

# THE COMING OF THE NATION

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## Comment on Things Doing

By Charles Edward Russell

### ESSENTIALS OF A "FAIR" TRIAL



At Los Angeles in these days a man is being tried for his life.

He is being tried before a judge well known to be biased and prejudiced and against whom he has formally and solemnly protested, declaring that in such a court he cannot have justice.

He is being tried by a prosecution backed with unlimited wealth, supported by the Steel Trust, the Southern Pacific, Union Pacific and other great railroad companies and the gigantic and overwhelming power of accumulated capital.

He is being tried by a court that has already exceeded both law and justice in its attempts to convict him, a court that has used the grand jury as an instrument to learn in advance all the points of his defense and has secured the arrest of one of his attorneys that was active in finding testimony in his behalf.

He is being tried in a community that has been for years under the Cossack rule of one group of powerful capitalists, where men have been afraid to speak their minds, where the press has been gagged or terrorized and the government seized and perverted.

He is being tried in a community that for six months has been carefully and skillfully poisoned against him, where he has never had a fair chance to present his cause, where every word and act of his have been distorted to inflame public prejudice against him and from this community his jury will be selected.

He is being tried in a country where for months all the newspapers except a handful of Socialist journals have been worked by clever press agent devices to create and foster a feeling against him.

We are from time to time assured by a large part of the press that this man is to have a fair trial. How under these conditions it can possibly be fair no one has so far explained, but I should like very much to know.

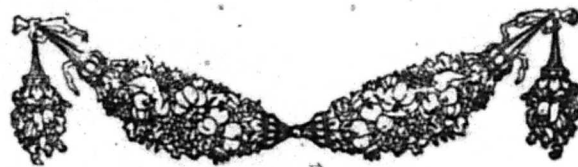


### PLEASE HAVE RESPECT FOR OUR JUDGES

Poor, misguided people of California! Strange, perverse, deluded creatures! They actually seem to think that they know what they want and what is for their benefit, despising the counsel of their natural guardians, the Wise and the Good. Alas the day! We may well fear the worst for our beloved country.

The Californians had the benefit of the sagest instruction from President Taft, Cardinal Gibbons, John Ireland, the Catholic Church, the Southern Pacific Railroad, the breweries, Pat Calhoun, Abe Ruef, Terey L. Ford, the Highbinder Traction combine, the gas companies, all the eminent bankers. Long Green Andy, the hooting McCall bird, the Cave Dwellers, Bill the Balloon, Mr. Wickersham, Joseph Pulitzer, the *New York World*, Mr. Morgan, *Harper's Weekly*, George Harvey, Chancellor Day, the electric light companies, Mike De Young, the gifted Herrin, and every other source of wisdom in our fair land, and in spite of all rushed headlong to destruction and adopted all of the revolutionary measures submitted to them at the late election. Among these were the terrible initiative, referendum and recall, including the recall of judges.

Indeed, as if with abandoned depravity, horrible to contemplate, they desired to



flaunt their crimes in the very face of Wisdom and Goodness, they gave the largest majority to the recall—including the recall of judges. It was no wonder that at this deplorable news silence descended upon the Best and Wisest among us, broken only by the sound of falling tears.

On the very morning that these facts became undeniable, President Taft alighted from a train on California soil and was confronted with the terrible headlines that revealed (at a distance of forty rods) the sad, sad truth. Can you imagine his feelings? Alas, no! Fancy faints to think what they must have been!

\* \* \*

Many a wise, wise head was bowed in sorrow that day. What must have been the sensations among the immaculate and noble band of Federal judges! What harassing visions of life deprived of private cars and merry jauntings! What forebodings of bleak and bitter days to come when it will no longer be possible to serve the corporations and be glad therein!

Because—dreadful thought!—suppose this spirit of unrest now sweeping over our broad land should not cease until it made every public servant high or low amenable to the people? Suppose from recalling state judges the hideous thing should begin also to recall Federal judges? Suppose it should even dare to lay its impious hand upon the holy ermine of the Supreme Court of the United States? Suppose tradition, Shinto, 1789 and the ghosts of the past should cease to dominate our affairs? Suppose the low, common herd should insist upon having a form of government suited to these times and conditions? Suppose they should demand that they be no longer excluded from the direction of things? You can see at once that there are possibilities to fill with alarm the soul of any perfect gentleman.

Mobocracy! Alack, the monster is at large in our midst! We fear there is no hope. Only a few days ago our spirits were cheered by the spectacle of Archbishop John Ireland, rushing to the rescue. With trusty weapon uplift and flaming eye he threw himself courageously upon the demon of unrest. In vain, all, all in vain! Even when he cursed it with bell, book and candle and in piercing tones commanded it to retire it but uttered a hoarse "Ha! Ha!" and proceeded upon its path of destruction.

For my part, I can see nothing but signs of gloom. It looks to me as if all our revered rulers would have to go to work—governors, judges, guardians, guides, counsellors, statesmen, leaders, inspired prophets, presidents, learned legislators, superior creatures divinely appointed to rule, and all the rest. Gone forever seem the good old days in which the Superior Intellect could sit around and tell the lowly what's what. Ruin and darkness brood upon the land as the conviction slowly strengthens that the Superior Intellect will have to take its place with the common herd and actually work. And work is so vulgar!



### DARK DAYS AHEAD FOR OUR MASTERS

The sorrows that may come upon our beloved corporations from this pernicious doctrine of the recall of judges may easily be seen from a recent incident in California.

For many years the courts of that state have stood as the sturdy bulwarks of corporation supremacy, deciding everything in favor of our masters, which is right and proper. Under this condition it has been practically impossible for an in-

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jured workman to recover any damages from his employer if his employer happened to be a railroad company. This, of course, promoted the general welfare by promoting the welfare of the railroads, which, it is well known, are the true source of prosperity and public happiness. Besides, why should an injured person have money from a railroad? He wouldn't know what to do with it, and on all accounts it is much better in the company's treasury, where it can be used to raise "melons" or bribe legislators.

But since this wicked agitation for the recall of judges has been on, the judges in California have begun to entertain the strange suspicion that they are not popular. A short time ago came before the Supreme Court the case of a man that had been so mangled by a railroad train that he had lost both arms and one leg. The jury in the lower court brought in a verdict of heavy damages. The company appealed and the universal expectation was that following invariable precedent the Supreme Court would maintain the ancient principle of corporation supremacy. Instead, the court handed down a decision that, including the interest allowed, mulcted the railroad company in about \$94,000.

Such a thing had never been known in the grand old days when the seat of California's government was the Southern Pacific Railroad office. No wonder, then, Mr. Taft and the right-minded everywhere lament the devastating spirit of democracy that is sweeping over our country. If it shall continue the next thing you know anybody that gets torn to pieces on our railroads can collect damages. And where will the sacred dividends be then?



### THE CHANCE FOR JUSTICE

Six states of this union have now repudiated the ancient superstition of the Skin-clads concerning the inferiority of women. Glory be. It takes a long time to get out of the caves, but we are moving, brethren, we are moving.

Six. And if the estimable ladies that conduct the suffrage campaign could be induced to heed the plain lesson of the California election the Cave Dwellers would be routed everywhere else. I don't suppose they will heed it; so I don't suppose that political justice for women will move forward at more than a snail's pace. But it seems a pity.

Elections in this country are not carried by elegant persons that frequent the St. Francis Hotel and say "bahth" for "bath."

They are carried by plain persons that work with their hands and feel no awe when they learn that a woman named Belmont is out for woman suffrage.

If my friends of the suffrage movement could once apprehend this simple fact they could carry every state in the Union. But they will not apprehend it because for the most part they belong to the most reactionary element on earth, which is composed of college-bred American women.



### LET THEM USE THEIR WITS

The fact has never been suspected by his colleagues and associates, but Vice President James S. Sherman is one of the profoundest thinkers of our times. Lately he has been turning the mighty engine of his mind to the subject of conservation, and the result is something to back the conservationists off the map.

"What's the good of conservation?" says this revered philosopher. "Nothing!" Conservation is mere foolishness. Anybody that thinks we ought to remember the generations to come is a mere sentimentalist. Let them look after themselves. The thing to do now is to sail in, grab everything in sight, have a grand old debauch and let the next generation use its wits to get out of the hole. Conserve

the national resources? Not at all. Wade in and use them up. Our children will enjoy the task of finding substitutes for them, and if they don't, they ought to. Anyway, what do we care?

Well, I told you this was a mighty mind and wonderful thinker. And, of course, he is right. What do we care? What's the use of saving anything or doing anything for anybody except ourselves? Let the rest go hang. "Hail, hail, the gang's all here." That's the idea. What's the use of having schools? Let our children, when they grow up, use their wits. What's the use of having parks and playgrounds? Let the kids shift for themselves. What's the use of orphan asylums? If the corporations had the money wasted on these foolish benevolences think of the dividends they might pay! What's the use of trying to improve upon our methods? They're good enough for us and if the next generation doesn't like them it can lump them. What's the use of life insurance or bothering about your wife and children? What's the use of anything except to get down into the muck and wallow there?



### THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

The best and strongest play that has been seen in New York in many years is Joseph Madill Patterson's "Rebellion," and it has just been withdrawn there because the critics and the secret, powerful, stealthy work of the church have killed it. The critics lied it to death. They can do that to any play and they will whenever the play touches upon a vital issue.

There was a time when the newspapers were the natural champions and expressions of the people's cause. The masters reached out and took the newspapers and turned them into valets and harlots.

The popular magazine came next as the people's defender. For five or six years it was free and untrammelled. Then the masters reached out and took it, and now it is serving at the corporation table with the newspaper.

Thereupon some good and discerning souls believed that the next popular weapon would be the theatre.

But if the critics can kill any play that offends their masters, what chance is there in the theatre?

"Rebellion" has only shared the fate of Olga Nethersole's brave, strong play that attacked the Trinity Church tenements. In exactly the same way, by exactly the same means, both plays, having great dramatic merit and no dramatic defects were banished from the stage. Every other revolutionary play that has ever been presented in New York has had the same doom.

Evidently, then, you will not get very far with the drama as a weapon for the people until you get something else; for the drama is only a branch of the tree, but a free press is the vital root of all progress.

The first thing, then, is to build up sedulously that part of the press that remains free. Take the free newspapers and no others, buy the free magazines and none others. If the people in the United States that do not admire journalistic harlotry would follow this plan we could in a year build a free press that could support a free drama at the same time that it was putting the crowbar under the *maison de joie* wherein the harlots now sing, smirk and strangle good plays.



### MORAL—BE A GOOD POSER

The world has done William Jennings Bryan a great injustice by assuming, in its careless, confident fashion that his brain lobes were ossified.

Nothing of the kind. One of the lobes at least is still penetrable. Mr. Bryan has discovered that Justice Charles Evans Hughes of the Supreme Court is friendly to the cor-

porations. True, Mr. Bryan might have found this out five years ago, but let us rejoice that he has found it out now. Let us rejoice when he finds out anything. Not because it is of importance to anybody, but just by way of good nature and being cheerful.

The case of Governor Hughes was fully described in these columns at the time he was appointed to the Supreme bench. It is interesting, I think, to all political diagnosticians. He was at one time far and away the most popular man in the state of New York and could have had anything he wanted; and he gained that popularity merely on the strength of one brand of hot air of which he was the originator. It consisted of going about with a solemn face, thrusting one hand into his bosom, and announcing in pious phraseology that he was the friend of the people and the opponent of all wicked corporations.

The people fell for that. At the time they would have fallen for anybody that had a good make-up and did such a stunt fairly well. Governor Hughes never turned a hand against any corporation; but under his rather clever disguise did the big ones some wonderfully good turns. He was the originator of the Public Utilities fake, under which the public service companies of New York are supposed to be controlled by commissions and are really allowed to plunder as they please. This alone was worth literally billions to the big looters.

Since Hughes' time his make-up and gags have been widely copied, not always with encouraging success. It takes something of an artist to get away with a turn like that. The ablest performer now on the circuit is old Doc Wilson. He has some tricks that even Hughes never thought of. One of them is making a direct play for the agricultural heart. The only thing Hughes knew about agriculture was how to raise a good crop of whiskers. You can't travel far on that. Another good stunt of Wilson's is the affectation of blunt, plain speech. That snatches 'em every time, so a member of the chorus tells me. "I'm a plain, blunt man and dead sore on graft" will raise a cheer almost anywhere in the palpitating West.



### WHY NOT BE ECONOMICAL?

"Let the housewife exercise economy," says an eminent authority on cooking, "and there will be no complaint about the increase in the cost of living."

Sure. In Chicago in the last twelve months, the price of potatoes has advanced 50 per cent, of pork products from 45 to 60 per cent, of mutton 20 to 30 per cent, of beef 25 per cent. Sugar and flour have also gone up. And yet all that is required of the household is the exercise of a little economy. Stop eating and all these troubles will disappear.

I love to compare the rising price lists with the confident assertions of the experts a year ago that we had reached the limit of high prices and that thereafter we could look for a steady decline. We are still looking for it. "Look long, O longing eyes, and look in vain." Month by month the prices soar. But have you noticed any corresponding increase in your wages?

Well, then, what's the answer?



### TASTES DIFFER

Judge Grosscup having cheered the nation in its darkest hour with the announcement that he was about to resign, plunges it back into gloom by declaring that he will stick until his fingers are beaten off the edge of the bench.

Tastes differ.

Few persons in Judge Grosscup's position could refrain from the opportunity to make so many persons happy; few could find any pleasure in reviving the old question debated by so many coroner's juries:

"Was he pushed or did he get thrown?"

# “CENTRAL”

THE WORK OF THE TELEPHONE OPERATOR AND ITS EFFECT ON HER LIFE

By Hyman Strunsky



An applicant's first appearance

**O**f the six million working women in this country none stand so closely connected to the entire population as the telephone operator. “Central” has become indispensable, and there is hardly a person who does not apply to her several times during a single day. Our telephone system is the largest in the world. The New York Telephone Company alone, covering besides New York, the states of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, part of West Virginia and Ohio, is equal to all the stations of Great Britain and Germany, or to one half of all the stations in Europe combined. On December 31, 1909, there were 5,142,692 stations in the United States, or one telephone to each seventeen of the total population. Since then the increase has been enormous. The last figures show that in the City of New York alone it reaches 7,000 a month. We are a practical people and attend to our duties with directness and precision. Time is money and we guard our minutes and seconds as jealously as we do our dollars and cents. The telephone allows us to accomplish the work of days in a single hour. We transact our business, make our appointments, pay our visits, engage in large commercial and social activities without leaving our desk.

And with all this the telephone is to us nothing more than a small, black piece of galvanized iron! We forget the advantages, but feel keenly its imperfections. We are an impatient people, and when we want a thing we want it badly. No sooner do we place our lips to the instrument than we expect a reply. The slightest delay sends fire to our eyes and paints our faces red with anger. We shake the hook of the receiver with a violence in proportion to the inward irritation, and when relief does not come we say things. Little we realize that behind the small, black piece of galvanized iron is a human being—a frail, sensitive child, not quite out of her teens, who, at the moment we are abusing her, struggles with a dozen intricate wires in a desperate effort to please us!

### The Human Part of the Mechanism

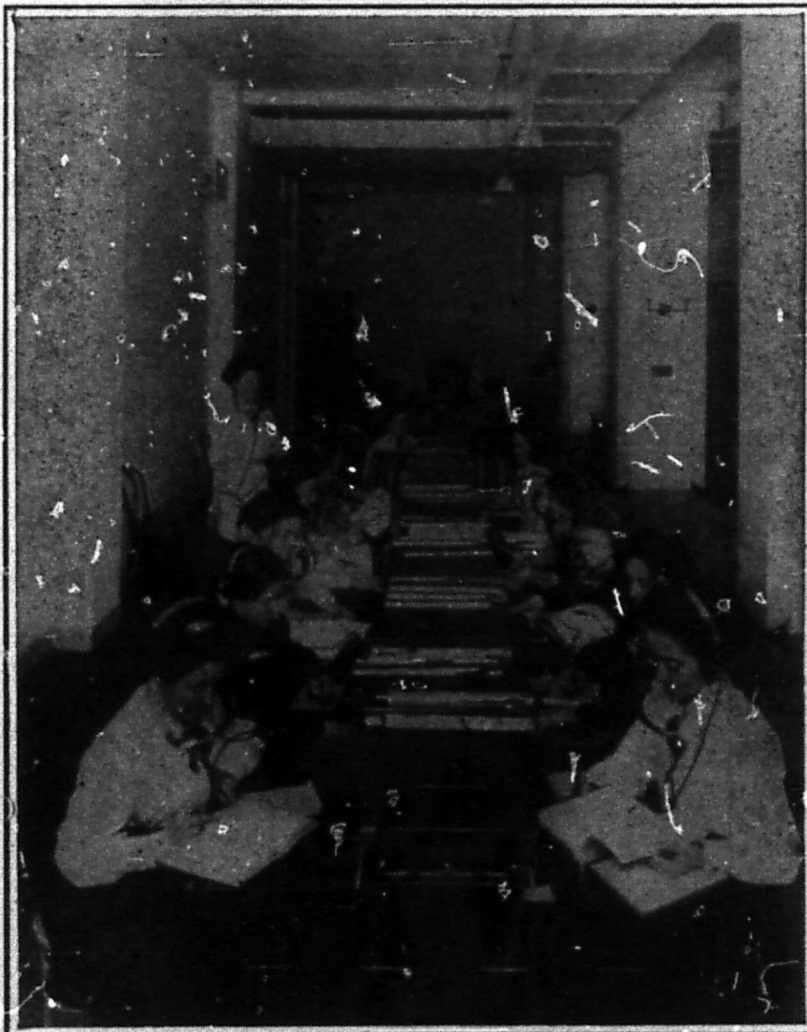
It is about this child that I wish to speak. Much has been said about the stenographer, a great deal has been written about the saleswoman, much space has been given to women in various industries. Central, alone, has been allowed to rest beneath misunderstanding and slander. In most minds she is a giddy, shallow youngster with flirting proclivities. Every now and then a newspaper reporter writes a “story” of her engagement to a millionaire, not because it so happens, but because it amuses the reader and agrees with his notion. Very little is said of her real self, the character of her work and the effect it has on her physical and mental development.

Central begins well. She is young, intelligent and in perfect health—when she starts work. She is not accepted for the position unless she is. In order to perform the work satisfactorily she must have a steady hand, a quick eye, a clear pronunciation, good auditory nerves, a clear voice, and the ability to control her temper. Before she is admitted to the school, where in four weeks she learns her trade, she is made to undergo a rigid physical examination. In Chicago, after she has passed the general test, Central is taken to a special room.



Telephone operator's lecture room: note the healthy appearance of the girls

where she removes her clothing, and a matron ascertains the condition of her heart, lungs, spine, nervous system, eyes and throat. Her history and the history of her parents are looked into. One of the companies furnishes its managers with printed “suggestions as to the selection of telephone operators.” These “suggestions” insist that the examiner ascertain whether the parents were tuberculous, whether they had symptoms of insanity or of nervousness, explaining that “children of parents dying young from chronic diseases of any nature are usually debilitated and are unable to withstand an



Information bureau; note the fagged appearance after a few years of service

exhausting occupation.” The “suggestions” mention the history of other diseases, such as the history of chorea, or St. Vitus Dance, the history of hysteria, of epilepsy and of “any nervous diseases.” The examiner is advised to ascertain whether the applicant “is easily moved to laughter or tears,” and whether she is not “easily excited,” and, finally, is told that “an individual who possesses none of the above signs and symptoms, who is perfect physically, that is, not crippled, and who has a calm eye and steady gaze, steady hand and firm set jaws, weight proportional to height, good appetite, healthy,



Application room  
Only about 10 per cent are qualified in health

rosy complexion and not easily excited, can usually withstand the wear and tear of an exhausting work, such as telephone or telegraph operator, successfully.”

### Rigid Health Requirements

The qualifications are so many and the examinations so rigid that only ten out of every hundred applicants are accepted. The head of the training school in New York City, said that she does not take the girls into any special room, nor does she tell them to undress. “I have been here for fifteen years,” she said, “and with the experience gathered it is not hard to discover barring symptoms by just sizing up the applicant.” Five minutes’ talk with a girl will tell whether she is able, intelligent and well enough to withstand the strain. “Yes, we prefer young girls,” she said in reply to a question. “We don’t accept any one older than twenty-three. Seventeen is the preferred age, though some are much younger. As to the percentage of the applicants who pass the examinations I should say that ten out of every hundred would perhaps be a correct estimate—and it may even be that it is less than ten.”

The fifteen years spent in that work, attending on an average of 12,000 applicants a year, gave the head of that department an experience that makes the methods of examination pursued by other companies unnecessary. While the girl fills out answers to printed questions, she is closely observed. A trembling of the hand, a quiver of the voice, a sensitive expression on the face, a timidity in manner, the way in which an application blank is filled out, tell the story, tell it so emphatically that nine out of every ten who apply are rejected.

The chosen one enters the school where she is taught the intricacies of her trade, and is paid while learning. In New York she begins with \$5 a week, but in some of the Southern states she receives as little as \$2 a week, and in many cities she receives only 25 cents a day. When the period of training is over, she enters the “Exchange” and serves as assistant operator for a few weeks and then becomes a full-fledged Central.

### She Becomes an Automation

It is then that her real work begins. With two hundred other girls she takes her place on a high stool at the switchboard and faces thirty inches of multiple. She stands ready to be called upon by any of the 10,000 subscribers of the exchange. With head-piece attached to her ear and tube to her mouth she becomes dead to her surroundings, and passes into a world of signals, clickings and number-calls. Every call signals directly to her position, with each call a light flashes in front of her, and a clicking sound strikes her ear through the receiver attached to her head. She casts her glances for various colored flashes. The signals come thick and fast and she works with her eyes, ears, mouth, hands and body. Each signal is met with the insertion of two plugs on the multiple, one to answer the call, the other to get the number asked for. The numbers are scattered over her thirty inches of the switchboard, and she has to insert the plugs high, low and sideways, causing the “upward and downward stretches” which keep the body in a continual twisting and bending. At times there are several calls at once and several lumps glow simultaneously.

Central is struggling to answer the calls in their order, and is making frantic efforts to clear the board. But each of the callers wants his number quickly, and he manifests his impatience by a violent shaking of the telephone hook. Every move of the hook relights the lamp and again sends the clicking sound to the ear. This is often done by many of the callers at the same time, and is rendered still more annoying by the accompaniment of angry voices and ugly remarks. Central is not allowed to retort. Behind her stands a "supervisor" to see that she does not expostulate. "Number, please," is all she is allowed to say and as the irate callers continue their boisterous denunciations, the "Number, please," trembles across the wires in broken, inaudible sobs.

An exact description of her work is given in the report of the Telephone Commission issued in February, 1910. It describes the handling of the simplest form of connection, and mentions eleven processes in the usual type of common battery board. "First, when attention is attracted by the pilot lamp (the general signal) the operator's eyes follow the lines of signals on the terminals on her position; (2) this located, she (3) puts the plug into terminal, (4) opens her listening key, (5) asks for number desired, (6) locates that number on the multiple, (7) tests the jack to see that the line is not in use, (8) inserts her plug, (9) rings the called party. She then (10) must watch the signal lamps to see that called party answers and that connection is established. As soon as the lamp relights she must be alert for this signal, and (11) take down the cord at once."

"This is the simplest form of connection," says the Report, and "these processes—more complicated on the less direct forms of connection—are carried on during the entire work day, sometimes with such rapidity that over 350 connections are made in a busy hour. In fact, one exchange reported a record of 25 calls answered in 2 minutes and 9 seconds, or an average of 5.16 seconds per call."

#### The Telephone Exchange

I saw Central at work. By courtesy of the New York Telephone Company I was shown around the magnificent plant on 15, Dey street. I looked at whole floors of mechanical wonders. I was introduced to electrical mysteries which struck me with the incomprehensibility of witchcraft. The magnitude of the system towered above me and left me gasping with surprise. I could neither understand its workings nor grasp their significance. But there was one part of the machinery which I knew well and understood fully: the part that stands between the switchboard and the subscriber—the human part.

Two hundred well-dressed, pretty, young and intelligent girls were seated before what I was told is the largest switchboard in the world. They were working incessantly, with the speed of nervous tension, throwing their arms and bending their heads and bodies in various directions. The "Number, please," coming in a continual flow from 200 throats, filled the room with a deafening noise. In this position and in this noise Central works for nine hours a day with three short intermissions—thirty minutes for lunch, and two fifteen-minute "reliefs."

"How long can they endure the strain?" I asked the official who accompanied me. "I don't know," he said. "The average length of service is two years and eight months, but that does not mean that they all get sick or break down. Many of them get married."

He did not know how long Central could stand the work; the question had never been put. No state has taken the trouble to find what happens to the young girls after a few years' work, how the strain affects her health and her mentality. In our constant disputes with the telephone companies we are too busy wrangling about "rates" and "service" to consider Central. It is a matter of dollars and cents, and we are so anxious to get at an "understanding" that we have no time for other more significant and weighty questions. It never occurs to us that we ought to investigate the conditions under which Central is working, to find what has happened to the young child, who, when she first began, was measured, weighed, tested, examined and found mentally and physically perfect—the pick of

our girlhood, the one chosen out of the ten who were rejected!

But the medical profession has spoken and the truth is out. The effect that the work has on Central was ascertained by the Royal Commission of Canada in 1907, when it was called upon to investigate a dispute that then occurred between the Bell Telephone Company of Toronto and its employees. The company in Toronto had for a series of years conducted its exchange on a basis of a five-hours' high speed work day for operators, but



An exchange in operation at Orange, N. J.

had suddenly discovered that this was unsatisfactory and had changed the schedule to eight hours a day with periods of relief between the working hours. The operators were not willing to work longer hours without extra pay; a strike broke out, and the Royal Commission looked into the matter.

The result of the investigation was a long report, with the following statement attached:

"Twenty-six medical practitioners gave evidence



Training school, New York City

before the Commission. Of this number six appeared at the request of the parties, the remainder were subpoenaed at the instance of the Commission from among physicians of the city who it was believed could speak with authority and from a wide range of experience. The physicians subpoenaed were nearly all selected from the medical faculty of the University of Toronto, and were, without exception, among the leading members of the profession of the city."

#### The Effect of the Work

It is impossible to give the evidence in full, nor is it necessary. All say the same thing, and agree that the work is nerve-wrecking and that three years

would result in a complete break-down. There was only one dissenting opinion—that of Dr. Gideon Silverthorn, who said that "typewriting would be perhaps as much of a strain on the nervous system." Commenting on him, the report says: "This witness refused to give any expert testimony, as he claimed he had not been retained as an expert and not paid fees as an expert. He had attended all the above cases at the request of the telephone company and had been paid by the company for such services."

Dr. William H. Alexander, practicing eleven years in Toronto, said that "operating for two or three years in this way would result in a very much disturbed condition, and if persisted in would lead to a nervous prostration and nervous breakdown. Average girls should not remain longer than three years at it, and then would not be in a condition to perform the ordinary occupation of womanhood satisfactorily."

Dr. G. Herbert Burnham, practicing twenty years in Toronto, Member of the Faculty of Toronto University, filling the chair of eye and ear diseases, said that "telephone work is an arduous calling and requires the nervous system to be kept on constant stretch, and therefore the hours should not be long without a decided intermission."

Dr. William B. Thistle, practicing eighteen years in Toronto, Associate Professor of Clinical Medicine, Toronto University, said that he could not think of "any other occupation open to women in which there is the same strain upon the nervous system as there is in that of telephone operating, for the same period of time."

Dr. J. M. McCallum, practicing in Toronto since 1886, professor of therapeutics and teacher in connection with diseases of the eye and ear in Toronto University, said that "there is no other occupation in which women may be engaged, that occasions quite the same strain to the nervous system as this of telephone operating."

#### What Life Has in Store for "Central"

Not only does Central risk her health and her life when she takes her place at the multiple, but she also endangers the health and the lives of future generations. Some of the physicians testified that telephone operating, if followed for any length of time, is sure to have a disastrous effect on posterity.

Dr. Charles B. Clark, Medical Superintendent of Toronto Asylum, said that "the nervous strain is intense and would react on the physical health in a marked way after three years' service, and might pass on to the next generation in a more striking way than even the present generation."

Dr. Clark said that it was the duty of the state to regulate the work and prevent the predicated harmful results.

Dr. Robert Dwyer, practicing in Toronto since 1891, for seven years superintendent of St. Michael's Hospital, Associate Professor of Clinical Medicine in Toronto University, supported Dr. Clark. "Neither the Telephone Company," he said, "nor the doctors who see the operators see the final results; after these girls have gone on for 4 or 5 years and served the company, and then get married or for other purposes leave, they turn out badly in their future domestic relations. They break down nervously and have nervous children, and it is a loss to the community."

"Do you think it would be the duty of the State to legislate in matters of this kind?" the doctor was asked.

"Very decidedly," he answered. "That is our experience in the hospitals, especially in the study of nervous diseases, and it is becoming a serious problem. It is this sort of thing that is laying the foundations of asylums, and it is dealing with the question now that will prevent the building of asylums and the loss of people to the community."

Dr. John Noble, practicing seventeen years in Toronto, had the following to say: "A telephone operator's work is more strenuous than a school teacher's. I think it is as strenuous as an examiner of papers at an examination. I think it is as strenuous as a shorthand reporter. . . . School teachers usually work from four and a half to five hours a day, with Saturdays and Sundays off; two months' vacation in summer, and two weeks at Christmas."

no night work and regular hours. . . . I think that after five years' continuous work in the telephone office with the hours and under the conditions that are existing there, that she would be disqualified to become a wife and a mother. . . . If we are to pile so much work on young women it will exhibit itself in the future generation, and I believe that this is the reason of such marked increase in insanity and such increase in nervous prostration all over the country."

For this dangerous work Central receives anything but a lucrative remuneration. The New York Telephone Company, where the highest wages prevail, pays her \$5 a week when she begins to train for the work. She receives the same wages when she enters the exchange and becomes an assistant operator, and gets \$6 a week when she is a full-fledged Central. Then she climbs the ladder, receiving \$7, \$9 and \$10, until after two or three years' service, she reaches the maximum, \$11 a week. Behind every nine girls stands one who oversees the work and assists them when complications arise. She is the "Supervisor" and receives \$14 a week.

According to the report, based on the 16,258 employed in 1907 by the Bell Telephone Companies, 41.6 per cent receive under \$30 a month; 58 per cent receive \$30 and under \$50; and 4 per cent receive \$50 and under \$80 a month. The wages are still lower in the Independent Companies, 89.01 per cent receive under \$30 per month; 10.9 per cent receive \$30 and under \$50. At the American Telegraph and Telephone Company 25.01 per cent receive under \$30 a month; 71.9 per cent receive \$30 and under \$50, and only 2.9 per cent receive \$50 and under \$80.

I spoke to an official of the New York Telephone Company and asked why the girls are allowed to work long hours since the Royal Commission of Canada declared that the strain was sure to result in a complete breakdown.

"Never heard of the Royal Commission report," he answered, "but we are trying to reduce the hours from nine to eight, and will do so as soon as we can get enough operators to cover the extra hour."

"What means do you take to get the required help?" I asked.

"Why, we advertise. What else can we do?"

**"Central" Is Patient**

So Central is waiting for other girls to come and take one hour off her daily toil, and in the meantime is working nine hours a day, in spite of the warning that she is ruining her health, endangering her mentality, and crippling the divine functions of womanhood. But she does not know it. Central is bright, clever and intelligent, but she is not in the habit of reading Government reports. Whatever ailment occurs during the period of work is attributed to the general weakness of her sex, and is regarded merely as an incident, unfortunate to be sure, but unavoidable and quite common. She knows that the company is going to reduce her day's work—as soon as it gets enough help. She also knows that the company is advertising for the help—and she hopes and is waiting.

It is hard to tell how long this unsophisticated, naive child will have to wait. The New York Telephone Company employs 10,000 operators, half of whom work in New York and Brooklyn. The average operator stays at her job 2 years and eight months, which means that 156 leave every month. The training school in New York graduates about 1,200 a year, and an equal number is graduated from the Brooklyn Training school. Add to the number who leave, the yearly vacations and you will find that the company falls short of the regular demand to keep up the standing force, not mentioning additional help to reduce the hours.

"But what else can the company do than advertise for help?" asked the official. Strange that a corporation of the calibre of the New York Telephone Company, with a man at its head as clever as Union Noble Bethel, its President, with an executive force able to govern \$220,000,000 of assets, with a staff competent enough to control the largest operating system in the world, should be ignorant of the A B C of economics, and should not know that it takes a premium to attract workers to a trade. Un-

less it can be proven that this corporation is ignorant of the first principles that govern the laws of supply and demand it cannot state with any degree of conviction that it makes a fair effort to procure help when it keeps down the wages to \$5 a week the minimum, and \$11 the maximum, and maintains hours that form the breaking-point of the health of the operators.

But Central does not reason in just this way. Clever and intelligent though she is, the study of economics is not her strong point. She knows that the company is advertising for help, and what more



Coffee served free; one of the allurements that draw the girls

can she expect it to do? Nor does Central know that an increase in wages would affect the earnings of the company but little. She does not know that the combined wages paid the 10,000 operators form less than ten per cent of the gross operating expenses, and are less than one-third of the sum that goes in dividends.

**What the Company Gets Out of It**

Union Noble Bethel, President of the New York



Chinese "hello" girls in San Francisco

Telephone Company, in an address delivered for the New York Telephone Society on November 15, 1910, gave the following interesting figures:

"With all the duplications out of the balance sheet, we find that we have a total asset of something over \$200,000,000. There are about \$21,000,000 in real estate; in exchange lines, \$86,500,000; in toll lines, \$21,500,000; in equipments, \$47,500,000, bringing the total up to \$182,000,000 on plant alone. Such items as furniture and fixtures, tools, teams, supplies, stocks and bonds, bills and accounts receivable, and cash on hand bring the total up to \$220,000,000 of assets. During the first nine months of this year the operations have been on a scale that

has produced about \$40,000,000 in gross earnings, of which \$29,000,000 have been taken in operating expenses, leaving \$11,000,000 in dividends, surplus and reserve."

Note these figures. The highest average wage for telephone operating, according to the report, is \$36.96 per month, which means that of the \$40,000,000 gross earnings, the 10,000 girls receive about \$3,324,000, less than ten per cent of the entire sum, and less than one-third of the net earnings, the money that went in dividends, surplus and reserve!

Considering the difficulty of the work and the small pay Central receives, it is surprising that so many apply for the position. The 1,200 women who are trained each year in the City of New York represent ten times as many original applicants. What lures Central to her work? One of the young ladies gave a number of reasons why she preferred telephone operating to anything else. She said:

"There are many advantages here that do not exist anywhere else. We girls haven't much to choose from; it is either to become a stenographer, saleslady or shop girl. A stenographer is thrown into the company of a stranger, and has to remain in seclusion. Here we work together with 200 other girls, and everything is open and above board. We need not fear anybody. While we work we are too busy for anything that would tend to involve or compromise us. To be a saleswoman is equally unpleasant, though for the very opposite reason. She is exposed to view, and is liable to come across friends and acquaintances. Somehow it is embarrassing to stand behind a counter for everybody to look at. Telephone operating is better than working in a shop. Here

we are paid while learning—something that is not done in every trade. The company, too, is good to us. There is a certain amount of welfare work done. We get free coffee to our lunch, clean lockers, and light reading rooms. There are no fines here, and we get a week's vacation with pay the first year, two weeks' the following years. And then there is also a chance for advancement. One may become a 'Supervisor' in time, and get \$14 a week."

**Thankful for Small Favors**

Central is timid and appreciative. She is a working girl and as such is thankful for small favors. She measures the conditions of her work by those that exist in other trades. She is not doing well, it is true, but there are many who are doing worse. A reading room and fifteen minutes' relief is better than no reading room and no relief. Free coffee with her lunch is better than no coffee. A short vacation with pay is better than no vacation. She works hard, it is true, but it is better than no work. The hardships that follow enforced idleness are too well known, and have placed a premium on employment, no matter how difficult. Perhaps if she had known the real character of her work and the dangers it involves, she would shrink from accepting it. But she does not know.

Not only is the character of the work unknown to her, but there is a strong likelihood that even the company does not know it. All the energy of the system is centered in the plant, and in the commercial departments. The company is selling "service," and the human element is but one small part of the gigantic, intricate machinery that produces that commodity. The switchboard is a combination of wires, batteries, cells, cables, dynamos, plugs, bells, lights and other mysterious contrivances. The slim, frail girl is but one link in this long and complicated chain. She is doing the work satisfactorily, and when she leaves there is another to take her place. She makes no demand, enters no protest, presents no problem.

**Care of Mechanical Equipment**

While going through the plant my companion led me to what at first appeared to be gigantic motors. "These are ringing dynamos," he said. "See how beautiful they are, and how well we keep them. Notice the high polish and the good condition they are in. You see, there are three of them, though we only run one at a time. But we change them off so that they last."

My mind traveled back to the switchboard where  
(Continued on Page Twelve.)

# 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

### POSTOFFICE SURRENDERS

Just as this number started to the press a telegram was received from the postal department at Washington saying that if the intention was to grant the prize to the person sending in the "best solution," and not make it a guessing contest, the prizes for the "Mystery Story" could be given. As this is exactly what is provided for in the rules below, the contest is once more open, it being understood that the prize will be given to the person sending in the best solution of the mystery as provided in the rules below.

Back numbers containing the first installments of the story can be supplied, and those who wish them when subscribing should ask that their subscription begin with number 57.

#### RULES AND PRIZES

- 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 69 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.

### CHAPTER IV.

**T**HE Robley family residence was built when the elder Robley was still in his prime. The foundations of the mansion, for such it was in those days, were laid before Helen Robley saw the light of day and while David was still a toddling youngster. Situated well back from the street, it was a commodious three-story structure of red brick, faced with light colored sandstone, and having an old-fashioned roof with gable effects—a style of architecture much in favor with the early upper classes of Chicago. Time in its march of more than twenty years, however, had made the building almost archaic in its aspect and obviously so in its pretensions, for society had emigrated to the North Shore and had there built for itself palaces modeled incongruously after old world plans—a luxurious hodge-podge suitable to the unlimited means and the bad taste of their owners.

But the Robleys had remained on the West Side. They did not have a million dollars to spare for a misfit palace, and besides they were rather old-fashioned, anyway, not being a bit fond of the gayeties of North Shore swifdom. They were not of the type of the new rich. Wealth to them had proved a means to an end, it had served to supply them with the opportunities that are denied to the nine hundred and ninety-nine who must slave to live; it had made possible the acquirement of cultivated tastes and the expansion of existence—something of which every normal human being is capable, but which the conditions of modern industrial society allow to so few.

And so the Robleys, content to move in a modest sphere, lived in their old-fashioned mansion on Washington Boulevard, in a neighborhood full of similar homes, but in close enough proximity, on the north and on the south, to up-to-date flat-roofed apartment buildings, those necessary conveniences, for ordinary people that make hideous every modern American city.

Although they knew where it was and passed it every day, this was the first time that either Horton or Frisbie had been inside the portals of the Robley home. The automobile passed up the driveway and stopped, and Frisbie aided the young woman to alight. The open air and the leaving behind of the terrible scene at the factory had wrought in

her a great change, and it was with almost a normal demeanor that she opened the door and admitted her two companions. She led the way to the second floor, to a large room in front, which, together with the sleeping room behind it, constituted the quarters of the man who was dead.

The main room was typical of the habitation of a young bachelor. A large table was in the center, on which were books and magazines, several pipes and a jar of tobacco; in a corner was a lounge; on the opposite side a commodious writing desk, somewhat littered; and the bric-a-brac and pictures indicated a masculine taste.

Horton surveyed the room critically, walked to the table, turned over the books and magazines, then went to the desk and beheld its confusion.

"Miss Robley," he said, "I think it would be best for you and Mr. Frisbie to make a careful examination of this desk and see if you can find anything in the way of letters or papers that would help to explain things; and in the meantime, if you will bring me the business suit which Mr. Robley wore last—I think it was a grey one—I will see if there is anything in that."

The girl went into the bedroom and returned presently with two suits of Robley's clothes, both grey. Delivering these to Horton, she and the chemist took seats at either end of the desk and began to go through the papers, making sure of the contents of each, then placing them in piles on another chair between them.

Horton threw the two suits over a small table near a window and began examining the pockets, a garment at a time. His back was turned to the other two.

The first suit yielded nothing save a couple of theater checks of a date long passed. The second set of garments, however, had various articles in them, proving they had been last worn—a handkerchief in the coat and several letters of an unimportant character, and in the trousers a match-box, a telephone slug and forty or fifty cents in change. The waistcoat had a pencil in one upper pocket and a couple of cigars in the other, and from the inside pocket, the one nearest Robley's body and the most secure of all, Horton took a sheet of paper which he unfolded and read. When he had concluded he cast an eye over at his companions, then noiselessly refolded the sheet and slipped it into his own overcoat pocket, the same

one into which he had dropped the crumpled piece of paper rescued from Robley's waste basket at the factory, earlier in the morning.

In the meantime, Frisbie and Miss Robley had cleared away the surface of the desk, but had found nothing that could be connected with the tragedy, ever so remotely. There were tailors' and tradesmen's bills, invitations of a social nature and letters from charitable societies asking for money, but nowhere was found anything to indicate that any person bore malice toward David Robley.

At one end of the desk sat a large whiskey bottle, bearing the name of a well-known brand, and beside it a glass—a reminder of the dead man's suddenly acquired inebriety and of his troubled demeanor in the last two weeks of his life. The bottle, which was half full, sat closely against that portion of the desk devoted to pigeon holes, and which apparently was not made use of by its owner, for only a pair of gloves and a box of matches were to be seen in any of these receptacles. However, when the bottle was pushed to one side by the girl, behind it, in the lowest hole, an envelope came into view. It was addressed, in a feminine hand, to "Mr. David Robley, care of the Robley-Ford Company," and was marked "Personal."

The girl took the letter from its covering and began to read it, but she had not proceeded far when she arose, with shame pictured in her face, and went to Horton. She handed him the letter, then sat down at the table, burying her face in her hands.

Horton read it where he stood, without the slightest change of countenance—as impassive as an iron statue. Then he walked to the farthest end of the room, where there was a window.

"Frisbie, come here," he said, over his shoulder. When the chemist joined him, he read in a low voice as follows:

"Mr. David Robley: When you get this letter I shall be far away from Chicago. Before it has been many hours in your hands I shall be dead. You will be responsible, because after what has happened I cannot live and face those who have cared for me.

"Yesterday I could look anyone in the face, but today my shame is such that I would rather die than see anyone whom I know.

"I never cared for you and I don't know why I used to meet you, but think it was because you used to take me places that were new to me. I knew you never cared for me, and that was the reason I never told you who I really was. But I enjoyed the theaters and the fine suppers, and you seemed to act toward me like a gentleman—until last night.

"You begged me to drink, and God knows I never intended to do as I have done. Oh, if I could never have regained my senses! But I did, and what I now suffer only death can relieve.

"You are not fit to live. If you have a grain of manhood in you, you will do as I am going to do. But if you don't, may a dead girl's face haunt you as long as you live.

"Don't try to find out who I really am, because you cannot. Only one person will know where I die, and that will be the man who truly loved me and who will keep my secret.

"May the curse of a dead girl rest upon you, and may her face haunt you to the grave."

This terrible indictment was written in a girlish hand, on three small sheets of letter paper, and it transformed the character of David Robley from that of a model son of his father to that of the blackest and most cowardly transgressor that can be imagined, placing him with those whose deeds are seldom told, as here, in the agonized words of the victim, but are forever hidden in women's souls. For there are birds of night, who prey upon innocence and credulity—legions of them, who, with the ingenuity of devils loosen shame and misery upon the world.

Horton, when he had finished, stood looking into his companion's face. What he saw there would have startled a man of less composure than the

superintendent. The young man's eyes had the look in them of one who would kill, and his jaw was set hard.

"The writing—let me see," he cried, as he seized the letter. "Yes—it is true."

"Be calm, my boy, and do not speak so loud." The older man glanced at the figure at the table. "Then it was he!"

"Yes."  
"Oh, God!—if it had only been me who killed him!"

"Not so loud, boy. If you envy the man's lot who took his life, I am not so sure but you will find yourself in his shoes—and that wouldn't be so nice. This letter, you know, will have to be turned over to the authorities; it will be followed up, and who knows but it will lead straight to you?"

The chemist stepped back, so surely had the speech struck home.

"And that would disclose to the whole world," he said, "what I would rather die than have it know." He spoke softly, albeit there was a note of fear in his voice. "The letter must not be given up."

"It will have to be," and Horton looked again toward Miss Robley. "Give yourself as little uneasiness as you can. If danger comes near you, boy, you can depend on me, I think, to get you out of it. I cannot tell you more now."

The superintendent walked over to the young woman and put his hand gently on her shoulder. She lifted her face from her hands. Her eyes were tired, no pride was left in them, but so full of kindness and sympathy was the look she met that her countenance lighted up for a moment.

"This is a sad business, girl," he began, "but at such times we must be brave."

"I know how you feel, Mr. Horton, and thank you from the bottom of my heart. He was my brother, but"—she looked at him firmly—"he deserved to die."

The door bell rang on the floor below. A maid answered it, and a moment later excited voices were heard. Hinton had entered despite the maid's protests.

"Show me to where your mistress is—she is expecting me," those above heard him say.

"It is the detective whom Mr. Ford has engaged in behalf of the firm," said Horton. "I don't altogether like the proceeding, but it will be best to receive him in good faith."

Hinton appeared at the door, with the maid hovering behind him.

"It is all right, Jennie—this gentleman belongs here."

Miss Robley, seated at the table, quietly inspected the intruder, who seemed somewhat taken aback at the presence of the other two men.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Robley. You seem to know who I am, so it will not be necessary to tell you of the arrangements made by Mr. Ford, who has thought it advisable that I work with the police in getting at the bottom of this terrible affair. I am glad to see that you are much better."

"Yes, thank you, Mr. —?"

"Hinton, if you please."

"The ride home and the fact that I have been quite busy since my arrival have helped me greatly." The young woman spoke in a matter-of-fact tone, without a trace of agitation. The discovery of the letter had acted as a counter shock to the fearful tragedy at the factory. "Mr. Horton and Mr. Frisbie have been so kind as to assist me, and we have just made a search of my brother's room."

"Indeed?"

Hinton forgot himself and betrayed his chagrin in the look he threw at Horton. The superintendent had stood immovable and expressionless, his tall body towering just behind Miss Robley. Frisbie was at the window with his back to the others.

"Yes, I wished to make an examination while everything was undisturbed, and these gentlemen have been a great help to me."

"May I inquire if you found anything that sheds light on the case?"

The man's urbanity had returned; he spoke with deference and politeness.

Horton came forward.

"The only thing," he said, "that could possibly have any bearing on the case would appear to be this letter, which has to do with another tragedy

all its own. We have just finished reading it. I will turn it over to you, and I am sure Miss Robley will be guided by your advice, since Mr. Ford has thought so highly of you as to intrust you with the inquiry."

Horton said this in the most matter of fact way possible, yet there was something about it that caused Frisbie to turn from the window and regard him with astonishment.

Hinton took the letter and read it in silence. The young woman was the first to speak.

"You will see that this letter, Mr. Hinton, is of the utmost importance to me," she said, "and makes my position very unusual."

"I understand your feelings, Miss Robley, and shall try to shape my actions accordingly. The first thing I would advise is that this letter be not turned over to the police, who will shortly be here. It would almost surely find its way into the newspapers, and a great sensation would be made of it, not to say a scandal—something which is not necessary, assuredly not now."



"The writing, let me see," he cried

"That is exactly my idea," spoke up Horton.

"Then," continued the detective, "I could set about quietly to find out what connection this letter has with the death of Mr. Robley. If it leads to the guilty person, then will be time enough to make the matter public, but if nothing comes of it, this letter can be forever put aside and the family spared."

"You keep the letter then, Mr. Hinton," said the girl. "But tell me what connection you think it has with my brother's death."

"It would be very difficult to answer that, knowing no more than we now do, and my answer would have to be based on my general experience as a detective, which would lead me to say that there is not more than one chance in ten that it has anything at all to do with it. There are three ways in which the letter might have a connection with Mr. Robley's death: First, it might have caused him to commit suicide, but this considering the manner in which he was found, lashed fast to a chair, is utterly unthinkable; second, the writer might herself have killed him, but this, considering where he was found and the strength necessary to have conveyed him thither, is extremely improbable; and finally, someone whom she told of her experience—some man—might have murdered him, but women do not well such things—not in one case in a thousand—and so this theory falls short."

"But the letter indicates that the girl committed suicide."

A cynical smile came over Hinton's face.

"Women do not commit suicide because of such things," he said. "Hundreds of cases like this

occur in Chicago—they happen every night—but I have never yet heard of one committing suicide for such a cause."

Frisbie turned quickly to the window, his face burning with anger. He had always honored women, and Hinton's tone no less than his words caused his whole nature to flame up at the insult.

The young woman at the table arose.

"Very well, Mr. Hinton, you keep the letter," she said, "and in the meantime I will ask you to keep me constantly informed of the progress you make."

"I will be pleased to do so. I will ask you to allow me to stay here until the police arrive, as I wish to be present during their investigation."

Horton and Frisbie took a street car back to the factory. A large crowd had collected in front of the building, for the early editions of the afternoon papers were already out with the story, in flaring headlines. The body of David Robley had been removed to an undertaker's, the doors had been sealed by the police and a blue-coated officer stood guard on the steps.

The superintendent, barred from his own factory, found his automobile, and soon he and the chemist were on their way westward.

"You know something that you are keeping from me," said Frisbie as the car drew near his lodging. "Considering the position I am in, I ask you, is that fair?"

"Hardly," replied Horton. "I know certain things that would make some people very uneasy if they even thought I knew. Come out to my place tonight and I will tell you."

He put Frisbie down in front of his home, and again turned his car westward. (To be continued.)

### The Lash of Necessity

BY E. N. RICHARDSON.

I wouldn't give three plugged nickels for all the virtues of the average man when the lash of necessity cracks over his probably already overburdened back; the average man goes where necessity leads him, whether it is through a church door or the back window of a bank at 2 a. m.

The relationship between a man's good qualities and his so-called bad qualities, between his honesty and his so-called dishonesty, is for the most part determined by the law of necessity; the prayers he learns at his mother's knee may have bearing, but seldom give forth the advertised results when necessity cracks her whip and lets it come down on the victim's economic back.

The good boys that Horatio Alger writes about are becoming back numbers; we still have good boys, lots of them, but they are not imbued with the same brand of goodness as the Alger boys; the good-

ness of 20th century boys must of necessity conform with the 20th century conception of goodness, which conception is always in harmony with the needs and desires of the ruling class.

The other day I read about a man who stole a sack of potatoes for his hungry mother. He simply obeyed the law of necessity. Every man ought to be good, every man ought to be honest, and, given a chance, will be both. But you can't expect man to be good and hungry both at the same time. Goodness and hunger were not born twins.

The world is growing more civilized and men are growing more intelligent, but it's like the slow growth of the mineral in the ground.

When a man is cold his conception of right is bound to be in harmony with the quickest way to warmth.

It is wrong to tell lies, but Gallileo was forced to lie—he said the world was flat when he knew it was round.

Under the lash of necessity men will lie and then dig up some excuse for it that will harmonize with their religion—if they can't do that they make a change in their religion.

Eight barbers charged with violating a Sunday law, enacted in 1794, were convicted in an Eastern State the other day. The information may be useful to those who are trying to find out when they may expect convictions under the anti-trust law enacted in 1890.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

# A Step Toward Socialist Unity in England

By J. Hunter Watts

**F**OLLOWING the announcement that the resolution in favor of Socialist Unity had been voted unanimously, the 218 delegates assembled in Caxton Hall, Manchester, on the 30th of September stood up and cheered vigorously enough to raise the roof and then burst into the song whose refrain declares "We'll keep the Red Flag flying here." The resolution as proposed was framed as follows:

"This Conference of Socialist organizations, believing that the difference of opinion and the adoption of dissimilar tactics, which have hitherto characterized the various sections of the British Socialist movement, have arisen from circumstances peculiar to its initial stages, is convinced that the time is now ripe for the formation of a United Socialist party, and the delegates pledge their organizations to co-operate in the unification of their forces on the following basis of common agreement:

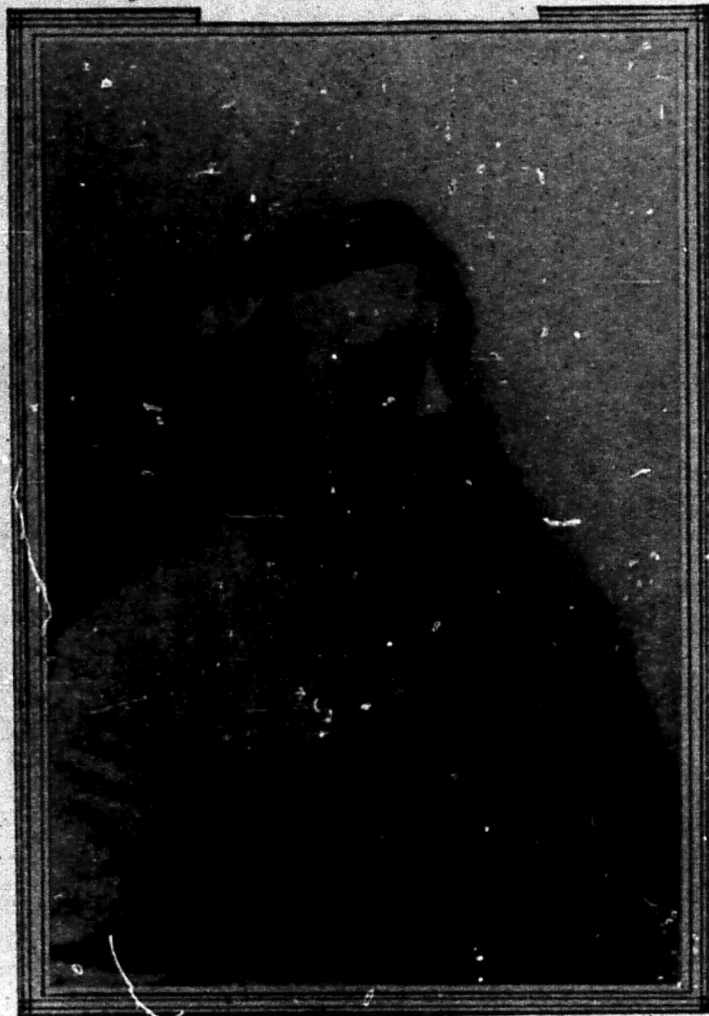
"The Socialist party is the political expression of the working class movement, acting in the closest co-operation with industrial organizations for the socialization of the means of production and distribution—that is to say, the transformation of capitalist society into a collectivist or communist society. Alike in its objects, its ideals, and in the means employed, the Socialist party, though striving for the realization of immediate social reforms demanded by the working class, is not a reformist but a revolutionary party, which recognizes that social freedom and equality can only be conquered by fighting the class war through to the finish, and thus abolishing forever all class distinctions.

"The delegates to this Conference, therefore, appoint a committee of ten to draw up a constitution in accord with this common basis, a draft of which shall be submitted to the bodies here represented, who pledge themselves on ratification of that constitution to cease their existence as separate organizations and to amalgamate in a united Socialist party."

But the words "though striving for the realization of immediate social reforms demanded by the working class" were emended by a vote of 85 to 77. Though the writer was with the minority, and he regrets that the amendment in favor of omitting the phrase was carried, it is unnecessary in his opinion to attach too great importance to the incident, for when a United Socialist party comes into existence it is not likely to snap its fingers in the face of the resolution passed by International Congresses pledging the Socialist party to support such demands. The vote was an ill-directed but well-meant slap at "revisionism." The amendment was sprung upon the Conference and many of the delegates who voted for it are likely to be "hauled over the coals" when they report to their constituents that they supported it.

The number of delegates present at the Conference was: From branches of the Independent Labor party, 41; from Clarion clubs and fellowships, 32;

from branches of the British Socialist party, 11; branches of the Social Democratic party, 86; and from various local Socialist associations and Social representation committees, 48. Notification had been received that 251 delegates would attend, so that some had been unable to do so. A rough calculation



H. M. HYNDMAN  
Veteran Socialist who accepted the chairmanship  
of the united party

tion indicated that the number of members represented by the delegates was 35,000.

The British Socialist party represented by eleven delegates, of whom Victor Grayson was one, is an inchoate body called into existence a few weeks ago in response to an appeal published in the *Clarion* over Victor Grayson's signature inviting those who would be willing to join a united Socialist party to send in their names to the offices of that paper, but I for one did not anticipate that our friends would make confusion worse confounded by forming yet another organization on the eve of a conference

called together with the object of merging into one all those at present in existence. However, "All's well that ends well" and as the conference decided that the title of the united party should be that already appropriated by *Clarion* supporters of unity, and I understand that some 6,000 of its readers signed the form published in its columns, we may have to thank the *Clarion* for a considerable accession to the organized ranks of Socialism.

It is to be regretted that the I. L. P. as an organization was not represented at the Conference though 41 of its branches sent delegates and other 18 branches expressed themselves in favor of the formation of a united party. The National Administrative Council of the I. L. P. resuggests affiliation to the Labor party as the first step toward Socialist unity. In other words, they see in a non-Socialist body a Socialist rallying point and until they abandon this position or until the Labor party declares for Socialism the road to complete Socialist unity is still obstructed, though an important step toward it has now been taken.

Personally I do not attach much importance to the rejection by the Fabian Society of the invitation to be represented at the Conference. In the strict sense of the word it is not an "organization" but a series of groups of students and preceptors of Socialism and though refusing to respect the exhortation to achieve unity promulgated by the Amsterdam Congress of 1904 it may still establish its right to be represented at such congresses in its capacity as a Socialist College of Preceptors.

If Socialist unity as regards this country is still "in the lap of the gods" it is also in care of a committee which will leave no stone unturned to bring it into being. Our critics in the capitalist press are already protesting that it is overloaded with members of the S. D. P. as four of the ten belong to that organization.

Our veteran Comrade Hyndman was only induced to accept the chairmanship which does not carry with it any vote, under the severest pressure brought to bear on him by the whole Conference, for the S. D. P. is a regiment with traditions so dear to all its members that it is only prepared to strike off the roll of organizations if thereby it can serve a cause still dearer than its own traditions and we have studiously striven to place ourselves in the background in order to bring Unity to the fore.

I enumerate the members of the committee for some of them may be known on more than one side of the Atlantic. Its first sittings will be held on the 14th and 15th of the month. Its members were elected by the Conference in the following order: Leonard Hall (Birmingham), F. Hagger (London), V. Grayson (London), T. Groom (Gloucester), E. C. Fairchild (London), D. Irving (Burnley), Russell Smart (Southport), T. Kennedy (Aberdeen), Hunter Watts (London), and G. Simpson (Manchester). H. W. Lee (London) was appointed secretary to the Committee.

## Socialist Women of Germany By Angelica Balabanoff

**T**HE German Socialist Congress he'd recently at Jena served among other things to demonstrate once more how far removed the Socialist party of Germany is from being merely a theoretical organization. The splendid activities of the party are shown in the reports of work submitted to the Congress.

Besides the general activities such as the publication of papers and pamphlets there are other activities not so well known. For instance, there exists in Berlin a kind of Socialist university where the student may attend lectures given by the greatest theoretical authorities on Socialism. He not only attends lectures but also receives his support while thus educating himself. If he has a family that also is provided for.

Besides the school at Berlin there are what might be termed peripatetic schools. Single teachers travel from town to town delivering a series of lectures in each town. These are largely attended by both men and women workers.

So deep a root has Socialism taken in Germany that the movement supports a Socialist scientific magazine for the blind, for these unfortunates together with the deaf and dumb have an organization.

Under these conditions it can well be understood that the bourgeois world waited with intense interest the opening of the Jena Congress, for it was anxious to know what would be said on the eve of a general election by a party that at the last election counted more than three and a half million votes.

The present situation was moreover a critical one and the entire country was anxious to know what would be the attitude of the Socialists on the momentous question of the Morocco War. Already the telegraph has stated how the congress stood opposed to the war and for the liberty of the working class. Bebel, the old and revered leader, was the chief speaker of the Congress.

There was one question with which the press concerned itself less than with the Congress, that was the Social-Democratic Women's Convention that took place two days before the General Congress. Until a few years ago the women of Germany had no right to take part in the political organizations of the country. They were formerly obliged to organize into woman's clubs, but that is no longer the case and now the women have become members of the general party and consider it their duty to unite themselves with their brother workers against

the common enemy, capitalism, since the means and the aims of the class struggle are identical for the exploited of both sexes.

While the German working women are thoroughly acquainted with the general political situation, there are hygienic problems and questions of social legislation that are of especial interest to women of the working class.

As to the mental development of woman, she having to work both for the capitalist master and for her family lacks more than the men of her class the capacity to study and the knowledge to speak. This must be developed in order that the female worker may be as able as the male to become a class conscious Socialist.

And what the German Socialists have been able to do is really marvelous. The greatest merit of the hard work is due to Comrade Clara Zetkin who is certainly one of the most genial, altruistic and energetic leaders of the Socialist movement. Nobody, except those who have been fortunate enough to know her well, have an idea what she is able and willing to do for the Socialist movement.

The *Gleichheit* (Equality), a paper for working women, now has a circulation of about 100,000

(Continued on Page Eleven.)



# Blood Will Tell

By Ruth Kauffman

Illustrated by John Sloan

**I**N the tenement doorway Walter Davenport kissed his wife. He always kissed his wife when he went to work. But this morning, as he walked toward the stairs, the sunlight through the high hall window caught his face.

Rose started. "Turn around, dear," she said; and she looked at him closely.

"Well?" he asked, smiling a little.

"Don't you feel good today?"

"Why, yes. As good as usual. I'm a little tired, maybe."

"You slept all right last night, didn't you?"

"I think so. There's nothing wrong with me, sweetheart. Perhaps I'm a little tired, but just as soon as I get going, I'll be myself. Don't worry about me."

He clattered down the stairs. She went to one of the windows to watch him leave the building. Now that he did not know that he was under her eyes his shoulders drooped heavily, and she saw with alarm that his feet shuffled. And she heard him cough.

What made him do that? How long had it been going on? She recalled that during the night he had coughed—a dry little hack. She set her mind backward and suddenly she knew that whenever she thought of her husband, she thought of that sound in his throat. She knew that sound so well; nearly all the husbands of her friends had it, the men that worked in the flint mill, and they— She could not tell when it had commenced with Walter, but five years ago he had not coughed.

She remained fixed, beside the window, until one of the babies cried. Instantly all three were awake, coaxing her notice. It was these, she thought, as she gently lifted the smallest from his crib, which were making her neglect her husband.

Yet, with all her cares, Rose had remained plump and young. Her marvelous complexion had retained its beauty, and, even now, after five years of marriage and life in a few city rooms, her cheeks were of the same firm, healthy red that Walter, in their courting days, had loved so well. Nearly until the time when she had become Davenport's wife, she had milked cows and worked with her father and brothers in the fields. When her father died and the boys gave up the place, she came to an aunt in the city, to stay with her until Walter's wages would permit him to marry her. But the aunt had gone west, and Rose had married. She never saw the fields now. Everyone wondered how, with five years of housework and babies, she had guarded her youth and her robust skin.

Not long ago her husband had been as strong and ruddy-cheeked as she was. Today his face seemed gray. The lines showed sharp in this doorway memory she had of him; they had been sharp for some time. Rose was frightened.

Hurriedly she dressed the children and arranged the bed clothing and breakfast dishes with an eye to temporary order. She went to the landing outside her apartment and rang the bell of her neighbor's flat.

Mrs. Hogarty appeared in a lather of perspiration. Her sleeves were rolled above her muscular forearms, her fat, spread fingers crinkled by the suds that she had barely shaken off and her faded blue-and-white plaid apron was wet from leaning against the wash-tub.

"Oh," said Rose at sight of her, "you couldn't do it, I know!"

"Sure an' I can, too. An' what may it be, darlin'?"

Mrs. Hogarty, childless herself, was the friend of every mother in the tenement, and it was with her that packages and babies were, one might say, "checked" in the absence of the recognized owners.

"Could you keep them this morning again?" asked Rose. "I—I've got to go to the doctor's."

"Ye're not aillin', be ye?" inquired Mrs. Hogarty solicitously.

"No, no."

The Irish woman scanned her neighbor and responded to what she divined by guiding to her own rooms that portion of the Davenport progeny which walked and by signalling to Rose to follow with the rest.

"Now," said Mrs. Hogarty, piling her damp weight into a chair and sighing in consequent relief; "tell me yer troubles. 'Tis sure not of these strappin' individuals?"

Rose pressed the youngest to her breast and looked at the toddling boy and girl.

"No," she said. "No croup or colic this time; and

no more teeth for a while. But I'm anxious about Walter. Have you noticed him much lately?"

"'Tis true wan doesn't see much of the lad, 'Mis' Davenport. He's off an' in so quiet. Maybe he's lookin' a bit thin, is it? 'Tis likely the steady pull at the mill. Might be he's needin' of a bit vacationin' to set him right?"

"I don't know," said the wife. "I do hope that's all. But—. I'll be back as soon as ever I can, and you're good to take the babies."

She kissed each upturned mouth.

Mrs. Hogarty bent to place the smallest child safely upon a rug in the center of the room, an inverted dishpan and long-handled spoon beside him for entertainment; and the mother, before she left for her errand, saw that the other two delightedly stood beside the basket of clothes, waiting to help rub.

Rose found the doctor more skeptical than her neighbor; most of his practice was among the men in the mill.

"Send him to me at once," he said. "I must make a thorough examination."

"He'll never come," said Rose. "You know men."

"He must; Mrs. Davenport, he must. I can't be certain, until I've seen him, how far this has gone;

way on the road to recovery. What you must have is plenty of fresh air, the proper kind of baths—quite simple, not even a bath-tub, but a plentiful supply of hot and cold water—two quarts of milk a day, eggs, beef—in fact, six daily meals with no alcohol and no tobacco; and *deep breathing*. Leave the city if you possibly can; if you can't get out of doors and treat yourself like a very sick man. Above all, whenever you feel tired, *stop*."

"But, my God," said Walter, his face twisted to self-repression, "I'm poor!"

"I know," said the physician, "I know; and I don't want you to think about doctor's bills; you can take care of them ten years from now; but you've got to take care of yourself now. The mill has sucked your blood. You are anaemic and you can't fight this disease until you get some red blood into your veins. Now, I know, Davenport, that, if you will keep to the letter these printed directions and the others that I have given you, you can become a well man again."

"How soon?"

The doctor smiled.

"That depends upon you, my boy. All that I can do for you is to direct you. You must cure yourself."

"And if I don't obey orders?"



She understood that a place was being created for her

but there's no question as to what it is—or what it is the beginning of. The right cure, of course, is to prevent it before it starts. Once it's appeared, we have a big fight ahead. It's a hundred to one that a man can be cured provided the disease be caught sufficiently soon, but it's fifty to one that he won't let himself be cured."

"You mean he has—?"

"One form of it, I'm sorry to believe. A third of those men go under one time or another; the mill gets them all. If they would only follow my instructions! But they won't, and there you are, Mrs. Davenport, there you are."

He spread his hands in helplessness.

Yet, as Rose had foreseen, it was almost impossible to induce her husband to call on the physician. Walter insisted that he was well. When he did consent to go, it was almost buoyantly; he returned hopeless.

"You'll be all right, my boy," the doctor had concluded, if you'll give up the factory for a few months and obey these directions. If we can only get some good red blood into you again to help combat the condition of your lungs, you'll be half-

"You'll be dead—probably inside of two years."

"Doctor, I can't do what you say. Don't you see? I've got a family. Why, I don't dare stop work even for two weeks. And, if I dared, the job would be gone; there's a long line waiting to take every fellow's place. Besides, how much money do you think I make?"

"Haven't you any laid aside?"

"About a hundred dollars. And that's lots for us men to put by. I and Rose might have more if it weren't for the babies."

"Hum. Can't your wife get some work to do for a while?"

"I couldn't let her go to the mill; and it takes too long to hunt for any other kind of work. If she went to the factory she might get in the same fix as me."

"The women don't have to breathe the flint-dust, do they?" asked the doctor.

"I suppose not. That's mostly in the men's departments. But it's awful hard work."

"Davenport, it's a matter of your life. She a strong, husky woman. She's the picture of health—I never saw such a complexion—and somebody's

got to help pull you through. Perhaps she could get some laundry work. Anything would go toward tiding over. And—don't you understand?—if you're gone, she'll have to do the work anyhow, and always; if you can be got well, she'll be taken care of again, and you'll both forget about these months."

Davenport left the physician and paced the street. For some time he could not bring himself to enter the tenement and face his waiting wife. When he did return he would at first give her no satisfactory answers to her inquiries; but she threatened herself to consult the doctor, and then he told her all. Phrase by phrase she dragged from him the entire conversation.

Fixed as had been her dread, confirmation shock the foundations of her being. She put her warm arms about him and, with her full-blooded cheek against his pallid face, wept silently. Yet she knew that she must take heart, that she must have the courage for them both, and so, after a little while, she came to see in this darkness the light of her great chance. She could cure him.

She looked at the clock; half-past nine. It might not be too late in the evening—

"You are tired," she said; "lie down," and she persuaded him.

She went into the next room and dressed swiftly, putting on her best gown. She tiptoed back and found Walter asleep, or seeming to sleep, and so she descended to the street and boarded a trolley car.

Her face had now in it something of victory. She was quickened by the exultation of the woman that knows she may at last repay a man for his support of her—repay in some other coin than that which she mints in the performance of the household tasks; she had that high joy which comes to every wife when she sees her husband turn to her in his need.

It was at the other end of the city, over the hill, where no sight of the factory that he owned could disfigure the view from his home, that William B. Browne lived. Within fifteen minutes Rose was running up the broad, tree-sheltered lawn to this house.

She hesitated at the door. Should she ask for Mrs. Brown? Wasn't that the conventional thing to do, and might not the wife lend her a more kindly ear than the husband?

But Mrs. Browne, the uniformed maid told her, was ill; she was abroad; she was in some country that they called the Riviera. Was Rose trying to sell anything?

At that time of night? But Rose's manifest mission and the red youth in her face banished the servant's suspicion.

Was Mr. Browne at home?

Yes, but did the caller believe that her errand was of sufficient importance to disturb him?

"I am very certain," Rose faltered. "If I could only have a minute—"

And so it somehow happened that she tremulously entered the soft-carpeted library and told her story to the owner of the mill.

He was a large man, well clothed and well fed; but the sight of others' sufferings distressed him immeasurably. He listened to the end. What did she wish him to do? What *could* he do?

"Give me a job," said Rose, her eyes and her ruddy cheeks gleaming with eagerness.

"But your children?—you tell me you have three."

"He'll mind them. We can just change places, that's all."

"You don't know the work, do you?"

"No, sir; but I'll learn quick, and O, Mr. Browne, I promise you won't be dissatisfied!"

"Certainly not," the man assented soothingly; he was afraid of tears. "But I know that every place in the shop is filled. My manager was telling me so today."

She started to go.

"Wait a moment," he said.

He was sorry for the plight of this family. If William Brown felt a proprietorship in his men he also felt a certain responsibility for them. He considered.

Then Rose saw him take the pains of telephoning to the house, at that late hour, of the superintendent of the women's department. She heard, with trepidation, his portion of the ensuing dialogue. She understood that a place was being created for her.

Mr. Brown explained that even from the first she should receive six dollars a week and, after half a year, should she find it best to continue, she might develop such efficiency as would raise her wages by two or so much as three dollars. He then himself led her to the front door and wished her success.

So it was that she went to work in the factory, not to the tubercular toil of her husband, but to the less dangerous, though quite as long and fatiguing, labor of the women employes.

Walter and she expected that his improvement

would be immediate. But he did not seem to improve. With the cessation of daily labor, a terrible depression pushed down upon him; every change in temperature or humidity affected him as it would affect a barometer. The care of the children tired him, and he found enervating that part of the housework which Rose was forced to leave undone. He had been told to keep out of doors, but the babies so pulled at his vitality that often his energy for walking to the park where he might sit failed him. Every lift of his hand became an effort, and the cry of a small child tortured him. He was to "stop" whenever he was tired; he was always tired. He grew to despise himself for his uselessness, and, one Sunday, six weeks after his wife had exchanged situations with him, he looked steadily into her tired face until he could endure the sight no longer. Then he cried.

Rose again sought the physician.

"He's worse!" she said hysterically. "He's worse!"

"Tell me about it," replied the man quietly, pushing a chair behind her.

"He's just tired out all the time. He never was so bad till he left the works. The children worry him. Everything worries him, doctor. He doesn't get out doors hardly at all. He's just been crying; a man to cry!"

"Mrs. Davenport," said the physician, "it is natural reaction. He has been relieved of his routine cares, and the relief has come as a shock to him; for years the disease has gradually closed upon him; he never before stopped long enough to realize that he was sick. Now he falls into a heap. This does not necessarily mean that he is worse. But he must keep up his spirits. I wish that you could somehow get him away from the city."

"I don't see how we could. It would cost so much."

The doctor looked at her. He had this same unpleasant duty about expenses with many of his patients.

"You know what really should be done?" he inquired.

"What?"

"He should be sent away—to a high locality preferably; anyhow into pure, open country well above the level of the sea. He should not have a single care."

"The children!"

"Can't you board them out?"

"Oh, doctor!"

"It's his life."

"But we can't afford it. I couldn't work any harder."

"Your husband said that you had some money in bank, I think."

"Yes, but we're drawing two dollars of that out every week for his milk. I get six dollars, which won't more than pay the room rent and keep."

Nevertheless, four weeks more and Rose Davenport made the definite break from her old life. There was, then, eighty-six dollars left in the fund. By her greatest powers she had, at length, got her husband to consent to go to a sanatorium in New Jersey, where, with the physician's influence, Walter was to be admitted at the much reduced rate of five dollars a week. Fresh underclothing had to be purchased, and the railway ticket. The balance in bank would last for fifteen weeks. He might be well then!

Rose gave up the flat and hired one room. Mrs. Hogarty immediately offered to keep the children, during the day, all three for two dollars a week; and she forebore to say that she lost by the agreement.

Ten weeks of the fifteen were gone. Rose did the hardest kind of work from half past seven every morning until six every evening. Then she would come home, buying provisions along the way and cooking them on a small oil stove in her room. Occasionally she would be invited out to dinner. But when she was home, she would hug her children and sing the smallest one, who was well only intermittently lately, to sleep. During the night all three would waken her for water or one would cry for fear of a dream. Rose had little time for rest or privacy.

Then a long letter arrived from the head of the New Jersey institution. Mr. Davenport was improving only slowly. He was dejected and lonely. Could she not run up to see him? If he had friends in the neighborhood, if she could move to the town for a while, he would surely take much more interest in his restoration. He suffered lassitude and, although he had gained two pounds, he needed some evident worry lifted from his mind in order to start him going in the right direction.

Rose spent an entire Sunday writing a cheerful letter to her husband, and the letter was three pages long.

It was about this time that Mrs. Hogarty, handing back the children in the early evening, told Rose the gossip of the wife of the owner of the factory.

"'Tis a strange tale they tell," said the Irish

woman, brushing her matted hair from her forehead. "No wan knows just what's wrong with the poor lady; they're keepin' their mouths glued of it. But Mis' Browne's been shooed back from the old countries an' lies in the hospital now, they're sayin'; an' the mister's that worried he wants some healthy woman to sell him some of her skin fer his lady."

"Sell some skin?" asked Rose. "What in the world do you mean?"

"I can't say rightly. 'Tis like the graftin' of apple trees, I'm thinkin'. Anyhow, the wan that sells herself is strapped to the lady's heart, an' 'tis most unearthly painful. The wan lies motionless-like fer two weeks er more—likely more. The janitor's wife was tellin' the tale to me; she done some hand sewin' wan time up in the hospital an' saw a pair of them—an' she said they groaned terrible."

"Then why should anyone do it?"

"Five hundred dollars! That's why. But it must be special grand skin." Mrs. Hogarty's arms went akimbo. "'Tis a temptin' bit of paper, is it not?"

Rose caught her arm.

"Are you sure about the money?" she whispered.

"Sure? Certain sure."

"Do you think—?" Rose's cheeks flushed a little with excitement.

"You? Never, darlin'," said Mrs. Hogarty. "Have the janitor woman to tell ye' an' ye'll think no more on't. Your pretty skin—?" Mrs. Hogarty's eyes flooded.

"But five hundred dollars!" said Rose.

Nevertheless she did consult the wife of the janitor and received from her a more accurate and detailed account both of Mrs. Browne's dilemma and of the operation involved. The informant did not spare Rose in relating the sufferings of the seller of flesh.

"But five hundred dollars," Rose kept repeating to herself, when she was once more in her room. "A person could do almost anything with five hundred dollars."

She saw fields, fields full of daisies and buttercups, the sun shining upon them and upon Walter and herself. She heard the babies scream with pleasure and, while her husband and she and the youngest sat side by side, the boy and girl would tumble toward them to pile their laps high with flowers. She smelled sweet hay; and birds sang the noises that they listened to were not the regular, unending thud-thud of the factory's wheels and weights, but the murmur of a stream and the sough of a breeze. She saw—why, she saw her husband well and herself no longer tired from goading to work.

She thought of Mrs. Browne. Poor Mrs. Browne, whose health and life might be saved by this sacrifice. And Mr. Browne, who had been so good to her in her own trouble; Mr. Brown had been Walter's employer and had even made a place for her in his factory! The mill-owners had been good; now she might at last pay her debt to them—pay it with the silky, full-blooded skin that had been her birthright.

But could she indeed? What about the children during those awful weeks? They could not be with her at all. She—Mrs. Hogarty, of course! Afterward, Walter and she might even afford to bring Mrs. Hogarty to the country and give her an entire week with them.

Rose mused on. But, from her musing, she suddenly leaped to action.

If she were to be too late? They might have engaged someone else! The fear soon possessed her. The children slept. She asked her neighbor to lend an ear to the room, and then she hurried to the hospital.

Rose entered the receiving ward so nearly breathless that the nurse in charge had difficulty in understanding her.

"You want to say," this woman at last interpreted, "that you are applying for the Browne case. But, do you know what you must undergo?"

"Then I'm not too late?"

"No. No one else has offered. But—"

"Thank God!"

"It is very painful, and—"

"Yes, yes. I know. That's all right. I don't mind the pain at all, truly I don't."

"I'll see if Dr. Carter is about; he's the surgeon on the case."

The nurse sent her message by an orderly.

Shortly Rose was summoned to another room, a kind of office. She trembled with success, but she endeavored to walk slowly.

A middle-aged, keen-looking man, dressed from head to heel in white, turned from conversation with another similarly uniformed.

"Well?" asked the first, his steady gray eyes scrutinizing her.

"I've come to give—to sell to Mrs. Browne, sir."

She waited. The second physician now also regarded her. He wheeled aside and left the room.

(Continued on page eleven)

# The Big Change

By Eugene Wood

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

## CHAPTER XXIII.

**W**ITHOUT doubt, one reason for the emptying of the churches is that since the Big Change we are no longer as positive as we were that the way to find the age of the universe is to take the number of the calendar year as given in the almanac and then add 4,004.

It used to be that grown-up people would gravely argue with you that even supposing a whale hasn't big enough "swallow" for Jonah to have crowded through, it doesn't say "whale;" it says "a great fish," and even that was "prepared" for the occasion. But you don't hear that kind of talk any more. The church's word as to the history of the world is no longer taken at its face value. Not even by churchmen. Not even for the simplest statements. As for example: "Now there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus that the whole world should be taxed (or enrolled). And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria." But there was no Cyrenius that was governor of Syria. Quirinius was six years too late, and Herod died ten years too soon to fit the story of the Nativity. Also, it is very doubtful if there ever was a Roman census or world-enrollment.

Another reason is that experience has taught us that if there is not enough rainfall during the growing season, a more dependable crop-yield can be gained by installing an irrigating system than by calling meetings to pray for rain.

But these reasons are not nearly so important as they seem. Whether the whale swallowed Jonah or Jonah the whale would make no difference. If the church could only appease our hunger and thirst after righteousness we would swallow both the whale and Jonah. Because one of the strongest desires of the human heart is the desire to be good.

It may seem a strange assertion to some that we, who, as we have been taught, are sinners by nature should desperately desire to be good, every one of us, but just a moment's thought will show this is true.

By "good," I do not mean not going buggy-riding on Sunday, refraining from flesh-meat on Friday or keeping a "kosher" house. I mean that a person is true and just in all his dealings, helpful and kind and merciful, and that the gratification of his natural appetites is only such as produces well-being to mankind. "Good" is good to others. And the more unquestionably right an action is, the more nearly universal is the benefit resulting from the action.

Goodness is so imperatively necessary that no system of life, no matter how rascally, is able to dam it all up. It leaks through somewhere, and that leak means the ultimate falling of the system.

That everybody wants to do good is shown by the fact that we excuse every thing we do by saying: "I thought it would be for the best." When we want to get rich we say that we would like to help the poor, and our reason for making an improvement is that it would shorten the work-time. It may be that we really want riches that we may enjoy life more or make the invention because we like praise. Both these are worthy motives but not so worthy as the wish to do good. We all recognize the universal appeal of that.

Everybody, I think, tries to be good. But that word "tries" is sad. It acknowledges failure. A man who "tries" to be a carpenter is no carpenter at all. If an interior voice sounds to me I do not have to "try" to sing that pitch. If an interior voice speaks the sentence grammatically, I do not have to "try" to get the verb to agree with its subject in number and person. And if the interior voice of conscience tells me what is right, I ought not to have to "try" to do what is right. Something hinders, something dangerous to the general welfare.

This thing of living up to one's ideals of conduct is more than a mere personal accomplishment and grace. It is vitally necessary for us to be as good as we feel we ought to be; that means the well-being of the race. Anything short of that, any failure to come up to the standard is just so much loss of efficiency. Goodness is so imperatively necessary that no system of life, no matter how rascally, is able to dam it all up. It leaks through somewhere, and that leak means the ultimate falling of the system. If men do not gather grapes of thorns, they do gather very fine crab-apples in the course of time; if not figs of thistles, then artichokes. Slavery, which was pure deviltry, brought forth some good; it inculcated habits of industry, which finally destroyed slavery; feudalism, which was daylight robbery, united petty tribes into nations which destroyed feudalism; capitalism, which swindles instead of robs, perfects the organization of industry which is even now destroying capi-

talism. Always good triumphs; always the sheep butt the wolves to death. Good must win. The existence of the race depends upon it. And when we find a system which, as at this present, hinders the people from gratifying their hunger and thirst for righteousness, and makes it so that you have to "try" to be as good as you know how to be and yet fail for fear you'll starve if you do what is right, then that system is a gone dog.

Its life may be prolonged awhile by—But let me illustrate. Suppose a man has consumption. We know nowadays for the first time in history that the way for that man to get well of consumption is to live out of doors all the time where the air he breathes is pure, to eat plenty of nourishing food, to keep comfortable, not to work or worry. All the powers of healing that there are are in his body. The sooner he finds that out the better. It only prolongs the matter for him to believe that healing can be had from outside sources, from bottles for sale at all drug stores.

For centuries the medical profession fooled along and fooled along. It tried this concoction and that mess and t'other pill, because the ingredients if mixed so and so, it stood to reason, should cure consumption. Sometimes the results were satisfactory, sometimes not, but on the whole unsatisfactory. Finally, in the early '80's (the Big Change was going on rapidly then) Robert Koch said to himself: "Well, here! Just what is the cause of consumption? I want to know." So he set himself to find out. And he did find out that it is a vegetation, of the same general type of molds and yeasts, that finds its way into a body weakened in some way by over-work and under-feeding or bad air or discomfort, and preys upon the tissues, like some people we know who get a living without doing service for it, destroying, but not building up. We all have a touch of consumption sometimes in our lives, but nine out of ten of us get well of it because the class-conscious phagocytes of the blood are strong enough to devour the bacilli of tuberculosis. We keep up the strength of these phagocytes by food and pure air and rest and comfort.

Modern medicine recognizes very clearly that it is the body itself that does the curing, and not drugs. These are used as devices to secure one action or another but they are known to be foreign substances that give no health. Only food and pure air and rest and comfort can give health.

But the church's method of treatment of the sin-sick soul is somewhat different.

## Socialist Women of Germany

(Continued from page eight)

copies. While but ten years ago it was a tiny, modest paper now it must be called a magazine, for, besides general articles concerning the political movement, the labor movement, and the work among women, there are articles that are an aid to character building, that will help mothers to be better mothers, that are educational, and that are helpful to the young.

The international working class owes to the zeal and self-abnegation of Clara Zetkin, the fact that so many women are now members of the Socialist party. Ten years ago they were few and timid. Now there are more than 100,000 women in the German Socialist party and in each town and each organization there are several women who can deliver a speech and do efficient propaganda work. The paper of Clara Zetkin has enabled them to understand the social problem in its whole depth.

The last convention of the women dealt with many most important questions. For instance, how are the lectures to be organized that they may be most useful to the women workers. "What is the duty of the women Social-Democrats in the future elec-

tions?" was another question and it was in the discussion of this that Clara Zetkin showed that in consequence of social conditions the Socialists must combat the parties of all other classes and set itself against the entire capitalist society. Not being voters the women must induce the men to vote for the Socialist candidates.

Comrade Weil spoke on "Women and Municipal Politics." All the delegates took part in the discussion on the Child Labor question. For many years the German Socialist women have constituted themselves voluntary inspectors of all child exploitation and a general committee where complaints of any kind concerning labor legislation can be made. There was also much discussion of a possible general crisis and the high cost of living.

Comrade Zietz presented a resolution on the cost of living to the General Congress in the name of the Socialist women asking that the question be brought before the Parliament as soon as possible, since it is one that vitally effects the working women and the children.

A resolution was also passed providing that children should not even be engaged in the carrying of papers until they have finished school.

Another resolution provided for a repetition of

the demonstration that was held last spring. On that day, in every town in Germany, speeches were made and resolutions passed for the adult suffrage for both sexes and the general emancipation of labor through Socialism.

All of us wish for the further development of the German movement. May it go on as it has till now.

## Blood Will Tell

(Continued from page ten)

"Come over to the light, madam," said Dr. Carter. He flashed the electricity close to her face and eyes. He touched her cheek.

"You have a remarkable skin," he said, "but there's no use examining you further. A few months ago, perhaps; but now—I'm sorry. We can accept for so important and delicate an operation only someone that is of excellent constitution and red-blooded. You wouldn't do; something seems to have been sucking the blood out of you: you haven't even enough for yourself."

When we have but the will to do it, that very moment will justice be done. That very instant the tyrants of the earth shall bite the dust.—Peter Kropotkin.

# The Coming Nation

PUBLISHERS

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

## Winners of Bound Volumes

The following won the bound volume the COMING NATION offered to the person sending in the largest number of subscribers each week:

Frank Truesdale, week ending October 7th, with six subscribers.

Lars A. Swansen, week ending October 14th, with twelve subscribers.

## Farmers' Number Next Week

The farm has been the riddle of the Sphinx to the Socialists of every country. If they cannot solve it they must die because no system of social transformation can meet the test of the practicable unless it takes account of this largest and most basic of industries.

The last decade is helping the Socialists to solve this riddle, and the next number of the COMING NATION will tell some of the ways in which that solution is being worked out.

We believe that this number is the best thing for propaganda among farmers that has yet appeared.

The article by Odon Por on the Italian Co-operatives tells what the tenant farmer can do to secure immediate relief. Here was a co-operative whose members were poorer than even the tenant farmer of the cotton belt, but who, within a few years, were able, through associated effort, to become owners of expensive and efficient agricultural machinery, to own and operate a canning factory, and numerous other industries in common.

Just how the disappearance of free land, the rapid rise in farm values, the extension of new methods of farming and farm education, and especially the operation of the new species of farm machinery by the explosive engine has effected farming is discussed by A. M. Simons, author of "The American Farmer" and chairman of the Farmers' Committee of the Socialist party.

There has been an evolution in the raising of live stock that is almost as great as that in the use of machinery. Eugene Wood, under the title of "The Cow and the Lady," and with plenty of his shrewd humor, writes something that will interest, amuse and arouse the farmers.

The sugar beet industry is a type of another kind of farming that is growing more common where the farmer produces one commodity for the sake of a capitalist owned factory. Clyde J. Wright, State Secretary of the Socialist party of Nebraska, has been studying the operation of one of the largest of these factories. He finds that this factory took more than a million dollars out of less than three thousand people in one season, which is almost a record for exploitation. Incidentally, he throws some light on the reason for the present high price of sugar.

An Alabama farmer speaks directly from his farm, and from practical experience on the economies that would be possible in his neighborhood by a socialization of the farming industry.

There is also a study of the new combine harvester that cuts, threshes and sacks the grain for less than what it now costs to bind it.

The number will be filled with photographs of new machinery, new instruments and other things that will help to make the text live.

In bundles of ten or more, two and a half cents each. Ask for number sixty.

# No Despot Needed

BY A. M. SIMONS



POWER beyond the reach of the people is always bad. There is no such thing as a benevolent despot. The better a despot rules the worse he is. An angel for a despot would soon have fools for subjects. Having another person eat for us might save us from dyspepsia—for a while. Having somebody rule for us would save us from thinking. But just as substitute eating would soon leave us no stomachs with which to eat, so we soon have no brains with which to think when we lend that organ to another.

These remarks, I am perfectly frank to say, are inspired by the action of the postal department in shutting the COMING NATION out of the mails on the allegation that the "Mystery Story" scheme was a lottery. I am not going to argue here that this was a case of discrimination. It is not because the postal department made fish of the same scheme when the Chicago Record-Herald ran it, that it declares to be flesh, and, therefore, anathema, when the COMING NATION would use it that I am protesting.

That to which I object, as a Socialist, and a general opponent of an irresponsible despotism, is that the postal officials should have anything whatever to say as to the guilt or innocence of any person who uses the mails.

If a person is running a fraudulent business he should be punished. (Always excepting those who are obtaining enough to make them "respectable.") But he should be punished only after a trial by a jury and an opportunity for defense.

Running a lottery is a crime. If the publishers of the COMING NATION have attempted to run a lottery they are subject to two years' imprisonment in a penitentiary. That is certainly sufficient punishment.

Of course, there has been no talk of prosecution. Not even the Federal courts would seriously consider such a charge. Yet the postal officials have adjudged us guilty, and inflicted a fine amounting to several hundred dollars at the very lowest estimate. They have not only punished the editors and publishers of the COMING NATION, but have sought to punish its tens of thousands of readers, who could not by any possible stretching of things be considered as participants in the alleged crime.

If the COMING NATION were to publish the statement that any person was operating a lottery (a criminal offense) and could not prove the charge in court its publishers would be subject to prosecution for criminal libel. But the postal officials can charge any person with a crime, and no matter how innocent he may be he has no redress.

The postal department is doing these things every day. It indicts, tries, sentences and executes punishments against those who offend it, without benefit of sheriff, judge or jury.

When those who are hit happen to be get-rich-quick schemers or circulators of cheap lascivious pamphlets, the majority of the people applaud on the principle that the "end justifies the means." When this power is used to punish political enemies or shield criminals as in the persecution of radical periodicals, or in the barring from the mails of the report of the Chicago Vice Commission, we raise a protest about the abuse of arbitrary power.

It is not the abuse but the existence of arbitrary power that is wrong.

Here is the place to strike at the postal tyranny. Everything else is unimportant.

THE POSTOFFICE DEPARTMENT MUST BE CONFINED TO ITS PROPER FUNCTION AS A COMMON CARRIER.

All power of a legislative or judicial character should be taken away from it. Let Congress make the rules deciding what shall be carried and how. Then if these rules (which will then be laws) are violated the courts afford a remedy that is at least superior to the secret despotic methods of cheap politicians.

## History Nearly Ready

Those who have sent in three subscriptions for the COMING NATION to obtain "Social Forces in American History," by A. M. Simons, free, may expect to receive the book within a couple of weeks. There have been delays, but we understand that it is now on the press and will soon be ready for mailing.

The order cannot be increased and it is probable that most of the copies arranged for will be taken by the time they are ready for delivery. Until that time it will still be possible to obtain the book free by sending three dollars' worth of subscriptions to the COMING NATION.

## In the Mines of Kansas

The COMING NATION is located in a large coal mining center. These coal mines are beneath fertile farms. The conditions in these mines are as bad as any to be found in Pennsylvania, or other corporation ridden states. Laws are disregarded. Miserable, company-owned hovels are rented at exorbitant prices, human lives crushed out with the reckless disregard for law, and yet, through it all, and perhaps because of all these things, the miner's organization is fighting solidly both in the industrial and political field for better conditions.

Mrs. May Wood-Simons has made a study of this whole field, visiting nearly

every camp and securing a large number of photographs. There is going to be some things in that article that will shake up the state of Kansas. Incidentally, it will be very interesting reading for people all over the country.

This number will contain a story by Jack London, that ought to be enough to attract the attention of every Socialist, and every person who likes good literature. This one is "War" and it is one of the most vivid and powerful things London, who is one of the most vivid and powerful writers of today, has written.

## "CENTRAL"

(Continued from Page Five.)

but a minute ago we had been watching Central make frantic efforts to meet the obligations or her trade. I thought of the twisting, swaying little body, her anxious face, blinking eyes and trembling lips; of the speed with which she was running down to ill health and nervous prostration.

"Good idea," I said. "Why not do the same with Central? Why not change her off, so that she lasts?"

It was a good joke. "Ha—ha," the official laughed. "Quite an idea. Never thought of it!"

## The Socialist Scouts

With the coming of winter the Scout department will offer some premiums especially suited to outdoor sports and exercises. If your boy or girl is not a Socialist Scout he should join and place himself in line for some of these premiums. They are wholly in addition to Scout's regular profit. Boys and girls of the Socialist Scouts sell the COMING NATION and Appeal to Reason and take subscriptions, for both papers. They make 100 per cent on all sales and receive premiums besides. It costs nothing to start the work. I'll send a bundle of ten NATIONS to any one who wishes to begin, with the understanding that he is to remit half price for what papers he sells and return heads of unsold copies. Address requests to "Scout Department, Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kans."

## Scout News

### MARGURITE EYNON, SOCIALIST SCOUT

Here's the picture of one of the COMING NATION's best hustlers, one of the kind that keeps everlastingly at it. With her last order Margurite says: "I am not selling any more papers than usual, but I am getting more regular customers. My sister, June, is helping me now and we hope to do better." These two little friends of Socialism are making a big dent in capitalism's hide and their example is worthy of emulation. They are not only fighting for themselves but they are fighting for their little sisters who as yet do not know how to battle against the economic evils of today.



The work here is going on awful fast. I have sold all my ten papers already. I think the work is just fine.—Bradley Lewis, Ohio.

I was at the air meeting last night and heard Comrade Foiley speak and he gave a speech about my papers and sold them all for me.—James E. Judge, Pennsylvania.

I am going to hustle and get more subscribers for the NATION so I can get the tool chest and airship.—Arthur Wright, Indiana.

I am doing good now. I sold ten without any difficulty. There are not very many Socialists here but they are increasing fast.—Gordon McConnell, Minnesota.

I enjoy selling the COMING NATION. We have a good local here. I like to go. My papa was elected councilman on the Socialist ticket.—Sidney Bartlett, Idaho.

I am doing fine with my route. Am now selling seventeen NATIONS and nine Appeals. This Scout news advertises my route.—Kyle Simpson, Indiana.

I received my watch and I thought it was fine. I gave it to my brother for a present. I have gotten two new customers. I have now fourteen customers.—Ura Markert, Kentucky.

I have sixteen regular customers for the COMING NATION and two for the Appeal. I went to the local meeting last night and got eight COMING NATION orders.—Fred J. Schirmann, Iowa.

## Shadows of the Coming Election

At the municipal election in Muhlhausen, in Alsace, Germany, the entire Socialist ticket was elected by a clear majority of 1,671 votes. This city was a stronghold of the Center party, and its loss is generally recognized as a forecast of what may be expected at the forthcoming Reichstag elections.

# Children's Page

EDITED BY BERTHA M. MAILLY

## The Story of Joe

(Continued from last week.)

Joe liked his job pretty well in the great shoe factory where there were over one thousand men and women and boys working. He got to know some of the young fellows that worked in departments near his and they used to go together to moving pictures and theaters once in a while evenings. As Joe grew a little older he went to a dance or two and after watching the good times the young men and women seemed to have dancing, he decided to learn, too.

After he had worked at the blacking of the shoes for about a year, he was transferred to another department, where he learned to trim the rough layers composing the heel of a shoe down to one smooth surface. For this he was paid by the number of heels he could trim and he grew very expert at it and by the time he was eighteen years old reached the point where he could earn two dollars a day.

Joe was an observing boy and he used to like to think about all the different things he saw in the shop. One day a pair of shoes came into his hands of which he was to trim the heels and the leather was of a different quality and finish from those he had been handling. Joe asked the foreman what kind of leather it was and learned that it was a goatskin from South America.

Then Joe got to thinking what a lot more people it took in the making of a shoe than even those in the factory, and he knew that in the factory every pair of shoes went through the hands of at least seventy different workers.

"Whew!" he thought. "Here's from South America. I s'pose there's a lot of fellows down there herding the goats and taking them in to be slaughtered. It makes me think of my fool dream. It certainly takes a lot of folks to make one pair of shoes. Wonder what a procession of all the fellows that had something to do with this pair of shoes would look like. And some guy will wear them that's got five or six dollars to pay for them. We chaps that make 'em haven't got the cash to buy them, that's sure."

While Joe was running on in his mind like this, all at once he heard a bright voice say, "Hello, Joe," and then, almost before he had chance to lift his head, "Good-bye, Joe."

"Hold on there," said Joe, rising quickly and facing a girl with bright blue eyes, brown, flying hair and freckled nose, just a little turned up at the end, "quit your joking. I'm not going yet. You needn't say good-bye."

"No, but I am," said Kit, one of the girls from the stitching room upstairs. Both looked around instinctively, to see if the foreman was near and then Kit said:

"My father's just come home and I'm going to quit work. He's a sailor and his boat's just in from South America. He says I'm to quit work and I can tell you it won't break my heart to leave the old machine upstairs and the everlasting backstitching of folks' footwear. He's saved up a bit of money and I'm going to go to school for a little while anyway, even if I have to come back again. You did me a good turn that time when the forelady said I was trying to cheat on my shoes and you traced my numbers so I thought I'd come and say good-bye." And Kit held out her hand.

"I'm sorry," said Joe as they shook hands, "and if you have to go back to any shop, hope you'll come here." Then Kit hurried off.

So Joe thought she had gone for good and he was working away the next day and just about ready to stop for the

noon hour when Kit's voice said, "well, Joe, here I am again, and here's father."

Joe looked up to see Kit's bright eyes sparkling and as he shook hands with her father, he laughed:

"I guess you couldn't keep away from the shop after all."

"No, not that, but father wanted to see the shop where I worked and so I brought him around."

"I'm interested in shoes," said Kit's father, "because I just came off a freighter, part of whose cargo was goatskins from South America."

Then Joe told him of the goatskin shoes he had been working at on the previous day and how he had been thinking about that far-away country and the workers there. And Kit's father



Kit's Father

told Joe in return a little about his wandering life in South America, and on the seas and how he had seen many kinds of work there and even worked in a tannery where the goatskins were taken after being stripped from the animals to be tanned into leather.

When Kit's father said he must be going and Kit had said "Yes, we must give Joe time to eat his lunch before the hour is up," Joe said, "It gives me a queer feeling, almost as though I might have a brother working in some of those places down there, that I never saw. I'm mighty glad you told me about them. I'd like to hear some more."

"You might come home with Bob some night." Bob was Kit's brother and still worked in the shop.

"You bet I will," said Joe with energy and shook hands. Then he went out whistling to wash his hands.

(To be Continued.)

## Playgrounds for Children

There was a time, and not so very long ago, either, when people thought that children could not attend school and play also. To them, getting an education was too serious a matter to admit of any pastime for the pupils.

So going to school was so serious a thing to children that they usually disliked it and were glad when it was all over and they had no longer to attend school. And there was also a great deal of truancy, for children would stay away from school and go off playing and deceive their parents (until they were found out) rather than go through the old tiresome routine of their daily lessons.

But people are seeing the question differently now. They are beginning to recognize that the instinct for pastime, for playing games, for joyous and unrestrained association with other children is in every child and that there is no reason why this instinct should be suppressed or smothered in order that the child may acquire an education.

In fact, it is now clearly seen that both studying and pastime can go well together and that a child is usually the better student for having a chance to mix his study with his playing. And he won't be so apt to play truant as before.

In the first place, the body must receive a certain amount of physical exercise so that the mind can be kept in good condition. The best kind of physical exercise is that which comes from the free use of the muscles in those games which children naturally indulge in.

In the second place, the diversion created by these games gives the brain a chance to rest, so that the child can return refreshed to his studies. Then again, children who play together usually love one another and they grow up with kind memories of each other.

In other words, what is called the social instinct is encouraged and developed and all children grow up kinder and better men and women for it.

Now, these simple truths regarding the education and training of children are becoming so universally recognized that public playgrounds are being provided for children in the cities—for, of course the country children have more chance for play than the city youngsters. The only place where city children can play is on the streets and there it is very dangerous, because of the street cars and automobiles and trucks and other vehicles.

Most of the public playgrounds are being run in connection with the schools and are part of the educational system now coming into use. Ten years ago there was no such thing as a playground for children as it is now understood and known. The only city that had made any attempt to have playgrounds was Boston.

Today there are 236 cities in the United States of a population over eight thousand that have playgrounds. No city in the country of more than thirty thousand is without them.

The larger cities are going into this business of furnishing playgrounds for its young people on a large scale. New York, Boston, Chicago and others are devoting big open spaces and parks to this purpose alone. Denver, at last reports, was contemplating the raising of \$3,000,000 by a bond issue, while Seattle is raising half that sum, so that the children can have a place and plenty of elbow room in which to play.

You may be sure that nothing but good can come of such a movement. When the people, through their government, take measures to give children an opportunity to be healthy both in body and in mind, then they will be better citizens and we shall have a better and happier country in the end because of it.

## About Dogs

When dogs wish to talk, they say bow, wow, and the one they say it to knows just what they mean. Dogs can



RING

growl, too, but this they do only when they are angry. When puppies are first born they are blind, so blind that they can't see a thing. All they can do is

crawl around and cry and cry like naughty little babies, but then when they become two weeks old they open up their little eyes, just the tiniest wee bit and sniff about as they run and play with one another. Puppies just love to play, and they do some of the queerest sorts of tricks you ever could think of. They like to drink milk.

Ring was a nice curly dog whom everybody loved because he was so good to small children, who could not yet take the proper care of themselves. He had a nice warm bed in the stable where he felt as if he was the master of the place. In the morning he was always at the door when his master came to feed the horses and cattle. He could do many things which made the people laugh. If some one threw a stick he would go for it and if the one who threw it would hide before he got back he would keep the stick in his mouth till he found that person and then he would put the stick down and bark as if to say: "You are a great one. If you wanted to have me bring the stick, why did you hide yourself?" He was called Ring because he had a nice white ring of hair running all around his neck.

Dogs are very kind to everybody who is not mean to them. And even when their masters are mean to them they forgive them soon and will fight to protect them. Good people are never mean to dogs or anyone else for that matter.

## The Old Woman in a New Shoe

Now, when the old woman  
Who lived in a shoe  
Had smacked all her children  
(As some women do),

She grew rather sorry  
She'd used so much force,  
But she couldn't unsmack them  
(She knew that, of course).

And the children, no longer  
Unruly and pert  
Lay screaming and crying  
(Because they felt hurt),

Till she shouted, "Be quiet!  
I can't get a wink;  
Go to sleep and I'll give you—  
Now, what do you think?"

"You shall see in the morning;  
That is—if you're good!"  
So they all went to sleep, then,  
As quick as they could.

When they woke in the morning,  
They rose with a shout;  
They could feel the shoe bumping  
And moving about,

And they laughed, and were happy  
(As good children are)  
When they found it turned into  
A fine motor-car.

There were handles to work it,  
And brakes, and a wheel  
On each side of the sole and  
Each side of the heel.

And they went for a run over  
Hill and down dell,  
And the chickens they met with  
Went running as well.

With the old woman steering  
They travelled so fast  
You could hear, but could scarcely  
Have seen them go past.

Thus for miles through the country  
They joyously sped;  
"Hip-hurrah!" cried the children,  
And all of them said

For such rides every morning  
They'd all with delight  
Go smacked, without supper,  
To bed every night!

—From Children's Encyclopedia Magazine.



MCMNAMARA PROTEST MEETING—

## Demanding Justice

With the daily press and the magazines united in the effort to hang the McNamara brothers, the workers throughout the nation have been compelled to depend upon mass meetings to spread the truth concerning these men.

At Portland, Ore., fifteen thousand men and women, a few of whom are shown in the illustration at the top and bottom of this page, gathered in demonstration and for the purpose of raising funds.

All divisions of the working class were politically and economically united in this demonstration, although the initiating impulse came from the Socialist party. This in itself is significant. Just as the exploiting class have driven *McClure's Magazine* and *Collier's* into the same camp with the *Los Angeles Times*, so the working class, by the same forces, have been driven together without regard to the differences about tactics.

In this great meeting at Portland the musicians' union donated the music, and

each of the organizations paid its share of the expenses of the parade so that the entire receipts from the sale of over seventy-five thousand badges and buttons went to the McNamara defense fund.

At the meeting in the park, held after the parade, the speakers were E. J. Brown, former Socialist candidate for Mayor of Seattle, Will Daley, President of the State Federation of Labor, Col. C. E. S. Woods and Allen McDonald.

Similar meetings are being held at thousands of other places throughout the country.

Meanwhile, at Los Angeles the struggle is going on to secure even the semblance of a fair jury. Judge Bordwell refused to permit the defense to challenge for cause a man who admitted that he believed the *Times* building to be destroyed by dynamite. After arguing the matter for two days, however, this particular man admitted so great a prejudice that he was excused.

## What's in the New Books

*Social Reform and the Constitution.* By Frank J. Goodnow. The Macmillan Company. Cloth, 365 pp., \$1.50.

The author who is Professor of Administrative Law at Columbia University has attempted to determine how far the program of reform measures which is now being advanced is constitutional. He recognizes that industrial changes are seeking expression in legislation and asks how far this legislation is possible under a constitution written in another industrial stage. Most reforms require national action and, therefore, it is the United States Constitution which must principally be studied.

He classifies reforms according to whether they relate to government ownership, government aid or government regulation. He considers that the right

to regulate interstate commerce is so elastic that "Congress has full constitutional power to create a system of interstate commerce under complete federal control, to include within that system, the manufacture or other production of goods to be passed in such commerce, and to protect this system, in all its details, from any species of state interference."

He is of the opinion that the division of government has been carried too far and that it will be necessary to unite the different departments as is done in the commission form of government.

He sees no obstacles in the constitution to the adoption of most of the political reforms. "It may, therefore, he said that the recall, and probably both the initiative and referendum as

well, are constitutional from the point of view of the federal constitution, which, as interpreted, offers no obstacle to change from representative to democratic government if such a change should approve itself to the people of the United States."

He finds no obstacle in the United States constitution to the policy of government ownership on the part of either the State or the United States government.

In short, it is not until he strikes these reforms which directly affect the wage contract that he begins to doubt their constitutionality. He concludes while employers' liability, assumption of risk, and fellow servant laws are constitutional it is doubtful if compulsory insurance or arbitration, or workmen's compensation, or minimum wage laws are constitutional.

"Where the purpose of the legislation is not so much to protect the public health and safety as to better the economic condition of the laboring classes and to place them in a stronger position in their struggle with their employers, the tendency of the judicial mind is to consider such legislation as either class legislation or as infringing upon the rights of property or liberty which are conceived in terms of *laissez faire*."

It is his opinion that old-age pensions are also unconstitutional if voted by any other political body than Congress.

In one particular the book is remarkable. So far as we know it is the first non-Socialist work to discover that Congress has power to take away the appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court. On this point he says: "It may be added that once also in our history Congress deprived the Supreme Court of part of its appellate jurisdiction, fearing that it was about to declare unconstitutional an act of Congress, and the court held not only that this action was within the constitutional powers of Congress, but that the act deprived it of jurisdiction to decide a case which had been argued before it and was at the time under advisement. It was known to the court why Congress had taken

this action, but in its opinion it said: 'We are not at liberty to inquire into the motives of the legislature. We can only examine into its power under the constitution; and the power to make exceptions to the appellate jurisdiction is given by express words.'"

Although he recognizes that Congress has this power he is still inclined to think that "the serious limitation of the appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court would be our undoing as an independent nation." He, therefore, concludes that "our nation requires . . . persistent criticism" and he thinks that "severe, persistent and continuous criticism of the courts has been one of the influences which have brought it about that the Court has on the whole been reasonably responsible to public opinion."

*The Essence of Socialism.* By William H. Watts. Published by the Author. Price ten cents.

This little booklet is the author's interpretation of the meaning of Socialism. Some little space is given to showing that the single tax alone will not suffice to bring the capitalist system to a close.

*The Distribution of Wealth.* By Rev. G. W. Woodbey. Published by the Author.

This is a series of letters taking up the question of the distribution of wealth under a Socialist society.

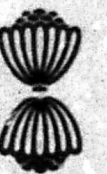
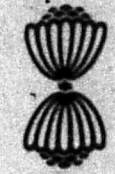
*The Aldrich Big Bank or The National Reserve Association of the United States.* Annotated by Ellis O. Jones. Published by the Author, 17 West 31st Street, New York. Price, Five cents.

The design of this pamphlet is to bring to the notice of the American people the Aldrich plan for a Central Bank. The plan is the one outlined by the American Bankers' Association and acquiesced in by the National Monetary Commission. It cites briefly and well the special privileges to be given to the National Reserve Association and the manner in which the federal government could participate in the plan.



—HELD AT PORTLAND OREGON

# Come Have a Smile With Us



## Flings at Things

BY D. M. S.

### The Patient is Improving

Is Socialism growing?  
Well, really, on my word,  
That seems an absurd question,  
Perhaps you haven't heard  
About the rush of members  
That's coming right along  
Till now it strips for action  
One hundred thousand strong.

Not satisfied, the party  
Instead of standing still  
Is growing like a snowball  
That's running down a hill,  
To greater heights advancing  
We'll backward look e'er long  
And say we once were only  
One hundred thousand strong.

Oh what an inspiration  
To those who cleared the way  
When there was but a handful  
To mingle in the fray,  
Those who were once downhearted  
Can rise and join the song  
That's echoed by a chorus  
One hundred thousand strong.

And how it stirs the fancy  
To think and know and feel  
One hundred thousand others  
Are stirred by the appeal,  
To see the army swelling  
Into a mighty throng  
That in the near, bright future  
Will be a million strong.

### A Fine Distinction

"What is the difference between a democrat and a republican?"  
"All the difference in the world."  
"But specifically."  
"Why, one is a democrat and the other is a republican."

### Someone Had Blundered

"What is the meaning of this?" fairly roared the managing editor holding aloft a fresh copy of the paper just from the presses.  
"What is it?" asked the trembling subordinate, "has someone misspelled



the name of a prominent society person?"

"Worse than that," growled the chief. "Somebody's head will have to come off."

"Might I ask what is this great mistake, bull or blunder?" timidly inquired the subordinate.

"Yes it is a blunder. We have gone to press without a single lie about Milwaukee."

### Didn't Need to Bother

"I suppose you are raising your son to be a Socialist."  
"I am not."  
"Why not?"  
"I trust the boy has common sense."

### Something He Could Feel

"What has come over Jones? He used to be a hardshell reactionary and now he is talking of voting the Socialist ticket."  
"He has been pricing potatoes."

## Bye-Bye, Peter

Another scalp to swell the bunch  
In Warren's groaning belt,  
Judge Peter Grosscup got the hunch,  
The coming wrath he felt,  
He nevermore will engineer  
Another doubtful deal.  
An added victory to cheer  
The Little Old Appeal.



Will there be others, I should smile,  
To seek relief in flight?  
Their records are so rank and vile  
They dare not stand a fight,  
They will come down though we are not  
Equipped with the recall.  
Go find some elevated spot  
And watch the judges fall.

## Little Flings

Mark Hanna's prophesy is coming true.

The iron is hot and ready for striking.

Democrats have forgotten their radicalism in their scramble for office.

Capitalism will not miss Grosscup. There are others.

Italy was careful not to take some-



one of its size.

While capitalism rules clubs are trump.

# Told at the Dinner Hour

## Curbing the Bad Boy

BY EDITH BECK.

"Papa, Lawrence Baker hit me with a big stick and I just want you to write a note to his teacher," complained six-year-old Beatrice Ryan to her father, Al Ryan, pioneer Socialist and the wit of the Lockport, N. Y., Glass Works.

"All right, daughter, I'll do it right away, and we'll fix him," replied Al, and forthwith "took his pen in hand." The note was as follows:

Dear Teacher—That bad, wicked boy, Lawrence Baker has just slapped our angel child on the coco with a lady-finger. Please take him down cellar and chop his head off,

And oblige,  
A. T. RYAN.

## Labor Saving

BY JOHN H. STOKES.

It was her first visit to the country, and the city bred girl was witnessing many odd sights and having many strange experiences. One day she was out walking with her country friends when they came upon a cow grazing in the pasture.

"Oh! what kind of an animal is that?" she asked in a startled manner.

"That is a cow; the animal from which we get milk," they explained.

For some minutes she gazed at the cow in amazement; then observing the tail she exclaimed:

"Oh, how handy! and there's a handle to pump it with."

## Whedder or No

BY JOHN H. STOKES.

Some years ago, for the novelty of the experience, I attended a negro meeting. The sermon did not prove of much interest, but the singing was good and the announcement at the close of the meeting was quite unique. It was about as follows:

"Belubbed brethren: I arise to thank yo' fo' de attension yo' has gibben dis aftahnoon, and to announce dat we will hold se'vice heah next Sraday, if de Lord am willin', and in two weeks whedder or no."

## A Matter of Doubt

BY PHIL LANG.

The talk turned upon music and one of the molders asked "Shag" O'Brien, the burly Celt who makes a living by

pattern-making, pending the time when the Keith circuit managers would appreciate his buck and wing dancing, "Can you play the violin, 'Shag'?"

"Shag" looked at his questioner meditatively a moment. "Faith," said he, "I dunno. I never tried."

## Put It to the Test

BY SIMON FERGUSON.

A churn agent with an improved churner held the attention of a farmer's wife for some time. He told her of the wonders of the apparatus and how it would make from a pound to two pounds more butter than any other churn of its size.

"If you don't mind I will bring one around tomorrow and show you," he said when he saw that she was interested. She told him it would be all right.

When he came next day he made a reasonably long demonstration, but when he opened the churn there was no butter in sight.

"It can't be the fault of the churn," said the agent, with some asperity after a moment's discomfiture. "What did you put in the churn," he finally asked.

"The buttermilk from yesterday's churning. I wanted to see you get the other pound of butter out of it," replied the practical housewife.

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THE FIRST STEP

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University Research Extension Co., Milwaukee, Wis. Send me editorial by Victor L. Berger, A. M. Simon and Jack London, list of source documents and tell me how I can get a library on these cooperative plan. No obligation involved by this request.



**Rhymes of the Revolution**

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

Selected and annotated by FRANK STUHLMAN

A. J. H. Duganne, an American poet, was born in Boston in 1823, and died in 1884. He was the author of a large number of books including philosophical, political and poetical works. His poems were very popular and the best of them deserve preserving. Throughout the Civil War he was a warm supporter of the Union cause and afterward edited a paper called the New York Republican. His writings show an intense sympathy for freedom and humanity.

**Keep it Before the People**

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

Keep it before the people—  
That the earth was made for man!  
That flowers were strewn,  
And fruits were grown,  
To bless and never to ban;  
That sun and rain,  
And corn and grain  
Are yours and mine, my brother!  
Free gifts from heaven,  
And freely given;  
To one as well as another.

Keep it before the people—  
That famine, and crime, and woe,  
Forever abide  
Still side by side  
With luxury's dazzling show.  
That Lazarus crawls  
From Dive's halls,  
And starves at his gate, my brother!  
Yet life was given  
By God from heaven,  
To one as well as another!

Keep it before the people—  
That man is the image of God!  
His limbs and soul  
Ye may not control  
With shackle, or shame or rod!  
We may not be sold  
For silver or gold;  
Neither you nor I, my brother!  
Freedom was given  
By God from Heaven,  
To one as well as another!

Keep it before the people—  
That the laborer claims his need:  
The right of soil  
And the right to toil,  
From spur and bridle freed  
The right to bear  
And the right to share  
With you and me, my brother!  
Whatever is given  
By God from Heaven  
To one as well as another!

**The Prize to Modern Piracy**

Yet how small was the loot of these adventurers of the Caribbean compared with the "earnings" of the modern "gentlemen of fortune" who ply their trade at the lower end of Manhattan Island! It's a pity De Foe or Fielding isn't alive to make a chap-book out of a modern pirate. As easily as an old-fashioned buccaneer looted and scuttled a fifty-ton caravel, Captain Gates captured and dismantled great steel plants, closed them down and made the operatives by the thousand walk the plank. At the close of one day's "work" he found that he had taken not a battered ship or two, but a sixty-million-dollar railroad. Merchants of Plymouth and London and New Amsterdam no doubt put

all they could spare into the outfitting of the *Adventure*, the *Dainty* and the *Jesus of Lubeck*, but Captain Gates and his gallant band descended on the "market" with \$125,000,000 to put on margin. Where are Blackbeard, Braziliano and Captain Teach on his ship *Hell*? where the swaggering paltry butchers? where the beruffed gamesters of the Elizabethan days by the side of adventurers like these? The Elizabethans were mere "pikers." Never before lived there men who gambled in sums so colossal, with methods so ruthless as men like Gates employ today.

There is this difference, to be sure: the old sea dogs staked their lives—the modern buccaneer doesn't do that.—  
*World's Work*.



John D. Stays Close to His Original Family Tree

**You Can Lead a Horse to Water**

BY DONALD A. KAHN.

The angleworm crawled up from a hole in the ground to converse with a shabby individual who had been under his observation for some time.

"Hello, ignoramus," he greeted. "Hello, you poor mut!"

The laboring man addressed merely nodded in salutation. He did not flare up indignantly and deny emphatically that he was an ignoramus and a mut. The angleworm thought this strange. However, he was not one to ponder unduly, so he continued his remarks.

"How's your health?" inquired the angleworm.

"Not very good," replied the man "I've been ailing of late."

"High living?" asked the angleworm.

"The high cost of living," corrected the other. "Good, nourishing food is expensive. I diet on truck."

"Why not get to work?" suggested the angleworm.

"Ain't any," responded the shabby person.

"How's that?"

"The men that give out jobs have given them all out. Plants shut down. More stuff produced than can be sold."

"Yet you are hungry," objected the angleworm. "You could consume a little right handily, couldn't you? You've worked when there was work—you deserve sustenance. How about this over-production, eh? You talk like a kept tute's text on economics."

This was too deep for the laboring man. He remained mute.

"It's not over-production, friend," the angleworm advised him, as though teaching a child. "It's under-consumption. The trouble is that you working men have to pay too high a royalty to the man who owns the tools."

"The capitalists do make a lot," ad-

mitted the working man, "but what can we do about it?"

The angleworm stood up on the tip of his body in consternation. "What can you do about it? Can't you own the machines yourselves, you workingmen—hire yourselves, and take what you produce?"

"Oh, you're a Socialist!" the working man apprehended, edging away through fear of vile contamination. "When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to separate from another. . . ."

"Hold on!" interrupted the angleworm. "That sounds like hope. You refer, of course, to the need of class consciousness. You're on the right track, man. . . ."

But the workingman arose and started into his humble shanty. "I don't want anything to do with Socialists," he shouted over his shoulder.

The angleworm grinned and slunk back into the cool, damp earth. "No wonder," he soliloquised, "that he offered no objections when I dubbed him 'mut' and 'ignoramus.'"

**More Pittsburg Socialists Jailed**

Socialism is growing in Pennsylvania. It is growing so fast that it is frightening the masters of this most plutocratic of states. They are so panicky that they are trying to stop the growth of Socialism by imprisoning all the Socialist editors. They already have Fred Merrick, the editor of *Justice*, in jail. That did not prevent that paper from publishing a real expose of conditions in the Western Penitentiary of Pennsylvania. Merrick already being in jail an official of that institution arrested the members of the Board of Directors of the paper for criminal libel and is trying to imprison them also. The three men under arrest are F. A. Curtis, A. B. Nestor and L. W. Rittenhouse.



The Worker's Hoodoo