

## Editorials

By Charles Edward Russell



OBSERVE with joy uncircumscribed that the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, that eminent philosopher and moral guide, has hit upon the social dope that will cure all our troubles.

Dr. Abbott admits that although Roosevelt is in the saddle and all should be well with the world, somehow it isn't. The laboring classes are discontented with the lot assigned to them. They find that year after year the cost of living goes up, but wages remain about the same and they chafe under this dispensation.

Let them be still and know that the Outlook and Roosevelt are still on the job. What they want is a good dose of the new Abbott remedy. Half a wine glass every morning on arising. It is called "Industrial Democracy" or Dr. Abbott's celebrated elixir, and it is hot stuff.

I have been taking a look at this golden medical discovery and assure the sceptical that it is perfectly grand. Like all other good things it is also quite simple. The sure remedy for all our social troubles is for workingmen to buy stock in the company for which they work. Then they will have an interest in the concern and will not strike or otherwise misbehave, and they will get dividends and that will offset the increase in the cost of living.

Nothing could be lovelier and I hope all workingmen will start in at once to buy stock. They can easily do that out of their savings from their present wages. You take a man that gets \$50 a month and pays \$15 of that for the house he lives in and then pays the butcher's bills and the grocer's bills, and buys clothes and shoes for the children and for his wife and himself, and the amount of stock he can buy with the surplus would startle a Vanderbilt. Workingmen's wages in this country average something under \$400, and considering the price-lists of necessities one can easily imagine long lines of workingmen walking up to their employers with their savings in their hands and staggering away under great blocks of stock.

Yes, it is a fine idea. Dr. Abbott knows that it will work perfectly because his friend George W. Perkins has told him about the Steel Trust employees that were allowed to buy stock in that institution and how fine that was. Mr. Perkins does not seem to have told Dr. Abbott the price at which the stock was sold to the workingmen, nor the price to which the insiders immediately drove it, nor the number of workingmen holders that were shaken out, nor how much they lost by the operation, nor how much the insiders made, nor how small was the proportion of employees able to get the stock, nor a few other things like that. All Mr. Perkins says is that the workingmen were allowed to buy stock and that the results were highly beneficial; which they certainly were for the people on the inside.

But anyway, here is our Moses; here is the man we have been looking for. He knows what is good for us. Let the workman betake himself with fresh avidity to his tasks; let the troubled housewife cheer up. The end of all their afflictions is at hand. Let them buy stock in the enterprise for which the good man works. Let them buy it in Wall street. Let them buy it of the eminent brokers there that are friends of the Outlook. If they succeed in buying so much as \$100 worth of stock they may get \$3.50 a year in dividends if the insiders refrain from tricks and just think how that will knock down the rent and the butcher's bills and the rest of it.

As a nation we are not believed to be lacking in the sense of humor, but we certainly seem to overlook a great deal of it.

The other day Theodore Roosevelt opened a park at Ossawatimie, Kan., dedicated to the honor of John Brown and bearing his name.

Col. Roosevelt made a speech. When he got through no one arose to read Colonel Roosevelt's opinions of the Abolitionists and John Brown as written in the Colonel's books. Yet if anyone had done so the audience and the nation, or so much of it as is capable of laughing, would have roared aloud with merriment. The heart of humor is the incongruity of the idea. No idea was ever more incongruous than that of Theodore Roosevelt opening a park to the memory of one of the Abolitionists he has denounced.

I doubt if there is so much fun going on in the world that we can afford to miss any of it. We cannot now read Colonel Roosevelt's words in Colonel Roosevelt's face as he thunders and spatters at Ossawatimie, but we can compare what he said there with his previous remarks on the subject and that will be fun enough for one afternoon.



Some deviations of the ways of the politician are past finding out, but from the madhouse spectacles of the last few weeks these facts at least are apparent to every thoughtful observer:

Colonel Roosevelt plans to be the next president of the United States and the next.

He has definitely thrown over the man that he

installed as his successor and henceforth will strive to undermine and ruin that man.

He knew perfectly well the nature and weakness of that man, knew that he would make a failure in office, knew that he would antagonize everybody, knew that he was incompetent for the place. He knew that the inevitable result would be loud cries for his own return and he knew how he could take advantage of any such demand.

He now perceives that labor is becoming more and more restless in this country, that it begins to see something of the huge injustice of present conditions, that the whole country is coming to a revolt against privilege and the capitalist class.

Therefore he seeks to put himself at the head of this movement that he may be president for a third term.

In all this he is, of course, merely a skillful demagogue. If he can succeed in getting away with the thing he wants he will be the most skillful and the most colossal demagogue in history. Compared with him Louis Napoleon who fooled and misled the French people for eighteen years was not worth mentioning. Louis Napoleon had at least something in the way of achievement. He commanded at actual battles, he beautified Paris, he had something of coherency and plan in his mind. This man has never done one thing in this world except to furnish hot air, platitudes and a loud noise. If the American people are willing to be ruled by so cheap a mountebank they will be the enduring jest of history.

If three terms why not four? If four why not ten? After which we can have a dose of Kermat. He kills things, too.

Mr. Taft sends out for the press a five column letter defending and eulogizing his administration. A libal contemporary remarks that it found one man that had read it and he was a proof-reader and was paid for the job. With such flippant comments our journal of progress can have no sympathy.

### Taft's Sad Fizzle

When a president of the United States is driven by popular discontent with his work to make a plaintive wail about the way he is misunderstood we think the spectacle is pathetic and not comic.

If Mr. Taft has not been understood the trouble to a great extent is that he has not understood himself nor his job. He came into office tremendously impressed with the judicial idea that the people of the country are quite inferior and the function of a president is to lead them in the way they should go. To his mind the important persons were all persons of wealth. Having, of course, not the slightest acquaintance with economics it never occurred to him that as 85 per cent of Americans are either poor or very poor the well-to-do are numerically too inconsiderable to bother with. He began to conduct his administration on the lines that he always followed when he conducted a court. For some months he has been butting his head against the fact that this will no longer work. He can't see that yet, so he continues to butt. The misunderstanding about which he complains is his own doing. A public officer that recognizes first that he is only a hired man and second that government owes most to the least fortunate never is misunderstood so you could notice it.

Mr. Taft's education as a judge is what did the business for him and would have ruined him even if he had been something of a democrat and something of a wise man to start with. The position of our judges and the manner of their appointment would ruin nine men in ten that began without any economic training. Mr. Taft, of course, being a graduate of our most famous university had no more economic training than a cow. He has blundered into a sad political maze and it is evident that still more humiliating things are ahead for him.

Mr. Paul Morton, factotum for J. Pierpont Morgan and Thomas F. Ryan, head of the Equitable Life and director in the Rubber Trust, comes home from Europe to tell us that what this country needs is military conscription.

### Morton and Morgan Want Conscription

Mr. Morton seems to have thought his proposal would be viewed with some surprise, but it wasn't. To all observers that keep track of the run of things it seemed exactly what they had been looking for and to come from an extremely appropriate source.

Conscription as the next step in our development is clearly foreshadowed by the Dick military law. In fact, that famous measure is incomplete without conscription. We hope to see some congressman faithful of the interests contingent introduce at the next session the necessary legislation. Anything in the world to get these people out into the open. A good strong conscription law would do it about as well as anything. It is what the reactionaries want. We wish they would say so.

Mr. Morton's idea is that enforced military service makes men obedient and therefore useful and what he would call good citizens. We had thought that most of Mr. Morgan's men were pretty obedient now, but Mr. Morton seems not to be quite satisfied. He wants them to be trained so that they will do stunts. Revelations of the conditions in the Steel Trust mills in Pittsburg would seem to indicate that at least in the way of working long hours for very small wages Mr. Morgan's employes there are quite docile. One fails to see how military

training could make them more so. It can hardly be these men that Mr. Morton has in mind. It must be others, men that strike and disturb our peace with unseemly clamors.

Mr. Morton ought to know what is good for such. He began his career by putting down the engineers' strike on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad many years ago and his face has been set for obedience every since. One might think that Judge Goff's injunction regulating the thoughts of men would be a fine and effective means of inculcating obedience. A poor devil of a cloak-maker cannot perform disobedient acts if he is not allowed to think disobedient thoughts. But even this does not quite satisfy Mr. Morton. He is all for soldiers and a bayonet at every corner and strict obedience.

The czar and czarina of Russia are now brightening with their gracious presence the German watering place of Bad Nauheim.

To insure that their distinguished and highly popular guests shall have a pleasant visit the German authorities have taken steps that will probably seem somewhat unusual, even in Germany.

They began by selecting for the residence of the czar and czarina a strong castle about a mile from the baths.

Next they evicted from his house every dweller within a radius of half a mile of the castle.

Then they filled all the houses thus emptied with detachments of soldiers, police agents, spies, detectives, plain-clothes men and a few other varieties of national defense.

Then they filled the grounds of the castle with fortifications, Uhlans, bussars, field artillery and light and heavy dragoons.

Then they barricaded all the highways, stopped all traffic and made the milkman in the morning stand on his head to show that he had no bombs in his pockets.

On September 20 the Associated Press carried a listening and delighted world the precious news that the czar had that day "without sign of nervousness" entered a Nauheim cafe.

Brave old czar! Nothing that I know of in history equals this exhibition of daring personal courage except the way Colonel Crazy Horse used to expose himself when he was president. With condons of secret service detectives about him, with platoons before and behind, with secret service men on the roofs and at the windows, with an escort of detectives armed to the teeth, the dauntless colonel moved among the low, untruly populace superbly valorous and without sign of nervousness. It was a great sight. In New York we used to marvel at it, and in Washington at the size of the secret service expenditures. Brave old Crazy Horse!

Who pulled the strings by which the Indian graft investigation was shut off? Who stopped that inquiry just as it promised to reveal things about

### Graft and Reform Journals

some of our most eminent patriots? It is obvious that someone has lifted anchors upon millions of graft and monstrous fraud. Names extremely familiar in the American ear are brought into the revelations. All of a sudden the inquiry stops, an unseen hand wields a large, powerful whitewash brush, the incident is closed, and somewhere in our broad happy land about a score or more of grafters draw a delighted breath and pat affectionately their bags of plunder.

I wish we could get one of the professional optimists to consider these facts for a moment. Of course, we never can, but I wish we could. John Luther Long, Sir Albert Shaw, J. Muddle McCormick, or any of them. If they would just for once come out of their ecstatic trances and tell us about things as they are, how nice that would be! Tell us about this suppressed investigation or about Vice President Sherman's Ice Trust, or about his relations with the packing interests or about the Guggenheim strings on President Taft or about the real condition of our courts or about anything else, anything in the wide world that is real and has something to do with things as they are and will premit for a moment or two the eternal yawn that covers devilry with a goodly exterior.

When you come down to actualities, brethren, it is the sham reform publications like the Outlook or the American Magazine that does the real harm in this country. Everybody discounts the utterances of the known journalistic harlots of the interests. The periodicals that continually reassure us that all is well with us do the irreparable mischief.

In a few days will occur the first anniversary of Spain's assassination of Francisco Ferrer and the day will be marked by memorial meetings in

### Philadelphia Catches up With Spain and Russia

all parts of the world except in Spain and in Russia. When Ferrer was murdered meetings of protest were held everywhere except in Spain, Russia and Philadelphia. In Spain and Russia the government prevented them and in Philadelphia the police broke them up. This year there is to be a Ferrer meeting even in Philadelphia and similar meetings in twenty-nine other American cities. In what way the Philadelphia police force has been even slightly elevated from the category of Spain and Russia does not appear, but the fact itself is full of hope. I have been privileged to observe the Philadelphia police force in its peculiar ministrations upon the heads and limbs of unoffending citizens desirous to exercise their constitutional rights and bow in respect to the civilizing influence, whatever it is, that can make any impression upon that gang of ruffians.

When Ferrer was killed the American press did all in its power to cover his name with ridicule and obloquy and to convince the public that his death was the merited punishment of a dangerous criminal. The Associated Press joined with apparent alacrity in this goodly work, and its efforts were ably seconded by willing hands. In one New York newspaper office a cable despatch was manufactured and printed as regular news setting forth a bundle of most atrocious falsehoods about the man and his work. Others published editorials containing similar fabrications. Only the Socialist and radical journals told the truth—that Ferrer was a great, unselfish, humane teacher, emancipator and martyr to the cause of education.

Yet in the face of a propaganda of lies from the reactionaries everywhere Ferrer seems to be revealed now to the world in his true place. The world has understood almost intuitively, one might say. Extraordinary movements for monuments and other memorials are on foot in nearly every country, including the United States. In a year the name of Ferrer has become that of a popular hero and the government that murdered him has been driven in spite of itself to take up a part of his great work.

It is so beyond a doubt with the whole human cause. The corporations bribe and bully; their newspapers lie and sneer; the courts enjoy everything even to speech and thought; the Baers and the Kaisers prate of divine right; the Roosevelts dream of empire and autocracy; wealth makes of representative government a tool to gather more wealth; reformers and the friends of man sit down in discouragement, but the cause goes on. The Kaisers and the Roosevelts and all the rest are no more than the dust of a day. All of them together cannot stop emancipation nor even check it. Evil perishes and good persists. The spectacle of William the Second shaking his fist at advancing democracy in Germany will be one of the morals of history like Canute before the ocean tides, and Roosevelt planning an empire will be recalled only to furnish amusement.



HE glad news comes from the foreign correspondents that Germany and England have now hit upon a battle-ship far more destructive than the Dreadnought, the super-Dreadnought and the super-super-Dreadnought. It has gasolene engines, no funnels, a deck completely protected against bombs from aeroplanes, only five feet of iron board, impenetrable armor and it fires projectiles seventeen inches in diameter and costing \$5,000 each. It can easily destroy the most powerful battleship now afloat and cannot be destroyed itself except by a vessel of its own type.

In view of the illimitable wealth that the nations in the last six years have poured out upon Dreadnoughts this is indeed precious information. It means that all the battleships that we have been building will have to go to the junk heap while we begin again the merry game at the point where we were six years ago. But let us march cheerfully on. Bedlam is almost in sight.

What we here in America have to show for all these piled-up millions nobody knows. At the slightest suggestion that we should cease to waste wealth in this crazy fashion the war machine breaks into clamorous protest and eminent person remind us of the sacred necessity of war. We now face the next time congress is asked to appropriate money for a battle-ship the gentlemen that want it be compelled to build it. Let them furnish the materials and do the work. Considering their status as professional patriots that ought to be no sacrifice for them.

I made last week a few cursory remarks about the Russian government and its latest victim, Wezsal, now in its clutches at Boston. On further reflection I am moved to inquiry about several phases of this strange matter. How does it happen, for example, that we can never get the press at large to publish the facts about any of these Russian cases? Why was it that only the Socialist and radical press would take any interest in the attempted kidnaping of Jan Pouren in New York, or in the parallel outrage that was so nearly accomplished in Chicago? Why is there so much silence about all these affairs? They seem to constitute legitimate news, if anything does. The Russian government, in violation of old-time American principle, reaches out its claws and seizes a political refugee on American soil with the intention of taking him to Russia and murdering him. The American government, reversing immemorial American practice, assists in the design. If that is not information proper to give the public, what on earth is it?

Yet it never is given except through the Socialist and radical press, and that is what I want to know about. How does it happen? Why is it that we have never been able to get the press to tell the truth about the vile treaty under which America is expected to do Russia's dirty work? Why were the facts about it suppressed when the treaty was adopted and why have they been suppressed ever since?

The least inquiry about any of these subjects will produce results that I promise will astonish the optimists. At whose behest was the treaty negotiated? The Standard Oil company's. Who is interested in having it enforced? The Standard Oil company. Who is interested in having the facts concealed? The Standard Oil company. Then whose is the hand that forces the American government into the business of trapping refugees fleeing from Russian savagery?

If you were to say to the average complacent conservative that the true seat of government in the United States is at No. 26 Broadway, New York, he would think that you were merely crazy.

And yet, in sober earnest, where is it?



# A Socialist Ruled City

## How the Socialists Won—What they have Done—What they are Doing—What they will Do.

**W**HEN Roosevelt reached Milwaukee the hot-air balloon that had wafted him on from one ovating multitude to the next was suddenly punctured. Even his most enthusiastic friends were forced to admit that the reception lacked that screaming frenzy which is characteristic of a middle class mob applauding platitudes. Yet Wisconsin is the home of LaFollette, and LaFollette invented "insurgency" and coined the radical catch phrases labeled "my policies." No, that is not quite right. LaFollette did not invent them. He stole them. He took them from the Socialist platform in Wisconsin.

Wisconsin people knew this. They had the genuine article. Therefore they were not interested in counterfeits. The city of Milwaukee being in control of the Socialists who are actually doing very much more than Roosevelt ever pretended to stand for, his speech was almost as exciting as a Sophomore essay plagiarized from Herodotus.

The only thing that attracted any attention to Teddy in Milwaukee that he was snubbed by the mayor. After Roosevelt had strenuously sneaked a few ideas from the Socialists, he turned around and lied about the source of his plunder. Frightened lest the workers might discover the real thing before he could dispose of his imitations he accused the Socialists of wanting to disrupt the family, and frantically hurled at them all the second-hand slander he found lying around loose.

Emil Seidel, Socialist mayor of Milwaukee takes his Socialism seriously. It is not like the republicanism, or democracy or "insurgency" of capitalist politicians—a ladder by which to climb upon the backs of the people, or, to change the figure, a phonograph with which to amuse them while their product is being stolen. To Seidel Socialism is the means by which he and his family and his class—the workers—are to escape from the century-old weight of exploitation and industrial slavery. To it he has given his life. To him it has meant nights of study, days of hard work without pay save such as comes from the knowledge of a good work done, and the hope of a reward in which all shall share. To him Socialism is something bigger than conventional politeness and common courtesy. Therefore when Roosevelt came to Milwaukee, Mayor Seidel declined to serve upon a committee to receive the strenuous swashbuckler. For the first and only recorded time in his long career talkative Teddy had nothing to say. Once again the false had struck against the true and the ring of the base metal was so hollow that its friends sought only to muffle the sound.

That is a way that they have in Milwaukee. They do things instead of talking about them. They do not worry when the enemy steals a few planks from their platform. As Victor Berger once said, "Let them steal all they wish, so long as capitalism lasts we will have plenty of material from which to make more."

They have been doing things for years. At a time when many Socialists were quarreling over technical points in Socialist doctrine, they were distributing thousands of leaflets telling non-Socialists of the points upon which all Socialists are agreed. They are great believers in the virtues of literature in Milwaukee. They believe

in literature because they believe in the working class, and believe that if the workers read the truth and come to know it they will act upon it.

When M. E. H. Thomas, the efficient and effective state secretary was asked the question which has been asked so many times in the last few months, "How did the Wisconsin Socialists come to build up a movement that has had such a splendid result?" she gave this reply and explanation: "I believe that the best word that can

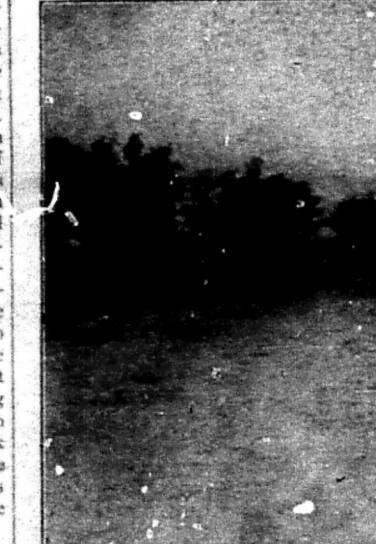


MAYOR EMIL SEIDEL AND FAMILY.

be spoken for American democracy, the fact that should inspire us with greatest confidence in the American people, is that the Socialists carried Milwaukee by the distribution of literature. For this fact shows that in the long run the appeal to the intelligence of the voter can be relied upon. The appeal to the baser passions and to unreason-

ing prejudice had been made in Milwaukee by the old parties. But it was unsuccessful. The old campaign methods of the democrats and republicans were simple enough. Their chief art consisted in the free distribution of beer and cigars. But it failed. Some of the workmen (I am not commending this act, but only stating it) took the cigars and beer, and then voted as they pleased.

"Next, the old party politicians tried to work on popular prejudice. They called the Socialist 'bloody revolutionists' and 'men of the red flag.' This also



VIEW OF RIVER AND LAND ALONG THE MILWAUKEE RIVER AT THIS POINT WILL BE PLOTTED FOR WORK.

did not work. Why? Because by the systematic, persevering distribution of Socialist literature, year after year, the truth had been presented to the people of Milwaukee, and they were sufficiently intelligent to discern truth from falsehood. The appeal to reason finally triumphed. And it triumphed, moreover, in spite of the fact that the Anti-Socialists had large campaign funds at their disposal, the contributions of the corporations and the 'interests', while the Socialists had to finance their campaign from the nickels and quarters of the proletariat. Is not this fine vic-

tion would never tire of bragging. They are sufficient to show that efficiency is compatible with democracy. This is the answer which Milwaukee makes to those who would urge such movements as the commission form of government, the "short ballot" and similar surrenders of democracy for the purpose of securing efficiency.

But the Socialists of Milwaukee are doing bigger things than any of these. They are preparing to rebuild the city in the interest of those who built the city and do its work. It would be hard to do a bigger thing.

There is much talk of "city planning" in these days. It has dawned upon the world that the modern city is an artificial man-made, (manufactured) thing that can be viewed and planned and built as a whole. So we find Chicago and Boston and San Francisco and Cleveland and a score of other cities hiring men who have made a study of this new craft, the craft of city plan-

ning, to draw outlines and paint pictures of possible cities, where business and residence and manufacturing districts and pleasure grounds and transportation systems shall all be part of one symmetrical scheme. Many of these plans have been made. Some national and even international gatherings and exhibitions have been held where these plans and pictures have been shown. So far these plans have been proceeded little beyond the picture stage. So far they have been made and

viewed through the eyes of those who live upon the boulevards and work the workers, rather than from the point of view of those who reside in the side streets and neglected districts and do the work of the city.

The Milwaukee plan is different. C. B. Whitnall, the Socialist city treasurer, is recognized as one of the master craftsmen in this craft of planning cities. He makes a drawing for a city as architects draft plans for houses. But he is a Socialist. So he starts out with the idea that a city is a place to live and work and be happy in and that there is no reason why those who live and work in the city should not be happy in it. Because he is a Socialist also, he set about making his plans something more than pictures. Today he is where those plans can be carried out.

Now it so happens that although the constitution of the state of Wisconsin and the ancient charter under which Milwaukee is operating forbid the city doing almost everything that its citizens might want to do, including the owning of street cars and nearly all other municipal undertakings, yet it has been granted the right to buy and sell real-estate. Under this provision the Milwaukee Socialist administration has obtained options on some 300 acres of land up north of the city, along the Milwaukee river and close to the shores of Lake Michigan. This is the locality that is supposed to be reserved for the residences of wealthy suburbanites. It is so reserved around Chicago. It was so reserved in Milwaukee, by virtue of the power of private possession, until the Socialists captured Milwaukee. Then it was reserved for the homes of workmen and their families. On this tract of land, which has been carefully platted so as to preserve its natural beauty and retain all the healthful possibilities it possesses, the Socialists propose to build working class homes, to be rented by the municipality at rents that will cover the cost of the land and the buildings.

Other sections of the city are being set aside for manufacturing plants and

1898	.....2,414,1904	.....15,056
1900	.....2,473,1906	.....16,873
1902	.....8,453,1908	.....20,887
1910	.....27,622	

It would be easy to enumerate a multitude of little things, by which the working class character of the new administration has been shown. The traction interests have been brought to book and forced to make concessions greater than any ever obtained by "reform" administrations in other cities. Union labor has been demanded in all city work, and the union label must appear on all city printing. A system of public accounting has been put into effect which will render grafting almost an impossibility in the future. The police have been treated like human beings and given an opportunity to "get acquainted with their families," by being given regular hours of work. The public works department has been completely reorganized upon an efficiency basis. Suits have been begun against the traction companies to recover a large sum of back taxes. The entire system of expending public money has been overhauled and sweeping reforms inaugurated, which make Milwaukee the first city in the country to have its affairs conducted upon the efficient methods used in modern business.

All these things have been done, and they would constitute a record of which any other than a Socialist administra-



VICTOR BERGER AND FAMILY. HIS WIFE, MRS. META BERGER, IS A MEMBER OF THE MILWAUKEE SCHOOL BOARD.

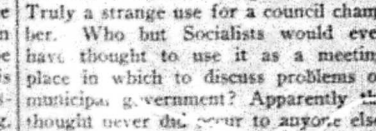
tion closed up over a hundred of the worst places in Milwaukee, a greater result than has been accomplished by some of the most successful "vice crusades." But unlike these crusades the Socialists did not content themselves with the negative action of closing the dives. They opened reputable places. This winter the school rooms of Milwaukee will work overtime. They will be thrown open each evening for dances, social gatherings and lectures and discussions. They will be made the neighborhood halls and houses to furnish a

brought him to Milwaukee to organize the work in that city. The work of the extension department of the University of Wisconsin will be combined with the school center idea until each school building will be almost a branch of the University for those who wish to take advantage of the opportunities that will be offered.

The schools are not the only buildings that will be put to new uses. Prof. Ward has arranged to open an Institute on municipal problems in the Common Council Chamber, beginning October 1st. Truly a strange use for a council chamber. Who but Socialists would ever have thought to use it as a meeting place in which to discuss problems of municipal government? Apparently the thought never did occur to anyone else.

There can be nothing more important than life and health to the people of any community. Socialism comes to the workers that they may have life and have it more abundantly. The problem of the health of a great city is one that needs every ability that can be commanded. Socialists of Milwaukee, while they must live in the old city and while they are planning and building the new one will be in constant need of the services of someone who knows these problems and knows their answers. In Dr. W. C. Rucker, whom they have placed at the head of the Department of Health, they have one of the ablest sanitary and health experts now living. He was largely instrumental in that almost rebuilding of San Francisco which was necessary in the fight to crush out the Bubonic plague, and was one of those that transformed New Orleans and banished the yellow fever by eradicating the mosquito from that city. In his present position he can for the first time fight for human lives unhampered by the fear of incurring profits. He has already headed off an incipient typhoid epidemic, forced the cleaning up of some of the worst stums, worked with the factory inspectors to make safer the lives of those who labor in these establishments, and is doing all possible to see that life and health are safeguarded in the general rebuilding and laying out of new additions to the city.

These are just a few of the things that are doing, being done and being planned in Milwaukee. The mention of plans raises the question of whether the Socialists will continue in power. As this is written the word comes that the democratic party has disappeared as an official party in Milwaukee, having failed at the recent primaries to poll the necessary 30 per cent of the vote at the previous election, which is required if it is to retain its official standing. Therefore, when the voter in Milwaukee goes into the polling booth this fall he will find only two names upon the voting machine which is used there, the republican and the Socialist. As the Socialists call themselves there for legal reasons. Remembering what happened to Roosevelt about the time the democrats were dropping out of sight the conclusion is fairly safe that the Socialists will remain in power and carry out their plans to build a new and better Milwaukee.



EDWARD J. WARD.

So the railroad lawyer—not the little cuss, but the prominent citizen, legal light, prospective cabinet member, potential federal judge, pillar of society, the sworn officer of the court and oath-bound to support the laws of Illinois—so he slipped out the passes for railroad and Pullman, and if worst comes to worst can cloak himself behind the privilege of his profession.

But to have a lawyer do your dirty work must be a comfort. For instance, how unpleasant it would be for Robt. T. Lincoln, president of the Pullman company, to have to personally hand to the grafters the \$25,000 of postage that they might ride free to the state capital, and then, within sight of the tomb of Abraham Lincoln, father of Robert T. barter away the laws, liberty and decency of the state of Illinois.—Knoxville Evening World.

THE new city will have many small parks in working class neighborhoods. These will not be simply breathing places. They will be "neighborhood centers." There will be outdoor playgrounds and gymnasiums and athletic fields, and indoor baths and club-rooms and halls for lectures and dances. When a delegation of ministers asked Mayor Seidel to close up some of the respectable dance halls he told them that he would do it just as fast as the city could open up decent amusement centers. Now the Socialists are doing both. When the time came to renew saloon licenses this year the Socialist adminis-

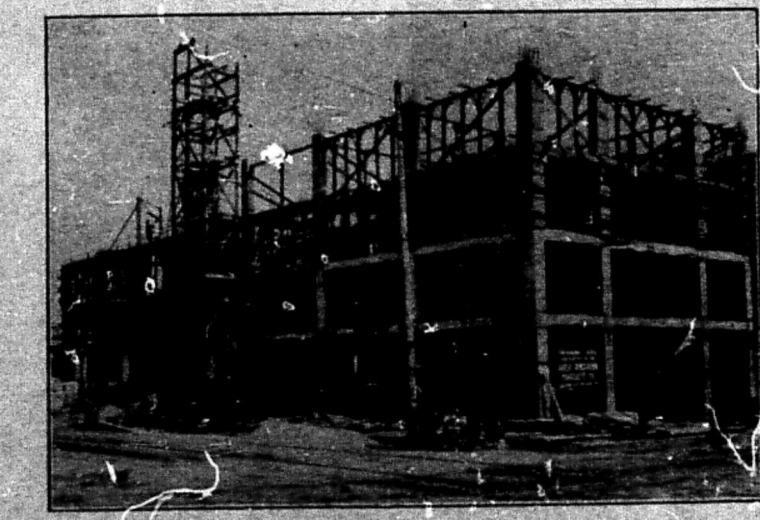
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PROPOSED CIVIC CENTER.

common meeting place for those who live near them.

This plan is not original with Milwaukee. It has been developed to a high degree in Rochester, New York. There the school centers had become such an educative force that the whole city was impregnated with Socialist thought, and every force at the disposal of capitalism had been invoked to crush them. The man who had organized these school centers was a Socialist; Edward J. Ward. The Milwaukee administration, in co-operation with the University of Wisconsin has now



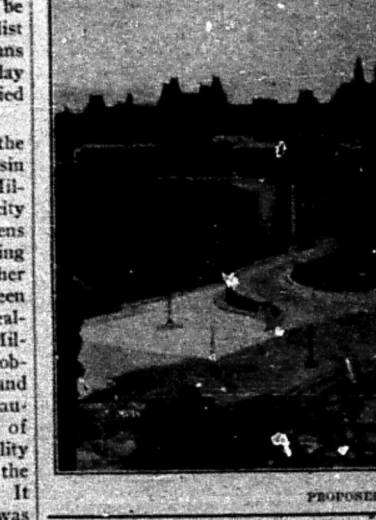
THIS BUILDING BELONGS TO THE SOCIALISTS OF MILWAUKEE. WHEN IT IS COMPLETED IT WILL HOUSE THE OFFICES OF THE PARTY, A DAILY NEWSPAPER, TRADE UNION HEADQUARTERS AND OTHER WORKING-CLASS ACTIVITIES.

in literature because they believe in the working class, and believe that if the workers read the truth and come to know it they will act upon it.

When M. E. H. Thomas, the efficient and effective state secretary was asked the question which has been asked so many times in the last few months, "How did the Wisconsin Socialists come to build up a movement that has had such a splendid result?" she gave this reply and explanation: "I believe that the best word that can

did not work. Why? Because by the systematic, persevering distribution of Socialist literature, year after year, the truth had been presented to the people of Milwaukee, and they were sufficiently intelligent to discern truth from falsehood. The appeal to reason finally triumphed. And it triumphed, moreover, in spite of the fact that the Anti-Socialists had large campaign funds at their disposal, the contributions of the corporations and the 'interests', while the Socialists had to finance their campaign from the nickels and quarters of the proletariat. Is not this fine vic-

tion closed up over a hundred of the worst places in Milwaukee, a greater result than has been accomplished by some of the most successful "vice crusades." But unlike these crusades the Socialists did not content themselves with the negative action of closing the dives. They opened reputable places. This winter the school rooms of Milwaukee will work overtime. They will be thrown open each evening for dances, social gatherings and lectures and discussions. They will be made the neighborhood halls and houses to furnish a



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FLINGS AT THINGS

BY D. M. S.

Through all the fifth sand slime and craft... That Petty politics implies...

Can he forget the mighty boss... Who made him and who holds him there?

Will he forget the cast and class... With which he mingles at the club...

Hinting at Its Origin... "Let's see, when was the Arabian Nights written?"

Had Observed Them... Old Man Lowbrow paused and musing...

Any Old Time... "Yes," said the fat philanthropist in a patronizing tone...

ist, no visionary dreamer, you understand... "You don't look for Socialism right away?"

Pathetic... His breath and \$300 a minute... Was all he was able to draw...

Worthy Successor... "I notice the University of Chicago professors have abolished the personal devil."

Matter of History... When Teddy wanted campaign whay... He didn't think it was a sin...

Force of Habit... A world well ordered, safe and sane... Might with the masses make a hit...

Also the Main Chance... "Do you believe that I've is blind?"... "It may be but I notice it is able to tell..."

Wrong Joint... "What is that guy doing with a lantern?"... "Looking for an honest man."

Going Some... "Yes, he is a great statesman," said the party booster... "Is he?" asked the doubtful voter...

"The fellows who catch on in life seem to catch on to the other man's product."



PORNOGRAPHIC PROPAGANDA

BY GEO. ALLAN ENGLAND

When Mayor Seidel, recently refusing to receive Theodore Roosevelt, gave as his reasons therefor the alleged malicious and untruthful manner in which Bwana Tumbo had interpreted Socialism...

These articles, of course, are those which the hero of Kettle Hill, published last year in "The Outlet," a magazine so named because it affords T. R. an opportunity to run off through its columns any surplus anti-Socialist spleen...

In the Scriptures according to Saint Alton Steal, you will remember, occurs a violent diatribe concerning the "Pornographic Propaganda of Socialism." You recall the words: "Socialists occupy in relation to all morality, and especially domestic morality, a position so revolting..."

Upon the pages of this plute-apologetic magazine, T. Roaringveldt imprints the word "pornographic" as a Socialist qualifier. We revolutionists, he assures the world, stand outside the pale of decency...

Since most of us common or garden variety of human beings don't even know the meaning of this polysyllabic, which is another of the huge vocabularies dug out of obscurity by Thundervelt the Toothy...

Singularly enough, we never even suspected it until Thugveldt let the secret escape. Probably, living right along in the stench, our noses had become so calloused that it no longer affected them...

Be that as it may, meseems Roostervelt has discovered something new under the sun. I feel a bit aggrieved over this. Here I have been reading and writing Socialist propaganda for years, and I must admit that Slugadore has rung in ahead of us all with this bit of information...

Let us make sure that all females and all minors read nothing but the capitalist press, whereon blooms the peach-like down of perfect purity. Let us confine them to such innocuous news as that of society, especially in Pittsburgh; of the mild, little divorce cases and pretty doings of high life...

As examples of Socialist impurity let me mention a few cases. A woman, herself part of the upper ten, and a reflex of its habits (a Socialist, of course), walks down Wall street in a sheath-skirt. Somebody in the crowd, which in Wall street is exclusively Socialistic, shouts: "Pipe the skirt!"

Again, take the bill-boards. All filled with Socialist posters from end to end. Socialist pornography, in seven colors! Consider the stage. Socialist plays, containing Bare-foot Dances, Cleopatra Dances, Pajama Dances, Dances of the Three Veils of the Fig Leaf from the Barren Fig-tree, of the Lone Shoestring and so forth.

Then, the Socialist "pie-girl dinners," with Socialist government officials in attendance; Socialist house-party orgies; week-end gatherings and yachting parties sans chaperones; auto-parties, ditto; "Butterfly Balls" and all the rest of it. Every one a Socialist affair, while plutocracy shudders with averted eyes.

diers, all Socialists, criminally assaulted one poor girl. No wonder the capitalists and their press and their Teethadore Rawveldt howl against our unbridled pornography!

And finally, passing by a thousand other cases, merely to mention which would fill columns, think of the state of affairs recently brought to light in Washington, D. C. This city, as all of course know, is a great Socialist community. Socialists, also, are the vast majority of American congressmen and senators.

This, I think, clinches the argument against us. I had intended to mention the Gould and Vanderbilt affairs, the Gimball case in Philadelphia and the Callary scandal in Pittsburg. I had intended to speak of Thaw and Corey and Platt and ex-Governor Franz, the Hon. Thomas Taggart, the Gingles case and many, many more—all Socialist doings—but why continue? We stand convicted as it is.

LETTERS OF SELF-MADE OUTLAW

BY ELLIS O. JONES

My Dear Sam: With your regular monthly remittance, I thought it best to write you a few lines agent that article in the last Someone's. Have you seen it? If so, I wonder if you laughed over it as much as I did.



but there are a few of us who know something better. It isn't necessary for anyone else to know. The only thing Kleingeshaf is kicking about is that he is not farther in on the swag.



AN ANTI-SOCIALIST DEMONSTRATION

are finicky about. They will stand to be robbed, but not scandalized. Keep a little bit under cover in matters of that sort.

It might also be a good scheme for me to make a little donation to the foreign missionary society. They have been after me for some time.

But, as I was saying, the substance of Kleingeshaf's proposition is to have the old competitive fight all over again.

Another trouble with a magazine article like Kleingeshaf's is that it makes the politicians harder to handle. They come around and say their constituents are after them and; so, to keep them quiet, we have to ante up.

However, it's all in the game and, if everything went too smoothly there would be no occupation for Yours lovingly, FATHER.

A FUNNY STORY

BY E. N. RICHARDSON

The editor has asked me to write a funny story, the funniest one I know. The story I shall tell is not only a funny story, but it's true.

It's about a working man—all real funny stories are about some workingman. It's a joke, all in itself, just to be a workingman. If you don't believe it, watch the grin on Mr. Employer's face when he checks up the number of his job-renters and figures on the profit he is making off of the labor of each one.

The name of the hero of this joke-tragedy is John Howard and he lived in Cincinnati, Ohio. Howard was a mechanic and a good one; he was married and had a Rooseveltian family.

Seven years ago John had a job in a Cincinnati factory; he tended one of the machines for which the Boss paid him \$3 a day.

The editor said he wanted plenty of "action" in my story, so I'll just mention that John saved the life of the Boss' wife one day by stopping a runaway team at the risk of his own life, all of which makes no difference in the story.

The ventilation of the factory was bad and the hours long and a private water company takes its supply from the Ohio river. One day John failed to report for work. The doctor said it was typhoid.

It was a serious matter for the Howard family. The \$100 in the savings bank began to melt away. Mary, the oldest daughter, decided she must give up school and hunt a job.

reported her success her good mother fell on her knees and thanked God for His goodness. If God saw the joke He made no sign.

No one thought to ask Mary where she worked; it was sufficient to know that she worked down town and brought home \$6 Saturday night.

John didn't die; after a long siege he got up and announced he was strong enough to go to work. At six o'clock the next morning, dinner pail in hand, John started down town with daughter Mary.

It occurred to him to ask Mary where she worked, and he was surprised when she named the very factory where he was employed. He questioned her further and found she was filling his old place, tending the same machine and doing exactly the same work he had been doing.

Funny, wasn't it? how Mary unknowingly beat her own father out of his job? It's so blamed funny it's a wonder American workmen don't see just how funny it is—for the capitalists.

Ultimate Consumers.

Insurance Examiner—Is there any consumption in your family? Applicant for Policy—Yes; you ought to see my grocery bills.—Brooklyn Citizen.

Then He Went Up in the Air. Customer—Have you any fly paper? Clerk—Yes, sir. Will you have the Aeroplane Journal or the Aviator Gazette.—Boston Transcript.

Business and the Country

BY ELLIS O. JONES

Said Mr. Thomas Fortune Ryan in a recent interview: "Business in the United States is good and, if the politicians will let it alone, the country will take care of itself."

This sounds first-rate at first blush, but, on closer analysis, it proves to be somewhat ambiguous. He plainly states that business is good. He only intimates that the politicians do not now "let it alone" and that the country is not taking care of itself.

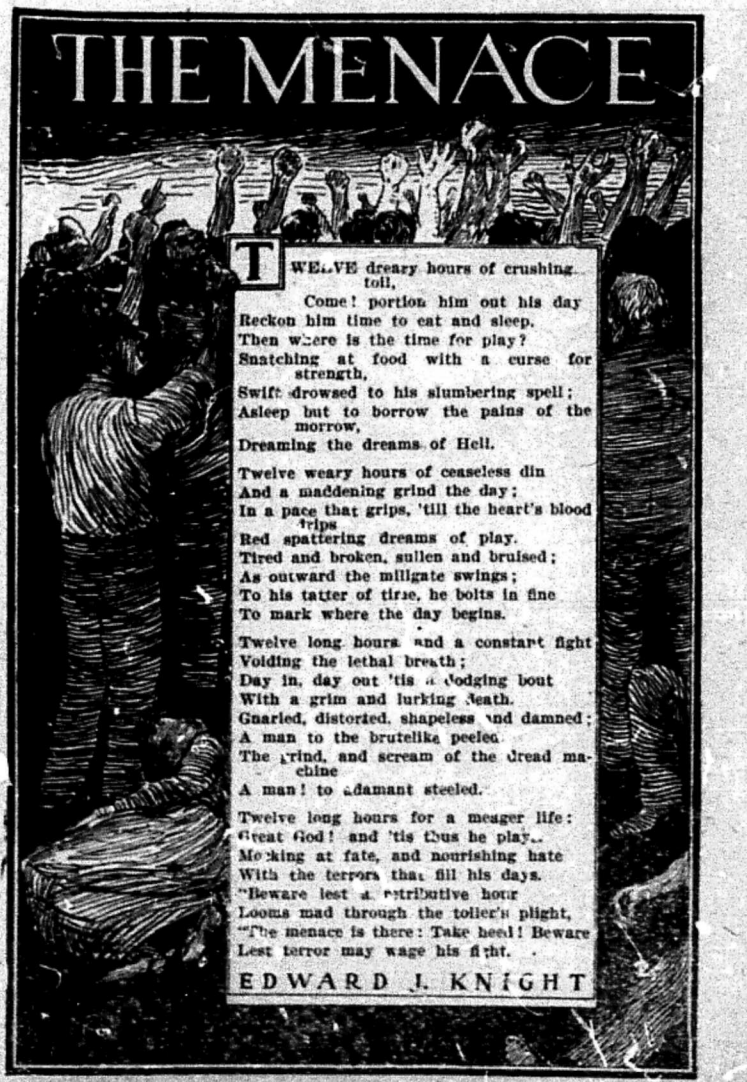
Now what is it that he wants the politicians to let alone, business or the country? If the country is not now taking care of itself, is it being cared for by business or by the politicians?

Or is the country now taking care of the politicians while the politicians take care of business? Or, is business merely another name for country? Or, if they are different, do politicians represent business or the country or both or neither?

A Valuable Man.

"I found that our stenographer can't read his notes after they are a day old." "What did you do? Discharge him?" "No. Raised his salary and put him under contract."—Woman's National Daily.

An advance in the price of "all-Havanna" cigars this winter will not be added to the high cost of living. Connecticut farmers are gathering the finest and largest crop of tobacco they have had in years.—Wall Street Journal.



TWELVE dreary hours of crushing toil. Come! portion him out his day. Reckon him time to eat and sleep. Then where is the time for play? Snatching at food with a curse for strength. Swift: drowsed to his slumbering spell; Asleep but to borrow the pains of the morrow, Dreaming the dreams of Hell. Twelve weary hours of ceaseless din And a maddening grind the day; In a pace that grips, 'till the heart's blood trips. Red spattering dreams of play. Tired and broken, sullen and bruised; As onward the millgate swings; To his tatter of tise, he bolts in fine To mark where the day begins. Twelve long hours and a constant fight Voulding the lethal breath; Day in, day out 'tis a lodging bout With a grim and lurking death. Gnarled, distorted, shapeless and damned: A man to the brutelike peels. The rind, and scream of the dread machine A man! to adamant steel. Twelve long hours for a meager life: Great God! and 'tis thus he plays. Making at fate, and nourishing hate With the terrors that fill his days. Beware lest a tribulative hour Looms mad through the toiler's plight, 'The menace is there: Take heed! Beware! Lest terror may wage his fight. EDWARD J. KNIGHT