

THE COMING OF THE NATION

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A JOURNAL OF THINGS DOING AND TO BE DONE

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Comment on Things Doing

By Charles Edward Russell

IN THE WRONG CAMP



TWENTY-EIGHT thousand workingmen from the shops of the Union Pacific, Southern Pacific and Illinois Central railroads are striking for a just and reasonable cause.

They are fighting the battle of working men against unjust conditions; the battle of all workingmen everywhere.

At great cost and sacrifice they are upholding the principle of workingmen's solidarity without which the toilers of the world are slaves that have no hope.

The shops at North Platte, Julesburg, Cheyenne, Ogden, Oakland are idle; the workingmen that used to be employed there now stand about the streets watching the trains go by.

These trains are operated by their brother workingmen, engineers, firemen, conductors and brakemen, whose battle the striking shopmen are fighting.

If these engineers, firemen, conductors, and brakemen should take their places by the side of the shopmen the fight would be that instant won.

Because they do not so take their places the fight goes on and inevitably every day diminishes the chances of its success because the resources of that little army are limited, but the resources of the enemy it attacks are boundless and tremendous.

Knowing all this the strikers stand about the station and watch their brothers bearing arms against them and bringing up the strike breakers to take their places.

* * *

Strange, impressive and instructive spectacle!

The engineers would tell you that the fight is none of theirs. Besides, they have their separate agreement with their employers and could not join the strike anyway.

The firemen would tell you that the strike is none of theirs and refer to the agreement between their brotherhood and the company.

The train men would tell you that the fight is none of theirs. Yet everyone of these would be under a grievous error for the fight is for all of them.

If the railroads succeed in defeating the shopmen they will deliver a terrific blow at all organized labor on their lines.

When they have beaten the shopmen they will naturally want to beat the trainmen. When they have beaten the trainmen they will want to beat the engineers and firemen.

Every victory they win in this struggle makes the next the easier.

Is it then no concern of the engineers, firemen, and trainmen? It is every concern of theirs, for assuredly if the companies get away with this struggle the rest of their program will follow fast.

* * *

BEATING US BY DETACHMENTS

If any engineer, fireman, conductor or brakeman doubts this let me ask him one question.

How do you suppose it happened that four months before this strike began these companies were prepared for it, even to the extent of building stockades at their shops to protect scabs and strike breakers? How did that happen?

How does it happen that the inner circles of big railroad men know very well and do not conceal that the strike was de-



sired and precipitated by the companies for the express purpose of breaking the unions?

You may not have heard this before. Let me assure you that it is, nevertheless, the absolute fact and every railroad reporter in the United States is aware of it.

Do you imagine then for a moment that if the companies succeed in their attempt to destroy the shopmen's unions that they will stop there?

Not unless the most adroit of industrial commanders have lost their cunning.

* * *

Here is a great, solid, powerful army, well entrenched, provided with unlimited ammunition and that of the best, equipped with the latest weapons.

An army is arrayed against it. And this second army sends to the attack one company at a time.

If it should make the attack at once and all together it could sweep away the entrenched army like chaff.

It does not attack at once and all together. It sends forward one company at a time.

As fast as each company appears the machine guns mow it down and you can hear the exultant laughter of the entrenched commanders.

That is the way we are carrying on this war now, brethren. How long shall we keep on with these tactics that insure defeat?

It is as easy to win as it is to be beaten whenever we are ready to win.



THE VICTIMIZED FARMER

The existing way of carrying on the world's business, which is absolutely unnecessary and outworn, grafts abouts equally on the workingman and the farmer, but it grafts on the farmer in more different ways.

It catches him coming and going. It skins him out of the returns for his products and it skins him on everything he buys.

Of course, it does that to the workingman, too, but when you stop to think of it, there is something that seems particularly exasperating about the multiplicity of the ways it has of skinning the farmer and the cool audacity of its skinning operations.

Take, for instance, the fact that when exploitation has piled up the cost of living for all of us the exploiters turn around and blame all upon the grasping farmer.

"It is the farmer that makes beef high," says the Beet Trust magnate, signing a new batch of watered stock certificates.

"It is all due to the farmer," says the cold storage man, hoisting the price of eggs and putting away another million dozen for higher prices.

"It's the sugar planter," says the sugar trust man as the market goes up two more notches.

I don't know what farmers and planters are getting all this wealth but certainly they are not among my acquaintances. All the farmers I know and are related to seem to be struggling just as hard as ever to make both ends meet. I saw one of my farming relatives not long ago. He told me something about the prices he was paying for machinery and lumber that made me sit up. I couldn't see where things were any better on his farm than when I was a boy.

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I had an uncle then that had 120 acres of the best land in Scott County, Iowa. He was a good man and displayed in their highest development all the virtues that I have heard praised all my life as the sure producers of success. He was sober, thrifty, persistent, painfully industrious and he knew his business. He used to make my bones ache by getting up in the middle of the night to go to work.

Every year he would plant his crops scientifically and the fertile soil would give an enormous yield. He would watch the harvest with satisfaction and feel sure that this year he would do well; but every year he found himself with just enough to pay the interest on his mortgage and buy what he absolutely needed at the store. There seemed to be a fatality about it.

He had a turn for figures and after some years he began to make calculations first as to the difference between a reasonable return for his investment and labor and the money he actually got; and then as to what became of the difference. This led him into a study of railroad rates. From railroad rates he was led to the subject of railroad capitalization and to consider whence came the money that paid the dividends thereon. He understood at last that increase of capitalization must in every instance mean increase of revenue and he wondered next what source of revenue there could possibly be except from producers like himself. He was working out this problem and had reached some estimate of the amount of his produce that was annually seized by the railroad company when that company (the Chicago, Rock Island Pacific) suddenly doubled its capital stock by the simple process of presenting each stockholder with more stock to the amount of his holdings.

The old gentleman pondered this fact for a time and then drove into town and put his farm on the market. He had spent twenty-six years on it and all he had to show for his labor was the fact that he was alive. The railroads and its elevator gang had the rest. He saw he was up against stacked cards and he quit the game.



BUT THEY WERE BEAUTIFUL CARS

He was a staunch Republican because he had served in the war and his political faith was part of his religion. His next neighbor was of the same convictions, but stronger practice. He was perfectly certain that the president and the grand old party would eventually set everything right and make the railroads, the elevators and the combinations get off the farmer's back. So he hung to his farm.

In 1896 the national convention of his party was held in St. Louis. He had never seen that august event and the river steamboats offering very cheap excursion rates he hiked down to St. Louis to be impressed with awe and grandeur.

At St. Louis he wandered about and finally got one day into the railroad station. On a side-track just outside was a line of very beautiful cars with beveled windows, nickel-plated railings and commodious observation platforms. He had never seen such an exhibit and inquired minutely about it.

"That," said a station employe, "is the private car of Chanucey Depew, president of the New York Central; that is the private car of the president of the Pennsylvania, the next is the private car of the president of the Big Four, the next is the private car of the president of the Northern Pacific, and so on."

"What are they all doing here?" asked the veteran.

"Oh, they just brought these gentlemen and their friends to the convention."

A good-natured porter allowed the Iowan to go through one of the cars. He was amazed at the luxurious suites, the handsome

bedrooms, the china and silverware, the wines in racks and the elaborate kitchens.

As he journeyed back home he pondered about these things.

From Davenport he droven in his old farm wagon without any springs. Very likely he thought of the difference. Anyway, when he got home he wrote a letter to General Weaver. The pride of his life had been the fact that he had never voted anything but the straight Republican ticket. But he wrote now that he had enough. He had discovered what became of the corn he raised and the hogs he fattened and who had copped off the product of his long hours of hard work every day of his life. From this time on he should be a Populist or anything else that offered a chance to protest.

"Free silver, free copper, free old iron or anything else," he wrote. "Call it what you like, but I've had enough of working to buy wines and build private cars for railroad presidents."



TO ENCOURAGE THE MORTGAGE CROP

"Back to the farm!" cry some of these exploiters, every time the increasing cost of living produces a fresh outcry from the sore beset city dwellers.

Fine. What are you going to do on the farm when you get there? Not half of the men already on the farms can keep out of the grip of the mortgage shark. The more farmers, the more mortgages. What good that could do I haven't the slightest idea. I was up in the central northwest not long ago and a native assured me that 80 per cent of the farms there were mortgaged. I should think that was enough of that crop.

He also told me about farmers that tilled 160 acres and after they had sold their wheat had sometimes as much as \$60 for themselves. I fail to hear any loud call to the farm in that fact.

I have yet to hear of mortgages on the homesteads of the gentlemen that manipulate the watered stock graft or the elevator graft. In my wanderings among their tasteful dwellings I have never discovered evidences that any of them were trying to live on \$60 a year.

Yet is it not an astonishing fact, when you come to reflect upon it, that the producer, who alone is of the slightest value to society, universally gets the worst of it, and the parasite and capitalist who is not of the slightest use always rides on the producer's back?

All the capital in the world could be abolished tomorrow and society would move on as before. Every want of man would continue to be supplied, all productive industry proceed unchecked.

Not one thing could be done without labor.

Yet under the existing system the useless capitalist and parasite class takes four-fifths of the result of productive industry and the producer takes one-fifth.

All because of the tolerance and good nature of the producer. He could in a day kick over the whole lop-sided, idiotic and preposterous system, cease to be preyed upon, cease to create wealth for others to enjoy and substitute a system under which every producer shall receive the full value of his product, and his class, being the only important class, shall be dominant instead of being trodden upon. How would that do?



POTTERING ARBITRATION

The present strike of the 4,000 longshoremen in Sydney, New South Wales, is but one more illustration of the futility of trying to prevent labor disturbances without abolishing their cause.

New South Wales has one of these admired arbitration acts that seek to put into a com-

pact statute the vague notions of industrial peace proposed by that antique humbug, the Civic Federation.

Only the New South Wales act goes much further than merely to provide arbitration; it contains severe penalties for any workingmen that seek settlement of grievances by any other method.

Under this law many workingmen have been arrested, convicted and sentenced to long terms of imprisonment for the crime of striking.

In the face of these penalties workingmen continue to strike and the government under the law is continually facing the alternative of putting them into jail or of confessing the failure of the system.

The workingmen do not strike from innate depravity as the newspapers and half-baked reformers always allege, but because they know that the arbitration court, being in the hands of the exploiting class, is unfriendly to them and because they feel the essential and incurable injustice of the system. It is no joke to go to jail in New South Wales, but there is one thing that is worse than going to jail and that is submitting to the legalized slavery involved in compelling men to go to work on terms they hold to be unjust.

But if you cannot solve the labor problem with arbitration will the geniuses of the Civic Federation tell us what you can solve it with? A year ago the great minds of George W. Perkins and Dr. Abbott struck out a scheme of making employes stockholders and thereby giving them a reason to toil and keep quiet.

These gentlemen seem now to have overlooked the fact that the employes of the Illinois Central were made stockholders several years ago and a large part of them are on strike today against intolerable conditions.

One after another all of these dreams and illusions fall to the earth. The existing system creates an irreconcilable conflict between capital and labor, and nothing will ever abolish that conflict nor in any way mitigate it until we abolish the cause.



NO HOPE FOR KENO HERE

For myself I am totally unable to see how anyone can believe that the supremacy of the masters is due in any degree to their superior wit or intelligence.

They make just as many blunders as anybody else and just as stupid.

Take this scheme of theirs that is called the Postal Savings Bank.

They were years in devising it, formulating it and getting it through Congress.

It had every advantage. The reactionary press boomed it, the holy smotherers like the *Outlook* praised it, the Washington correspondents dutifully lied about it. All apparently was well with it. The purpose for which alone it was designed, which was to draw money away from the masses of the people and deliver it over to the Bank Trust, looked most promising.

And yet now that the thing has been put into practice, it doesn't work at all.

It is not pumping any money from the masses nor delivering any to the Bank Trust to support the noble uses of speculation.

The thing is a failure, and if the great men that planned it had really been wise they would have known it would be a failure.

The masses of the people haven't any money to give up, being engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle to get enough to eat.

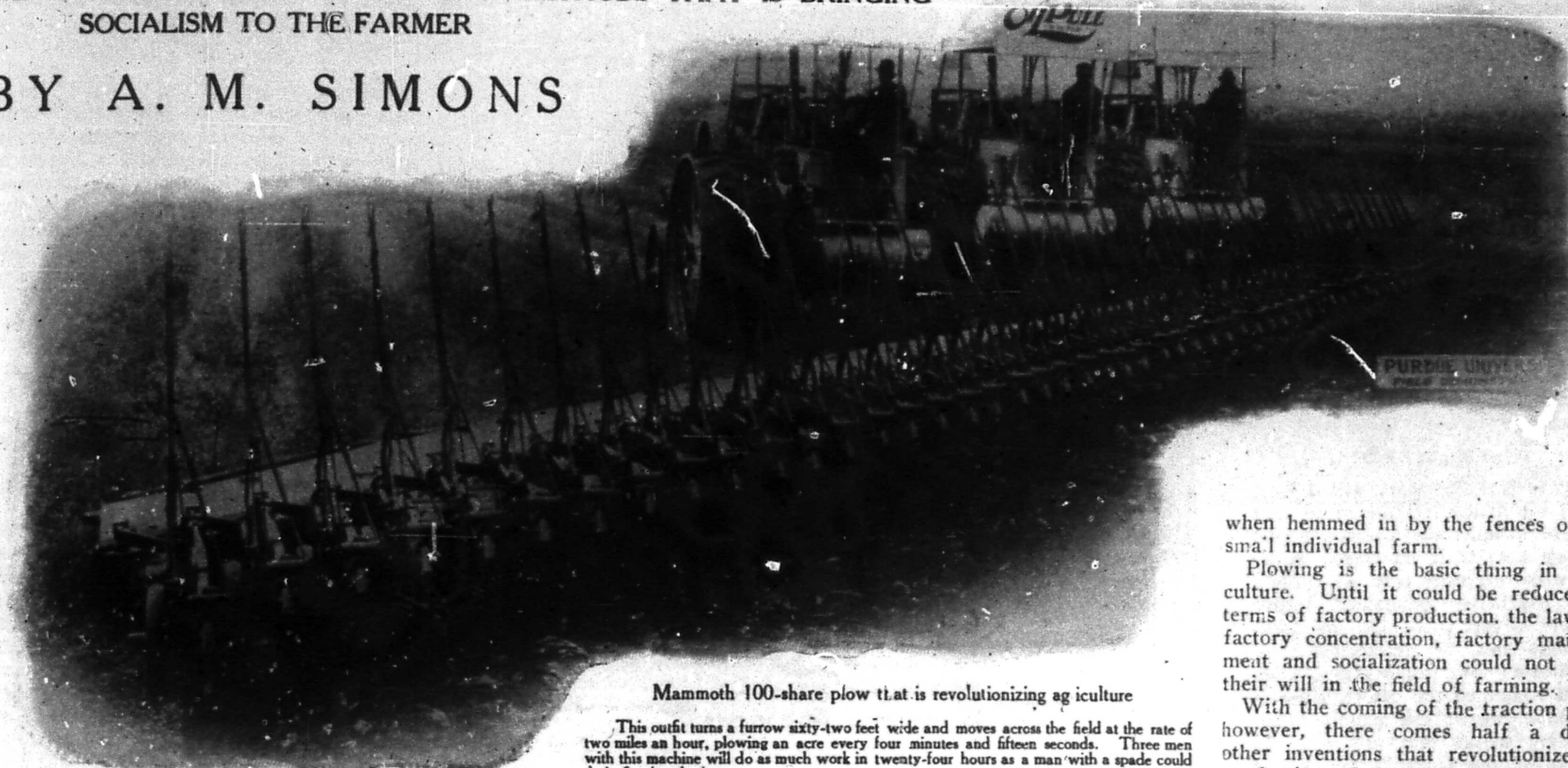
The more fortunate that have a little money have better places to deposit it than the fly-traps provided by the Postal Savings Bank.

Wouldn't you think that anybody with a grain of sense would have known this from the start? But these great men didn't. They actually believed that the Postal Savings Bank would prove the salvation of speculation and set up all the faro, roulette and keno layouts in Wall Street. To that end they compelled the government to enact it. They might as well have saved their labor.

The Farm that is Coming

THE TRANSFORMATION IN FARMING METHODS THAT IS BRINGING
SOCIALISM TO THE FARMER

BY A. M. SIMONS



Mammoth 100-share plow that is revolutionizing agriculture

This outfit turns a furrow sixty-two feet wide and moves across the field at the rate of two miles an hour, plowing an acre every four minutes and fifteen seconds. Three men with this machine will do as much work in twenty-four hours as a man with a spade could do in five hundred years.



THE farm is the last stronghold of individualism. It was the last to feel the force of the industrial Revolution. It did not feel it, no matter how many times Socialists thought differently, until within the present generation. The change has been

so long in coming to the farm that some had given up hope of its appearance, and so it came upon us silently like a thief in the night, or better, like an angel unawares, and only a few have awakened to the fact that the farm is in the midst of the great transformation through which the other trades passed a century ago.

For the first time a census of the United States shows an increase in the size of farms and a decrease in the number of farmers and an absolute decrease in the farming population in some of the most agricultural states.

The little farm has been the ideal of the defendants of present society. Here individualism had its stronghold; here was an industry that progress had passed by. Today this little old farm is hemmed in with new forces. Its fences are being broken down by the weight of new ideas and new improvements that surround it.

Co-operation and combination, united efforts of all kinds, improved machinery, methods and crops all are tending to wipe out its boundary lines and merge it in the wide sweep of social growth and change.

It is not simply that good roads, telephones, and free delivery are making it possible for farmers to think together. These things bear their part in the change that is already here, but they might long be here and produce but little effect were it not for the varying conditions of farm production driving the farmer on as similar change has driven the factory worker in years gone by.

Agricultural colleges, institutes, traveling trains, bulletins all shout at the farmer to do things that are possible, practicable and profitable only in a socialized society.

Asks to Do the Impossible

He is told that he must apply certain chemical elements to his soil. The capital to obtain, the knowledge to discern them, the operations to utilize them profitably, all require united effort over larger territory than is included in the ordinary farm.

He is urged to practice the breeding and selection of seeds, something that is prohibitively expensive for the individual, and socially and individually profitable only for a skilled experimental farm or a large agricultural industry.

The first step toward the factory stage in any industry is the elimination of uncertainty. No factory industry can depend upon the vacillation of

the weather. It must be able to run, rain or shine, hot or cold. Otherwise it cannot extract profits from wage workers or grow to the trust stage.

Science is conquering the weather. Irrigation and drainage make the farmer independent of rain. Great systems of heating in the orchards move the frost line five hundred miles north. Greenhouses bring the tropics to the edge of the Polar regions and with electricity and steam heat create a climate at will.

But all of these things are at war with individual ownership. They require a capital far beyond the reach of the small farm owner. Irrigation, drainage, outdoor heating are either useless without widespread co-operation, or gain greatly in effectiveness by united effort. In all of these fields the old individualism is being pushed aside by the new socializing forces.

Coming of the Explosive Engine

We have gone farther into this change than many of us realize. It has been more than sixty years since a steam plow was exhibited at an Illinois state fair. Yet until ten years ago there was little change in the methods by which the soil was prepared for the crop. Then the explosive engine, the same invention that is bringing such epoch-making changes in navigation upon the earth and in the air, was applied to agriculture.

Today its progress is a matter of dollars and cents. The traction driven plow can turn the soil at from one-half to two-thirds the cost of the horse drawn too! But the traction plows, and especially the largest which work most economically, with their pulverizing, drilling and harrowing attachment, are priced far above the small farmer's resources and such a tool frets and wears out its economies

when hemmed in by the fences of the small individual farm.

Plowing is the basic thing in agriculture. Until it could be reduced to terms of factory production, the laws of factory concentration, factory management and socialization could not work their will in the field of farming.

With the coming of the traction plow, however, there comes half a dozen other inventions that revolutionize the production of those staple crops whose backward methods of culture have kept the small farmer alive.

Rice is a word that calls to our mind the little, subdivided patches tended by the tireless, painstaking individual labor of Orientals. Today the centrifugal pump and the self-binder make it possible for the Louisiana and Arkansas farmer to raise rice and sell it in the markets of the world lower than the product of the Chinese and Japanese farms.

Even in the fattening and caring for cattle the alfalfa mill applies factory methods to the production of food at the cost of a great investment of capital and with production of a cheaper ration than is within the dream of the small farm owner.

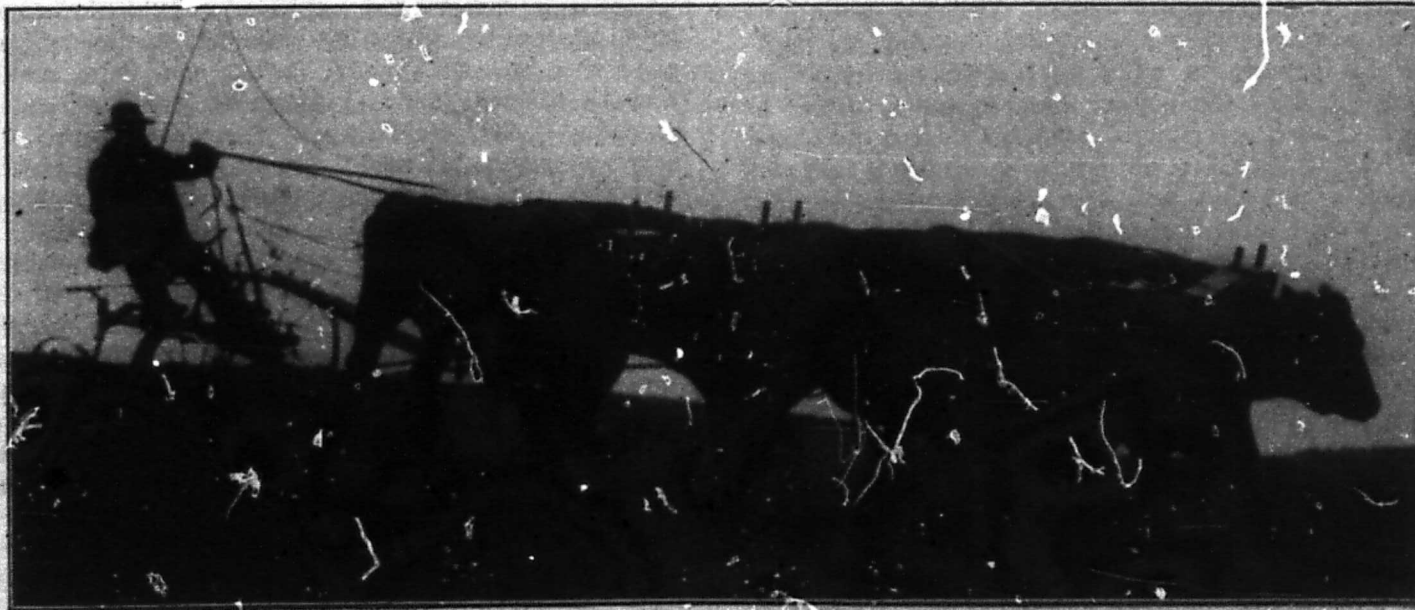
In the Cottonfield

When chattel slavery was wiped out the great plantations of the south were broken up. This helped to encourage the idea that the small farmer must always remain the dominant type in American agriculture. It took fifty slaves to work a moderate-sized cotton plantation before the war. According to the inventor, the Price-Campbell cotton picker "operated by one man and a boy does the work of fifty men." One adult and one child wage slave can, with their power multiplied by this machine, hammer together the fragments of the disintegrated plantations and woe betide the fragments as the hammering goes on.

Only a great capitalist farmer or an association of farmers can control the capital that must be invested in land and machines before this labor-saving instrument can be adopted.

Multiplying illustrations would scarcely serve to strengthen the statement that farming has already passed out of the stage of individualism.

We are told that Socialism would destroy incentive, that associated effort fails in offering inducements to progress.



The old method that is about obsolete

In farming nearly all progress comes through social agencies. The farmer looks to the government to do the experimenting, testing, selecting, investigating. Government officials search out new paths and point the way to better means of doing things. The national government ransacks the world for new plants, and maintains an army of expert investigators to fight pests of every kind.

Its efforts in this direction are supplemented everywhere by states and counties. Only here and there at long intervals an individual is found who possesses the capital, the leisure, the education and the opportunity to carry on the far-reaching experiments that are necessary to progress in agriculture.

Today after a government has sought out new ways, found new methods, blazed the way to progress, it turns that knowledge over to the confusion, waste and ignorance and helplessness of individual initiative.

It is the nation and state that irrigates the desert and drains the marsh and then when it has prepared the way turns the land over to be obstructed by fences, hampered by lack of capital, tilled by ignorance and misdirected by the anarchistic endeavors of a host of competing individuals.

What Might Be Done

Try to imagine what would happen if the nation left the farms that are now in individual ownership just as they are; if it intertered in no way with the more than six million little expensive competing farms. Suppose it left these and the backwardness that is characteristic of agriculture. But suppose that when it had reclaimed the desert, when it had built one of the mammoth engineering works that are now the marvel of the world, after it had assembled the men and the machines by which this great work is constructed, suppose that it retained the ownership of the land.

Suppose it should draw from the agriculture department the best experts in the world, men trained to the management, direction and care of the crops especially fitted to these vast tracts; suppose that these very large fertile acres whose climate is already controlled by the government should be tilled with mammoth labor-saving machines that would sweep across their vast reaches, each doing the work of a hundred men. Suppose that these crops were to be harvested and shipped to the workers of the cities at the cost of production; suppose that to these irrigated lands were added the seventy-eight million acres of swamp land that a recent government investigation has reported as ready for reclamation and which rival in richness the reclaimed desert.

Suppose these, when they are drained, as they will be soon by government agency, were to be retained, and suppose they were tilled under a management no more perfect than that which the government exercised in the building of the Panama canal and in the operation of hotels, theaters, department stores and railroads on the Canal Zone.

Suppose that these lands were first carefully examined by the soil experts in the employment of the government and by the trained observers of the weather bureau to decide just what crops were most suited to the conditions of soil and climate; suppose that the seeds that were to be planted were selected and bred under the direction of such men as Professor Hays of the Minnesota Agricultural College, who has added from three to five bushels per acre to the wheat crop of Minnesota, even under the disadvantage of individual ownership.

Caring for the Unemployed

Suppose that the unemployed of the cities were invited to these great lands. A large portion of these unemployed, while utterly untrained for agricultural production as it is carried on today are accustomed to the factory processes that would be used on such a socialized farm as I have suggested.

These things are all possible. Indeed they are probable and that within a very few years. Yet they would solve the unemployed problem, do away with the crushing robbery of high prices and they would do something else; they would draw the present race of farmers from their farms. They would leave the farms, not as their sons and daughters are leaving them today to seek a chance to fight for life in the industrial battlefield of the great city, but because these great socially operated farms would offer so much more attractive prospects.

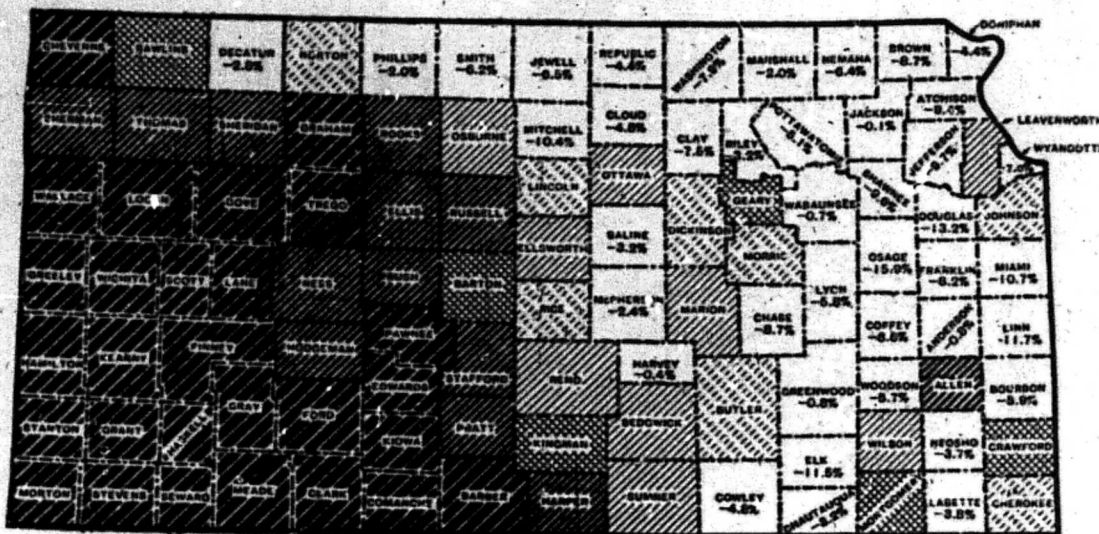
Nor is the journey toward this goal so long a one as many of us might think. The men best fitted to conduct such great farms are already employed by the national and state governments. The larg-

est forests are nationally owned, or in the possession of the great railroad companies that will be among the first things to be expropriated by a victorious working class.

Socially Owned Power

The building of irrigation dams almost always develops large quantities of water power. If this water power were retained by the government that creates it, in most cases it would plow, harrow, seed, cultivate and harvest the crops that could be raised on the land. It cannot do this with the waste of individual ownership.

With social ownership and operation of the forests, irrigated and drained farms and great hot-house factories, the staples of life would be controlled by those whose lives depend upon these staples.



Population is positively decreasing in agricultural counties, save in the newly settled west. This state, Kansas, is typical of the whole upper Mississippi Valley.

From Census Bulletin

There would still remain, for a generation at least, a large body of small individual farmers. What will happen to them? What message has Socialism for them? What can the Socialist movement offer to the diversified farmer, the man with a few acres and a team? When can Socialism offer him anything? Must he wait until some great social upheaval transforms all of society before he can find any measure of relief?

Here is the problem that our enemies declare is insoluble to the Socialist. Because it is insoluble, they claim Socialism will never gain the adherence of any save the few of the farmers who are dreamers, Utopians or possessed of infinite patience and boundless hope.

Here, as everywhere, we can foretell the future only by tracing present tendencies. What changes are coming to the class of small farmers?

Progress Is Social

Whatever of good is coming into his life is coming from social action. Improved methods of communication, increased opportunities for education, assistance in fighting insects and disease—all these things come from government. A Socialist government would develop and expand these things. It would build better schools, hire more experts, circulate more literature, establish more experimental farms and use them for the breeding and supply at cost of improved strains of vegetable and animal life. It would socialize the functions of transportation, storage and marketing and relieve the producer of the exploiting weight of the army of middlemen.

A Socialist society would encourage the organization of the producers into co-operatives as the Socialist farmers of Italy are now organized. A Socialist administration could constitute the common agency by which agricultural machinery too expensive for the single farmer could be maintained. It could buy and distribute fertilizers, guaranteeing purity, suitability to the soil and the absence of profit. It could operate creameries, cheese factories, cotton gins, sugar-beet factories, packing-houses, rice-hulling mills and the whole list of profit-sucking industries that now hang upon the body of the farmer. A Socialist society would insure the farmer not only against fire, hail, drouth, flood and other disaster to his property, but against death, sickness, accident or old age to himself and family.

All of these things would bring much relief and bring it as soon as it is possible to bring relief to the small farmer.

Taking Away the Farm

The Socialist party does not come to the small

farmer with any program of expropriation. It is the present society that has prepared that program for the small farmer. When I wrote "The American Farmer" ten years ago I could see no signs of the disappearance of the small farmer. The ten years that have intervened have brought greater changes in that regard than the hundred that went before.

Free land disappeared in the United States about twenty years ago. When free land disappeared here it disappeared all over the world. This was the last frontier big enough to influence world events.

The present census is the first to report the result of that disappearance. It shows that the law of concentration, of expropriation of the small industry has reached agriculture, and when it has reached it, it seems to be operating with accelerated force. These last ten years show an increase in the size of farms, a vastly greater increase in the capital invested per farm, a positive decrease in the number of farm owners in some of the most important agricultural states, and a steady increase in farm tenantry and the number of farms owned by corporations and managed on the factory plan. No other census showed any of these tendencies, unless perhaps that of 1900, and that only in a negligible degree.

The value of farm lands is now increasing with stupendous leaps. This may be good for the present generation of farm owners, but it means that they will be the last generation. It will soon be as difficult for the boy to become a farm owner as it is for him now to become a trust magnate. This will mean that more boys and girls will be driven from the farm.

The Socialist government will prepare a place for them to go that will not be the competitive wage-slave market to which they are driven today. The socially owned and operated farms will invite them. It can use all that will come. It can offer them an opportunity to use their skill and enjoy the product of their toil.

These are the things that the Socialist society will do, not because we dream that these things would be nice, but because they are the things whose beginnings are already here, and whose coming is being delayed only because they would reduce the gains of an exploiting class.

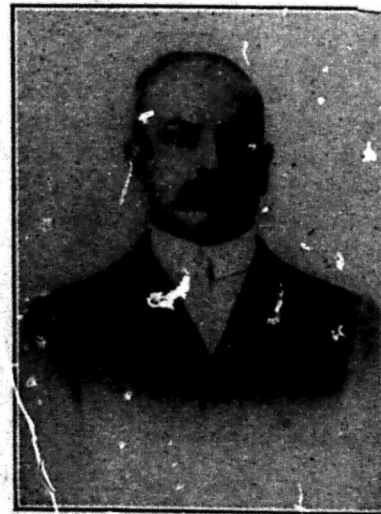
California's Fight with Insects

BY H. A. CRAFTS.

The first settlers of California were quick to discover that the soil and climate in that state are especially fitted to the raising of fruit. It was found that plants from the most diverse regions of the world could be quickly acclimated and yielded profitable crops.

Then came a perfect craze for importing rare plants. Every citizen who traveled abroad came back laden with seeds, roots, bulbs and plants. Traveling friends of Californians were besieged with requests that they collect specimens to be transplanted to the new state.

All this would have been very nice were it not that along with these seeds and plants and roots there came a host of travelers whose presence was not desired. One of the first of these unwelcomed travelers was what has come to be known as the white-cottony or cushion scale. This is supposed to have been imported with some lemon trees that came from Australia, in 1868.



GEORGE COMPERE

The insect did not stop at the citrus fruits, but descended upon fruit trees of every kind and even shade and forest trees, and vegetation of almost every sort was attacked.

Among those who watched the devastating invasion of this tiny pest was a hard-headed Scotch follower of Darwin by the name of Alexander Craw

(Continued on page 6.)

The Cow and the Lady

By Eugene Wood

Author of "Back Home," "Folks Back Home," etc.



Six world's record breakers at the Missouri Agricultural College

THE expression, "You've got to treat a cow like she was a lady," doesn't somehow seem to hit me quite so hard here lately as it did when I first heard it. Then it seemed to me to be among the most illuminating of that shower of bright sparks struck off by the cold steel of Yankee shrewdness from the flint of farm life. I agree with the spirit of it as much as ever, but here lately, as I say, it seems sort of hazy-like, wanting in definition. So much depends upon one's notion of how a lady should be treated.

They say that for every race or period the Status of Woman is always the true test of the civilization of that race or period. In this country we have been growing civilized rather rapidly, especially during the last half century. Sometimes we're likely to think it always has been as it is now, but that's wrong. An Indian squaw, we're all agreed, had it pretty hard. Yet a squaw's life must have compared quite favorable with a white woman's life in the early 1800s, else why, as in Ohio, when the Indians rendered up their captives as required by treaty, did so many of the women come back tied hand and foot, that being the only way they could be got back to their Christian kin? else why did so many women run away to rejoin the Indians? There wasn't much to choose between a woman's life among the Indians and among white people in the early 1800s.

"The airy days" might have been heroic days, but they were certainly rough on the ladies. Untamed Nature was hard enough to get along with, but when the man of the house was the unquestioned boss of the house and could take a horse-whip to his woman if she gave him any of her back talk—Ts! Hardly the way to treat a lady, I should say.

Yet I suppose that a man's woman and such dogs of his as are "house-broke" have always had kinder treatment from him than his horned cattle. When you see a good deal of a "critter" every day, be it woman-critter or dog-critter, when you're around with them a good deal of the time, you kind o' get used to them and make allowances; you understand them and their needs, and it just naturally is that you act with more humanity to them than to the horned critters you do not associate with so much. Of a winter's night you let your wife and dogs warm before the genial blaze if they do not make much bother, and you think more of them than the cows outside in the dark rambling about seeking shelter from the cutting wind, seeking some sort of browse to keep the bare life in them going till the grass comes back in Spring.

When you know how it was thought proper to treat a lady in the days ere ever suffragettes were

heard of, it makes you feel disgusted with your ancestors for being so "pizen mean" toward a sex that, in one respect, at least, is the superior sex, for while there is such a thing as part-enogenesis, there isn't such a thing as male motherhood. But their meanness toward the women folks, while it disgusts you, does not make the blood boil with indignation like their downright deviltry toward their cows. Nobody has so far said that women are poor *dumb* beasts that can't speak up; cows are.

I sometimes think that in this age of skepticism, when we are losing all hold on what we used to think were fundamentals of religion, there is one doctrine that can be certainly demonstrated: That

that knew enough to take a drink of water would know better than to leave his cows unprovided when all was frozen tight as bricks; anybody that enjoyed a meal's victuals and was the better for it would know, you'd think, that cows ought to be fed too. Who but the Adversary of our race could have told our fathers it was all right to let their cows go without care or comfort until, when Spring did come, such of the poor animals as lived through winter were so weak and trembly from starvation they had to lean up against the fence to breathe?

I'll tell you, if any of these infidels come 'round you trying to show off and saying: "Aw, they ain't no Devil," you ask him to explain the phrase "Spring poor."

And, if that doesn't corner him, make him tell you who invented the ways of doctoring sick cows if not Old Nick. No human mind could have devised torments so exquisite. The Devil could; none better; that's his regular line of business.

When a cow is ailing her horns get cool. The circulation of the blood slackens in the nerve-pulp under the hard shell, an analogue of the nerve-pulp under the hard shell of a tooth. Because Satan is our enemy who tries to get us to do harm, especially to our best and truest friends, he told the sick cow's owner: "She's got the hollow horn. Why, certainly their horns get hollow. Didn't you know that? Any child knows that. Now, you've got to fill those horns again or she'll up and die on you. Tell you what you do: You take and bore a hole in the horn, and pour in turpentine."

Could anything hurt worse? Merely to pierce the hard shell is like exposing the nerve in a tooth. And to pour in turpentine—Good land! And what good could it possibly do? Now, it's essentially Satanic to do fiendish things that are, at the same time, futile.

Or another way of giving notice that any creature that does humanity a service will have to suffer for it was that invention of the Evil One that a sick cow had a worm in her tail that was eating her life away. The thing to do was to cut open the tail and find the worm. And, sure enough, there it was, provided you think the spinal cord is a worm. Then Apollyon, laughing to himself all the while, had the man cut the worm out, and fill up the cavity with salt and soot and anything else he could think of that would drive the poor cow mad with pain and wouldn't do the least little bit of good. The device of restoring a cow's lost cud by ramming a salt herring or a dishrag or any such folly down her throat is futile enough, but hardly fiendish enough to do Satan very much credit. He must have thought of that on one of his off days.

Suffer me to point out, in passing, this little but significant fact. The cows thus tortured, starved and frozen were the man's very own, his personal, private property. If they died of hunger, cold and



Missouri Chief Josephine, one of the world's prize cows

there is a personal Devil. No other theory can satisfactorily account for the persistent way in which the men folks have tortured and ill-used their best and truest friends without whom life itself would be almost or quite impossible. Seemingly Man has tortured and ill-used all such just because they were his best and truest friends. Among the beasts and birds the only ones he genuinely admires are lions and eagles.

Sheer, innocent, unguided ignorance cannot possibly explain the wild atrocities our grandfathers perpetrated on their cows. There was a malevolence about it, a fiendish futility that points unerringly to the Old Scratch as the author. He must have put 'em up to it, and cackled with laughter to see how the poor fools went and did exactly as he told them, though that was exactly what common sense would tell them ought not to be done.

They must have taken someone's word for it, someone they thought knew, where as they were sure they didn't. Anybody with gumption enough to come in out of the rain would know his cows ought not to stand out in the icy storm; anybody



Boys at the Missouri Agricultural College who are Learning to Raise Cows that are World Beaters

his barbarity, it was his loss. If they responded richly to a kind regime it was his gain. You see that, don't you?

This was the way they used to treat cows in the days when their way of treating a lady wasn't much different, when a man's woman was practically a chattel the same as cattle, when the girl was transferred at marriage by her father or someone else qualified to pass title in her to her husband with exactly the same phrase, "to have and to hold," that would be used in the transfer of any other property.

Last Winter I had an opportunity to compare the early Nineteenth with the early Twentieth Century in respect of both the Cow and the Lady. I visited Missouri. In the Ozarks I drove away out to where things were as they were elsewhere in this country before the Revolutionary War of 1861, which was a real revolution, if you want to know what I think. At the houses I visited if the lady of the house attempted to join in the conversation her husband told her, "Woman, I want you to hush up!" She and her daughters did not sit down at table with the men folks, but waited on them till they had finished, and then ate their leavings. There is something else I want to tell you, but do not know exactly how. In those parts there is a building to shelter the humans and a barn for the horses. No other building. The cows were shelterless, and an indignity was put upon the modesty of girls and women worse than a blow.

When I was there the ground was frozen and the water pools were solid. Nobody fed the cows or watered them. There they were wandering about nosing the ice. They milked them, though. That's woman's work. If the poor creatures strayed away searching for something to still their hunger, and were gone three or four days, the man of the house would quit spitting at the fire and go and hunt them up.

Do you know? it made me feel ashamed. I couldn't bear to look at the poor, scrawny, ribby creatures with their wistful, pitiful, big eyes. I thought of our own Molly cow in her comfortable, cozy yet ventilated stall, with clean new bedding every night, her drinking water warmed, her ration varied, our Molly cow sleek as a mole, curried and rubbed until you could almost see to comb your hair in her shiny side; I thought of how she liked to have me scratch under her chin and around her ears, and how she used to try to pet me too by darn near licking my coat-sleeve off. I thought of her, and, seems like, I just couldn't bear to look at the poor, scrawny, ribby creatures wild-staring, unkempt, filthy, nosing the solid ice, the poor forlorn things that couldn't get a drink unless it thawed, that couldn't have a full meal before the first of May anyhow.

I didn't ask how much milk they gave—how little, rather. It seemed impertinent. It was too much like Russia starving and yet exporting wheat. They must have given some, though, for there was butter on the table. It wasn't very good butter. It was kind of waxy and smelled of sour milk. They get 15 cents a pound for it when they trade it in at the cross-roads stores. Too much money.

One of the counties in the Ozarks increased the value of its dairy products by one hundred per cent in the year 1910. Not this county I was in. Such gains aren't made by early Nineteenth Century barbarity either to the Cow or to the Lady. It is only civilized treatment that causes the cow to yield floods of milk, that induces the lady to make high-grade butter.

You know, I'm downright glad the gentry who gave us the Constitution that won't come off didn't

nail down dairying as tight as they did democracy, didn't provide that the states should make no laws abrogating the right of the citizen to take a horse-whip to his woman if she gave him any of her back talk. They did their best to hold us to the way our fathers trod when a man starved his cows the winter through and his woman was his "to have and to hold" like any other property. They did their best, but they couldn't plug every hole through which civilization leaked.

Just by way of contrast to the ideals of the early Nineteenth Century let me direct your attention to this picture of the early Twentieth Century. Here are six cows, that in 1910 produced 4,252 pounds of butter, which I surmise did not have any smell of soured milk. That's an average of 709 pounds of butter a year. In the history of the world, so I am told, there have been only twenty cows that have produced more than 700 pounds of butter in a year. Five of those twenty cows are in that picture.

"Who owns them?" you ask.

Why, nobody in particular.

"Oh, come," you say, "don't give me that. Somebody's got to own them to take care of them."

Oh, I don't know. Back there "in the sticks," where I was telling you about, the man owned the cows and didn't take care of them so that you could notice it. Nobody in particular owns them. Nobody can say of them: "These are mine," and put the check for their butter-fat in his pocket and spend it just as he likes. Any citizen of Missouri can say to any other citizen, "They're as much mine as yours," and tell the truth. The College of Agriculture at Columbia, Mo., has the care of them, as it does of the whole herd of 300 pure-bred, registered stock of 17 distinct varieties. It never occurred to the Fathers of the Constitution that a state might want to own milch cows. I'm glad it didn't.

Because, you see, we might have missed a beautiful illustration of how it pays to treat cows, at least, in a civilized manner.

Let me call your attention also to this other picture of a single cow. I make you acquainted with Missouri Chief Josephine, Holstein-Frisian, weighing 1,350 pounds, five years and a half old, and the mother of five calves, which does not remotely suggest race-suicide. I wish I could say that she was a world-beater. They thought she was going to be, but she didn't quite make it. They can't all be world-beaters, strange as that statement, unsupported as it is, may seem. Still, at that, she is some cow.

Her record:	Milk.	Butter.
6 months	17,008 pounds	529 pounds
8 months	21,698 pounds	680 pounds
10 months	24,630 pounds	785 pounds
11 months	25,650 pounds	828 pounds
12 months	26,825 pounds	863 pounds

Colanthe's 4th Johanna, you recollect, gave 27,000 pounds of milk in the twelve-month. She is 250 pounds heavier than Josephine.

Josephine did beat the world in a six-months' production of milk. She gave 17,008 pounds which is 1,458 pounds better than any previous record. That is an average of 93.4 pounds a day for 182 days, or to put it so that common people can get a better notion of it, that is an average of 46.1 quarts or eleven gallons and over. Her banner day was 110.2 pounds which is thirteen gallons and a pint.

Not so bad for a second-rater, eh?

She is milked four times a day, and her ration is, not what she can pick up here and there, but as

near to an absolutely balanced ration as the early Twentieth Century knows how to make it.

I should like to amend the classical advice about the Cow and the Lady to read: "You've got to treat both cows and ladies like you were a civilized being." I ask unanimous consent. It is a duty. In the past we have been scrupulous about our rights and skimpy about our duties. We've put it all down in a book what was the stingiest, meanest, least little bit we'd do for anybody. We did that in 1787. And we have put that book up on a pedestal and worshipped it, and made an idol of it. Not an ideal, living and growing, casting off the old and effete, daily renewing itself. An idol is a dead ideal with embalming fluid in its veins, not blood. And that applies not only to dairying but democracy.

If nine old-fashioned gentlemen in black silk Mother Hubbards that we know of were asked their solemn opinion as to whether Missouri Chief Josephine was entitled to any better treatment than the cows nosing the solidly frozen water-pools, waiting for Spring to come to get enough to eat and drink, I wonder what they'd say.

Missouri Chief Josephine is an exceptional cow—at present. But what if every heifer had her civilizing treatment? That would be an experiment well worth trying. The man of genius is the exceptional man—at present. But our greatest American philosopher, Lester F. Ward, assures us that the man of genius is really the normal man. If so many of us are dubs it is because, he says, we haven't had civilizing treatment. We've all of us got it in us.

I wonder if it's true. It listens good.

California's Fight With Insects

(Continued from page 4.)

who was the superintendent of a large orange grove near Los Angeles. He remembered Darwin's teachings of how the balance was maintained in nature through a continuous struggle. He knew that while the cottony scale existed in Australia it did not there produce the terrible scourge that followed its introduction into California.

From this fact he argued that there must be some natural enemy in Australia that had been left behind when the scale was imported into California.

On the occasion of the Melbourne Exposition in 1888 the United States sent an entomologist to that country on the request of the California horticulturists and he was instructed to search for the enemy of the cottony scale. This investigator soon discovered that the great natural enemy of the white scale in Australia was the little Australian lady-bird, *Vedalia Cardinalis*.

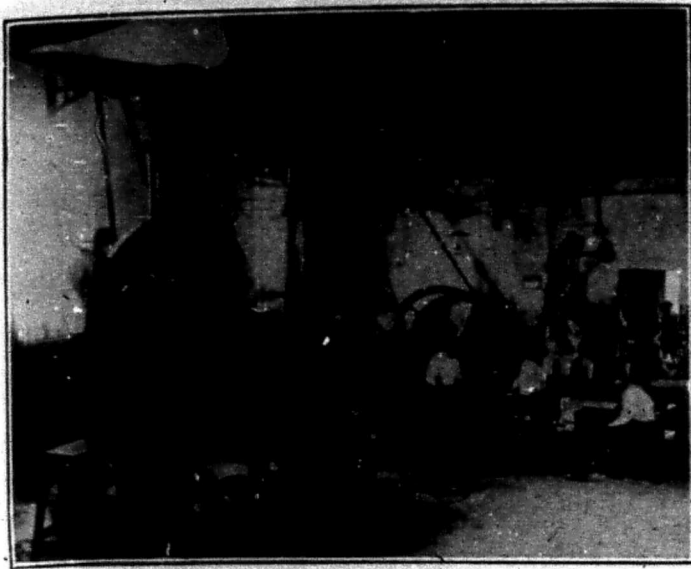
He secured a colony of these insects and forwarded it to the California horticulturists. The little beetles were received and treated with greatest care. A glass house was built enclosing a pair of orange trees which were heavily infested with the white scale. The lady-birds were turned loose in the enclosure and flourished exceedingly at the expense of the deadly foe of the orchards.

The effect was almost magical. The swarms of lady-birds proved to be a conquering host and the white scale was vanquished and the citrus industry entered upon a new era of expansion.

Prof. Albert Coebele who was the one to discover the valuable lady-bird in Australia was made field entomologist of the state, but later was called to the Hawaiian Islands to assist the coffee and cane growers there. His place was then taken by George Compere who is now making a world-wide search for beneficial insects that may be brought back to prey on the fruit pests of California.

How Italian Farmers Co-Operate

By Odon Por



Interior of Preserving Factory



Buying silk-worm cocoons at the Co-Operative



A consignment of Tomatoes at the Co-Operative



On my mind the discussion of whether the small farm or the big is superior is purely academic. If we knew the truth it would not solve theoretical agricultural problems nor effect the course of practical agriculture. Such a variety of processes go under the name of agriculture that it is impossible to generalize and decide absolutely as to the superiority of one type over another. At one time and in one place, the small intensive farm may yield abundant crops and a large income, while at another time in another locality it may be a complete failure. And the same is true of the big farms whether extensively or intensively cultivated.

There is one factor, however, with which we must deal in every form of agriculture. Everywhere new tools and new methods and new varieties of plants are changing conditions and it is the utilization of those things in the most effective manner that makes up what we call scientific agriculture.

If agricultural progress alone is considered then the only question is which type of farms apply most successfully all the resources created by science. The Socialist would broaden this viewpoint because to him economic advance should mean social progress and he will ask what form of agriculture most fully utilizes modern resources with the least exploitation of laborers.

When I say exploitation of laborers I mean something more than the ordinary withholding by the capitalist of part of the value produced by the worker. I would include those numerous cases where the small farmer exploits his own labor and that of his family until he is able to maintain an existence only at the expense of his own personal development and to the detriment of the intellectual and spiritual growth of his family.

The small farmer may raise big crops, but his capital is almost always too small to enable him to keep pace with scientific farming. It is thus impossible for him to be a factor in the wider economic progress of society and he may rather contribute to the decline of the true sources of national welfare.

Advantages of the Big Farm

On the other hand the big farm—a farm factory—which rests on the wage system may have sufficient capital to apply the latest knowledge of science. It may improve production as far as the intelligence of its laborers will permit. But since it lowers the standard of the race by exhausting the energies of the farm laborers to the utmost and reducing them to the position of mere tools it limits its own technical development.

What then is the solution? What form of agricultural enterprise contributes to progress in this wider social and racial sense? I believe that it is a social form of collective farming.

I shall not attempt to prove this statement by discussing theories. Instead I shall trace a picture of modern collective farming now being carried on under varying conditions.

Co-operation in Italy has passed its experimental stage. The Socialist farm laborers in Ravenna founded a co-operative in 1883 and five years later leased an estate of 260 hectares (one hectare equals 2.471 acres) from the city of Ravenna.

This land had formerly been a marsh endangering the health of the community. The farm laborers had reclaimed it through their co-operative, and it seems fitting to them that they should lease and cultivate it.

Their success soon attracted others to follow their example. The movement gained momentum and while it did not reach any real importance until within the last decade, the last five or six years have seen it spread and extend its operations in all directions.

There are two distinct types of co-operative management in Italy. The question of which type shall be followed depends upon the character of the farmers and the agricultural condition. The distinguishing feature is to be found in whether the management is divided or is maintained as unit.

Two Farms of Collective Enterprise

Where small owners, tenant farmers and peasants prevail and are accustomed to work small lots individually on a share system the type of divided management is preferable. Under this plan a co-operative society is organized which leases the estates and then sub-divides and sub-lets them to its members. The lots are cultivated and the benefits reaped individually.

In localities where farm laborers are numerous and where the farms are cultivated by wage earners accustomed to work in large bodies under the direction of landlords the co-operative farms are kept under a single management. The farm laborers, organized either in a co-operative society, or acting directly through their union, leased the estates and cultivated them collectively, appointing their own managers.

The benefits of the collective enterprise are divided as equitably as possible among the members.

The first form prevails in Lombardy, Northern Italy and Sicily, the second in Emilia and Central Italy. By a comparison of the origin, the struggles, experience and results of these two forms we can draw conclusions as to the best type of collective farming for the future.

In Lombardy the farms are commonly let on the half-share system. Some small tenant farmers also pay a cash rent which is usually reckoned so as to amount to about one-half of the crop. There is an especially aggravating phase of landlordism in this locality. Most of the land is owned by people who live in the city or else by charity organizations. These lease the estates directly to speculators who in turn sub-let them in small lots to the farmers.

Such a speculator performs no necessary function. He merely guarantees the payment of the rent to the proprietor and sees to it that the soil is maintained in good condition. Of course, the speculator charges more for the sub-lease than is paid to the landlord. In addition he compels the sub-tenants to work for him either for nothing or for very small wages during a certain number of days on fields which he retains for himself.

This speculator is thus a parasite on both the landlords and the tenants and usually makes huge profits at their expense.

The results of the system are disastrous. The renters are reduced to the economic level of wage earners. They not only have no capital to invest in improved methods of production, but they are constantly obliged to seek work outside of their farming in order to maintain a living.

Shortly after the establishment of a co-operative farm in Ravenna in 1902 there came a period of great agrarian strikes throughout Italy. One of the demands of these strikers was the elimination of

the speculators. The land owners were unwilling to yield this point because they claimed that when the land was rented directly the tenants were not able to guarantee the regular payment of the rent.

The farm laborers of Ravenna with their collective leasing system were ready to offer a solution of this problem. As a legally organized society its credit was good for the amount of the rent. On the other hand not being organized for profits it could offer its services to the peasant without asking for the profits made by the speculator.

Some labor exchanges, central labor unions, with individual Socialists and radicals helped the renters to organize co-operative farms. Catholic priests and Catholic mutual aid societies and banks also took a great interest in this movement that was developing in one of the strongholds of the Catholic church. Several Catholic co-operatives were founded, not alone to help the peasants to get better conditions, but also to keep them under the influence of the church.

The priests who were instrumental in founding such societies became permanent officials and retained control. The Socialist co-operatives elect their own officials. They also differ from the Catholic organization in devoting a part of their profits to the organization of farm unions or to propaganda funds for organization.

By study of the last published statistics, those of 1906, and by personal investigation of changes since that time I find that there are now twenty-eight co-operative societies in Northern Italy cultivating a total of about seven thousand five hundred acres. Ten of these are affiliated with labor exchanges and with the bureau of agriculture of the *Societa Umanitaria* in Milan. The latter is a large charity organization now under Socialist control. These ten co-operatives cultivate about 2,500 acres. The remainder are Catholic organizations, but these have shown little activity and growth during the last six years. The Socialist and radical societies on the other hand are prosperous and growing.

One of the most typical of these societies and one of the oldest and most important is that of Calvenzano. I made a careful personal study of this society and believe that a description of its workings is the best method of explaining the organization and operation of such co-operatives.

It is located near Milan and was founded through the efforts of a local mutual aid society. It is free from political control of any kind whatsoever, although dominated by the radical and Socialist element. Because it is situated in a district where the Catholic element is in control it has had some hard struggles to maintain itself.

Eliminating the Speculator

From the beginning it has set before itself a very comprehensive program. Its first object was naturally the elimination of the speculative middle man and the buying or leasing the estate to be sub-letted to its members.

Among the other objects that it has undertaken is the conduct of reclamation work, road building and stone quarrying; the collective buying of agricultural machinery, tools, seeds, plants, trees, cattle and fertilizer and the selling of these to its members at the lowest market price, and the collective marketing of products and the management of co-operative stores.

The capital of the society consists of the income from the sale of shares of one hundred liras (\$20) each, and the admission fees which cannot exceed fifty liras per member. This is augmented by a sinking fund, the value of the property owned by

the society and a part of the net profits of its operations and various minor resources.

The number of shares and members is unlimited. The society can never become a closed organization to build up a privileged caste. It is open to every class of workers who cultivate the fields directly. Each member must pay the admission fee and subscribe for at least one share.

The shares may be bought and the admission fees paid in installments extending over five years. This makes it possible for even the poorest peasant to join. No member may own more than fifty shares. An applicant may be refused membership for dishonesty or any action that impairs the interest of the society or if he has any private business which competes with the co-operative's activity. Members may be expelled for the same reason.

Each year the society holds a general meeting for the transaction of business and the consideration of the reports to its officers. No matter how many shares a member may have he casts but a single vote. The referendum is appealed to where an immediate decision is needed.

Cares for the Unfortunate

The members make a contract with the co-operative which in turn guarantees the rent to the landlord. Unlike the speculators, however, the co-operative affords assistance to those who through illness or misfortune are unable to care for their fields. In such cases volunteers are called for to do the work for the unfortunate member and it is interesting to know that there is always a surplus of such volunteers.

The by-laws carefully provide for a division of the profits. Twenty per cent goes to a sinking fund to which is added the admission fees, uncalled for dividends and other incidental profits. Twenty per cent is returned to the members who cultivated fields, and is divided according to the area cared for. This provision eliminates those who would purchase shares with the purpose of drawing a profit without participating in the labor.

Not more than twenty per cent of the net profit can be applied to dividends and the dividends are never permitted to exceed five per cent on the capital actually paid in. The owner of the maximum number of shares could, therefore never draw more than fifty dollars per year.

Five per cent of the net profit goes to the regular employes, five per cent to the officials and supervisors, five per cent to a fund for needy members and five per cent for education.

It is also provided that whenever the sinking fund in excess of debts shall amount to one-half of the total capital, profits may be used to reduce the rate of rental paid by members or into other co-operative enterprises, but that they cannot be used to increase dividends on the shares.

"Co-Operative of the Goats"

During the first years of its existence this co-operative and its members were so poor that it was sneeringly called the "Co-operative of the Goats." In illusion to the fact that the only animals owned were a few goats. The society had neither credit or capital. It was not able to guarantee the rent and had great difficulty in leasing land.

While in this poverty stricken condition an opportunity arose to purchase an estate that was greatly desired by the co-operative. The price was \$23,000 and the society had less than three hundred dollars in its treasury. With a devotion that insured success the members determined to sacrifice everything to attain this property. They sold their few miserable animals. They even pawned their beds and household goods and turned the proceeds into the society. Seeing this eagerness and willingness to sacrifice the owner reduced the price to \$20,000 and offered easy terms of payment. Some friends lent their credit and the society came into possession of the much-desired land.

This gave a solid base on which to build and laid the foundation of a steady growth. This co-operative early found itself in competition with a Catholic organization. This clerical society is supported by a Catholic bank and has sometimes succeeded in outbidding the old co-operators and thereby raising the rate of rent. The Catholic workers observe that in such a struggle the peasants are the only ones that suffer, the land owners the only ones that profit, and are turning towards the Socialist society.

This co-operative began with sixty-seven members renting a little over one hundred acres of land. It has today one hundred and forty-six members and cultivates more than four hundred acres of land while its capital and sinking fund amounts to over six thousand dollars.

If the co-operative did nothing more than eliminate the middle man it would not have accomplished anything extraordinary. If it permitted the farmers to simply cultivate their lots at will it would only continue the old traditions of primitive agricultural and the best that could be said of it would be that it

brought the workers together and gave them a sense of social strength.

The co-operative does have other functions, however, and these are rapidly extending. One of the first fields into which it entered was that of insurance against hail, fire and accident. The society does not undertake to carry this insurance alone, but assists its members and greatly reduces the cost to them.

Introducing New Methods

Some other lines of activity naturally arose. A wheat dryer and an ice house for the use of the members was constructed. Then the society purchased traction engines, threshing machines and various other agricultural machines and implements which were rented at cost to the members. It signed a collective contract with a drug store by which it obtained medicine at a trifle more than half the regular price. Minor improvements on buildings are also made at the cost of the society. A small stone quarry managed by the co-operative gives work to a number of members during the winter months.

Perhaps the most important influence of the society is that which it is exercising on the methods of cultivating the soil.

The secretary is a trained, scientific agriculturist and he early recognized the great commercial advantages of truck farming in the vicinity of a large city like Milan. He urged that vegetables be substituted for wheat wherever possible and has pointed out the best methods and tools to be used in this kind of farming.

Truck farming demands large quantities of fertilizers. The co-operative buys the raw materials for these and prepares them in its own factory to meet the special needs of the soil and crops. These are then sold to the members at cost and to outsiders at a small profit.

Experimental plots are conducted by the co-operative to instruct the members in the use of new methods, crops and fertilizers. New species of onions, melons, cucumbers and peas have been introduced. The co-operative selects and grows the seed under expert management and tests all new vegetables and instructs its members in the best methods of cultivating new plants.

It was discovered that one of the most profitable lines of agriculture lay in the culture of tomatoes and the members have entered upon the raising of this crop on a large scale. The first year the co-operative undertook the marketing of the crop and contracted in advance for the sale of more than eighty tons to a canning factory in Milan. The second year this was nearly doubled. Then having ascertained the profit possible in this direction the co-operative established a modern factory with which to handle its own products.

This factory is now a splendid success having earned a considerable profit in 1910 besides assuring a market at best prices to the members. The capital necessary for its establishment was advanced by its members and it now affords them employment during dull seasons. This is especially true in the winter when many who would otherwise be idle can be employed in the making of packing boxes.

Steps are now being taken to establish a co-operative creamery. As a beginning the cattle are to be purchased collectively thus insuring best prices and the most desirable breed.

A store has been established in Milan where the products of the members are sold directly to the consumer. In some cases contracts have been made in advance for the disposal of whole classes of products and even for their direct exportation to foreign countries.

Because of their better quality, more seasonable date of production and better form of packing the products of the co-operative almost always bring a higher price.

Simple Machinery of Management

The administrative machinery is very simple and inexpensive. Most of the work is done by a very able secretary, Mr. Trappletti. There is also a treasurer and a few other employes. All receive very small salaries and find their main reward in the satisfaction for the work done. Nevertheless, everything is conducted in a most business-like manner and the books are so kept that the exact standing of every member in relation to the co-operative can be determined at any minute.

The general social effects of the co-operative have been important and far reaching. Previous to its organization the individual peasants, isolated and exploited as share tenants, lived on the borders of misery. Renting only from year to year they had no interest in their work no security of reaping the fruit of any improvements they might make.

The society leases the land from nine to twelve years and makes leases of corresponding length of time with its members. The co-operative insures the capital necessary for improved methods and machinery brings the members into closer associa-

tion, gives them a sense of solidarity, and unites them with the great world outside.

Doubling the Income

Permanent occupation and emulation among the members insures a high degree of cultivation. This is shown by the fact that the amount of land per family has been voluntarily reduced nearly one-third while the income has on the average been doubled and in many cases even trebled.

This is not an empty generalization. I carefully examined the yearly budget of the family of the president of the society. This family consists of eight adults and six children. The income which this family draws from the fields has been doubled since it became a part of the co-operative.

The family now possesses 4 cows, 2 horses, several goats and pigs and all necessary tools and such machines as are suited to individual ownership. Outside work provided by the co-operative adds to the income of the family.

Before the organization of the co-operative this time would have been spent in unpaid labor for the speculator agent. In the old days the family was unable to save a cent and was constantly debt ridden. Now it spends more for better food and clothing and social purposes and is still saving about one hundred dollars per year. These savings like those of most of the families are loaned to the co-operative at the regular rates of interest to be used by it in its various enterprises.

Their Own Bankers

Thus the farmers become their own bankers, thereby proving their faith in their society and each other. This is a feature that is destined to play an important part in future developments.

A new point of view has come into the life of these workers. Under the old system they blindly followed the old traditions heedless of the possibility of improvement and deaf to the advice of others. Now the problems of their work take on a social form. They are still managers of their own labor, but are more and more willingly yielding themselves to the superior direction of the co-operative.

Unconsciously the members come to vest more and more powers in this central organization because they come to realize that only as they co-ordinate their individual work do they bring prosperity to themselves.

The ultimate goal of such a line of progress is clearly visible. It can only end in socialized production.

Although there are only about one hundred families with between five and six hundred persons directly interested in this co-operative and while the city of Calvenzano has only about two thousand inhabitants and less than one-third of its cultivated area is under co-operative management nevertheless this little body has become an educational center of rapidly extending influence.

It has become the leader in all agricultural improvements; it has brought the culture of the whole district to a higher state. This very prosperity has compelled it to pay more for the lease of its land. So far, however, the co-operative has been able to make sufficient profits from its various enterprises to enable it to maintain the rents of its members at the early rate. In fact, it is now hoped that these various activities will in time bring in sufficient profit to pay the entire rent.

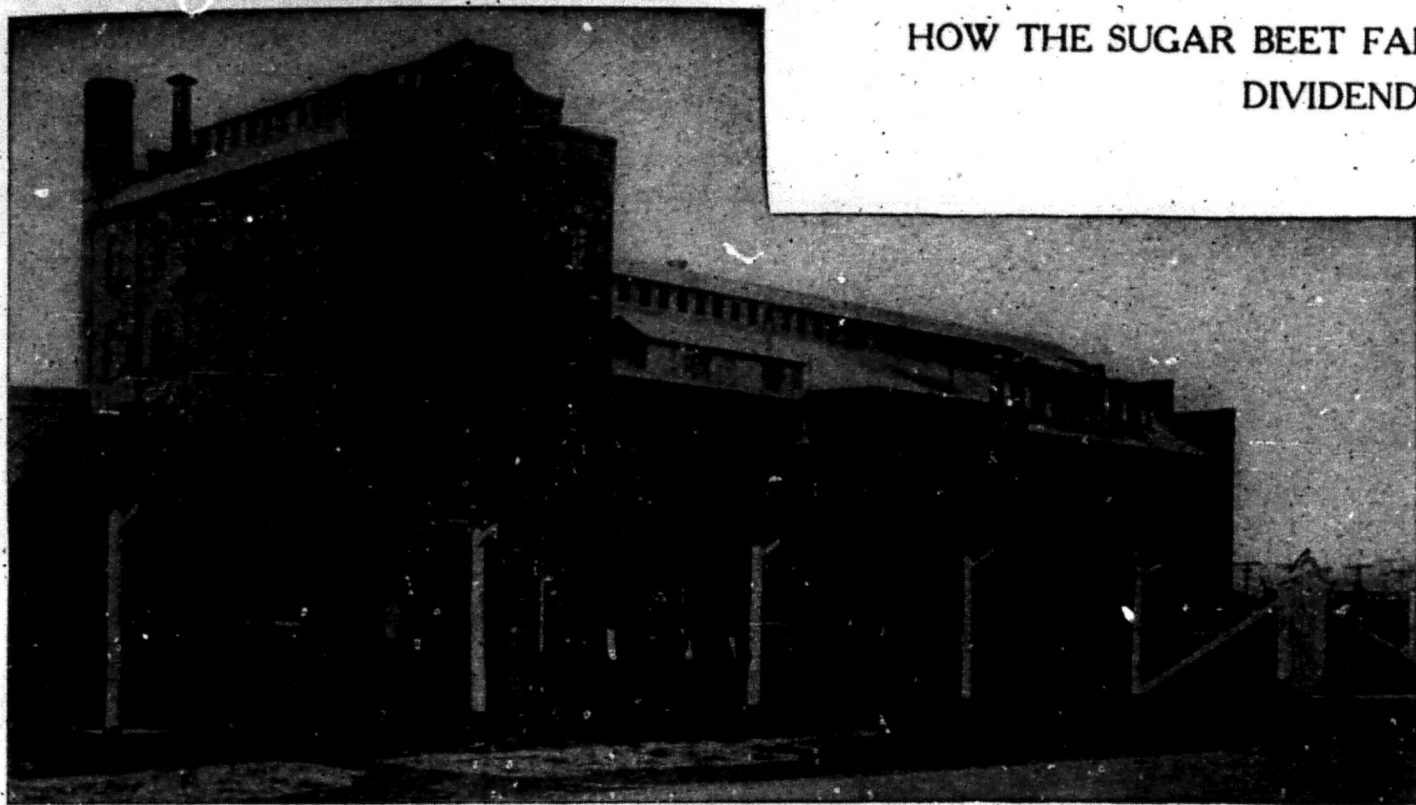
So great are the advantages offered by the co-operative to its members that the clerical opposition has not been able to prevent a large number of applications from those not yet sharing its benefit. There has been no haste in taking in these new members. The society must first be convinced that they are inspired with the true spirit of co-operation and not simply attracted by the promise of material advantages.

As the whole agricultural population becomes aroused it will be possible to organize unions such as exist in other parts of Italy, that can bring pressure to bear upon the land owners who refuse to lease their lands to the co-operatives. Some land owners have come to see the advantage of the improved management offered by the co-operative and are eager to lease their land. Banks which at the beginning refused credit or made very hard terms are now eager to lend money to the co-operatives.

It is significant that the Italian minister of Agriculture has already awarded this co-operative several premiums both in cash and in medals and that the universal exposition in Paris in 1900 and in Milan in 1906 each awarded the grand prize for co-operation to this society.

[This is the first of a series by Odon Por on Sicilian co-operatives. He writes us that the others deal with even more vital and striking matters than the present one. We have seen the next two installments and can assure our readers that they are full of interest and help those who are trying to understand the problems of agriculture.]

The Sugar Trust and the Farmer



The sugar trust's million dollar factory at Scott's Bluff, Neb., capacity 360,000 lbs. of sugar a day.

HOW THE SUGAR BEET FARMERS ARE GIVING THEIR LIVES TO MAKE DIVIDENDS FOR THE SUGAR TRUST

By Clyde J. Wright

a half cents per hour last year are getting twenty-two and a half and twenty cents this year.

The Farmer, the Factory and the Tariff

Many a farmer has permitted the trust to ride him to the polls and has then voted protection for the trust and peonage for himself.

There are three distinct reasons why the farmer problem cannot be talked about in tariff language: (a) the limited amount of sugar beet land; (b) competition with wage and contract labor; (c) competition of crops.

The Scott's Bluffs factory now owns 1,200 acres. It can buy as much more as is necessary to keep the price of beets down to the point where the farmer will receive nothing but wages. The trust need pay but a few dollars more for beets than the farmer would make by raising other crops in order to make sure of having a supply.

On its own land the trust hires Japanese, Russian and German wage workers. It pays them on the piece work plan at the rate of twenty dollars per acre for weeding and topping beets. It costs about forty dollars per acre to raise a crop. If the farmers on their own land were making more money than it costs to raise beets by wage and contract labor then the farmers would soon be displaced by wage and contract workers since at least seventy-five per cent of all land in the valley is for sale.

On Their Knees to the Sugar Trust

"dream" and the present looms up like a nightmare. I stood upon these fields face to face with a whole German family; father, mother and three children upon their knees toiling in the fields for the trust at \$20 per acre. They had no function in life save to produce dividends for the stockholders. A whole family like this working at top speed a season through may possibly "weed and top" thirty-five acres at twenty dollars per acre. The seven hundred dollars that they will earn seems to them like quite an income, especially since the women can sometimes take in washing during the winter to earn a little more. They forget that their home has been destroyed. Such a mother cannot keep a home. The father cannot provide a home and certainly these children have no opportunity to enjoy a home. They are all too busy providing a mansion for the sugar magnate to have a home of their own.

Child Kennels

Here and there about the beet fields I saw what I first mistook for dog houses. The first one I saw was about four feet high and perhaps three by four feet on the ground. It was a crude frame covered with burlap and canvas. "Just wait," said my companion when I asked what these things were,

THE literature of the Payne Investment Company or of the Lincoln Land Company would lead strangers to believe that the fountain of youth and land of eternal sunshine had been discovered in Scott's Bluffs County, Nebraska. When we discovered that a few capitalists have been able to take about three million dollars a year out of one small community of farmers and wage earners without arousing even a squawk of protest we are inclined to believe that from the point of view of the exploiters the literature does not exaggerate.

This is the land of sugar beets. Two thousand producers devote their life and labor, and land, when they own it, to the service of the owners of the sugar factory and the railroads.

It is here that the sugar is produced that is now selling for between eight and nine dollars per hundred. Here is where wage earners ride into town on the bumpers looking for a master and farmers exploit their whole family to build factories and produce dividends for the stockholders in the sugar trust.

It was the beet sugar business that gave the trust the excuse to yell for protective tariff in the interest of an infant industry. Then the trust advances the price of sugar to make the consumer pay the fine imposed upon the trust for cheating with false weights.

There is only one reason for the advance in the price of sugar. That is that the trust wants the money and is able to take it because it monopolizes the means of manufacturing and refining.

This year has seen mechanical improvements bring forth economics in production. Along with this, has come a reduction in wages. There is absolutely no doubt that the trust could sell sugar today for less than it did five years ago and still make as much money. It was popularly reported that even under the old prices one season's product would build a factory. The trust proceeds upon the theory of why not build two factories each season.

Persons familiar with the industry declare that the profits from the cattle and sheep who eat the pulp after the sugar has been extracted will pay over one-half the total cost of manufacturing the beets.

The farmer gets five dollars and a quarter per ton for beets. As much more money expended for labor will give the cost of three hundred pounds of sugar which is the fifteen per cent extracted from one ton of beets. This sugar sells at wholesale for twenty-five dollars and fifty cents. Here is a profit of one hundred and fifty per cent, not counting what is made by feeding about ten thousand sheep and twelve hundred head of cattle this year.

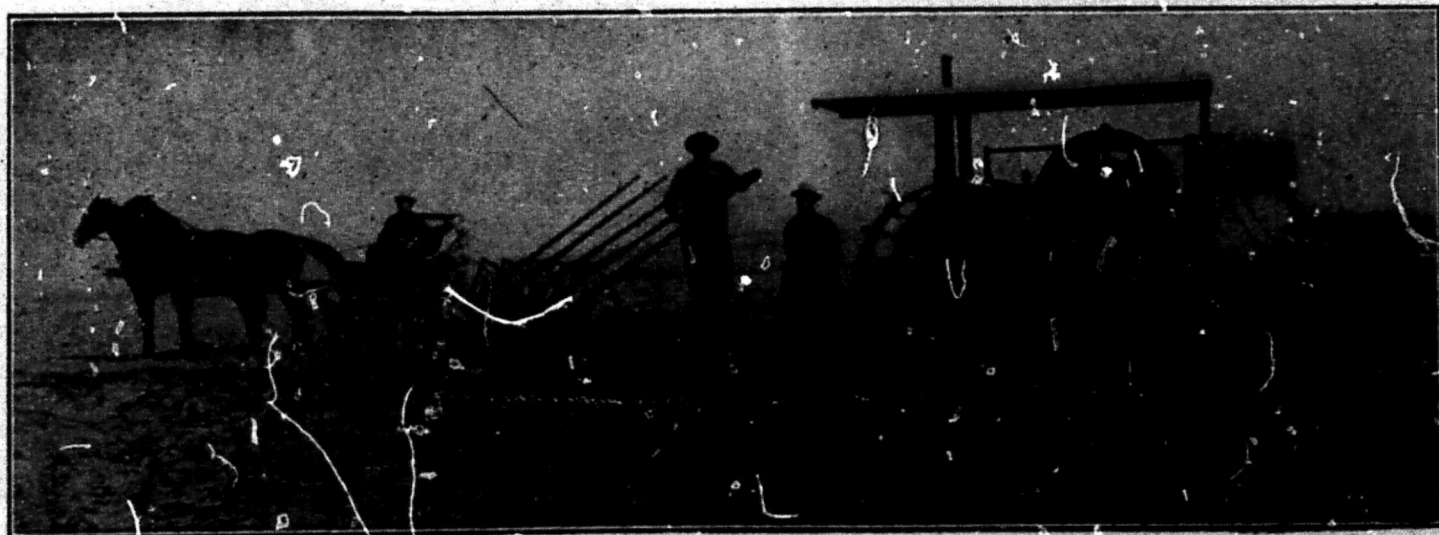
This year's crop at the Scott's Bluffs factory is estimated at 140,000 tons. At three hundred pounds to the ton and eight dollars and fifty cents a hundred the crop will bring approximately \$3,675,000.

Is it any wonder that it is estimated that the million-dollar plant, one of the finest in the country, will be paid for in one more season? From October first to January first the most perfect machinery will be operated by about six hundred highly specialized workers. Then in the middle of the winter four-fifths of the men will be thrown out of work and the remainder will be retained to clean up the



On their knees to the sugar trust — A German family topping beets at \$20 an acre

factory. Following the well-known example of the steel mills the men are spurred into competing by pretended rivalry between the plants. Last year one station reduced the loss of sugar in process of manufacture from seven-tenths of one per cent to four-tenths of one per cent. Now the other stations are asked to beat this record. Meanwhile, the men who received twenty-five cents and twenty-two and



Modern plow in the land of the sugar trust...Power supplied by gasoline engine

What Co-Operation Means to the Small Farmer

BY EDWARD J. GREEN

There are fifteen farms between my place and town and often in passing back and forth the following thoughts come to my mind. Here are fifteen farms with their road, lane and cross-fences, with lot, garden and other fences. What a lot of land these fences would inclose if used on a large farm.

We can get the idea of the difference in cost of fencing large and small areas from the following example. One acre of land seventy yards square takes two hundred eighty yards of fence to inclose it. Five thousand seven hundred and sixty acres, nine sections in a square, takes twelve miles or twenty-one thousand yards of fence. Here seventy-five times as much fencing will fence nearly six thousand times as much land.

The working of crops in small fields makes the time lost in turning at the end of rows very expensive when figured up, to say nothing of the loss of land which becomes a place for harboring weeds.

Each of us has his garden which is usually fenced chicken proof. The seed is bought in small lots which makes the cost very light.

Nine farmers out of ten know little of gardening and as the field work always comes first, the garden suffers more or less from lack of care unless the already overworked women add to their burdens and save the day. The work in small gardens is necessarily largely handwork. Taken all around the garden as generally seen on the farm is an expensive "aggravation."

The money put into fences and small implements for these fifteen gardens would equip a large garden with up-to-date appliances. The energy expended in these fifteen gardens would, with this good equipment and under expert direction, work five times the land and produce ten times the stuff. The cost of seed for fifteen gardens, would buy seed in bulk sufficient to plant five times the land now planted.

Each of these fifteen neighbors has from a dozen to five hundred trees which he blindly tends having no great knowledge along this line and little time or means to apply to his orchard. As a result his trees produce poorly.

The labor that each gives to his trees in a clumsy, ignorant way would, if rightly directed in a good central orchard equipped with up-to-date machin-

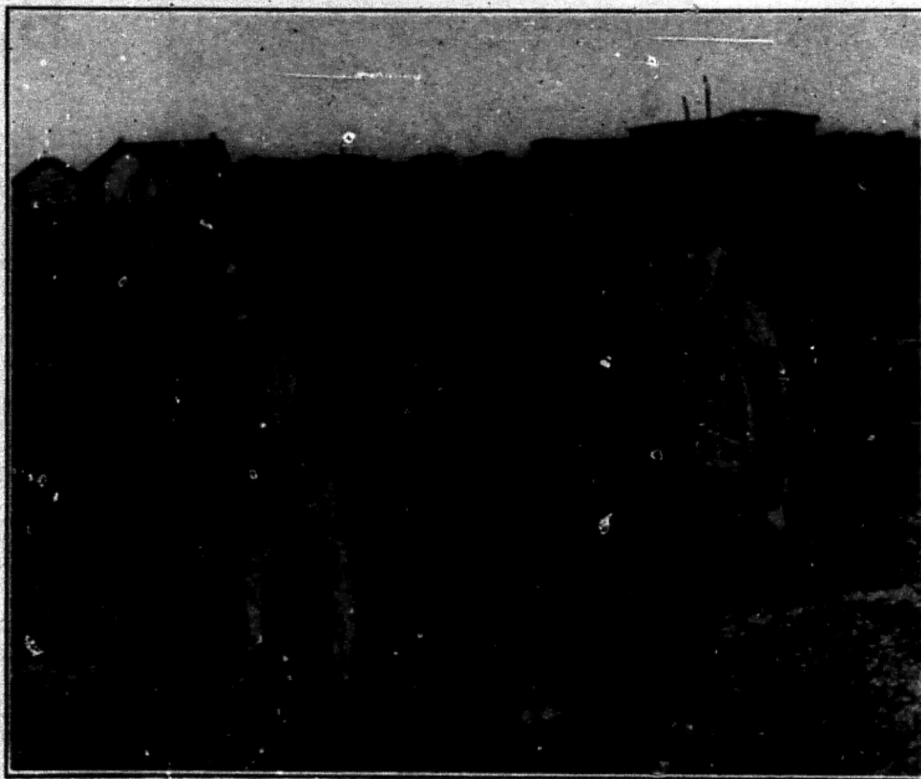


A Potato Digger at work

ery, care for four times the number of trees now tended and produce four times the fruit to each tree. Also the cost of trees in bulk being so much cheaper, the money paid by these fifteen farmers for small orders would have bought four times as many trees.

Each of these fifteen neighbors has chickens. The cost of houses and equipment, if put into a single chicken department, would equip an up-to-date layout. When it comes to the labor expended on the chickens on these fifteen farms, it is a disgrace to our intelligence. The awkward, unhandy ways of handling and feeding makes thousands of extra steps, generally for the poor woman at that, and the things damaged and destroyed are no small

matters. If strict account were kept on each farm of every single item of expense chargeable to the chickens, it would be found that eggs and chickens are pretty expensive diet, notwithstanding the general idea to the contrary.



A typical Russian town in the background, near Scott's Bluffs, Neb.

Under expert management in an especially equipped department the labor now expended by fifteen farmers would care for twenty-five times the number of chickens we now have. The loss of eggs from stolen nests and also the loss of chicks from lack of proper means to raise them, could be avoided in special departments.

Each farmer has his hogs and the usual pens, pastures and small equipment for raising, slaughtering and curing his meat. The cost of these would equip a hog department in an up-to-date manner for raising, slaughtering and curing meat on a large scale.

The labor expended on these fifteen farms in carrying feed a hundred or two hundred yards, on through the butchering and curing would feed and handle ten times the hogs in a large, well-equipped department.

Lack of the highest bred hogs and poor knowledge of the best feeds, etc., are sources of much waste. This could be overcome by expert knowledge as well as the loss at present resulting from lack of knowledge on the part of the farmer as to even the first principles of caring for sick hogs.

Each of us has from three to fifteen cows. Some are kept for income and some for milk for home use only. The expense of stabling, lotting and pasturing for these fifteen herds would build and equip an up-to-date barn. Fifteen people spend one and two hours twice a day caring for these cows. All this labor would tend five or ten times the cattle in a well-equipped barn.

As with the hogs so with the cattle, better stock and better knowledge of feeds would save much waste that now takes place. The cost of the several sets of utensils, separators, etc., used by the fifteen would equip a fine little creamery. The labor that it takes on the fifteen farms to care for the milk in awkward, unhandy and often unclean ways would, if applied in a creamery, care for many times the quantity of milk and secure cleanliness.

Three silos were built this summer. The material used in the three would have built one silo holding many times as much silage. The labor expended on the three would have more than built the one as the doors and chutes are the most expensive portion of a silo and only one set would have been needed for the large one. Also in filling, the cutter and engine had to be set three times for the three silos where once would have done for the large one.

Each of the fifteen farmers has from one to four horses, thirty in all. The cost of fifteen separate barns with slow and wasteful methods of feeding and handling horses would build a barn to hold four times this number of horses and rig it with every labor-saving device. The labor now expended on these thirty horses would care for four times as many in the new barn. Again, lack of the best stock and the proper knowledge as to balanced rations is a source of great waste and the direct and

The Sugar Trust and the Farmer

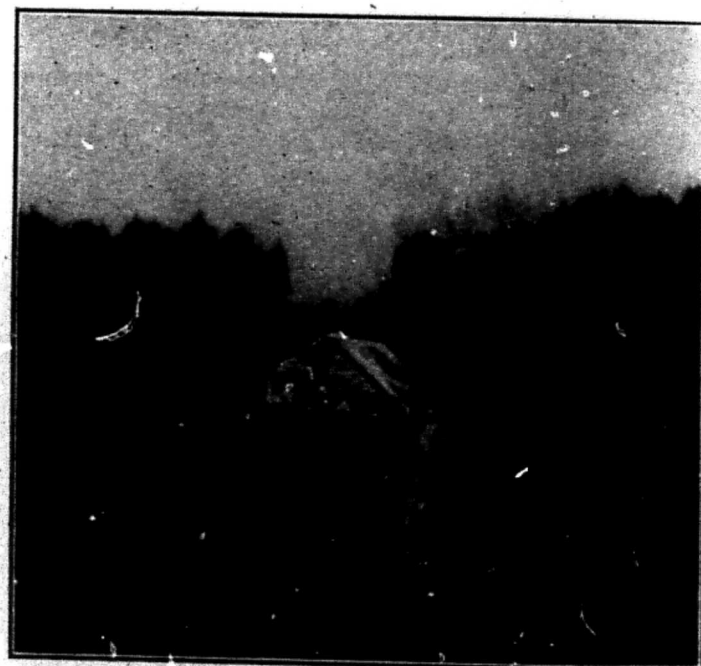
(Continued from page nine.)

"you will see more of them presently and perhaps they will tell their own story."

I did so, and they did tell. These cages were for children too young to work and whose mothers were topping beets. I looked over toward the town with its "progress"; its schools, its banks, its railroads, its land sharks and my eye rested on a church spire rising in the bold relief against its background of blue and these words came to me. "Suffer little children to come unto me." I looked again at the cage and thought with what suffering these little ones came unto the sugar trust.

For seven hundred dollars a year that family; that father, mother and children are giving not only their labor power but everything in life—that is worth living. For it these children are surrendering their opportunities to become healthy men and women. The average farmer would not work a colt at the same stage of development as these boys and girls.

One farmer boasted to me that he had banked six hundred last year. I went out to his home and I hate to tell how few social advantages there were there. He looked surprised when I told him that while he banked six hundred dollars for himself he had also put fifteen hundred dollars in the bank for the sugar trust, the railroad trust and other smaller parasites. I pointed out to him that there was less than two thousand men in the whole valley and that in one season these had paid for a million-dollar sugar factory while the annual receipts of the Burlington railroad for this district is about a half million dollars. In addition the community maintains eight banks and gives its share to the lumber trust and to irrigation and land grafters.



Cage for children too young to work while mothers are in the field

indirect cause of much sickness and death among the animals. On some of these farms the stock is overworked and underfed, on others it is overfed and underworked, another reason for the sick and dead animals, a thing that could be largely overcome under one systematic direction.

Fifteen sets of one and two horse tools. Think of it! One man chasing around behind one or two horses working hard to plow a couple of acres a day and planting, cultivating, and harvesting on the same scale.

The cost of these fifteen sets of tools would buy the big, up-to-date machinery for one large farm that would make farming pleasant and fast and save the heavy labor for the men. Four, six and eight-horse tools and traction engines with tools to match would work ten times the land with no more labor expended than is now put into these fifteen crops and do it better.

We each raise half a dozen different crops that require a different set of tools for each crop and the amount of land worked in each crop is not enough to support an expensive set of tools so we have small, cheap tools. For instance, each of us has his acre or so of sweet potatoes. Special tools for this crop save a world of hard work. The most useful of these is the plant setter pulled by team and the digger.

The expense of setting plants by hand on forty or fifty acres would pay for the planter and operate it besides. The dozen five and ten-dollar diggers

(Continued on page 13.)

THE SHADOW UNDER THE ROOF

Copyright, 1911, by Peyton Boswell.
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BY PEYTON BOSWELL

Illustrations by John Sloan.

\$550.00 FOR SOLVING THIS MYSTERY

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

RULES AND PRIZES

- 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
- Any reader, whether a subscriber or not, may compete and win prizes, but only one solution may be entered by any one reader.
- 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.
- All solutions must be sent by mail and in no other way, plainly addressed to "Mystery Story Editor, The COMING NATION, Girard, Kan."
- 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.
- 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.

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

TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT IT

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

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

figure in the "evidence"—truthful accusers that were capable of blasting reputations and destroying homes. His two women accomplices were of inestimable use to him in the prosecution of these schemes. To give a true sketch of the two would be an uninviting task; merely let it be said that they were fascinating for most men to look upon, that they were of a rather unusual order of intelligence, and that both were of such an abandoned character as to shame not only womankind but the human race as well.

Hinton knew no pricks of conscience, for he could justify his calling, as can every malefactor of sufficient ingenuity. Hinton reasoned that in plundering men of wealth he was merely despoiling those who had previously despoiled others. Whatever grain of justification there was in this, if any, is for the moralists to say. Certain it is that the blackmailer was able to satisfy his own conscience—and he actually had one—that he was just as honest as those he robbed; and, strongest reason of all, his dissolute ways caused him to need a lot of money.

A fine flower of modern civilization was Hinton, if his own estimate of himself be taken—a rank and nauseous flower, needing no other excuse for existence than the slimy soil in which it grew.

It is not the purpose here to go into the details of how Ford got into the clutches of the human cormorant Hinton—that can be left to the readers' insight. It is enough to say that for four years Hinton had been an enforced pensioner on the manufacturer's resources and that during all this time, because of the invisible weapon he carried, the blackmailer had been held in very real fear by his victim; although, out of simple justice, it must be said that he was not altogether unpleasant to deal with. He was suave and, if the truth be told, really made an effort to cajole his victims while

(Continued on Page Thirteen.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

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

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

V.

C HARLEY HINTON was a human cormorant. If nature had not made the mistake of fitting him with a human form and a human countenance, undoubtedly he would have appeared on the earth equipped with sharp talons and a pointed beak. He preyed upon mankind because it was his nature to do so; he was better fitted for snatching a living in the manner that a hawk snatches a fish than he was to get it any other way—there were fish to be snatched and he was admirably furnished with the claws to do the snatching.

Ostensibly, his calling was legitimate. He was proprietor of the so-called Universal Detective Agency, having a small set of offices on the sixth floor of a down town office building. His force of operatives consisted of one man and two women, with a few other occasional hangers-on. The concern was supposed to do general secret service work, and, indeed, it did now and then supply, by methods peculiarly its own, a certain class of evidence in divorce cases, but its main function was blackmail.

Hinton as a professional blackmailer had no peer. He was a complete master of the art of extorting money from successful men. Naturally fitted for the trade by instinct and a certain type of natural cunning, he had evolved a regular system of ensnaring and bleeding his victims. In short, he had reduced the business to an exact science.

A description of this system may not be relished by the fastidious reader, yet it is necessary for the purpose of this narrative to outline it very briefly; and the assurance can safely be given that Hinton's methods were by no means exceptional, but are employed every day in the year by so-called secret service agencies in Chicago and other big cities.

The main method used by Hinton was to lure his victims into compromising circumstances, that enabled him ever after to hold before their eyes the terrible bugaboo of scandal, while he lightened their pockets. Sometimes actual photographs would



She placed herself beside the partly drawn portieres

The Coming Nation

PUBLISHERS
J. A. WAYLAND. FRED D. WARREN.

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

Entered as second-class matter September 26, 1910, at the postoffice of Girard, Kansas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Stamps must be inclosed for the return of manuscripts. The COMING NATION assumes no responsibility for manuscripts or drawings sent to it for examination.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

Those Who Won the Bound Volumes

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

Frank Truesdale, six subscribers.
Lars A. Swanson, twelve subscribers.

C. B. Schrock, seven subscribers.

Although last week was one of the biggest weeks in the history of the COMING NATION, there were no big clubs, so that the bound volume went for a club of only seven.

Remember that this prize is in addition to all the others, and goes each week to the person who sends in the largest club for that week.

Where Field and Mine Meet

Few people think of Kansas as an industrial state, or of the COMING NATION as being located in an industrial center.

Because the people have not thought of these things there has grown up a condition that for exploitation, misery and intelligent revolt is equaled in few places in the United States.

Next week Mrs. May Wood-Simons will have a study of this locality. When she told some of these things at a Labor Day speech on the same platform with Governor Stubbs last fall, the Governor declared that if proof of her statements were made he would see that things were changed. This article is going to contain some of the proof.

It was in these mines that Frank Lane, for whom the readers of the COMING NATION have made so great a fight, was crippled, and three others are crippled every day, on an average, in these same mines.

It is possible that the misery is equaled elsewhere, but no where else is there a better expression of class consciousness, politically and industrially, than here. The facts that are told in this story are the facts that are making this section of Kansas one of the Socialist centers of the United States.

This will not be the only good feature of this number. There will be a story by Jack London on "War," that deals a body blow at militarism, and is a slashing good story, wholly aside from the lesson.

L. J. Engdahl tells of the end of the attempt to form a Labor party in this country as seen at the recent meeting of the Illinois State Federation of Labor.

The Mystery Story

As announced last week the Postoffice Department finally reconsidered its order barring the COMING NATION from the mails and permitted the "Mystery Story" contest to go on.

With \$550.00 offered as prizes to those who send in the best solution this should prove the greatest contest ever inaugurated by any Socialist paper.

Arrangements have been made to reprint the portion of the story which has already been published, so that any one that subscribes now can obtain the story from the beginning, if they ask for it; that is, those who subscribe for the COMING NATION now, obtain the paper

Revolutionizing the Harvest Field

Thirty years ago great armies of men moved North from Texas and the Mexican border with the harvests until they entered Canada with only time enough to spend their Summer's earnings before the lumber season opened. The self-binder discharged this army, and left only guerrilla bands that followed the new machines in the field and moved with the threshers a few weeks later.

Now a new machine is here that at one stroke does away with these straggling remnants of the harvest field soldiery. This new machine combines the reaper and the thresher, requires far less labor than either and does more work than both. It is called the "Idaho Harvester." Only seventeen machines were built in 1910. There were fifty-four in operation this year. So revolutionary is their operation that representatives of all the great wheat-growing nations have been watching them and arranging for their introduction. One is now operating in Argentina. Another has been ordered for Russia. They have been tested on this continent from Southern California to the Canadian boundary. On all kinds of soil and in all sorts of climate they have harvested crops, not only of wheat, but of oats, rye, barley, beans and field peas.

This machine, with six horses attached, a man to drive and a boy to



Three views of the "Idaho Harvester"

attend to the sacking, moves across the field, cutting a swath seven feet wide,

threshing the grain and delivering it into sacks. From ten to twelve acres are thus prepared for the mill each day, at a cost of not more than one dollar per acre.

The manufacturers present a calculation designed to show that the general adoption of this machine would enable the wheat crop of this country to be harvested for \$50,000,000, instead of the \$250,000,000 that are now expended for that purpose. Naturally they do not concern themselves with the question of what will become of those to whom this amount of wages is now paid. Nor do they offer any guarantee that this saving will be retained by the farmers.

This is not the first time that a threshing machine and reaper have been combined. Hitherto such machines have been of such a cumbersome size and great weight and cost as to render them impossible of general use. This machine weighs 3,200 pounds, and can be handled by six horses. The secret of its simplicity lies in the substitution of corrugated surfaces for the cylinder teeth of the ordinary threshing machine. This makes possible the threshing of grain at a low speed. Another series of inventions relating to the sieves and shakers make it possible to operate the machine on very uneven ground.

for a year and, as a premium, receive the previously published chapters of the story, "The Shadow Under the Roof."

A Few More Histories Ordered

Just now everything on the COMING NATION is exceeding expectations. We thought we had put in a large enough order for "Social Forces in American History" to supply those that would take advantage of the subscription offer before the books were published.

We expect the books will be out almost any day, and as soon as they arrive they will be mailed to those who have secured them. But it became evident this week that the number originally ordered would not be enough to supply the books to which the senders of clubs were entitled, so an order for 200 more was telegraphed in. These will probably not last more than a couple of weeks, and it is now too late to increase the order further. In fact, we are not sure but what we will have to pay so much for these that we will be supplying them at a loss, but while they last one will be given to each person who sends in three dollars for subscriptions.

Socialist Scouts

A scout is a man, or a woman, boy or girl who sells copies of the COMING NATION, or other Socialist literature. It's fun, it helps Socialism and brings in money, and you get fine prizes besides.

The papers cost you two and a half cents per copy and you sell them for five. Besides this profit the Scouts get watches, cameras and other prizes.

It doesn't cost you anything to start. If you are interested write "Scout Department, COMING NATION, Girard, Kan.," and find out just how to begin.

The Easiest Way

Teacher—"How will they use airships in war, Jimmy?"

Jimmy—"Induce the enemy to go up in 'em, Ma'am."—Puck.

Here's a little boy seven years old that is doing some good work for the great revolution by selling copies of the COMING NATION. His name is Wm. J. Boyd, but the folks call him Willie. When he grows up he will be Bill—not the kind that inhabits the White House, but the kind of man you are always glad to meet—with a smile and a handshake that



goes right straight to your heart and makes you feel that after all the world isn't wholly bad.

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

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BY A. M. SIMONS

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

The Coming Nation, Girard, Ks

The Shadow Under the Roof

(Continued from page 11.)

he exacted his pound of flesh—which is not exactly an anomaly, for most villains are pleasant people if you overlook their villiany.

At about 8 o'clock in the evening of the day that David Robley's body was found, Hinton ascended the steps of a weather-beaten two-story house situated a little ways back from the street on a quiet West Side thoroughfare. He rang the bell and was admitted into a dim hallway by another man, who led the way through the darkened parlor and into a living room, where he turned up a light, revealing the form and features of William Ford.

"I thought I'd find you here," said Hinton.

"You never did have much difficulty in finding me," replied Ford, with a trace of bitterness in his voice.

He motioned his caller to a seat near the table, on which stood the lamp, then went to a sideboard and returned with a box of cigars, which he placed before the guest. Hinton helped himself and lighted one.

When the two men were in the darkened hall, neither of them looked up the stairway, at the top of which there stood a woman, who had likewise been aroused by the detective's vigorous ring on the bell. When they had passed into the living room, this woman noiselessly came down the stairs and entered the parlor, and when they had seated themselves she placed herself beside the partly drawn portieres, where she could hear every word that was spoken.

Since this woman is to play so important a part, for good and evil, in succeeding events, it will not be out of place here to give a brief description of her, as she appeared in the low-burning gaslight on the stairs.

She was of short stature, but so well rounded as to suggest the oriental about the bust and hips. A solid black dress was so draped about her as to do full justice to this fullness of form. The arms and part of the bosom were bare. A black band encircled the throat. The head, firmly poised, was luxuriantly crowned with hair. The face bore out the promise of the figure—there was a fullness under the chin, the cheeks were plump and the lips well formed and voluptuous. Her age might have been 25 or more, for women of her physical type retain a youthful appearance well into life.

Ford sat down at the table, facing Hinton, and the two men surveyed each other.

A pleasing change had come over Ford. His face, in the warm lamp-light, wore a softer and more amiable expression. Away from the environments of business, he ceased, apparently, to have the same flinty personality. Plenty of men are that way. They lead a sort of Jekyll and Hyde existence—the monster of the factory or store on leaving its precincts becomes once more a normal human being.

"Well, what have you found out?" The tone was friendly.

"Nothing that amounts to anything."

"Are the police working on any theory in particular?"

"They seem to be doing their best, but they are absolutely at sea. There isn't a clew in sight."

"Has a post mortem examination been made?"

"Yes. Not a mark was found on the body, and the doctors so far have been able to find no trace of poison. The inquest will be delayed until a chemical test of the vital organs can be made."

"Um-m! Were you present when the police went through his effects? Were no memoranda of any sort found that would show a motive for the crime?"

The detective threw a keen glance at Ford, and a smile appeared about the corners of his mouth.

"No papers were discovered," he replied, "that could have the least connection with the tragedy."

With an air of relief, Ford reached over and took a cigar out of the box, bit off its end and lighted it.

"Why did you do it?"

The question came as quietly from Hinton as if he were asking one of the merest commonplaces in a trivial conversation.

"Eh!"

The detective leaned across the table, earnestly.

"Now see here, Ford, you know you can't fool me, and if I am to look after your interests in this affair, you mustn't try to keep me in the dark. You caused Robley's death—that much may as well be taken for granted between us. I know you did it, and if I am to sidetrack the police you must tell me just what led up to it, just how you did it and all about it. Otherwise I'll be groping along in the dark, and that won't be a good thing either for you or for me."

Ford studied the man opposite him, a long time before he spoke.

"I suppose nothing I can say will convince you that I didn't kill Robley."

"Nothing—so don't say it. Why, man, what are

you afraid of? My interests are all one with yours in this matter. If they get you, they're sure to get me—and they haven't any love for your humble servant over at headquarters, anyway. McFarland is on to my game, and he's laying for me. Come on—out with it."

"Well, if I did it, say it was because Robley had at last found out I was a thief—that he spent the last night of his life going over the books of the company and tracing the money I was forced to steal in order to satisfy your demands for blackmail." Ford's eyes gleamed, and his voice assumed its old metallic ring. "The books were strewn all over his office this morning. Does that satisfy you?"

"Partially." Hinton leaned back in his chair. "It is equally necessary, perhaps more so, for me to know how you did it."

"Will nothing convince you that I didn't take Robley's life?"

"Don't be foolish."

"Then we'll just assume that the method I used is my secret."

"The devil—"

"Just assume that if you knew the method I used it wouldn't help you in the least."

"But, my dear Ford, I tell you—"

"And that's an end of the question."

Hinton sat bolt upright and regarded his host with supreme astonishment. Ford returned the look with a glare that indicated a determination that was not to be changed.

"Have you gone crazy?"

"I'm not half as crazy as you are."

Hinton settled back and pulled at his cigar for a while in silence.

"Very well," he said, at length. "We'll regard that as final. But the big question is—What are you going to do?"

"It isn't necessary just now to do anything. My plan is simply to lie low. There isn't one chance in a hundred that I will ever be suspected, and I'll take good care to destroy every vestige of anything wrong at the office. If he has left no memoranda of what he knew, then I shall be as safe"—he smiled—"as if I were innocent."

Hinton shook his head.

"You thought you were safe before, yet Robley found out what you were doing. Perhaps he told someone else of his discovery."

"Robley was not that kind."

"Don't be too sure. Suppose you are suspected."

"But I won't be."

"But suppose you are—what then?"

"Well, Hinton, since you have completely established yourself as my partner in this business—and I guess I couldn't look further for an expert crook to help me out—I suppose I might as well let you have the whole program. If I am actually suspected of David Robley's murder, I am prepared to make another man the scapegoat. If the police ever go to work on the theory that I killed Robley—and I will depend on you to find it out if they do—I shall quickly check that by presenting an iron clad case against another man."

"The plot thickens," said Hinton. "Who is the lucky person?"

"John Frisbie, the company's chemist."

"The chap who found the body?"

"Yes."

"Go on."

"I shall prepare evidence to show that Frisbie, by juggling with invoices for chemicals, stole money from the firm. Then I shall prepare memoranda to show that not only did Robley know of Frisbie's thefts but that he had threatened him with exposure."

"Quite diabolical, and very ingenious. You have established a motive for the murder, but the death of Robley was a strange one—how will you say Frisbie brought it about?"

"Well, being a chemist, he would naturally know about poisons that kill and leave no trace."

"Oh, ho! Poisons that kill and leave no trace. You will have to acknowledge I was pretty clever in getting that out of you. So that's how it was done."

Ford looked at the detective, half in anger, half in amusement.

"For keenness of perception and downright cleverness you're a wonder," he observed.

The sarcasm was not lost; the detective shrugged his shoulders, but smiled.

"But why, may I ask, have you chosen Frisbie for the victim?"

"Partly because it was convenient and partly because I don't like him. He has got a lot of dangerous views in his head and can be spared better than anyone else I know. He has been agitating his theories among some of the best men in the factory. A couple of foremen and a half dozen others, I understand, have taken out membership in an organization to which he belongs."

"It strikes me he's not a bad sort of fellow, nevertheless."

Hinton lapsed into silence. His mood lasted so long that Ford finally ventured to call him out of it.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing, only I don't fancy this business a little bit. I've been pretty crooked, Ford, in a way, but I never yet have helped to take human life, and I'd go a mighty long ways to keep from it. This thing of fastening Robley's murder on an innocent chap—sending him to the galows perhaps—doesn't set well with me. It's murder, that's all. I don't want to do it."

Hinton, the human cormorant, as has been said, had a conscience, and it was troubling him now.

Ford took the lead. Spreading his arms on the table, he leaned toward Hinton, earnestly.

"But—," he began.

"Oh, I understand. The chances are ten to one it won't be necessary."

"But in case it should be necessary—what will you do?"

"You can depend upon me. I know what's at stake, both for myself and for you—and especially for myself."

"All right. It's settled, then. We understand each other perfectly. You keep a close watch on the police, and I'll take care of the Frisbie end of it."

"And now, since you have been so open and candid with me,"—the detective relished sarcasm—"I've got something of my own to show you. Here, read that."

He threw over the letter written to David Robley by the girl he had wronged, then sat back and studied the manufacturer as he read it.

"Why—what the devil does this mean?" exclaimed Ford, when he had finished its perusal.

"That letter was found among Robley's effects. There isn't much hope of doing anything with it, but I'm going to make the hardest effort I ever did in my life. There's a bare chance of getting it in such shape as to offer you safety and at the same time make it possible to spare that chap Frisbie."

"Oh, Frisbie!"

"Yes, Frisbie."

Hinton arose and put the letter in his pocket.

Ford thought he detected a movement at the portieres. Going to them he quickly pulled them aside.

He saw nothing. The lady in black had vanished.

To be continued

What Co-Operation Means to Small Farmer

Continued from page ten

would buy an elevator digger which would sort and sack the potatoes and relieve the farmer of the back-breaking job of scratching behind poor diggers to find the potatoes and then not finding them all.

A big potato raiser in Texas told me that he ran his elevator digger over a twenty-acre patch of ground that had been dug by old-style diggers and got enough potatoes to pay for his digger.

It is the same story with all other crops, corn, cotton, sugar cane, hay and grain crops. Everywhere waste, waste, waste, both of labor in raising and harvesting the crop and then loss of part of the crop by not getting all of it because of poor tools and rough, unhandy ways of handling it.

Why shut our eyes to these facts? The tendency is toward larger and larger tools and we all admit their superiority in our efforts to obtain these larger tools which are not half worn out before larger and better ones are on the market for us to buy; otherwise we become one of the crushed and ruined farmers that cruel competition creates in its march toward concentration.

Nine-tenths of us are several stages behind the best tools and it works us nearly to death competing with these better machines and our ruin is only a question of time. I know many a farmer that would have succumbed before this except for the increased value of his land.

Traction engine farming with the great tools to match, the harvesting tools, the cotton picker, all these cost up into the thousands and handle thousands of acres of land as easily as we handle hundreds. It is only a question of time until nine of us hundred-acre farmers will have to go, and give place to the thousand-acre farmer, and as sure as time continues ninety-nine thousand-acre farmers will fall before the 100,000-acre farmer.

A little study along proper lines will show how it is possible to make this old world a glorious place for our children to live in and not a place where millions suffer more or less because we can create wealth so easily with our great modern machinery.

Let's face this question like men. Let us lay aside our prejudices and put on our thinking caps, and read up and study where our old ideas are wrong and new ones are better.

Children's Page

EDITED BY BERTHA H. MAILLY

The Story of Joe

SAY, Dad, the superintendent up at the shop says he's going to give me a hundred dollars," said Joe at the supper table one night. He had come in brimming over with something, anyone could see that, but he managed to keep still until all of the family was seated at supper. Joe knew that you can always make a more effective impression on the family with any piece of news if you tell it to all the members at once.

Joe was not disappointed. The eyes of the younger children bulged out. Their big brother was certainly getting to be a great and rich man. Joe's mother glanced quickly at him and her cheeks flushed.

"You've got to make it clear to me, Son," said Joe's father. "It isn't a habit with superintendents to give one hundred dollars very often to their employes. You must be mistaken, Joe."

"No, honest, Dad. It's all on the square. You see I had an idea and the superintendent said he'd pay me for my idea. Great, isn't it, to get one hundred dollars for an idea?"

"If I could sell an idea a day for \$100 each, just for a few weeks, say, we'd soon have a home of our own, wouldn't we Mother? And I'd—" here Joe stopped a moment, and then went on—"Well, I'd have some good times, anyway."

"Go on, Son," interrupted his father, who was looking very thoughtful, "tell us about your hundred-dollar idea."

"Well, you see, Dad, I was thinking quite a long time about Bob's work. You know Bob, the chap whose father was a sailor from South America. He told me that his work tired his wrist terribly, because he has to turn a bit of the leather over so fast to meet the machine. So I was thinking that if there was a little grip fastened to the machine to turn it over just while the machine moved, then the work would go that much faster and it wouldn't wear Bob's wrist out, either. I talked with Bob about it and he thought it would work. Then I spoke to the foreman, too, and yesterday the superintendent sent for me to come to his office. Say, Dad, you ought to see that Superintendent's office. It's a cracker-jack. It would be some fun to work in a place like that."

"Aw, we don't care about the superintendent's lovely office. We don't live there. What did he say?" said his next younger brother.

"Well, he said," continued Joe, trying to be impressive, "that my idea seemed fairly good and they'd try it out and if it worked as I said and could save any time or money for the company, he'd give me a hundred dollars for my idea. And I know it'll work. Oh, I know it will work," he said, getting quite excited.

"My boy," said Joe's father, "you've made an invention. And I guess the company's going to get the best of you. That one little grip will save them thousands of dollars every year and you'll get perhaps one hundred dollars out of it."

"Oh, I don't know," said Joe. "Just wait and see."

So Joe waited. He couldn't help going up after supper on the night he told his folks about the invention and telling Bob and his sister Kit the great news. And before he went home he said quietly to Kit so that the others didn't hear, "When I get that hundred dollars, you and I'll go to the best show there is in town and we'll have the best seats, too."

But after that Joe didn't see anything that looked like one hundred dollars.

He waited week after week and after a couple of months he ventured into the superintendent's office and asked about it. But the superintendent answered gruffly that the grip was not yet tried out and he'd be told when the company was ready to pay him.

So Joe went a few more months and it was summer before he was again called to the superintendent's office and after signing a paper giving over all rights to the idea, was given a check for one hundred dollars. Some way, it didn't look nearly so great and grand as Joe had thought it would and he felt a little bitter toward the superintendent for keeping him waiting so long. And strange to say the one thought that came into his mind as he put the check away in his pocket was,



The Superintendent Answered Gruffly

"What's the use? All the good shows are over for this season."

That night when Joe showed his father the check, the latter said:

"If you have another idea like that, Joe, do you know what they'll do with you? Up in the big factory in Massachusetts where they only make the machinery used in factories like yours they have a special department where the fellows that have ideas like you are making experiments to improve the machines all of the time. The company makes them believe they are getting first-class salaries and are a little better than the other shoe workers and then takes their inventions just like yours was taken and the company makes thousands of dollars out of each one of these inventions every year. There's where they'll be sending you pretty soon. So look out and don't talk too much about your ideas." And although Joe was getting to be a young man nearly twenty, he thought his father's advice was worth taking. B. H. M.

(To be continued.)

Nuts

Some of the children may remember that I wrote of the fruits that have soft, juicy coverings in order to attract the animals that feed on them, and, in so doing, sow their seeds. This month, however, I will write of the fruits that have tough, stony coverings and which are known to us as nuts. These, unlike the other fruits, are formed to escape the notice of animals, for the sweet kernel of the nut which is eatable is in reality the seed. And the seed is stored with rich oils and starchy foods for the nourishment of the young tree which in springtime will grow from it. Take the hazelnut for instance. They are green in color when on the tree, but they become brown in color when they are ripe and have fallen to the ground. The

result is you can scarcely distinguish them from the fallen leaves around them.

The shell of the walnut on the other hand is not only hard and tough, it is also very bitter to the taste and for this reason it affords additional protection against the attacks of animals. In the horse chestnut it is the kernel that has a bitter taste and horses will not eat it, though cattle, deer, and sheep are said to be fond of it. The boys, I know, are all familiar with it, for have they not often put it on a string and played at konker or Conqueror, with their companions? The conqueror is he who first cracks the nut of his opponent.

Some of you may think that an acorn is not a nut; but it is a nut nevertheless. Many centuries ago acorns were used for feeding swine, and they have been used for making bread in times of famine. It is a curious fact that the oak tree does not produce a single acorn till it is sixty or seventy years of age. Hence the reason we have so many ancient oaks in this country.

You see, then, that nuts are really seeds and their purpose is to produce new plants or trees according to the nature of the seeds. They contain sufficient nutriment to feed the young seedlings while these are developing their roots and leaves, and so Nature year by year is building up for us a world that is at once beautiful and bountiful. Not only beautiful and bountiful, but meant to be free for the sustenance and joy of all her children equally, as it shall be when Love and Justice reign in the world.—By Tom Auld, in *The Young Socialist*.

The Spinner

One sunny yellow morning in October, a big yellow leaf on a maple tree thought, "I wonder if I shall fall to the earth today. The wind blows and I feel as if my stem were ready to leave this branch."

Just then a fat caterpillar crawled under the leaf and held tight to the midrib. He was just heavy enough to loosen the stem, and slowly the yellow leaf drifted down to the ground.

This was what the caterpillar had hoped would happen, and after a time, he crawled from the leaf through fast dying grass till he came to the house steps.

By afternoon he had reached the top step, from which he easily drew himself to the side of the house; here he rested under the lower side of a clapboard. This would be a very good spot for him to stay in all winter; but before he could fasten himself in place, along came what seemed to him to be a giant. This giant slipped a card under him, and carried him away to a strange new home in a clear glass jar.

He kept quite still on the card—for that was the best thing for him to do—till dark night came, and he began to work, as he knew he must get ready for a long, long rest.

One end of the card was turned down just far enough to make the same kind of shelter that the clapboard had made; and here he thought he would have his resting place. He felt around with his head and first pair of legs as if he wished to be sure that he had chosen the right spot upon the card.

Then he touched it just below his mouth place, and on each side of this spot and found that he was all ready to begin his spinning. His dull, orange-colored, plump body was nicely held in place by his two rows of legs; his golden neckband shone, and his queer head, that made him look like an alligator, moved from side to side as he spun a fairy, silvery thread.

When he had spun enough, he pushed his head beneath the loop, bent backward and forward several times, and stretched the shining cord until it rested just behind his golden neckband; then it parted and the ends slipped down and caught fast near the second set of pretty green dots on his side.

While he stretched the fairy threads,

his third and fourth pair of legs looked as if they were being covered with something shiny and sticky; and pretty soon he cuddled his head down, his body settled close to the card and the tail end was quickly fastened as nicely as the head and feet were. Next, his body gently trembled and the caterpillar was at last ready for winter.

Day by day, his pretty colors grew duller and duller until he was just the color of a very dry oak leaf. All the long winter he kept so still that it seemed as if there could not be any life within the dull, tough covering; but when spring brought the sunshine day after day, and everything out of doors was waking up, he would shiver now and then.

On the bright, lovely first day of May, the greatest shiver of all shook him, and, in a twinkling, his coat case split above his head and neck, and out came such a queer, moist, little roll you could hardly believe that it would soon be a tailed butterfly, one that looked like black velvet marked with pale blue blotches; and with wings bordered with dainty white dots, and blue and rose crescents.

Such a lovely butterfly! And never a more perfect *papilio-asterias* came out of a dull-colored house than this one whose birthday was May-day.—Margaret D. Plympton in *Little Folks' Monthly Magazine*.

How Umbrellas Are Made

Now that the rainy days of autumn are here when it is so easy to lose our faithful friend; the umbrella, it may be interesting to know a little of the work that goes into the making of umbrellas.

In most umbrella factories the task of turning out ribs and stems is left to factories making a specialty of those parts. These are sent to the manufacturer and the man whose work it is to assemble the parts inserts a bit of wire into the small holes at the end of the ribs, draws them together about the main rod, and adjusts the ferrule.

In cutting the cloth or silk, seventy-five thicknesses, or thereabouts, are arranged upon a table, at which skilled operators work. In one department there are girls who operate hemming machines and a thousand yards of goods is but a day's work for one of these girls. The machines doing this work attain a speed of three thousand revolutions a minute. After the hemming has been done, the cloth or silk is cut into triangular pieces with a knife, as before, but with a pattern laid upon the cloth.

The next operation is the sewing of the pieces together by machinery. The covers and frames are now ready to be brought together. In all there are twenty-one places where the cover is to be attached to the frame. The handle is next glued on and the umbrella is ready for pressing and inspection.

Reading, Writing and Arithmetic

"Little Tabby, can you read?"

"Yes, sir, very well indeed;

"R-U-N spells run, you see,
When you meet a D-O-G."

"Little Topsy, can you write?"

"Paper, sir, is my delight;



Ink I'm fond of, too, and then
I adore a scratchy pen."

"Fluffy, you look very sad!"

"Sir, I'm learning how to add;

One plump bird and two fat mice
Make, sir, well—a dinner nice."

—R. K. Mounsey in *Father Tuck's Annual*.

Come Have a Smile With Us

Flings at Things

BY D. M. S.

For the Dreamer

Do dreams come true?
They do. They do.
Although it may depend somewhat
On whether it is sense or rot
You take the pains to dream about
As to their final working out.

The dream of Otis. What of that?
Already it has fallen flat.
The working man who would not be
A cringing slave he hoped to see
Strung up that he might vent his rage.
That dream runs counter to the age
And so his time is wasted when
He dreams a dream like that again.

The dream of Post
That naked ghost
On grapes fed
Is well nigh dead.

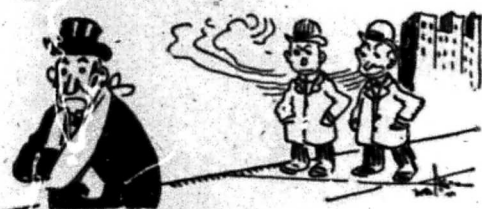
As to the dream of Theodore
Told to his hearers in a roar
That he in 1912 would lead
The howling hosts is dead indeed
Although its spirit stalks the land
Not knowing that it has been canned.

The dream of Taft
That bluff and graft
Would pull him through
Will not come true.

But there is one well-balanced dream
A product of the age of steam
By toilers only understood,
A living dream of brotherhood
A promise of a day to be,
Of man and woman, strong and free.
That will come true, you bet your boots.
Oh, break it gently to the plutes.

Must Have Been So

"Old Moneybucks has his arm in a sling."



"Yes, he sprained his wrist."
"How?"
"Doing good."
"Indeed."
"Fact. I got it from his press agent."

Its Favorite Treatment

"Why such a busy day?"
"Oh, I thought I would kill Socialism."
"Why, you cruel thing."
"No, I am kind. Socialism thrives on killing."

Might Wound the System

"Officer, arrest that man!"
"What for?"



"Concealed weapons. I saw him put a Socialist pamphlet in his pocket."

Such Able Help

"When will we have our first Socialist president?"
"In 1912."
"I wish I could share your optimism,

but I fear you have set the date four years too soon."

"Not at all. In the ordinary course of events we might not have it until 1916, but with Roosevelt and Taft both opposing how can they beat us?"

Little Flings

The insurgent cannot fool the working man all of the time nor a little bit of the time.

China is only preparing itself for the grand fireworks.

Flying wasn't born perfect. Neither will Socialism be. But they will both grow.

Italy, though a robber, belongs to the robbers' union of Europe, which gives it respectability.

Elections show which way the wind is blowing and it is not always the same

way the big wind was blowing during the campaign.

Pennsylvania workers had it well rubbed in on them before the treatment took.

Taft must feel instinctively that he knows what the recall would have done to him had it been in operation while he was judge.

Socialism is moving as an avalanche. The bright person will not get in its path.

J. Wesley Hill, anti-Socialist, has gone to Japan. The mikado should nail down his throne.



If Bryan could possibly be dead he probably would be.

It took longer to elect the first congressman than it will the next thirty.

Told at the Dinner Hour

A Softer Spot

BY JOHN H. STOKES.

Sam Johnson, a negro, was employed as a hod carrier in the construction of one of New York's sky-scrapers. One day while he was loading his hod, a careless mason dropped a brick from the eleventh story of the building which struck him squarely on the head. A frown knitted the old negro's brow as he looked up and shouted:

"Quit dat, quit dat! I can't be annoyed wid no such foolishness."

A moment later, however, another brick struck him on the foot and he had to be taken to the hospital.

An Editor

An old rancher had been celebrating the sale of his alfalfa, and in a slightly uncertain condition had followed a small crowd into a public hall where some fifty men were already assembled.

One of them hurried up to him and asked him if he had not made a mistake. "This is a State Convention of Editors, and only newspaper men are in attendance."

"Aw, g'wan," said the old rancher, "I'm an editor—I run the *Hay Press*." He was allowed to remain.

The Retort Courteous

BY EDITH WILLIAMS.

(Heard in San Francisco when the victory of Equal Suffrage was reported.)

Pinhead Bank Clerk—"Well, Miss Stenographer, what office are you going to run for next election—Supervisor, or Mayor?"

Miss Stenographer—"Neither. I'm going to run for Coroner, so as to get a chance to plant some of the dead ones in this town."

Made a Blunder

He lectured for the Farmers' Institute and while in the town was entertained in the homes of people who took active part in the work.

As he approached his first lodging place, he found the hostess sweeping.

After an exchange of greetings, he looked admiringly at the pile she was whisking into the dustpan, and said, with an air of saying something especially nice:

"Say, but you are an excellent sweeper—my wife couldn't sweep up that amount of dirt in a week!"

The Editor Man

BY WILL HERFORD.

The editor man is finicky.
He don't like this and he don't want that;
And the stuff I send that looks so good
He thinks it stale and flat.
For his taste is so uncertain,
And his lit'ry stumnick plays him tricks,
And for times and times it won't hold nuthin'
And now and then there's somethin' sticks.

But mostly you can't suit the man,
For times and times; but when you do!
You know the damned cuss is human,
And you feel human, too.
—From a contributor, after several of his manuscripts have been rejected.

Host—"What do you think, yesterday evening I set my new boots to dry on the kitchen hearth—my wife didn't notice them, built a fire and—"

Boarder—Aha!—now I know why my beefsteak was so tough yesterday evening!"

The little girl gazed at the big Chester White hogs. "O look, mamma," she cried; "those pigs have white rinds!"

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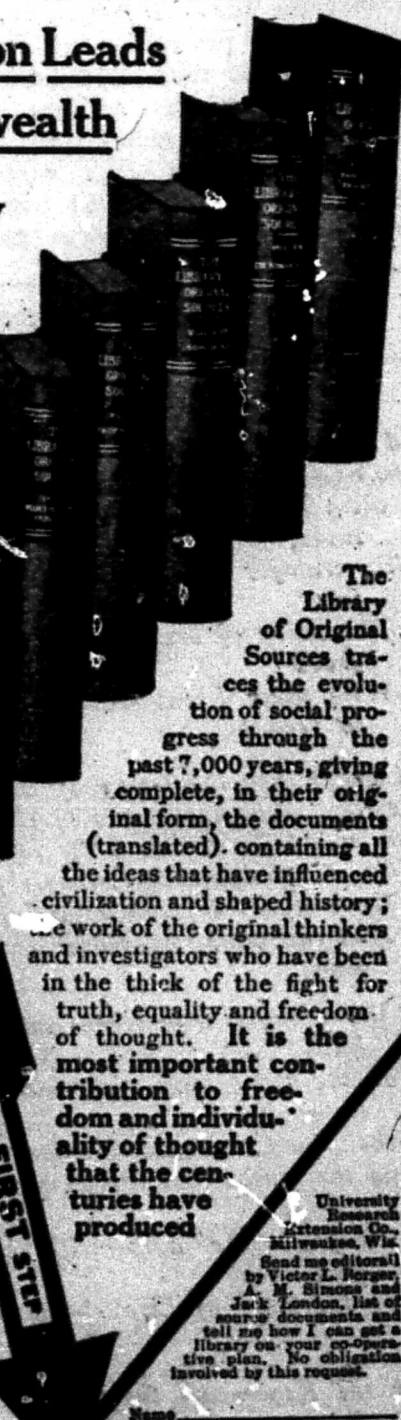
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The Electric Farm

Farming by electricity is by no means uncommon in Europe and is making strides in Canada. The electric plow handles 25 to 30 acres a day at low cost.

One of the best examples of what electricity will do to lift the burden of toil from the farmer's back is shown on the place of Eli Crosiar, near Utica, Illinois.

Mr. Crosiar gets his power from a nearby creek. His plant cost \$2,500, including motors, cream separators and all other apparatus. He lights his house and barn; supplies the house with heat by means of luminous radiators; saws his wood, hoists his grain, churns his butter and finally milks his 26 cows all by electricity. His wife sits in the parlor and turns the switches in response to his ring from the barn. "And the cows prefer to be milked the electric way," he says.

Fine for the fellow who has the price of an electric farm, isn't it? But not so fine for the fellow who is looking for a job sawing wood or milking cows!

Those who believe that, in time, natural forces and machinery are destined to do all the hard and dirty work, and that when that time comes a way will be found to make us all citizens of a world of comfort and beauty, contemplate the "electric milkmaid" with considerable satisfaction. — *Los Angeles Record.*

Who Benefited by the Economy

Mr. Holmes, of the Department of Agriculture, in the Yearbook of that Department for 1899, points out that between the years 1855 and 1894 the time of human labor required to produce one bushel of corn on an average declined from 4 hours and 34 minutes to 41 minutes, and the cost of the human labor required to produce this bushel declined from 35 3/4 cents to 10 1/2 cents. Between 1830 and 1896 the time of human labor required for the production of a bushel of wheat was reduced from 3 hours to 10 minutes, while the price of the labor required for this purpose declined from 17 3/4 cents to three and a third cents. Between 1860 and 1894 the time of human labor required for the production of a ton of hay was reduced from 35 1/2 hours to 11 hours and 34 minutes, and the cost of labor per ton was reduced from \$3.06 to \$1.29." — *President Taft before the National Conservation Congress, at Kansas City, Mo., September 25, 1911.*

BEAUTY FOR ASHES

BY JOHN WARD STIMSON.

Feed thy soul—but no longer on husks!
On husks that the dull swine do eat!
Let them rend thee no more with their tusks,

Nor trample thee down with their feet!
The swine of brute raving and greed
Who think LIFE was made—"just to feed"!

God grant thee the Glory of Light!
Let thy soul once awake to His Day!
Open up all the wonders of Sight
That in splendors of Paradise play
Over mountains and ocean and glen,
And the minds of brave manioving men!

All the dreams that sleep among the hills!
And the lark's song—the nightingale's lay—

To the Spirit that fair Nature fills,
And the truths that the wise prophets say
Through the ages—with wisdom afire

In the blaze of Life's brightest Desire!

Seek the Key!—and the vance of that Door
Where Aladdin once entered and found

Life's Palace and gem covered Floor,
Where the treasures of Knowledge abound!
Let it fill thee with Wonder and Love
Ere Death bear thee from earth above!

Thou art bound for the Star-Fields-of-Light!
This cold world was not meant for thy "home."
Here Greed tramples Truth and the Right;

And the meek in deep misery roam!
The good, and the just are crushed down
For the bauble of Mammon's base crown!

Feed thy Soul! but no longer on husks!
Spread thy wings to the Light-of-the-Sun!

Rise above the dank odors, and dusk
Of the night!—thou hast yet far to run!

Speed thy steed for the Land of the Dawn!

Let the lights of the Incoming Morn!



The Farmer: "Well, I'll just about turn things over with this spade"

Socialist Success in Sweden

The recent final Parliamentary elections in Sweden indicate an enormous increase in Socialist strength. Success in the fight for woman suffrage is also assured. The conservatives who are the pronounced opponents of woman suffrage, lost 29 of the 93 seats held in the last house. They also lost control of the government under the premiership of Lindman, to the Liberals.

The Social-Democrats increased their representation in the lower house of Parliament from 39 to 65, showing that the conservatives lost the major part of their seats to the Socialists.

The number of votes cast by the Socialists in the final election was 172,780. For the Liberals, 242,127 and for the conservatives, 188,247.

Beginning with the election of 1902, when they elected one representative and in the three succeeding elections of 1905, 1908 and 1911, the Socialists have increased their representation from nothing to 65 seats.

The indications are that in the ap-

proaching elections to the upper house, the Socialists will make further inroads in the conservative strength, the combined representation in both houses of Parliamentary being estimated at 77.

A bill for the establishment of woman suffrage will be introduced at the opening of the new Parliament the first of next year, the success of which is assured by the combined strength of the Socialists and the Liberals.

The success of the Socialists and the defeat of the conservatives is largely due to the agitation carried on by the women during the election,

Freedom

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

—James Russell Lowell.