

THE COMING 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

FOOLING THE FOOLERS



THE government's slap stick case against the Steel Trust was filed just before one election. The trial of it will begin just before another.

One not lulled to perennial slumber might see something worth noting in such a fact. Also in this:

The news of the suit was released on an afternoon just after the Stock Exchange closed. The next day 710,000 shares of steel stock were traded in on the exchange. The price dropped from 56 to 50. Gentlemen that had sold short made a huge killing. At 50 they began to load up again for another.

Wise gentlemen. When the government's suit was entered against Standard Oil the price of Standard Oil stock fell from 565 to 560. When the government's suit against Standard Oil was decided by the Supreme Court the price of Standard Oil stock rose from 675 to 679.

When the government's suit was entered against the American Tobacco Company the price of American Tobacco stock fell from 295 to 280. When the government's suit against American Tobacco was decided by the Supreme Court the price of American Tobacco stock rose from 484 to 500.

It was time to make another big killing and Steel stood next on the list.

The universal opinion among the gentlemen that play these games is that the public does not understand them.

No doubt they are clever games and the time was when they worked perfectly. In very recent times, however, we have developed another that promises to be more successful. It is called "Fooling the Foolers" and if you will listen attentively to the general run of comment on the Steel suit you may gather that it is already becoming fairly popular.

* * *

The government is suing in a civil procedure to dissolve the Steel Trust. What for?

On the ground that it has violated the Sherman Anti-Trust law by maintaining a restraint of trade.

There was a steamer lying in the river at New Orleans. The members of three labor unions, the Dock and Cotton, the Longshoremen's and Coalheavers' refused to load this vessel because it was manned by scabs.

Proceedings were brought against the presidents of these unions on the ground that they had violated the Sherman Anti-Trust law by maintaining a restraint of trade.

Civil proceedings? Not quite. These men were accused of a crime, convicted and sentenced to prison.

Their restraint of trade affected one ship; the restraint of trade maintained by the Steel Trust affects 95,000,000 people.

Therefore it is right and just that the labor union presidents should be punished with imprisonment and the gentlemen of the stock market should not be punished at all.

Particularly when you reflect that the law was never designed to reach labor unions, but only designed to reach business combinations like the Steel Trust.

After contemplating this for a time you might read Mr. Taft's lamentations that the law is not always enforced upon the rich as upon the poor.

He says that the trouble is in the slowness of the courts. Well, he ordered his Attorney General to bring this suit against the Steel Trust. Knowing perfectly well



what had happened at New Orleans why did he not order the same kind of proceedings against the rich Steel Trust owners as against the penniless labor union presidents?

Fake in one; fake in all.



THE COST OF OVERCAPITALIZATION

When the Steel Trust was formed its capitalization was \$1,180,000,000 on property worth one-third that sum.

To make profits on that enormous over-capitalization it was obliged to grind the public on one side and its employees on the other.

One of its first steps was to destroy as many as possible of the unions in its shops. The next was to make its employees work long hours for little pay, usually twelve hours a day for two weeks and then twenty-four hours at a stretch when the shifts were turning from day work to night work.

The public was gouged in many ways, but that which most vitally concerned it was the impaired quality of the steel rails produced.

Because of this the number of railroad accidents greatly increased.

In winter on one stretch of double track 150 miles long the number of broken rails average 600 a month, chiefly because of the poor quality of the steel.

If the prosecution of the United States Steel Corporation were anything but a fraud it would put Judge Gary on the stand and ask him to produce the letter that President Brown of the New York Central once wrote to him on this subject.

The country would then be provided with a bigger sensation than it has had in many a day and at the same time could begin to see just what an over-capitalized trust means for the public safety and welfare, and how we take our lives in our hands when we travel on an American railroad.

There will be no demand for this letter nor will practical railroad men be summoned to tell of the trouble bad steel has made for them, nor of its increased dangers to life and limb, nor how the accidents mount up, nor why. There will be no effort to show how that over-capitalization is supported by the blood and sweat of overworked toilers on one hand and rotten rails on the other. Both are matters of the utmost importance to the public and pertinent to this inquiry, but they will be deftly concealed at this trial.

They might cause General Discontent.

Give up your lives that there may be fat dividends on watered stock, and do it cheerfully and without discontent; for such, as you know, is your duty.



THE POISONED NEWS SUPPLY

Let me show you now something about this daily press of ours on which we are accustomed to rely for our information about things.

On the night of October 22 the Associated Press sent out a despatch of about a thousand words that purported to give an account of a race war at Coweta, Okla.

According to this account armed negroes were marching upon the town from all directions intending to surround it and kill all the white people in it, because in some brawl that day a negro had been killed. The white men of Coweta were represented as having locked up their women folks in their houses and to be de-

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terminated to sell their lives dearly in defense of their homes.

This story appeared on the first page of or prominently placed in most of the New York morning newspapers, the conspicuous exception being the *Daily Call*. In these journals it was adorned with sensational headlines and given every aspect of verity and importance.

Every telegraph editor that handled it knew it was a fake.

Every night editor that made up the page that contained it knew that it was a fake.

Every managing editor that examined the night editor's schedule knew that it was a fake.

Any normal man that had been six months in the newspaper business would have known that it was a fake.

Yet knowing it to be a fake, every one of the men in charge of these New York morning newspapers (except the *Daily Call*) served it up to their readers.

And here was the key to the fake that if there had been no other sign would have warned instantly: every newspaper man that knew so much as a fragment of his business:

"One negro woman set out on foot for Red Bird, a negro town near here, declaring she would bring every negro in the settlement back with her. Officers followed her, but failed to catch her."

And upon these two sentences alone was built the entire story of armed negroes marching on Coweta determined to put everybody to death. I say nothing about the knowledge that every experienced newspaper man must possess that armed negroes do not march upon towns and take them; I say nothing about the other signs that this was a pipe dream. I point merely to the one act that I print here and say to you that the minute he saw those lines every newspaper man capable of holding his job five days knew that the story was imagination.

The public did not know this. The public accepted it at face value, and in the mind of nine men in every ten that read it there was formed a certain impression about the lawlessness of negroes that will linger for years. All from a pipe.

* * *

This instance happens to be one that is easily and clearly demonstrable; essentially it does not differ from many other items that every day you read in your newspapers and allow to influence your faith and judgment.

Three in every four of them are untrue in whole or in part. At least one-half of the fakes contain keys like the foregoing that to the experienced newspaper man instantly reveal their character. They are printed, nevertheless, and the only active concern that is manifested about them is over their possible relation to the libel law.

In other words, newspaper honesty is a commercial proposition.

Most newspaper men, whatever they may pretend, know this quite well. Long custom has inured them to a condition that on sober reflection they would abhor. Their employment is to print matter that will cause their newspapers to be sold. Whether the matter be true or untrue is not within their province except so far as it may affect the sales of the newspaper; which is a very remote contingency. Untrue matter will sell as readily as true. Whether true or false certain kinds of matter will cause sales, and there you are.

I can recall now a libel suit in which a New York Newspaper printed a manifest fake that happened to reflect upon a certain business firm. The chief executive that passed the story was asked on the witness stand whether he did not know that the story was untrue. He admitted that he felt instinctively it was false. Thereupon he was asked with great indignation why he printed it.

"Because," he replied calmly, "it was none of my business. I was steering on a policy laid down to me by the owners. They wanted this sort of thing because it was useful to them. I was hired to give them what they wanted. I wasn't hired to pick out fakes."

Being now questioned as to how he recon-

ciled these proceedings with his conscience he said:

"A newspaper man has two consciences. If left to himself he wouldn't print lies any more than he would tell them. That is one conscience. He isn't left to himself. Certain instructions are given to him by which he must abide. As a rule he is expected to produce results and sell newspapers. To be true to his employment he must print certain kinds of matter that he doesn't like. That is his other conscience."

True. I add that he usually puts the first to sleep as soon as he enters the office.

Otherwise he would lose his job.

These are the facts. Yet you read newspaper stuff seven days a week and believe it. You wouldn't if you had ever been behind the scenes and watched its preparation.

I can assure you positively of that.



"THE REAL CAUSES OF COMPLAINT"

Mr. Taft has been thinking again. In spite of many demonstrations that whenever he loosens that mighty engine of his mind it is practically certain to turn up something startling he has had no more consideration for the nerves of the country than to let go with it once more.

This time he has been thinking about "Socialists and Anarchists," also the judiciary.

"I sometimes feel," he says, "that those that oppose the present society, Socialists and Anarchists, and those who belong to the party of General Discontent ought to employ lawyers to find out the real cause they complain against."

Wonderful, revolutionary far-reaching discovery! And how very true it is when you come to think about it! We have never realized it before, but that's the very thing we want—lawyers. Here you, John Smith, on your way to the foundry this morning, drop in and see lawyer Windjammer. Your wife has been complaining for three years because sugar gets dearer and meats are becoming a luxury and potatoes cost as much as peaches and bacon is three times as high as it used to be. You think that you have here a cause of complaint? Nothing of the kind. Hire a good lawyer and he will show you that an increase in the cost of living is a blessing, not a curse.

Again, your rent is twice as much as it was seven years ago, perhaps? Go to the lawyer; he can explain all that to you. Your clothes and the good wife's clothes and the children's clothes all cost a great deal more than they used to cost? Do not complain; go and see the lawyer. Every month you must pinch and scrimp a little more to make the wages cover the bills? That is all right; just tell it to your lawyer and see how your mind will be relieved. Your expenses go up, but your wages remain stationary? A little legal counsel will enable you to endure all that. You create wealth and other men possess it? Lawyer Windjammer can show you how this is for the good of your soul. Perhaps you are out of work? The lawyer will not find you a job, but he can show you that you have no cause for complaint.

All this seems perfectly clear to me. It is novel, of course; it upsets us all; but it is sound. What we want is a lawyer; that is beyond doubt. But what puzzles me a little is that this large, good man should think that there is any general discontent in this country. How can that be?

How can anyone be discontented in a land where the cost of living increases four times as fast as the average wages?

How can anyone be dissatisfied where fifteen per cent of the people own all the wealth and possess all the opportunities?

How can there be discontent where the number of the unemployed is great and steadily increasing?

How can anyone find fault with a country where pauperism increases five times as fast as the total population, crime three times as

fast, insanity seven times as fast? Where the slums grow, tuberculosis thrives, and the overwhelming majority of the population sinks steadily to lower standards of living? Where only the children of a small group of the fortunate have any chance to be educated, to possess knowledge, culture, joy or even sufficiency; to be anything all their days but patient drudges making money for others?

How can the low, ignorant populace be discontented in a country where the government is possessed and administered by and for the fortunate? How can anyone question the wisdom of the arrangement by which the Bank Trust monopolizes our money supply and the Beef Trust monopolizes our food supply? How can anyone doubt that our masters know what is best for us and if they ride on our backs that is what God gave us backs for?

Why should workingmen be dissatisfied in a country where they have the privilege of being maimed or killed in the service of our masters and know there will be no compensation for their injuries? How can they possibly object to conditions under which one of their number can be seized, kidnaped, dragged across the country and tried for his life before a court determined to convict him? How can they fail to admire a country where the courts join hands with the employers to crush out the pernicious labor unions? Where injunctions make striking a crime and workingmen are sentenced to imprisonment without the formality of a trial?

Discontent! Well I should say not. Our noble president has been misinformed. There is no discontent here. Everybody is perfectly satisfied. How could the case be otherwise amid these lovely and entrancing conditions? The only chance for discontent that I can see lies in the president's latest idea about hiring lawyers. I have not yet had the pleasure of encountering many lawyers that were willing to give their counsel for nothing. And if the American workingman cannot earn enough to keep up with the butcher bill, how can he come by the means to secure that invaluable legal advice thus so eloquently commended to him? Looks as if there was a hitch here, doesn't it, O Stranded Whale? Until the mighty engine of your mind gets ready to work again I fear there may be a little discontent. This thing of hiring lawyers to remedy the empty larder is so fascinating and reasonable that I fear some of us may be discontented until we can put it into practice.



RAILROAD SLAUGHTER HOUSE

At a railroad crossing at Neenah, Wis., the other day, a train struck an outing party in a hay wagon and killed eleven and maimed nine.

Two weeks before at the same crossing a father, mother and two children had been killed, and in eight years the death list of that one spot is twenty-four.

It is a place excellently and ingeniously contrived for the killing of people. The crossing is at an acute angle and a long bill board and some other useful obstructions completely hide the trains.

Needless to say the crossing is unguarded. This is America.

I don't know why Crazy Horse and his band clamor for war. The American railroad is far more efficient in keeping down the surplus population.

* * *

The day after the latest killing at Neenah I was at a hotel in Hastings, Minn. At dinner the table was filled with a variety of male persons busily discussing the accident. One after another they took a hack at the driver of the hay wagon. Fool! Why didn't he stop, and get out and make sure there was no train about? The fault was all his.

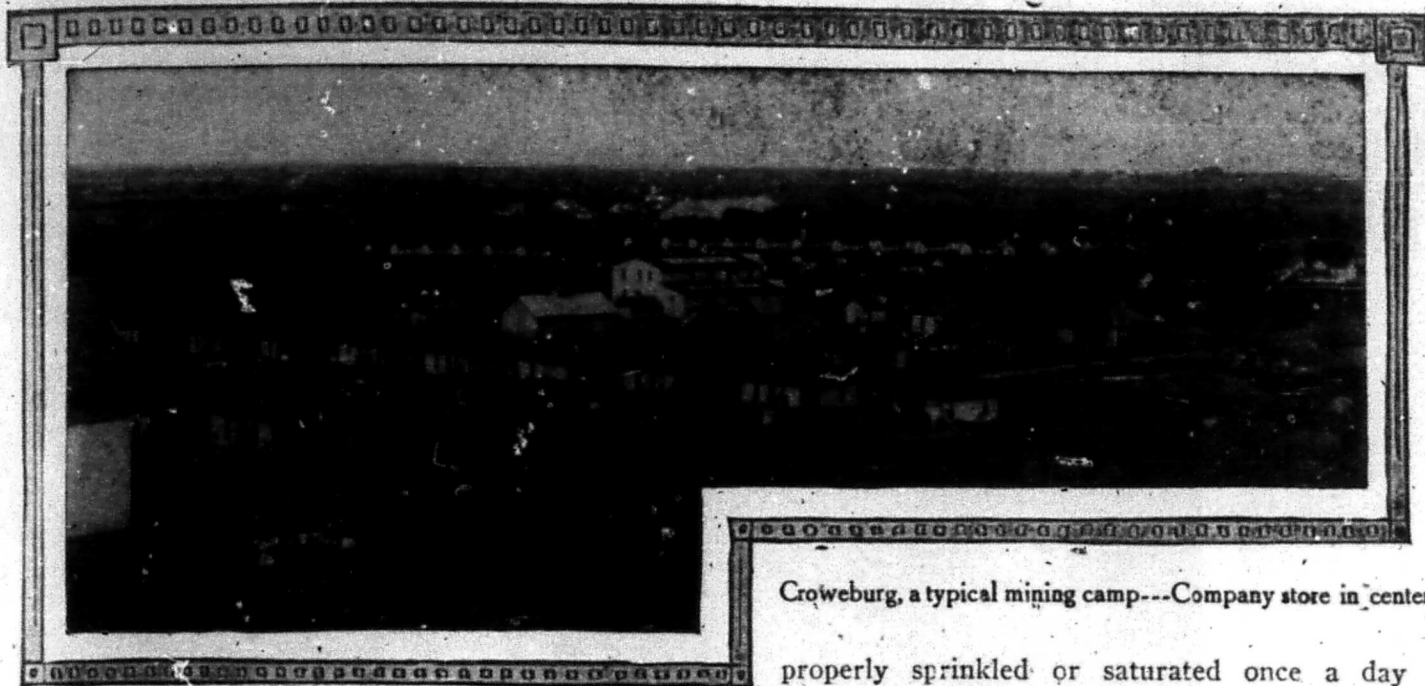
At last a quiet little man down in the corner piped up and said:

"How would it do for the railroad company to make that crossing safe?"

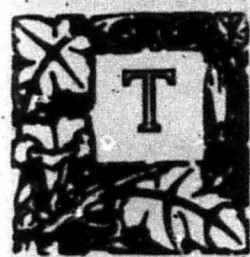
Silence fell upon the assembly. Americans, you know. They had never thought of such a thing.

Mining Coal and Maiming Men

By May Wood-Simons



Croweburg, a typical mining camp---Company store in center



THE mining laws of the state of Kansas are constantly violated. Notwithstanding the vigilance of the miners' union and the mine inspector not one of the mines into which something like fifteen thousand miners go daily in the southeast district of the state, complies with the requirements of the law protecting the lives and health of the men. Every morning thousands of men face maiming and death underground and each day takes its toll of at least one injured in accidents that could have been prevented had the state mining laws been enforced.

Recently the state officials have been greatly exercised over the enforcement of the prohibition law and the closing of "blind pigs." It has even been intimated that the troops would be called out to enforce the prohibition law if necessary. Numerous officials have been sent to gather evidence as to the infringement of the law. The county jail has been crowded with liquor dealers and one county attorney ousted because he was not zealous enough in enforcing the prohibition law. Well and good.

Two Kinds of Law Enforcement

ON Labor Day the writer, speaking on the platform with Governor Stubbs of Kansas, asked the governor publicly why he did not see that the laws protecting the miners were similarly enforced, and why the directors of mining companies were not inmates of the county jail along with liquor dealers. The governor replied that he would see that the laws were enforced. He has not yet seen fit to send a single man to investigate conditions in the mines.

The present mine inspector, Leon Besson, was recently appointed. He began at once an active inspection of the mines. In a certain mine he discovered a dangerous rock hanging over the driveway. He instructed the mine boss to have the rock made safe. The boss refused to do this and ordered the drivers to proceed under the rock. The drivers would not drive under the rock and were discharged. Inspector Besson secured a warrant for the arrest of the boss to test whether he had not the right to enforce the law of the state in the mines.

Then appeared the strange contradiction in the working of the law. Not only did the boss under arrest fail to appear in court, but the county attorney also was absent without informing either the court or the inspector. Not only is the law disregarded by the mine operators, but every obstacle is put in the way of an inspector who attempts to secure safety for the men.

Lawless Killing of Miners

THE law of the state reads that, "Every road on which persons travel underground where coal is drawn by mules and other power shall be provided at intervals of not more than thirty feet with sufficient manholes for places of refuge." No such manholes are to be found and within a few weeks John Johnson was crushed to death at Frontenac because there was no place provided for him to escape when the trip came down on him.

The law provides that the road in mines shall be

properly sprinkled or saturated once a day and oftener if necessary and directs the manner in which break-throughs shall be constructed. These laws are practically never observed. All steam boilers used in and around the mines are, according to the law, to be inspected every six months. This law is constantly disregarded.

There is a provision in the mining laws that all loose coal, slate and rock over head shall be secured against falling in upon the traveling ways.

The ghastly number of deaths from fall of rock is due to the violation of this law, and it is a violation of this law in Mine No. 5 of the Sheridan Coal Company that has just been tried in court by the mine inspector, and a conviction of the mine boss secured.

Former Attorney General Jackson of the state of



Italian miner recovering from typhoid in a company shack

Kansas has ruled that coal mining is not a dangerous occupation. Boys of fourteen may, therefore, go into the mines to work. There are three hundred boys between the ages of fourteen and sixteen working in the mines of the state. Kansas has a child labor law. It reads: "No person under sixteen years of age shall be employed at any occupation nor at any place dangerous or injurious to life, limb, health, or morals."

Open Letter

Gov. W. R. Stubbs, Topeka, Kan.

Dear Sir: You will recall that on last Labor Day at Columbus, I instanced to you the open violation of the mining laws by the mine owners in this district and contrasted the activity of the state officials in their efforts to enforce the prohibition law with their apparent blindness to violation of the mining laws.

According to press reports, after I left the speaker's stand, you made the statement that if my violation of the law could be shown that you would prosecute the offenders.

I am transmitting to you herewith a copy of an article by me appearing in the current number of the COMING NATION setting forth a list of violations that are continuous, flagrant, and murderous. Largely through the disregard of law one person is killed or crippled each day in the mines of this district.

I do this not because I feel that it is in any sense my duty to act as an investigator for the state in this regard, and feeling sure that if a very small amount of the money and energy that has been spent in hiring investigators and special prosecutors to enforce the law against the sale of alcoholic liquors were expended in assisting the very able and efficient factory inspector, Mr. Leon Besson, in enforcing the laws designed to save the lives of miners that there would be no difficulty in procuring evidence and securing convictions that would save the lives and limbs of hundreds of miners during the next few years.

In drawing this contrast between the activity with which one set of laws is enforced and another disregarded I do not wish to criticize the efforts at enforcement of the liquor laws. I thoroughly recognize the evils which the prohibition law is designed to remove and sympathize with its enforcement. However, the very energy and efficiency so evident in the one direction but emphasizes the laxness and indifference in relation to the other.

It would seem to me that the facts presented in this article, which are based upon the most careful personal observation, would justify you in making at least as great an effort to enforce the mining laws as you have made to enforce other legislation.

Yours respectfully,

MAY WOOD SIMONS.

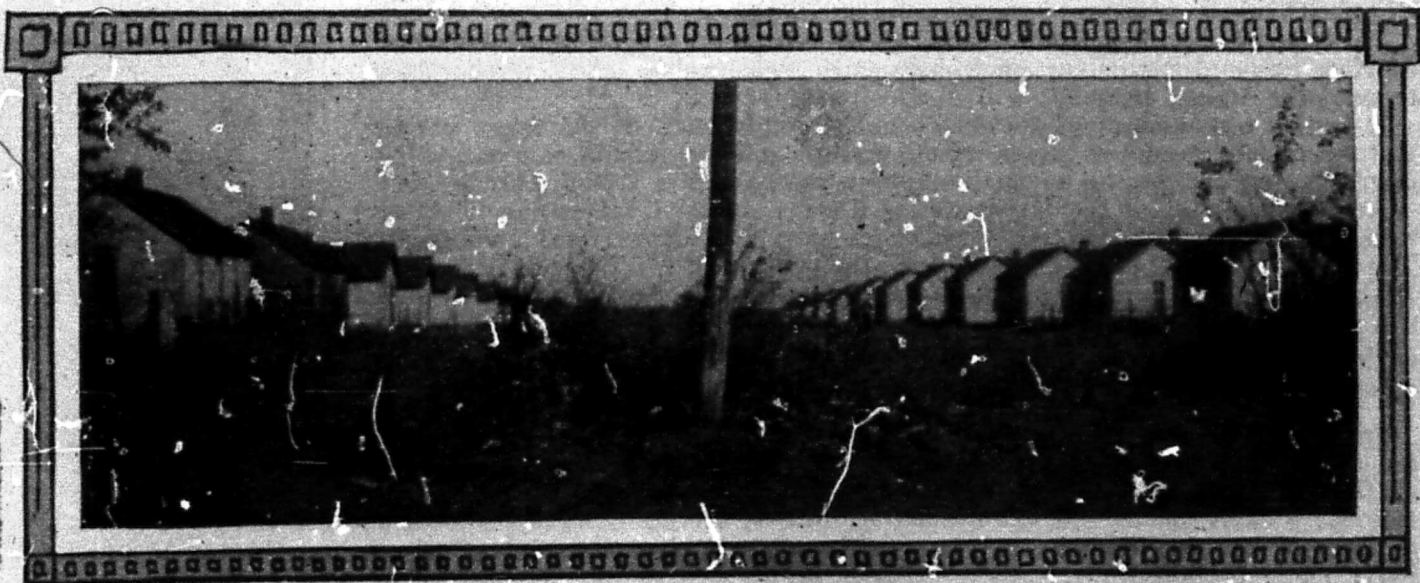
Girard, Kan., Nov. 3, 1911.

Mining Not Dangerous

WHEN the United Mine Workers of the state, in their effort to keep boys under sixteen out of the mines, contended that mining is a dangerous occupation the attorney general ruled against them.

If coal mining is not a dangerous occupation it is difficult to say what a dangerous occupation would be. A recent list of accidents filed in the office of the mine inspector of the southeast district of Kansas shows the following among scores of others.

John Silva, Sheridan Coal Co., shot-firer. Skull



Street in a mining camp---Sans grass, trees or walks



Better class of Kansas miners' cabins

fractured and face and head cut. Killed while tamping a shot. John Cornelio, Mine 9, Cherokee and Pittsburg Coal Co. Killed by a fall of rock. Back and neck broken.

Baptist Silva, Mine 15, Sheridan Coal Co. Shot-firer. Killed. Joe Krosel, Mine 15, M., K. T. Coal Co. Age 16. Killed by a fall of rock while mining out a shot.

Antone Hoffer, Mine 15, Western Coal and Mining Co. Back broken from fall of rock.

Ben Giamalva, Mine 17, Weir Coal Co. Injured by fall of rock. Arm broken and severe scalp wounds.

Gabriele Moricani, Mine 11, Cherokee and Pittsburg Coal Co. Seriously burned.

James Cahill, Mine 6, Mayer Coal Co. Seriously burned. The mine had no fire-boss and gas was lighted by a rock falling on the miner's lamp.

John Micca, Mine 1, Mineral. Killed by a fall of rock.

If these records do not prove mining a dangerous occupation then there are no dangerous occupations. In the face of the statement of the mine inspector that there is not a day that some miner is not killed or injured in the district the attorney general of the state has rendered a decision that boys of fourteen may engage in mining because it is not, in his opinion, dangerous to life, limb, or health.

Shot-firers who are in greatest danger are mostly single men. This is convenient for the companies as fewer suits will be brought for damages.

With their heavy burden of killed and injured the maimed and widows must fight in the courts for damages or settle with the company for a beggarly sum.

The father of six children was killed in the mine. The widow has received no help from the company and supports her young brood by doing janitor work in the school house.

A crippled girl, whose father was injured in the mine, took a place building fires in the school house for the family's support and was burned to death at her work.

Mines Amid Farms

A population of over fifteen thousand miners of various nationalities, distributed in scores of mining camps, located in the very center of a rich agricultural district, makes mining conditions in southeastern Kansas unique.

Beside the wheat field throbs the engine of a mining shaft and the shacks of French and Italian miners, who have not yet learned the English language, are grouped near the farm houses of some American who settled on government land forty years ago.

Black-faced workmen, just out of the mine, stretch in the shade of the green leaves at the edge of some mammoth cornfield waiting for an electric car. They speak in the soft accents of the Latin races, in the gutters of the Teuton or relate with breezy western abandon incidents at Telluride and Cripple Creek.

Dark-eyed Italian lads dangle their bare feet from the wagon of some farmer of New England descent or generously teach their yankee school teacher how to read the Italian language.

It is this combination of the rural and the industrial, of the farm worker and the closely unionized miner, of old American agriculturists and recent immigrants that creates the unusual condition in the region around Girard, Kan.

At no place west of the Mississippi is there a similar large group of industrial immigrants living in the very midst of a flourishing rural community. The Italians lead all other nationalities. Fully one-half are from Italy. Scotch, Irish and Americans make up the next largest group. Austrians, both Slavic and German speaking, are largely represented. French show a goodly proportion and recent months have seen many negroes brought to the mines.

Shifting Shacks for Homes

Some of the coal towns, located in the center of thick veins, were started twenty years ago and are fairly large mining communities. But a large part of the coal is mined from comparatively new shafts and from veins that are not very thick. Shafts are constantly being sunk and camps being moved. Rickety cabins, such as the miners live in, are easily knocked down and set up again, or put on wheels and moved across country. In one instance, the mule shed of the old camp found itself metamorphosed into miners' shacks in the new camp.

The lands showing richest productive possibilities are in the hands of the railroad companies. The "Frisco," the Missouri Pacific, and the Santa Fe control the coal of southeastern Kansas. The

mines are leased to companies, some located at Kansas City, others at Omaha. Comparatively few mines are owned by private individuals.

No power of the imagination could ever idealize a mining camp into an attractive community. The "camps" of Kansas are not only not attractive but they are the most hideous aggregations to be found anywhere outside West Virginia and Alabama.

Unlike the old mining towns of Illinois they are not fairly permanent settlements. The camp may move in a few years so the buildings are makeshifts for a more or less changing population.

The Rule of the "Company"

The "company" is the all powerful thing in these communities. The "company" holds the mine, the land the shacks are built on, the shacks, the store and the boarding house.

Long rows of gaunt-windowed, weatherbeaten company houses make up the forbidding streets of Croweburg, a typical mining camp. Everything is in the last stages of dilapidation. The houses built of wide rough boards are ceiled on the inside.

Tenements and workingmen's cottages may house other workers in other localities, but the Kansas miner is housed in a "shot-gun" house. For his shack is built like a box car and cut crosswise into three rooms. Coal soot has blackened the walls and ceilings that never knew paint or varnish or

ragged paper flutters from the walls. Rough pine floors with yawning cracks, worn knobby over projecting knots discourage cleanliness in the best of housewives among these miners. Through the broken roof and frail sides the rains ruin the few possessions of the miner's family and drip down on his wretched bed.

For these stable-like shacks the company demands a rental that would be fair rent on city property with sewer connections, water conveniences and other urban improvements. The usual rental for three-roomed cabins is \$6, two-room houses rent for \$4. Some companies extort but \$5 for three-roomed cabins. One-half of the month's rent is held out of the miner's wages at each of the two weeks' pay days. If the unlucky miner is back in his rent through out of work the rent is deducted from his next pay whether there is anything left for food or not.

Hopeless Poverty

At the present time sixty-eight cases are pending in Crawford County brought against the mine operators in the interest of the miners by J. I. Sheppard of Fort Scott for the purpose of recovering the rental that has been collected by the companies for these unsanitary houses, after they had been notified to stop such deductions from the miners' wages. The cases have been started for the purpose of securing repairs on these

houses that could not be secured by the miner in any other way apparently.

Poverty, only rivaled by the worst of city slums, is revealed by a house-to-house visit of these miners' cabins. Number XX Croweburg represents several hundred miners' homes. The sole piece of furniture in the first room was a double bed. There was nothing resembling a carpet on the floor. A bed for the children furnished the second room, a stove, table and three chairs completed the household belongings.

Here are three consecutive houses in Croweburg. Number Z three rooms. Rental \$5. Three children and two adults. Americans. Union miner. Two days' work a week. House bare. Nothing but bed in front room. Woman and children ragged. Number U, three rooms. Husband American.

Wife English. Man mule driver in the mines. Woman ragged. Two or three days' work a week. Bed in front room, and braided rag rug. No other furniture. Two children. Number S,



Shot-gun house, all the rooms and furniture in view



"Condemned to Life"—a new-born baby in miner's cabin



Views of miners' homes



A company store



Home of a "Criminal," an Italian widow who with her two children is now in jail at Girard, for selling beer

three room. Rental \$5. Austrians. Slavic speaking. Five children and two adults. Two days' work per week. Floors bare. Bed ragged. Woman barefooted. House very dilapidated.

Wash day in the mining camp serves only to display to the public the grinding poverty of these people. Their poor, ragged, little, faded belongings gyrate in the wind and taunt their owners with their wretchedness. While their few garments are drying the children, even on the coldest days, run about with almost no clothing. If a child is absent from school some neighbor child promptly informs the teacher that it is wash day. The child must stay at home until its one set of clothing is put through the wash.

"Condemned to life" might well be the judgment of the child born into the miner's cabin. One such child born in one of the camps came to a home too bare and forlorn to describe. The dilapidated bed of the mother, a broken cook stove and board table were the only articles of furniture in the dingy place.

Sickness Adds to Suffering

In some cases families have attempted to buy a lot of the company and have had a building and loan company put up a house. In but two instances was it found that titles to homes had been secured. All others were struggling with installments and facing the probable removal of the camp about as soon as the place was paid for.

It is a matter of no surprise that sickness is always prevalent in the camps. It is traceable to the unsanitary houses, the bad water supply and the underfed, underclothed condition of the children.

"My children have colds and coughs all winter," said one mother. "We cannot keep warm in this place." Coal is sold to the miner at \$1.50 per ton. Delivery costs another fifty cents. About twelve tons are consumed in a year. Small-pox, measles, scarlet fever, typhoid, malarial fever, and pneumonia are common in these mining camps.

At Chambers where the well to provide water has been put at the lowest point in the place thirty-one cases of typhoid were found at one time in a population of less than one hundred and fifty with four sick in a single shack.

The trade union has made the company store less a factor in the camps than it was formerly, but still it has a place. In many camps the men can secure celluloid checks before pay day that are in fact due bills on the company store and can be exchanged for goods, but if cash is wanted on the checks the miner finds them discounted ten and twenty-five per cent. Prices at the company store are higher than in the nearby towns and with the present high prices generally the living of the miner is made doubly precarious. The miner's wife does not know the price of meat by the pound. She never buys it that way. Ten and fifteen-cent bits with soup bones are the usual purchases. A school youngster at Dunkirk wrote an essay on cows. It began, "The meat of a cow is called soup-bone."

No Escape From Rent

Miners who remain single do not dodge rent through that means. The company owns a boarding house in many camps. This it rents to some person to run. The miners pay \$5 per week for board while the lessee pays a dollar a month to the company for each boarder to secure from the company a guarantee that it will hold the board money in case a miner is inclined to leave. This is in addition to the rent paid for the boarding house.

The company doctor is another appendage of the mining community. One dollar a month is paid to him by each miner who so desires or can be persuaded to do so, who then receives indifferent medical attendance. In accidents to miners the doctor is always a tool of the company. So serious are most of the accidents that these doctors cannot handle the cases and men with their faces horribly burned, their arms torn out of their sockets, their backs broken and heads and faces gashed, are seen constantly suffering hideous agony as they go miles on the electric cars to the nearest hospital.

Chronic Unemployment

The mining community centers around the mine and the conditions in the mine determine all else. The mines of Kansas are seriously overmanned. Since the use of oil burners has been brought in by the railroads the supply of coal mined has been proportionately decreased and with the mining population at its present numbers the companies can mine all the coal needed by running two or three days a week. Or the men may go six days a week

into the mine, but have a short run. That is, the number of cars to be filled will be so few that the large number of men underground can fill them in three or four hours and then the work day is over.

Recently a new factor has entered the coal industry. There is much coal near the surface of the ground. Above it there is no layer of rock sufficiently thick to allow the coal to be mined underground. This has created the strip mines. Formerly this work was done by men, but now steam shovels are being put in, each of which displaces thirty-six men. Out of work and irregular work are, therefore, serious problems with these miners.

The past year shows the average wages for miners in this district when working days and out of work days are averaged, to be but seventy-five cents per day. This makes a yearly wage considerably below \$300 and accounts for the desperate poverty among the miners.

The Work of the Union

There is just one social element in the mining camps of Kansas. That is the union and the life that centers in the union hall which is almost always present. Churches are practically unknown in the camps. A few denominations conduct irregular services in the school houses. Many of the miners were formerly Catholics, but the church finds that the poor miner much out of work, has little for church contributions so that he is left alone by both priest and preacher.

gingham dress that had been several times laundered. A few artificial flowers were caught in her hair. The groom had no indication of the event except a white cotton tie. The dance that began that Saturday evening continued until Monday morning. It was a great event in the grey life of the camp.

A bride of five months, a farmer's daughter who had married a miner, told with trembling lips of the dreary life of the camp, and the dread of out of work for her supporter who had but one day's work a week at times. To this little pale-faced wife what should have been the happiest of days was a continual horror.

But there is one thing that makes for social solidarity and co-operative helpfulness in the mining community. That is the union. What ever of benefits the miner has, have been secured by the union. Terrible as are present conditions more than one old miner will say, "Oh if you had been down in this country before the union took hold then you would have seen what men endured."

Almost every camp has a miner's hall. In some places the miners have built their own hall, small, crude, but theirs nevertheless. At Chambers so poverty ridden are the families that they have been able to put up only a shed, cover it with tar paper and saw holes for windows that are closed with board shutters when the place is not occupied. In some camps the hall is just a rented room over the store, but the hall is always to be found somewhere.

Here the union conducts its business, and lectures are held, mostly Socialist lectures, for in this locality to be a union miner is to be a Socialist. The miner's wife and whole family are at these hall meetings. Sometimes it is a social and the miners' wives bring the little contributions to make up a social supper.

Raising Race Prejudice

About a year ago there was a suspension that lasted several months. At Crowburg especially the company brought in negroes in the hope that the suspension would be broken and that the negroes would not enter the union. The company by this means opened up a three-cornered struggle in the camp. Most of the foreign miners, barring the Italians, refused to work with the negroes; there is more or less race feeling between the English-speaking whites and the negroes and the Americans and foreigners. But the negroes went into the union. In fact, the

secretary of one miners' local is a negro who can be found any out of work day carefully checking up the members of his union. Fortunately the union has been the force that has removed the gravest of these antagonisms fostered by the company and has created at least the semblance of solidarity. Without the union the condition would be one of constant race warfare.

The antagonism of the towns, barring such labor organizations as exist in them, toward the miners is often extreme. In the nearby town of Girard much contempt is expressed by the old retired farmer residents for the foreigners and the alleged rough character of the camps. Pious aloofness is assumed. No effort has been made by these dwellers in rural county seats to acquaint themselves with conditions in the camps. Out in the country the farmers' union is taking a more friendly attitude toward the organized miners.

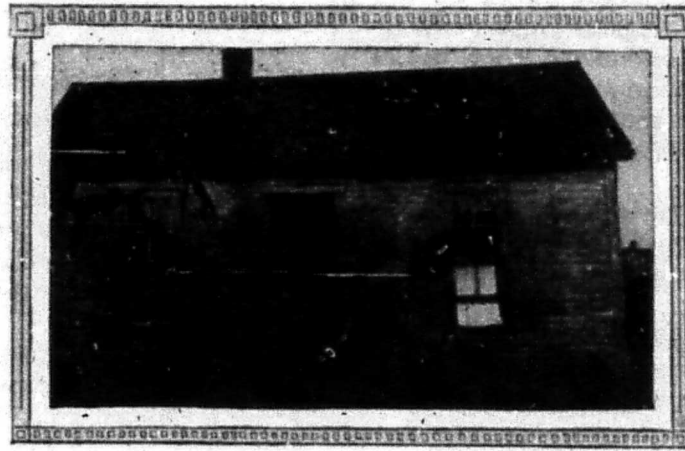
This conglomerate of industrial people has been thrust suddenly down into the midst of one of the oldest settled districts of Kansas, among fairly opulent conservative farmers. So the miners remain apart, an unassimilated group. But that has not prevented them from becoming a power in the locality. Accustomed to act together in their union, radical, untouched by the old traditions of the republican party which has ruled this section in its most conservative form, they decide to elect Socialist officials and presto! It is done. A whole township that without the leaven of the miners would still be "stand pat" passes into Socialist control.

These miners are all naturalized. The republican party attended to that when they first came, for might not foreigners be voted in droves. That was before the republicans understood that these men might have political views of their own. Then they Mr'd Salto the miner. Now he is a hunk.

So it is that in the camp solidarity has spread even farther than the union, and many have elected two or three Socialist officials and one camp, Arma, has every official Socialist.

The miners put a real value on education, and they struggle for good educational opportunities for their

(Continued on page eleven.)



"Home, Sweet Home"



School in a mining camp---Rolla Houghton, teacher, marked x



Rents for \$6 a month---Roof leaks---Suit now in court for repairs

"Amusements! What do we do with ourselves when we are out of work?" shrugged a miner. "Why sit around or start a fight. There is nothing else to do." Even a five-cent moving picture show is a rarity in these camps. When the shafts shut down as they frequently do three days a week the miners sit on the steps of the store or engage in an altercation that occasionally ends in a shooting. The only marvel is that trouble is not more frequent than it is when three or four hundred men are forced into idleness. The fact is that a dejection settles over the camp on its out of work days that is communicated even to casual visitors.

At Chambers the men played cards for celluloid checks. The mine owner objected on moral grounds to gambling with his celluloid checks. The men then secured canned vegetables from the company store and sitting down in front of the store played for vegetables. This was at a time when a fifth of the population of the place was ill from the polluted water furnished by the

company. Recently this same company store has been closed by law because of the filthy condition in which it was kept and eighteen of the suits for recovery of rent on unfit houses are against this same mine owner.

Efforts at Amusement

A guitar in a colored miner's home, an accordion in the hands of an Italian with an occasional phonograph or cheap organ make up the extent of the musical instruments. A marriage sometimes breaks the monotony of the camp. The bride on one occasion was a pretty Austrian girl. She wore a pink

There is But One Labor Party

By J. L. Engdahl

THERE is but one labor party in the United States! That party is the Socialist party! Many times have I heard Socialist delegates close their arguments before organized labor bodies with these exclamations, and each time I heard them it seemed that the arguments advanced sunk deeper into the minds of those who listened.

I did not hear those exclamations, however, or the arguments that usually preceded them, at the convention of the Illinois State Federation of Labor just closed at Springfield, Ill.

There was no need for them. The idea that the Socialist party is the only labor party had become too firmly imbedded in the minds of the men who work in Illinois to meet with any serious opposition.

One year ago, John H. Walker, president of the United Mine Workers of Illinois, introduced a resolution into the convention of the Illinois state federation of labor calling for a referendum on the question of forming a labor party.

The greatest secrecy seems to have surrounded the whole matter during the twelve months that have since elapsed. There have been numerous rumors as to Walker's real intentions.

There are those who claim that Walker wanted to put the matter squarely before labor and have its membership decide once for all on its political future. If the labor party proposition were defeated then the way would be open to the Socialist party.

But Walker is a close friend of John Mitchell, ex-president of the United Mine Workers of America, and until recently head of the trades agreement department of the National Civic Federation at a salary of \$8,000 a year.

There is much to support the belief that a plan to run Mitchell for governor of Illinois as the candidate of the proposed labor party was afoot; which, if successful, would be followed by John Mitchell, as candidate of a National Labor party for president of the United States.

This seemed to be an ambitious project; in fact, it proved to be too ambitious. It met its death in this year's convention of the Illinois State Federation.

The result of the referendum vote was read: 1,795 in favor of a labor party and 3,154 against. When it was shown that the proposition had lost by a vote of 1,359 the delegates to the convention applauded and the entire matter was forgotten.

That the labor party proposition was ignored entirely by the rank and file of Illinois labor is shown by the fact that of more than 800 organizations affiliated with the state federation, only 70 voted. There were only 4,949 votes cast while the Illinois miners alone claim a membership of close to 60,000.

So the labor party proposition was smothered with silence in a state that claims the largest body of organized, toilers in the nation.

It might be said in this respect that as Illinois goes so goes the nation. There will be no national labor party, except the Socialist party; an attempt to start a state labor party has been squelched, and the last municipal labor party of any significance is admitted to have died when Patrick H. McCarthy was defeated for re-election as mayor of San Francisco.

To the intelligent observer, therefore, the future is brighter than ever for a united class conscious working class political movement under the banner of the Socialist party.

It is significant, therefore, that the first real attempt to seriously inaugurate a movement on the part of organized labor to secure uniform labor legislation will be made in Wisconsin, the home of an organized working class that sent 14 men to the state legislature after it had captured a big city and county government.

This move will be started at the convention of the Wisconsin state federation of labor to be held at Sheboygan, Wis., in July, 1912.

It is largely through the efforts of Frederick Brockhausen, secretary of the Wisconsin state federation of labor, spokesman of the Socialist bloc in the badge state legislature and fraternal delegate to the Illinois state federation of labor, that this move got under way.

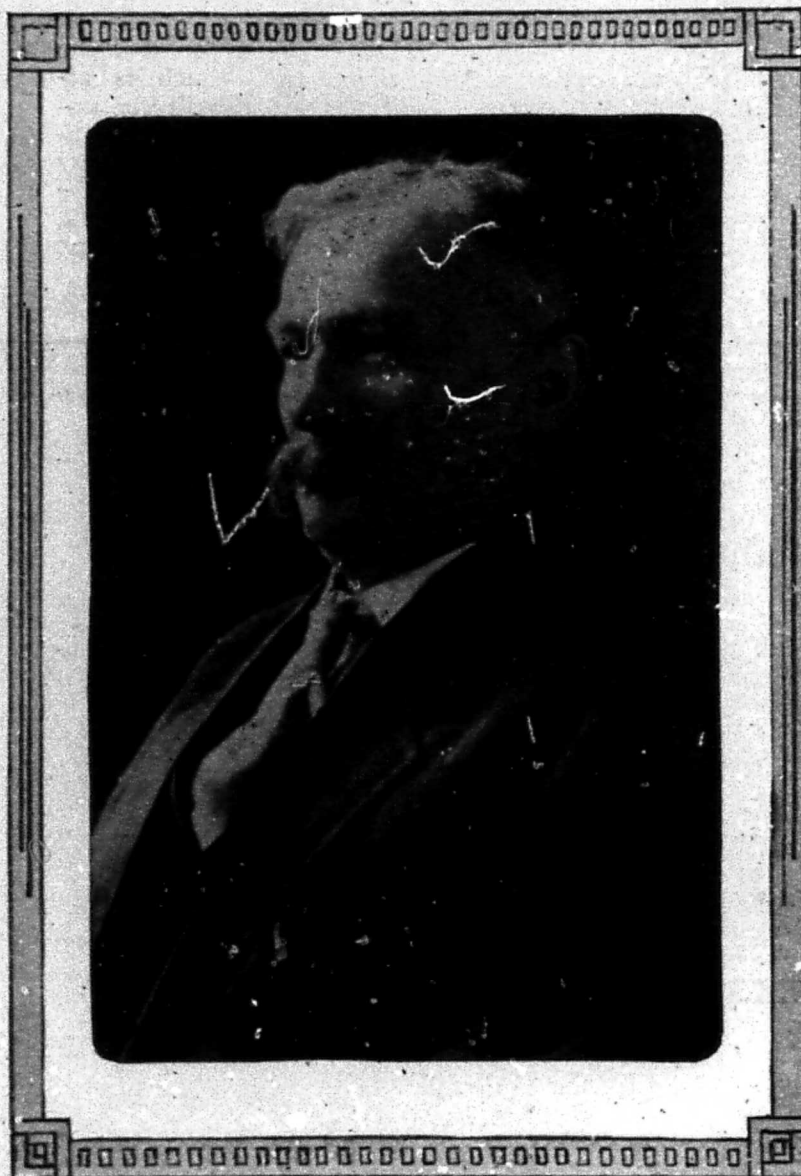
For several years the delegates of the various state labor federations to the conventions of the American Federation of Labor have held meetings

with the hope of bringing about results for the benefit of all.

This happened at Toronto and again at St. Louis. The state delegates met and adjourned; this being the sum and substance of all that was accomplished.

This year it was decided to start something at the Illinois state federation of labor convention by asking fraternal delegates to attend from the adjoining states.

Frederick Brockhausen came from Wisconsin, Harry D. Thomas, from Ohio, Homer F. Waterman, from Michigan, and Nellie Connor, from Missouri. The chairman of the committee on fraternal delegates, appointed by President Edwin R. Wright, of



FRED BROCKHAUSEN

the Illinois state federation was the Socialist, Groce Lawrence, vice president of the Illinois miners.

Three out of these five, Brockhausen, Thomas and Lawrence, are Socialists. It was up to these men of labor to inaugurate a fight that would eliminate the charge of the big employers of the country that legislation favorable to labor in one state hurts business because it gives advantage to employers in similar industries in other states where the legislation is not so favorable to labor.

"If you pass these laws in this state we'll move our factories to some other state," is the threat oft repeated by employers to silence the demands of labor for remedial legislation.

This is but part of the class war. When this defense of the bosses is torn to shreds they will present other defenses. But it is a necessary part of the class war and it is well that it has fallen first to Socialists to accomplish it.

In order to get the work started as soon as possible the matter will again be agitated among the state federation delegates in Atlanta, Ga., in November. Although it is not expected to accomplish much it is hoped that some good will come of it.

The results are expected to come, however, when the state federations, of which there are over 40 in the nation, are appealed to directly to send their delegates to Sheboygan, Wis., in July, 1912.

The strength of this movement will doubtless first be felt in the Mississippi Valley states. With Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Illinois, Missouri, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan and other states as a nucleus, there is no doubt that the movement will rapidly spread in power and extent.

Further ammunition to blast the rugged road of

progress was furnished by the Illinois state federation of labor in the action taken on resolutions directed at the National Civic Federation and the affiliation of labor officials therewith.

Sentiment against this mesalliance of capital and labor has been crystallizing rapidly since Adolph Germer, of Belleville, Ill., secretary-treasurer of Sub-district Six, of the Illinois Mine Workers, introduced a resolution at the Columbus convention of the United Mine Workers of America, in February of this year, denouncing the National Civic Federation as inimical to the interests of labor and demanding that no officials of the miners' union belong to this body.

This resulted soon after in the resignation of John Mitchell from the National Civic Federation. Then came the defeat of James O'Connell for re-election to the International Association of Machinists, by William H. Johnston, a Socialist. At the present time several international labor organizations have referendums out to get the decision of the membership on this question.

The United Mine Workers' delegates have been directed to bring this question before the American Federation of Labor convention, and the delegates of the Western Federation of Miners will doubtless also do something in this direction.

In view of these conditions the Illinois state federation of labor did not pass on the question of the Civic Federation, but directed its delegate, Groce Lawrence, Socialist, elected by a vote of 193 to 75, over his opponent, Charles Gaude, a Chicago brewery worker, to introduce the clause in the resolution referring to this matter, to the A. F. of L. convention.

Two of the men who signed the Civic Federation resolution were James Mullholland and Freeman Thompson, two Socialist miners, delegates from Springfield.

While the Civic Federation clause went to Atlanta, Ga., the remainder of the resolution passed the convention, and therein is found some of the satisfaction that the Socialists got out of it.

In addition to denouncing and refusing membership to its officials in the chloroform project of Morgan, Carnegie, Seth Low, etc., the resolution also denounced those officials of labor who belong to any chamber of commerce, and thereby hangs the tale.

Peter W. Collins, secretary of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, who has given his name to the Collins-McNulty faction in the Electrical Workers' organization, is a member of the Springfield, Ill., Chamber of Commerce.

Collins is one of the most unprincipled foes that the Socialists have to contend with. Recently he appeared as one of the chief speakers at a Chautauqua in Wisconsin and delivered himself of an oration attacking the Socialist party that found ready entrance into the capitalist dailies of Milwaukee.

Then there is R. E. Woodmansee, secretary of the Springfield Federation of Labor, and editor of the Illinois Tradesmen.

Neither of these men would be mentioned here as individuals were it not that they are typical of all that is reactionary in the labor movement of the United States.

Collins mixes all his private and public beliefs in the labor movement; at the same time being unable to conceive that the Socialist party is purely a political movement. Woodmansee is one of those editor-labor officials who feed on the patronage that the old party politicians hand out as compensation for services rendered in delivering the labor vote.

In the Souvenir Special Convention Edition of the Illinois Tradesman, for instance, we find the picture of John E. W. Wayman, the anti-labor attorney of Cook County, which embraces Chicago, given equal prominence with a picture of John J. McNamara, the kidnaped secretary of the Structural Iron Workers, now awaiting trial for his life in Los Angeles.

Wayman is a candidate for the nomination on the republican ticket as governor of Illinois, the graft he has been able to "pull down" as Cook County's states attorney easily enabling him to buy advertising space in those labor publications willing to prostitute themselves for this purpose.

Hardly a labor convention passes, nowadays, that the steam roller of progress, does not quietly pass

(Continued on page eight.)

Pity the Poor Editor

By Ellis O. Jones

Illustrated by
ART YOUNG

IF you have any well-springs of pity in your callous proletarian heart, pipe them for the poor capitalist editor. He needs it. He needs it badly. The poor fellow is so distraught, these unrestful chaotic days, that he doesn't know what to do. Do not jump on him and curse him and revile him. He is really a very pleasant and a very decent fellow. I know him in several places which is a way of saying that I know several capitalist editors.

I have talked with him and he talks very sanely. In fact, he seems to have a great deal of common sense, this great editor, for of course he is great or he wouldn't occupy the position he does. But, as I was saying, he seems to be human. He knows what is going on. He knows that the trusts have the people by the throat and are screwing up the cost of living just as fast as they dare, just as fast they can find excuses, or rather pretexts. He knows that it is getting harder and harder for him to make both ends meet.

He knows that business is bad; that it is very bad; that, all things considered, he never knew a time, except in the crisis of a panic, when it was worse. He knows that the producers of the country are supporting idle and profligate landlords, that they are supporting arrogant and indolent stockholders, that they are supporting useless and expensive institutions, such as Wall street, and greedy middlemen, and speculators and all that merry unproductive crew which the capitalist system has developed and which a rational system must slough off before definite progress can be made.

He knows that our government is lame and halting and insincere. He knows that the President hasn't the slightest idea of what he is talking about; that, big as he is, the presidential chair is still much too big for him. He knows that Congress is simply kidding us, and that the trust decision of the Supreme Court is a josh.

All these things he knows, and he loves to talk about them in private to his friends. At times, he will actually grow indignant about them. He will claim that he is almost a Socialist himself. And he will swear that, if things get much worse, by gum, he will vote for a Socialist, as if Socialism were something that one should get into only by being taken by the nape of the neck and thrown in. He buys Socialist papers and reads them, wishing he, too, dared to say just what he thinks, dared to speak right out in meetin', dared to utter a series of thunderous philippics which would reverberate down the ages and upset the whole crew of profit-eating bandits.

Well, then, if he knows all this so well, why doesn't he come out and say it? Why doesn't he look for a remedy and apply it? Why doesn't he talk right up to our political and financial rulers? Why doesn't he live up to his job and become a tribune of the people in good earnest?

Aye, there's the rub. Why doesn't he? Why doesn't everybody go right out now and commit suicide? This pitiful creature is bound hand and

foot. Perhaps he is a proprietor and has built up his paper or his magazine on the ancient issues which have passed away. Perhaps he owes money at the bank. Perhaps he owes money to Ryan's big paper mill. Perhaps he has accustomed himself to extravagant ways of living and rearing his family, and consequently is in the dollar whirl too deep to concentrate on the larger question.

And then he has advertisers. That is the sad thing about it. Advertisers are timid. They are liars themselves, and they want the editor to lie about business conditions. And, if they don't lie, out come the ads. and in comes the receiver for the creditors.

"Oh pshaw," I hear some of you inexperienced people say, "advertisers will follow circulation, and readers will follow editors who are alive and in earnest and up to date." Yes, that's just what the editor thinks in private and just what he says confidentially to his friends. But it doesn't work out that way. Advertisers in most cases place their ads. through sentiment. Take Post of Postum Cereal, for instance. He wouldn't advertise in a labor paper, at the present time, no matter how big its circulation or how low its advertising rate. He is an extreme type, but the same may be said, to some degree, of them all.

And so the poor editor, the poor obfuscated editor, worries. In one optimistic mood, he will dismiss the whole matter from his mind. He will say, and believe for the time being, that after all the people don't want to be instructed. They want to be amused, entertained. And so he will rake the market for nice, innocuous, ladylike stories, and articles upon the subject of public drinking cups. Or, perhaps, he will become real brave and print something to prove that the social evil is bad.

But, then, in another mood, he will go still further. He will become real brave. He will talk to one of his assistants in this way: "I have decided that we shall have to be more radical. There are a great many things in this country which should be taken up and handled without gloves."

The assistant, poor wage slave that he is, is delighted. He is as likely as not to be a Socialist himself, and this is a task to his liking. Accordingly he scurries around and gets a good, straight-forward article throwing a flood of light upon the relations of capital and labor.

The editor reads it with great interest and ap-



COVER HIM OVER

proval of its sentiment. And then he commences to think of what effect it will have upon his readers, and upon his advertisers, and upon his creditors and upon his respectable friends and neighbors. Then he begins to weaken.

Maybe he goes back to the assistant and tells him the idea is good, but it isn't handled convincingly. Maybe he simply hands it back with the statement that it isn't exactly what he wants.

Or maybe he will actually buy the article, but, instead of printing it, he will say to himself, "it is hardly time to spring this yet." So he puts it away in his strong box. He puts the idea of his contributor out of sight, just as he locks up his own ideas in his head and keeps them out of sight.

Lest this be considered overdrawn, I may say that I personally know of an editor of a big magazine who, himself practically a Socialist, has been trying to make up his mind for more than two years to print a careful exposition of the Socialist doctrine. Several articles were submitted, but none of them was quite right. At length about six months

ago, he bought one. But he hasn't published it. I spoke to him about it the other day, and he says he doesn't know just when he will get around to it, that the "time isn't ripe," whatever that means. There are others like him. They know their readers want something more solid and modern and helpful, but they haven't the nerve.

So pity the poor editor. He means well. He wants to be big, to be an influence in the community, to be an instructor instead of an entertainer, but he can't see his way clear. He has the big dollar proposition on his hands. Promising himself that some day he will throw off the fetters, and hew to the line which is clearly marked out, he keeps right on trying to find a middle course, trying to cure the victim without destroying the disease.

In the meantime, the capitalist juggernaut marches on relentlessly, (Continued on page eleven.)

I DON'T CARE!



PROGRESSIVE POLITICS

I DO



EDITOR

WHAT CAN HE DO? POOR THING



STAND PAT POLITICS

WAR

By Jack London

CHAPTER I.



He was a young man, not more than twenty-four or -five, and he might have sat his horse with the careless grace of his youth had he not been so catlike and tense. His black eyes roved everywhere, catching the movements of twigs and branches where small birds hopped, questing ever onward through the changing vista of trees and brush, and returning always to the clumps of undergrowth on either side. And as he watched, so did he listen, though he rode on in silence, save for the boom of heavy guns from far to the west. This had been sounding monotonously in his ears for hours, and only its cessation would have aroused his notice. For he had business closer to hand. Across his saddle-bow was balanced a carbine.

So tensely was he strung, that a bunch of quail exploding into flight from under his horse's nose, startled him to such an extent that automatically, instantly, he had reined in and fetched the carbine half way to his shoulder. He grinned sheepishly, recovered himself, and rode on. So tense was he, so bent upon the work he had to do, that the sweat stung his eyes unwiped, and unheeded rolled down his nose and spattered his saddle pommel. The band of his cavalryman's hat was fresh-stained with sweat. The roan horse under him was likewise wet. It was high noon of a breathless day of heat. Even the birds and squirrels did not dare the sun, but sheltered in shady hiding places among the trees.

Man and horse were littered with leaves and dusted with yellow pollen, for the open was ventured no more than was compulsory. They kept to the brush and trees, and invariably the man halted and peered out before crossing a dry glade or naked stretch of upland pasturage. He worked always to the north, though his way was devious, and it was from the north that he seemed most to apprehend that for which he was looking. He was no coward, but his courage was only that of the average civilized man, and he was looking to live, not die.

Up a small hillside he followed a cowpath through such dense scrub that he was forced to dismount and lead his horse. But when the path swung around to the west, he abandoned it and headed to the north again along the oak-covered top of the ridge.

The ridge ended in a steep descent—so steep that he zigzagged back and forth across the face of the slope, sliding and stumbling among the dead leaves and matted vines and keeping a watchful eye on the horse above that threatened to fall down upon him. The sweat ran from him, and the pollen-dust, settling pungently in mouth and nostrils, increased his thirst. Try as he would, nevertheless, the descent was noisy, and frequently he stopped, panting in the dry heat and listening for any warning from beneath.

At the bottom he came out on a flat so densely forested that he could not make out its extent. Here the character of the woods changed, and he was able to remount. Instead of the twisted hillside oaks, tall, straight trees, big-trunked and prosperous, rose from the damp fat soil. Only here and there were thickets easily avoided, while he encountered winding, park-like glades where the cattle had pastured in the days before war had run them off.

His progress was more rapid now, as he came down into the valley, and at the end of half an hour he halted at an ancient rail fence on the edge of a clearing. He did not like the openness of it, yet his path lay across to the fringe of trees that marked the banks of the stream. It was a mere quarter of a mile across that open, but the thought of venturing out in it was repugnant. A rifle, a score of them, a thousand, might lurk in that fringe by the stream—and he the naked mark.

Twice he essayed to start, and twice he paused. He was appalled by his own loneliness. The pulse of war that beat from the West suggested the companionship of battling thousands; here was naught but silence, and himself, and possible death-dealing bullets from a myriad ambushes. And yet his task was to find what he feared to find. He must go on, and on, till somewhere, some time, he encountered another man or other men, from the other side, scouting, as he was scouting, to make report, as he must make report, of having come in touch.

Changing his mind, he skirted inside the woods for a distance, and again peeped forth. This time, in the middle of the clearing, he saw a small farm house. There were no signs of life. No smoke curled from the chimney, not a barnyard fowl clucked or strutted. The kitchen door stood open,

and he gazed so long and hard into the black aperture that it seemed almost that a farmer's wife must emerge at any moment.

He licked the pollen and dust from his dry lips, stiffened himself, mind and body, and rode out into the blazing sunshine. Nothing stirred. He went on past the house, and approached the wall of trees and bushes by the river's bank. One thought persisted maddeningly. It was of the crash in his body of a high-velocity bullet. It made him feel very fragile and defenseless, and he crouched lower in the saddle.

Tethering his horse in the edge of the wood, he continued a hundred yards on foot till he came to the stream. Twenty feet wide it was, without perceptible current, cool and inviting, and he was very thirsty. But he waited inside his screen of leafage, his eyes fixed on the screen on the opposite side. To make the wait endurable, he sat down, his carbine resting on his knees. The minutes passed, and slowly his tenseness relaxed. At last he decided there was no danger; but just as he prepared to part the bushes and bend down to the water, a movement among the opposite bushes caught his eye.

It might be a bird. But he waited. Again there was an agitation of the bushes, and then, so suddenly that it almost startled a cry from him, the bushes parted and a face peered out. It was a face covered with several weeks' growth of ginger-colored beard. The eyes were blue and wide apart, with laughter-wrinkles in the corners that showed despite the tired and anxious expression of the whole face.

All this he could see with microscopic clearness, for the distance was no more than twenty feet. And all this he saw in such brief time, that he saw it as he lifted his carbine to his shoulder. He glanced along the sights, and knew that he was gazing upon a man who was as good as dead. It was impossible to miss at such point blank range.

But he did not shoot. Slowly he lowered the carbine and watched. A hand, clutching a water-bottle, became visible, and the ginger beard bent downward to fill the bottle. He could hear the gurgle of the water. Then arm and bottle and ginger beard disappeared behind the closing bushes. A long time he waited, when, with thirst unslaked, he crept back to his horse, rode slowly across the sun-washed clearing, and passed into the shelter of the woods beyond.

CHAPTER II.

Another day, hot and breathless. A deserted farm house, large, with many outbuildings and an orchard, standing in a clearing. From the woods, on a roan horse, carbine across pommel, rode the young man with the quick black eyes. He breathed with relief as he gained the house. That a fight had taken place here earlier in the season was evident. Clips and empty cartridges, tarnished with verdigris, lay on the ground, which, while wet, had been torn up by the hoofs of horses. Hard by the kitchen garden were graves, tagged and numbered. From the oak tree by the kitchen door, in tattered, weather-beaten garments, hung the bodies of two men. The faces, shriveled and defaced, bore no likeness to the faces of men. The roan horse snorted beneath them, and the rider caressed and soothed it and tied it farther away.

Entering the house, he found the interior a wreck. He trod on empty cartridges as he walked from room to room to reconnoiter from the window. Men had camped and slept everywhere, and on the floor of one room he came upon stains unmistakable where the wounded had been laid down.

Again outside, he led the horse around behind the barn and invaded the orchard. A dozen trees were burdened with ripe apples. He filled his pockets, eating while he picked. Then a thought came to him, and he glanced at the sun, calculating the time of his return to camp. He pulled off his shirt, tying the sleeves and making a bag. This he proceeded to fill with apples.

As he was about to mount his horse, the animal suddenly pricked up its ears. The man, too, listened, and heard, faintly, the thud of hoofs on soft earth. He crept to the corner of the barn and peered out. A dozen mounted men, strung out loosely, approaching from the opposite side of the clearing, were only a matter of a hundred yards or so away. They rode on to the house. Some dismounted, while others remained in the saddle as an earnest that their stay would be short. They seemed to be holding a council, for he could hear them talking excitedly in the detested tongue of the alien invader. The time passed, but they seemed unable to reach a decision. He put the carbine

away in its boot, mounted, and waited impatiently, balancing the shirt of apples on the pommel.

He heard footsteps approaching, and drove his spurs so fiercely into the roan as to force a surprised groan from the animal as it leaped forward. At the corner of the barn he saw the intruder, a mere boy of nineteen or twenty for all of his uniform, jump back to escape being run down. At the same moment the roan swerved, and its rider caught a glimpse of the aroused men by the house. Some were springing from their horses, and he could see the rifles going to their shoulders. He passed the kitchen door and the dried corpses swinging in the shade, compelling his foes to run around the front of the house. A rifle cracked, and a second, but he was going fast, leaning forward, low in the saddle, one hand clutching the shirt of apples, the other guiding the horse.

The top bar of the fence was four feet high, but he knew his roan and leaped it at full career to the accompaniment of several scattered shots. Eight hundred yards straight away were the woods, and the roan was covering the distance with mighty strides. Every man was now firing. They were pumping their guns so rapidly that he no longer heard individual shots. A bullet went through his hat, but he was unaware, though he did know when another tore through the apples on the pommel. And he winced and ducked even lower when a third bullet, fired low, struck a stone between his horse's legs, and ricocheted off through the air, buzzing and humming like some incredible insect.

The shots died down as the magazines were emptied, until, quickly, there was no more shooting. The young man was elated. Through that astonishing fusillade he had come unscathed. He glanced back. Yes, they had emptied their magazines. He could see several reloading. Others were running back behind the house for their horses. As he looked, two, already mounted, came back into view around the corner, riding hard. And at the same moment, he saw the man with the unmistakable ginger beard kneel down on the ground, level his gun, and coolly take his time for the long shot.

The young man threw his spurs into the horse, crouched very low, and swerved in his flight in order to distract the other's aim. And still the shot did not come. With each jump of the horse, the woods sprang nearer. They were only two hundred yards away, and still the shot was delayed.

And then he heard it, the last thing he was ever to hear, for he was dead ere he hit the ground in the long crashing fall from the saddle. And they, watching at the house, saw him fall, saw his body bounce when it struck the earth, and saw the burst of red-cheeked apples that rolled about him. They laughed at the unexpected eruption of apples, and clapped their hands in applause of the long shot by the man with the ginger beard.

There is But One Labor Party

(Continued from page six.)

over labor officials of the type just mentioned, and individual cases are only important because they are indicative of the general trend of events.

It is not so much either that these men are compelled to withdraw from the Springfield Chamber of Commerce; but it is important that the principle that labor has nothing to expect from organized capital has been more firmly established. It was expected that the debates of the convention would bring forth an interesting and instructive discussion on the system's federation form of organizing the railroad shopmen of the country.

The strike of the shopmen is centered to a great extent on the Illinois Central in the state of Illinois. All the convention did, however, was to endorse the strike and promise to give all the aid at its command.

Even this gave several delegates an opportunity to get the floor and point out the failure of the craft organization as a fighting unit. This discussion was led by Delegate A. C. Snyder, a striking shopman of Danville, and taken part in by Delegate Gerney, also of Danville.

Through it all one sees the slow evolution that is bringing all organized labor in the United States closer and closer together, in its struggle against organized capital.

There is no doubt that the power of the Socialists in the Illinois State Federation of labor is owing largely to the fact that the United Mine Workers compose the largest part of the state body, and the great strength of the miners' delegation is made up of Socialist delegates.

THE SHADOW UNDER THE ROOF

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BY PEYTON BOSWELL

Illustrations by John Sloan.

\$550.00 FOR SOLVING THIS MYSTERY

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

RULES AND PRIZES

1. To the persons from whom the COMING NATION receives by mail, and not otherwise, the best solutions of the mystery in "The Shadow Under the Roof," the following prizes will be given:
For the best solution \$250
Three next best solutions, \$50 each 150
Five next best solutions, \$10 each 50
Ten next best solutions, \$5 each 50
Fifty next best solutions, one yearly sub card each 50

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

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

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

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

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

6. The solutions are to be written in the English

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

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

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

TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT IT

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

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

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

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

Ford, who had been turning money of the company to his own purposes, plans with Hinton to involve Frisbie as the murderer. They are overheard by Ford's companion, a mysterious woman. Preceding installments of the story will be supplied to new subscribers.

VI.

THIS same evening of the day that David Robley's body was found, John Frisbie took an elevated train for Oak Park. This suburban village is one of the most picturesque spots around prosaic Chicago. It is particularly interesting from the fact that the heavily wooded ridge that forms its northern half constitutes part of the water-shed that divides the tributaries of the Gulf of Mexico from those of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The rain which falls in the western part of Oak Park finds its way into the Des Plaines, thence into the Illinois and finally into the stately Mississippi, while the drops that fall in the eastern section of the village go filtering into Lake Michigan, then slowly, drifting foot by foot, make their way toward the Atlantic. If a person stand at the very top of this ridge, in a shower, with an umbrella upraised, the water that trickles off one side will eventually find itself evaporating under a tropic sun, while that which trickles off the other will congeal in the frozen north.

This, at least, was the way of nature, but the machinations of man have made it necessary to qualify this statement. For Chicago, to protect the limpid treasures of Lake Michigan, which the city must drink, has dug a great ditch through the water-shed, miles to the south of Oak Park, and now the waters of the southern part of the lake, reversing their old custom, flow into the Chicago river, a former tributary, and thence southward to the Gulf! Thus has the big city, ever envious of the green trees and the pure air of its suburb, robbed it of one of its claims to distinction.

It was a ten minutes' brisk walk from the station

to Horton's home, up the ridge and northward to the extreme edge of the wooded section that gave the village its name. Horton had two acres of ground around his house. Almost a score of large trees stood in the yard, wherever nature had planted them. The plot faced westward, and along its side to the north was nothing but open prairie, without a sign of human habitation, while to the south was a vacant wooded lot, that shut off the lights from the town. There was nothing across the street, so the homestead was completely isolated. This suited Horton, for he was a man of solitary habits. Frisbie was his only accustomed visitor.

The house, which was set quite a distance back from the street, was a long, low structure. It was only one story in height, but commodious, for it covered much ground. Immediately in its rear was another building, some forty feet long by twenty wide, connected with the main house by an enclosed passage way, or bridge. This was Horton's workshop—his own particular den, where he tinkered and experimented. What time he was not actually employed with his duties at the Robley-Ford plant, he passed here, often staying up until the midnight hour. Several of his inventions had turned out well and had brought him in quite a little money. But it was not money particularly that Horton was striving for; he worked and experimented, rather, for the joy there was in it. Machinery was to him what pigment is to the painter, what words are to the poet. It enabled him to give expression to his own creative soul.

As Frisbie made his way up the graveled walk that led between bare limbed oaks no sign of life was observable within the house. All the shades were down. A broad porch extended along the entire front of the building, and the chemist's feet as he crossed it sounded sharply against the floor. He rang the bell, the door opened and he was admitted by Horton. Not a sound was heard in the house.

The two men entered a large living room, at one side of which a fire smoldered in a grate. Frisbie paused as his eyes fell on a little woman who sat in a willow chair, in a corner near the fire. Her gaze was bent on the embers, and she gave not the slightest heed to the visitor. Her hands rested idly in her lap.

"How is Mrs. Horton?" asked Frisbie, softly.
"Always the same," came the reply.

"Does she never speak, never show any interest in anyone?"

"No. She lives like one in a dream—sits wherever she is placed, eats a little when taken to the table, and sleeps like a child. Poor mother!" He shook his head and made a gesture which said plainly "Let us not talk of her."

Horton motioned his guest to a seat in the other corner, then took a poker and stirred the fire until it sent up little curling tongues of flame. The increased glow lit up their faces and shed a light that made possible a closer study of the quiet figure in the willow chair.

It would be hard to imagine a sweeter face. An expression of peace enveloped the features, and all the lines were those of meekness and of patience, albeit if one looked closer the traces of sorrow could be seen—a sorrow made softer by gentleness and resignation. But if one observed closer still, and followed the eyes, it became obvious that the mind which controlled those peaceful features was resting, that they expressed nothing but a record of the past, that they had ceased to be the mirror of a soul that was striving and feeling and enduring.

Horton, having stirred the fire, seated himself before it. To those who take pleasure in trying to read human beings from their outward appearance, he presented a study equally as interesting as his wife, though of a different sort.

Where the wife had been gentle and weak, the husband was strong and absolute. His face, rugged and long and square featured—distinctively American—was deeply furrowed, although he had just passed forty. These lines did not give him a hard aspect, however; indeed, they made you think quite well of him, for they told you that here was a man of action and of conviction—a dependable man, to whom faith could be pinned. His hair was iron grey and thick; being worn rather long, it waved back over the temples and gave an impression of unusual length to the head. But the most remarkable feature was the grey eyes; whether it was their peculiar color or the contiguous expression, they disconcerted nearly everyone on whom they chanced to light. A gigantic form, jointed and powerful, like that of a mountaineer, completed the picture.

One could not help wondering, gazing from husband to wife, what sort of progeny had come of their union, if progeny there were.

"I would have met you at the station with the machine," Horton said, "but mother was alone. The girl wanted to go home early—she lives over in Austin, you know—so I told her she might go after the supper table was cleared. She is a good girl and can be trusted to take care of the wife when I am away."

"She isn't inquisitive at all?"

"That's the beauty of it. She belongs to a hard working German family who live out on the prairie in the northern part of Austin. They tend strictly to their own business."

"I was thinking only yesterday," said the chemist, "of the possibility of Mrs. Horton becoming herself again when you were not at home, and of what might follow."

Horton regarded his friend in a manner that betokened a perfect understanding between them.

"So you have been thinking of that, too," he said, after a long pause. "Let us not talk about it."

With an air of finality, he shifted his position and turned his gaze into the depths of the fire, which had settled down again into a steady glow.

Several minutes were passed in silence. The chemist was content to await his host's pleasure; he understood his moods, so he sat mutely regarding his two companions—the superintendent, his brows knitted in thought, and the wife, never stirring, never lifting her eyes from the embers and with her hands gently lying in her lap.

Finally a Black Forest clock, from the wall at one side of the room, unloosened itself with a whirr, and a musical voiced bird, from a window in its top, announced the hour of nine.

"If you are warm," said Horton, arousing him-

self, "we will go into the workshop. I started a fire in the stove there to drive away the chill."

Frisbie arose. Horton gave a farewell glance at his wife, and the two men, traversing the hall that extended entirely through the middle of the dwelling, crossed the inclosed bridge and entered the workshop, where the superintendent felt more at home than anywhere else on earth.

Horton, as he entered, turned an electric switch that filled the room with light. It was a big shed-like structure, with no ceiling overhead, so that the roofing formed the top of the room. There were four windows on each side, with the blinds closely drawn so as to exclude every inquisitive eye, but the wall at the end, farthest away from the door, was blank, and over its surface had been placed a large canvas such as is used for moving picture performances. The superintendent had done a lot of experimenting with film processes, and this theatre-like arrangement was made necessary by his work. Elsewhere about the room were scattered the scores of appliances needed by an inventive craftsman—a lathe, a complete electrical outfit, including a dynamo, work benches and tools of every description.

In the middle of the room, but close to the side wall, was a stove. Near it was an office desk, and two or three rough but comfortable-looking chairs stood around. Against the wall was a safe, an important piece of furnishing, for it was in this that Horton kept certain patent records and private papers, and also sketches and specifications which he hoped would be of great use to him in the future.

A bright red spot glowed on one side of the stove. Horton motioned his visitor to a chair.

"Sit yourself down," he said. Then he walked over to the safe and, seating himself before it, began to work the combination. The mechanism gave a click, and he swung the door open. From a certain drawer he took an envelope from which he extracted a bit of paper, which he handed to Frisbie.

"Take a look at that," he said. This is what Frisbie read, written in an untidy scrawl:

Estimated.
Oct., 1902..\$500 Jan., 1903..\$625
Nov. 425 Feb.
Dec. 700

The chemist read through the figures twice, then turned an inquiring look on Horton.

"It's all Greek to me," he said. "It looks like a memorandum of something, but I don't know what, and it isn't complete."

"No, it isn't complete. I picked that piece of paper out of Robley's waste basket in his office while you and Miss Robley were looking at the books scattered on the table. It is his writing, although its character is narrowed, presumably by the fact that he had been drinking heavily. It isn't complete, possibly because death interrupted his hand."

"That doesn't shed any light on what these figures mean," said Frisbie.

"Perhaps this will." Horton took another scrap of paper from the envelope.

The writing this time was in a clear and business-like hand, unmistakably the work of the young manufacturer, and this is what Frisbie read:

Estimated shortage of Ford for year 1901....\$4,200
Estimated shortage for first nine months of
year 1902 4,900
Divided as follows according to books of company:

1901.
March\$500 August\$600
April 325 September 750
May 450 October 250
June 350 November 375
July 100 December 500

1902.
January\$350 June\$200
February 500 July 550
March 700 August 800
April 725 September 625
May 450

"I found that," said Horton, in answer to the chemist's astonished look, "in the pocket of the business suit that Robley wore just before he met his death. Taken with the other slip it sheds con-

siderable light on Robley's last trip to the factory. It proves that he went there to finish the work of uncovering Ford as a thief. He was interrupted before he finished the task. These two papers prove not only that Ford was a defaulter, but that Robley knew it and was on the point of exposing him. Many murders have been committed with no more of a motive than that."

"Do you mean—"

Horton interrupted his companion with a quick gesture, then took another paper out of the envelope and passed it over. It was as follows:

DAVID LAW & COMPANY

IMPORTERS OF BOOKS

William Ford, Dr.

To 1 Arundel's Complete Toxicology....\$20.00



"Horton took a poker and stirred up the fire"

"My God—" began Frisbie.

"I took that from Ford's desk this morning, right under his nose and while the room was full of policemen. The fool had left it in full view. Arundel's Toxicology is the most complete work on poisons that has ever been issued, being what may be called a *murderer's manual*, but it is out of print and very difficult to obtain. I learned this much today, after this came into my possession. This document, taken with the two others, might be made a strong link in a chain of circumstantial evidence. Only another fact or two would be necessary to complete a case that might put Ford in jeopardy of his life. It was very careless of him to leave it lying on his desk."

"Do you think, then, it was Ford who killed Robley?"

Horton threw up his hand, palm outward, as if to stop Frisbie's very process of thinking.

"My boy," he said, "the charge of murder against a man is too terrible to be so lightly spoken of. On such proofs as these I would not allow myself even to conjecture that Ford is the guilty man, let alone to give voice to such a suspicion. Many fearful mistakes have been made in the effort to administer justice. Less proof than we have here, has been sufficient to send men to the gallows, when backed up by the public's belief that they were guilty, but men have been sent to their last accounting on proof far stronger and later have turned out to be innocent. No, I would not allow myself to think Ford guilty of Robley's death, but at the same time I wouldn't part with these three papers for a million

dollars in cash. They may stand between you, boy, and those same gallows."

Frisbie gave a slight twitch, but did not speak, Horton resumed.

"With these documents in our possession, Ford's detective may follow up that letter to the very end—even to you, boy—and you need have nothing to fear. The fact that we can prove him to be a defaulter, even without considering the uglier suspicions that follow, will put him at our mercy. It will serve two purposes—it will keep you from being accused of Robley's death and it will protect the secret of the one who is dead."

"That is the important thing."

The young man looked squarely into the eyes of the other. His voice had something in it that gripped. The two men sat looking at each other in silence. Finally Horton arose and replaced the envelope in the safe.

In closing the drawer his hand dislodged a roll of papers that lay on a shelf in the safe and it rattled to the floor.

"Ah!" cried Horton, his voice showing more animation than it had during the entire evening. "Here is my fortune, Frisbie!"

"What is that?"

"The plans for my naturoscope. Everything is ready now to send away to Washington. I'll put in my application for a patent in the next week or two, and then the world shall know what I have contributed to its entertainment and pleasure."

"How is the machine coming on?"

"That's right, you haven't been out since I completed my new model, have you? You saw the old one work, but the new one is a wonder. Move your chair over this way a bit and I'll treat you to a show."

It was a new Horton who extended this invitation. A look of enthusiasm illuminated his features, that heretofore had been sombre enough, and his voice had a flexibility and verve not before displayed.

He went to a box-like contrivance placed on a table near the door. It had a protuberance like a telescope, that pointed down the room toward the curtain-covered wall at the end. A moment afterward there came the sputtering sound of electricity, then Horton plunged the room in total darkness. He turned a lever and a shaft of light shot across the room and struck the canvas.

The chemist gave an involuntary exclamation of surprise. It was not a picture that he saw. It was as if the wall of the room had suddenly lifted and he were looking out on the sun-kissed view of a

country church, a couple of hundred yards away. The trees in the yard, the row of hitching posts, the belfry, the sunlight dancing on the roof and the shadows falling athwart the grass, all seemed as if one were gazing on the natural objects—if not awake, at least in a dream.

There came a click, the scene vanished, and another, a bit of landscape, showing a wood, took its place. Again it was no picture, but simple reality. The leaf environed glade seemed as if it actually existed and invited the beholder to arise and walk into its depths.

It was Horton's new invention—he called it the "naturoscope"—which, by means of a double reflection, deceived the eye and gave the impression of reality. If you look at an ordinary picture, you behold merely a flat surface, and the effect is the same whether you use both eyes or whether you close one; but if in looking at a real object you use both eyes, your sight comprehends a little of both the right and the left sides of the thing, thus making the picture something more than a flat surface. Horton by projecting two pictures at the same time on the canvas, combining their images by a clever arrangement, made you see, or appear to see, a little of both sides, thus producing the effect of solidity and giving a startling appearance of reality. The same principle, though in a somewhat different way, is utilized in the old stereoscope, that used to delight us when we were children.

Three or four more views were thrown on the
(Continued on page eleven.)

The Big Change

By Eugene Wood

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

CHAPTER XXIV.

LET us suppose that a man consults his physician to find out why he is losing flesh and has evening temperatures and his cough hangs on, and learns that he has tuberculosis.

Let us suppose that the man says to himself: "I simply cannot leave my business to go to live in the open air all the time and eat eggs and milk six times a day. It isn't what I'm used to. It would be a revolution."

And suppose that he reads an advertisement of a medicine that will cure consumption at home. It isn't necessary for you to leave your own fireside or to have your bedroom window open or to change your diet in any way. All you've got to do is to buy this medicine and keep on taking it till you are well. It is for sale at all drug stores at the nominal price of one dollar per bottle.

We know the ending of that story.

We know by sad experience that there is small chance of his recovery until there is a decline of his faith in patent medicine advertising, and a falling off of his regular attendance at the drug store. Until he comes to realize that all the healing powers there are are in his body, and that these are the product of food and pure air and rest and comfort, he'll never get any better.

The church has been acting as physician for the sin-sick soul for nearly two thousand years now. Her theory of medicine being that we have no power to help ourselves, and that the healing power comes from without. Whether she has made a triumphant success in her practice, I do not feel called upon to say. The facts speak for themselves.

Let us consider more in detail her treatment of the patient.

The notable thing about the germ theory of consumption is that the disease is not hereditary. But the church holds firmly to the doctrine that sin is hereditary. Some six thousand years ago a pair of human beings, not yet civilized enough to wear any kind of clothing, perhaps a year old, perhaps only a few days old, robbed a fruit tree which they had been told to let alone. This was the cause of all the trouble. This is how it comes that as soon as we are able to crawl we're into mischief, pulling the table cloth off with all the dishes, and all such. This is

why we tend so strongly to do acts that are at odds with the general weal. We are descendants of that pair of fruit tree robbers. Now, if that filiation could be broken. . . . So water is poured on our heads to the accompaniment of certain definitely prescribed words. Whether that makes notable difference in conduct is a matter for the statistician, not for me.

Along about the twelfth year of life a Big Change sets in and, in order to guard against sin at this critical period, a fine old gentleman with fully inflated sleeves and wearing an amethyst ring lays his hands on the patient's head, also repeating a definitely prescribed form of words. Whether this is effectual is not matter for me but for the statistician. The form of words, by the way, is not the same as that used for charming away warts.

Now in adult life there are certain very vehement and insistent bodily desires, let us say hunger, for example. To give a concrete illustration, let us say that there is a man living mainly on fat pork, greens and corn bread. Let us say that occasionally he feels an intense longing for chicken. He has no henry of his own, he gets small wages, and the price of poultry is high. Two courses of action are open to him; he can deny himself chicken; or he can go to somebody else's hen-roost in the dark of the evening in a modest and unassuming manner and steal one.

I will lightly pass over here the saying of a certain French king that a good government is that under which every peasant should have a fowl in his dinner-pot of a Sunday; also the converse of the proposition, that it is not a good government under which every peasant may not have a fowl in his Sunday dinner pot. I will consider only the church's treatment of the sinner in order that he may not steal again. The civil authority works on the plan of sending the thief to jail on bread and water or to the rock pile. In either case he works up an appetite for all sorts of food when he gets out, chicken being by no means excepted.

The standard ecclesiastical remedies are two, prayer (sometimes accompanied by fasting) and the sacraments. "Prayer," says the hymn, "is the heart's desire, uttered or unexpressed." It is, in every day language, a wish. Only wish hard enough not to eat chicken and the wish to eat

chicken will be restrained within proper bounds. The negative and intellectual aspiration will overpower the positive and animal craving for chicken fixings if obtained by hen roost robbing.

The other remedy is more of a physical nature. The young Apache desires a strong singing voice. Grasshoppers have strong singing voices. It stands to reason that if he makes a tea of grasshoppers he will obtain a fluid extract of vocal resonance which he can drink and obtain the same results as if he took several terms of someone who taught the old Italian method. Again: It is well known that if you eat the roasted heart of a brave foe you partake of his courage.

The church, therefore, has a special food with which to strengthen the patient, the flesh and blood of one who had exactly the same vehement bodily desires that we have but who yet did nothing wrong. (This food may seem to be only flour-paste baked between hot irons, and California wine. Yet these appearances are mere appearances, accidents not substance. It is nevertheless muscle-fibres, gristle, fatty tissue, skin, red corpuscles, white corpuscles and serum). When this food is acted upon by the saliva, the gastric juice and the digestive solvents in the alimentary tract, it is taken up by the circulatory system and carried to the various parts of the body to replace what is broken down of the various structures of the sinful organism, and thus our body is made clean by his body and our soul washed with his blood, who lived two thousand years ago and was good. He did not "try" to be good; he was good. And so may we be, it stands to reason, if we but partake of this food frequently.

Now, it is not a question of the correctness of the logic that healing powers for consumption may be contained within bottles for sale at all drug stores or that grasshopper tea is a fluid extract of vocal resonance or that eating the roasted heart of a brave man imparts courage. The question is: What are the results in practice?

It is the end-product that characterizes the process. Or, as has been well said, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

To put one's trust in a quack remedy for consumption is to delay recovery from consumption. (To be Continued.)

The Shadow Under the Roof

(Continued from page ten.)

screen, then Horton turned the switch and flooded the room again with light.

"The show's over," he said.

"It is marvelous," cried Frisbie, rejoicing the superintendent.

"There is a fortune in it," replied Horton, laconically.

"That reminds me. Have things gone any further with Ford? You told me you explained to him what sort of an invention you had and he seemed inclined to take it up. But now I suppose you will let it go no further."

"I will have nothing to do with Ford."

"How much information did you give him?"

"Not enough to do him any good if he were twice as clever as he is. I told him of the results obtained, but didn't give him the least hint as to the methods used."

"That's good. He'd steal your idea the same as he stole Robley's money. Such men as he thrive off other men's toil and other men's brains."

Frisbie had never liked Ford; there was an instinctive hostility between the two. The chemist hated him as an industrial slave driver, who used men as machines, drove them to the limit of endurance, and, when they were done for, cast them aside as if they were old pieces of scrap iron—in all of

which practices Ford was typical of modern industry in those days before it took cognizance of the rising wave of socialistic sentiment.

Horton covered the machine with a sheet of canvas, as carefully as a horseman would blanket his best thoroughbred, and the two men left the workshop.

The fire in the living room had burned low; the shaded lamp on the table cast a dim glow over the place. The little woman in the corner still sat motionless, her hands in her lap, her eyes fixed on the dull embers.

"Poor mother!" said Horton, to himself.

His face was sombre once more, and his voice was low. (To Be Continued.)

Pity the Poor Editor

(Continued from page seven.)

mowing down human beings and grinding them into profits. In the meantime, the social and economic forces are rapidly at work; the lines that only Socialists see and dare to reveal. In the meantime, every day that the sun rises and sets, we approach nearer to the inevitable cataclysm, while the poor editor hesitates. He can see what is happening just as clearly as if he were a railroad striker looking into the muzzle of a capitalist gun, but he hesitates. Perhaps he himself is under the wheels of the juggernaut, but he dare not

cry out. He is silent. He hesitates and buys fiction or an article about the petticoats of ancient Greece.

Pity the poor editor!

Mining Coal and Maiming Men

(Continued from page five.)

children. They own no property practically in the camps, but fortunately they have the power to vote the school tax and they do not hesitate to secure the best in building, equipment and teachers that they can for their young. Farmers in the districts often try to keep the school tax down, but the miners are able to outvote them.

Dunkirk has an entire Socialist school board and the principal of the school Rolla Houghton, the son of the Socialist mayor of Girard, is a Socialist. His entire school, barring a dozen, are Italians, French and Austrians. He is about to start a night school, three nights a week, for the miners and their sons who must work days. These classes will be in English, grammar, writing, arithmetic and reading.

Much is said of the prosperity of Kansas farmers. Comfortable rural homes are the rule. But sprinkled in their midst, clustered about the tall frame work of the shaft like busy ants, are the miners; industrial workers, struggling with the problems of poverty and out of work.

Yet it is this very group of men and women, many of them slowly learning the English language and American traditions, that is making long strides

(Continued on Page Fourteen.)

The Coming Nation

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J. A. WAYLAND. FRED D. WARREN.

EDITORS

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

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Winners of Bound Volumes

Five dollars and seventy-five cents sent in for subscriptions by F. Marchant won the bound volume last week. The remarkable thing about the COMING NATION circulation has always been the large number of small clubs and single subscriptions. That means that almost any one who tries will get a bound volume. The matter in this volume could not be purchased for ten dollars in book form.

For several weeks to come it will be sent to the person sending the largest amount for subscriptions during the week.

The following is the list of winners to date:

Frank Truesdale, six subscribers.
Lars A. Swanson, twelve subscribers.
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The Histories Are Here

Those who are entitled to copies of "Social Forces in American History" will receive them as quickly as they can be wrapped and mailed. The large number to be sent out will take some time, so do not be surprised if your does not come for a few days after you receive this paper.

When those now on hand are gone no more can be furnished as premiums. After that it will be impossible to obtain a copy for less than \$1.50. They are handsomely bound, and while they last will be sent as fast as the subscriptions are received.

This is the first history of the United States to analyze the classes that have been struggling for mastery. It is the first book to explain the real forces that are behind historical progress. It describes the process by which present institutions have evolved. It tells you just how and why the colonists came to America. It gives the real reasons that brought about separation from England, and explains how the Revolution was won.

It describes the first labor movement, how it brought the public school and universal suffrage. It tells how this labor movement, with little capitalism and the pioneer joined in "Jacksonian Democracy," and shows how things were then started that have both blessed and cursed American society to this day.

The growth of chattel slavery, its struggle for expansion, its tendency towards concentration and its internal contradictions similar to those that now exist in the wage system are explained.

The forces that gave rise to the Republican party are pointed out, and it is shown just why, when this party attained power, a violent class struggle like the Civil War was inevitable.

The exact method by which the present capitalist class arose out of the Civil War, and the forces that are now making for Socialism conclude the book.

Thousands of boys and girls are studying history this winter in high schools and colleges. If you will give this book to any one of these you will start a discussion and change the current of thought in a whole school.

While these few copies last, the sub-

Fools at the Throttle

BY A. M. SIMONS

A

MANIAC at the throttle of the Twentieth Century Express would be a picture of intelligence and conservatism in comparison with the scene of the government of this nation in the hands of the "Trust Busters." I sincerely hope that our grandchildren will not believe the historians of the future when they tell about the present anti-trust crusade. We have several thousand universities and high schools. Most of them have a course on political economy. Lecture platforms and periodicals discuss economic questions. Yet it is still possible for the president of the United States to travel fifteen thousand miles and more, spreading the story of how he is busting the trusts without once arousing a burst of Homeric laughter.

There never was such a tribute to the extent of misinformation. It is enough to make one believe that evolution is moving backward to see the executive, the supreme court, congress and the whole kit and caboodle of the university-stuffed and press-puffed high brows, jabbering like a lot of Kipling's banderlogs about industrial concentration.

It needs a Rabelais to write of a nation trying to accomplish at once the impossible and the undesirable. The historic effort to put Humpty Dumpty together again was easy beside the task of "unscrambling eggs," that Taft, Congress and the supreme court have set themselves.

There is danger as well as humor in having fools at the social throttle. The ruling class of this country has developed such a mighty organ for concealing and distorting truth, and for the dissemination of misinformation that its own defenders, educated in its own colleges and mentally fed through its profit-ruled press are now incapable of intelligent action even in the interest of the class they represent.

Of course, it is impossible to stop concentration in industry. It may be possible, however, so to pile up legal expenses and annoyances as to make it cheaper for the more powerful capitalists to smash their competitors than to unite with them under trust management.

If the tobacco trust, steel trust and the oil trust are forced to divide up their properties for a moment, there would be such a scramble for the fragments, such a smashing of competitors, such a widespread disturbance and upheaval in public interests as might easily produce that "last great panic," which some of the earlier catastrophic Socialists saw as the climax and collapse of the capitalist system.

We need something else than the wild gyrations of medicine men about a totem pole marked "trusts" to solve the problem of how to feed hungry people in a land of plenty.

It is about time that even the ruling class came to realize that they cannot solve the trust problem by running around in circles after a fat man shouting, "Gee, it's fun to be crazy."

scribers to the COMING NATION have an opportunity to get the book practically for nothing. If you get three subscriptions, or send three dollars for subscription cards, it will be sent you post paid, but this offer will not remain open long.

The Farmer Number

Extra orders for No. 60, the special propaganda number for farmers, are coming in fast. About five thousand more copies were printed than were ordered in advance. These will be given to the first ones who order. In bundles of ten or more they cost 2½ cents each.

For Lyceum Lectures

One of the features of the big Debs' meetings that have been held recently has been the sale of COMING NATIONS.

The branches that have had this paper have made a good addition to their income. All the papers are returnable and there is one hundred per cent profit on all sold. It's a case of heads you win and tails you can't lose.

Every local that has arranged for a Lyceum Lecture should write at once and find out full particulars of this plan.

New Marvel in Electricity

Dr. Peter Cooper Hewitt, while making experiments connected with his invention of the mercury vapor lamp, discovered a hitherto unsuspected law of

electric physics, so to call it. Lord Kelvin, at the time of his last visit to the United States, spoke of this discovery with amazement, intimating that it might lead into the wonderlands of achievements and saying that he wished his friend Helmholtz were here to study this discovery. For it seems to point to a much wider, possibly exclusive, use of the principle upon which the wireless telegraph is operated. If this discovery leads to the point which Mr. Westinghouse and Dr. Hewitt suspect it will lead to, then one great central power station may be so utilized that from it, through the mere adjustment of apparatus, may be obtained the power which will drive every commercial engine, light the street lights and drive the trolley cars. Furthermore, there are some indications that this principle, when fully captured and brought under control by apparatus, could furnish the energy which would destroy the most powerful battleship by the simple adjustment of the key like that used by wireless operators, make the aerial telephone a commercial possibility, enable the farmer upon the prairie to operate his harvester without any storage battery and furnish those who are mastering the air the power with which to drive their engines.

Mr. Westinghouse is so confident that Dr. Hewitt's discovery is to lead to revolutionary utilization of electricity, from the commercial point of view, that he ventured to make the prediction in

an address which he delivered before the Southern Business Congress at Atlanta in the spring of last year.

In this city there are several banks which have made use of electricity in such manner as to gain instant communication between the president's office and any department of the bank simply by touching a knob and then talking, the conversation being carried on in the ordinary tone of voice. The brilliant young electric engineer, Keefer, who recently died after an operation for appendicitis, utilized electricity for the operation of an automatic reverse motor by means of which the gigantic steel planers could be operated both forward and backward by a simple touch of the finger. And it was in recognition of that great service which has revolutionized some features of machinery manufacture that the corporation by which Keefer was employed lifted the mortgage upon the house Keefer had bought, paying a little cash, and also pensioned his widow with \$100 a month.—*Holland in Wall Street Journal.*

Pensions for Mothers

BY F. H. SIDNEY.

In order to guard against degeneration, every mother should be provided by the state with a sufficient income to assure her all the care and comfort necessary to carry her through the delicate period of maternity.

Every woman after becoming a mother should be pensioned for life by the state and allowed a sufficient sum in addition to this pension, to support each child until it reaches its eighteenth year.

I was born in a seaport town, where the chief industry is deep-sea fishing, one of the most hazardous occupations, in which hundreds of lives are lost annually and in which the earnings are pitifully small. The sinking of the schooner Susan R. Stone of Provincetown, Mass., by an ocean liner, resulted in twenty widows and 50 fatherless children, left without a dollar. This is but one case of many in this little Cape-Cod fishing town, which can tell some of the saddest stories in human history.

There is more money wasted in various ways by the states and municipalities than it would take to pension every mother and child under 18 in the whole country.

New Books

The Amana Society, by Allan W. Ricker. Published by the author, Girard, Kan. Paper, 88 pp., 25 cents.

The Amana Society is almost the last and much the most important survival of a great number of colonies that were established under the influence of the communist movement of the previous century. That it has survived and is a wealthy community today, affording shelter from the competitive system to a number of individuals, makes it worth study. This description by a Socialist who sees its defects and who sees what lessons may be drawn from it for the workers of today is a good piece of propaganda.

Along with this the author has bound up an article by Albert Edwards on "Testing Socialism in the Canal Zone" and a strikingly pointed illustration by L. F. Fuller of the effect of monopoly on the coal miner and the coal consumer.

* * *

Confessions of a Cannibal. By Geo. Goddard. Jewel Publishing Co., Montello, Mass.

Scout News

M. J. Dvorshak, a hustling Scout of Dodson, Mont., has ordered, and will continue to order, bundles each week of the mystery story with back numbers, and can supply residents of his town with copies and COMING NATION sub cards.

Wanted—Active Man in Each Locality To join this Society. And introduce our members. Sick, accident, death benefits. All or spare time. \$50 to \$500 a month. Every member secured gives you a steady monthly income. Box LD-286, Covington, Ky., U. S. A.

Children's Page

EDITED BY BERTHA H. MAILLY

The Story of Joe

(Continued.)

Sometimes happened in the shoe factory where Joe worked, that when a man spoiled a shoe by a slip of the hand or the machine, he was obliged, by the rules of the shop, to pay for the pair of shoes, in return for which he would be given the damaged shoes.

This sometimes hit a chap pretty hard, especially if the shoes were of a kind that he could not use. So it was the custom when a mischance like this happened for all the fellow's friends to chip in a nickel or a dime until the price of the shoes was covered and then to draw lots to see who should get the shoes.

This happened to one of Joe's shop-mates one day, to Bob, in fact, and without even seeing the shoes Bob had damaged, Joe drew his lot and there fell to him the pair of shoes. It was at the noon hour, and all the lads who had chipped in to help Bob, stood around the hat in which were the pieces of paper. When Joe pulled the lucky number Bob walked over to him and with a bow, handed him a pair of dainty slippers, such as young girls wear to dances.

All the lads gave a hearty laugh and one of them said, "Who you going to give them to, Joe? Your mother?" Joe blushed, not because he had been thinking about giving them to his mother, for, to tell the truth, he had not been thinking of any such thing, but because he was thinking of giving them to some one.

Joe was not easily teased, however, so he just answered, "Never you mind. Perhaps I'll wear them myself."

After supper that night, Joe almost carelessly wrapped up the slippers and slipped them into his pocket. Then he went out.

"Don't be out late, Joe," called his mother, as he passed the sitting room door. Mothers always say that.

"No, Mother, I won't," called back Joe, as he opened the door of the entry. Sons always answer that.

Joe went up the street whistling and almost before he knew it, he was going into Bob's with his hand on the little package in his pocket.

Joe had a good visit with Bob, and with Bob's father, whose stories of other countries Joe never tired of hearing, and with Kit. Joe and Kit had remained good friends ever since the day she left the factory.

Just as Joe was thinking it was time to go, Bob said, "We had the laugh on Joe today, all right," and then he told about the shoes and asked at last, "What did you do with the shoes, Joe?"

"Brought 'em to Kit," answered Joe and promptly handed the package to her. "So long as you didn't seem to know enough to keep them and bring them to her, I thought I might as well do it. Hope they fit, Kit."

"Oh, aren't they lovely?" said Kit. "I never should have bought me such a lovely pair. Why, they must cost at least \$5.00."

"But will they fit?" asked Joe anxiously.

"I'll just go try them on," and Kit disappeared.

"Say, Bob," said Joe, "what did the Boss charge you for the shoes?"

"\$2.50," answered Bob. "And then I'll bet he made something on them, although he told me they could sell them any minute for \$3.00"

"I wonder," said Joe, thoughtfully. "I wonder what the shoes really cost and why you have to pay \$5 for them at the store."

"I wouldn't have to pay \$5, because

I couldn't," put in Bob.

"No, that's a fact. We make the shoes and we don't get the price for our work to buy them again. Take what I get for my part in making a pair of shoes and what you get paid and what the lasters get and the stitchers and the cutters and all the others and that's most of the cost, I guess."

"Well, but there must be more things than that," added Bob. "I suppose the cost of the leather and the machinery and such things come in."

"And what about the rent of the factory or the cost of building it if the owner had the ground already," interrupted Bob's father, who had been smoking his pipe and listening to the



Joe went whistling up the street

boys' discussion, "and the wages of the bookkeepers and the engineers and so on."

"That's so," agreed Joe; "there are a good many things to count in on the cost of the shoes, I suppose, but there must be quite a bit of money over all that when they're sold, or else—"

"Else what?" asked Bob, who didn't think quite so fast as Joe.

"Else the owner wouldn't keep on running the factory, unless there was something in it for him."

"You bet there's something in it for him and something good, too," said Bob's father. "There's a good profit in selling the shoes after he's paid all the wages and rent and cost of material, a big profit, or else he wouldn't have that big house up in the park and send his family traveling wherever they want to go."

"Say, they fit fine," interrupted Kit, who danced in in the new slippers. "Have the next waltz with me?"

B. H. M.

(To be continued.)

Colin and Mary

(You've all heard of Old King Cole, haven't you, children! and, of course, you know that he had three jolly fiddlers who sang and danced and told merry tales to amuse Old King Cole. Here is one of the tales that one of them told. And there is a picture of sweet Mary herself.—Ed.)

Once upon a time there was a maiden whose name was Mary. She had brown eyes and brown hair, and her hands and arms were all burnt brown with the sun, so that she was brown as a berry. In fact, Mary was so brown that they called her the Nut-brown maiden, and some one said once that she was simply a little brownie. She drove out the cows on to the meadows in the morning, and then she went down beside the burn and sang and sang till the burn sang with her, and the sunbeams sang with the burn, and nothing round about her did anything but sing.

That's how it was that Colin began to sing. Colin was just a clumsy lout, till he saw Mary on the other side of

the burn. Mary's cattle were on one side of the burn and Colin's cattle were on the other, and you would have thought that they belonged to the same herd, they were so like. But Colin knew better, and Colin hated Mary's cattle till he heard Mary sing. Then it was different.

"Mary," said Colin one day, "I love you."

Mary just laughed and sang and laughed, but never said anything in answer.

"Mary," said Colin, after a little, "tell me, are you real or are you a fairy?"

Just then a golden butterfly came past and lighted on Mary's shoulder. Colin saw it, but Mary did not seem to notice.

"Of course I'm real," said Mary, "and I'm only a cow-girl. But Colin," said Mary, "I will marry you tomorrow if you really love me. If you really love me, you will never forget me, will you?"

"Never!" said Colin.

"Well, then," said the golden butterfly, interrupting, "Mary is really a fairy and she is going to live with us as a golden bird for a year and a day. If you love her truly, you will wait for her and never forget her, even though you do not see her."

"Yes," said Colin, "I will wait for dear Mary."

"Dear Colin," said Mary, "I am going away, but though you will not see me, you will hear me if you really love me. I will come and sing here every day, and milk the cows in the evening."

"Ah," said Colin, "then you are going away with the golden butterfly."

"Yes," said the golden butterfly, "Mary will be a golden bird for a year and a day, and if you love her truly you will hear her singing, and then at last she will come back again to her cows and she will marry you."

And just as the golden butterfly said, Mary became a golden bird, and flew away and left Colin alone by the burn with the old cows.

Donald, Mary's father, came along soon after, and saw his cows without Mary.

"Hullo," he said to Colin, "where is Mary?"

"Never mind," said Colin. "She has



Colin's Mary

become a golden bird and has flown away. But I can still hear her singing in the distance."

But old Donald thought that Colin was making a fool of him and gave him a good thrashing. Then when he saw Colin crying, he felt sorry again and said:

"Never mind, my lad, you can look after the cattle till Mary comes back."

So every day Colin came and watched over the cattle down by the side of the burn. Some said he was mad, and daft; others said that he mistook the singing of the burn for Mary's singing. But Colin himself knew better, for only one person in the world could sing as Mary sang; and that was Mary herself. And he knew that Mary must be there, for

the cows were milked without his having to touch them.

Sometimes in his dreams even the farmer thought he heard a voice singing, though the words were difficult to make out. All that he remembered when he awoke was just this one verse, which nothing could ever drive out of his mind.

*"My Colin has cattle
So grey and so brown,
And warm is their milk
When the sun has gone down."*

So for a year and a day Mary lived as a golden bird among the fairies, and still Colin loved her truly, for he knew that she would come back to marry him. And she did come back, and old Donald gave them a cottage and cattle of their own, so that they lived happily ever after. As I said before, I met Colin, and I met old Donald, the farmer, and old Donald used himself to sing and croon over the words of the verse I have quoted, singing it to music so strange, that I think it must have had some of the fairy music in it.

Dads Potato Patch

When I was a boy living on a farm, dad and I, one year, planted a big potato patch, intending to raise some for home use and some for market.

That year the potato bugs were pretty bad. They commenced at one end of that patch and ate and ate till we thought they would eat up the whole patch, but they did not quite eat it all; they left, at one end about one-fifth of the vines, and there were some pretty good potatoes on them.

The next year dad said we would try it again. "Maybe," he said, "the bugs will not bother this year."

So we planted the same patch, and it proved to be a good year for potatoes. It rained a plenty, and the bugs did not bother any.

Well, those potato vines grew nice and thrifty, and in the fall dad and I just turned out bushels of potatoes big as my two fists.

We loaded them into the wagon and hauled them to town and got 20 cents a bushel for them!

Dad said that he read in the papers that fall that potatoes sold in the city market for one dollar a bushel. He said "that he could not see much difference, taking prices into consideration, between the good year and the bug year," but I did.

I noticed that in the potato bug year I did not have to work so hard at digging time, and had more time to hunt squirrels.

So I decided that between capitalist bugs and potato bugs I preferred the potato bugs.

Kindness to Animals

Think of all the animals which man has tamed, and which he has in his power for his service and his pleasure. If we could stand and review them, what multitudes would walk or run before us:

The army of the elephants.

The army of the horses and asses and camels.

The army of the cattle.

The army of the sheep and goats.

The army of the cats and dogs.

Wonderful is the strength and wit of man in mastering all these tribes of animals.

But greater and nobler is the spirit which treats these dumb creatures with mercy and justice.—F. J. Gould.

The Robin

*The robin laughed in the orange tree;
"Ho, windy North, a fig for thee;
While breasts are red and wings are bold*

*And green trees wave us globes of gold,
Time's scythe shall reap but bliss for me.*

*—Sunlight, song, and the orange tree.
—Sidney Lanier.*

What's In The New Books

Record of an Adventurous Life, by Henry Mayers Hyndman, The Millan Company. Cloth, 422 pp.

This book is, above all, a great human document. The author tells us that he comes "of the upper middle class in this Island, from a decent piratical stock."

After going rather lazily through Cambridge, came the time of travel, and his trip to Italy coincided with Garibaldi's effort to free that country from Austria, and he was quickly in the midst of the horrors of war.

Back to London, he arrives just as one of those periodical spasms of philanthropy is sweeping over the city, and to meet Mazzini, and here we begin to get the first of those remarkable sketches of men with whom the writer has been associated in his public life.

In comparing Marx and Mazzini, he says, that while realizing the "antagonism between Mazzini and his national idealism on the one side and Marx and his international realism on the other side," yet, "knowing both men and their works well and having been much more deeply influenced intellectually by the latter than by the former, I still feel all these long years afterward that Mazzini's fine view of what humanity might be could ill have been spared."

After that there comes a perfect string of men whom the world has counted great, to whom we are introduced. There is George Meredith, long the personal friend of the writer, whose personal conversation, we are assured, was as beautifully clear as his writings are confused. There is a list of correspondents with whom Hyndman was associated as the representative of the *Pall Mall Gazette* during the Russo-Turkish war, including such men as Frederick Greenwood, George Henty, and others whose names have become world renowned in the field of journalism. There is Disraeli, Clemenceau, Bradlaugh, John Morley among the radicals, and Karl Marx, Liebknecht, Jaures, William Morris, Bebel and Quelch among the Socialists, with whom we are brought into especially close touch.

In the world of travel we visit India, spend no little time among the savages of Polynesia and see Victoria and New South Wales in their primitive period, and are just a little gratified to learn that it was while at Great Salt Lake, when that city had but six thousand population, that Hyndman read Karl Marx and became a Socialist. There was careful study on the spot in India which has made the author one of the greatest authorities on the Indian question. There are stories of ship wrecks, of adventures on tropic seas, with gun men in our own wild west, of struggles with London mobs and of danger on more than one battlefield that justifies the title of the book.

Naturally, most Socialists turn with interest to those chapters that tell of the birth and growth of the Socialist movement in England. How the Social Democratic Federation, now the Social Democratic party, was founded, of how "Justice" was started and the hard fight to maintain its existence, of the quarrels with Marx, Engels and Morris and the reconciliation, all of which remind one of current history in the Socialist movement.

We see the pomposity of John Burns destroyed by the hard hitting blows of Harry Quelch, and the book closes with the international Congress of 1889.

There is a hint of another volume yet to come, and we cannot but wish that this hint may find definite realization. In spite of the fact that the author was born in 1842 it is significant of the youth that has pervaded his entire life that, as was told in these pages of a few weeks ago, he has just become

the central figure in the foundation of still another Socialist party in Great Britain.

Reflections of a Lawyer, by Morris Salem, published by the author, 198 Broadway, New York.

This is a somewhat sarcastic survey of some phases of legal practice. He points out that concentration of industry, organization of the law business and several less important features of modern life have decreased the demand for legal services. At the same time the courts are turning out lawyers faster than ever before.

He quotes from the *New York Morning Telegraph* to the effect, that:

"Statistics show that only about two per cent of all the lawyers in this glorious country are earning \$25,000 and over, stories of million-dollar fees that come at frequent intervals to the contrary notwithstanding; 6 per cent make from \$10,000 to \$25,000; 13 per cent command an income from legal services of from \$5,000 to \$10,000; 25 per cent pull down from \$2,000 to \$5,000 and the rest scramble for a living."

A Legend of the Rose, and Other Poems, by Leyland Huckfield, published by the author, 4120 Queen avenue, South Minneapolis.

This is a collection of pleasant musical poems, such as one might want to read when resting and dreaming.

Business, the Heart of a Nation, by Chas. Edward Russell. John Lane Company. Cloth, 291 pp., \$1.50.

The rule of business and its outcome is the theme of this work. The Republican party was born with certain ideals, but the doctrine of protection drew it to the interests and made it an organ of business. The Democratic party also once had ideals, but as business came to rule society it also took possession of the Democratic party.

"The truth is that Business has become the real ruler of our affairs, and the United States is the first country to set up a Business Government; at present very crude and unbalanced, but, nevertheless, a Business Government."

Business controls the press until "no newspaper of standing would venture to print any matter condemned by Business, nor fail to print any matter, though sometimes very ill-founded, that Business required to have printed."

Business controls the judges until "in the present generation, at least, no Federal judge has been appointed contrary to the wishes of Business."

Nor is this because business men are bad. They are very good men. They are very much as men have always been.

"The only question is whether for its own sake Business is, at present, quite wise. There is no question that it can at all times do what it wants to do. The only question is whether it is always moved to do the thing that is wise for itself; not for moralists, reformers, chatterers or gabies, but wise for itself and its own welfare, which, in the present stage of evolution, is the only important consideration. It may not be always wise for Business to rush to the defense of one of its class whether he be guilty or innocent as Business rushed to Calhoun in San Francisco.

"The fact is, brethren, that sort of thing always cuts two ways. If we band together to secure the escape of an accused member of our caste, we may be sure that other castes will do likewise, and the next thing will be a chaos bad for Business as at present conducted."

It is a question whether Business is wise in permitting the slum to grow, for the slum is a murderous thing. It means increased taxes and increased

taxes means increased cost of living and increased cost of living means more slums. The German business men are wiser than those of America. They saw that the best foundation for Business was healthy wage workers so they introduced a great system of social legislation, not, to be sure, because they wanted to, or really perhaps because they were wiser, but because Socialists compelled them to do those things.

Concentration is the law of Business. It is childish to oppose this law with petty congressional enactments. However, a spirit is arising against Business that is akin to the lynching spirit. It is demanding that somebody be put in jail, that the trusts be destroyed. If this spirit gains the upper hand "there would ensue the greatest panic ever known in our history. We might not be, and probably should not be, recovered in many years from the depression that would follow, and in those years Business would be prostrate."

The only alternative to Business for profit is "Business for the common good," and there is now arising a party that insists "upon the great fundamental principle that the present system has fulfilled its mission upon earth and is now becoming over-ripe and rotten. It will insist that the supply of man's necessities is far too important in his life to be owned and controlled for the profit of a few individuals. It will insist that there is now beginning upon the earth another great epoch in the story of man and that this fact must be understood and recognized. It will insist that as Serfdom ran its course and gave way to Feudalism, and Feudalism ran its course and gave way to Capitalism, the existing system, so Capitalism has now run its course and must now give way to a system under which the communal interests shall supplant the interests of personal greed and aggrandizement. That system we call Socialism."

Such a party as this is certain of victory and no "cave-dweller can stop its victory."

The whole book is a statement of the Socialist philosophy in the terms of every-day life. It is strong, simple and convincing in its arguments.

American Socialism of the Present Day, by Jesse Wallace Hughan. John Lane Company, New York. Cloth, 265 pp., \$1.50.

This book is at least unique in Socialist literature. It is the first attempt to study the Socialist movement of the United States from an impartial, even if sympathetic, point of view.

The author sets before herself the task of finding out just what the Socialists of the United States believe. There is a brief sketch of the present position of Socialism in America, an outline of Marxian Socialism and a short history, then chapters on the various Socialist dogmas, such as economic interpretation of history, the class struggle, surplus value and crises, and the breakdown of the capitalist system. The ultimate and immediate program of Socialism are each considered and an attempt made to discover where the Socialists of the United States stand on each question.

If this author has set forth the antagonistic positions clearly the question which will arise to the average Socialist reader will be "What have we been making all this row about?" Really, when the differences between Socialists are set down in black and white as they are here, they grow very small, and this is especially true when seen in the perspective of even a couple of years; in fact, the older Socialists will look in vain for the history of some famous battles. There is no mention of the terrible struggle over the question of

"Who pays the taxes?" and several others of contemporary importance.

It would be easy for a person who has been through all these battles to point out minor inaccuracies, and it is probable that any such attempt would be challenged by others equally familiar with the facts, so we will forbear.

The work is of unique value both as a reference work and an historical survey, and will be of special interest when read in the light of the evolution of subsequent years.

Mining Coal and Maiming Men

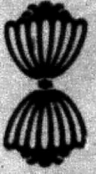
(Continued from Page Eleven.)

toward sending the next Socialist congressman to Washington.

KILLED AND WOUNDED

The mine inspector's books show that the following accidents occurred in the mines described in the above article between July 1, and October 2, 1911. Yet the attorney general declares that mining in this district is not a "dangerous occupation."

1. Vito Quaranto, run over by trip of cars.
2. Ed Adison, caught between mule and the trip.
3. Frank Sclot, burned by gas.
4. John Micca, killed by fall of rock.
5. Elmer Black, burned by gas.
6. John William, injured by a fall or rock.
7. John Johnson, killed by trip of cars.
8. Bob Patterson, burned by gas.
9. Emile Botteaux, injured by fall of rock.
10. James Heatherly, injured by having hand run over by car.
11. Antone Hoffer, back broken by a fall of rock.
12. Gregory Morey, killed by fall of rock.
13. Ben Giamalva, injured by fall of rock.
14. Joe Krosal, killed by a fall of rock.
15. N. B. Kennedy, injured by a fall of rock.
16. Sam Hartman, injured by fall of rock.
17. Charley Tondy, injured by falling off of trip of cars.
18. James Cahill, burned by gas.
19. John Cornello, killed by fall of rock.
20. Joe Henry, burned by shot going off while in the act of tamping.
21. Baptist Silva, killed by shot while in the act of firing.
22. Charley White, injured between cars and the rib.
23. Frank Tingley, injured while setting brake on a coal car.
24. Peter Conolo, burned by gas and powder.
25. H. Douglass, injured by mule falling over on him.
26. Joe Rector, injured by a fall of rock.
27. John Carr, hurt by a fall of rock.
28. Alcid Bury, injured by a fall of rock.
29. Mike Artlinger, injured by a trip of cars.
30. Fred Hartwig, injured by a fall of rock.
31. Joe Yessie, injured by a fall of rock.
32. F. Boisdrenghien, injured by a fall of rock.
33. Jack Welch, injured by being caught by an empty car.
34. Joe Bianco, injured while passing a mule.
35. Peter Sardallo, injured by coal falling down the shaft.
36. E. L. Jeffries, injured by shot blowing through a cross cut.
37. Sam Meeks, burned by gas.
38. David White, killed by a fall of coal.
39. John Spensberger, injured by a fall of coal.
40. John Carr, injured by a lump of coal, while trimming cars.
41. Louis Ivack, injured by a fall of rock.
42. Barto Wush, injured by a fall of rock.
43. Wm. Wantiez, injured by fall or rock.
44. John Prayic, injured by cars.
45. Marten Marcen, injured by a fall of coal.
46. John Wells, injured by cars.
47. Pete Pralo, injured by a fall of rock.
48. Jacob Farcheck, burned by gas.
49. Alex Lecerceq, injured between car and timber.
50. Grabelle Moricani, burned by gas.
51. Felix Magnetti, burned by gas.
52. O'Brien, killed by a fall of rock.
53. Sam Beadnell, burned by gas.
54. F. C. Kane, burned by gas.
55. Henry Crotty, injured by a fall of rock.
56. Fate Wilson, burned by gas.
57. James Keay, burned by gas.
58. James Hay, injured by cars.
59. Polite Musy, burned by powder while preparing a shot.
60. John Lungsford, burned by powder.
61. J. Lungsford, Jr., burned by powder.
62. Fernand Corstice, fall of rock.
63. Louis Divaret, injured by fall of rock.
64. John Lundy, injured by a mule kicking him in the face.
65. Frank Luyer, injured by fall of rock.
66. Frank Ykesh, burned by gas.
67. Robt. Parks, injured by railroad cars.
68. L. L. Minnow, injured by railroad cars.
69. Elmer Sutton, injured between cars.
70. Frank Trensier, injured by a fall of rock.
71. Will Sipes, injured by a fall of rock.
72. Charles Wisjack, burned by gas.
73. William Bellman, injured by brake wheel on railroad car.
74. Evan Morgan, injured by premature explosion.
75. Walter Granstrom, injured by a fall of rock.
76. Tony O'Bretto, injured by a fall of rock.
77. Louis Valtner, injured by fall of rock.



Come Have a Smile With Us



Flings at Things

BY D. M. S.

Feeding It to Him

Oh honest farmer, pardon me,
I wonder how you stand the bunk
They hand to you so lavishly
In such a large and growing chunk,
They say you feed the human race,
A work that noble is and grand,
And then they watch your smiling face
And see your worthy chest expand.

You feed the world, a job that keeps
You pretty busy, I should say,
For while the profit monger sleeps
You jump the fence and toil away,



To raise the stuff that others share
You spend some sixteen hours of
stress
And manage, if your luck is fair
To get a living, more or less.

You feed the world, but in between
Your patches and the men who eat
Is standing, satisfied and clean
The gang that lives on Easy street;
Just why they should enjoy the cream
You can't exactly figure out,
But if it isn't all a dream,
There's something you might think
about.

All One Way

"Notice this advice about going back
to the farm?"

"What about it?"

"It is all 'Go back.' None of it is
'Come back.' The fellows who are
there know what it is all right."

A Waiting Field

"What do you know about farming?"
"Nothing. What do you know about
it?"

"As much or less."

"Hurra. We will form a partnership
and go back to the land and make a
fortune in six months."

Constant Menace

The farmer views with some concern
The schemes to get his goat
For everywhere that he may turn
A trust is at his throat,
The reaper trust, the mower trust,
The trust that buys his grain,
The trust that doesn't trust that trust
But trusts it on by train.



The harrow trust is on the job
To greet him in the spring;
The thrasher trust is there to rob
From what the fall may bring,
So all the time on the defense
The farmer has to act;
To such a system what's the sense
To get right down to fact?

Chance for Exercise

"John writes that he holds the record
in college for heavy lifting, dad. Ain't
that fine?"

"Sure. He can come home and try
it on the mortgage."

Some Hope

"That old bay mule of mine ain't got
a lick of sense."



"But he never voted the democratic
ticket and he can prove it."

Little Flings

Those who work the farmers get off
with less work than the farmers do.

Not only can the farmer understand
Socialism, but he can see where he

would be able to use it in his business.

Where do you suppose the harvester
trust got all of those millions?

Does it ease the farmer's toil to know
that his city friends think he has an
automobile?

After trying several years to figure
out where he is a capitalist the farmer-
renter usually gives it up.

To keep a bright boy on the farm it
is necessary to show him.

Being so trust bitten as he is the
farmer should join the big trust which
is the Socialist party to escape the
others.

If the government can give away
seeds why not seeding machines?

Scientific agriculture means organi-
zation. One little fellow can't live by
himself in a shack and make much of a
living.

Notice how the renters are filling up
the census books?

"Jerry—that's me—far famed son of
toil,

Alive and alert, built up from the soil
To the rule and the scratch according to
Hoyle.

Big-boned and strong-sinewed, thick-
chested and long
In the reach, fore and aft, big-fisted
and strong.

Hard-headed, sure-footed, long-winded,
be-damn!

Six foot in my socks, it's a man that
I am.

I can push, I can pull, I can heave, I can
haul;

A half ton of brick ain't no bother a-
tall.

Just show me the load and get out of
my way,

I'll heave it or haul it or pack it all day
I'm there, that I am, with the bone and
the grit,

And twelve hours a day can't phase me
a bit.

Stand aside pretty face with your style
and your clothes,

Heave-yo-heave! up she comes and over
she goes.

I've toiled all my life and no man ever
saw

Me break so much as a twig of the law.
I work and I eat, and I sleep and am
dumb

And I get my reward in the Great
Kingdom Come."

The Recall Illustrated

They were fellow passengers, and
were engaged in a lively discussion on
the subject of the recall. One man was
absorbed in the antics of a pet white
rat that he had with him on the car.

The argument seemed to be two to
one in favor of the recall, the man with
the rat composing the minority. Finally,
the subject exhausted, the owner of the
rat placed his pet on his shoulder.

"Yes, he said, 'he's a pretty independ-
ent fellow. Bite? Never! You just
couldn't make him bite.'"

Just then a six-footer arose and,
quietly leaning over the three inter-
vening seats behind, gave him such a
terrific tweak on the back of his neck,
that he threw up his hands and knocked
the animal from his shoulder.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed, "that's
the first time he ever bit me!"

And he wondered why every passen-
ger laughed!

Voices From the Fog

By J. Edward Morgan

Oh blame not me, sweet souls and dear,
For the sights I see, for the sounds I
hear,

As calm I grope my daily round
Where fog lies deep o'er boggy ground.
How hard for you whose lamps are lit
To pierce the gulf 'twixt dome and pit;
To hear, to see, to feel with me
With quick, warm pulse of sympathy,
The smile, the tear, the growl and groan,
The murmurings in undertone,
The prayer-half threat, the curse unsaid,
The varying pulse of quick and dead;
The bold advance, the cowed retreat,
The dull, dead tramp of hope-whipped
feet;

The secret pact, the open strife,
The thirst, the reach, the fight for life,

From pit to dome! Ah smile and drink;
Your rays obscure the abysmal brink.
Secure and high o'er social hell,
Drink on, sleep on, "All, all is well."
Girt round by famine's treach'rous bog,
Ah, see ye not the deepening fog?
As lights above shall brighter glow
So denser grows the fog below.
And inch by inch its upward reach—
But drink—I am not called to preach.
Your lamps are lit—if fog shall creep
From pit to dome, disturb your sleep,
Engulf in gloom—but hold—enough—
Your faith is built of firmer stuff.
Farewell, I grope my listful fog,
Hark to the voices from the fog.

"Ah, cheese it, cheese it, come down
out of the clouds; get your feet down
on earth. You can't think clear with
your head in the sky. Now listen, you
and I are both working men, work at
the same trade, in the same shop.
Neither of us has anything to gain by
beating the other in an argument. We
want to get out of the fog, out of the
pit. We want to be secure from pov-
erty, to leave our children secure from
poverty. Agreed. Now how can we
overcome poverty and wipe it from the
face of the earth? We want to do this?
Every workingman wants to do this.
Now look at it as you would a job to be
done in the shop. No prejudice there.
Find out what poverty is, how it came
and the means to get rid of it. You'll
find it a disease that can be cured.
Here, Jack, put this book in your pocket
and read it tonight. Read it to your
wife, or let her read it to you. Tell me
next time we meet what Poverty is and
how you think we'll get by it."

"Whoopety! Whoopety! Boomeety! Bang!

I've got me a job and I don't give a
dang.

Three dollars a day will keep up me
sap—

Hooray for Tom Dolan! To 'ell with
the Japs!"

"Work?" Not I. I sowed my wild
oats when a colt. Don't urge me or
tempt me with wages. You waste your
breath. I am implacable. I've sworn it.
Never again will I waste my substance
with degrading toil. Look at the
swarming slaves who work, fighting for
the jobs. I will rob no man or woman
of one hour of bliss that comes with
the oxen's yoke. 'Eat?' Yes, I will
eat and drink. It is good to eat and
drink. It is nourishing; also stimulat-
ing; it brings poise and dignity and
helps one to keep strong resolves.

"If all men were like me?" They
are not. Most men are as fond of toil
as I am of ease. Let them sweat while
I lie in the shade. They like it. Let
them not be grouchy with the 'mak-
ings.' I give them the jobs, let them
come to me with their 'wages' and share
my leisure. I will neither ride nor be
ridden."

There is Still Time

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

Social Forces in America

BY A. M. SIMONS

This is the first work setting forth the facts of American History
in the light of Socialist philosophy. It tells you WHY things happened.
It tells just WHAT INTERESTS were behind political parties, institu-
tions, legislation and judicial decisions. It is a text-book on both His-
tory and Socialism—a work of interest to the student, the agitator and the
casual reader. Until the copies that we now have on hand are gone
one copy will be sent as a premium for three dollars worth of Subscriptions
to the COMING NATION. At the rate these are now going our
stock will be exhausted in a short time. Address

The Coming Nation, Girard, Ks



He will get this Message one of these Bright Election Days

First Victory in Los Angeles

The first outpost has been captured in the campaign to "carry California for Socialism." At the Los Angeles primary Job Harriman, the Socialist candidate, polled 20,157 votes against 16,790 for the "Good Government Candidate," and 8,168 was polled for the third candidate. Since the California law requires an absolute majority in the primary for a choice, an election will be necessary in which only the two highest candidates will be on the ballot.

The campaign was most bitterly fought. Nowhere are the class lines so sharply drawn at this moment as at Los Angeles. The presence of the McNamara trial has focused the attention of the capitalists and the entire country on this city. The result was a clear class fight. The workers lined up as a solid class. It was not an uprising of fanatics, roused by shibboleths in the mouths of leaders, but it was the mass of workers in motion.

Such a movement does not slip back. Among the forces that must be recognized as making for this great move-

ment is the campaign carried on by the *Appeal to Reason* that placed fifteen thousand voters of Los Angeles on the subscription list as a result of its campaign to carry California.

The result of the election depends in a large degree upon the vote of the women, who have just been enfranchised as a result of a state referendum. Both sides recognize this. The Socialists began the work of getting the Socialist women on the registration list some days ago, and now declare that they have over twenty thousand Socialist women registered.

The opposition, with unlimited funds and the energy of desperation are seeking to obtain the vote of every woman known to be opposed to Socialism.

Hard to Tell

Her cows had individuality. There was "Snowball," "Reddy," "Blacky," "Spotty," etc., so when little Helen saw a drove of Jerseys, she exclaimed: "How can they tell which ones they've milked?"



The Bone of Contention



This is one of the highest and most inspiring of the poems of spiritual uplift and a protest against the crude material worship of worldly success that dominates our civilization. The author was a noted American lawyer, sculptor and writer. His most famous sculptures are statues of Cleopatra, Semiramis, Medea and the Sibyl. A wide field is covered by his books embracing such diverse themes as biography, criticism, anatomy from an artist's standpoint, essays, politics, the drama and poetry. Among his best books are "A Roman Lawyer at Jerusalem," "He and She," "Roba di Roma" and "Excursions in Art and Letters." His genius was many-sided and, like the Brownings, Shelley and other highly artistic natures was enchanted with the lure of Italy and spent the most of his life near Florence.

Life's Heroes

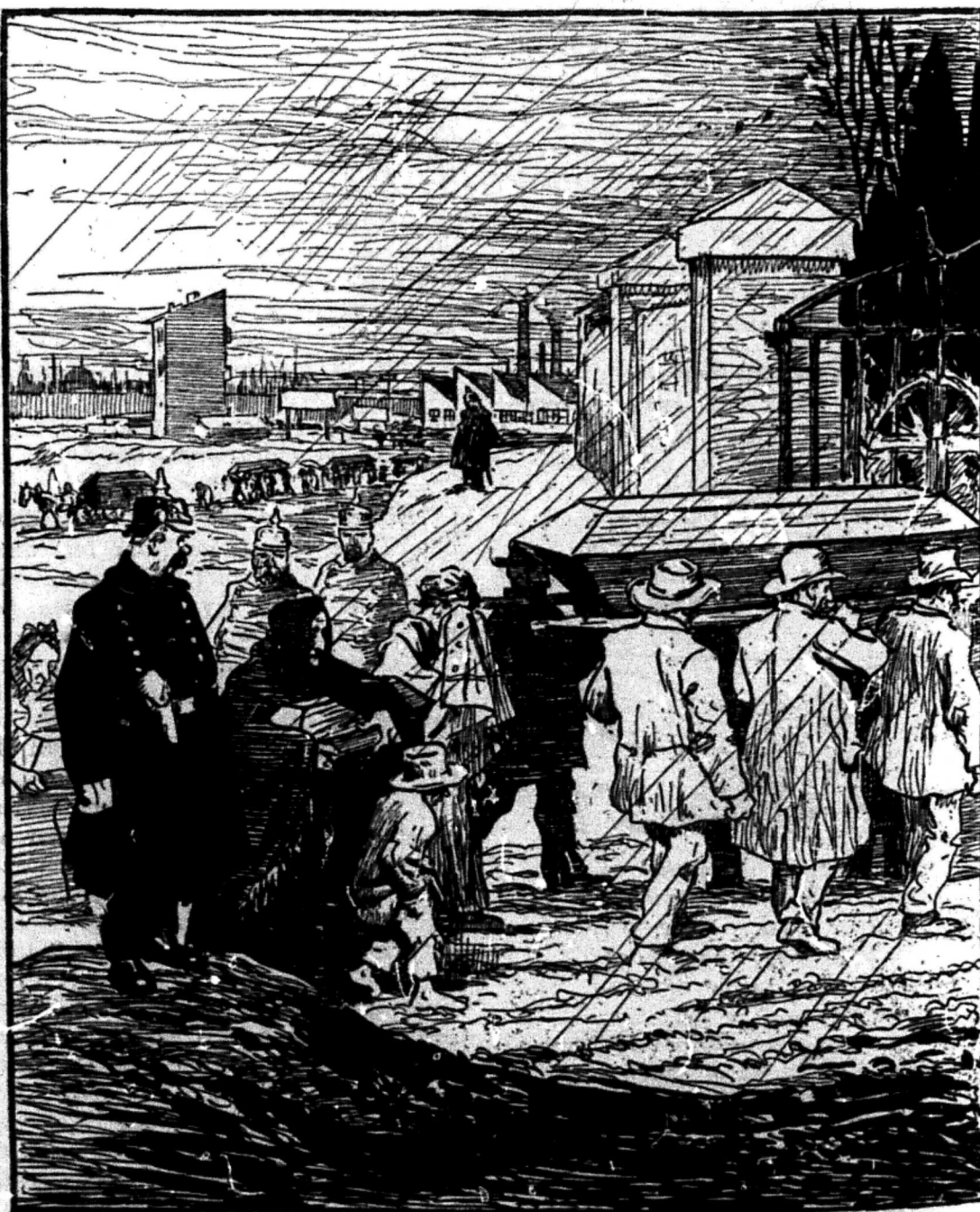
BY WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

I sing the hymn of the conquered—who
fell in the battle of life,
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten,
who died overwhelmed in the strife
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for
whom the resounding acclaim
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose
brows wore the chaplet of fame;
But the hymn of the lowly and the humble,
the weary, the broken in heart,
Who strove and who failed—acting
bravely a silent and desperate part:
Whose youth bore no flowers on its
branches, whose hope burned in
ashes away,
From whose hands slipped the prize
they had grasped at, who stood at
the dying of day,
With the wreck of their life all around
them, unpitied, unheeded, alone—
With death swooping down on their
failure, all but the faith over-
thrown.

While the voice of the world shouts its
chorus, its pean for those who have
won—

While the triumph is sounding triumphant
and high to the breeze and the
sun

Glad banners are waving, hands, clapping,
and hurrying feet
Thronged after the laurel crowned victors,
I stand on the field of defeat.
In the shadow of those who have fallen,
lie wounded, and there
Chant a requiem low, place my hand on
their pain-knotted brow, breathe a
prayer;
Hold the hand that is helpless and whisper,
"They only the victory win
Who have fought the good fight and
who have vanquished the demon
that tempts us within;
Who have held to their faith, un-
seduced by the prize the world holds
on high,
Who have dared for a high cause to
suffer, resist, fight, if need be die!"
Speak, history! who are life's heroes?
Unroll thy long annals I say!
Are they those whom the world calls
the victors, who won the success of
the day?
The martyr or Nero? The Spartans
who fell at Thermopylae's trust
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His
judges or Socrates? Pilate or
Christ?



The only Demonstration in Germany against the high Cost of Living that the Government ca. not forbid

Der Wahre Jakob