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# The Child of My Soul

by J.A. Wayland

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After planning for nearly a year, I saw my ideal of a Socialist propaganda paper issued at Greensburg, Indiana, April 30, 1893 — *The Coming Nation*. My hopes were to reach a circulation of 10,000 copies a week, which to me then was as great a circulation as I could hope for. I felt that I could sustain that paper from my personal income without drawing a cent for my time, and so announced in the first issue of it.

That paper represented my very soul. It met with a welcome that was beyond my dreams. In 14 months it had attained a circulation of 65,000 copies weekly, and the surplus money was piling up. I never drew a cent from its income, even for my living. I used all its income for arranging for a colony (one of my errors) at Ruskin, Tennessee, and moved the paper there in July 1894.

The paper's success increased until it paid a profit of about \$500 a week, when I left it, in July 1895, because I found the error and did not care to waste my few years of life on it. After I left the paper and started the *Appeal to Reason* at Kansas City in August 1895, *The Coming Nation* had many editors and a varied career, being moved to Georgia, where it died. I had the opportunity several times of getting the paper at a nominal price — one-tenth of what I had paid for its material alone, but I felt that I could afford to forego the desire, as the world would say that I had wrecked it by opposition to get it back.

It was bought by Comrades [Fred] Warren and [E.N.] Richardson, who had been employed on the *Appeal* for a year or more, and revived at Rich Hill, Missouri, where it met with a large degree of success, though a financial failure. In the con-

solidation of *The Coming Nation* with the *Appeal*, my child has come back home, and it gives me a pleasure that words cannot express.

When I gave up *The Coming Nation*, it was not easier than to have given up one of my children. It caused me many a heartache, for I planned that paper, had put my life into it, had shed tears over its trials, and many the sheet of copy that went to its printers was covered with moisture from my eyes as I wrote, for I felt the things I put into its columns.

The child has come home and the family is complete once more. May the strength it has gathered in its wanderings and hardships make its new home more pleasant and give support to its younger brother, that they may combined be the greatest help in liberating the nation from its thralldom of ignorance and duplicity to the powers of mammon.

I feel a delight and relief that I have not felt for years.

*J.A. Wayland.*

*Edited by Tim Davenport*

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