

THE COMING OF THE NATION

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A JOURNAL OF THINGS DOING AND TO BE DONE

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Comment on Things Doing

BY CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

THE McNAMARAS AND BACK OF THEM

I HAVE been looking all these two weeks for some signs that the events at Los Angeles have moved the people of the nation to solemn and wholesome reflection about conditions in this country of theirs, but I find none.

There has been a wild outcry for blood; the man-hunt has been cheered with enthusiasm; a thousand dull chumps have ponderously informed labor that it must purge itself of violence; the Old Docs have shaken their heads and uttered endless platitudes; bromidic horror of the dreadful union has descended upon us in a flood; the Parrys and the Posts have shrieked and babbled; suspected or intimidated labor leaders have made mad haste to exculpate themselves; various persons have declared that although they are opposed to capital punishment they think the McNamaras ought to be hanged; Christian clergymen have preached the doctrine of vengeance; the Federal government has taken up the chase; an army of spies is dogging suspected persons; and the country applauds the idea that we must have more blood for the blood already shed.

Meantime, nobody seems to think for a moment about the causes that may lie behind the acts of these two men—and possibly others.

They confess that they were engaged in a conspiracy to destroy much property with dynamite and one of them says that he exploded dynamite under the Los Angeles Times building, causing the loss of twenty-one lives. They do not say so, but elsewhere the positive declaration is made that in all these violent operations they have had the sympathy if not the assistance and connivance of other men, perhaps of many other men.

The most obvious, simple, primary, rudimentary reflection, therefore, would be as to why these men should engage in a plot of a kind so strange, deadly and desperate.

Men do not do these things without some very powerful impulse that sweeps them away from reason and makes them willing to accept the imminent peril of the most abhorred and loathsome form of death. In this instance there was evidently no impulse of gain or of personal advantage of any kind whatsoever. These men risked hanging and could get nothing from undergoing that risk.

What then was the impulse?

Why, they thought they were fighting the battle of their class. That was all. They were undoubtedly wrong, but they had a belief that they could terrify into decency the powers and the men that it seemed to them were responsible for the war that was being made upon the working class of America. That is perfectly evident from the public statements they have made and it is no less evident from the nature of their deeds of violence and the conditions under which those deeds were committed.

A conspiracy existed to terrorize certain persons that were believed to have treated labor with indignity. That is the established fact, is it not? Then how preposterous is the notion, apparently all but universal in this country, that these men were bloody-minded villains, who murdered from the sheer love of murder and destroyed for the sheer love of destruction! How shallow to go about bellowing for their death as if there was nothing to be considered except how to annihilate them! How imbecile to think that any of the deep lying causes of this most significant chapter of history will be in the least affected if you put these men to death or a hundred

like them! Above all, how wicked, to think that in such a grave and terrible revelation we have no duty and no responsibility except to stamp the spark of life from these men and exult over our vengeance upon them!

Is it true that as a nation we have no more power of reflection than the national performance in this case would indicate? Then I should say that we have other things to reform besides the labor unions and one of them is the public school system of this country that after so many years of effort can produce an average mind so little capable of thinking and an average conscience so little sensible of duty. And I beg leave to believe that this fact, if it be a fact, is of infinitely greater consequence to the nation than the explosion in the Los Angeles Times office or any views of Harrison Grey Otis.

THE REIGN OF VIOLENCE

THE M'Namaras and those associated with them believed that the working class of America was the victim of great and intolerable injustice.

Whence came this sense of injustice?

In the first place, like all men that under the present system of society toil to create wealth for others, they were vaguely sensible of a great enduring fundamental wrong. Without having reasoned to the end, they and all other workingmen felt that in some way something was radically wrong in their environment and conditions. They saw that from the products of industry capital took much and labor received very little, and without reasoning about this, either, they felt that it embodied a huge injustice. They felt rather than perceived that labor created all wealth and won from it merely a bare existence; capital created nothing whatever and won from the work of other men luxury, superfluity and colossal power. And without philosophical perception as to the bases of this wrong they felt the sting of it.

They saw their own children growing up, inadequately educated, without opportunity in life, doomed from the beginning to drudgery and insufficiency, and the children of the capitalists launched upon life with every conceivable advantage, and without understanding exactly why this monstrous inequality came to be the bare fact, goaded them daily to resentment.

They had also still more pungent causes to stir them to passion. Besides this vague sense of wrong all about them, they saw that all society is organized to deny ordinary justice to the man that toils.

They saw that in the courts, pledged to deal justly between man and man, the toiler was always upon a different footing from the capitalist.

They saw that whenever the toilers attempted to better their condition or protest against the injustice from which they suffered, all the machinery of government was turned against them. The police and the militia were employed to cow their spirits and drive them back to their work; their revolt called forth bitter execration from all the leaders of public opinion; the press, controlled by the employers, deliberately misrepresented their cause and covered them with contempt and ridicule.

They saw, too, that the organized system of justice was almost universally a bulwark of strength to the employers, but no defense to the employees.

They saw that in each great strike the

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courts, as if by pre-concert, took stronger grounds against labor that had organized for its own defense. They saw that each adverse ruling by one judge became the precedent and ground for a still more oppressive ruling by the next judge and that against these rulings labor had absolutely no recourse. It was bound hand and foot and delivered helpless to its enemies.

They saw that whenever a strike occurred the employers went to the courts and secured injunctions that practically defeated the purpose of the strike, but there were no injunctions to protect toilers from the conditions that made strikes inevitable.

They saw that to aid the employers, judges were willing to draw imaginary lines in the public highway and to forbid strikes to cross such lines, but working men could secure no such assistance in their struggle against the employer's injustice.

They saw that judges would enjoin workmen from talking about their grievances, but if a workingman were to ask that employers be enjoined from planning new ways to oppress labor such workingmen would be driven from the courts with shouts of laughter.

They saw one judge forbidding a labor union to maintain a meeting place on the ground that if workmen met they would discuss a strike. But they knew that if they were to apply for an injunction against a rich man's club on the ground that plots against labor were laid there, although the charge would be perfectly true, the entire press would shriek with laughter and make of the movers of such a suggestion targets for endless abuse and vilification while the courts would refuse to entertain their petition.

They saw that the judges were determined to make striking a crime; that the settled policy of the courts was to establish a condition in which men must keep at their work so long as their employers might desire; that one judge enjoined a union from continuing a strike, and a little later another judge found that the motives for a strike constituted a crime, and a few days later another judge decided that even to aid a strike was illegal.

They saw that while this judicial campaign was going on against labor in the lower and the state courts, they had just as little chance for justice in that Supreme Court that had been lauded to them as the embodiment of wisdom and was the court of last resort in their country.

They saw the Supreme Court of the United States decide that the boycott is illegal, but the blacklist is legal, although the boycott and the blacklist are the same thing called by one name when used by the workmen and by another when used by the employers.

They saw the same court hold that in the case of a strike all resulting damages to business might be assessed against a labor union and collected by judgment against individual members of that union, but they knew very well that the court would not entertain the idea that in the case of a lockout the losses suffered by workmen might be assessed against the employer.

They saw the nation pass a law against great combinations of capital. They saw that law a dead letter on the statute books so far as combinations of capital were concerned, but they saw it twisted from its original purpose into an instrument to oppress labor. While with impunity great combinations of capital were being formed and were acquiring a menacing power, this law inert against them was invoked to throw labor leaders into jail and to deprive them of the constitutional rights of free assembly and free speech.

They saw men sentenced to imprisonment for saying that they would not purchase a certain brand of stoves. They knew it would be utterly futile to invoke the law against any employer that said he would not use a certain brand of labor, and yet the two cases in any just view would be equal and parallel.

They knew, too, that to appeal to the Congress of the United States for any relief from these oppressions would be utterly useless. A few years before the employing class in Great

Britain had wrung from the courts there a decision similar to that in which the United States Supreme Court held labor unions liable for damages from a strike. In Great Britain organized labor had asked Parliament to correct so grave and manifest an injustice and Parliament had within two or three months acceded to the request. But in the United States the Congress had refused again and again not merely to correct the wrong but to consider it. For three years the representatives of American organized labor stood hat in hand at the door of the House Committee on Labor and were denied even one moment in which to make their statement.

Meantime the law continued to be enforced against the labor unions that it was never intended to reach and continued to be ineffective against the combinations of capital against which alone it was designed.

They knew all these things. They knew also that all the time they were the objects not merely of the dislike and opposition of the employing class but of its active hatred, contempt and ridicule. They knew that the mere fact that they worked with their hands made them contemptible in the eyes of the rich and the fortunate. They knew that they carried a brand of inferiority merely because they worked. They knew that in all respects they were held to be different from other men and inferior to them. They knew that "a common working man" was the universal term of reproach among those for whom they toiled. They knew that they had become a class apart; that their children were under the stigma of society; that their wives were not esteemed as were the wives of the possessing class; that they were at once the pariahs and the jest of the wealthy and the comfortable.

THE FRUITS OF INJUSTICE

OUT of these conditions what would you expect to come?

If there be anything that life so far on this planet has demonstrated it is that men will resent injustice.

Not wisely, always; not effectively, always; not in the best way, always. But always they will resent it.

And now we come down to the final springs of this momentous tragedy at Los Angeles. Because this spirit in men that makes them resent injustice is the same identical spirit that has given us all the liberty that we possess. If it were not for the very same spirit that at bottom moved the M'Namara brothers to their terrible deeds we should be today the dish-rags of any power that might be pleased to oppress us. Hate the M'Namaras' deeds as much as you will, from this fact there is absolutely no escape. As soon as you begin to ask concerning the reasons for the M'Namaras' crimes this is what you find and the only thing you find. It is all very well to splutter about these men as murderers and horrible miscreants; but I defy any human being to go one inch below the surface of this case and find anything else. We have been favored with a vast amount of flub-dub and hypocritical nonsense about it. For once let's see if we can be perfectly frank and square about it. No more pretense.

Then I say again, that the moment you get under the surface of the case this is what you find, that the impelling motive of these men was a resentment against a huge social injustice, and that, however misdirected the resentment might have been, the origin of it was the origin of the very thing that has given to the race all the political progress it has ever known.

Men will revolt against injustice, law or no law. You can pile any nation knee-deep with statutes and if in that nation is a body of men that believes it is suffering from a great and intolerable wrong it will resent that wrong. And if you close against that class the natural avenues of restitution and defense, it will blow your statutes at the moon, good praters about law and order, and I don't care where you

may go about this world you will find this to be the fact. You may cry out against it until you are blue in the face; you will not change the basic truth. Law or no law.

THE REAL CULPRITS

BUT now you say, that admitting all this, the means of protest chosen by the M'Namaras was very wrong and detestable and all that. To blow up buildings and to kill men are very bad means of resenting the wrongs of a class.

Without a doubt.

But here again, leave fustain and platitude and look beneath the surface of things.

You take a man that because of the inevitable conditions of the present system of society has little education and an untrained mind. Take one that doesn't know well the lessons of history because he was not allowed to find them out. Take one that has never had a chance to discover that violence always defeats its own ends; that force is not the means to use against evil; that mind and mind alone is the determining factor in human action. Take a man that because of his environment has never had a chance to know that the surest way to weaken the cause of labor is to use violence in its behalf; a man that has never reflected that the employing class possesses all the weapons, all the army, all the navy, all the guns, all the expressions of public opinion, and that it can never be unseated by force, only by majorities.

Take one that because of defective schooling has never acquired the thoughtful habit, and because of the environment that we provide, has been accustomed to regard violence as the natural protest against every insult. Take one also that has in his blood an ancestral sense of wrong unavenged and a national hatred unappeased.

Now let such a man believe that the class to which he belongs is denied all the fundamental rights; that it is daily despoiled and robbed; that the most ordinary principles of justice are perverted in behalf of its wronger; that against all this no protest is of the slightest avail or will even be heard; that his class is utterly helpless and hopeless, the blind and bound Sampson of enemies that gloat over his impotence; and what would you naturally expect to happen?

So I say to you that the real culprits in this dreadful story are not the two men that in our wisdom we have entombed at San Quentin. The real culprits are the system of society that produces these conditions and the men and women that acquiesce in them. As a secondary cause the courts have done more to blow up the *Times* building than the M'Namaras ever did, but I look beyond even them. The blackest culprits are the men and women that know well enough of the essentially unjust conditions of modern life, that know the vast majority of mankind is condemned to insufficiency and intellectual darkness, and still go their way content with the thought that they at least have enough.

And if the man-hunters that with so much decency have been going up and down yelling for blood want something worth while to pursue, let them pursue themselves, for they are the real murderers in this case. I am sorry for the twenty-one men that perished in the *Times* building. They were the innocent victims of a perverted idea and a stupid blunder. But what really slew them was not the explosion in the *Times* office. It was the callous conscience of a nation that sees about it the most monstrous conditions of injustice and will make no protest.

IT is well to be sorry for the twenty-one that perished in the *Times* building, but we ought to see to it with fervent care that our sympathies are not limited to them alone. We ought to be sorry no less for the thousands of men that are sacrificed every

(Continued on page fourteen.)

Making History in Los Angeles--II

BY

Mila Tupper Maynard

FIGURES are not usually fascinating reading, but the figures in the recent battle of ballots in Los Angeles are full of interest. December 5th the Socialists were defeated by 33,543 majority. That sounds like a staggering defeat.

But notice!

On October 31st the Socialists polled 20,183, December 5th they cast 51,796.

This is the largest vote ever polled for a Socialist local candidate in the United States. It is larger than Victor Berger's by more than three times, although his was for an entire Congressional district.

In that election the vote stood as follows: Berger, 13,497; Cochems, Republican, 13,147; Carney, Democrat, 8,433.

Adding the opposition and multiplying by two for the woman vote, it will be seen that under Los Angeles conditions Berger would have been defeated by 16,066 majority.

In other words, Los Angeles faced complete fusion.

The fight was made also after the warning of the primaries in which Harriman had a plurality of more than 3,000.

The community was frightened in unprecedented fashion. The registration was phenomenal. The system of registration is lax. Any one could be sworn in as registration clerk and register voters anywhere.

If there were not thousands of false registrations and illegal voters, the "Old Guard" has lost its cunning and it was the old corporation machine that ran the election organization after the primaries.

The number registered was in the neighborhood of 190,000. In the Alexander precincts they voted about 77 per cent of the registration, something quite unprecedented, here or anywhere.

Automobiles were rented in such numbers as to embarrass the management. They bribed the owners of the machines engaged by the Socialists, so that we had almost no facilities for carrying voters.

Ambulances were in use by the opposition all day carrying bed-ridden voters to the polls.

It will be seen, therefore, what the Socialists were "up against."

That they got two and a half times the vote of the Primaries is a marvel.

Our most hopeful published estimates before election only came to 60,000. There was no way to imagine more except by miracle.

Under the ordinary percentage of voters to registration, not more than 120,000 voters were to be expected, so we hoped against hope until the size of the vote cast became apparent.

Look again at the vote in Wisconsin. Remember Milwaukee is considerably larger than Los Angeles. You will see then something of how awake the coast city folks were to the value of the ballot.

Russell's Clairvoyance

What a campaign it was! Russell's summary of the line-up in the COMING NATION for November 18th is accurate history.

Socialists are great clairvoyants. They can read the future and see across continents.

Why?

Because they know the law underlying these social movements. They know the power of great forces. They know how subtly but surely entrenched wealth penetrates a community to hold the minds of men in subjection.

Politics makes strange bedfellows because capitalism is the manager at the political lodging house and when the system is menaced no one dependent on the system can afford to be fastidious as to the company he keeps.

"Good Government" leaders who had made it their chief boast that they had "put the corporation out of politics" when the "Socialist menace" threatened, put their pride and their reforms in their pockets and let the "Old Guard" and the Southern Pacific machine take the management of the campaign.

The "right thinking people" and the whiskey machine worked with equal fervor "to save the city."

The Newspapers

Five great daily papers each helped to save the day in its own way.

The *Times* by raw abuse and shrieks of red flag and dynamite, the Hearst papers—he has the *Herald* too now as well as the *Examiner*—made some show of fairness, the better to accomplish the capture of

the voters for the corporation regime.

The *Tribune* and the *Express* are owned by E. T. Earl, a man with large personal interests directly affected by the city action in harbor matters and the huge aqueduct project. He has been, through his papers, a great help in pushing progressive measures and the high tone of these papers is such as to give them great influence. For this reason persons demanding fundamental reform must fear such papers more than any number of journals of the *Times* brand.

To undermine the influence of such papers is an essential part of a campaign of education. Their proprietor's heavy interests in telephones, land and harbor companies, placed him under fire particularly.

The result may be seen in the following editorial from the *Tribune* on the morning of election. It will be noted that judicial calm on which the paper has prided itself, has degenerated into cheap invective and abuse.

REJECT HATE'S APOSTLE.

The apostle of hate at last stands face to face with his judges. The man who would stir up violence and disorder is brought to judgment at the polls. This day Los Angeles renders its verdict in the case of Job Harriman against peace and prosperity. Who doubts that this order-loving, law-abiding city will reject him and cast him out?

The *Tribune* has no apprehension as to the nature of the decision the men and women of Los Angeles this day will render. It is not believable that they will dismiss from their service the honest men who have capably managed the public business and give the conduct of affairs over to a dangerous demagogue and his political associates. Whether Mr. Harriman's desperate candidacy be viewed from the standpoint of the city's moral or material welfare, in either case it exhibits prophecies of disaster.

Mr. Harriman deliberately delivered himself to the forces of violence and disorder. By his vehement utterances, his violent declarations, his wicked incitations, his outrageous appeals to class hatreds, he identified himself with agencies that, did they gain ascendancy in government, would destroy all order and all peace and, destroying them, destroy government.

Defeat him and save Los Angeles.

A Municipal Paper

In this connection should be recorded another great victory for the people. Los Angeles is to have a municipal newspaper.

At this election a referendum was carried appropriating funds for the publication of a weekly paper by the city administration.

A Charter Amendment providing for this was carried last spring. It is to be printed weekly and distributed free of cost to every residence in the city.

"A political tool"—you say?

Yes, but hear it all.

In every issue, one column is to be for use of each minority party casting three per cent of the vote. These columns are to be entirely uncensored.

Each councilman is also entitled to a column when he cares to use it—insuring a hearing for the minority in the administration if there is a division in the administration camp.

It has become amusing to hear the *Examiner* and *Times* proclaim the danger of a municipal paper. Evidently the reading public should prefer to be given its information as one millionaire shall dictate rather than as a group of officials elected by majority vote shall decide. Even without a chance for the minority to tell its story, the municipal paper would be preferable to a one-man paper; but with the minority column, such a paper will be invaluable.

One of our Denver comrades, Henry W. Pinkham, has had such a paper on the brain for several years.

We laughed at him as Utopian, saying we could not hope to get it until Socialists were in power.

Thus do facts laugh at our theories when our theories are not well digested.

Socialists must ask for everything they see to be good.

"Progressive" politicians are scrambling now to find half loaves to throw knowing that the people

are demanding not only whole loaves, but the entire bake shop.

Let us keep them well posted as to slices and half loaves. It amuses them to take our outposts for us and gives us courage to fight harder for the citadels.

Golden Rule Found

Speaking of concessions one of the amusing features of this fight has been the clamorous demand (the last week before election) that Labor and Capital get together in the spirit of the Golden Rule.

Conundrum: If twenty thousand voters and a hot campaign leads Big Business to extricate the Golden Rule from the rubbish heap, how many votes will it take to get them to discover the Ten Commandments?

I am willing to prophesy that the 50,000 votes of this campaign will face a recognition of the "Thou shalt not steal" command in ways most numerous.

Our Socialist boys from the unions promptly accepted the Golden Rule olive branch—if it leads to any bread and butter concessions they will know that they have the ballot box and political organization to thank therefor.

Whatever comes of this move, it is safe to say, that such brazen autocracy and persecution of Labor from Big Business and the city administration as has marked recent years in Los Angeles can never be possible again.

Labor's power has been shown in the only way the masters fear it most and the effect will be evident in countless directions.

"Class Hatred"

This is the great truth upon which Socialists insist—namely, the dynamic effectiveness of political solidarity among the workers long before they win in elections.

The fact of class solidarity was the inspiration of the movement in Los Angeles. But it did not spell bitterness or hatred in the least.

All Socialists know that as soon as the big idea of social movement through political solidarity takes possession of men and women it makes quite impossible bitterness against persons and makes hatred a thing absurd.

There was absolutely no bitterness on the Socialist side. There was deadly earnest in the effort made, the interest in the game was keen as in a baseball championship, the intellectual pleasure of watching truth strike home delighted the comrades; but hatred—it was utterly absent.

Even Otis was only a joke—a perpetual cartoon. Every one was as sure the party was right as he was of the multiplication table. What room then for acid and gall?

Yet, as the above extract regards Harriman will show, the chief cry against the Socialist was that we were stirring up class hatred. The hatred, the fear, the class bitterness, were all on the other side. Hence the welding together of reformer and old machine men, of temperance and saloon forces, of virtue and vice in the common cause.

They did not know what ailed them. The Socialists did and smiled good naturedly or laughed uproariously at the enforced friendship of capitalist self-protection.

It was the "Good Government" people who sneered at the Socialist candidates because they were, many of them, manual laborers, who searched the tax list to find out how much property they owned, who talked about "the rabble" and "the mob" and "the common workingman."

One of the most abominable phases of this appeal to prejudice came when one of the Old Guard speakers at a mass meeting deliberately insulted the Socialists, saying, among other things, that by their success homes would become brothels and vice rule unrestrained.

Naturally this led to howls of protest and the exodus of a good part of the audience from the hall.

The papers used the occurrence to show that the Socialists were hoodlums and riotous.

Following up this impression the machine politicians put "canvassers" in the field wearing Harriman buttons. Their business was to go to Socialist or supposedly doubtful homes and while ostensibly arguing for Harriman, to shock or startle or even to insult the women—scornful expressions on religion and violent speeches were the favorite weapon.

The McNamara Bomb

Just what the effect of the McNamara's plea of guilty was upon the vote can never be accurately estimated.

Among the thoughtful it was a boomerang since

It made too apparent the power of the mighty. It won for us many hundred votes no doubt, but the thoughtful were not the ones toward whom they aimed in that blow at the head, as the Frenchman says.

It would certainly be strange if it did not cost us thousands of votes.

There was no time to educate the voters in the principles of the Socialist philosophy and prove that Socialism is the supreme preventive of violence.

We could not reach the one hundred and ninety thousand registered voters with the truth that in the Socialist party lay the one and only hope of making such idiotic tragedies impossible in the future.

It was decided that the only course was to ignore the incident as entirely foreign to the campaign. With admirable team work and self-control that very night forty speakers went before crowds larger than ever before with the same campaign issues and not a word was spoken as to the McNamaras. The enthusiasm was increased in marked degree for the remaining days of the campaign.

No paper but the *Times* had the audacity and indecency to make the ending of the famous case an issue at first. But Sunday morning and Monday the attacks on Harriman as one of the attorneys were open and virulent.

The absurdity of this may be judged when it is remembered that Joseph Scott, another attorney in the case, was a candidate on the opposing ticket and that two others were prominently in their counsels.

Unions Under Fire

The unique situation in California is that here union labor excites far more prejudice than Socialism. It is eminently respectable to be a Socialist, but when Socialists will identify themselves with labor unions they cannot expect the approval of any one "of standing."

Four of the five papers fighting the Socialists, carefully refrained from any opposition to Socialism as such. It was only the degenerate form of it found in Los Angeles against which they warned their readers.

In other words, it is only when fine sentiments get down out of the skies and, espoused by an actual economic force, proceed to undermine specific special privilege that they become formidable enough to be fought tiger fashion.

This being the line of attack, it will be seen how effective the McNamara blow was meant to be.

Persons in the Spot Light

It would be unfair to blame individuals for this calamity. Clarence Darrow would not have allowed the climax before election if he could have helped it. He was powerless.

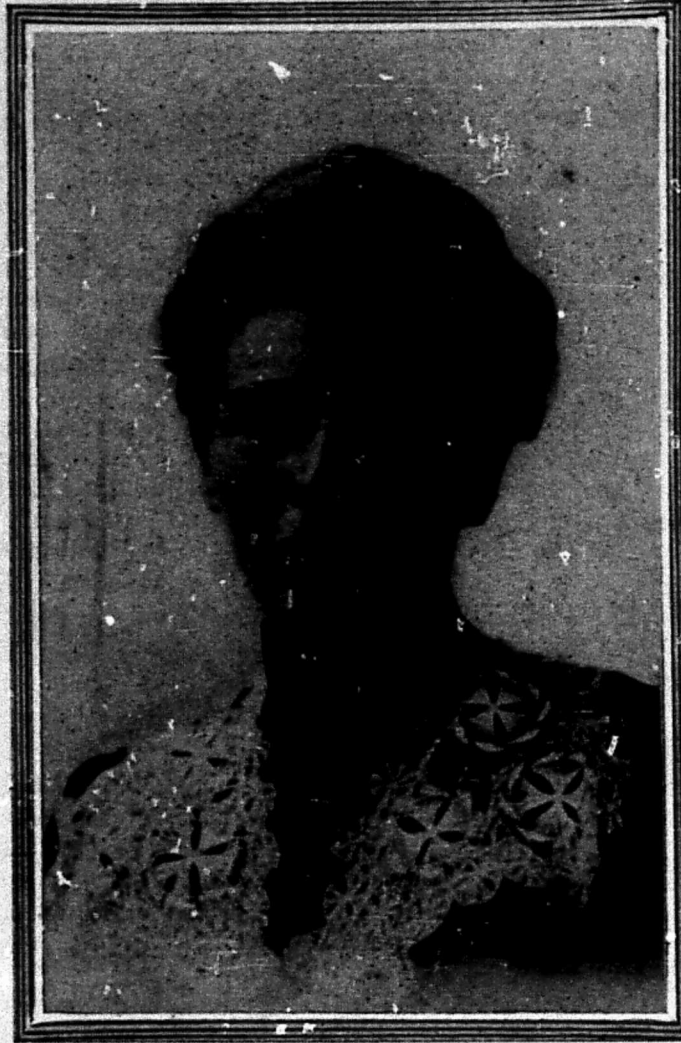
A scientific Socialist would have placed less faith in assurances—Darrow's heart is in the right place.

His head has always been a hopeless muddle on political and social questions.

Philosophic anarchists make beautiful martyrs.

It is easy to place wreaths on their graves. But as living factors in a present of deeds and principles and policies they are exasperating.

If they would only confine their Utopian visions to Ibsen classes and woman's clubs it would be all right, but to meet the huge problems of this mighty



ETHEL WHITEHEAD
Active Speaker and Worker in the Campaign

civilization with no adequate understanding of the forces at work is tragedy.

Lincoln Steffens' attempts to bridge the social chasm were the comedy of this stirring drama.

They asked him to speak at the City Club, a luncheon club of men with capitalistic proclivities. He took for his subject: "How to Beat the Socialists." The chairman warned them he did not know what gold bricks were to be handed them, but ran the risk. Steffens assured them if he lived in Los Angeles he should not want to beat the Socialists and proceeded to show that they could only

be beaten by an equal "idealism" and by surpassing them in achievements for labor.

Later, apparently in all seriousness, he proceeded to anticipate the McNamara climax with that Golden Rule carnival so widely advertised.

Before his capitalistic Golden Rule brethren had ceased to be grateful for the excuse he gave them for making another campaign play. Steffens came out in a card announcing that he would vote the straight Socialist ticket were he a voter in Los Angeles.

He succeeded in making everybody mad and everybody glad and added much to the gaiety of nations.

These free lances are good missionaries to the capitalist heathen, but what would we do with a Steffens inside the party organization?

One important fact must be noted in estimating the influence of this campaign. Los Angeles always has an enormous number of transient residents and new comers. A year's residence is required for voting.

Thousands who heard our speakers and read our literature will go as educators to every part of the Union and the world. Other thousands will be voters by another election. Los Angeles is "a city set upon a hill" in unique degree. That the movement here is so well established means far more in education for the entire country than would the same conditions anywhere else.

The state election next year will be another eye-opener.

There will never again be a Tweedledum and Tweedledee campaign in California until Socialists have been so long in control that there are no economic classes to divide into political camps.

The Women's Vote

I want to close with an emphatic protest against any possible claims that "the women did it."

Every real Socialist and every wide-awake sympathizer was registered and voted at the Primaries. The vote proves that we got a woman for every one of these.

The other eleven thousand is all we had reason to expect from the registration of men and the corresponding women.

They were not able to stampede the women of the working class except where they were quite removed from Socialist influence.

That the trained women of the prosperous classes were largely instrumental in securing the heavy registration and vote is undoubted.

That they will be an important factor in bringing the concessions which must inevitably follow this exhibition of strength and purpose among the workers is equally certain.

Any workingman who weakens on woman's suffrage because of this election will show little discernment as well as little loyalty to principle.

Social Effects of Co-operation

CHAPTER IV.

THE organization of the workers and the association for co-operative purposes is gradually bringing about far reaching social changes. The co-operative, like any other tool used as a means of production, is constantly changing to meet new tasks and new conditions. The process of evolution by which the co-operative is produced generally runs about as follows:

The peasant, angered by his oppression, revolts violently. The rebellion is suppressed by the government. During the uprising and its suppression the workers learn the need of organization.

At first, this need of organization expresses itself as a union fighting for small and temporary advantages. From this the step is short to a fight for the possession of the sources of wealth: the soil.

But the fighting, which has taught the need of organization, and brought a sense of social solidarity, caused the farmer to look upon the problem of his misery and his work from a social point of view.

He now fights for the collective instead of the individual possession of the soil. He gives up the idea that it is possible to raise his standard of living as an individual by his own efforts. Little by little the old selfish individualism drops away and he gains a social conception of labor and living.

Freed from Exploiters

Through the co-operative society the peasant is freed, first of all, from the chains of feudal servitude, from personal obligations to land owners and speculators, from the claws of the usurers and the horde of little speculators that have hung upon him.

In the co-operative society the farmer introduces

By Odon Por

In previous articles Odon Por has told how the struggle between the tenants and the landlords in Sicily had exhausted the soil and reduced the farmers to beggary.

Out of their very misery the workers drew strength through union; first merely for the purpose of fighting increases in rent, then for the co-operative purpose of renting farms and managing the farms, and finally for the direct carrying on of agriculture and the marketing of the crops.

In this number he tells some of the incidental effects upon the workers themselves of this socialized production.

Other articles will follow containing a lesson for farmers everywhere. There is certainly no place in the world where these things would seem to be less possible than in Sicily, and no place where they could be more effectively carried out than in the United States.

better systems of cultivation. At first these are introduced on their individual lots and the fruits are enjoyed individually. Then they succeed in forcing the land owner to accept their point of view and to grant them the long term leases that make possible co-operative production. Then comes the collective working of the soil on a large scale, bringing new resources, improving their own eco-

nomie position and creating the possibility of socializing and perfecting the whole field of agricultural production.

In this process a class organization capable of preparing the way for the social revolution is created. Along with this knowledge has come a vision of the future society, and the workers as a factor in bringing about that society, and they become imbued with a passion for the organization which must be the means for the realization of their vision, and for that society. They are then ready to make the greatest sacrifice.

Relation of the Unions and Co-operatives

This new social morality and sense of sacrifice becomes most evident in the struggle of the peasants and in their relations with their fellow-workers.

We have not yet considered how the co-operative gets control of estates. It may be taken for granted however, that the proprietors do not surrender their proprietorship without resistance. Almost every farm under the management of the co-operative society of Monte San-Giuliano, and there are thirty-one such farms, was gained only after long struggle.

The land owner refused to rent his fields to the co-operative. They see clearly that such societies are the rallying point for those forces that are reducing their profits, and will finally depose them from social rulership.

The land owners present an organized resistance to the efforts of the organized farmers and they are assisted in that resistance by the whole mass of smaller parasites, including the middle men, the corrupt politicians, government officials and all

those whose existence or property is threatened by the working class organization.

When they dare not offer open opposition they fight the co-operative secretly and indirectly. The merchants refuse to supply seeds. The land owners seek to stop granting of credit. Meanwhile, the authorities are induced to throw the more active workers into jail. This latter has been done in some cases where the innocence of the accused has only been proven after years of suffering.

Hired Thugs Murder

The whole class of big and little parasites, criminal and corrupt government officials are united in the struggle against the co-operatives.

More than once Socialist organizers have forfeited their lives in this battle. During the spring of 1911 hired thugs killed one of the most devoted organizers of the Sicilian Socialist union, and co-operative movement. At his grave thousands of peasants, both men and women, swore to defend their movement against the bloody warfare that is being waged upon it. They swore that this defense would be, not upon the old rule of "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," but by the bringing of greater devotion and deeper sacrifices to their movement.

When these brutal, open attacks fail pseudo co-operatives are started in the hope of dividing the movement that cannot be conquered when united against these attacks. The co-operative of Monte San Giuliano, as have all the other Socialist co-operatives of Sicily, has presented united and determined resistance.

I have once before called attention to the fact that every member of the co-operative must also be a member of a labor union, and pointed out how the co-operative is born of the union movement.

It was the funds of the union advanced to its members that enabled them to buy shares in the co-operative. In some cases the whole treasury of the union was poured into that of the co-operative to insure the establishment of the latter. This mutual assistance is constantly maintained, and by its means the poorest member of the union may become a shareholder in the co-operative, or a co-operative society may be started wherever a strong union movement exists.

On the other hand the co-operative has been instrumental in retaining the fruits gained by the unions, and this will be true in the future in a much larger degree.

Only after a consolidation of the co-operatives could the peasants and farm laborers force concessions from the land owners. Only when it seemed that the whole union movement would transform itself into a co-operative movement were permanent gains assured to the union members.

The farm laborers who work both for the co-operative and for the private owner, realizing that they are backed by the resources of the co-operative, offer a much more vigorous resistance to aggression by the private employer.

A Fierce Class Struggle

The landlord and their followers naturally respond to this with furious resistance. As the fight grows fiercer it grows wider and the co-operative, increasing in membership, extends to activities industrially and geographically.

When the land owners refuse to lease the fields required for extensions, the unions declare a boycott on those refusing and the fields lie idle. There is no doubt but what in times of fierce conflict, sabot-

age and other forms of violence are resorted to on both sides.

A few years ago a large land owner refused to renew his lease with the co-operative of Monte San Giuliano. He thought he could go back to the old system of leasing it to individual tenants, with the extreme exploitation which would accompany this form of leasing.

The peasants, however, refused to lease the land except through the co-operative. The owner then employed peasants from other localities to whom he leased the land. These, in turn, were boycotted by the local workers until they found it impossible to buy food, or any of the things required to cultivate the soil.

For more than two months a thousand peasants encamped around the contested field, impeding by their mere presence and without violence all work of cultivation.

Finally the strike breakers were driven away, but the estate remained uncultivated for two years and naturally brought a great loss to the land owner.

When again a portion of the estate was leased to a rival capitalist co-operative, the Socialists renewed the open fight. At last the Catholic peasants, feeling that their class interests were more important than their religious affiliation, refused longer to fight their fellow workers and turned the fields over to the Socialist co-operatives. Although the fight thus ended in victory, there are still a number of Socialists in prison who were sent there for having taken part in the organization of the fight.

(This is one of a series of articles on Agricultural Co-operation in Italy. Others will appear in subsequent numbers.)

Railroad Men Co-operate By Alice Spencer Geddes

THE railroads, both steel and electric, running into Boston, employ 100,000 men, 2,400 of these have been organized within the last two years into an Employee's Purchasing association.

This is now being transformed into a great co-operative under the title of the Palmer Co-operative Stores.

In its original form the Purchasing Association secured ten per cent discount from a list of stores in Boston. This form of co-operation was felt to be imperfect and so Louis D. Brandeis was asked to draw up a charter in accordance with the suggestions of Frank A. Palmer, train director of the North Union station in Boston, for the establishment of a closer form of co-operation.

Membership is confined to the transportation workers, but this offers a sufficiently wide field for many years to come. Shares of stock are sold at one dollar each. No one can own more than five shares, and these must not be sold to an outsider. Each co-operator has one vote without regard to the number of shares held. Mr. Palmer and those connected with him are nearly all active young Socialists, who see in this movement but a stepping stone to bigger things.

The foundation plans of the Co-operative Stores are much the same as those of the famous Glasgow Co-operative Association, which owns its own mines, controls its own steamship lines and grows its own teas and other essentials.

Two stores as a nucleus will be opened immediately in a central part of Boston. At first they will deal only in groceries and provisions, but will as gradually as is consistent with legitimate growth enlarge their scope until every essential of living will be found within their walls.

Gradually, one by one, a chain of stores will be established throughout the United States, at first:

for the benefit of railroad employes who at the last census number in this country 1,699,420, but later for every member of any labor organization.

The present organization includes members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, Order of



OFFICERS OF THE CO-OPERATIVE STORES
Standing from left to right: James C. Nutt, Joseph H. McDermott and Carl T. Norberg. Sitting: L. H. Whitehouse and F. A. Palmer

Railway Conductors, Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, Order of Railroad Station Agents, Brotherhood of Railroad Signalmen, Order of Railroad Station Employes and Maintenance of Way Employes and others.

The officers are Frank A. Palmer, president; Leon H. Whitehouse, treasurer; Joseph H. McDer-

mott, secretary; Chester A. Merrill, Warren S. Keay, Stanley G. Perry, James C. Nutt, Charles E. Bedell, John H. Fernald, Herbert O. Erskine, and Carl T. Norberg, directors.

The capital stock, already two-thirds subscribed, is set at \$50,000 but it is intended to increase it to \$500,000 when the big chain of stores is established. The enthusiasm among the labor unions connected with the railroad systems in and out of Boston is tremendous. The officers are selling stock faster than they can handle the certificates. And in addition, the Railroad Brotherhood Conference of Boston "1915" of which Mr. Palmer is one of the directors, has endorsed the movement, as has the Harvard Co-operative society—an organization with a flourishing co-operative store at Harvard square, Cambridge, largely patronized by students attending Harvard and Radcliffe.

Edward A. Filene, owner of one of the largest department stores in Boston, has given his support to the movement in spite of the fact that the Co-operative Stores eventually will be in competition with him. John T. Connor, who operates 65 grocery stores in Boston and its suburbs, has placed his wholesale buying department at the disposal of Mr. Palmer and his associates.

All the founders of the Palmer Co-operative Stores are of the younger generation of practical Socialists who are willing to stand by their conviction that the one-man-bonus plan of present day commercial undertakings must give way—and that very soon—to co-operation for the public need. It is not too much to predict, considering the ability and the energy of these young Socialists, that the Palmer Co-operative Stores started so unostentatiously just now in Boston will eventually be able appreciably to lower the cost of living not only for the million railroad employes of this country but also for as many men among organized labor as care to join.

The Class War in Kentucky

By Walter Lanfersiek
State Secretary.

A REAL victory was won in Kentucky on November 7th. It is true no jobs were won; but a tremendous lot of people were won to the Socialist cause. Official figures are not available, but there is no doubt that they will reach ten thousand. The vote of eleven prominent counties has been sent in to date by various loyal comrades, and as a matter of comparison, I am placing the vote cast in each of these counties in the years 1908 and 1904. This will show the trend of events better than argument:

Vote by Counties.

	1911	1908	1904
Jefferson (Louisville)	1914	653	351

Muhlenberg (Central City)	984	90	5
Campbell (Newport)	894	810	634
McCracken (Paducah)	728	100	8
Kenton (Covington)	686	505	313
Ohio (McHenry Mines)	375	74	6
Henderson (Henderson)	290	163	29
Trigg (Cadiz)	185	39	17
Greenup (South Portsmouth)	161	78	15
Lewis (Vanceburg)	150	23	6
McLean (Livermore)	88	20	12
	6372	2555	1396

The name of the largest town in each county is given for identification. The figures show an in-

crease in the counties given of 250 per cent over 1904 and 130 per cent over 1908. Applying these percentages to the totals in the state in the respective years, we find that the vote this year, by either comparison will reach close to 10,000.

The question will be asked, what is doing it? A good deal of quiet work was done by the organized party in the state, but we have been handicapped by our poverty; we could not do much. The bulk of the credit must be given to the trusts, and especially the tobacco trust; assisting the trust were hundreds of earnest loyal workers who make it their particular business to spread the seed, and

(Continued on page eight.)

The Other Betrayal

MONEY

BY J. R. PERKINS

WE regret, Excellency, that we cannot make the loan." The Procurator scowled at the speaker, moved nervously, then bluntly demanded, "Give me your reasons, Malchus." The little Jew, who was at the head of the Brothers Malchus Banking Company of Jerusalem, made no direct reply. Instead, he rose and called in other members of the firm.

"His Excellency, the Procurator, wishes another loan of 5,000 talents gold," he began, eyeing each man closely. "Such a favor at this time, so I have told him, is scarcely possible. But what say you?" he added, as if he did not want the entire responsibility of the refusal to rest on him.

Each man, in turn, concurred in the opinion of Ben Malchus, who then turned and addressed the Procurator.

"Thus, we are compelled to deny you, Excellency," he stated.

"Your reasons, Ben Malchus?"

Pilate had repeated his demand.

"Because there is no money," the Jew returned with cold courtesy. "The causes you know," he went on deliberately. "The Red Sea hurricane destroyed the spice ships of the Seuthes Company; this affected Maximus and Vibo of Rome. Moreover, word came yesterday that Leucippus' Sons of Corinth are insolvent. The Via Sacra is unsettled. So much for affairs outside these provinces."

The implication was so plain that the Procurator could not refrain from asking,

"And what of affairs within the provinces, Ben Malchus?"

The Jew made a quick gesture with hands and arms. "Of these you know, Excellency," he stated vexedly. "The Phoenician workmen in the purple factories at Tyre refuse to work. The same is true in the mills at Magdala. The grain, the fruit—everything is rotting in the fields. The people are idle. They are in every city, town, and highway disputing, fighting. The land is filled with robbers and with those that stir all Jewry. Prices—"

"And all this you charge to me?"

The Procurator had risen even as he interrupted the cold-speaking Jewish banker.

"You have judicial and military power in Judea," Ben Malchus defended.

"Yes, and if I should use it I would slay a third of your countrymen," Pilate retorted heatedly.

"You can begin none too soon on the Zealots and their kind, most noble governor," the Jew cheerfully consented. "Crush the rebels," he went on hopefully, "restore order, and conditions in the money world in Syria will improve."

The Roman official made no reply to this advice, but bowed himself with dignity from the chamber and joined his guard in the street. He was troubled. The finances of the legate were exhausted. Six months before, he had borrowed 5,000 talents gold at 12 per cent, and would gladly pay double that rate of interest for as many more. But he, the Procurator, had been refused—refused by rich Jews. And did not Rome rule the Jews?

"By Jupiter!" he swore, "I should compel them."

But he knew that such an attempt would be folly. This house of Ben Malchus had good standing with Tiberius Cesar, and Pontius Pilate

had not. Even now the Emperor, through the Senate, was sending him pertinent inquiries regarding the conditions in the province. He knew that a deputation of bankers, aboard a government ship, would soon land at Cesarea, consult with Vitellius, Governor over all Syria, his personal enemy, and then journey on to Jerusalem to look into the affairs of the Judean legate.

Pontius Pilate slowly ascended to the Council House in the Street of the Temple, and sought an audience with Hanan, ex-High Priest, and the richest man in Syria.

"Five thousand talents gold is a large sum these days, Excellency," the aged ecclesiastic stated in reply to the Procurator's request for a loan.

"But I am willing to pay double the legal rate of interest for this loan," the Roman plead. "The legate is badly in need of funds. There has been a great falling off in taxes and customs for the past two years."

"And there has also been falling off in votive offerings to the Temple, Excellency," Hanan quickly replied.

"And the cause?"

"The unsettled conditions in the provinces of Gali-

lee and Judea," was the unhesitant rejoinder of the ex-High Priest.

The Procurator started. Here was the same statement that the Jewish banker had made.

"But do you advise harsher methods than the government has used?" questioned Pilate wonderingly.

"If I had your power I would crush out rebellion if it cost the life of every renegade Jew," the old man fairly hissed.

"Remember these are your own people."

Hanan made a quick gesture of impatient anger. "The Zealots will destroy the nation," he cried. "Already have they turned the people from the Temple. Sacrifices have grown less and less. The Temple-treasury was a thousand talents gold short for the year. And a greater loss is expected for the Passover which is at hand," he added bitterly.

So religion was feeling the money panic over Syria? Pilate found himself wondering what could be done to replenish the treasury of the Temple on Mount Moriah—an institution he had despised.

"What do you advise?" he suddenly asked.

"Hunt every rebel leader down and crucify him," was the instant reply. "These are inciting the people not to pay either government taxes or the corban. Strike quick, strike hard, and you will do more to relieve the money condition in all Syria than a hundred grain ships could do."

The aged Hanan had risen in excitement, and had spoken as if addressing the Sanhedrin. Voice and body shook, both with physical infirmity and fear. And the Procurator at last understood fully.

"I shall proceed against these who stir the people, and at once," Pilate declared, lifting his hand as if about to swear it.

"Tis well!" exclaimed the old man. "And the hierarchy will work with you to that end," he added solemnly and significantly.

"Then, you will grant the loan?" Pilate began hopefully.

Hanan stroked his snow-white beard thoughtfully; then he replied shrewdly:

"After the Passover I can answer you. But now, Excellency, like Ben Malchus and the bankers, the Temple has no the money. If this Passover is attended by a large concourse; if the people offer sacrifices and pay the half-shekel, why the loan perhaps can be made." He paused, drew near the Roman, and touched the sleeve of his purple toga and thus concluded: "If anything should occur and there is a deficit, the favor cannot be granted."

As the Procurator passed from the Council House, going in the direction of the scarped Antonia at the corner of the Temple area, he pondered the words of Hanan, ex-High Priest. Entering the Praetorium he went at once to his privy cabinet and issued orders for all troops in Judea to assemble in Jerusalem. Within three days the Ninth Legion was camped in the Hippodrome, within the shadow of the Bridge Xystus, and the Tenth occupied the barracks in the Fortress Antonia, overlooking the Temple precincts.

Then the pilgrims began to come. Jerusalem's population swelled from a hundred thousand to a half million. Jews of the dispersion, devotees, traders, merchants; Romans, students, pleasure-seekers; Greeks, athletes, actors, Egyptians, dancers, gamblers—all came. Then, too, all Jewry came—provincials in holiday attire, legalistic Pharisees, haughty Saducees, white-robed Essenes, revolutionary Zealots, and the lowest members of the Sicarii jostled along the highways towards the drab walls of the city.

And the Procurator was pleased—pleased that so many were coming, though heretofore he had dreaded each Passover. Now multitudes meant large votive offerings. For the first time the legate and the hierarchy worked hand in hand. Bazaars rose from Olivet and money-counters filled the Porch of Solomon. To procure the half-shekel was made easy. The Passover was at hand!

Pontius Pilate rose earlier than usual and went forth from the Praetorium an hour after sunrise. Crossing the barracks court he ascended to the highest tower of Antonia and looked over into the Temple area.

(Continued on Page Eight.)

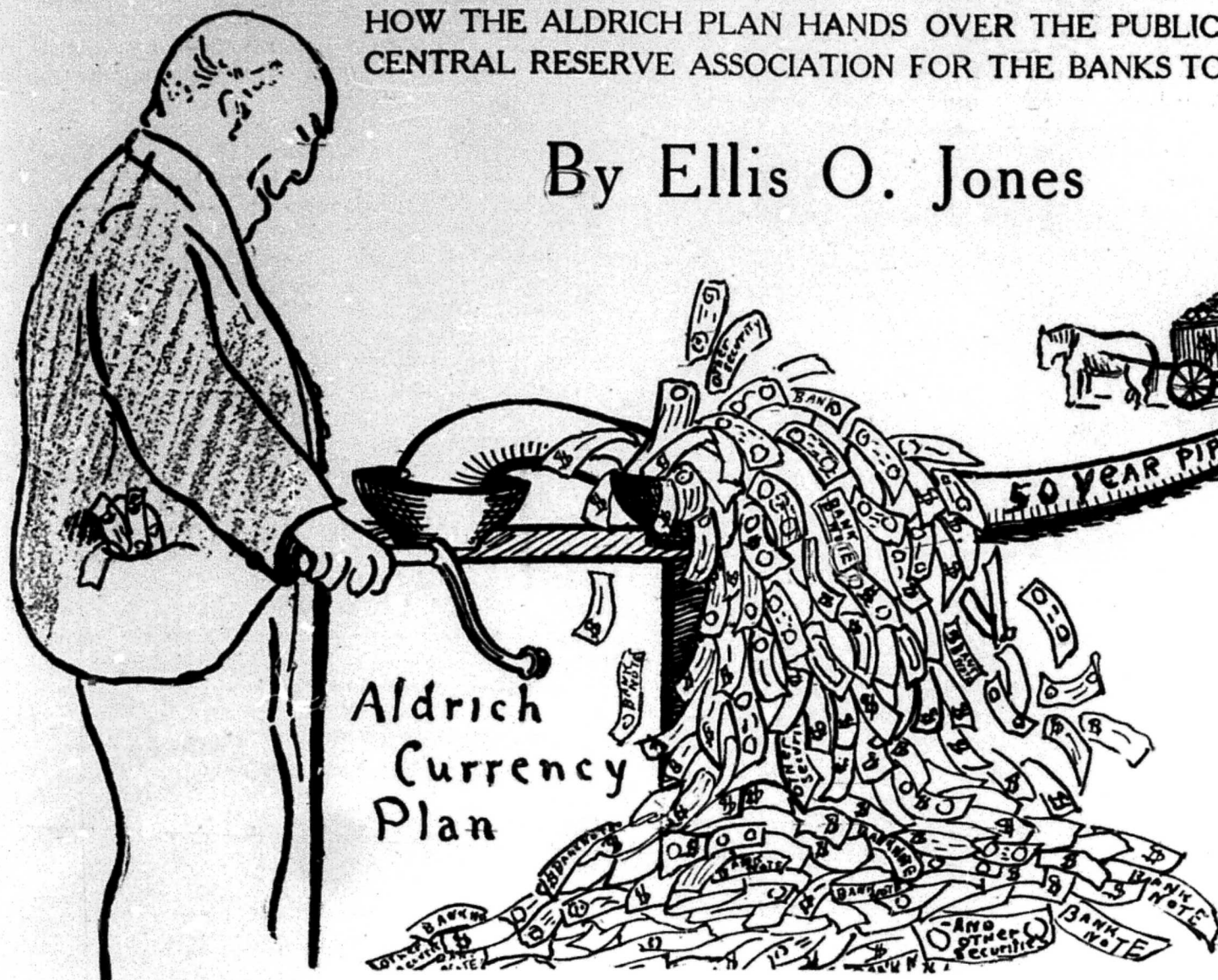


Pilate questioned the man carefully. He did not seem an enemy of Rome

The Aldrich Currency Plan

HOW THE ALDRICH PLAN HANDS OVER THE PUBLIC FUNDS TO THE CENTRAL RESERVE ASSOCIATION FOR THE BANKS TO SCRAMBLE FOR

By Ellis O. Jones



ever, whereby in an emergency the banks could substitute other than Government bonds as security for notes, was a distinct departure from our established idea. They would not have dared to make this proposition in the post-bellum period when financial discussion was rife and the public was alert. If they had, they would have brought such a storm about their heads as would have inundated them in no time.

Whereas bank notes formerly stated on their face that they were secured by government bonds deposited in the public treasury, they now state, many of them, that they are secured by government bonds "and other securities." If you happen to have a bank note in your pocket, read what it says.

I have no doubt that the National Monetary Commission, appointed under the act of 1908, and headed by Senator Aldrich, were very much emboldened by the meek acquiescence with which that emergency act was received by the public. At any rate, they now seek to establish as a regular and permanent principle, this idea of asset currency, the idea that the banks, under certain regulation, shall be allowed to issue notes, secured "at least one-third by gold or other lawful money, and the remaining portion by bonds of the United States or bankable commercial papers."

These notes which the government permits the banks to issue shall then circulate as money by order of the United States. They "shall be received at par in payment of all taxes, excises, and other dues to the United States, and for all salaries and other debts and demands owing by the United States to individuals, corporations, or associations, except obligations of the Government which are by their terms specifically payable in gold, and for all debts due from or by one national bank to another, and for all obligations due to a national bank."

There we have the central principle of the Aldrich currency plan, stripped of its verbiage. There is only one other point that is of general interest to the public and that is the provision that the government is to deposit, for a period of fifty years and without interest, all its funds with this Central Reserve Association which the act charters. This proposition to abolish the public treasury and turn over the public funds for private interests to use and scramble for is too absurd to permit of argument. It is a plain, straightforward steal and that's all there is to it. It is high-handed, highway robbery. No milder words will do.

The rest of the text* of the Aldrich Plan is devoted to the highly intricate method by which these revolutionary (backward revolution) schemes shall be accomplished. It is the device referred to by my editor friend, which is so clever and for which Mr. Aldrich is entitled to a great deal of credit, provided we accept the underlying principle. It undertakes to arrange the steal in such a manner that one banker will not get the best of another banker. The discussion that you see in the average capitalist paper turns upon these details. You do not see a word of warning as to the underlying principle. First the trust companies objected that they were being left out of it and thus were fairly dealt with. Steps have been taken to satisfy them. The little bankers are afraid of the big bankers, the western bankers are afraid of the Eastern bankers, the commercial bankers are afraid of the speculative bankers, but they are all in favor of the underlying idea. It looks very good to them, provided only that they get their full shares of the spoils.

Now what should Socialists do about this situation? Manifestly they should not turn aside from their broad propaganda and devote themselves to this. In one sense, of course, it is but a side issue. In another sense, however, it is the most important
(Continued on page fourteen.)

If you accept the principle of the Aldrich Currency Plan," said an editor to me the other day, "it is really a very splendidly worked out arrangement." I agreed with him, for that is exactly the point. It is exceedingly clever. It is an expert piece of work and Mr. Aldrich and his confreres are entitled to a great deal of credit, always provided, however, that we accept the principle.

What is the principle? The principle is that the government puts its funds into the hands of private individuals and also delegate to these private individuals the right to issue currency based on private and corporate debts.

The express companies are very cleverly worked out arrangements for carrying parcels, provided we accept the underlying principle, namely, that the express business should be carried on by private persons, primarily for private profit. The trusts of the country are cleverly worked out organizations for the production and distribution of the commodities, provided we accept the underlying principle, namely, that private profit should be the first consideration, and that the public welfare should be subordinated thereto.

But we Socialists do not accept the underlying principle. It is the very thing we are opposed to and the sentiment of all classes in the community is gradually changing in support of the contentions of the Socialists.

Why is it then that the Socialists of the country do not take more interest in this Aldrich Plan? If it were proposed that the Postoffice at this late date be turned over to individuals in face of a sentiment that is all the other way, the Socialists would be up in arms at once and make the welkin ring with their protestations. So also if the schools or other established governmental functions were to be put into private hands. Why, then, do I find when I speak to Socialists upon this subject, they say in substance, "oh well, what difference does it make to us? It is just a fight between the capitalists."

The reason for this attitude is easily assigned. It is because they do not understand it. In the first place, the currency is a very complicated question. It has been made so deliberately. Money is a tool of distribution. It is a social tool of distribution, and yet we can hardly think of money except as privately owned. True, it must be privately owned, but the source and basis of it must be social.

Speaking broadly, we now have two kinds of money in this country; private and public. This involves us in a misunderstanding at the outset. We have hard money and government notes issued by the government directly. Then we have National Bank notes issued by private interests. But be it noted that even these bank notes are issued by the authority, and backed directly by the credit, of the United States Government.

The policy of thus permitting private interests to issue money is not a new one. It is as old as time. But history shows that it has always been a dangerous power and even in the most lax of countries, it has been found necessary to hedge it about with restrictions. In our history, the tale of wild-cat banking and over-speculation due in many cases to the excessive use of the note-issuing power by state banks is well known.

The financial record of the United States is an interesting page in its history and those who have the leisure will do well at this time to refresh their minds upon the subject, but it is beyond the province of this article to go into it at length.

We can go back only to the reconstruction period when the present system of bank notes based upon government bonds was fastened upon us. This gave rise to much argument. The radical opponents wanted Greenbacks, notes issued directly by the government, and this of course was and is now the rational thing to do. The money question became a prominent political issue and the Greenback party was formed. But, for one reason and another the reform failed and the bank notes remained.

The money fight around the year 1896 was something entirely different. It involved no underlying principle. That, in truth, was a fight between two classes of capitalists. This fact and the accompanying fact that so much nonsense was poured forth about that time accounts largely, no doubt, for the present aversion among people of all classes to opening up the currency question. The capitalists announced to us that the money question was settled and we could go on and stand-pat and talk innocuously about other subjects.

But now we find the capitalists themselves are telling us that the money question is not settled. They told us this in 1908, following the panic of 1907. The whole trouble, they said, at that time was due to the fact that our currency was not elastic. We were more than half inclined to believe them. They said that something must be done to provide for emergencies, those easily foreseen emergencies where the banks, in their greed for profits, endangered their depositors' money by lending it on unsafe security, or at least, on security which could not be realized upon when needed.

As a consequence, the Aldrich-Vreeland act was pushed through in the closing days of the Congressional session of 1908. There was but little opposition to it. This was partly because of a lack of publicity, partly because it was an emergency measure, and partly because it was a temporary measure. It was temporary because the act provided both that it should expire by limitation in 1914 and that a National Monetary Commission should study the question in the meantime and report a permanent plan for the consideration of Congress.

The provisions of the Aldrich-Vreeland act, how-

The Other Betrayal Money

(Continued from page six.)

Below the scene was one of activity. The smoke from the sacrifices rose from the altars and floated out over the brook Kedron, sifting through the olive groves on Olivet; the musical notes from the horns of attendant priests lifted from the sanctuary and stole across the courts down into the city; then the chant of the great choir rolled up in wonderful melody and unison, swelling towards the heavens.

The Procurator was interested. Never before had he seen any beauty in the feast processions of the superstitious Jews. He had always scoffed at them; sometimes he had even insulted them. But they took on new meaning this day. The cynical, pagan Roman felt a little stir around his heart, and his breath came fast.

Suddenly, the massive gates swung open, and through Shushan a multitude swarmed down Olive; over the Red Heifer Bridge; as many more, ascending from the Temple Street, poured through the Parbar Gates; while a gyrating human mass twisted across the Bridge Xystus, then heaved through Horse Gate, past the Royal Colonnade, pell-mell into the Gentile Court.

It was this last throng that held the attention of the Roman Procurator. The people seemed excited. They pushed towards the tables of the money-changers under the cedar beams of Solomon's Porch. They paused; they formed a circle; from it stepped a man in a plain, brown smock. The babble died away.

Surprised that the tumult had ceased, Pilate gave strict attention. He leaned far out over the balustrade. He could hear nothing. But all at once he saw something; he saw the man swing a whip. Thud! The sound had come up to the tower. The blow had fallen on the back of a money-changer. Over went his table; the coins rang on the pavements; the people scrambled after them. The man struck a second time. The whip lashed the face of a second changer of coins. He struck back. The people seemed to leap towards him angrily. A sullen roar lifted from the mob. The shriek of one stabbed cut the air. Then bedlam broke loose. The mob heaved forward; it swayed back; then it began to riot fiercely.

"Look! A riot!" roared the Procurator to a tower-guard.

Instantly there sounded the blast of the riot-trumpets. Out of the barracks the legionaries came running. They poured through the secret passage from Antonia to the Temple precincts. They darted around the Court of the Women into the Gentile Court. With pilumbutt and broad sword they beat their way through to the rioters.

"The soldiers!" cried the people.

And with fanatical fury they threw themselves between the legionaries and those they sought. Southward, through Ophel Gate, and down into the narrow, winding streets the rioters escaped. The man and his friends vanished with them. But the court was cleared and the services went on without interruption.

The Procurator was worried. What did it all mean? He made immediate inquiry, and learned that a certain Jesus, a Galilean provincial, necromancer, and religious zealot had led in an attack on the money-changers and those who sold the sacrificial doves.

He tried to dismiss the matter from his mind, but could not. In the midst of his speculations as to what effect this riot might have on the votive offerings in the Temple treasury, he received a message from Hanan, ex-High Priest. Unrolling the parchment he read:

"Excellency:

"The very danger I warned you against has threatened the Passover. Another day of rioting and the Temple-tribute will not be paid by a tenth of the people. You should secure this Jesus, a Zealot who incites the provincials, and imprison him until the close of the festivities.

"HANAN."

The Procurator swore a terrible oath. He saw his only chance of securing the loan, and thereby be able to face the deputation journeying from Rome to Jerusalem, slipping from his grasp. It maddened him. He went for the barracks commander. He ordered him to search out the hiding place of the man, Jesus, and arrest him and every companion with him.

"Operate with the Jewish Temple-guard," he ordered. "The Jews can give you more information than a Roman. Hasten!"

Then he turned to his desk and wrote a reply to Hanan.

Pontius Pilate, Procurator, was aroused quite early the next morning. Word came to him that the Street of the Temple was filled with excited people, even to the steps of the Praetorium before

the Judgment Seat. The rebels and rioters had been captured.

He hastily donned his robe of State and went forth on to the raised pavement. Below was a sea of sullen faces. In the midst, like a frail bark on an angry ocean, stood a man whose face seemed the face of a god.

The Procurator stood marveling. The angry, impatient cries of the mob aroused him. He made a sudden gesture of command, and all became quiet.

"What charge?" he demanded, wishing for some reason to gain time.

"Treason!" they cried, and much to Pilate's astonishment, for this one had only rebelled against the hierarchy.

The Roman beckoned them to bring him up the steps. They would not for fear of defilement, so the man came alone and rested heavily on one limb. He did not look much like an enemy of Rome. Pilate moved uneasily under the soft, but penetrating gaze. He questioned the man carefully. Then, stepping to the edge of the pavement he spoke to the mob:

"Disperse! I find no treason in the man."

"He forbids paying tribute to Caesar," one screamed.

"He destroys our customs!" cried another.

"Rebel!"

"Zealot!"

"Of the Sicarii!"

The voices rose in one wild roar. Back and forth the mob swayed, now receding from the spear-points of the legionaries, now advancing boldly on them. And all the while they hurled curses and accusations back and forth.

Something of pity stirred in the soul of the hardened Procurator—pity for the defenceless Jew, calm-eyed, though weary, and with a look like those who are hurt by friends.

"Crucify him!"

This wild demand came whipping up into the Procurator's face, and he started angrily. Kill without cause!

"Away, you dogs!" he roared, advancing threateningly. "Go—"

His voice died away in a whisper. There was a commotion in the crowd. It parted. Borne in a letica came Hanan. The slaves lowered it at the foot of the marble stairway. The old man, in priestly robes, got out. He seemed not to fear defilement like the others. He slowly ascended to where the official and the prisoner stood. Without giving the bound man a single glance, Hanan looked straight into Pilate's eyes and said,

"I seek an audience with the Procurator."

Troubled, but obedient, Pilate lead the way to his privy cabinet.

"Well?" he inquired anxiously.

But Hanan seemed in no hurry. He seated himself, bending over a desk on which lay a waxen tablet. He took a pencil and began to mark. The chamber became still. At last he said as he pushed the tablet towards the Roman:

"The Temple-tribute is not being paid, Excellency. The first day of the feast shows a falling off in receipts of a thousand talents. At this rate—and no change is likely—the deficit will be fully five thousand talents gold this Passover." He paused, breathed deeply with his hearer, and concluded thus: "The man who is a prisoner is responsible."

The Procurator did not speak.

"The man should die," cried Hanan fiercely. "Let him be crucified. His power will be broken. It will be an example. The people will yet pay their tribute money to the Temple."

"The government does not kill save for offences," Pilate replied hoarsely.

"But is it no offense against your government to have a rebel like this Jesus prevent the legate from securing the loan of a certain sum?" the old ecclesiastic demanded craftily.

The Procurator sank into a seat and bowed his head in his hands. Hanan now became the impatient one.

"Your legate now owes the bank and the hierarchy 5,000 talents gold. You have asked for another. Rome has no money. A panic even now shakes the Via Sacra. It is the hour of crisis. Still, you hesitate. You will not order the crucifixion of a rebel who stands between you and the favor we would grant. What would your Senate say? And—Tiberius?"

The old man's voice rang through the chamber. Pilate's tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth. He feared Tiberius. From the Campania the Emperor had already sent word to the Senate ordering the last 100,000,000 sesterce of the government to be distributed among reliable bankers in one last desperate effort to stay the panic. Every procurator was under suspicion in Syria, because that rich possession, instead of having money, was borrowing.

"I must depart," Hanan was saying, moving towards the portal.

"Stay!" cried Pilate springing to his feet and clutching at the priestly robe. "Give heed! I cannot order the man's crucifixion. But I shall do as well. I shall hurry him out of Judea tonight. By dawn he will be far on his way towards Caesarea. From thence, Rome will receive him. The people will never know but what the legate has done away with him. With their leader gone—"

"'Tis useless," interrupted the old man, trembling with rage. "You will let live an enemy of Caesar. You would risk the future of your province for this sentiment. And you a Roman. Bah!"

And the ex-High Priest of Israel drew his robes about him and turned once more. The Procurator clutched at the silken draperies that hung from the portals. His tongue was thick. His lips were parched. He almost strangled as he whispered:

"Grant-the-loan, noble priest. Do this—now. I shall order the man's—death."

"Write it out first."

The demand of Hanan was cold and unconditional.

Pontius Pilate, Procurator of Judea, sank into a seat before his desk and wrote out the death warrant of one, Jesus of Galilee, at a Jewish Passover, in the reign of Tiberius Caesar, the year of the great money panic. And at the same desk, a moment later, using the same pen, Hanan, ex-High Priest of Israel, the richest man in all Rome's far eastern possessions, wrote an order on the Temple-treasury in favor of the province legate for the sum of 5,000 talents gold with interest at 12 per cent.

The Class War in Kentucky

(Continued from page five.)

show the farmers and miners that they would either have to own the trusts or the trusts would own them. My own experience is that some of the finest people in the world are working right now in the Socialist movement in Kentucky. The pity is that they are not all in the party.

Nearly all the above counties have some tobacco farmers, and some are almost exclusively tobacco growing counties. All are exploited to the limit.

Before the night rider trouble, the trust was paying 1, 2 and 3 cents for tobacco, ranging from the poorest to the best grades. The farmers could not live at these prices, and each year found themselves deeper in debt than the year before. A slow process of confiscation was going on. Because of its lesser earning capacity, land was decreasing in value, and it was said that the trust contemplated owning all the tobacco land, and creating a kind of modern serfdom in which it could extract every penny of profit from the ground up.

The story is told that someone asked J. B. Duke, the president of the trust, why he paid such starvation prices for tobacco. It is alleged he answered, "I want to see how little the damn fools will grow it for." He found out.

Although they paid only two cents on an average for the tobacco they bought, they paid more than that for the tobacco they used, because millions of pounds of tobacco in trust warehouses were burned by the exasperated farmers. They struck back in the only way that seemed effective to them; it was the only thing they could do.

The night rider has been a much maligned citizen. The writer has met a number, and has found them all to be earnest, respectable citizens. They were not the criminals they were painted by the capitalist press. Many crimes were charged against them, in which they had no hand. If some miscreant wanted to injure someone, or wished to wreak vengeance on an enemy, he burned his barn, and then the whole neighborhood got on its hind legs and brayed "Night Riders." All sorts of crimes were charged against them of which they were perfectly innocent.

The night rider's main activities were directed against the trust and its representatives. They made the trust sit up and take notice, and we are proud of them for that. That is something the Supreme Court has been trying to do for years without success. Those best informed say that the recent decision anent the tobacco trust means that the trust will be able to rob us henceforth with the sanction of the government. One little bunch of night riders can do more than the whole court with the power of the government behind them.

The farmers of Kentucky may not be made of sterner stuff than the farmers of other states, but the facts do not warrant that belief. They have shown that they are not to be trifled with when the pressure gets too great. They are all pistol toters on occasion, and they will not hesitate to use them if the right occasion arises. They knew they took their lives in their hands every time they went on a raid, but that did not deter them. They attended to their little business and then adjourned to pick some worms off the patch. They were absolutely

(Continued on Page Nine.)

THE BIG CHANGE

By Eugene Wood

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

CHAPTER XXXI.

WE'LL suppose that you are a patriot in the brave old days of '76 when we threw off the British yoke and put on the American yoke. And we'll suppose that I am a greasy mechanic, liable to be thrown into jail for owing a shilling or for leaving one employer to work for another who will give me more wages. You come up to me and say: "Will you do me a favor?"

And I'll answer: "Only too happy to oblige. What is it you want me to do for you?"

"I want you to go to war."

"War? What for?"

Now, just for the sake of the argument, we'll assume that you are on the level, and that you will tell me the exact truth.

"Well," says you, "it's like this: There are some fellows in New England making a good thing out of smuggling tea and such, and the accursed oppressor has put a crimp in them with his Stamp Act, and they're sore about it. That's neither here nor there with me, but however; there's a patch of ground of about 30,000 acres in the Scioto Valley (that's away out West in the Ohio country) that I've been trying to get my hands on, and the accursed oppressor says my claim isn't legal. I've had Dr. Franklin lobbying the scheme before Parliament, but they won't stand for it. So the smugglers and the land speculators and a few more of us are thinking of going to war with Great Britain, and we want you to help out. It'll be a big thing for us if we can win."

"Where do I come in?" I ask. "What is there in it for me?"

"Well," says you, "it ought to be a privilege to you to have the chance to fight for your country, but, seeing you're so sticking about it, I'll tell you what I'll do with you: When you do get paid at all which won't be so very often the money won't be worth much of anything, and your wife and family at home will probably have a pretty tough time of it. That's satisfactory, isn't it?"

"Proceed," I'd say. "Your story interests me much."

"And, after the war is over, we'll tax you and your descendants to the end of time to pay for it all."

"Oh joy!" I'd exclaim and jump up and down, and clap my hands. "And what would I have to do when I went to war?"

"Well, for one thing, you'd have to march."

"March?"

"Yes, walk in the mud from one place to another, and then lie down and sleep on the wet ground when night came. Riding and stopping at taverns and houses would be for the big-bugs, not for you.

Of course, it wouldn't always be rainy weather. Sometimes it would be hot and dusty, and sometimes it would be colder than Billy be-dam, with the ground frozen rough so that it would twist your ankles and cut your shoes. But you wouldn't mind that. If your feet were bleeding and blistered and frost-bit, if you didn't have much of anything to eat, and no place to sleep, that would suit you to a T.

"And then there'd be drill. A gun is something you shoot with, but we pretend that guns haven't been invented and that people still fight with pikes, so you'd stand in a row and make silly motions with a gun as if it were a pike. There'd be a man to show you how to keep step because it is very important to keep step if you are going to shoot a gun right, so you'll tie a wisp of hay around your left ankle, and a wisp of straw around your right ankle, and practice hour after hour, hay-foot, straw-foot, hay-foot, straw-foot. And he'll holler out to you: 'Present . . . HUMP! Ordarrrrrr. . . HUMP! Carry-ay-ay. . . HUMP!' and you'll play it was a pike. And if you don't do it just to suit him he'll call you every name he can think of, names that if it was anybody else called you, you'd beat his face into a pulp or die a-trying. But you'll take it meekly because if you give him any of your back-talk or lay a hand on him he'll string you up by the thumbs or stake you out or have you whipped same as if you were a nigger. Oh, you'll like it first-rate."

"Uh-huh," I'd say. "But war isn't just walking around, is it?"

"Oh land, no!" says you. "You'll have to kill folks. Say we're standing here and over yonder in old Mrs. Davidson's cow pasture are the British invaders. Some of them are English boys drafted away from home against their wills with their mothers crying about them. Some of them are 'Dutchies,' Hessians, sold by their prince as if they were so many cattle on the hoof. You never had any sort of a word with them, let alone a cross word, but you'll shoot them dead. There they are in old Mrs. Davidson's cow pasture and coming right at you. Now don't you get excited and blaze away recklessly. Powder is expensive and lead has gone away up. When you murder a man go at it cold-bloodedly. Wait till you can see the whites of their eyes. Better say to the man next you: 'See that pretty boy with the light wavy hair and the rosy cheeks? Not the red-headed fellow with the freckles; the one next to him, the one that looks a little like my brother Charley. That's the one I'm going to kill.' Like that, understand?"

And I'd say: "Why, I always heard it was wrong to kill people."

And you'd say: "Well, so it is, when you kill 'em for your own selfish ends. But when you kill

'em for other folks' own selfish ends, it isn't naughty then; it's nice."

"Yes, but supposing the British kill me?"

"Oh well, you'll have to take your chances on that. If you do, why '*dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*'"

"How's that? I didn't quite catch that."

"That's Latin poetry. It means that it is sweet and proper to die for one's country."

"Did the poet die for his country?"

"No, he says he ran away. But that's aside from the point. Yes, you may get killed. A bullet might hit on you on the head, and you'd keel over like the cow you saw killed at the slaughter-house last week. Or it might hit you in the lungs and you'd strangle to death. Or it might hit you in the intestines, and they say that hurts like sixty. But perhaps it will only smash a leg. You'll lie there on the field of battle with men and horses running over you, dying for a drink of water and you won't get it. If they aren't too busy they may come for you at night with lanterns, and throw you into a cart with a lot of other wounded men, and the cart jolting over stones and logs. And the surgeon'll say: 'This'll have to come off.' And he'll take a knife and cut through to the bone, and then he'll take a saw, and saw through the bone, tsee-hee, tsee-hee, tsee-hee, kaw-haw, kaw-haw, click! and there's your leg for the dogs to gnaw at. And you'll lie in a filthy fly-blown hospital burning with fever, and probably rot to pieces with gangrene. But maybe you'll get well and be a burden on your people till you die. It's hard enough for a well man to make a living, but a cripple. . . ."

"Well, what do you say? Are you with us on this glorious proposition?"

You know that if you told me the truth about the war you'd never get me willingly in the round world. So, if you were a patriot of '76 who wanted to lift the yoke of the British oppressor from my neck so that you might put on the yoke of the American oppressor you'd come out with a mighty fine line of talk like: "We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal, and endowed by the Creator with the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," and so forth and so on with much more of the same sort. Will I fight for that? Will a duck swim? Why, I'd wade through Hell itself to gain life, and liberty, and happiness.

And well the signers of that immortal document knew that. They didn't believe a word of it; they knew it was the bull con. But it would get the greasy mechanics and the low-born to fight their war for them like dauntless devils. And after the war was won—Why, that would be something else again.

The Class War in Kentucky

(Continued from page eight.)

determined; it was practically a matter of do something or die, and they refused to die like dogs.

The union striker beats up the scab who takes his job, an action which all condemn, but which every one recognizes is the natural thing to do. The night rider struck back, too, but his blow was a little more intelligent than that of beating up a scab. He struck back directly at the real exploiter, and the proof that his blows did hurt is in the fact that he is getting living prices now, where before he was starved. His night rider bands are not in operation any more, but if the same conditions arise, the bands are still there.

They are awakening to the fact, that if they can do themselves some little good by violent means which are more or less inadequate, they can do themselves more good by intelligent political action, by electing their own representatives to positions of power. One of the old party candidates made that one of his issues in the last campaign, but it failed to have its effect. The farmers of

Kentucky today positively do not trust either of the two old parties.

Never fear for the farmers of Kentucky. When they have seen the true situation, they will fight as fearlessly for the intelligent action proposed by the Socialist party as they ever fought in the great war between capital and labor, which is known to the world as the Night Rider Trouble.

Class Consciousness

If you want approval, deprecate class consciousness. Deny that impoverished masses really have a common wish to better their condition, or else deplore that wish.

Now, of course, your own particular nationality, church, school, lodge, business or profession enlists only the very highest type of men who ought to stand together. The place you are "from" or in which you dwell is the only place where really brave men and fair women flourish. "Gad, sir, when we compare Old Virginiz with other states it makes us proud of our fellow citizens." "Whoopee, boys,

we're from the big, broad, noble west!" "Thank heaven, the spirit of New England still inspires her sons!" "My countrymen, there is no north, no south, no east, no west. We are Americans, and I say America should be for Americans; and European scum should never sully our shores!" "This is a white man's country!" "We knows we'se brack, but de brack men's jes's good as de wite men, en mebbe better." "My friends, it is the right of men to govern and protect women. They should not vote. They are constitutionally unfit—" "Sister women, I say, down with tyrant man! Too long has he usurped—" "Aw, maw, lemme go an' play with the kids—the gang's waitin' fer me tuh umpire!"

Class consciousness? Nonsense. Of course, it doesn't exist. And if it doesn't exist in race, nation, age, sex, church, business, occupation, profession or anything else, how could it exist in those of common economic conditions? And, anyhow, while we could excuse it in all the other cases, the class consciousness of the poor would be unjustifiable and vicious. —Los Angeles Record.

The Shadow Under the Roof

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BY PEYTON BOSWELL

Illustrations by John Sloan.

\$550.00 For Solving This Mystery

The Eleventh Installment of the Coming Nation's Great Mystery Story—Read the Rules Governing the Contest and Then Read the Story

RULES AND PRIZES

1. To the persons from whom the COMING NATION receives by mail, and not otherwise, the best solutions of the mystery in "The Shadow Under the Roof," the following prizes will be given:

For the best solution	\$250
Three next best solutions, \$50 each.....	150
Five next best solutions, \$10 each.....	50
Ten next best solutions, \$5 each.....	50
Fifty next best solutions, one yearly sub card each	50

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

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

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

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

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

6. The solutions are to be written in the English language, briefly and simply, stating clearly as many facts and details as are necessary to make up the "best solution of the mystery."

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

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

Tell Your Friends About It

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

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

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

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

Ford, who had been turning money of the company to his own purposes, plans with Hinton to involve Frisbie as the murderer. They are overheard by Ford's companion, a mysterious woman who communicates with Frisbie. He discovers her to be a former friend who has now become Ford's mistress.

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

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

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN she again entered the house that sheltered her, a great change had come over Mollie Jessup. Her eyes were lit with hope and upon her face was the stamp of determination. If she was merely alluring before, this new light gave her something akin to beauty, instead. Apparently the house was empty, as when she left it. The parlor was dark and the air chilly. She lit the gas in the asbestos fireplace, then pulled the blinds and sat down before the blaze, the sole illumination being the blue and yellow flames that danced about the log. The woman sank back in the easy chair and gave herself over to reverie.

One person, however, always hovered in her consciousness—John Frisbie. Her mind went back to her girlhood days in that little Indiana village, and John Frisbie—a light-haired, blue-eyed youth—was ever at her side, a faithful attendant. Then, there passed in review the darker moments of her life, and she felt a fear and a sinking at heart, for Frisbie was again present as the judge who might condemn, the judge whose clemency was desired. And then she thought of the scene just passed, of John Frisbie the man, of John Frisbie, faithful even to the point of avenging a loved one with death, so faithful he would die rather than betray the confidence of her who had believed in him. These attributes made a powerful appeal to her primitive nature.

"Oh, God, such a man!" she said.

Then she repeated to herself those words of his

that had brought so much comfort to her storm-tossed soul. "There are some men," he had said, "who could understand, who could know what you have suffered and see that you have gathered strength from what you have undergone."

Undoubtedly he was one who could understand her and have faith in her. Why else should he have spoken so? Yes, he could understand her, he could know what she had suffered, he could know that her heart was still good, he could believe in her, he could—dared she hope for the rest? Why not? He had promised to help her be a true woman again, and there had been something in his voice that had caused tears to start in her eyes. She put her hand over her face—the tears were there again.

She got up, walked to the cabinet and took out the photograph of Frisbie the youth, then sat down again, and, leaning over toward the fire, studied the features by the flickering light.

The eyes of the youth looked straight into hers, and as she gazed he grew into a man, an earnest and just man, and she heard him say, "Undoubtedly, Mollie, you can be as good and as worthy of love as you desire to be." *As she desired to be.* Yes, yes, above all things she desired to be worthy of love, *his* love, the *old* love, the *first* love, the love that is apt to lie sleeping in the human breast for years, then spring up in all its pristine power.

Was it possible, ever, for him to love her? Would not his memory cling to the girl who was dead? Would not her image forever dwell in his heart? A wave of resentment passed over her, then disappeared. Well, let her image stay, she thought—why should it be otherwise? She was content, as she felt now, to abide within that shadow—yea, and bless it, if it were only possible for her to abide there at all. Oh, if it were only possible! But why doubt it? He himself had said it was.

She shaded her eyes with her hand, propped up on the arm of the chair, and let her mind run on and on, whichever way was pleasantest. The photograph lay face upward on her lap. Not a sound was heard, save now and then the rumble of a vehicle on the street. The minutes passed and lengthened into an hour, and outside the night gloom began to gather.

Suddenly a hand was laid on her shoulder. She turned with a cry, then, recognizing Ford's laugh, obeyed her second impulse and tried to hide the photograph. He observed the movement.

"What is it you have?" he asked.

"Nothing," she answered, but there was guilt in her look.

"Let me see it," he demanded.

"I tell you it is nothing—just an old photograph."

"Why did you hide it? Let me have it then." He made as if to take it, and she handed it over.

He made an impatient effort to examine the picture by the light from the fireplace, then stepped back and applied a match to the dome that swung in the center of the room. A flood of brilliancy filled the apartment. The woman stood by the chair, watching Ford apprehensively as he studied the photograph.

"It is no one you ever saw," she said.

"That is not true," he answered. "I have seen the face many times—there is something in the eyes that is very familiar."

"No, no—that is impossible."

He turned on her suddenly.

"It is John Frisbie," he said.

"No, no—it is not John Frisbie."

He turned the picture over and read on the other side the boyish inscription, "From John to Mollie."

"You lie," he cried. "What are you doing with John Frisbie's photograph? Answer that."

"It is an old one. I had it when I was a girl."

"What is he to you?"

"Nothing."

"You are lying to me." He seized her by the wrist. "What were you doing with his photograph? What is he to you?"

She gazed straight at him without flinching, with a look in her eyes he had never seen there before.

"Let go of my wrist," she said—"you hurt me."

He pulled her toward him and caught her roughly by the other arm.

"Don't talk to me like that," he cried. "Answer my question. What is there between you and John Frisbie?"

"Let go of me—you are a brute!"

"Will you answer me?"

"I won't."

He flung her from him, so violently that she fell against the couch at the side of the room. Her arm struck the wall and she gave a cry of pain.

"Did I hurt you? Forgive me." He approached her and this time put his hand gently on her arm. "You know what a temper I have." But his manner changed again just as suddenly, and his face went black.

"Tell me, what is John Frisbie to you?" he demanded.

"We were sweethearts once."

"And what are you now?"

"Nothing."

"That is not true. Why were you sitting there with his photograph in your lap?"

"I had been looking at a lot of old pictures in the cabinet."

"You're lying now. I was here when you came in—I saw everything you did through the curtains there."

She was silent. He resumed:

"Where did you go this afternoon?"

"I took a walk."

"You're lying again. You'd better tell me the truth."

The woman rose to her feet, defiantly.

"Stop saying that to me. I won't stand it any longer. You can't treat me as you used to. I'll never again be as I was, and you needn't try to scare me—you needn't threaten me."

The man stepped back and stared at her in sudden alarm, his expression none the less ugly.

"If you use that word 'lying' again, I'll leave you or die in my tracks," she said.

In the years they had spent together there had been many quarrels, many violent scenes, but they had always been followed by reconciliation. She had threatened to leave him many times before, but the very brute in the man had always triumphed in the end, and he remained safe in the possession of the woman without whom life to him seemed not worth the living. Their quarrels had come to

be a matter of course; he knew always how they would end. Perhaps they actually made stronger the crude bonds that kept the pair together. In her company he gave way to all the turbulence of soul he suppressed in his life outside, and in this, as in other things, she had become a necessity to him.

But now there was something in her bearing that told him this quarrel was utterly different from any that had preceded it and that she meant every word she was saying. In the face of this imminent danger he became the artificial Ford again—the cool, calculating man of affairs, who relied on superior keenness and tact to carry the day. His whole manner changed. The look of anger vanished from his face, and he approached Mollie Jessup, where she sat on the couch, and put his hands gently on her shoulders.

"Mollie," he said, "why do you torture me in this manner? Have I not proved faithful to you? Hasn't my love been tested? You are the only woman I want. You are all there is in life for me worth having and without you I wouldn't care to live. I would go through fire for you, and you know it. Be good to me, Mollie—don't drive me mad!"

His tones were so earnest they aroused pity in the woman's breast. When she replied she spoke gently, but as firmly as before.

"You think only of yourself—what I may feel never concerns you."

"Have you ceased to love me?"

"I don't think I ever did really love you—and I certainly do not now."

"Mollie!"

"Oh, what is the use of keeping this up any longer? You have no right to ruin my whole life. I have done enough for you. If you care for me, you'll let me go."

"Mollie, don't ask me that."

"But I do ask it."

"I can't."

"From this time on, I'll be another Mollie Jessup. I'm going to leave you."

"You shall not."

"I will."

"Be careful what you say!"

The ugly look came back to his face, and his hands closed. She sprang to her feet again and stood facing him.

"Even if you kill me, I'm going to leave you!"

Again the comprehension came to Ford that he was dealing with a situation the like of which had never before developed in his relations with Mollie Jessup, and again he became perfectly self-possessed and the anger faded from his face.

"Won't you tell me the cause of this?" he asked, quietly. "Has John Frisbie anything to do with it?"

"Yes."

"What do you mean?"

"I saw him—by accident—and talked with him, and he has given me the strength to do what I am doing."

"What did you talk with him about?"

"Myself—that is all."

"And me?"

"No."

"Do you care for him?"

"Perhaps I do."

Ford turned away and began to walk the room. He found it hard work to carry on his part.

"What if he knew?"

This with a half sneer.

"He knows what I have been—I have told him."

He stopped short in front of her. On his face he wore the impenetrable mask he used in his business life, and as he stood there, there came into his mind, unperceived by her, a plan—a bold, ruthless plan—that exactly conformed with the man's nature.

"He is not what you think he is."

This was the beginning.

"He is the noblest man alive."

"Eh? Why do you say that?"

"Because I think he is."

"You do not know him. He is a schemer and will do anything to get money."

"That is not so."

"I can prove it. Why, even now he is using all his wits in the effort to marry into a fortune. He has spent three evenings in the last five at the home of Helen Robley, the sister of the man who was murdered, and it is his intention to capture the heiress if he can."

"Helen Robley—my God!"

The real meaning behind the woman's exclamation escaped Ford, because he was not aware that

she knew of Frisbie's supposed connection with the murder. Her consternation was not caused—as Ford supposed—alone by dashed hopes, but was due to the horror she felt that Frisbie, who had killed the brother, could then pay court to the sister. The revulsion of feeling mirrored in her face brought triumph to the heart of Ford.

"So you see," he said, "this man Frisbie is not exactly what you took him to be. A fortune hunter does not make a very good hero."

"But it is not true."

"Oh, yes, it is. I can tell you at just what hour he has called each evening. It is all down in the notebook of a detective—he caught himself—a man who is looking after my interests in the firm."

Not schooled, as Ford was, in the concealment of her thoughts, Mollie Jessup in her looks reflected all the anger and chagrin that she felt. Her pride was wounded, she was stung by the thought that she had been deceived by the hypocritical Frisbie. Added to this was the sense of loss of those pre-



Mollie snatched her hat and long coat

cious hopes that had sprung up out of her last interview with the chemist. She was both bereft and made sport of, and all the resentment of which her impulsive nature was capable was leaping in her breast. She walked to the fireplace, to avoid being observed by Ford, and stood there, her hands clenched.

Ford approached her.

"Mollie," he said, "I'm not going to give you up. I need you and I've got to have you. You're mine for all time."

She turned upon him with the fury of a tigress. Though her anger had Frisbie for its object, here at least was an opportunity to vent it. She half screamed as she talked.

"You need me—Oh, you need me, do you? You needed me and you got me, but what did you do with me—what have you made of me? I hate myself and I hate you and I wish I could die—I could die! I'm not fit to live. You made me what I am. Oh, how I hate you! Don't you dare touch me. I could kill you—I could kill you!"

She threw herself on the couch, face downward, and clutched the silken pillow.

Ford surveyed her with strangely mixed feelings. He was sorry for her, wanted to go to her and comfort her, but he was also glad—for her onslaught was his triumph. His knowledge of human nature and of Mollie Jessup told him that she had had her say, that she would weep awhile and that

this would end the matter. If he had gone no further—if he had been content to let good enough alone—doubtless his hopes would have been fulfilled and the woman's anger against both Frisbie and himself would have worn itself away in weeping. But he made the mistake of carrying his point too far, and thereby hastened the drama he was playing to a denouncement it otherwise might not have had.

The door bell rang. Ford turned the light down low and admitted Hinton, who had called by appointment. He brought his caller through the parlor, and, to Hinton's surprise, stopped before passing into the sitting room, where their previous conferences had been held. The detective did not see the woman on the couch.

"Is Frisbie likely to call on Miss Robley tonight, do you think?" Ford asked.

"I have an idea he will—it seems to have become a habit of his."

"How often, do you say, he has called on her in the last week?"

"Three times in the last five days. Why?"

The two men moved on into the living room, and Ford pulled together the wooden doors that, sliding in a groove, could be made to separate the two apartments.

Mollie Jessup arose, her cheeks aflame. She hurried to the hallway, snatched her hat and long coat from the rack, quietly opened the door and disappeared in the street, her mind full of the resolve she had suddenly formed.

(To be continued.)

The Reason

BY EMANUEL JULIUS.

WHEN old Bartlett expressed his willingness to tell us why he had never married, Donald and I were all ears. The aged lawyer was a splendid fellow, but had long puzzled us because of his persistent aversion towards the opposite sex.

"Yes," said he slowly, "I'll tell you the tale. . . . It all happened forty years ago right here in New York. I was then a young chap of about twenty-five and had just begun practicing my profession. One day Judge Henderson called me to his side and informed me that I could take up the defense of a young girl accused of murder. She was too poor to hire a lawyer, and so, the state assigned me to a task which I gladly accepted.

"She was a beautiful woman—no, a girl of eighteen. Her black, sparkling eyes and girlish manners captivated me. She seemed chaste as virginity itself. I was charmed. And this lovely girl had been charged with poisoning a maiden aunt with whom she had been living. The motive, claimed the State, was money.

"I gave all my energies to that case, and soon I realized that it was love that made me so determined to have her freed. I never worked harder in all my life. I fought like a tiger.

Her black eyes forced me to increased enthusiasm.

"And when I finally addressed that jury, I could see nothing except her beautiful face, her wonderful eyes. Each word I spoke was fired with my love for her. I was more than a lawyer defending his client; I was a lover pleading for his heart. And the verdict of the jury showed that I had not struggled in vain. She was declared not guilty.

"I led her from the court room. In the street I turned to her and said: 'I won this case because I wanted to win you.' She blushed a deep red. 'I knew it was love that made you so strong. And I have learned to love you with all my heart but—'

"And we shall marry," I interposed.

"No," came from the girl; we must part now.

"Part!" I repeated. "Never! We must marry."

"No, we cannot marry. I'll love you as long as I live, but I could never stay with you—"

"Why?"

"Because I am guilty—"

The Louisiana Planter and Sugar Manufacturer calls attention to a growing tendency for consolidation among the cotton growers of the Yazoo Delta in Louisiana. Recently there has been manifested a very decided disposition among the largest and most opulent cotton growers to consolidate their landed holdings into incorporated companies. Some of the companies that have been formed in response to this movement are very largely capitalized.

The Coming Nation

PUBLISHERS

J. A. WAYLAND. FRED D. WARREN.

EDITORS

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

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

Epecially for the Scouts

When the COMING NATION started, negotiations were entered into with a news company for the distribution of the paper. This company was ready to take the COMING NATION, but demanded a monopoly of its distribution.

The publishers did not feel that they wished to give over such a monopoly to the company, but felt that they would rather it would be handled through the Socialist organization and members.

It was found, however, that this plan required the maintenance of a rather expensive machine and we, therefore, decided to make a contract with the news company on the basis of their original proposition and notified the scouts to that effect.

The moment this was done the news company refused to handle the COMING NATION on the terms that it previously prescribed, and the same it offers all other papers. In fact, it refused to handle the paper at all and this, notwithstanding the fact that bundle orders and news stand sales are far in excess of many papers handled by this company.

Now, we do not propose to be suppressed by any news monopoly, and we do not believe that the readers of the COMING NATION will willingly consent to any such suppression.

In order to insure as wide a sale as possible we are going not only to ask the scouts to continue at work, but we are going to make them far more liberal offers than we have ever done before.

We believe that the Socialists of this country possess a distributing machinery far superior to that of any news agency in the country, and that they will respond to this discrimination against the Socialist press.

The COMING NATION is going to do its part in this matter. We are going to give to those who help build up a bundle circulation all the profits and all the money that has hitherto been spent in circularizing, advertising, etc.

We are going to put the price of bundles at the cost of production.

From now on the bundle rate, where ten or more are ordered at one time, will be ONE AND A HALF CENTS each for the COMING NATION. This rate applies to those who wish the papers for sale at Lyceum Lectures, local meetings, or any other place.

At this rate there will be no return privileges, no credit accounts, no premiums to scouts, and all orders for any issue must be in by Tuesday preceding the date of the paper.

This price makes the COMING NATION the most profitable paper for Socialists to sell, as it affords a profit of two hundred thirty-three and a third per cent.

Back Numbers and Bundles

As has been stated several times the entire issue of the COMING NATION is usually exhausted within a few days after publication, and it is impossible to supply back numbers.

We are printing a few extra of this issue because it is, we believe, the best statement of the McNamara case and the Los Angeles election that has yet appeared.

We also have a few extra copies of

the second farmers' edition, number 64. While these last they will be sent at the reduced bundle rate of a cent and a half each in bundles of ten or more

As was announced last week, we can no longer supply Social Forces in American History for three new subscribers. The copies purchased at the advance of publication rate are all gone, and hereafter it will be necessary to send in four subscribers in order to obtain a copy of the work.

Advice from Our Friends, the Enemy

THE capitalist press is very willing to tell the workers just what to do in the McNamara case. The general agreement is that the Socialists ought to be chased out of the trade unions.

The *Indianapolis News* says, "The sooner trade unionism rids itself of Socialists and all of the Socialist tentacles of anarchy—such as dynamite—the better off unionism will be."

The *Brooklyn Eagle*, after praising Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison for their antagonism to Socialism, thinks that "the lumping of all labor demands on the Socialist wagon might not be an unmixed disadvantage. The upsetting of the band wagon would clearly restore normal conditions pretty effectively."

This is as mixed in logic as in its rhetoric.

The *Aurora* (Ill.) *News* sends out a warning that "The thundering apostles of Socialism should confine their efforts to the work of building up political organizations."

The *Milwaukee Journal* screams in two column ten point against the influence of Eugene V. Debs in the unions, and says of the anti-Socialist element:

"At the head of this movement stands Samuel Gompers, a practical idealist, big of mind as well as of heart, loyal to the institutions of his country and devoted to the interests of his fellow men. That he is the chief of organized workmen at this critical period of our history is as fortunate for the country as it is for them."

The *Minneapolis* (Minn.) *News*, after bewailing the fact that the Socialists had gained control of the central labor organization of that city, hopes that the result of the McNamaras' confession "Will be to inject more virility into the rivalry which has been quietly developing for the last two years between straight out Socialism on the one side and trade unionism on the other."

The *Lancaster* (Pa.) *Examiner* hopes that after the Socialists are driven out of the unions the remainder "will be guided by men of the John Mitchell type."

Of course, not one of these papers is honest enough to tell that the McNamaras had always supported Mitchell, that they belonged to his faction in the unions, his church and his political party and supported his principles and personal ambitions, including the Civic Federation at all times.

The regular *Milwaukee* lie this week, which is endorsed by the *Elmyra* (N. Y.) *Advertiser* and the *St. Louis Republic*, is that the Socialists of Milwaukee have "Re-arranged the pay rolls so that about thirty thousand dollars more will be paid out annually in salaries."

This is varied with the wide circulation of the now thoroughly refuted falsehood that was first started by the *New York Evening Post*, that the Socialist rule in Milwaukee "Will cost the tax payers nearly one million dollars more this year than would the old order of things in the first year of the administration of Mayor David S. Rose."

It is when a capitalist editor starts to talk on the philosophy of Socialism that he really gets humorous and no where is this humor of ignorance more striking than in the professional Catholic opponents of Socialism.

The *Catholic Citizen* of Chicago, commenting on the fact that two new

monthly periodicals have just been established by the Catholic Church "devoted to the task of combating the evils of Socialism," complains because the Socialists—

"Have arrogated to themselves and claimed as exclusively Socialist doctrines, economic questions which do not antagonize the moral law nor conflict with any form of government, but are to be considered on their intrinsic merits and their practical relation to the public welfare. Among these questions are the nationalization of land, the national ownership of public utilities, and so forth."

This is really too bad. Socialists ought to defend whatever their opponents ask them to, it would be so much easier to whip them if they did.

The editor of the *Citizen* continues to complain that conditions are constantly getting worse. "The rich are daily becoming richer and the poor are daily becoming poorer. The compensation for labor is at a standstill and the expenses of living are running away from us. The profit of the low wage and the higher price paid for necessities goes into the pockets of the wealthy few. Extravagance and moral rotteness, unsurpassed by the paganism of decadent Rome, is the example set before the nation by the beneficiaries of our unjust and inequitable economic system."

Then he concludes, "The time has come when these men must surrender their usurped rights, disband their illegal combinations, and retain the portion of wealth that in equity belongs to them or lose all in the fatal maelstrom of triumphant Socialism."

Occasionally we meet an old friend in the way of argument. On the staff of the *Marion* (Ohio) *Star* we locate the cheerful idiot who used to arise at Socialist meetings and ask why Socialists do not "Pool their property, their labor and their interests and give to the world a convincing demonstration" of Socialism.

The fossilized cranium that used to protest that Socialism "Utterly destroys personal initiative and ambition" has found a place with the *Lewiston* (Ill.) *Democrat*.

The Sovereign People

In Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, ten employes of the Pennsylvania railroad are candidates on the Socialist ticket.

Each of them recently received the following letter from the Pennsylvania yardmaster.

"It has come to the notice of the Superintendent that you have allowed your name to be used as a candidate for public office without obtaining permission of your employers. Please advise why you have done this and what you intend to do in case of your election."

"In this country," say the party orators about this time of year, "the people are sovereign." Well, here is a splendid old instance of sovereignty. They are so much sovereign that they cannot exercise the simplest right of citizenship without the permission and supervision of the railroad company they happen to work for. The ten men that received these letters construed them as intimations of discharge if they continued on the Socialist ticket.

In view of the record of this imperial company their construction was undoubtedly correct. This is the same concern of infamous political history that bulldozed its shopmen at Altoona to vote for railroad conditions, keeps tab on its employes that attend Socialist

meetings and has discharged employes for taking active part in the Socialist movement.

We Americans have the most absolute freedom in the world so long as we do what the corporations want.

Bound Volumes Going

The bound volume containing the issues of the COMING NATION for last year up to No. 52, went to D. A. Young this week for thirteen subscriptions.

D. A. Young is ahead of all other competitors so far by one subscription. Four others have sent in twelve subs.

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

Humanhood

BY T. ALEX. CAIRNS.

Humanhood is being written large over modern life. It is the open sesame of philosophy, the touchstone of morals. With it politics becomes statecraft; without it pulpits are repudiated. It holds the balances in civic affairs and writes again the "Republic" of Plato, the "Prince" of Machiavelli and the "Social Contract" of Rousseau.

Humanhood shifts the storm-center of Truth from the rostrum to the soap box; from the chair of ethics to the bench in the park. It is the soul of eloquence, the salvator of didactics, the hope of progress.

Humanhood counts the curly-headed boy above the coffers of Croesus. It looks to the baby's shoes rather than to the rich man's ermine. It weeps with drunken penury rather than sing with prodigal affluence. It puts the home above the club and the meat market above the stock market.

Humanhood sits brooding broken-souled today over the toll men pay to Greed and sees with anguish, innocence immolated on the pyre of avarice. Humanhood hales to judgment the equivocal and apathetic and points to Rachel weeping for her children.

Humanhood raises her voice like a clarion in the concourse of humanity and pleads in words as sweet as the tones of a Stradivarius in the hands of a Paganini for men to withhold the dead sea fruit of poverty and eliminate the lazar house of hunger. What answer will you give to Humanhood?

The Future

One age moves onward, and the next builds up
Cities and gorgeous palaces, where stood
The rude log huts of those who tamed the wild,
Rearing from out the forests they had felled,
The goodly frame-work of a fairer state;
The builder's trowel and the settler's ax
Are seldom wielded by the self-same hands;
Ours is the harder task, yet not the less
Shall we receive the blessing for our toil
From the choice spirits of the after-time.

—James Russell Lowell.

A DOLLAR BOOK FOR 25 CENTS

Robert Blatchford's Great Book "God and My Neighbour." A Socialist viewpoint of religion. Original English edition, 200 pp., Postpaid, 25c. Rationalist Press, 1220 S. Homan av., Chicago

Two Books by August Bebel

That should be of interest to every Socialist and progressive workingman

WOMAN AND SOCIALISM, translated from the 50th German (jubilee) edition, revised and enlarged by the author; 512 pages; bound in art cloth. Price net \$1.50, postage 12c extra.

BEBEL'S REMINISCENCES, translated from the first German edition by E. Unterman. The story of A. Bebel's life is the story of the development of Socialism in Germany. 224 pages, cloth; price net 75c postage 6c extra. Special rates for organizations upon application.

SOCIALIST LITERATURE CO., 15 Spruce St., New York City, N. Y.

A Page for the Children

EDITED BY BERTHA H. MAILLY

The Jolly Christmas Pantomime?



WHAT'S a Christmas pantomime? I can hear many little voices ask.

You don't know what a pantomime is? A real, big, beautiful, jolly, mirth-provoking pantomime? I'm sorry for you, children. That's because you live in America and not in Great Britain, where pantomime is as much a fixture as old Santa Claus himself.

As I write this, all little boys and girls in the British Isles are talking about the Christmas pantomime and looking forward to it perhaps even more than they are to Santa Claus' coming.

Yes, all the children, rich and poor alike, for there's hardly a child over there but will see at least one pantomime at least once. For the children whose parents cannot afford to take them, or who may be left without parents or homes of their own, will surely go in big parties from schools and orphan homes and other places.

You who never saw a Christmas pantomime can't imagine what it's like and why it is so popular with British children and I can't begin to tell you all about it, so I won't try. It's a good many years now since I saw one myself, but although I've gone to the theater many times since then, somehow nothing has ever given me the same enjoyment that came from seeing a Christmas Pantomime.

You see, I was a boy in England myself once, though I was born in this country, and I lived in Liverpool, one of the largest cities in England, and there we used to have pantomime that rivaled in splendor and gayety those in London, which is the great home of pantomime, and especially at Drury Lane Theater, an old and historic play-house.

I can remember well how I used to save my pennies for weeks in advance until I had enough to pay for a seat in the theater, and then it was usually away high up, far from the stage, but I would sit there perfectly happy, lost to everything else but what was going on down on the stage, and wake up when it was all over as if I had been in a dream.

And I am sure you would feel the same way about it, if you had a chance. Just imagine seeing "Cinderella," "Robinson Crusoe," "Red Riding Hood," "Mother Goose," "Sindbad the Sailor," "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," "Babes in the Wood," "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp," "Blue Beard" and the other tales with which you are so familiar acted out to the life, with glass slippers, fairy godmothers, desert islands, robber caves, greedy wolves, magic genii, old Men of the Sea, wicked uncles, scheming barons, gorgeous palaces—all the wonderful things you read about shown right before your eyes. Well, that will give you some idea what a pantomime is.

But that isn't all. It's the fun that goes with it that makes pantomime so delightful to the children. How they scream with laughter at the queer antics of Cinderella's ugly sisters and the widow Twankey, Aladdin's mother, and Dick Whittington's cat and Crusoe's man Friday and his parrot and the robbers who kill the two innocent babes (though they are not really killed, you know) and Mrs. Sindbad and the other extraordinary people who joke and

play tricks on each other and dance and sing and tumble in all sorts of extraordinary ways in all sorts of extraordinary places under the most extraordinary circumstances.

Then there are the other characters you never read about in the stories but are introduced into the pantomime just to make fun—not to forget the dogs and roosters and cows and bears and whales and other creatures who do the most remarkable things—things that real animals could never hope to do and that would make them very jealous to see done at all.

For instance, it's great to see a cow come apart in the middle and the forepart and the hindpart go wandering around looking for each other, or a horse climbing up on a cab and taking the driver's seat away from him, or the genii of the lamp suddenly spring

that flash and glow until one is quite bewildered with it all.

But even that is not all. For after the hero and heroine have reached the end of their wonderful adventures, coming out alive and happy through the most miraculous escapes, there is a marvellous transformation scene, in which one beautiful picture changes into another until the children—and even the grown-ups, sometimes—can't help crying out "Oh! Oh!" they are so dazzled and delighted.

Then after the transformation scene, when you think there couldn't possibly be anything more, there comes the clown and pantaloon and harlequin and columbine, and these play outrageous pranks—though nobody gets hurt—upon policemen, shopkeepers, barbers and other people, going throughout at such a terrific rate that they, as well as the children watching them, are quite breathless at the finish.

Then, at last, everybody goes home, tired, but wishing they could see it all over again, and the actors who have worked so hard to make such a lot of

close of the show now. The most famous clown that ever lived was Joey Grimaldi, whose life was a very interesting one.

The theater managers expend a lot of money on the pantomimes every year, engaging popular actors and getting up very expensive costumes and scenery, for they know they will always get their money back with big profits, as the pantomimes are becoming more popular every year.

The regular thing is for the pantomimes to open on Boxing Day, as the day after Christmas is called over there, and then everybody tries to go to the theater. People who never go to the theater at any other time go to the Christmas pantomimes, so you see this has become a British institution. For hours crowds stand in line to get in and when the doors open the pushing and scrambling is terrible, but nobody loses their temper. It's Christmas, you know.

And when the theater is packed from the pit to the roof, there's so much excited murmuring and whispering the music of the orchestra is hardly listened to, until at last the curtain goes up. Then there's a hush for a moment. Then a great cheer goes up and as each favorite actor and actress appears, they are greeted with a great roar of welcome, for the British people are very loyal to their pantomime favorites. Sometimes an actor or actress, or several of them, will return to the same theater in the same city every Christmas for years, until the people come to look upon them as their own particular friends.

The pantomimes often run from Christmas to Easter, playing every night and sometimes twice a day. The principal actors usually have special benefits given them toward the end of the season and on the last night there is always a great farewell between the actors and the audience, everybody joining together in singing "Auld Lang Syne" as the curtain falls for the last time.

Isn't it jolly to think of such a fine spirit of comradeship and merriment? That is the spirit which makes everybody, no matter what their age, feel young when they go to a pantomime and sends them home happy to tell their friends and playmates all about it and make them happy, too. Many a time, along with other young people, I have acted what we've seen at a pantomime over and over again, but not near so well, of course.

So do you wonder that I wish I could see a pantomime just as I did when I was a little boy? That was quite a long time ago, but I am sure I would enjoy one just as much now as I did then. And I wish all the little boys and girls who read this could be with me, for I know they would enjoy it, too.

W. M.



Sailors, Robbers, Village Damsels, City Maids, Fairies, Gnomes

out of the ground when Aladdin rubs the lamp, going straight up in the air and coming down whirling and twirling like a big top, or Sindbad dancing a hornpipe on top of a giant whale, which doesn't seem to mind it a bit. One never gets over the many surprises in a pantomime and one never learns just how all these surprises are brought about.

Then there are the multitudes of other people that accompany the heroes and heroines—who are usually very pretty and very charming and very brave, you may be sure, or they wouldn't be so popular—and all these people are dressed most beautifully and gorgeously—the sailors, robbers, village damsels, city maids, fairies, gnomes—hundreds of them, appearing and disappearing at the most unexpected moments, sailing through the air, diving under the sea, swarming over rocks and ships and trees and in and out of palaces—all the time illuminated with changing colors

fun, take a well-earned rest to prepare for the next performance.

The history of pantomime is very interesting, but it would take me too long to tell you all the details. Like Punch and Judy, it began in Italy centuries ago. At the beginning there were no words spoken, the word "pantomime" meaning "all dumb show." Gradually its form changed, though the original pantomime is still popular in France and Italy. Pantomime such as I have been describing had its beginning in England two hundred years ago, but it was not until one hundred and twenty years ago (in 1788) that nursery tales were used, when "Aladdin" was first produced. "Robinson Crusoe," which is not a nursery tale, as you know, was used seven years earlier.

Since then pantomimes have developed until there were no less than two hundred being given last Christmas throughout Great Britain. In the early British pantomime the clown was very prominent, but he only appears at the

What Happened in the Elevator

A child who lives in the suburbs went shopping to the city with her mother for the first time. She had never been in an elevator before.

"How did you like it?" said her father at supper.

"Why, it was so funny, Papa," answered the child. "We went into a little house and the upstairs came down."

Punctuation Marks

Returning from school the other afternoon a little girl proudly informed her mother that she had learned to "punctuate."

"Well, dear," said her mother, "and how is it done?"

"You see, Mother," answered the child, "when you write 'Hark!' you put a hatpin after it, and when you ask a question you put a buttonhook."

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Where Combination Didn't Win



Standing—from left to right: R. Nelson, Carl Bauer, John Church
Seated—W. H. Bacon, A. L. Mitchell, J. P. Griggs

Four years ago the Socialist won in Eureka, Utah, with Republican and Democratic tickets in the field.

Two years later the two parties combined and gained a victory. This year the Socialists beat the combination.

This is the result of careful propaganda.

Local Socialists say that a large share of the credit is due to George J. Fox, state organizer of Utah, who has visited Eureka once every month during the past year and built up a local of a hundred members. The distribution of 1,200 copies of Victor Berger's speech on the wool schedule is also reported to have produced good results.

The mayor is Andrew L. Mitchell, member of the carpenters' union. He was also the mayor in the previous stage of Socialist rulership.

Wm. H. Bacon, a member of the Western Federation of Miners, was elected recorder.

Anabel Mooney, a class-conscious school teacher and recorder at the time of the previous victory, was elected treasurer this time.

Every Socialist elected to the council



ANABEL MOONEY

is a member of the Western Federation of Miners. This gives the Socialists a majority on the library board also.

The Aldrich Currency Plan

(Continued from page seven.)

of all the side issues. It strikes directly at the heart of the whole Socialist idea. The more I reflect upon it, the more it seems to me the very last word the acme, of predatory assault upon the citadel of the Government. It is so palpable a subjection of public to private interests, of the interests of the many to the interests of the few that one must needs stand appalled at the very audacity of the thing.

If this thing should be carried through, now, in view of the strength which the Socialist movement has gained in this country, without a storm of protest it seems to me it would be a sad commentary upon the ability of the Socialists to recognize their own interests and to keep in touch with what's going on.

Opposition to the Aldrich Plan does not necessarily involve a comprehensive knowledge of the currency, although it would be well if more of us were qualified to speak intelligently upon the subject. It is not necessary to be able to put forward at this time a rational substitute, although this will come in due time and may indeed prove incidental to the present discussion, just as emancipation of the slaves became incidental

to the details of the extension of slave territory. Indeed, it is quite within the range of possibilities that this discussion, so bold is it, might prove a definite body blow to the whole capitalist crowd of politicians, for they cannot show their hands in it without showing their whole predatory spirit, and their class attitude toward the public interests.

If it weren't for this overt attack, the Socialists could well continue to ignore the currency question. At present it is relatively unimportant. The system is bad enough, but not so bad as other things which need more immediate attention. Left to itself, it will tend to work itself out. But the greed of the financiers will not leave it to itself. The banks need more support if they are to keep afloat the topheavy system they have built, the system by which they are trying to collect three or four rates of interests on a single dollar, the system by which they are trying to make a dollar be in several different places at the same time.

They have built up this system themselves. The Greenbackers told them half a century ago that it wasn't scientific. Now they admit themselves that it is not scientific. The only way it

can be made scientific, they say, is for the Government to give them more money and more power. But that would not make the currency more scientific. It would make it less so. It would make the bankers richer and the people poorer which is far from being recognized as scientific in these days.

They must be check-mated. We should build such a fire under them that nothing would do them but an asbestos currency.

*Complete text of Aldrich Plan as revised by the American Bankers' association and with brief comments, will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of five cents. Address the author, Ellis O. Jones, 17 W. 31st St., New York.

The McNamaras and Back of Them

(Continued from page two.)

year to the greed of capitalism; the men that are killed unnecessarily in mines and factories and on the railroads; the men that are killed because employers are too greedy to provide proper safeguards; women that are poisoned in factories, sweatshops and ill-ventilated department stores; children that are killed in factory work or broken down before their time with the diseases of the slums. Let us be sorry for them all, and not forget that it is for the sake of the same capitalism that all this blood is shed, and that so long as we tolerate capitalism, not one of us is guiltless for all these horrible slaughters any more than we are for the twenty-one lives that perished in the building of the Los Angeles Times.

* * *

"Blood!" yell the people that believe in vengeance. "These twenty-one lives must be avenged!"

With exactly as much reason and good sense one might stand over the statistics of industrial murders demanding blood. A human life is a human life; to sacrifice one for the sake of profits must be as bad as to sacrifice one for the sake of a mistaken principle. Let us have an end of all this disgusting reversion to the jungle-wolf. All alike are guilty. If equal and exact justice were done upon those responsible for the Los Angeles Times explosion only those would now be at liberty that have never consented to the system that produces these horrors. Instead of crying for blood we ought humbly to admit our fault that we have suffered to grow up in this country a condition of hatred and injustice so appalling and repair our error by abolishing the system under which these things are absolutely certain.

Austrian Socialists on High Prices

The increased cost of living was the principal question discussed at the convention of the German-Austrian Socialist party, which was held the first week in November. A resolution was adopted which after declaring that the rise in prices is due to the private ownership of the means of production and distribution of goods, and demanding that this be abolished, concluded with these words:

"While the power of the working class has not yet reached the point where it can completely abolish the causes of the rise in prices, it can improve these conditions by strengthening its economic generations. The working class must strengthen its co-operatives in order to increase their influence on the price of goods. The working class must strengthen its unions until they shall become strong enough to raise wages to correspond with the decreasing purchasing power of money.

"In the wage struggles to which the rise of prices inevitably lead, the working class meets with the bitterest resistance on the part of the employers' association. Only strong organization of the proletariat will have the power to break the resistance of organized capital. This convention, therefore, pledges all its organs and all the organization of the party, with their whole strength, with all the means at its disposal for propaganda, to the service of extension and strengthening of the unions."

What's That?

I met a little person on my land,
A-fishing in the waters of my stream;
He seemed a man, yet could not understand

Things that to most men very simple seem.

"Get off," said I; "this land is mine,
my friend!

Get out," said I, "this brook belongs
to me!

I own the land, and you must make an
end

Of fishing here so free.

"I own this place, the land and water,
too!

You have no right to be here, that
is flat!

Get off it! that is all I ask of you!—"

"Own it?" said he; "what's that?"

"What's that?" said I. "Why, that is
common sense!

I own the water and the fishing right;

I own the land from here to yonder
fence;

Get off, my friend, or fight!"

He looked at the clear stream so neatly
kept;

He looked at teeming vines and laden
tree,

And wealthy fields of grain that stirred
and slept;

"I see," he cried, "I see!

"You mean you cut the wood and plowed
the field,

From your hard labor all this beauty
grew,

To you is due the richness of the yield;
You have some claim, 'tis true."

"Not so," said I with manner very cool,
And tossed my purse into the air and
caught it;

"Do I look like a laborer, you fool?
It's mine because I bought it!"

Again he looked as if I talked in Greek,
Again he stretched his head and
twirled his hat,

Before he mustered wit enough to
speak.

"Bought it?" said he. "What's that?"

And then he said again, "I see! I see!
You mean that some men toil with
plows and hoes,

And while those worked for you, you
toiled with glee

At other work for those."

"Not so!" said I, getting a little hot,
Thinking the man a fool as well as
funny;

"I'm not a working man, you idiot;
I bought it with my money!"

And still that creature stared and
dropped his jaw,

Till I could have destroyed him where
he sat

"Money," said I, "money, and moneyed
law!"

"Money," said he, "what's that?"

—Charlotte Perkins Gilman

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SOCIALIST PARTNER WANTED, FOR A PLAY

I can furnish "The Socialist" a Socialist propaganda play in three acts which exposes Capitalism and explains Socialism, also the ability to organize and produce it—partner to furnish enough money to make it an assured success. There is no play on the stage to day to cater to the rising tide of socialist sentiment. Next year is the opportunity—the several political parties are represented and all who are politically inclined will find something of interest in this play. Address immediately: HARLIN TALBERT, CHICAGO, ILL., 207 W. WASH. ST., 217 P.S.L.

Come Have a Smile With Us

Flings at Things

BY D. M. S.

Quite Immediate

West to east sends greeting;
East to west replies,
Also, for good measure,
South the message flies,
Saying each to other
As the end they vow
Of the present system,
"Socialism now."

Not in future ages,
Not when we are dead,
Not when time has ripened
Will it forge ahead
And with mighty blessing
All the world endow,
But the very present—
Socialism now.

How the cities tremble
As the way they see
To a better living
And the jubilee;
With the hands determined
Grimly at the plow,
See approaching harvest—
Socialism now.

Threatening His Job

"If we want to be really progressive why not extend the recall to Santa Claus?"

"Got it in for the old reindeer driver?"

"Why not? A man on the job shouldn't know the difference between rich and poor."

Testimonial

Dear Editor—For years I suffered from mental narrowness, bigotry and kindred ills. My case was regarded as hopeless. Friends had given me up. My worst symptom was that I was complacent and contented with my condi-



tion. I took one dose of Socialism and immediately my mental vision was cleared. Three doses wrought a complete cure. I now see things in a new treatment to all sufferers. Yours for the treatment to all sufferers. Yours for the wider outlook. JONATHAN WISE.

First Aid

"He just can't get Socialism into his head."

"Some day a policeman's club will apply it externally."

Ravenous

The Standard Oil is now competing
Against itself, so it is said,
Each little octopus is eating
Another for its daily bread.

All Right Already

"I suppose you will turn over a new leaf at New Years."

"I won't have to."

"Why not?"

"I am voting the Socialist ticket already."

Hard Nut to Crack

"I would like to know just what La-Follette wants to do if anything."

"Why don't you ask him?"

"Does he know himself?"

Modest But Insistent

"What do you want for a Christmas present?"

"Just the earth."

"You talk like Pierpont Morgan."

"No, like a Socialist."

A Problem Solved

"Who is going to do the dirty work under Socialism?"

"Until we get the machinery going we might hand that part over to the capitalist politicians. They are experts in that line."

No Consideration for His Fellow Men

"What are your politics?"

"I was born a Democrat"



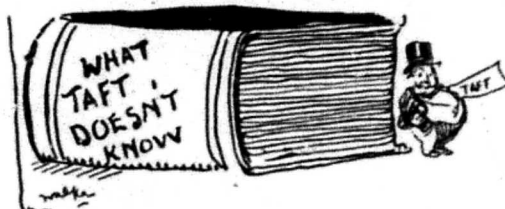
"And I suppose you will die one."

"That I will."

"Yes, but you are so slow about it."

Little Flings

Even Carnegie could see that the greatest murderers were not the big men of history.



What Taft doesn't know about political economy would make a comprehensive volume.

Justice is a matter for the courts, yet in Los Angeles the case was decided by a group of the leading business men.

There is some class to the class struggle in Butte, Schenectady and such places.

Capitalism is so brazen that it isn't ashamed of itself.

Before proceeding to big things the Socialists will show the cities how to govern themselves.

Capitalist papers talk as though a confession justified kidnaping.

An insurgent is one who thinks that noise is radicalism.

Told at the Dinner Hour

Tail of a Dog

BY DORA NELSON.

A hunter became lost in Canadian woods. He tramped for three days without finding anything to shoot and became desperately hungry. He thought he would kill his dog, but when he called him up to him the dog looked at him in such a friendly way and wagged his tail so appreciatively that he had the heart to do it. Besides, the dog was a family pet, and he knew what he would catch at home if he ever returned without the dog. But the pangs of hunger were so strong he had to do something, so he cut off the dog's tail, roasted it and ate it with great gusto. Then he thought the dog might like the bone, so he called him and the dog trotted up and got what belonged to him.

The average workingman produces about ten dollars a day for the man he works for; he counts himself lucky if

he carries home two dollars of it. On Saturday night he trots up and gets what's coming to him in his little pay envelope. Savvy?

Johnny Defines a Good Boy

A distinguished visitor was making a short address to the Sunday school.

"I am glad to see so many nice boys and girls assembled here today," he began. "You are the kind of boys I like. You know there are several kinds of boys. There are boys that are always punctual at school, always have their faces and hands washed, always know their lessons and never play hooky. We call them good boys.

"Then there are the boys that like to torture cats and rob birds' nests and bully boys that are smaller than themselves and steal apples from the grocery stands and smoke cigarettes and all that sort of thing. These we call bad



Why can't you children act like pigs and not like greedy Capitalists

boys. Yes, there are several kinds of boys. Now perhaps you can tell me what kind of boys go to heaven?"

Up went Johnny's hand like a flash. "Well, my little man," said the visitor, smiling complacently and nodding his head at Johnny, "what kind of boys go to heaven?"

"Dead ones!" shouted Johnny at the top of his voice.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

LISTEN I have been trying for years to find a preparation for washing clothes that would be harmless and do away with heavy washing machines. I have been successful. Please send notes for recipe. **MRS. VIVIAN LEVEL, FLORENCE, COLORADO.**

Your Heritage

as a free individual has been the theme of philosophers since history began. During the centuries, men of far-seeing minds—prophets, seers, have declared for a wider, richer freedom. But the "schemes" have, in the main, been of the tissue of dreams.

It is good to meet with an uplifting and upbuilding work that is vitally practical; that declares with fervor and backs with logic, tenets of new social conditions: that shows us the fallacies and absurdities of our present day civilization and government: that unearths the very root-causes of our present "social unrest"—and then, withal, goes one step further and suggests a remedy.

Such a Book is

MAN'S BIRTHRIGHT

BY

RITTER BROWN

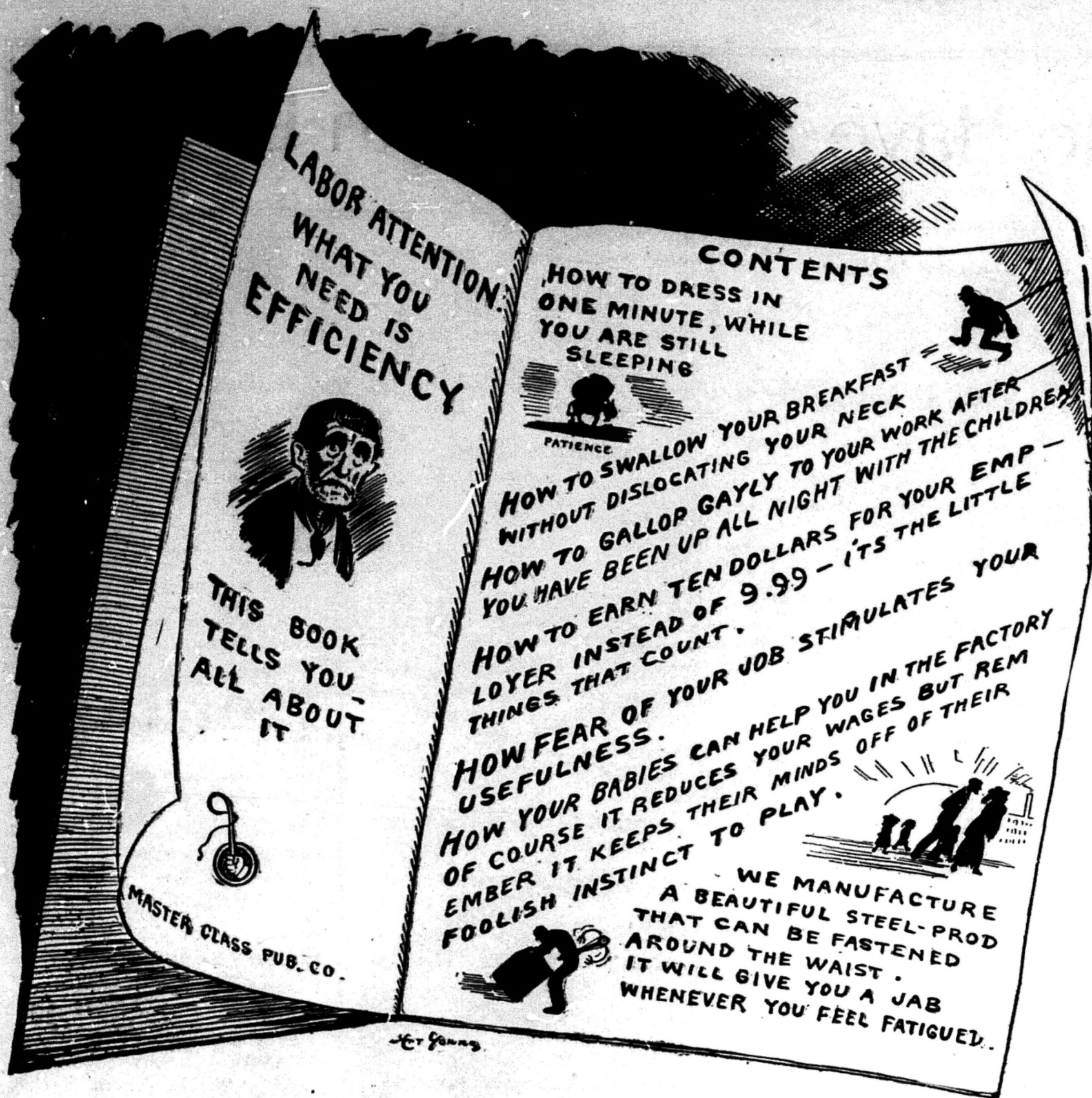
You will be interested from preface to "finis." Your mental horizon will be broadened, your point of view *must* change for the better, the broader, the wider, when you have read this truly masterful work.

Sent postpaid upon receipt of \$1.50

Desmond Fitzgerald

156 Fifth Avenue
NEW YORK

BY AGNES THECLA FAIR.



Efficiency! that's the thing. Here's a suggestion for another book on the subject

Questions usually asked an applicant for naturalization.

Question: What is our form of government?

Answer: A form of robbery.

Q.: Who is the ruler in the United States?

A.: King Morgan.

Q.: What is the highest law in the United States?

A.: Gold.

Q.: Have you ever read the Constitution?

A.: Yes, in the newspapers.

Q.: By whom was the Constitution made?

A.: By a number of wise men who gained independence from one king to have their posterity give it to another king.

Q.: How is the government divided?

A.: The government is divided into two parts; the common herd and the money king.

Q.: How are the general laws of the United States made?

A.: For the rich and against the poor.

Q.: Where does Congress meet?

A.: In Wall Street.

Q.: What laws can congress make?

A.: Any laws the "Gang" wants.

Q.: How is Congress constituted?

A.: Congress is composed of two houses; a money house, and a bunk house.

Q.: How are the Senators elected?

A.: By their own or predatory wealth.

Q.: How long do Senators serve?

A.: Six years, except when the people are wise, then they serve six months.

Q.: After Congress passes a law what is necessary for it to go into effect?

A.: Money; lots of money.

Q.: Who elects the President?

A.: The President is elected indirectly by the Special Interests every four years.

Q.: What is the Supreme Court of the United States?

A.: To humorists, a farce; to the poor, a calamity; to others, a fake.

Clerk: Your wisdom will make you one of our best citizens. Brains are better than paper.



Rhymes of the Revolution

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

Selected and annotated by FRANK STUILLMAN

Theodore Roberts, the author of the following ringing lyric is rapidly making a place for himself in American literature. In a dark and blood-stained era, when the greed of kings drove the people to slaughter each other for personal or political gain only the pure soul of the Maid of Orleans shines forth, noble, unselfish and holy, giving all for an ideal. It matters not that tricksters made of her and her devotion but counters in their game and at last gave her over to death; it was the Maid and she alone, with her white banner, gleaming star-bright amid the dark rout of kings, nobles and statesmen, that stood for Truth in that age.

So in the time to come when the people look back to these days of turmoil and struggle for industrial freedom, the millionaires and money-lords of today will be held in the same contempt as we hold the brutal barons of the Middle Ages, while high-above, like a crimson flame, will glow the memory of those who followed the ideal embodied in the Red Flag of the World's Brotherhood.

The Maid

BY THEODORE ROBERTS.

Thunder of riotous hoofs over the quaking sod
Clash of reeking squadrons, steel-capped, iron-shod;
The White Maid and the white horse and the flapping banner of God.

Black hearts riding for money; red hearts riding for fame
The Maid who rides for France and the King who rides for shame—
Gentlemen, fools, and a saint riding in Christ's high name!

scattered 'ere lance and bow.
Dust the cross of St. George; dust the banner of snow.
The bones of the King are crumbled, and rotted the shafts of the foe.

Forgotten the young knight's valor; forgotten the captain's skill;
Forgotten the fear and the hate and the mailed hands raised to kill;
Forgotten the shields that clashed and the arrows that cried so shrill.

Like a story from some old book, that battle of long ago;

Shadows the poor French king and the might of his English foe;
Shadows the charging nobles and the archers kneeling a-row—
But a flame in my heart and my eyes, the Maid with her banner of snow!



The Real Santa Claus

"Dust to dust!" it is written. Wind-