

# 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 PROGRESS OF REGULATION

**A**BOUT five years ago it occurred to some of the eminent practitioners of the regulative school of thought that the way to relieve the American people from the evils of railroad monopoly and extortion was to pass laws reducing rates and fares. This grand discovery became at once very popular, especially in the West. One after another the legislatures of the Western states laid hand upon the railroad demon and sought to bind it hand and foot—by reducing rates. Railroad robbery was carried on through rates. If high rates were made illegal, of course there could be no robbery. See? Simple and certain as A, B, C.

So the necessary laws were passed. The railroad companies wailed aloud, and showed how the reduction would bring ruin and desolation upon them. At best they were poor and struggling institutions, hardly able by honest endeavor to make both ends meet. If rates were to be cut down the widows and orphans of our broad land would starve.

Yet one may imagine that the grief thus expressed was not wholly beyond consolation. The railroad companies knew the Federal courts and the legislators didn't—nor much else. Therefore, the companies knew the exact degree of danger to which they were exposed and in the secrecy of their boudoirs many a manager must have laughed with quiet enjoyment as he prepared his demonstration of the impending ruin.

The courts are now through with the last of these rate reduction bills and all about the country you couldn't find a vestige of one of them. They were found to be unconstitutional, you know. The final demolition was in the case of the Minnesota two-cent fare law. To make sure of this matter the judge not only ruled that a two-cent fare was unconstitutional (you remember, no doubt, the exact clause of the Constitution that prohibits two-cent fares) illegal, vile, nugatory and criminal, but if the railroad companies did not restore the rate of three cents as it was before the law was passed he would put them into jail—for contempt of court.

So the law is dead. Peace to its ashes. It was regarded as a marvelous achievement when it was passed. Governor John Johnson was its author, and it came near making him president of the United States. Only his death prevented that result. Millions of men perceived that a governor that could think of a two-cent fare instead of a three-cent fare was just the kind of profound and gifted statesman to guide the nation through troublous seas. A great philosopher like that is too rare to be overlooked. Make him president and see the blessings descend.

And now the court has annihilated this chief jewel in regulation's crown and on July 1 all the railroads in the state went back to a three-cent fare. It was a pleasant way of celebrating the ever glorious Fourth, and the people, no doubt, appreciated it.

But if you cannot get at the railroads by reducing their charges, nor by Interstate Commerce Commissions and Commerce Courts, by seven acts of Congressional regulation, nor by fines, by prosecutions and by statutes, and if after twenty-three years of these experiments the railroads are just as predatory as ever and ten times more powerful, what can you do with them?

Prizes will be given for answers to this conundrum, the competition being

limited strictly to gentlemen of the Cid Doc school. We enter as our favorite contestants, J. Wesley Hill, Albert Shaw, John S. Phillips, and George Horace Lorimer; but the lists are open to all of their kind.

### ANYWAY, THESE TENEMENTS ARE GONE

**T**RINITY Church in New York City has now destroyed 156 of the rotten tenements that it owned on January 1, 1908. A bit of instructive history goes with this. When the character of the tenements was first disclosed and denounced, the church officers arose in righteous wrath and vehemently denied every charge. The rector preached a sermon in which he warmly defended the tenements and rigorously condemned those that had cast slurs upon the Lord's Work, as represented by Holy Trinity and its tenements.

The officers of the church issued a pamphlet in which they denied in detail everything urged against the tenements and branded as falsifiers the critics of Trinity's policy toward such property.

Some of the vestrymen wrote bitter letters to the press wherein they showed that the attacks on the tenements were made by liars and malicious persons unworthy of the slightest belief. The tenements were in reality sweet, clean and lovely places, well-kept and orderly, and the public ought not to be misled by a lot of irresponsible and common muck-rakers.

Hired writers and mercenaries conducted what they were pleased to call "investigations" and wrote in magazines and elsewhere that the condition of Trinity's tenements had been grossly exaggerated and that in fact they were fine dwellings and all that could be desired. The newspapers generally agreed with these hired persons and condemned the attacks as unfounded and vicious.

Everybody was a liar that said a word against Holy Trinity. Miss Olga Nethersole produced a play, written to her order, scathingly condemning these tenements. It was a great play. When she produced it in New York the full power of Trinity was so exercised against it that the press either ignored it or lied about it and she lost \$30,000 on the metropolitan production.

The public was assured on all sides that the tenements were among the best in the world and above reproach.

But almost at once the corporation began quietly to pull down these admired structures. Nothing was ever said in the press about this, but the work was steadily pushed. By January 1, 1910, seventy-eight had vanished. Now the total number destroyed reaches 156.

They were splendid tenements and everybody that said to the contrary was a liar, but they have been pulled down just the same, and will breed tuberculosis and typhoid no more.

Recalling these facts, the words of the rector, the vestrymen and the hired writers have now an odd sound. To one of the unregenerate it might seem as if something were wrong; but Holy Trinity goes its way undisturbed, and the next man that ventures to criticize its work will be called a liar, doubtless, with all the old-time readiness. It is a handy word and useful to all eminent gentlemen that get caught in the door.

It is only the truth that hurts, say

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the wise French. I would that some one skilled in these things would add thereto another adage, equally accurate, that no protest is ever wasted and any wrong upon which is once turned the full light of day is from that moment doomed. It may continue to have the semblance of life and animation; it may walk merrily on as if it had never been struck; but all the time it is at heart as dead as a stone, and sooner or later, over it keels and the place that it has polluted knows it no more forever, let us give thanks.

Only, it does seem to be true that for the full turning on of the fatal light, both consecration and persistence are needed. What settled the fate of the Trinity tenement was a cartoon by Art Young. He called it "Holy Trinity," and it is one of the great cartoons of history. From it there was no escape; the wardens might fume and the corporation might dodge and twist; which ever way they turned, there before them rose that tremendous thing, thrusting a finger into their faces: "Holy Trinity"—Sanctimony praying while in the dreadful tenements below men, women and little children suffered, and from their sufferings arose the money that made Trinity rich. Terrible picture! And terrible truth! No one that ever looked upon that great cartoon could thereafter get it out of his mind; it had the irresistible and convincing touch of truth and genius, and it did the business. Mr. Young can feel that thousands of people in New York are better housed and more comfortable because of the wonderful power of his pencil and the use for man's sake to which he has dedicated his great gift.



### DOING A PEOPLE GOOD

**SEE** that Mr. Taft has once more managed to convey to a listening world his opinion that the Filipinos are not ready for self-government and will not be for another generation. The fact is not important (except to gentlemen habituated to falling prone before anything said by any person that happens to be president), but it is interesting—for reasons of psychology.

Mr. Taft doesn't think the Filipinos are capable of self-government. He has publicly expressed the same opinion about the people of Alaska and the people of the District of Columbia. In all this he is perfectly sincere and perfectly logical. He sees plainly that no people are capable of self-government except graduates of Yale. Are the bulk of the people of the Philippine Islands, Alaska and the District of Columbia graduates of Yale? Certainly not. Therefore, they are not fitted for self-government.

Unanswerable logic of a powerful mind. I guess that will hold the Filipinos for a while. If they want self-government let them go to Yale. Yale is where self-government lives. Yale's other name is self-government. Yale has the oracle on tap and Mr. Taft is its high-priest and mouthpiece, and when it comes to self-government, you bet he knows what's what.

\* \* \*

The biggest humbug in all this world is the idea that a people must have gobs of higher education before they can be trusted to manage their own affairs.

I will go to the Philippine Islands and pick up 300 men at random and they will constitute a better government for their own country than all the college graduates that now hold their mighty heads and throbbing brows in the councils of the United States.

If there is in the world anywhere a people incapable of taking care of themselves, then we may be absolutely sure that they will never learn from schools, books, imported teachers, Governors General, commissioners, learned pedants, hungry politicians, grafters, place-hunters, parasites and cormorants let loose to prey upon them.

**There is but one school of self-government**

in this world and that is experience. When the responsibility of government is placed directly in a people's hands, then they begin to learn what is good and what is bad for them, and by no possibility can they learn in any other way.

If this were not absolutely true, democracy would be a lie and free government a fraud and a swindle.

But of course Mr. Taft does not believe in democracy. He believes in Yale University.

\* \* \*

The idea that the Filipinos cannot govern themselves might be a tolerable kind of a fake if we did not know the plain record to the contrary. Neither Mr. Taft nor any other of his mediæval order of mind ever refers to the fact that self-government has already been tried in the Philippines and with conspicuous success. It is no experiment there. The best government that the Islands ever had was that of the Philippine Republic, which the United States, in total violation of every right, every profession and every tradition of its history overthrew and destroyed.

How would you like to celebrate that on the Fourth of July?

Mr. Taft must know all about this if he learned anything in the Islands except what is the best kind of golf club. How then do you suppose that he comes by the hardihood to assert that the Filipinos are incapable of self-government? If we were not of all people in the world the least informed about our own affairs the very paving stones would cry out against him.

\* \* \*

The heart of all the difficulty about giving the Filipinos the liberty they deserve and demand is first, snobbery, and second, such friends of Mr. Taft as are exploiting the Islands. The rest is all pretense.

Snobbery clings to the Anglo-Saxon blood like some kind of ineradicable taint. You can't get it out. The real democrats of the world have seldom been of Anglo-Saxon derivation and almost never of English birth. They have been Frenchmen like Rousseau, Danton, Carnot and Victor Hugo; or Italians like Mazzini. Snobbery is all there is to the race problem, to the social persecution of the Jews, to the endurance of fake reformers like Roosevelt, to the submission to the Otises and Parrys, to the warfare on the labor unions, to the success of political charlatans and medicine men.

It is also all there is to the opposition to woman suffrage and to the tardiness of genuine reform.

In the case of the Filipinos it takes the shape of an idea that we know what is good for those people because we have been to college and can discuss Greek roots, but they don't know what is good for themselves because they are inferior persons.

If we were given to reflection we might in quiet moments admit that we ourselves have not made that brilliant success of self-government that would entitle us to go about the world giving out tips to others.

A country where the natural resources are the richest ever known and where 85 per cent of the people are either poor or very poor would not seem to the unprejudiced observer to be just the sort of thing to commend to beginners as a model.

A country where things are so arranged that all the wealth is being absorbed into the hands of fewer than a dozen families and where in its largest city four persons die of starvation in one week would seem to be in a condition to learn much, but not in a condition to give instruction to others.

A country where free government has been practically destroyed by a gang of millionaire sharpers and highwaymen hardly seems entitled to be training the young and inexperienced.

The lessons that the Filipinos can learn from such a country may be enduring, but you would hardly like to call them edifying. For my part I should like to see what the Filipinos could do with their government. If

they could make any worse hash of theirs than we have made of ours I think they would be going some.



### PROGRESS EVERYWHERE

One of the favorite reflections of Carl Schurz was on the fact that while the results from revolutionary or other forward movements are never so great as their advocates have hoped, nevertheless mankind invariably gains something from them, and it is only from such movements that the race really goes ahead.

He used to give instances. One was the revolution of 1848, in which he, himself, bore a part. The fruits of that day fell far short of the hopes of the leaders; yet something was gained; democracy moved forward, autocracy fell back.

Napoleon checked the French Revolution and tried to set it backward; yet it changed, so far as it was allowed to run, the condition of all Europe.

The Abolition movement in the United States did not secure the complete emancipation of the negro, but it gained the removal of the blot and crime of chattel slavery.

The Chartist movement in England was put down with an iron hand, but in the course of time everything that the Chartists advocated has come to be adopted into the English system, or close to adoption.

Of these philosophical reflections one is now forcibly reminded by the news from Mexico. The Madero revolution was undoubtedly a great deal of a fake. Up to a certain point it was nothing but a row in one corner of the country without form and void. When Mr. Madero made his good terms with the money power, outbidding Diaz, Madero took the bun and Diaz took the steamer for Spain. All this was a keen disappointment to those that had yearned to see Mexico free and a democracy. Nevertheless, something has been gained. Diaz, the old red-handed tyrant and reactionary, has been ousted, and the world breathes the easier for that. It has been shown that the bosses that rule by the grace of the Rothschild-Deutscher Bank-Morgan triumvirate have but an insecure hold because the triumvirate has no gratitude and will sell them out at any time to any better bidder; and much is gained from that demonstration. A man in the position of Diaz will never feel quite so confident again, knowing that at any time his masters may conclude to fire him.

Moreover, there is to be before long what is called a free election in Mexico, and for the first time in its history candidates are appealing to the electorate and appealing on the basis of ideas.

Thus, Madero, asking for the votes of his countrymen, promises equal taxation, equal justice, and no more special privilege. The candidate against him proposes a new constitution that shall include universal education, direct elections by the people, universal suffrage, a free press, and some other advantages; including a part recognition of the claims of women.

Nations are ruled by ideas, not by men. It is something gained that these ideas have even the beginning of a recognition in Mexico. We may suppose that the money power will, in some way, manoeuvre them off the board, but the history of the world shows that when an idea has once started its race to run Force and Fraud can never long avail to suppress it.

So there has been something gained in Mexico. There is something gained in every clash with oppression, even though we be apparently defeated. And if the salvation of the world is to come in the slow old way, by degree after degree instead of by one sunrise of light and life, we ought to be grateful for every advance, however small, see the good in every apparent defeat, remember that the powers of evil fight upon a side doomed to inevitable overthrow, and daily give thanks that we have been allowed to live in such a time.



# More Light on the Common Good

How "Trust Busting" is carried on in the Antipodes as in the United States

III.



Pipiriki on the Wanganui river, North Island of New Zealand, my neighbor at dinner was a prosperous sheep rancher, who viewed me and my poor country with manifest disfavor. "From America, eh?" says he, "from America—the land of the Trust."

Long experience in many climes where flies the British flag has made me callous to this sort of thing. I meekly acknowledge the justice of the sneer and say:

"Have you no Trusts in New Zealand?"

He leaps at the question as if I had suggested an intolerable affront.

"Why, certainly not! Trusts could not live here (proudly). I'd like to see them try it. We'd make short work of them. The only place where there are any trusts is America."

Five minutes later he fell to telling me of futile efforts to break the steamboat monopoly on the river, of the extortions of the timber combination, of the evil ways of the wool combination and its expertness in skinning the farmer, of the fish combination and its enormities, and of some other choice matters of the kind, incidentally declaring that the New Zealand steamship monopoly was the worst in the world. But he was serenely assured that there was not a trust in New Zealand and none could exist in its pure and salubrious air.

### The Omnipresent Trust

These things make for the entertainment of the traveler, if he be philosophical. All about this world it has been definitely agreed that America is the select home of the Trust, and yet all about the world the same process of industrial combination, consolidation and unification that we call the Trust goes on in the same way and to about the same degree. The people of a country (or some of them) may not be aware of the process, or with a beautiful spirit of self-righteousness they may deny it; but it is going on just the same, nor does denial avail more than a pretense of reform to check it. I have, for example, known Englishmen to grow purple in the face at the mere suggestion that there are Trusts in England; and yet I have before me a large book containing a scientific and careful investigation of about one hundred English Trusts, and information about one hundred and forty more. All flourishing and powerful.

As you have already guessed, the difference is chiefly a difference of nomenclature. What are called Trusts in America navigate very successfully in Australia as "combines," "vends," companies, or associations. Indeed, one form of Trust development, the "chain store" (which means the ownership by one great central body of stores in many places), has had even more marked success in that part of the world than in ours. Over all of New Zealand and much of Australia you see them in active operation, and, of course, wherever they appear the independent dealers go to the wall.

### The Australian Variety of Trust

Also, in Australia the observant visitor never has a chance to doubt the health and power of the Trust that is operated upon other lines. I could not discover that these had anything to learn from us nor from anybody else. An American that has lived twenty years in Australia told me that as between the Standard Oil Company and the Australian shipping monopoly he would take his chances every time with the Standard. He said that the Australian Trust was at least as keen, able, shrewd, grasping and avaricious as the American and ten times more cruel and remorseless. Almost any American Trust, he said, would occasionally do something almost decent; but an Australian Trust never did a thing except to grab and gouge.

In numbers, too, the Australian Trust makes an imposing front. I salute the Shipping Trust and the Flour Trust, the Timber Trust and the Coal Trust; also the Meat Trust, Jam Trust, Wheat Trust, Brick Trust, Tobacco Trust, Confectionery Trust, Dairy Trust, Dried Fruit Trust, Galvanized Iron Trust, and thirty-three others that are of record. They are stalwart and husky institutions and know how to do the people good—and plenty.

It is true, of course, that the Trust situation in Australia lacks three elements of strength that it has in America. There is no railroad combination to take the people by the throat, no telegraph and

By Charles Edward Russell

telephone monopoly to pick their pockets, and no express company to steal the shoes off their feet. All these utilities are supplied by the government and, therefore, on these paths the highwaymen are barred. But there is a bank combination that does the trick just as neatly and when it comes to other things I don't see that our own light-fingered gentry have anything on the experts that ride the Australian roads.

Against the Australian Trust and its rapidly-growing power goes up a steadily increasing revolt, and largely upon that revolt the Australian Labor party came into the full control of the government. It was pledged in the most explicit terms to deal with the overshadowing Trust question, it was conducted by men of conviction on the subject, it was unhampered by tradition and all that sort of thing; and all the departments of the federal government have been, for more than a year, in its hands.

### Labor Party Plays Politics with Trust

Here, then, is something for us. Here is a nation plagued to the limit with the most pernicious forms of Trusts and ruled by a party far more frankly and decidedly committed against Trusts than our great parties ever have been at home. If ever in this world anything in the shape of regulation or legal suppression could be effective, the place would be Australia under the Labor party. How has the thing worked?

This is the way it has worked:

The Labor party came into power in April, 1910; and there was the pesky Trust problem staring it in the face. It isn't a nice problem; in no quarter of the world, so far as I have been able to discern, do political parties that seek power and office yearn to go up much against this matter. It has too many masked batteries spelling defeat. Every dollar of accumulated capital is in politics a unit of power; gentlemen that fight political battles for the sake of victory don't care much to encounter such accumulations. There is no country in the world in which they cannot tremendously affect the electorate. If you play politics you must be practical, and this is most eminently practical that you do not bring out the full force of money against you unless you have as much money and a little more.

Still, there were the Australian Trusts, sleek and well-fed and steadily growing; and there were the party pledges against Trusts; and the necessity being obvious the party managers started in to do something.

### Trust Busting Same as Here

The situation would be closely paralleled in this country if Old Doc Wilson, let us say, were to be elected president of the United States by the Democratic party on a platform declaring that the Trusts must be regulated, limited and controlled. When he got into office he would feel that it was necessary to do something. He would not know what on earth to do, but he would feel strongly that he must do it.

There were in Australia, to be sure, some blessed Anti-Trust laws and provisions, not unlike the celebrated remedy of dear old Dr. Sherman, to whose rest be eternal peace. But when you come to try anything on with these grand old things you always find that it is a million times easier to enact Sherman laws than it is to make them get anywhere. The Labor administration picked out three or four of the most wicked and unpopular Trusts with the general idea of making things hot for these. Prosecutions were begun under the existing statutes, but I guess the Trusts never worried much about them; anyway, they continued to skin the public just as before, and the government itself did not conceal the fact that it looked for no memorable result from these efforts. There was too much in the way. The surviving jealousies between the states of the Commonwealth may have been one trouble, a lack of concentrated power was another; and there was always the High Court (as near like our Supreme Court as two peas), which was likely to upset everything. The Constitution, it was asserted, had such defects that the government could not do what it really wanted to do to these terrible monsters that are devastating our fair land, and so on these reefs and perhaps some others the prosecutions seemed to stick fast.

About the Constitution, that having a familiar

and dulcet sound in our ears, I must digress here to explain. The Commonwealth of Australia has one of these noble documents, modeled, I regret to say, after ours, and like ours carefully designed to give the people enough of a show to make them keep still. The gentlemen that made it knew their job. It was not written by Alexander Hamilton, but you can readily imagine his ghost presiding with satisfaction at the proceedings. With great wisdom (from the point of view of the exploiters) the Australian Constitution gave to the High Court a wide latitude for arbitrary interference, phrased some of the dangerous powers of parliament in ambiguous terms so as to give the court a good chance at them, and thus launched the Commonwealth more a raft than a ship.

The evil men do lives after them. Here was old Hamilton at his familiar tricks. Think of two nations being plagued and burdened with one such man! Here were checks on the popular will, handy red tape for reactionaries, safeguards for property and advantages for interests just as Hamilton designed them for our own boundless humiliation and ruin—deliberately copied.

For this end, also, existing conditions kindly assisted. The Commonwealth was made up in 1899 of six separate colonies, all of which had for many years competed in loyalty to the throne and in other ways, developing among themselves a degree of bitter animosity not to be understood unless you have had a chance to observe some of these anomalies for yourself. When these rivals came to be amalgamated the friction was great, and of that friction the reactionaries and interests naturally made the most.

Thus, for instance, the powers of the Federal Government over trade and commerce were left, lamely defined, there is no denying that; the states wanted to boss their own trade affairs. The Constitution as adopted had this paragraph:

"Section 51. The parliament shall, subject to this Constitution, have power to make laws for the peace, order and good government of the Commonwealth with respect to trade and commerce with other countries and among the states."

### Same Old Unconstitutionality

Now note. The Trusts got in behind the words italicized. I suppose that is what the words were put there for. Anyway, the Trusts said that a power to make laws about "trade and commerce with other countries and among the states" was no power to regulate, control or confiscate enterprises that were doing good to Australia, developing its resources and giving employment to thousands of men and women. They said this and there was every chance that the courts would uphold them, that being purpose of a good court in a well-organized community.

Next, the Constitution, in sub-section XX, Section 51, gave to the parliament a power to regulate "foreign corporations and trading or financial corporations formed within the bounds of the Commonwealth," which is doubtless a good thing if you only knew what it meant.

Under these conditions the Labor party government came early to the conclusion that it did not have tools adequate to do the work. For that opinion it had the warrant of the last preceding Liberal administration, which, being spurred to "do something" about the Trusts had found in an elaborate opinion by its Attorney General that as the Constitution stood there was nothing that could be done. I suppose that it was not strange, therefore, that the suits against the four particularly wicked Trusts never seemed to land anything. One or two of them got as far as the High Court; I don't know whether they ever emerged thence, and it is of no importance. To prosecute a Trust in Australia was of no more avail than to prosecute one in America; a decision of the High Court condemning a wicked Trust would probably be just as effective (and farcical) as the recent slack-wire performances of our Supreme Court in the same line of effort.

Meantime, the Trusts were growing in power and arrogance and the position of the Labor party became more and more awkward; it was in power and it was achieving nothing against the Trust Demon. The leadership, therefore, determined to shift the responsibility to the people.

One good thing about the Australian Constitution is that it can be amended without a generation of toilsome agitation and without navigating a sea of



elaborate devices. A proposed amendment, authorized by parliament, is submitted to the popular vote and if it secures a majority it is adopted. I used to think that the Hamiltonians had overlooked a bet when they allowed this provision to get in. I am not so sure about it now for reasons you are presently to learn.

Amendments to the Constitution were now prepared to give to the Federal government the power to smite the Demon that it lacked or was said to lack; also to do other things; five amendments, all told. I think it was a tactical error to have so many, if it were desired to carry them. Here is the substance of the five:

1. To strike out in Section 51 the words before quoted in italics, "with other countries and among the states," so as to give to parliament unquestionable authority to make laws "with respect to trade and commerce."

2. To confer upon parliament full power upon corporations, including "the creation, dissolution, regulation and control" of domestic corporations and the regulation and control of those of foreign origin.

3. To give to the Federal parliament the power of arbitration and conciliation in labor disputes, previously a state function.

4. Goes back to the Trusts and includes in Section 51 "combinations and monopolies in relation to the production, manufacture or supply of goods or services."

5. The most important, adds a new clause providing that "when each house of the parliament, in the same session, has by resolution declared that the industry or business of producing, manufacturing or supplying any specified goods, or of supplying any specified services, is the subject of a monopoly, the parliament shall have power to make laws for carrying on the industry or business by or under the control of the Commonwealth, and acquiring for that purpose, on just terms, any property used in connection with the industry or business."

**Labor Party Divided**

These amendments having been formulated and launched, April 26 of this year was fixed as the day upon which the people should decide upon them, and naturally the whole load of responsibility was lifted from the government's shoulders until that day; to the unspeakable relief, doubtless, of the sorely tried gentlemen at the helm.

An active campaign now began over the amendments, which were inherently repugnant to all the Cave Dwellers and troglodytes. I noticed with interest that the Labor party was not united upon the issue. The majority stood by the proposed changes, but a considerable part opposed them, particularly in the state of New South Wales. This helped to take the vitals out of the thing so far as the amendments were concerned. Meantime the other side was performing some of the ablest and most instructive tactics it has been my fortune to see anywhere. Many of my countrymen still believe in the traditional American smartness, and its superiority to any other smartness in the world. Let me say to them that nothing more adroit, skillful and effective was ever seen in American politics. The Trusts understood very well that while they were not fighting for their lives the battle was of the utmost importance to them because if they were defeated they would be put to great expense, and greater trouble to maintain themselves. They, therefore, went into the fight with combined forces, expert generalship and a determination to win at any cost.

**Work of Prostitute Press**

They had with them the entire daily press of Australia. Now that means rather more than it would mean in America because in Australia people still read editorials and still gulp down without question the assertions of the news columns of their journals; whereas, here, of course, nobody but the proof-reader ever reads the editorials and the wise man is learning to copper anything that he sees in the rest of the sheet. The Australian journals not only opposed the amendments editorially, but they threw into the fight all the resources of tainted news. They refused to so much as mention any pro-amendment meetings, they barred out pro-amendment news and communications, and they ingeniously twisted, distorted and lied about everything connected with the amendment cause until they had the whole newspaper reading public buffaloed.

In other words, they treated the amendment cause as the American press treats the Socialist movement; only more so. I think they have abler men for that kind of a job.

Imagine, then, that the average Australian voter read every day in his favorite journal how the principle of the amendments had been tried out in America and had utterly failed; how the greatness and prosperity of the United States were due en-

tirely to the preservation of the states' rights idea; how the amendments had been discovered to be designed by cunning men to give them autocratic power in the Commonwealth; how liberty was in danger, autocracy was raising its head, and the hard-won rights of the people were menaced. Imagine the voter to read all this and more every day, gravely set forth as news in the news columns, twisted into items and dished up with the cable; he would soon see that whatever might have been his ideas at the beginning, his duty was clear to save his country and kill the amendments.

To combat these mighty weapons the Labor party had nothing but its meetings, a few pamphlets and a few weekly papers.

Then the Trusts, of course, had plenty of money. The great combinations came down handsomely; the "chain store" people saw their danger and did their duty with lavish subscriptions. In New South Wales they put \$500,000 into the campaign. In the whole Commonwealth they had a fund of about \$2,000,000 to use. The total population of all Australia is only about 4,400,000; say half the population of the state of New York. Imagine a campaign fund of \$4,000,000 in New York. You could elect with it almost anybody or carry almost any measure.

To combat this flood of money, the Labor party had what it could collect by passing the hat at its meetings. In New South Wales its total campaign fund was \$1,500; in the Commonwealth about \$6,000.

There were no Trusts interested on that side of the question; no "store chains" fight with the Laborites.

**Some Trust Arguments**

All this seems so replete with instruction as to the probable chances of any revolt elsewhere upon any such lines that I am going to tabulate here the chief points in the grand old game of Distorting the Issue, as played by the talented Trust gentlemen of Australia. Thus:

1. The Labor leaders wanted the amendments so that the Federal government could seize the railroads, which are now operated (profitably) by the states.

2. They were trying, under a disguise, to abolish the glorious old states and concentrate all power in themselves.

3. The arbitration amendment would reduce the wages of the best-paid workingmen to the level of the wages of the worst-paid workingmen.

4. The Labor party was dishonest and insincere. It proclaimed its belief in Home Rule for Ireland while it was trying to destroy Home Rule in Australia.

5. The states, if they were let alone, could and would control trusts and monopolies more effectually than the Federal government.

6. After all, Australia has very few monopolies, and such as exist here are not of the bad kind that curse the United States.

7. Grave danger would lie in any enlargement of the powers of the central government, which would then be able to exercise intolerable tyranny.

8. The central government already has ample scope to deal with such monopolies as may exist.

9. True development is in the line of closer and more sympathetic administration; not in the line of more centralized power.

10. Russia, China and India are awful examples of the results of such power.

11. Even Trust tyranny would be preferable to government autocracy.

12. Nothing had developed in the eleven years of the Commonwealth to show that the Constitution, the product of the very best minds in Australia and the wonder and admiration of the world, needed any alteration.

13. The amendments were demagogical, dishonest and would inflict great injury upon workingmen; they concealed a horrible plot that their designers had not dared to disclose.

14. (At all times.) Your country is in danger; vote to save your country; vote for the grand old flag; keep the union jack a-flying; save your land from the heel of the hated invader; Britons never will be slaves.

**Trusts Win Out**

They kept this up for about three months, with meetings in every corner of the Commonwealth, with hired speakers in battalions, with halls, headquarters, pages upon pages of wonderful advertising in the newspapers, with red fire, an army of organizers, no end of literature, and paid agitators that visited every settlement in the country.

On April 26 the two sides went to the polls and the amendments were beaten into bits.

The average vote was about 437,000 in favor to about 676,000 against.

Only one of the six states, Western Australia, voted "yes"—by a majority of about 5,000.

So there is nothing doing about trusts in Australia. I doubt if the grief of the Labor party leaders

is inconsolable. They are freed from a very trying situation. The question was submitted to the people, and the people decided that the Trusts should be let alone. So, of course, that settles it. Let the people have their will.

Therefore, I salute with my profoundest respect the Trusts of Australia. They know their business. I salute the Shipping Trust and the Flour Trust, the Timber Trust and the Coal Trust; also the Meat Trust, Jam Trust, Wheat Trust, Brick Trust, Tobacco Trust, Confectionery Trust, Dairy Trust, Dried Fruit Trust, Galvanized Iron Trust, and the thirty-three others of record. They know their jobs; there's nobody of my acquaintance that can teach them anything. They have won a clear field for the exercise of their honest endeavors, and if they don't trim the Australians in the highest style of the art it will be because the Australians haven't enough to go around.

Meanwhile the cost of living mounts there day after day; an official document issued under the last Liberal administration declared that even then the prices of leading commodities are fixed arbitrarily by the Trusts; as the profits of these combinations increase so grows also their power; and here as everywhere else, society is walking the same road through the same gradations and experiences and stages to the same result.

But I should like to ask of the average American a few questions based on this chapter of history.

Australia is reckoned as one of the freest governments in the world. Is there any free government anywhere so long as accumulated and concentrated capital can thus bedevil elections and distort issues?

We in this country are still pottering about with this old Woman's herb tea that we call the regulation of corporations. We are dead set to regulate something or limit something or pass laws about something.

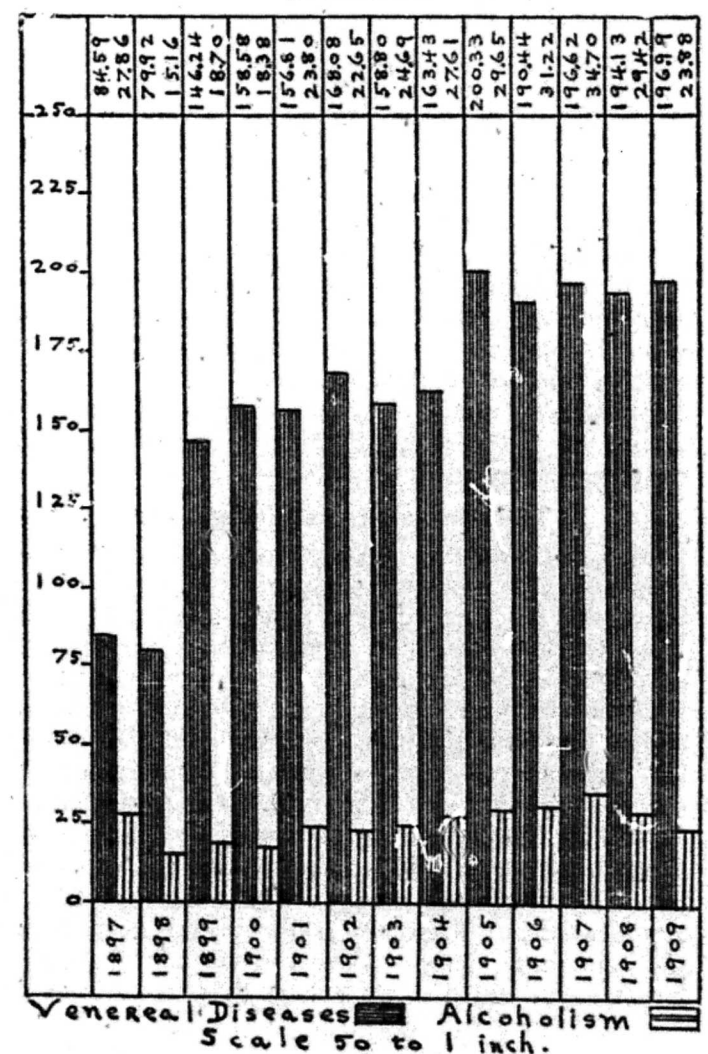
In view of the experience of Australia, suppose we were to elect to power a political party pledged to all conceivable kinds of regulation, control and pottering—

How far do you think we should get?

**The Black Plague in the Army**

That the army and navy of the United States is infected with venereal diseases to twice the extent of those of any other country; that these diseases are steadily increasing among soldiers in spite of the most strenuous efforts to combat them, and that at the present time one man in five is infected during each year of his service are some of the startling facts set forth in the latest reports of the

CHART P.—Showing the admission rates for venereal diseases and alcoholism in the army, years 1897 to 1909.



Surgeon Generals of the Army and Navy.

The admissions to hospital treatment for diseases due to vice amounted to 194.13 per thousand for the army and 199.2 for the navy in 1909-10. In the Norfolk division of the navy, the admissions reached 331.6 per thousand. In spite of the fact that "compulsory prophylactic treatment" was administered at this station to all men who admitted after shore leave that they had been subject to infection, one-

(Continued on Page Eleven.)



# THE BIG CHANGE

By Eugene Wood

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

Illustrated by Horace Taylor

CHAPTER IX.

**S**OMETIMES when I get a-going about the difference between Play and Work, some wise and thoughtful person says to me: "Well, what would you do with a Caruso? Would you set him to work with pick and shovel like any other Guinea? Or take a heaven-born literary genius like—like— Well, like you, for instance. Do you think you ought to earn your living by sticking type, and then go home and write those masterpieces of yours which delight so many thou— Aw, shut up! You make me tired. Quit your kidding.

"No, my friend," these wise and thoughtful persons say, "those who sing for us, and play music for us, those who make us laugh and cry by what they write or their acting out of characters in a play, those who enliven existence by activity of mind and body that does not actually bring forth food, and clothing and shelter, yet do so because of their mental and spiritual stimulation."

Now, you know, when somebody says that solemnly and impressively, "it sounds a good deal like sense." But it isn't; it's just foolishness.

Still, I may be wrong in my calculations. I have been going on Hertzka's estimate that if every able-bodied male in the Austrian Empire between the ages of 20 to 50—not women, not children, not sick people, not old folks—were to be employed productively for 300 days a year, they would have to work only 2 hours and 17 minutes a day to provide all, not only with the necessities of existence, but with the comforts, yes even the luxuries! Now that may be wrong. It may be that, man for man, we Americans are thicker-headed and slower-motivated than Austrians. So let us allow that it will take 4 full hours a day to provide a comfortable living when The Big Change is fully come and we have concluded to govern ourselves accordingly. The rest of the working day will have to be put in somehow, won't it? Not all of us, after we get through our stint, will be contented all the days of the year just to sit still and twiddle our thumbs, and gape: "Ho-hum!"

Caruso, we'll say is swinging the pick and exercising his abdominal muscles with the shovel from 8 a. m. till the whistle blows for noon. Then he goes home, takes off his overalls, washes up and sit down to his dinner, if so be they have dinner at noon then. He sits around till 2 o'clock, when he gets all rested up, and says: "Well, this won't ever do; I've got to get busy." So the first thing you know up the scale he goes. "Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-aa AAA swelling out big and strong on the top note, and coming down. Then he takes half a tone higher, and so on. Say to him: "Sh! Don't make



Caruso, swinging the pick

so much noise. There's a woman sick in Philadelphia." He'll give you a look, and go right on. If you put a shot-gun to his head, and told him: "If you let out another yawp, I'll take and blow the whole top of your head off," he'd have to sing somehow. He'd go away off into the woods and sing. He couldn't help himself. And, even if he didn't care much for it, the admiration of his fellows would make him. Nine times out of ten, you've got to fill the possessor of a fine voice up to the neck with the most shameless flattery before they get enough conceit into them to undertake the work of perfecting their lovely voices.

Two hours' work a day on his voice, new songs, and new roles are all that even a leather-larynxed Caruso dare put in. When he sings in the opera at night he probably hardly does a thing that day in the way of voice-work except a few hummed tones to "warm up." But if he were working out of doors with pick and shovel, it would be just the thing for him. It would keep his voice in fine condition, and it would take care of that waist-line, which is always a matter for a singer to worry over.

Take a writer. We've all got the ambition to average 1,000 words a day, week in, week out. And I don't know of anybody that comes anywhere near it. Yet 1,000 words can easily be written in an hour. To write that many words a day would be equal to three whopping big novels a year. What writer, even the most prolific, can turn out that amount of copy? It isn't the getting the words down on paper, it isn't even the polishing and recasting; it's thinking up what to say. So a man's got to go on long walks, and talk with people, and brood, and fool away time. When a man's busy with his hands he can always think a lot faster, but where's the job that will keep a man occupied for four hours a day, and give him the rest of the day to write?

The soul-struggles that the singer, or the painter, or the actor, or the violinist, or the baseball-player goes through I don't know much about; I can only imagine. But the soul-struggles of the writer I know all about because I've been through from end to end. And it all comes to the same thing: Shall I do the job right or shall I do it for the most money? Leaving out of it entirely the subject-matter, and what I honestly believe, and what ought to be said, take only the matter of the technique. For example, everything I turn over to an editor has been rewritten in long-hand at least six times before I put it on the typewriting machine, six times from beginning to end, wholus-bolus, lock, stock, and barrel. And many passages twenty or

thirty times. That's the only way I can do it. Other people think it over six, ten, twenty times before they painfully set it down. And then, when it is typewritten, I go over it I don't know how often for "outs" and awkwardnesses. And every time I put it in an envelope and send it away, I know that it is a scamped job. I ought to have rewritten it oftener. But if I work on it as I should, I lose money by it; it takes me that much longer to get the money I need for groceries, and butchers' meat, and clothing, and interest on the mortgage. Furthermore, there is danger that if I get it too good, it won't sell. To be popular, you must be a little punk.

"Yes, but," says the wise and thoughtful person, "if you didn't have to make your living that way you wouldn't write. I know you."

Well, that'd be small loss.

If you want to know, I probably shouldn't turn out as much copy as I do now, if by four hours' productive labor in the morning I could make a comfortable living for myself and mine. But what I did write would be better stuff. I should keep it by me till I was entirely satisfied with the workmanship on it. And I'd write, don't you fool yourself. I do that now, even when I know I sha'n't get a cent for it, even when I know that doing so will lessen the chance of my selling something else not so revolutionary.

The singer must sing and the writer must write because they must, just as the child plays because he must, and not because it is good for his health, or his Papa and Mamma want him to play, or even because he is paid to play, if anybody can imagine a caper so silly. For an actor to "p'tend" he is Hamlet, for a child to "p'tend" he is a fractious horse, for a writer to imagine stories, for a little girl to imagine a mythical playmate and carry on conversations with the invisible, air-drawn child, for Caruso to sing or for the shrill juveniles to squall out: "Good morning, merry sunshine," for the painter to make pictures and for the boy to draw on his slate—it's all Play, not Work. And the minute money comes into the proposition, Zip! the fun is all gone out of it. And that is true whether the player is a child or an adult. Work should be paid for right up to the handle, service for service in full; play is reward enough in itself. All that anybody can rightfully ask is a chance to play, to have his work paid for in full so that, over and above the time put in to produce the things needful for the body, he shall have the leisure for things needful for the mind.

The case of the painter, the pianist, the violinist or the virtuoso on any orchestral instrument is a little more complex, as I shall show.

(To be continued)



He thinks he buys an automobile—Chap. VII



Controlled by fear of the bad place—Chap. VIII



# THE CURSE By Reginald Wright Kauffman

Author of "THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE."

Illustrated by BERT H. CHAPMAN

## Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

Luke Sanborn, representative of the advanced order of the north, engineering a railroad through the south, establishes his headquarters in a little southern residence town. His protracted stay brings him into close contact with a typical old southern family, with a member of which, a young widow, Jane Legare, he falls in love.

Calhoun Ridgeley, a brother of Jane, betrays violent characteristics, inherited from his slave-owning forefathers. His ungovernable temper and inherited cowardice (his father ran away at Manassas) him to moral ruin. He is in love with his cousin, Florida Ridgeley, who is physically attracted by his great strength of body almost to believe she loves him. He compares unfavorably as a man with Morgan Wither-spoon, another suitor of Florida's, an earnest, sincere young southerner.

In her infatuation, Florida agrees to give Calhoun an answer to his suit at a specified time. This happens during a walk to Jane Legare's home. As they approach her house, they witness what Calhoun thinks is an attempted attack on his sister's honor, though it really is only a conversation between Jane and a negro who had asked her for money. Calhoun, on seeing the two together, had shouted and in his fright and haste to get away, the negro accidentally pushed Jane so that she fell.

Calhoun later, in spite of Luke's remonstrance wantonly kills the negro. This act meets the disapproval of his relatives. Calhoun becomes morose and spends most of his time in the tavern, waiting for Florida's answer. Meanwhile, Luke proposes to the widow and is accepted on condition that he secure the consent of her family, Calhoun included.

Luke immediately starts for the tavern and finds Calhoun deep in drink. Luke attempts to remonstrate with him. Calhoun is hostile and refuses his consent to the marriage. He appears to relent, however, promises to reform and borrows money. He sends a note by a negro to Florida.

## CHAPTER VII.

**R**IDGELEY'S note was addressed to Florida. It reminded her of her promise to give him his answer, and it told her that, as he understood that her father did not care to see him, he would be waiting for her, within the hour, at a spot about five hundred yards distant from the Pickens house, at the foot of Beaufain's Pond.

Florida read the message with mixed emotions. She had been revolted by the wanton killing of Jackson; the reaction had made her regard with horror, not only Jackson's murder, but herself that she should ever have felt a tender emotion toward Cal. Yet she considered herself in honor bound to meet him and give him his answer, and, running like a sunken river through the depths of her soul, was the dread lest, should she see him, something of his old power over her might be renewed.

Morally and physically, the man was, just now, hideous in her eyes. But mankind does not always worship beauty; since the dawn of time the hideous has not failed to inspire human reverence; most idols are ugly. Moreover, though among the lowly, love is an emotion of the heart, among the lofty it is an exercise of the imagination, and Florida's imagination was strong to rule. She decided that she would see Ridgeley and give him her refusal by word of mouth.

She was in her room when the note was brought to her; none but the servants was aware of its delivery. When she passed her parents, again seated on the porch, they told her that Jane was somewhere in the garden, but she answered that her head ached and that she would go for a short walk alone.

"I shall be back befo' half an hour," she said. As she crossed the meadow, and, calling Teddy to follow her, turned, with the dog at her heels, into the deep woods of drooping trees that surrounded Beaufain's Pond, a soft salt breeze was blowing from the harbor red with the reflections of the inland-setting sun. From far away in the suburb where Jane lived—among the quiet houses, the silent lawns and the empty streets, all green and white with the still blue sky above and the still blue water



Instantly he seized her hand in both his

close at hand—somewhere an old church-bell rang its gentle call to the Easter Even service.

She knew the way as well as it was known to the bull-terrier beside her. The spot was a hidden one, but Jane and Cal and she used, long ago, to play there as children. A tall lithe figure in virginal white, her chestnut hair uncovered, the satin smoothness of her cheeks just touched with the pink of health, her brown eyes like the pools that dotted, here and there, her way, she trod the familiar path.

He was waiting for her by a flat rock that sloped slowly to the surface of the long, lazy pond, over which the trees hung low and tenderly. The dog leaped up to lick his hand. Cal's hat was at his feet, and, in the perfumed twilight, Florida could see his eager, eagle face, with all the changes that the week had wrought upon it.

In spite of herself, pity replaced every other feeling for this former playmate of her childhood, now so plainly broken upon the rack of his own passions.

"Cal," she said in her sensitive contralto, "aren't you well, honey? What you been doin' to yourself?"

She put her fine hand on his sleeve as she had put it there a week before. Now, as then, she felt beneath the corduroy an arm of iron, but now the iron shook from a tense, suppressed emotion as a steel cable trembles from the charge of a heavy current.

Instantly he seized her hand in both his—seized it and held it and hurt. The dog, who had curled himself in the sparse grass a few yards off, stirred uneasily.

"Flor'da," gasped Cal, "Flor'da!"

Something seemed to strangle him. His black gaze burned into hers, and for a moment he could not speak. But he tossed his head and at last, with

straining throat, hoarsely continued:

"I couldn't have waited another minute, Flor'da—not another minute. I think that, all this time, I've been mad—mad! When I began to believe yo' father was against me, somethin' snapped, cruel, an' sharp, inside o' me, an' all week long I've done nothin'—nothin' at all but think an' think. Day after day, I've sat an' longed fo' yo'; night after night, I've stood outside o' yo' window with my achin' arms stretched high up to yo'. Haven't you heard me callin', callin', Flor'da? Haven't yo' felt me? I think my heart's stopped beatin'; I think my life's been standin' still jes' waitin'—waitin' fo' yo' lil' word to tell it to come on!"

The leaping torrent of his emotion seemed to suffocate him. It left him, gripping her frail hands tight and tighter, his breast heaving like the trough of the ocean in a heavy swell.

Her pity still held her as fast as did his grasp. She could think of nothing else, see nothing but what she had done to him. She had not guessed that he loved her so. She had not guessed that any man could so much care. She forgot all that should have frightened her, no longer felt the pain of his strong, lacing fingers; she remembered only that he loved her and she—though she could no longer fully remember why—must tell him that he must love her no more.

"Pore Cal," she whispered, between lips that scarcely opened. "Pore Cal," she repeated, her brown eyes misty with her unshed tears. "I'm sorry—I'm so—so sorry."

His own eyes widened.

"But it's all right now, isn't it, honey?" he gasped. "Honey; it's all right now?"

Slowly—wholly unable to find the words of denial—she shook her head.

Cal's long jaw dropped—then, with a click, closed tight. He bent her wrists with a brusque, agonizing twist, and so drew her—her hands folded under her throat, his own rough hands above them, her misty eyes looking up into the burning coals of his.

"Do yo'—mean—'No'?" he asked.

He spoke between his teeth, and his voice, issuing thus, was so low that she scarcely heard it. Between his red lips, through the black moustache, his teeth reminded her of fangs.

She thought of that, but she did not tremble, did not draw back, did not attempt to struggle. She was not afraid. She could not fling her mental vision beyond this present instant, which seemed to be prolonging itself into the infinity of a dream. To his question her sole reply was a bow of assent.

So long he waited then—still holding her with his crushing fingers—that she thought he would never speak again. But finally, still in that strained voice which hissed between clenched fangs, he was again talking.

"I understand," he said. "I know what yo' mean. I know. It's yo' folks. But I don't care fo' yo' folks. In about twenty minutes there'll be a messenger here with money fo' me—money that I must take right into the city. I can't wait longer.

She felt that his hands were wet with sweat. She tried in vain to think—tried to see facts as they were.

"Jes' one thing I want to know—right now," his straining voice went on. "No matter about yo' folks, Flor'da, do yo' love me?"

As he spoke, she felt his long breath scorch her face—the breath of a meat-eating beast. She tried hard to answer. She tried to tell him that she had begun by pitying him, but that she now hated him.

(Continued on Page Fourteen.)



# A Unique Political Strike

By "Esnaf"

**W**HILE the doings of European royalties and aristocratic degenerates find ample space in the columns of the American Capitalistic press, the news of real interest to the common people everywhere is either wilfully distorted or wholly suppressed. A signal instance of this is the way in which the boycott going on in Turkey against Greece and everything Greek is entirely ignored, although it is a political action of a serious character. The reason for this is, of course, not hard to find. Our capitalist press does not want to hold up a lesson to American workers of how organized popular force may be used as a diplomatic instrument in international affairs.

The story of this boycott is a very interesting one, because it may help to dispel the idea prevalent among Americans that the Turk is only a barbarian incapable of intelligent organization or action. That this is not so is proved by the fact that the *esnaf* or trade guild is one of the oldest institutions in Turkey, and one of the most powerful organizations of the kind is the *esnaf* of the *harnals* or porters in all the seaports and principal cities of the Ottoman empire.

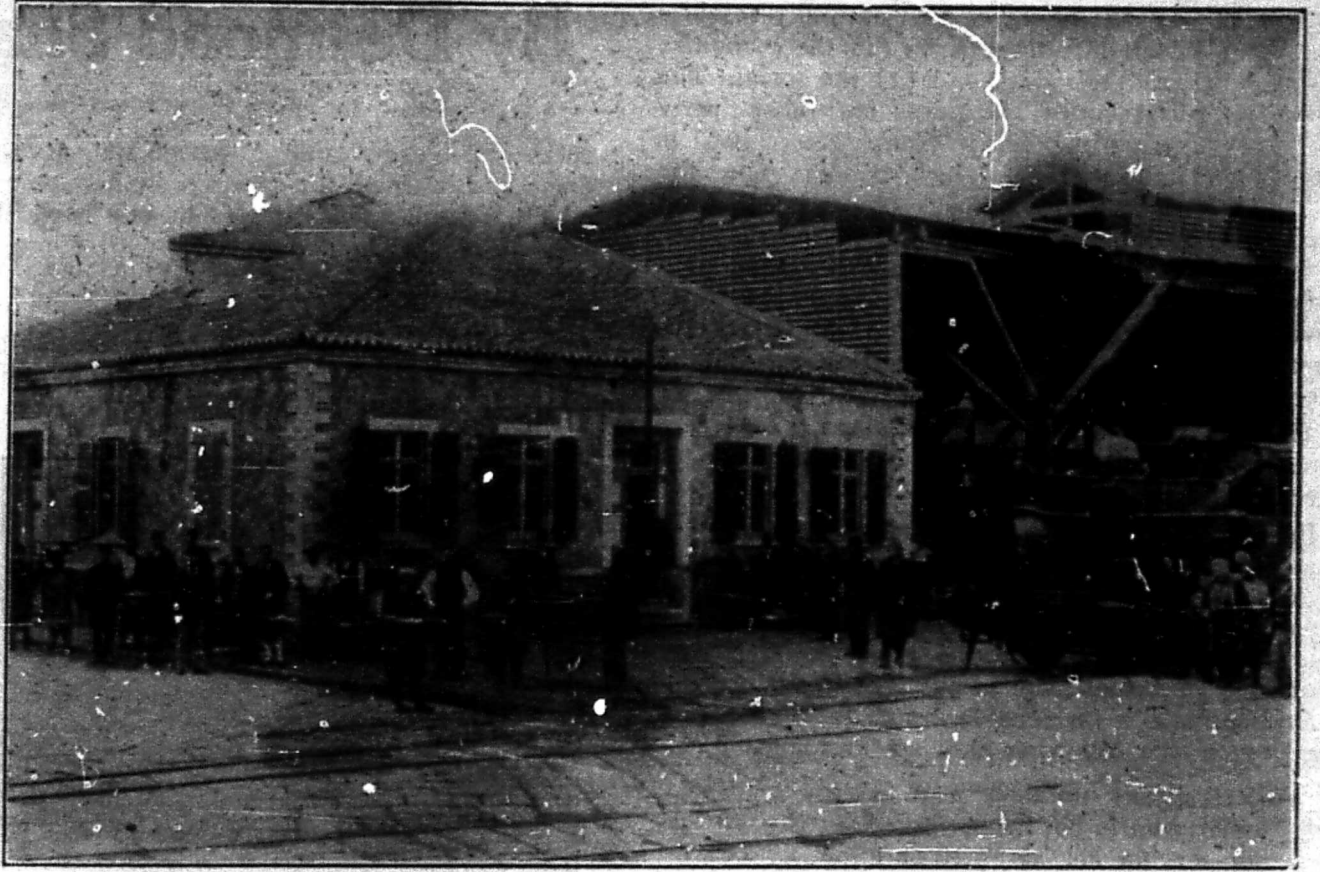
These *harnals* play an important part in the commercial and social life of the people of Turkey. They are recruited principally from the peasant class and bring to their work an amount of physical vigor and simple honesty not surpassed and hardly equaled in any other country. No one who has traveled in Turkey and visited the capital, Constantinople, can have failed to see the *harnals* at the landing places or toiling up the steep streets handling or carrying weights on their backs almost incredible, and for a remuneration that to an American would seem contemptible.

The diet on which their prodigious physical power is nourished is simple enough. Whole wheat meal bread, cheese, *yaourt* or thick sour milk, onions, a modicum of coffee *a la Turque* well sweetened and water, are the chief items of their bill of fare in which meat of any kind is more or less a luxury.

They have a system of reliefs by which, when a man through overwork, sickness, accident or other disabling cause needs rest, he may return to his home and his place be taken by a substitute during the time he is absent. The management of the affairs of each guild or *esnaf* is managed by a head who is nominated by the members who exercise vigilant control over his conduct of their affairs. They may also act as messengers, and in this capacity their trustworthiness is proverbial.

Before the revolution that overturned the rule of the Sultan, Abdul Hamid, now a prisoner at Salonica, and the parasites through whom the financiers and concession hunters of Europe were entangling his empire in a net of debt and complications that threatened it with ruin and dismemberment, the *esnafs* of the *harnals* and bargemen at the ports were of no particular importance, but under the constitutional regime when the new government of the Ottoman empire has need of its organized forces of all kinds to support it against both internal and external foes the banded working classes have become a political power of the first order.

The first occasion on which it has been used was more than a year ago, when the Kingdom of Greece taking advantage of the confusion in Turkish affairs, began stirring up revolt among the Greek inhabitants of Turkey, particularly in those districts of Macedonia adjoining the Greek frontier. At the same time the Greek Patriarch at Constantinople who is the head of the Greek or Eastern Orthodox



Smyrna Station, on which traffic was impeded by boycott



The Greek Patriarch

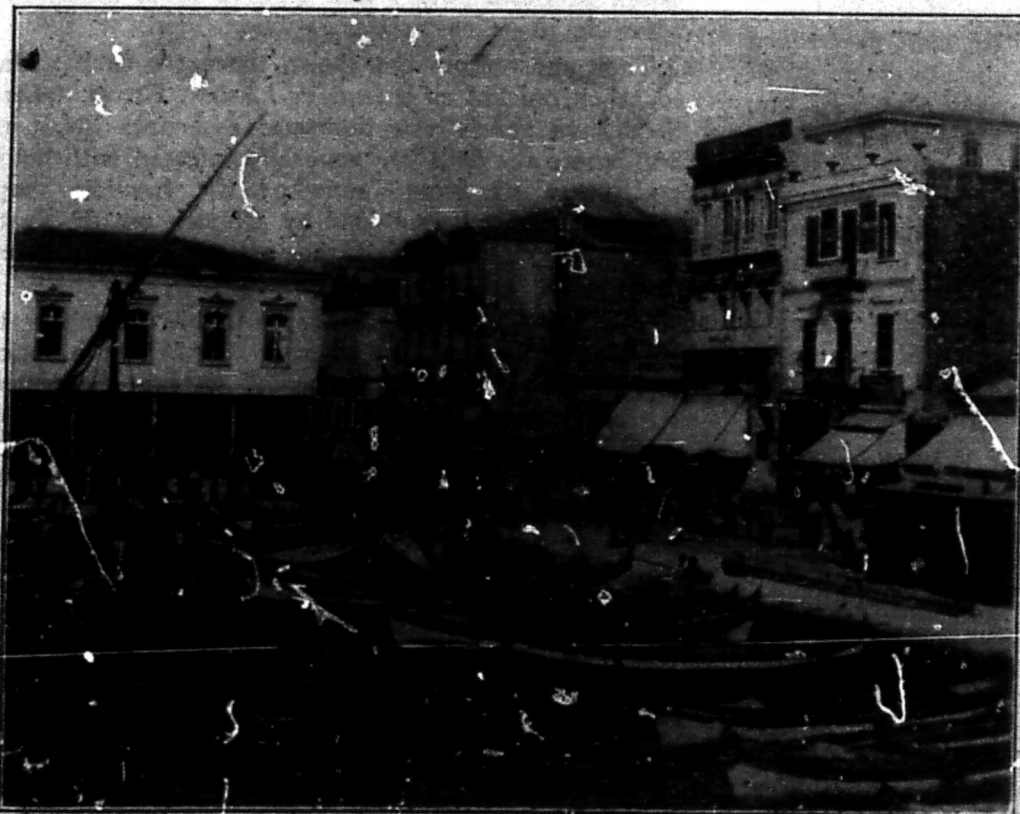
Church in Turkey, tried to retain in his hands the civil functions which he and his predecessors since the conquest had performed on behalf of his community in its relations with the Ottoman despotism, just as if there had been no change to a constitutional regime in which the religious distinctions between its citizens had been abolished and each one had equal privileges and duties in and toward the State. Among other things he wanted to have the control of the enrollments of the Greek Christians in the army, to which they in common with other non-Mohammedans are subject, and further to have them enrolled in separate regiments.

This, of course, and very naturally, the new government of Turkey refused, and the trouble began. Co-operation was tried to be established between the Greeks in Turkey and the Kingdom, and at one time a war between Greece and Turkey appeared inevitable. Had this taken place it would have found Greece without any friends among the Christian nationalities in Turkey, for all of them, Roumanians, Bulgarians and Servians, have at different times in their history suffered from the arrogant pretensions of the Greek Patriarchate at Constantinople. Whoever was responsible for the action taken in Turkey at the critical moment cannot be said with certainty, but the Cretan question and the frontier troubles gave the opportunity, and the organized *harnals* and bargemen in every Turkish port in Europe and Asia declared a boycott on all Greek ships, merchandise, and passengers, even on steamers under other flags. The ports at which the boycott was most thoroughly organized and effective were Constantinople, Salonica and Smyrna.

So thoroughly was it carried out and maintained that in a short time the Greek flag practically disappeared from Turkish ports, and even neutral vessels began to refuse to carry Greek merchandise, for no one could be found in Turkish ports either to load or unload it. The Greek Government protested and made representations to the Governments of the great European powers who, in their turn, called the attention of the Ottoman government to the matter; but without effect. The Ottoman government repudiated responsibility for the boycott, but engaged itself to prevent the destruction of private property. This it did as a matter of policy to avoid having to pay indemnities, and the measures taken to that end have been successful; but it would not interfere with the boycott which it laid to the patriotic sentiments of the *harnals* and bargemen. At the end of May it was still in full force, with the result that the Greek government found itself obliged to enter into more friendly relations with the Ottoman government, and the Greek Patriarch at Constantinople abated his pretensions so far as to resume intercourse with the heads of the communities that had been excommunicated and cut off from all kind of association with his Church.

As an organization for peace the boycott in Turkey has proved itself more practically effective than any Hague tribunal, Carnegie fund or Dreadnoughts. It touched the pockets of the Greek people, their merchants and steamship owners, and in their turn they brought pressure to bear on the Greek government and Parliament in Greece and on the Greek Patriarch at Constantinople, and what at another period might have provoked a war has brought about peace. The lesson for American Labor with its larger political power and means of organization than is enjoyed by the people of Turkey is obvious. With a full and intelligent application of its political force it could turn out of the National and State legislatures and every Municipal Council the bands of crooks that are more dangerous to the continued existence of American freedom than the Greeks were to Turkey.

But the capitalist press of America is not interested in having these things known.



Smyrna Quay, one of the scenes of the boycott



# The Shop Slave in Britain

## "Truck" Tyrannies and "Living In" Horrors of the Shop Assistant's Life

### By Desmond Shaw

**T**HE "living-in" system naturally resolves itself into three sides (1) the economic, (2) the moral, and (3) the social. The first-named includes all those petty tyrannies which constitute what is known as the "truck" system—i. e., the paying of employes otherwise than in hard cash, by remuneration in kind in the shape of board and lodging, etc. To put the matter in a nutshell, the whole of the "truck" system, of which "living-in" forms a part, has for its object the sweating and exploitation of the shop assistant in every conceivable fashion.

There is an ingenious deviltry about the average shop-owner which has a certain fascination for the psychologist and the sociologist.

In the first place, he filches back from his men part of their meagre earnings, through the medium of carefully calculated fines. I have investigated some dozens of firms and take the following as fair average examples of the kind of thing with which the shopment have to put up without protest:

At Ponting's, a fashionable draper in High Street, Kensington, the following fines are in vogue:

1. Any assistant standing near a customer who is not being served, and not serving her at once, or allowing her to go out without being served: first offense ..... Fine 2s 6d
2. If engaged and not calling the shop-walker's attention ..... Fine 1s
3. For using candles in bedroom after gas is turned out..... Fine 1s

Here are a few samples from a large provincial house:

- |                                      |            |
|--------------------------------------|------------|
| Smoking on landing .....             | Fine 2s 6d |
| Sleeping out without permission..... | Fine 2s 6d |
| Wrongly addressing parcels .....     | Fine 6d    |

Another firm fines its assistants for addressing a customer as Miss instead of Madam, for wearing flowers, for standing on chairs, for speaking to one another, and for "not using paper and string with economy."

In fact, most of the business houses in Britain have a perfect maze of fines, which it is impossible to avoid breaking.

But that is only the thin edge of the wedge. There is in addition a system of deductions from wages, varying in different firms. At a firm named Longuehay, in the Commercial Road, east London, they compel their assistants to pay 1s a month for library, and deduct also 2½ per cent from their earnings for breakages, and 2¼ per cent for floor-boys. The library consisted of a few moldy books in the dining room, which were never replenished, and they screwed out of their men £4 a month on this score. The breakages were not only covered by insurance, but the amounts taken from the assistants would pay for them ten times over, whilst the floor boys are apprentices in their first year whose duty it is to sweep the shops. They are paid no wages, but are given from 4s to 8s per month pocket money, literally stolen from the assistants.

But the cream of all is a deduction of 2d per month from each assistant for "early closing."

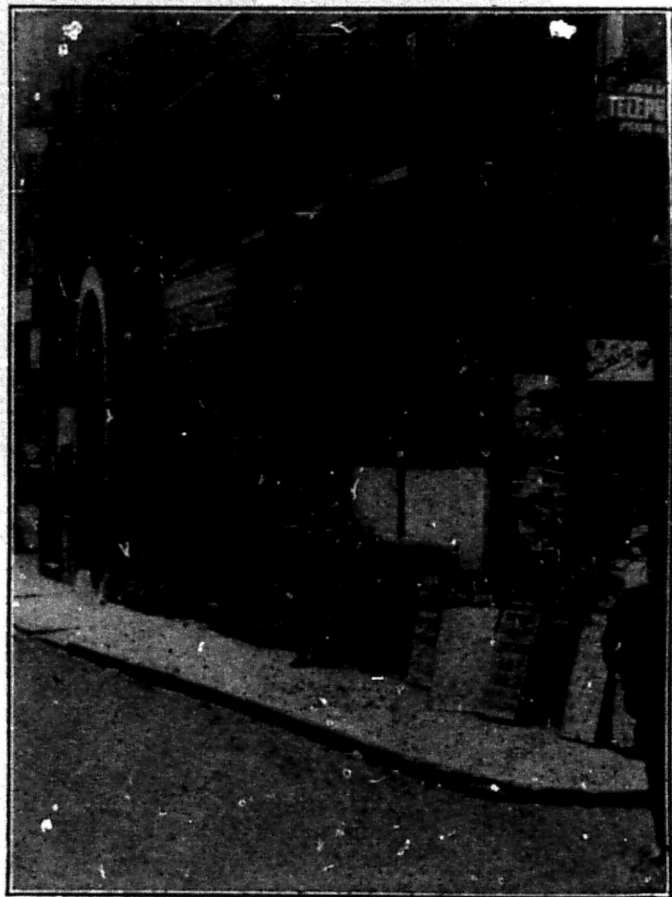
There is an association here called the Early Closing Association, which has for its object the securing of the agreement of employers to close early one day in the week. It is to the funds of this association the assistants are compelled to subscribe, unwillingly. For the association is supported by the employers to divert public attention from the way they sweat their assistants by overworking them, and in order that Parliament may not get the excuse to interfere. In a word, this precious association is a stalking horse, used as a screen to shoot down the shop assistant, who is compelled to pay towards the cost of its running.

Amongst the fine arts of Europe is the system of reducing human sustenance to an irreducible minimum in the shops.

A typical case was that of a "religious" and philanthropic employer in the Kirkgate, Bradford, one of the great manufacturing cities of the north, where the meat served to the male assistants was of such quality that it was the regular practice for them to hide it away in their handkerchiefs, and throw it down the lavatory. Some of these shop-slaves had been in the employ of this monster for fifty years, and dared not complain. The Meat In-

spector, however, came down on him, and had him fined and warned for placing on his table mutton which was diseased. It was in this house that the meat was always impregnated with some sort of disinfectant like Condy's Fluid, in order to keep down the stench.

In a house, also in Bradford, there was not only not a bathroom on the premises, but absolutely no



Girls' sleeping quarters over a stable

means of getting hot water of any kind. When the girls wet their feet in winter, they had to wash them in the icy water provided in the hand-basins.

But it is quite the exception amongst British firms for the assistants to have access to hot water of any kind. A hot bath is practically an unknown luxury.

In quite a number of houses I examined, the assistants are served with bread and dripping for breakfast, which, with some inferior tea, makes up their menu. In one house only dry bread was served with tea.

Now what is the result of all this? In a number of houses, and some of those best houses in the trade, the need of the assistants is used to exploit them as another source of filching back their earnings—which, by the way, are not more than about £30-£50 a year on the average.

Most of the big firms pay their own caterers a fixed salary—who have instructions to keep down the cost of sustenance to bed-rock cost. In one case, that of a large London draper's, the firm sent for the caterer, and told him that he must cut down the beggarly sum allowed for maintenance. He said it was impossible, without the assistants being absolutely starved, but the firm offered him a bonus to do so. He managed to force down the cost a rd a head amongst 700 assistants, which meant a saving to the firm of £1,000 a year and received a handsome bonus in consequence!

In the case of Messrs. Shoolbred & Co., the well-known furnishing house of the Tottenham Court Road, London, one of the women assistants told me, and I have checked her statement, that she was forced to spend from 10s to 12s, 6d a week in purchasing food "extras" to keep up her strength.

These "extras" are supplied in most houses by the caterer, who makes a profit of about 100 per cent out of the assistants. For instance, a pound of bacon which costs him 8d will be sold in rashers for a total sum of 1s, 6d and 2d a rasher. These caterers frequently amass snug little fortunes literally wrung out of the hardships of their fellow creatures, for, like all parasites, the caterer has no

feeling, toadies to his employers, and has only one object in life—"graft."

I want it to be distinctly understood that the cases I have taken are fair average cases, and not a few sensational facts dug out in order to send a shudder through my readers.

We wonder here whether the United States has anything to compare with the system of "dossing" or sleeping accommodation used by the great British firms.

Take William Whiteley's Ltd., the Universal Providers, whose boast it is that they can serve the customer with anything from a needle to a white elephant. In their block of houses situated in the Westbourne Terrace, where there is provision for 400 girls, some of them have to sleep under a sloping roof, the atmosphere in the morning "being abominable."

At one of the largest drapers in the West-end of London, Messrs. D. H. Evans & Co., an extraordinary state of overcrowding obtains in some of the sleeping blocks. A very long block in Chapel Place, containing sixteen rooms, divided only by partitions with spaces at top and bottom, has practically no ventilation, *there being no windows* to fourteen of the rooms. At one end is the sick room, the windows of which are fixed and never opened. In each section are from two to four beds, there being no other article of furniture whatever. There is no room for more than one girl to dress at a time, the other two having to remain in bed until the third has cleared out. The largest number of dark rooms are on the ground floor, there being about 20 rooms without windows.

The doors on the cubicles have no fastenings, and privacy is absolutely impossible.

In another of their blocks there were as many as eight beds to the room.

"Peter Robinson" is a name to conjure with throughout Europe when one speaks of the fashions. Let us see how they house the beautiful mannequins and their other employes.

The women are boarded and bedded in much the same way as their fellows in other firms. The men are boarded in rooms which are in a deplorable state, there being no bathroom, and no fire of any kind. In another block where 32 men sleep the conditions are even worse. Originally an old hay loft, it has been converted into nine rooms divided by matchboard partitions. In yet another block 50 men sleep over a mantle factory, the only approach being an old wooden stair, which constitutes a veritable death-trap in case of fire.

In another case I looked up, four people occupied one small room, in which one double bed, two single beds, one washstand, one chest of drawers, and one looking glass had to serve for all four. In another case, the assistants said that they had rats running over their beds, but the firm never took any notice of their complaints. One man in a Lincoln firm had only four clean sheets in six months, and at last preferred to sleep on the ticking of his bed. And so on *ad infinitum*.

In a Holborn Circus, London, firm, the the drains and the sanitary arrangements got into such a condition of foetid horror that typhoid fever broke out, resulting in 54 cases, six of whom died.

Then apart from the above, there are such trifles to be chronicled as a firm in Lissbon Grove, where they have nearly one thousand assistants living-in, and where the beds are generally infested with bugs, and other nameless fauna of the London shop, which can only be subdued by a lavish use of Keating's Insecticide, which the assistants are forced to buy out of their own wages.

Yet the preceding, however horrible it may read, is but a trifling matter when we consider the social and moral side of the "living-in" system. Scores of letters, dozens of interviews, and the unavailing defense of the employers who batten upon the misery of their fellows, have left me convinced that the "living-in" system is, without exaggeration, a national menace, the open door that leads to the pit of vice, and the happy hunting ground of the rake-hells of modern laciviousness.

In my next and final article I will deal with this side of the question, and will try and show what steps are today being taken throughout the distributive trades in Britain to destroy once and for all a hellish system which is used merely as a scraper of profits.

(To be continued.)





The Comprachicos were an order of men of the seventeenth century who worked in human flesh. Substituting science for nature they moulded and developed the growing body into fantastic shapes.

Obtaining possession of a little child by theft, purchase or adoption, the Comprachicos proceeded to transform it by means of plastic surgery into a buffoon or monster. This was a paying profession as material was cheap.

Sometimes the child's eyelids, lips and ears, would be removed. Or its mouth slit back on either side to the ear. The arms and legs of others were tied into knots and left to grow in that manner. And a baby's mouth could be made to grow to an enormous size by keeping it constantly stuffed with ever increasing gags. A very rare buffoon was one that walked about like a huge spider with its face between its legs. This was a difficult piece of work, as the child was usually killed in the process of forcing it to grow while shut up like a jack-knife.

The Comprachicos were patient, skilled artisans. The most hideous or fantastic piece of work fetched the highest price, so these men became very ingenious. Redoubled and original efforts brought results. Business was business and no pains were spared.

Finished products from the shops of the flesh-workers were sold to the nobles and idle rich. Noblemen and their fawning rich worshippers have always been peculiarly entertained. Scorning work or any form of useful occupation it has been necessary to save them from the horrors of ennui by diverting amusements.

Fashions in entertainments change. In the good old days of the seventeenth century, to be considered really smart—a little eccentric perhaps, but quite the thing—one had only to lead a buffoon about at the end of a golden chain. The idle rich bought monsters and laughed at the antics of the creatures. It was positively ripping, don't you know, for the lords, ladies, and their rich entertainers to watch the ludicrous expressions on the

countenance of a little child that had been robbed of its eyelids, teeth, lips and ears.

Nowadays, when the antics of the educated monkey holding his dinner court no longer please; when the unclad girl rising from a gigantic pie no longer thrills; when things begin to grow dull for the smart set, it is up to the callow heir of some multi-billionaire to pull off a new stunt. Society must not be bored. Accordingly, fresh plans are laid over gold-monogrammed cigarettes. Perhaps a ship is dispatched to the tropics to collect butterflies. Upon her return, a grand ball is given where these dainty flower lovers are released by the thousands in the ball room to be crushed under the feet of the dancers. Or perhaps the thoroughbred horse of some rich woman presides at a state dinner held in the horse's own white and gold stable.

It is necessary to be very ingenious to amuse people who never work.

Ages may vary forms of amusement, but the source of the wherewithal—the money that pays for the thrills—ever remains the same. It is the bodies of the poor. Human forms are still bent, twisted, tortured and maimed, that others may laugh. There are still workers in human flesh. Modern Comprachicos are many for material is still cheap and the noblemen and idle rich must still be entertained.

Thousands of little boys bend over long coal chutes sorting out the lumps of slate. Day after day they toil with bare fingers while their hands grow big and stiff, and horny. Their chests sink in and their shoulders droop. Their minds stand still. Down below, manning the picks and bars, are their fathers and big brothers. Cheap electrical machinery throws an occasional spark into a pocket of gas and the lives of half a hundred human moles are snuffed out, but the profits must not be cut down. When the boys grow older they go down below to take the places of fathers and brothers who have been killed or maimed. There are other little boys to line up at the chutes. The idle rich must be amused.

In the mills and factories row upon row of little girls stand hour after hour, toiling, toiling, toiling. In the needle sweat-shops the girls' eyes grow red and watery. Their faces take on the color of clay. Some of them marry, but they never have healthy children. They have no bosom, no hips. They have been forced to yield up the essentials of motherhood for four dollars a week. Their flesh has been strained, starved, turned by modern Comprachicos into extra dividends. Profits must not decrease. The rich must have new thrills.

Women and young girls are driven by wage slavery to recklessness. Then they become hard, and low, and painted. At last comes the bloated, loathsome stage when they choose daily between the carbolic acid bottle and another twenty-four hours of filthy existence. They are left to pollute the blood and bodies of ignorant young men and boys who are taught Latin and Greek in the schools and universities, but never the things that young men and boys ought to know. Future men and citizens are left to learn "such things" by experience. Often their experiences twist and blotch the bodies of their fourth generations. But there is money in it. These women pay well. The nobles and idle rich who control society are satisfied. Much of the money for their amusements comes from these festering bodies.

In the seventeenth century the criminal poor wrought in human flesh and the rich laughed. In the twentieth century the idle rich have their dollars wrung from the bodies of the poor while fawning vassals see to it that the poor submit or starve, or be clubbed and shot if they revolt.

Every dollar for butterfly-balls, and gilded pies that conceal a naked girl can be traced directly to the spoiling of the human body, made in the image of God. The spangled flower of frivolity is ever rooted in the blood and tears of the toiling poor. There will be Comprachicos so long as there are idle rich, for the idle rich must be amused.

**The Pity of It**

BY A. F. GANNON.

Across a thousand miles of wind-lashed ocean  
We send the symbol of our plea for aid,  
And Love replies above the wave's wild motion:  
"WE COME! WE COME! WHERE ART? BE  
NOT AFRAID!"

We sound the deeps of space with rare precision  
And wesi the secret from each swirling sun;  
We sub-divide the atom's late division,  
And will at last achieve the utter One!

We wring from earth her rich, age-hoarded treasure  
And cast her, raped, aside when we have done;  
We duplicate her oldest gems at pleasure,  
Betwixt a rising and setting sun.

We make the air an humble burden-bearer,  
And set the sun to do a servile chore;  
We bid the lightning be a labor-sharer  
And ease our backs of many loads we bore.

And ye', how little does this crowned endeavor  
Alleviate the starving slum-child's pain  
How little have these wonders served to sever  
The toiling masses from the grasp of Gain?



**The Song of the "Scum"**

BY KATE BAKER HELTZEL.

Aha! aha! a song from the "scum"!  
The scum of the earth are we,  
The kettle of greed doth seethe and boil  
Then we rise to the top, we sons of toil  
To be skimmed and thrown away.

You must "measure up" who float with "the scum"  
No weakness of body or mind  
And they sing their song of the "brave and true"  
While they speak of heroes to me and you  
Till they have us battle lined

Aha! Oho! when the cradle song is sung,  
Would the youthful mother smile in joy  
At the perfect form of her baby boy  
If she knew that he was "scum."

Oho! Aha! Let us sing our song of Scum  
And it's O to be skimmed and thrown away  
And our blood run red till the Judgment Day,  
Yet the Judgment Day will come.

Oho! Aha! Let us sing our battle Hymn  
For it 'gins to seethe in the minds of men  
We'll stir the kettle again and again  
Till there IS NO SCUM TO SKIM.

With no apologies to "Willie Tatt."



# A Gentlemen's Agreement

By Hyman Strunsky

Illustrated by Bert H. Chapman

"S all right, Minnie, it ain't going to be long before you and I are on Easy street, bet your sweet life it ain't. Phil Markson is O. K."

Minnie Roscnbaum, the red checked, black-eyed little stenographer looked up at the star drummer of the Vogel and Lazinsky Hat & Trimming Manufacturing Company and bestowed on him a smile sweetened with admiring confidence.

"Sure we will. You know how much I think of you, Phil, don't you?"

The drummer's clear complexioned, oval face twitched with emotion. The two were secretly engaged to be married and kind words from his little fiancee never failed to thrill him.

"You are—you are the kind of a girl that gives a man courage," he said, taking her hand in his. "The end of the season will see me a member of the Vogel & Lazinsky, or I am a shoemaker and not a drummer. When it comes to selling goods there ain't a man living that can beat me. Smolnick, Wolfson and Weinstein ain't in it with trade I can get; and now that they got to pay union wages they don't stand a ghost of chance—take it from me, I know what I am talking about."

"They never did come up to you, as far as selling goods is concerned, Phil," said Minnie.

It is hard to tell what amorous manifestations these sweet words would have inspired had not the two heads of the firm, Jacob Vogel and Abraham Lazinsky, entered the office.

"Ain't you gone away already, no?" asked Lazinsky with a tone of surprise in his voice.

"When a young man is going on the road to sell goods he must put a move on himself, Philip," said Vogel. "Remember that you got to sell \$100,000 goods when you want to become a partner with us."

Both Phil and Minnie had known that the privilege of partnership would not be granted for an easy consideration, but neither did they expect so steep a condition. Minnie felt a lump rise in her throat and Phil looked at his employers with amazement.

"A hundred thousand dollars!" he gasped.

"Sure, a hundred thousand dollars, Philip," said Lazinsky. "You want to become a partner for nothing, just so?"

"A hundred thousand dollars! You think it's a cinch to sell a hundred thousand dollars, ain't it?" asked Phil with derision.

"A cinch, Philip?" broke in Vogel, "cinches you don't find in the hat and trimming manufacturing business—cinches you find in Wall street, maybe."

"Ain't it enough that you become a partner already?" asked Lazinsky. "Must you have cinches in the bargain?"

Phil shot a glance in the direction of Lazinsky. "Phil Markson ain't the kind of a man that makes promises," he said. "He tries his best, and that's enough."

Several hours after the drummer had departed, the heads of the firm speculated on the prospects of the coming season.

"I'll bet yer anything that Philip he puts a hustle on himself because he wants to become a partner already," said Lazinsky.

"Sure," agreed Vogel. "Philip is a bright young man and when he hustles for trade he gets it for sure. If only them cutthroats will leave him alone."

"Ain't it a shame and disgrace the way them cutthroats slaughter the prices?" asked Lazinsky. "If not for them we would be Vanderbilts, maybe."

He hardly finished the sentence when the door opened and Samuel Smolnick, head of the Empire Headgear Company, and Aaron Wolfson, of the Manhattan Hat Company, entered.

"Look what is here!" exclaimed Lazinsky. "If it ain't Smolnick and Wolfson!"

"We just been speaking about you," said Vogel taking Smolnick's outstretched hand. "We just been saying what a nice couple of cutthroats you are and how always you slaughter the prices and make business on the bum."

"Sure, we do," replied Smolnick with nonchalance. "Is it my fault that we ain't got no sense to do like everybody else is doing? Morgan, Rockefeller and Vanderbilt *osser* fight around like cats and dogs. With them it is a trust, or if not a trust, it is a gentlemen's agreement. The result is that

they are the millionaires and we are only the kykes."

"Kykes we exactly ain't," protested Vogel. "We ain't Rockefellers, maybe, but *Gott sei dank* we need not be ashamed with the business we are doing."

"It seems to be," intervened Wolfson, "that you are beating too much around the bushes. For why don't you come right to the point? Smolnick and I come here to talk over a business proposition what will make for us thousands, maybe."

"A proposition what will make thousands, Wolfson?" asked Vogel. "If Smolnick had a proposition what will make thousands he would *osser* bring it here. A fool he would be."

"Sure a fool I would be, Vogel," said Smolnick



"Minnie, ring for Schmulewitz," he commanded

with sarcasm, "to bring you proposition when you are the kings in the millinery trade already. At the same time you better listen to me because Smolnick maybe is a cutthroat, but he *osser* is a fool."

He was given the opportunity to lay before them his plan which proved to be a proposal that they form a gentlemen's agreement for the purpose of effecting fifteen per cent increase in the price of hats. The compact was to embrace the four largest manufacturers, those who controlled the bulk of the trade, and Vogel and Lazinsky became extremely interested. Smolnick enlarged upon the plan and counted out its possibilities in dollars and cents.

"Just think of it," he said, "between the four of us we make in the neighborhood of a million dollars business a year. Maybe your house alone is good for \$200,000 which means that the fifteen per cent would be an extra profit of \$30,000 more than what you make already. And all this without no expenses and no headaches and no nothings."

Vogel and Lazinsky became thoughtful, then the senior partner asked a question:

"Ain't the law going to do us anything for making a trust, no?" he asked.

"A trust?" asked Smolnick. "I ain't saying anything about a trust, Vogel. I am speaking about a gentlemen's agreement which is just as good a trust and which is no trust at all."

"T's all right about the agreement, Smolnick," replied Vogel, "the agreement Rosenthal the lawyer can fix it up for us, but what about the gentlemen's, Smolnick? How are you going to fix that up?"

"I am surprised with the way you are talking, Vogel," said Smolnick. "We put up a cash security and then it ain't necessary to be a gentleman at all. And as for the law you need not be afraid at all. Ain't we got a lawyer whose duty it is to fix things that nothing should be against the law no matter what we do?"

"Sure," affirmed Wolfson. "The lawyer he tells me that it can be fixed. And if anybody sells for cheaper he loses the money."

"Of course, he loses the money," said Smolnick.

"I can put up \$10,000 like nothing. And if it is hard for you to take out so much cash I will be satisfied with less, maybe. The small manufacturers I don't count at all because they don't amount to nothing."

"The Vogel and Lazinsky ain't a millionaire concern," replied Vogel, "but neither are we small potatoes. *Gott sei dank*, we ain't broke yet and if Smolnick can put up \$10,000 we could do it, too, I assure you."

"I ain't saying you couldn't Vogel," protested Smolnick. "I was only saying how much confidence we got in you that you will not break your word when once you give it."

"Confidence is all right, Smolnick," said Vogel. "I ain't saying nothing against confidence. But better than to take words we put up the money and make you do the same, Smolnick."

II.

"Phil!"

Minnie's fingers trembled on the keyboard of the machine and her eyes stared with amazement when several days after the foregoing conversation the drummer rushed into the office. His face was flushed with anger and his figure seemed taller with the expansion of a just indignation. He dropped his bag and with quick, determined steps walked over to his employers.

"What does this mean?" he asked, laying before them a telegram.

"Ain't it the telegram what we sent you to sell with fifteen per cent dearer the goods?" asked Lazinsky examining the message.

"You send a man out to sell \$100,000 worth of orders and then raise the price! Call this fair?" cried the drummer.

"What do you mean, fair?" asked Lazinsky. "Ain't it fair to make thousands?"

"You better hear it first and you holler afterwards," advised Vogel. "Anyhow, you talk it like if you are a partner already instead of being only a drummer, what you are."

Phil took a step backward and threw a sideglance at his employers.

"No, I am not a partner, I know it—and may never be one. In such case

there is no need of me being a drummer, either."

There was something in his face that caused Lazinsky to jump up with apprehension.

"Ain't it funny how quick you get angry, Philip?" he said. "Better you listen to what we got to tell you about the gentlemen's agreement what we made."

When the whole story was told Phil took off his hat and coat and settled down in his revolving chair with a composure that told of a determination not to return to the road. Minnie, Vogel and Lazinsky, regarded him with questioning faces.

"Ain't you going to travel back on the road?" asked Lazinsky.

"I may," said Phil, "but not before I find out what Smolnick is up to."

"Up to? What do you mean, up to, Philip?" demanded Vogel. "Smolnick wants to make money the same we all do, that's what he is up to."

"Maybe, but I know Smolnick."

"Ain't it hard enough to sell goods with fifteen per cent dearer must you also neglect your customers?" asked Lazinsky.

"You will be the ruination of the business, Philip," cried Vogel. "Now is it the time to be on the road and not in the office, Philip. You either go on the road, or you don't. We want an answer."

"I'll go when I am ready, Mr. Vogel," said Phil, "but first I must find what is what. If you are in a hurry, well, then—"

It is hard to tell what Vogel would have said in reply had not Wolfson, trembling with rage, came upon the scene.

"The loafer, he makes us a fine trick," he shouted. "This is what my drummer sent me from the road."

Phil almost turned a somersault jumping out of his chair in his eagerness to grasp the paper that Wolfson held. It proved to be a neatly engraved letter which read as follows:



Telephone Connection. THE INDEPENDENT HEADGEAR CO. 715-717-719 Broadway. New York. DAVID KRINSKY, PROP.

To The Trade:

We hasten to inform the millinery trade that we are ready to fight the combination which effected an unwarranted increase of fifteen per cent in the price of hats and trimmings.

BUST THE TRUST BY BUYING FROM US. We are in a position to supply the entire trade at the old prices. No increase when you buy from us.

Thanking you in advance for your courtesy and soliciting your future favors, we are,

Yours Very Truly, THE INDEPENDENT HEADGEAR COMPANY, David Krinsky, Prop.

"Ain't Krinsky Smolnick's brother-in-law, no?" asked Lazinsky with bulging eyes.

"Sure," cried Wolfson. "Now you see it what a murderer he is. First he makes up a gentlemen's agreement and makes us put up the money and then he sells goods in Krinsky's name."

"Smolnick ain't up to anything, is he?" asked Phil.

"He is a low-life and a loafer," shouted Vogel. "I get him over here quick."

He rushed to the telephone and as soon as he was connected began to express opinions which he at that time entertained of a certain individual.

"When a man can do a thing like that then you better come here," he shouted. "Yes, you better come here quick before we make you pay the money what you put up."

"Ain't he a low-life and a loafer to play us such trick, no?" asked Lazinsky.

Three excited manufacturers walked the floor, wrung their hands, bemoaned their ill luck and hurled insults on the shrewd head of Samuel Smolnick. Minnie and Phil stood aside regarding the situation with heavy hearts.

"Here goes our golden season," said the girl, her voice choking with tears.

Phil pressed her hand, but made no reply.

When Smolnick arrived he looked innocent and greeted his colleagues with affected politeness.

"For why you are so excited, Vogel?" he asked. "You spoke to me as though I was a murderer, maybe."

"Ain't you a murderer to do a thing like that?" asked Wolfson, handing him the letter.

Smolnick took the letter and read it with feigned interest.

"What have I got to do with this?" he asked as soon as he was through reading. "Is it my fault if David went in the millinery business?"

"Your fault! You ask a question like this?" stormed Wolfson. "You think we are fools? Don't we know that you are behind him and that you make monkeys of us, no?"

"What do I care what David is doing?" protested Smolnick. "Suppose he goes in our line, am I to blame for it? I ain't got my business mixed up with his, I assure you."

"If you talk it like this we run to the lawyer this minute already," shouted Vogel.

"For mine part you can run to the lawyer all you want. I and David ain't got nothing to do with each other," said Smolnick. "And furthermore, I don't want you to speak to me with insults, and next time you got something to say to me you better come over to me and not speak to me like if I was a little boy. And remember that I got \$10,000 put up just as good like ever, one of you, and if I sell the goods cheaper I am willing to lose my money. And if you sell the goods cheaper then you will lose the money. And that is all I got to say about it. A cheek you got it!"

Without waiting for any further comment he strutted out of the office.

III.

"Well, what can we do now?" asked Wolfson.

"Do, what can we do?" said Vogel. "All I know is that we are ruined people already and that the cutthroat he gets all the trade, that's what we will do."

"Maybe we run to the lawyer, Rosenthal?" suggested Lazinsky.

"Rosenthal," said Vogel, "ain't going to do no good. Lawyers are only good when you want trouble, when you got troubles then that is something else again. With lawyers and with laws a man is not a cutthroat unless you can prove it, even if everybody knows that he is."

"Philipel leben," pleaded Lazinsky, "maybe you

can do something, yes? Ain't I always saying that you got a head on your shoulders?"

"Sure, maybe you can do something for us, Philip," asked Vogel. "Remember that if you do you become it a partner for sure."

Phil did not answer. With his legs apart, hands in his pocket, hat thrown backward and cigar in mouth he was looking up at the ceiling watching the smoke scatter in various fantastic little clouds. The employers knew that in such moments of thoughtfulness Phil was not to be disturbed and they watched him with eager faces and expectant eyes. After several minutes of unbroken silence they saw him light up with the flash of a sudden thought.

"Minnie, ring for Schmulewitz," he commanded. Schmulewitz was the shop delegate and the mention of his name spelled union, strike and troubles to the ears of the employers.

"What do you mean Schmulewitz?" asked Vogel. "You just leave it to me," said Phil with a wave of the hand.

Before the firm could enter another protest the shop delegate stood before them.

"You sent for me, Mr. Philip?" he asked.

"Yes. I want you to announce to the workers that tomorrow morning their wages will be raised fifteen per cent."

"What!"

"Just as I said, fifteen per cent," repeated Phil.

The union man looked at the drummer with open mouth and bulging eyes.

"You mean to say you give us a raise without no strike—just so?"

"Yes. Now, go along and tell the news. Quick."

Schmulewitz ran out of the office, but Vogel, Lazinsky and Wolfson remained dazed.

"What do you mean more wages, Philip?" asked Vogel.

"Ain't it enough to lose the trade, must we pay high wages in the bargain?" asked Lazinsky.

"All I got to say about it, Philip," said Wolfson, "is that you are crazy."

A disturbed night did not improved the disposition of the heads of the firm, and Vogel and Lazinsky came to the office the following morning with long faces and heavy hearts. They found Phil speaking cheerfully to little Minnie.

"You look like nothing at all happened already and if everythink is as fine as silk," said Vogel.

"A man what is got the interest of the firm at heart must be worried when the bosses are in a hole, Philip."

"Give it to me to understand," demanded Lazinsky, "how a young man what is as bright like you are can do a think like that? Now if we want to sell goods cheaper we cannot do it neither and Smolnick will become a millionaire for sure, maybe."

"Just leave it to me," said Phil. "I am doing this."

"Sure you are doing this. We ain't saying that you don't," said Vogel, "but are you doing it good?"

Before Phil could make an adequate reply Wolfson ran in.

"I got to thank you, Philip Markson, for the trouble I got," he began. "My hands they go on strike because they want to have the same wages what you pay them already."

"A strike?" asked Vogel and Lazinsky in one breath.

"Sure, don't you know the union is so strong that they have one price in all the shops?" explained Wolfson. "Now we are ruined people for sure."

"Look what is here again," called out Lazinsky as he saw Smolnick's pale face in the door. "If it ain't the cutthroat what is responsible for the whole business!"

"What kind of monkey business you call that?" Smolnick shouted. "You raise the wages and now my hands go on strike because they want the same wages you pay."

"Well, what's wrong with it?" asked Phil. "We have decided to turn the fifteen per cent raise over to the workers and I hope you will not object, Smolnick."

Like a flash of lightning across a dark sky the significance of the move entered the minds of Vogel, Lazinsky and Wolfson.

"If you do this I am a ruined man already because I took a whole lot of orders," complained Smolnick, losing himself in the agony of the moment.

"A ruined man, Smolnick?" asked Vogel. "For why are you a ruined man? You sure did not sell cheaper than the gentlemen's agreement says you should sell, Smolnick."

"The only one who will lose money is Krinsky," said Phil. "And you haven't your business mixed up with his, have you, Smolnick?"

"Ain't you a good brother in-law to care for Krinsky like you do?" said Wolfson.

"Sure, I am," admitted Smolnick. "He took a lot of orders and now if he got to pay the higher wages he is a ruined man already."

"Well, what would you suggest?" asked Phil with a triumphant smile on his lips.

"I want—let us break up the gentlemen's agreement and I want everything should be like it was before already," said Smolnick.

"You don't want much, do you?" came from Phil. "No, Smolnick," said Vogel. "A gentlemen's agreement is a gentlemen's agreement and you are in it even if you are no gentleman at all, and are only a cutthroat and lowlife."

"When a man takes such good care of his brother-in-law he is a gentleman for sure," laughed Wolfson.

"There is one thing that you can do," said Phil, "and the sooner you do it the better for all concerned."

"What is it?" asked Smolnick.

"Leave this office—and be quick about it, too."

Here he opened the door and held it for Smolnick to make his exit.

"Now I see it that you are a bright young man," said Wolfson to Phil after Smolnick had made a crest-fallen retreat. "This minute yet I go home and settle the strike."

"Ain't I always said that Philip he's got a head on his shoulders?" asked Lazinsky. "Now he becomes it a partner for sure, even if he don't sell no \$100,000 goods."

"Yes, Philip," agreed Vogel, "now you become it a partner for sure, maybe."

Phil looked at Minnie and saw that her face was flushed, and that her black, long lashes were struggling to keep back a flow of tears. He bent over her.

"Ain't I—ain't I the boy, Minnie?" he asked.

"Oh, Phil, you are dear," murmured the girl under her breath.

The Black Plague in the Army

(Continued from Page Four.)

third suffered from venereal diseases during the year.

These facts move the Surgeon General of the army to remark:

The venereal peril has come to outweigh in importance any other sanitary question which now confronts the army and neither our national optimism nor the Anglo-Saxon disposition to ignore a subject which is offensive to public prudery can longer excuse a frank and honest confrontation of the problem. There is no reason to think that these diseases are beyond the reach of preventive medicine any more than other contagious diseases and their immunity from restriction must be attributed to the public disinclination to discuss them and legislate concerning them. It is now believed by most sociologists as well as sanitarians that the evil being primarily a social one can only be reached by a propaganda of public discussion and education, and that education in sexual matters and in the danger of venereal diseases

CHART M.—Showing a comparison with foreign armies of the relative admission ratios per thousand of man strength for venereal diseases

Table with columns for American (1919), British (1918), Spanish (1917), Russian (1917), Austro-Hungarian (1917), Japanese (1915), French (1917), Belgian (1917), Prussian (1917), Bavarian (1917) and rows of numerical data representing admission ratios per thousand of man strength.

should begin with the young and be carried on by means of all the agencies of popular enlightenment. A number of state and municipal health authorities as well as private associations are now publishing and distributing literature on this subject. It is believed that the war department cannot do better than adopt this general attitude and many of these methods, including a philosophical indifference to criticism on the part of self-constituted censors of the public morals whose susceptibilities are offended by a public discussion of these questions.

The discussion of methods by which armies and navies will cease to devour the youth of the land is the only discussion that will stay the progress of this "black plague." Meanwhile these facts and figures are respectfully submitted to the mothers who belong to patriotic societies and the ministers who are organizing "Boy Scouts."



# The Coming Nation

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

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

## Something for Those Who Will Help

The COMING NATION has never offered any premiums to push circulation. Up to the present time such offers have not really been necessary. We are very anxious, however, to put on a large number of subscriptions during the summer months.

Just at this time, when we were looking for something to offer as a reward for a little work, Alexander Irvine published his new book, "The Magyar."

The readers of the COMING NATION do not need to be told what sort of work Irvine does. Several of his articles have already appeared in this paper. Two of these described conditions in a mill town of the south. This book is the full fruitage of the investigation of southern industrial conditions, which the author made some years ago.

It is written in the form of a novel, but the matter is but a splendid description of the peonage and horrible penal systems of the south. To this is added, in the form of conversations and woven into the context, a telling argument for Socialism. It is a good book to own and read, and lend to the neighbor who would not look at a book avowedly written to expound the philosophy of Socialism.

The book is well written and bound, and sells for a dollar.

For a little while a copy will be sent to any one who sends in two new subscriptions, or you can send two dollars and get two subscription cards and the book.

There have been so many requests for the back numbers containing "The Big Change" that a special edition of the COMING NATION has been printed containing the chapters published up to last week, and, for a little time at least, back numbers can be saved so that new subscribers can obtain this entire series.

If you wish this special edition containing back numbers, ask for it in sending a new subscription and it will be sent.

The next issue will have a story by Allan Updegraff, entitled "Jewelry and Notions." It is the story of how a girl in a department store was tempted into shop lifting by the pressure of poverty and of how love found a way out. We think it is one of the best stories Updegraff has ever written, and John Sloan has illustrated it.

One of the greatest surgeons in the world has announced a discovery that he believes will do away with a large portion of modern surgery. Andre Tridon tells the story of this discovery next week. It is really one of the most fascinating chapters that has ever been written in modern science, and opens up possibilities so great as to be almost inconceivable.

Ortie McManigal, who is trying to play the Orchard to McNamara's Haywood has a wife who is far the better half of the family. She is the great stumbling block in the road of the conspiracy. Mila T. Maynard has just had an interview with her and in the next number of the COMING NATION will tell something of the struggle this brave woman is making against as ruthless a gang of criminal brutes as ever belonged to a detective agency.

When you remember that along with these and numerous minor features will go the work of Charles Edward Rus-

# Criminals and Criminals

BY A. M. SIMONS



ANYONE who is trying to hang a union man is absolved in advance for all crimes he may commit. In the eyes of capitalist courts, press and public opinion his high aim justifies any means. We do not know whether the McNamara brothers have committed any crime or not. We have a right to presume them innocent until evidence sufficient to overcome that presumption shall be submitted.

We do know that those who are trying to hang them have run almost the entire scale of criminality.

Up to the present time they have openly and defiantly committed the crimes of burglary, assault, kidnaping, perjury, subornation of perjury, intimidation of witnesses, false imprisonment, and highway robbery.

Pretty fair record for so short a time?

A survey of the admitted facts will show that this catalogue of crime committed by those who are supposed to be upholding the majesty of the law is far short of the facts.

The burglary and safe-breaking at Indianapolis is still fresh in the minds of every reader. The kidnaping was flagrant and boastful.

A congressional investigation has proven that perjury was committed to further the burglary and kidnaping.

This career of crime is continuing unchecked. In fact, the criminals grow bolder as they become convinced of their security in the commission of crime.

They recently added assault and highway robbery to their record. The trunk of Mrs McManigal was being taken from the depot under the escort of the son of Job Harriman, one of the attorneys for the defense. Thugs in the employ of the organized gang of criminals conducting the prosecution assaulted Mr. Harriman, robbed him of the trunk, and carried it away to the rendezvous of the gang at the headquarters of the prosecution.

The climax of this carnival of crime seems to have been reached in the treatment of the wife of Ortie McManigal, the man whom it is expected will play the part of Orchard in carrying out the conspiracy to hang. The old common law and the statute laws agree that a wife cannot be forced to testify against her husband. There is also a whole bunch of laws in this country designed to protect a witness against torture. In violation of all these laws, Mrs. McManigal was seized and subjected to the most ingenious sort of mental torture, not unmixed with physical discomfort and pain, in order to compel her to bolster up the story of her husband.

She seems to be made of different stuff than the miserable wretch who is depended upon to railroad the McNamaras to the gallows. In spite of threats and bribes, she refuses to perjure herself. So the torture of the grand jury room and the abuses of the trained thugs of the detective agency went on until she fainted.

Any comment I might make on such actions would be pitifully inadequate to the occasion. The facts furnish their own comment.

After all, horrible as is this torturing of the woman to compel her to join in perjury, it is not the most significant thing about the whole affair.

Here is the really important thing. Whoever wishes to make an attack upon organized labor is given free license for unlimited and undefined crime.

Up to the present time no word of protest has come from the defenders of law and order against the actions of this gang of criminals.

sell, Eugene Wood, Reginald Wright Kauffman, and the cartoons and illustrations that have always been features of the COMING NATION, we believe that a feast will be offered to which it will be worth while to invite your friends.

## Child Workers and the Law

The sixty-first congress authorized the Department of Commerce and Labor to investigate the question of women and child wage earners in the United States.

Eight of the nineteen volumes that are to compose this report have appeared. The eighth volume discusses "Juvenile Delinquency and its Relation to Unemployment." Four thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine little children, sixteen years of age and younger, who have come through the courts and have been

stamped as criminals by society, were the subjects of this investigation.

The first thing the investigators discovered was something which every one but professional investigators have long known: That in a society ruled by idlers, the workers are always criminals. That any child under sixteen should be working is *prima facie* evidence that somebody has committed crime, but not the child.

But the report says "The most immediate striking feature is the large proportion of offenses committed by the working child. . . . Roughly speaking the non-workers are responsible for a little over one-third, the workers for something under two-thirds of the offenses."

More children are at school than are working, so an investigation was made to find what proportion of the working as compared with the non-working chil-

dren had been designated as "delinquent" by the courts. It was found that, with the exception of one city, "among the boys the ratio of the working children is from three to ten times as great as of the non-working." Among the girls this proportion is even more striking.

The investigator also discovered that the working children found it harder to reform, and, therefore, "The recidivists are far more numerous among the workers than the non-workers."

Then the homes were examined to find if there might not be some explanation here, although the fact that children are working is testimony to the poverty of the home. Eliminating those homes that were called "bad," the report concluded that "the working children more frequently than the non-working children go wrong, even where the home surroundings are favorable."

## The Frank Lane Case

The case of Frank Lane, the crippled miner boy whose suit for \$25,000 damages is being financed by the COMING NATION, has met with another legal delay. We are assured that this is the last one and that the case is now so situated that it must come to trial promptly on August 1. These frequent delays are not without value to the spirit of the case if the working class gains from them an idea of how difficult it is to get an employe's damage suit into court. Most of us know this in a general way, but the Lane case is a concrete example.

All profit on the COMING NATION goes to defray the expense of fighting this and other cases through the courts, either securing justice for workers crippled through negligence and defective machinery or convicting the courts of class decisions. The subscription you can get this week will do its share toward winning the trial for your class.

## The Socialist Scouts

When boys and girls take up the Socialist Scout work they develop enthusiasm enough to permeate the local movement and give it an impetus it could get in no other way.



This picture of Scout Glen M. Cooner, of York, Pa., shows him at work advertising the Debs meeting. The work of the Scouts at York was so effective that newspaper advertising was not needed.

If your boy or girl wants to make pocket money and advance Socialism at the same time have him address a letter of inquiry to "Scout Department, Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kansas." It will cost him nothing to start the work. A bundle of ten COMING NATIONS will be sent to any Scout who agrees to remit half price for what papers he sells and return heads of unsold copies. Scouts sell both the COMING NATION and Appeal to Reason and take subscriptions for both papers. They make 100 per cent on all sales and receive valuable premiums in addition. The work is easy and pleasant, carried on under instructions from the Scout Department. Ninety per cent of those who make the start build up good routes and continue the work.

## Scout News

I received my trick box and think it is a dandy. The prizes are worth while to work for but working for the cause is best of all.—W Huellen, Jr., Pennsylvania.

I received my camera o. k. It's a beauty. I've taken quite a number of pictures with it and will have some that will interest you soon.—Leon Wooby, New Jersey.

I received the book entitled "War—What For?" and although I have only read part of it I have found it one of the most interesting books I ever read.—E. M. Remley, Pennsylvania.

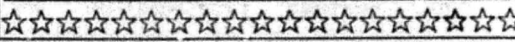
My father and I went to hear a lecture and I sold ten papers at the lecture (about one minute). It was a Socialist lecture.—Arthur Lyon, Washington.

I have no trouble in selling the forty papers. My brother goes out of town and sells half of them at a mining camp, while I sell the other half here in town. Think I will be able to sell more soon.—Martha Ikenberry, Arizona.



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

**Adventures of Red Feather and Poppy**



(Copyright 1911 by Kittie Spargur Hulse)

**Winter in the Indian Camp**

**I**T was midwinter in the home of Red Feather and Poppy. The little river was frozen over, and when the children ventured outside the trails, the snow reached above Red Feather's knees. There was little fishing and hunting to be done. Back of the campodies were great piles of willows and the dead limbs of pines, cottonwoods and other trees, and still every day some of the grown people and the children followed the beaten paths to the willow thickets and brought home bundles of fagots on their backs. Red Feather and Poppy always did their share of this work. They never shirked any sort of work and besides, they enjoyed being out in the fresh air and throwing snowballs and making pictures in the snow just as my little readers do that live in cold climates. The Indians had neither axes nor saws, and as you may imagine, it was a hard matter for them to provide enough fuel for winter.

More tule mats had been made and hung on the walls of Swift Runner's campodie, new skins with the fur on hung up and put aside for sleeping robes, and extra dirt heaped around the campodie before the snow came. The door was kept tightly closed, and very little fire was needed to keep the campodie warm. Poppy and Red Feather had new buckskin suits and Mother Sunflower had a robe of mink skins and baby Rainbow had one made of rabbit skins that would make you think of the Mother Goose rhyme of "By-o Baby Bunting" could you see it.

The family of Swift Runner were eating supper when Black Cloud and Red Fish came in. They had been hunting all day and were tired and hungry. There was no fire in their campodie for their old mother had died not long before and they had no wives yet. They opened the door, went in and sat down. The weary hunters did not wait to be invited to eat. They simply helped themselves and no one thought it strange. Swift Runner would have done the same at their house. This was the custom among these Indians. While there was food enough for all in camp, everyone ate. A few did not have more than they needed because they had stronger bodies or stronger brains than their neighbors, or were more lucky, while the rest were starving.

After awhile, old Chee Nax, the medicine man, and his wife and mother came in; then followed Blue Flag, Sunflower's sister, and her husband, Little Porcupine, and their children; and one after another dropped in till the campodie was well crowded. All the neighbors enjoyed a visit to the house of Swift Runner who was such a great hunter and who had a fund of hunting stories to tell, and everyone liked his beautiful wife who had a friendly smile and word for everyone.

Mother Sunflower gave the children some of the great cones from the sugar pines to roast, and while they were roasting them and picking out the sweet little nuts and eating them, the older people told stories. Coyotes, venturing as near camp as they dared, howled mournfully and the Indian dogs barked savagely back at them as if they were daring them to come closer. Very cold it was outside, but in the campodie of Swift Runner it was warm and comfortable. The willow twigs snapped and crackled merrily and the scent from

the roasting pine cones was pleasant. It was a trifle smoky at all times, to be sure, but nobody minded that for they had all been used to it all their lives.

"Will you tell us a story, Chee Nax?" asked Mother Sunflower. So old Chee Nax, the medicine man, told this story about

*Why the Indians do not like Coyotes.*  
 "Many, many years ago there lived a great hunter, so swift of foot and tireless that he could outrun the fleetest deer. He had killed many grizzlies, one in a hand-to-hand fight. But it left scars on his body, some on his face.

"Before this, any maiden in the village would have been glad to go to live in his campodie, and when he had gone by they had always smiled bashfully and looked at their feet; but now only one smiled when he went by, for the scars gave him a fierce and ill-tempered look. This made the Hunter sad. But the one maiden tried to comfort him. They called her The Dawn. Her eyes were like the eyes of a fawn and when she unbraided her hair it covered her whole body like a robe. When the other maidens laughed at her because of her love for the Hunter with the scarred face, she said 'Some day I may have scars on my own face; I may break my nose, yet as some women have done; and if I do not die, I



She stole up behind the bear

shall surely some day be old and wrinkled and not beautiful; and then perhaps the Hunter will remember that I did not laugh at his scars.' So the Hunter gave her father many horses and skins and beads and the Dawn went to live in the campodie of the Hunter and he forgot his scars.

"But after awhile The Dawn sickened. The Hunter gave his best skins to the Medicine Man and begged him to make medicine to save his woman. The Medicine Man would have saved The Dawn if he could without the gifts of skins, for The Dawn had always given him kind words and smiles; but he could do nothing. The Evil Spirits were too strong. So The Dawn died.

"The Hunter kept away from his friends. He made himself a campodie far from the rest of his tribe. He made from the clay of the hillside a shape like that of a woman and placed it in his campodie. He would talk to it and fondle it for hours. The poor Hunter's mind was gone.

"One day when he was hunting, another hunter of his tribe entered his campodie. It was The Wolf. He, too, had wanted The Dawn for his woman, but she had had no smiles for him. The Wolf was always bragging, but the whole tribe knew him for a coward. He laughed when he saw the ugly clay image and kicked it to pieces.

"The Hunter came back and found The Wolf there. Once he would have killed him. But now he sat down and cried.

"The Great Spirit pitied the poor, mad Hunter. So he took him away to live with The Dawn in a great star. (I will show it to you some night when it is warmer," said Old Chee Nax.)

"And the coward who had broken the image was changed to a Coyote. And that is why all Indians hate coyotes."

"Good!" said all the men when Chee Nax had finished.

"We like your story, Chee Nax," said Mother Sunflower, and passed him some pine nuts.

"I hate coyotes!" said all the children together.

"Coyote bad! Rainbow kill coyote!" said little Rainbow with such a fierce look that everyone laughed.

"He will be a great hunter like his father, also," said old Chee Nax, and patted the little fellow on the head.

"Perhaps Grandmother Snowbird will tell us a story, also," said Mother Sunflower. Grandmother Snowbird was the oldest woman there and it was her turn. She smiled in a pleased way and told the story of

*The bear who got too warm by a camp-fire.*

"It was long ago," Grandmother Snowbird commenced, "how long I do not know. My mother's mother told me the story when I was a little girl, and her mother's mother told her the story when she was a little girl; so it must have been very long ago.

"It was away up in the mountains near the great lake that is in the top of



a mountain.\* Some Klamath Indians had gone there to gather huckleberries. Some of us have been there also. The men had gone hunting and the women and children were gathering huckleberries. It was early in the morning. The campfires were still smoldering.

"Out of the woods came a young brown bear. Perhaps he had scented the meat the hunters had brought home the day before. He walked over to one of the fires and sat down. It is chilly up there in the mountains in the morning. Perhaps the bear liked the warmth from the fire. But he did not like the smoke. He sniffed and shook his head and made faces and rubbed his nose with his paws.

"One of the young women had to go back to camp for a basket. She saw the bear by the campfire. Her father was a great chief and she was brave like her father. She feared the bear would get the meat the hunters had brought back the day before. The men were all gone. There were bows and arrows in camp and she could use them as well as a man, but the bear was between her and them.

She found a long, dry branch with some leaves on it that would light easily. She was very quiet and stepped softly. She lighted the branch at one of the fires that was some distance from the rest. Then she stole softly up behind the bear. Perhaps he was asleep by the nice, warm fire! Perhaps the smoke kept him from scenting her. Anyhow, the wind was blowing toward the girl. She set his shaggy hair afire in many places before he knew what she was doing. The flames ran all over him. The girl ran off some distance before she looked back. The bear rolled over and over and growled and made a terrible noise. But he did not put the fire out. He ran off in the brush. The girl watched for a time, but he did not come back. Then she went

to the berry patch and told the other women.

When the hunters came back she told the story to them. They would not have believed her if the bear's tracks had not been there. Next morning early, they followed the bear's trail and found him dead in a thicket of caparral. They ate some of the meat and smoked some and saved the oil in bladders. And after that the Klamath girl was known amongst the Modocs and Piutes and other tribes as well as her own, as "The Girl Who Burned a Bear." "It is not men alone who have done brave deeds," said Grandmother Snowbird, smiling at Poppy and the other little girls.

"It is a good story!" said all the children. They had heard it many times, but never grew tired of hearing it.

"It is a good story," said all the women.

"And well told," said old Chee Nax gallantly.

The visitors went home and our friends wrapped themselves in their warm robes and lay down to sleep. Father Swift Runner got up and put a few twigs on the fire several times during the night, for it was very cold. Red Feather dreamed that he was the bear who got too warm by the camp-fire and woke to find that his feet were too near the fire, and one of his moccasins was scorched!

\*Crater Lake.

**Rain and the Robin**

BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

*A robin in the morning,  
 In the morning early,  
 Sang a song of warning—  
 "There'll be rain! There'll be rain!"  
 Very, very clearly  
 From the orchard*

*Came the gentle horning,  
 "There'll be rain!"  
 But the hasty farmer  
 Cut his hay down—  
 Did not heed the charmer  
 From the Orchard—  
 And the mower's clatter  
 Ceased at noontide,  
 For with drip and spatter  
 Down came the rain.*

*Then the prophet robin,  
 Hidden in the crab-tree,  
 Railed upon the farmer:  
 "I told you so! I told you so!"  
 As the rain grew stronger,  
 And his heart grew prouder,  
 Notes so full and slow  
 Coming blither, louder—  
 "I told you so! I told you so!  
 I told you so!"*

**Young Socialists in Europe**

The Young People's Societies of Europe are somewhat in advance of those in America, because they started some years ago while our young people are just coming together in their work.

The Young Socialist movements in Europe have different aims in different countries. In all, however, education and anti-militarism form a large part of their work. In all of Europe, especially in Austria and Germany, the governments are increasing their efforts to destroy the young people's movement. Of this, however, there is not the slightest danger, as their number and strength and power increase constantly.

It will surely not be long before in America there is a strong and well-organized young people's movement and it is the duty of the Socialist party to promote and direct this.

**The Reason Why**

"Johnny, do you know why I am going to whip you?"

"Why, father?"

"Because you struck a boy smaller than yourself."

"I thought perhaps it was because I am smaller than you are."—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

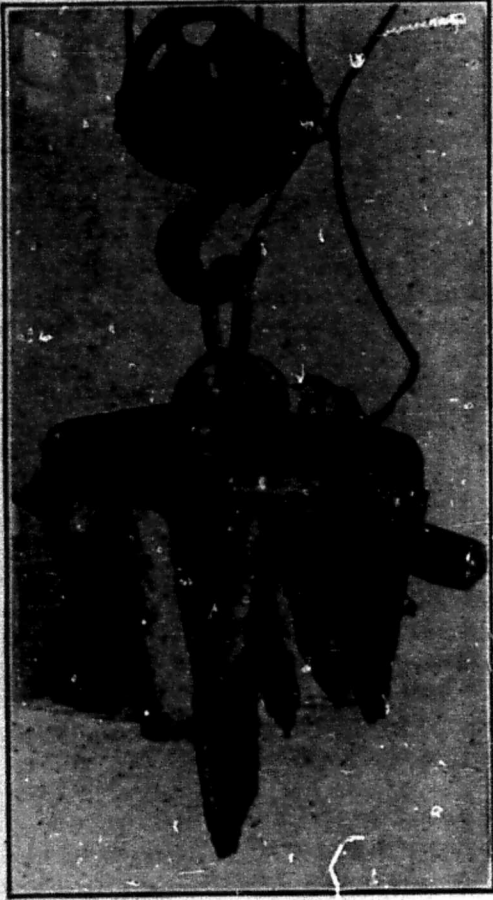


## MAGNETS

BY SILAS HOOD.

Magnets. Lifting magnets! These labor saving—or rather labor displacing devices—have been on the market for about four years, but their importance in reducing the number of names on the pay rolls of the capitalists' institutions have been realized only within the last twelve or eighteen months. But within that time their introduction has added thousands of men to the army of unemployed and within the next two years their further use will add *tens of thousands to the already overcrowded army.*

One day last May, Ralph Korngold, the well-known Socialist writer and speaker, and the writer watched two of these lifting magnets unloading scrap



Unloading Scrap Iron

and pig iron at the Homstead plant of the Carnegie Steel company.

"Those two young men operating the two magnets from the cages of those traveling electric cranes are now doing the work it formerly required twenty-five men to do," said the foreman of the department in reply to an inquiry.

Further inquiry developed the fact that the two young men operators of the cranes and magnets did the work so rapidly that they were employed only *part of the time*, while the twenty-five men who formerly did the work were employed *all of the time.*

In fourteen other parts of the works we found the same kind of magnets had performed the same kind of service in the way of decreasing the pay-roll lists, which in cold figures means that twenty-eight men are now employed part of the time, where formerly it required 350 workers to remain constantly on the job. And the end is not yet, for more and more of these labor displacing and increased profit-making devices are to be installed in other departments of the mill.

The following week we made a visit to the plants of the Crucible Steel, the American Steel and Wire, Mackintosh & Hemple, National Tube, Jones & Laughlin and other companies in the smoke belt, and the magnets at all of these places were in evidence equally as strong. At the South Side works of Jones & Laughlin the superintendents of one of the departments made this startling statement:

"A few years ago not farther back than 1907 the employing capacity of these works was 70,000 men. Now we can turn out more material with 5,000 than we formerly could and do the work cheaper too."

"What became of the 5,000 men?" he was asked.

"God, I don't know. We put a machine in the brass finishing department last week and it put eighteen skilled

workers out of jobs. And we shall never need them again to do that kind of work. Why if this thing keeps up we shall not need men at all to run the mill. At least not many. The engineers are constantly figuring on labor-saving devices. We scarcely need any skilled men any more. The machine has the brains and any kind of a man with ordinary intelligence can make the machine do the work. I tell you the men around here are getting scared. They can see their opportunity of having jobs becoming more insecure every day. This certainly is the age of invention in the way of labor-saving devices. That is about all the bosses seem to be thinking about these days."

The first day in June the writer in company with Alexander Irvine of New York, went to see the exhibit at the Western Exposition building at Pittsburgh, where we found on view all kinds of new machines for the benefit of the delegates to the American Foundrymen's convention. There we saw magnetic separators, wood-carving machines, improved lathes, adding machines, sand-mixers, improved sand molds, etc., all of which were on the market to be sold to the foundrymen, coal operators, and owners of steel plants and big machine shops, the inducement to buy always including the argument that "their use would decrease the pay-roll list and increase the profits."

In this great machinery exhibit we found one of the labor displacing lifting magnets. It was a sixty-two inch affair and the salesman in charge of this display advanced the information that the harmless looking device was capable when connected with an electric wire of lifting from ten to fifteen tons. One of the magnets was connected with a crane that had been erected between the two buildings at the exposition grounds, and by the simple movement of several levers operated by one man it was demonstrated that scrap and pig iron could be lifted and deposited at the will of the operator.

Literature supplied by the exhibitor showed that two of these labor-displacing magnets had unloaded 4,000,000 pounds of machine cast pig iron in ten hours and thirty minutes. This record was made in unloading the steamship Erwin L. Fisher at the blast furnace



Lifting 3500 lb Winding Spool

ore dock of the Island Steel company, one of the subsidiaries of the steel trust at Indiana Harbor, Ind.

The steamship docked at 7.15 a. m.; the work of unloading began at 7.35 a. m. and was completed at 6.35 p. m. The boat cleared at 7.20 p. m., the same day. As work was suspended for thirty minutes at noon the actual time for unloading was only ten and one-half hours.

Before the introduction of the mag-

nets it required the services of twenty-eight men working two days and two nights to unload a boat of this capacity. Now two operators stationed in the cages of traveling cranes do the work in less than eleven hours, and the only assistance they get is from two laborers during the last two hours of the unloading, these men getting the pig iron in better position at the bottom of the hold of the vessel.

It can also be seen that the saving is not confined to the twenty-four or twenty-five men actually displaced in the unloading operation. Formerly when it required the services of many men from fifty to sixty hours to unload the cargo, the sailors, firemen, engineers, electricians, and others who make up the crew of the vessel, took a generous rest and found time to get acquainted with their families and friends in port. At the same time they knew they were being carried on the *pay-roll*. But when the magnet came along the owners of the ore-carrying steamer decided that loafing on the part of its crew was a useless expense and now one vessel's usefulness under former conditions is made to do the work of two boats, and

at the same time do the work at less expense. This means that the hours of the workers for rest have been decreased, and not so many men will be required at the ship yards.

And when we looked at the name-plate on the magnet to learn where these time-saving devices were manufactured we learned that the place was none other than *Milwaukee!*

And further investigation shows that the majority of the workingmen who make those magnets are *Socialists* for a straw vote taken at the plant where the magnets are made just before the Socialists captured Milwaukee county proved that more than seventy per cent of the men were going to vote the straight Socialist ticket.

So of the Socialists of Milwaukee in more ways than one are hastening the day of emancipation. And when will be the day of that emancipation? This question I asked of Comrade Irvine. And his answer was:

"Just as soon as the workers own the magnet."

Was his answer right? It is for the working class to answer.

## THE CURSE

(Continued from Page Six.)

She tried also to hate him. But she could only look in wide-mouthed fascination at the fire which burned in his red eyes.

He drew her slowly, irresistibly tighter. *The great knuckles of his hands bored into her throat.*

"Do yo' love me?" he repeated.

She tore her eyes away, but she could see nothing.

"Flor'da, do yo—do yo' love me?"

In the dungeons of her soul she felt a tremor and a wrench. The Samson of the primordial was tugging at the very pillars of her being, and the pillars resisted.

"No—no?" she gasped, with a heavy tongue. "No—I—" Her eyes met his again. "I—don't know!"

Suddenly, at that word, he changed. His whole frame tightened, his eyes narrowed, his face became like ashes—and she knew him as she had known him in the parlor of her father's house, only a week before, when, throwing her aside, he ran forth to kill.

Did she cry? She could not tell. She knew that Teddy growled, barked, ran forward and was kicked away. She heard Cal say:

"Well, I know, Flor'da!"

Then she understood.

The dog howled.

"Let me—let me go!" gasped Florida.

And she tried once more to cry aloud.

(To be continued.)

In the twentieth century war will be dead, the scaffold will be dead, royalty will be dead, and dogmas will be dead; but man will live. For all, there will be but one country—that country the whole earth; for all there will be but one hope—that hope the whole heaven. All hail then to that noble twentieth century which shall own our children, and which our children shall inherit.—Victor Hugo.

The existing laws on nearly all subjects are prohibitory, compulsory, penal. They appeal to the fear of punishment as the sole deterrent. Very rarely do they promise reward. They are based on the assumption that men are constantly prompted by their desires to perform acts injurious to the interests of society at large.—*Ward-Dynamic Sociology.*

*It's a very good world to live in, To lend, or to spend, or to give in; But to beg or to borrow, or to get a man's own.*

*It's the very worst world that ever was known.—Earl of Rochester.*

No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth.—*Bacon.*

## Flashlights From History

SELECTED BY A. M. SIMONS.

## Blood Will Tell

In *The Columbian Sentinel* of April 23, 1825, there is a report of a meeting of capitalists held at the "Exchange Coffee House" in Boston, April 21, 1825. This meeting was held to assist the employers in breaking a strike of carpenters. Resolutions were passed urging the master carpenters to "stand firm" against the demand for shorter hours. The working day which the carpenters were seeking to shorten extended from "sun-up to sun-down" of a New England summer day. The chairman of this meeting of employers, the first of which there is any record, was *Harrison Gray Otis*, and the secretary was *W. H. Elliot*.

## No Compromise in 1836

"If we ever wish to acquire for ourselves a distinctive name, and become a party famed for its unity and vigor, we must utterly separate ourselves from all other parties—originate our own measures, pursue our own forms, nominate our own candidates, and vote our *own ticket—independent of all other parties.* My plan would be thus: We should make a nomination from among ourselves, (say in the Trades Union, or elsewhere) the number of candidates to be in the proportion that the working classes bear to the whole population; they should be men in whose abilities and integrity we have the fullest confidence; they should pledge themselves to our objects, and that they will not permit their names to be placed on the tickets of any other party. Thus we will have a ticket *entirely* your own—pure unmixed, unalloyed, undiluted, complete and perfect—exempt from the poisonous properties of other parties—uncontaminated by their selfish interest and intrigue—and as free, vigorous, and honest as the men who formed it.

"We workingmen have no natural, rational interest in the success of either of the present antagonistic parties. Our interests will not be advanced by the success of either. Neither party has taken for its motto, '*immediate and universal education,*' which is the first greatest object of our wishes.

"Let us then stand aloof from all parties—let us be *ourselves—workingmen*, and nothing else—and we will be united in our exertions, our candidates remain honest, our measures be successful, our party respected, and we shall at all times be able to make our choice without being distracted by a diversity of political feelings."

Communication from *The National Laborer*, June 24, 1836.



# FLINGS AT THINGS

BY D. M. S.

## The Real Worker

If you cannot in a moment  
All the forces overthrow  
That in making for oppression  
Wolflike wander to and fro,  
If you cannot be a hero  
With your hand upon the throat  
Of the powers that pluck and plunder  
You at least can cast a vote.

If you cannot change the system  
In the twinkling of an eye,  
Chasing hence the powers of darkness,  
Stilling hunger's feeble cry,  
If you cannot touch the feelings  
Of the leaders of the state  
And awake them to their duty  
You at least can agitate.

If you cannot from the platform  
Raise your voice in protest loud  
And thereby inspire to action  
Workers who around you crowd,  
You can go upon the outskirts  
As the people pause to hear  
And can hand to each a paper  
That will make the meaning clear.



Do not therefore be downhearted  
If you cannot speak or write,  
There is other work important  
That it will not do to slight,  
If you cannot see the lime light  
Steadily about you play  
You can be a Jimmy Higgins  
In your humble, quiet way.

## Come in Handy Later

"My son," said the proud father, "I trust you listened carefully to those beautiful precepts in the graduation sermon."

"Yes, father, and I trust they have inspired me to try to lead a noble life."

"I am pleased to hear you say so, and now, if you will carefully lay them away where they will not get rusty they will be a joy to you in later years."

"Aren't they to be used in every day life?"

"Not until after you have got money."

## Making Him Over

"You can't change human nature," exclaimed the scoffer who had a windpipe full of stock arguments that he was always ready to shoot off at the least provocation.

"Oh yes I could, if it were worth while."

"I'd like to know how you would go about it."

"Well, we will say for the sake of argument that you are a pretty decent fellow now. Suppose I put you next to a million dollars. You would think at once that you were made of different clay from the rest of us."

## Little Flings

Everybody who is anybody goes out of town for the summer including those the sheriff is after.

Those who do the useful work are only spectators in the automobile age.

Crowning a king is a much more deliberate and impressive ceremony than uncrowning one.

A man who cannot see Socialism inevitable in the industrial development might see it for certain by reading the

world's election returns as they come in from time to time.

There is some color to the claim that a man will do anything for money. Contemplate the private detective.

## Kept Him Busy

"Old Balobones doesn't go in for golf like the other millionaires."



"No, he is getting plenty of exercise."

"What doing?"

"Dodging taxes."

"Weddings are affairs of matrimony and too often, also, a matter-o'-money."

## Fine Substitute



J. Pierpont Morgan gets along  
Without a drop of royal blood,  
Yet Pierpont never gets in wrong,  
With kings his name is never mud,  
J. Pierpont has a substitute  
That wins with royalty, you bet,  
Its plain, unvarnished name is loot;  
It lands him in the upper set.  
For kings who may not look the part  
Are often bright enough to know  
That ruling is a gentle art  
Where titles count for less than dough,  
And so they take him home to dine  
And slyly ask him for a tip,  
They know that in the ruling line  
He sure has got them on the hip.

# Told at the Dinner Hour

## The Wedding Ring

BY T. A. MAJOR.

My cousin went in partnership with an odd fellow. But where your treasure is there is your heart also; he had a yearning for another kind of partnership for he had not stifled the green herb of love in his heart. Accordingly visions of the ring soon to be bought flitted through his consciousness. I tried to talk him out of it; told him that under the existing system of interest, rent and profit, marriage was a luxury for all but those who had got in right. "Not that I want to stifle the green herb of love in your heart, Tom, but you know that after you're dead its simply a case of halos and harps for two, please and kindly step this way."

I should have known better than to talk this way to a fellow with an obsession like Tom. I might have known it would have proved unavailing, for man never sought for his God with anything like the same intensity he sighs for his mate. So into a jeweler's shop we went. "What have you in the line of wedding rings?" he asked.

The clerk showed him. "Are these eighteen onions fine?" continued Tom.

"You mean eighteen carats fine," I interjected.

"There I know it was some kind of vegetable," he responded.

At length, he bought a \$70 ring for \$54. We departed from the shop and I supposed the incident was closed. Not so. Lurking suspicious that everything wasn't exactly on the square became realities in his mind.

"Now then Richard," he said to me, "I want you to go into the next jeweler's shop and see if they have any rings just like this and if so how much." I did so. The dealer told me that he didn't have anything exactly like that but he had a ring with a stone in it a trifle heavier for \$90.

But Tom wasn't satisfied so he conducted me to the nearest pawn broking establishment.

"Now see what this dub will offer for it," he added, his voice choked with emotion.

"Tom," said I, "so much had you ought to know already that pawn brokers prefer customers that have no

redeeming qualities." But the broker fumbled with his eye glass, found fault with the diamond for not being of the first water and finished by saying that he would give 35 or 40 dollars for it depending upon how long I wanted to use the money. I told him I wasn't so hard up as to sell it for a trifle like that and returned Tom Penny Wise his ring.

After his suspicions about the ring were allayed he began to suspect the girl of this, that and the other thing. He even hinted to Emma that he had a vague feeling that she loved "Chub" Larsen more. Of course he was jilted as no self respecting American girl would stand for any morbid suspicions like that.

He finally went back to the dealer from whom he bought the ring and exchanged it for cuff buttons.

Some years afterward I met him in the Latin Quarter in Paris and in course of our conversation, I asked, "Tom, what was the happiest moment of your life?"

"Richard, me bye, it was when I exchanged the engagement ring for a pair of sleeve-links."

Was he disillusioned? It is up to you to say.

## Quite a Bad Case

BY B. H. MALLORY.

They were discussing a certain crusty old citizen of the town.

"He's the most contrary old reprobate I ever saw," said one.

"Contrary," echoed another, "well I should say he was, why he's so contrary that if his head itched, he'd scratch his leg."

## It's Coming, Boys

BY W. L. BLAKE

Bill Davis was a Socialist. He was the organizer of the local club. During the last spring elections through the west, Davis kept a sharp eye on the returns. One noon of election day he came into the shop, and strolling slowly down the aisles of machinery he saw a group of men talking baseball. Davis went to a window not far away from the group, and leaned out for a couple of minutes, evidently getting a breath

of fresh air before the growler called him to toil. Suddenly he jumped up and down shouting:

"It's coming, boys! It's coming!"

Every one rushed over to the windows to see what was "coming." Davis pulled a paper from his pockets and shouted:

"It's coming, boys! Socialism is coming! They've just got Flint, Mich."

## Where He Would Find Him

BY B. H. MALLORY.

After buying a plug of tobacco from Jones, the storekeeper in a little western town, an old Indian asked for a receipt for his money. Jones told him he would not need a receipt, but the big chief insisted. After some argument the storekeeper finally wanted to know why he was so anxious for a receipt.

"Well, you see," was the reply, "some day me die, me go happy hunting ground. Big Spirit say, 'you been good injun?' I say 'yes.' He say 'you pay all your debts?' I say 'yes.' He say 'How 'bout that plug tobacco you buy from Jones, you pay for him?' I say 'yes.' He say 'Let me see your receipt.' Then if I no got receipt I have to go looking all over hell for you."

He got his receipt.

## The Epitaph

BY LOUIS A. STANLEY.

On a certain farm in the West, two hens died on the same day. The youngest boy in the family (about twelve years old) was called upon to bury them.

The next day, while passing through the field I saw a board standing up bearing this inscription:

"Here lies two hens, side by side. The blasted fools took sick and died."

If God did not exist, it would be necessary to invent Him.—Voltaire.

# Irvine's New Book!

ALEXANDER IRVINE always writes his life into his books. Since few men have lived through as interesting experiences as he, his books are always interesting. His latest book, "The Magyar," altho' cast in novel form, is the story of Irvine's experiences in exposing peonage and the horrible penal system of the south. He has produced a book that you will want to read if you have red blood and a passion for human justice.

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The Beginning of the Landlord System



Note—Of all the singers of the anti-slavery crusade none were so revolutionary, in the broad sense of the word, attacking the economic system that bred poverty as Lowell. After the war his verse of revolt ceased. But what he had written in early days remains an armory from which Socialists may obtain many a keen weapon to use in the warfare upon Capitalism.

Hunger and Cold

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Sisters two, all praise to you,  
With your faces pinched and blue;  
To the poor man you've been true  
From of old:  
You can speak the keenest word,  
You are sure of being heard.  
From the point you're never stirred,  
Hunger and cold!

Let sleek statesmen temporize;  
Palsied are their shifts and lies  
When they meet your bloodshot eyes,  
Grim and bold;  
Policy you set at naught,  
In their traps you'll not be caught,  
You're too honest to be bought,  
Hunger and Cold!

Bolt and bar the palace door;  
While the mass of men are poor,  
Naked truth grows more and more  
Uncontrolled;  
You had never yet, I guess,  
Any praise for bashfulness,  
You can visit Sans court-dress,  
Hunger and cold!

While the music fell and rose,  
And the dance reeled to its close,  
Where her round of costly woes  
Fashioned strolled,  
I beheld with shudder'ng fear  
Wolves' eyes through the windows peer;  
Little dream they you are near,  
Hunger and Cold!

When the toiler's heart you clutch,  
Conscience is not valued much,  
He reck's not a bloody smutch  
On his gold;  
Everything to you defers,  
You are potent reasoners,  
At your whisper treason stirs,  
Hunger and Cold!

Rude comparisons you draw,  
Words refuse to sate your maw,  
Your gaunt limbs the cobweb law  
Cannot hold;  
You're not clogged with foolish pride,  
But can seize a right denied;  
Somehow God is on your side,  
Hunger and Cold!

You respect no hoary wrong  
More for having triumphed long;  
Its past victims, haggard throng,  
From the mould  
You unbury; swords and spears  
Weaker are than poor men's tears,  
Weaker than your silent years,  
Hunger and Cold!

Let them guard both hall and bower;  
Through the window you will glower,  
Patient till your reckoning hour  
Shall be tolled;  
Cheeks are pale, but hands are red,  
Guileless blood may chance be shed,  
But ye must and will be fed,  
Hunger and Cold!

God has plans man must not spoil,  
Some were made to starve and toil,  
Some to share the wine and oil,  
We are told;  
Devil's theories are these,  
Stifling hope and love and peace,  
Framed your hideous lusts to please,  
Hunger and Cold!

Scatter ashes on thy head,  
Tears of burning sorrow shed,  
Earth! and be by Pity led  
To Love's fold;  
Ere they block the very door  
With lean corpses of the poor,  
And will hush for naught but gore,  
Hunger and Cold!

Readings in Literature

BY WILLIAM MAILLY

Corporal Punishment and the Child

From the Century of the Child, by Ellen Key.

It is not alone the question of child labor that reveals the low standpoint taken by the civil authorities of Europe, but it is proved also by the introduction of corporal punishment. Corporal punishment is as humiliating for him who gives it as for him who receives it; it is ineffective besides. Neither shame nor physical pain have any other effect than a hardening one, when the blow is delivered in cold blood long after the act occasioning it has been done. Most of the victims are so accustomed to blows already that the physical effect is little or nothing, but they awaken feelings of detestation against a society which so avenges its own faults.

If the soul of the child is sensitive, corporal punishment can produce deep spiritual torment, as was the case with Lars Kruse, the hero of Skagen, who some years ago met his death by drowning. Everybody knows his story from the fine account of him given by the Danish poet, Drachmann. Lars, in his childhood, had taken a plank, a piece of driftwood, and sold it. For this he was condemned to be punished. Till late in life, what he had suffered was ever present with him. He was not ashamed of his action but of his punishment—a punishment which embittered the whole life of a really great character.

The blows administered by society are inflicted on children whose poverty and neglected education are in most cases responsible for their faults. The victims, often emaciated by hunger, and trembling with shame or terror, can ex-

perience no spiritual emotion fit to be the basis of moral shame.

If the statistics of the life-history of those who are so disciplined were revealed, we should find that the majority come from, and return to, a home where the mother as a result of working out of the home, is hindered from caring for her children. They have suffered from the custom of sleeping together, the result of overcrowded dwellings, with its demoralizing influence. It may be the child has commenced to make his living on the street as messenger, cigar picker, or newspaper boy, or has been engaged in such like occupations, and so in his immediate neighborhood has seen the luxuriant living of the upper classes, which he strives to imitate. Hardly a week passes that the street youngster does not read about the embezzlements, fraudulent acts in the capitalistic classes, frequently committed by grey-headed men, whose childish impressions go back to the good old time, on whom the lax education of the present could not have any influence. No day passes in which he does not see how the representatives of the upper classes, old and young alike, satisfy their desires for pleasure. But from the child of the tenement and the street, people expect Spartan virtue or try to thrash it into him. It is hard to say which is greater here, stupidity or savagery.

While the upper classes show that they are crude, immoderate, lazy, devoted to enjoying themselves; while the majority are aiming at getting and spending money; while so many are able to eat without working, and so few can find work who look for it; while careless luxury lives side by side with careless necessity, the upper class has not the shadow of right to expect an improved lower class. The society of the present day creates and maintains a social system whose effects are notorious in the economic crimes of the upper and lower class alike.



"Busting the Trust" in the Jungle