

## Comment on Things Doing

BY CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

### Roosevelt to Get a Jolt?

EVERY New York newspaper has on its staff a political reporter who, by reason of his skill and long experience is able to go about the state two weeks before any election and predict the result of the contest. I have never known these predictions to fail of verification. In the last week I have encountered three of these men and they have assured me privately that in the coming election the Colonel is going to get the jolt of his young life. They say it is to be a slaughter that will rank with the historic revolts of politics.

That being the case I am led to some reflections on the subject of reputations in America and how they are made. The Colonel has long been reputed to be the greatest politician we have ever had. I have heard thousands of men marvel at his wonderful skill and sagacity, holding them to be of the order of genius, and this I believe is the common belief about him.

As a matter of fact he is one of the worst politicians I have ever observed. A very dull man should have had more wit than to get into the position wherein this marvel of sagacity will now find himself, if these predictions prove correct. Without the slightest reason he forced himself into this campaign, made himself the issue, staked his whole political future upon one doubtful battle wherein he had nothing to win and everything to lose, prepared for that battle without skill or common sense, went into it with disaffected troops and promises to come out with a hopelessly wrecked career.

I don't see any political prescience in all this; it looks to me like dumb foolishness.

Anyway, those of us that have been worrying about Roosevelt in 1912 can now go along with minds at ease, and those that long for a cessation of noise from the region of Cyster Bay may cheer their drooping spirits with the promise of peace. The Roosevelt bugaboo has about come to an end. Even if he should skin through the New York election without a terrific drubbing he has been so discredited that his day of danger has passed and will not return. Let us be joyful!

One of the vanished literary lights of the time of Edgar Allen Poe was a curious person known as "General Morris," a title secured by his bloodless services in the militia or on some governor's staff. He used to write some bad verses and worse prose and had in his day a prodigious reputation as a literary genius. Although he now hangs upon the human memory by the most tenuous threads his contemporaries regarded him as one of the greatest men that ever lived and proudly referred to him as "Him of the sword and pen." "This," says Professor Lounsbury, "was just and true to this extent, that he did as much execution with one as with the other." Contemplating the Colonel's achievements in politics I am irresistibly reminded of "General" Morris. The Colonel is an able politician in the same way that Morris was a literary genius. In just the same, in fact, that the Colonel is a student, a statesman, a historian, a democrat and the hero of San Juan hill.

### A Sham With Pen and Sword

But of course when a man sets out on a game of fooling the people he must needs have an equipment not less than superhuman. The Colonel's huge blunder is characteristic of his class. Being aristocratically born, bred and educated he thinks that the masses of men are of very inferior intellect and all he need do is to make a loud noise and parade up and down. The attention attracted to these antics he mistakes for sympathy and enthusiasm in his behalf. Neither he nor any of his clacquers and sympathetic admirers knows one thing about the American people. They are all educated away from the common channels of thought; hence how could they know?

Finally any man that undertakes the game upon which Roosevelt is embarked is a fool anyway. There would be nothing in it even if it were feasible. No satisfaction pertains to any eminence gained by tricks. The time will come when Mr. Roosevelt will wish he had never heard of San Juan hill. After all, brethren, the only thing in this life that is of the slightest worth or satisfaction is service. The man that has a life of service to look back upon goes warmed in his old age with ineffable joy, but for the man that has done nothing but fool 'em,

### Service the Only Thing That Counts

the advancing years must be as bitter as they are barren. As a matter of practical advantage and satisfaction a man would rather be Lucien Sanial than to be seven times president of the United States.

RECENTLY a man who had spent some years in devising a new machine for handling tobacco took his perfected invention to the Tobacco Trust.

The managers looked at it carefully and approvingly. The man wanted to sell it. They demurred. Why should they but it? They practically controlled the tobacco business. This machine would quicken and improve processes but to install it would cost money and they could get along perfectly well without it having so little competition. Finally they offered him \$800 for his work of years. He took it. There was nothing else to do.

Then they cast the machine into a cellar where it still lies. It has never been used and will not be used. Whatever benefits may lie in it are lost to the world.

This sort of thing is happening daily in all trustified industries.

Still we talk about the "incentive" that pertains to the present system of society and wonder what we should do for new inventions if this system were changed or made decent or civilized.

Totally oblivious of the fact that less than five per cent of the inventions under the present system yield any returns to the inventor.

Whatever the present "incentive" may be to inventors it is certainly nothing that belongs to the profit system, the inventor gets only disappointment, poverty and vexation of mind.

COMING down from Auburn to Syracuse, New York, there were two prosperous looking American citizens in the seat behind me and they were cheering the circumambient by discussing the dear old tariff. One was saying:

"Now what we want is a tariff commission—non-partisan, independent commission that shall have power to ascertain the difference between the cost of labor here and abroad and—"

At this point, not unnaturally, I hope, I fell asleep. A few minutes later I awoke to hear the same voice proudly concluding the dissertation with this clincher.

"My father taught me that fifty years ago." A lady in the seat in front of me turned around, carefully scrutinized the speaker and said deliberately:

"At least fifty, I should say."

She turned out to be one of those shrewd, common sense, observing women whose swift and unerring perceptions so often shame the duller mental operations of us of the voting sex. She went on to tell me that the tariff orator reminded her of a man she knew in her girlhood that had a genius for tinkering with things and went about the house with a kit of tools mending what usually needed no mending or was worth none. Once he put in the better part of a day covering the cracks in the family flour barrel and then discovered that the bottom was out.

"The tariff tinkers always make me think of that man," she said. "They go about pottering and debating whether the duty on shingles should be seventy-five or only seventy-three per cent and while they fumble about that the whole bottom of the social structure has fallen out and the majority of the population sinks daily to a lower economic level."

Curious fact. The tariff potterer that sent me to sleep can vote and the woman that at one glance detected the imbecility of his talkfest is denied that fundamental right.

Yet she had more sense in her little finger than he had in his whole body and was obviously the superior mind.

One by one the financiers return from their pleasant vacations in Europe and as they land upon their native shores utter warnings to us against our reckless and wicked ways. What's the matter? Why are we agitating against our sacred corporations? And what of that? How can you ask? Why, that alarms the timid foreigner so that he will not buy our securities.

Dreadful condition! Mr. William Guggenheim

HERE will soon be but two political parties in this country, one Socialist, the other anti-Socialist.

For some years it has been customary for the observant and the undecieved to remark that there are no issues between the Republicans and the Democrats.

This year the practical unity of the Republican management and the Democratic management is manifested in rather startling fashion.

In most states the platform adopted by these fak-

ing organizations are identical. In New York State, for instance. The public is supposed to be fooled by the same ideas couched in different phrases, and because of these verbal variations the faithful are to parade, cheer and howl and burn up with enthusiasm as of yore. Evidences increase that this old trick is not fooling many persons this year except the dunderhead managers that put faith in it. The people are beginning to do the fooling instead of being fooled. Good news!

In New York State no person now alive can remember a deader campaign between the Republicans and Democrats.

Even those that do not ordinarily think much about these things are being impressed with the obvious fact. The Republicans are not trying to elect their ticket. Think of that for a time and see how it impresses you. I have never seen a candidate in a position so unfortunate as Mr. Stinson, who heads the Republican ticket.

His party has, in the slang phrase, "laid down on him." He is running against a man named Dix. Ordinarily Mr. Dix would be the easiest man in New York to beat. The Republicans could beat him easily if they were to try or half try. They do not a quarter try or a sixteenth. He has a vulnerable record, he is weaker than water, he is of presence and mentality so mediocre that his managers dare not put him on the stump lest the public should perceive the game. Yet the Republicans conceal his record and protect his unfitness.

Why do they do this? You can get the cue readily enough from Wall street. The powers that rule the state have decided that Dix is to win, so the obedient Republicans allow the plan to be carried out.

It appears from the graft investigation now going on in the state that the late Senator McCarren, Democratic leader, sometimes dealt quite frankly with the existing situation. Once he was trying to get a Democratic legislator to vote for a certain bill and as an inducement offered to have nominated against him a Republican that he could beat without trouble and without spending any money.

This offer undoubtedly epitomized the exact situation everywhere.

The Republican management and the Democratic management are two Marionettes and the hand that manipulates both from behind the curtain is the hand of the money power.

As the people are evidently beginning to perceive this fact and the old pretense of conflict begins to fail, the money power will soon combine its two mannikins into one.

Even now the change is going on before our eyes. As previously remarked in these columns this is a good time to be alive.

Keep still lest you disturb the game. But do you ask what the public is to get out of the sale and what concern it can be of the nations whether the bunco be accomplished or be not?

That, Mr. Impertinence, is none of your business. The gentlemen that are wrecking the American railroad system know what is best for you and best for everybody.

The property interests of the country have been committed to their care they will do as they please therewith.

To object is not only high treason but impiety. This was long ago determined.

Since we cannot complain let us lighten the situation with humor, often the American fashion.

It is customary for some of our friends to assure us that private enterprise can always do everything better than government can do it.

In the light of the stupendous failure that private capital has made of its operation of our railroads this assertion is a rare old joke that will appeal to all except those obliged to risk their life or limbs on our bankrupt systems.

Great Superiority of Private Enterprise

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NOW FOR ANOTHER MEAL



BITS AND BRIEFS

BY EUGENE V. DEBS.

Toil is tragedy, labor is pain, work is joy. Women's rights begin where men's wrongs end. Freedom is the breath of life and love its holiest concentration. I'd good deal rather be a square gambler than a crooked preacher. The workers of the world are going to make this a workers' world and a world of workers. The only reason I am not afraid in this great fight is because I am afraid to be afraid. That's as near as I can claim to being a brave man. Mutual economic interests is the foundation of granite upon which is being reared the new and noble social edifice wherein the children of men are to dwell together in peace and love forevermore. Millions of babes are born heirs to poverty and pain; to joyless life and premature death in the capitalist system. The time will come when every rose-lipped babe will open its eyes upon a beautiful world, greeted with raptures of eager welcome, and literally loved into the transcendent joys and glories of social life. Catherine Breskovsky, buried alive almost a quarter of century in the god-dammed mines of Siberia, and now, at nearly four score years, exiled for live in the holy cause of freedom, proves beyond doubt that woman is the "weaker vessel" and that man is and forever must be her sovereign ruler. I once had the privilege of pressing the hand of this immortal heroine and martyr and it was the proudest honor of all my life. To be useful in capitalism is to pay the penalty imposed upon inferiority; to be useless is the essential condition to distinction. Honest women who deform themselves scrubbing floors, cleaning cuspidors, washing dishes, making beds and setting tables for parasites, are social scavengers. Exclusive society consists exclusively of accomplished leeches, parasites and excrecences that drain the veins of their countless victims and snag and dance and make merry to the music of their groans and lamentations. In triumphant Socialism the measure of honest work and useful service will register the degree of social distinction.



Where hurrying thousands meet, And pour in living streams on either hand, Amidst the strident street, With set and stubborn face he takes his stand, The lesson to repeat Of evil days, and acts which curse the land.

Indifference cools him not; And jeers and blows he takes, perchance, beside. Brave, he accepts his lot; At worst he meets it with a martyr's pride. To bear, he knows not what, He seeks the crowd, and will not be denied.

His voice is loud and strong, And rigorous gestures add their potent force, As to the restless throng He pictures clear corruption's crafty course, Or challenges the wrong Which in some unjust privilege finds its source.

A true son of the soil, And feeling as the hard-pressed masses feel, The things which mar and spoil, And bind life down with bonds as strong as steel, He knows the men who toil, And truth to these he can most clear reveal.

No knotty theories He offers to the listeners who attend, Or generalities, Which glitter with the gilt that fine words lend; He sets forth what he sees So simply that who hears can comprehend.

The deep philosopher, The pedant wise, whose wisdom makes him cold, Instructs; but cannot stir The heart of work, whose hope is tired and old; But this one strives to spur The rebel in the blood, and make it bold.

He lifts the common thought, And e'en the common heart up to the light; Till, by his teaching wrought To understand their wrongs and know their might, Plain men at last are brought To rouse in truceless struggle for the right.



Come Have A Smile On Us

FLINGS AT THINGS

BY D. M. S.

His For the Asking.

The constitution says a lot— About the rights of man; Without a nickel in the slot He gets them—if he can. He gets them—if he can. Dished up to suit the taste with care They're served to him on ice And just as free as breathing air If he has got the price. To the pursuit of happiness He has a title plain, But chasing it is more or less Inductive of a pain; If anyone has work to spare That adds to his supply; If not, the happiness is there But largely in his eye. But in the rugged toss and pitch The rights he can display Are very largely ones with which A man can get away. In theory it is to suppose They're his through thick and thin; In practice he possesses those His good right arm can win.

Only One There Was.

"Yes, I think I'll vote the democratic ticket this fall," said the man who, was chewing a straw and acting as though he wasn't going anywhere and not caring whether he ever got there. "What is your reason for voting that ticket, Uncle?" "Just because my father voted the democratic ticket." "Do you call that a good reason?" "It is a good reason for voting the democratic ticket, ain't it? You can't think of any other reason can you?"



The Time Tried Way.

The process seems so round about Reform in government to win By rally turning rascals out And voting bigger rascals in.

Deadly.

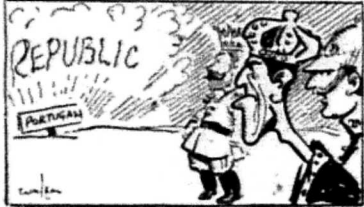
"Why did you leave your last place, Nora?" "I insulted the lady and had to go." "Did you call her names?" "I did not." "Did you criticise her conduct?" "Sure not. It was nothing to me." "Then how did you insult her?" "I asked for a raise in pay."

Contagious.

They sort of like the sample Of statesmen on the square; Milwaukee's good example Is catching everywhere.

Probably Was.

"That lawyer charged me ten dollars for ten minutes' work." "Don't be too hard, on him. Maybe he thought it was all you had."



In Sight.

Well may the monarchs tremble, Well may the tyrants swear, For they can look at Portugal And read their finish there.

Preferred to be Miserable.

"Really the man who earns \$15 a week is happier than we are," said the complacent millionaire lighting an imported cigarette with a twenty dollar bill and tossing the remains into a diamond studded ash tray. "Why don't you trade places with one of them?" "Do you take me for a blame fool?"



In Doubt.

Men's styles in garments come and go, As fashion to its subjects calls, What I would really like to know, Will be the style in overalls?

I wonder would I have a chance Society's favorites to meet If I should wear my autumn pants With natty patches on the seat?

But let me fold away my pride Nor fuss about that fancy loot; I know I couldn't get inside Unless I had a waiter's suit.

The Politician.

LELENA KHARPSTEEN. I must, when I go out to play, Get my Mamma's consent, Although when I grow up I may Become a president. It does seem very queer to me The way the world is run; That I must ask her leave, and she Can't even vote for one!

Pierp and His Votr.

Pierp Morgan didn't register, he isn't goin' to vote; he's too almighty busy on a trust he plans to float; he's satisfied that things will move about 'e way they oughter, so he devotes his votin' time to leadin' lambs to slaughter. He knows he's got a lead-pipe cinch on you, S. A. and Me, so votin' is a waste of time for our great mortgagee. He's set a fine example for us meek and lowly cusses, he's shown us how we can avoid all these election musses; for all we need to do, that's sure, to keep him on his throne, it's just forget to register and leave the polls alone.—Knoxville World.

A bulldog is a winner because he gets a grip in the right place and holds on.

Our Wives

BY ROBERT BLATCHFORD

My wife has been away for a fortnight in the north of England. She came home looking white and tired after her two-hundred mile ride, and with a bad cold in her head, and her hat on one side. She was hungry, too, for she had tasted no food since breakfast, and it was near eight when she arrived.

What did she do? Did she rush into my arms and say: "Darling, I have missed you?" No. Did she sink into a chair and say, "Oh, I am so tired. Do get me a cup of tea?" No. She is not built like that.

She walked into the front room, and as she entered and we rose to greet her she said: "Well! I do not believe anybody has dusted that corner behind the piano since I left this house. Then she submitted, with an abstracted air, to a kiss from one daughter, but before the other could bring a gun to bear, she sailed into the kitchen, asked whether the green quilt had been washed, remarked that there was a screw loose in the knife cleaner and said that the charwoman could come on Thursday.

"Take your things off and have some supper," said I.

My wife unhooked her boa, pulled a pin out of her hat, glanced at the mirror, patted her hair, and said to me in a tone of maternal severity, "Have you any clean socks to go away with?"

And yet there are men who think women ought not to have votes.—The Clarion.

The Last Resort

ELLIS O. JONES.

The great train robber sat in his well appointed offices. Spread before him on the table was a newspaper report of a warrant which had just been issued for his arrest.

"Damn these meddling people," he hissed. "I'll show them that I haven't played my last card yet."

He rang the bell sharply for his private secretary.

"Smithson," he said, "it looks as if we had lost the courts."

"Yes sir, it does," replied the other imperturbably.

"Well, how about legislation? What's the chance of getting more protection in that way?"

"Very little sir. Almost hopeless." "And you are quite sure that public opinion is against us?"

"To a man, sir." "And even the editors have become lukewarm, have they not?"

"They have sir, indeed." "In short if I were not a very resourceful man, the jig would be up. Is that about it?"

"That's about it, sir."

"Very well. Prepare an announcement for the papers at once to the effect that I have decided to become a philanthropist."

Casual Conundrums.

Did all the people starve before the capitalist was created?

If there was no money in the world, would people starve because they could buy nothing?

If ten men raise ten bushels of

wheat, how many bushels should they give the capitalist for the privilege?

If a human being born on the earth has a right to stay on it, why should he have to buy or rent a place to stay on?

If labor creates capital, why does not labor own it?

If monopoly is a bad thing, why do capitalists continually strive for it? If a good thing, why will it not be good for all the people to own?—Voice of Labor.

"God has put many a man on his back before he would look up."

WHY THE CAPITALIST OPPOSES SOCIALISM

