOLE A LOAF OF BREAD

Painted by Ryan Walker.



**Rhymes of the Revolution**

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

Selected and annotated by FRANK STUHLMAN

Ernest Howard Crosby, one of the truest-souled reformers and Tolstoyans in America, a graduate of Columbia Law School, early entered politics and was elected member of the New York legislature on the republican ticket in the same year that saw the advent of Roosevelt in that body. In 1899 he was appointed a Judge of the International Court at Alexandria, Egypt. After serving five years with distinction he resigned. On the way to America he visited Tolstoy and this meeting with the Christ-like Russian was the turning point of his life. When he returned home he threw himself, heart and soul, into social reform work.

**THE COLLECTION**

BY ERNEST CROSBY.

I passed the plate in church,  
There was little silver, but the crisp  
bank-notes heaped themselves up  
high before me;  
And ever as the pile grew, the plate  
became warmer and warmer until  
it burned my fingers, and a smell  
of scorching flesh rose from it, and  
I perceived that some of the notes  
were beginning to smoulder and  
curl, half-browned, at the edges.  
And then I saw thru the smoke into the  
very substance of the money, and I  
beheld what it really was;  
I saw the stolen earnings of the poor,  
the wide margins of wages pared-  
down to starvation;  
I saw the underpaid factory girl eking  
out her living on the street, and the  
overworked child, and the suicide  
of the discharged miner;  
I saw poisonous gases from great man-

ufactories spreading disease and  
death;  
I saw despair and drudgery filling the  
dram-shop;  
I saw rents screwed out of brother man  
for permission to live on God's land;  
I saw men shut out from the bosom of  
the earth and begging for the poor  
privilege to work in vain, and be-  
coming tramps and paupers and  
drunkards and lunatics, and crowd-  
ing into almshouses, insane asylums  
and prisons;  
I saw ignorance and vice and crime  
growing rant in stifling, filthy  
slums;  
I saw usury, springing from usury, it-  
self born of unjust monopoly and  
purchased laws and legalized vio-  
lence;  
I saw shoddy cloth and adulterated food  
and lying goods of all kinds, cheap-

ening men and women, and vulgar-  
izing the world;  
I saw hideousness extending itself from  
coal mine and foundry over forest  
and river and field;  
I saw money grabbed from fellow grab-  
bers and swindlers, and underneath  
them the workman forever spinning  
it out of his vitals;  
I saw all the laboring world, thin and  
pale and bent and careworn and  
driven, pouring out this tribute from  
its toil and sweat into the laps of  
the richly dressed men and women  
in the pews, who only glanced at  
them to shrink from them with dis-  
gust;  
I saw money worshipped as a god, and  
given grudgingly from hoards so  
great that it could not be missed,

as a bribe from superstition to a  
dishonest judge in the expectation  
of escaping hell,  
I saw all this, and the plate burned my  
fingers so that I had to hold it first  
in one hand and then in the other;  
and I was glad when the parson in  
his white robes took the smoking  
pile from me on the chancel steps  
and, turning about, lifted it up and  
lay it on the altar.  
It was an old-time altar indeed, for it  
bore a burnt offering of flesh and  
blood—a sweet savor unto the Mo-  
loch whom these people worship  
with their daily round of human  
sacrifices.  
The shambles are in the temple as of  
yore, and the tables of the money-  
changers waiting to be overturned.



There is a Popular Superstition that it is not a Wise thing to Smoke in a Powder Magazine