

The Iowa Socialist

Vol. 2 No. 94

The number on the yellow address label is the number on which your sub. expires.

Dubuque, Iowa, July 16, 1904

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50 Cents per Year. In clubs of four, 25c.

It seems but yesterday that Louis XIV. reveled in careless debauchery and fancied that he was the state, because he happened to stand for a short while on the throbbing neck of a patient people.

But the shadow of his castle of terrors, the Bastile, suddenly disappeared from the horizon of the world's history. The conceited despot had hardly closed his eyes, when French aristocracy felt the ground heaving beneath its feet. The Bastile's ruins were drenched with the blood of royalty and aristocracy.

Then came in rapid succession a series of social earthquakes, which shook the ruling classes from their beds of ease, whenever they had just settled down in apparent comfort. And more than once they fled in terror from the wrath of their own countrymen and prostrated themselves in abject submission before that very "hereditary" foreign foe against whom they had been wont to arouse the "patriotism" of the revolting masses.

Yet the French rulers never learned anything from history. Rulers never do. It is only the working classes who turn the leaves of history in diligent study and who can take hope and inspiration from it. The rulers can only ignore it, for to study it would mean for them to read their own death sentence. And few people care to think of death. Yet it comes in due time.

After the sacking of the Bastile came the 18th Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte. His generation had hardly passed on, when the June battle sounded its warning to the French ruling classes. Again the reaction triumphed by smothering a symptom, instead of removing a cause. But the Paris Commune proved to the world that the social ferments had accumulated, not diminished. The rulers saw with dismay that the working class revolution grows stronger after each defeat. The victories of reaction are indeed but the faltering steps of decaying ruling classes. Youth will ever grow strong while old age sinks to its rest. The ruling classes of modern society are on the declining plane. None of their reactionary violence, however strong, can prevent the final victory of the young and promising giant, the modern working class.

The social volcano is not yet extinct, neither in France, nor in any other country of Europe, nor in the United States. It may subside for a moment, but its rumblings are ever heard, now loud, now faint, and from time to time there is an outbreak which shakes society to its foundations. And this will continue, until one last eruption will cleanse society of all volcanic matter, and a new society, without classes and without class strife, will bloom on the grave of the old.

The Bastile of France is no more. But the American Bastile has come. The French Bastile stood amid a people who had come through centuries of feudal oppression. It worked noiselessly and secretly. Its victims disappeared over night and were heard from no more. Bayonets, guillotines, draconic laws, chambers of torture, and a network of police spies held down every deep breath of the people. Yet the inexorable hand of social evolution pushed new methods of production, new social classes, and new ideas into this mass of vassals, and the feudal house of cards was blown to oblivion.

The American Bastile has been erected in Colorado. Its victim is union labor. To be a union man is crime sufficient to set the star chamber justice of the Standard Oil Company in motion. But this Bastile stands in the midst of a people who have come through a century of "democratic" ideals. It stands on a soil dedicated to the idea that all men are born equal. It chooses as its victims people that have the most revolutionary and most recent traditions of independence in the world.

And the Colorado "authorities"—save the mark—have none of the finesse of their French prototypes. They do everything brutally, openly, or so clumsily that even the Chicago police would have no difficulty in following the clews which they erect along the highway of their criminal career like so many milestones.

They pillage union stores, disrupt union families, shoot union miners from ambush while their sheriffs are looking on, and arrange for train wrecks in the hearing of the men whom they wish to charge with the crime. They blow up the Independence depot, and leave their wires in plain sight, so that any one may follow them and see them connect with a battery 500 yards inside of their own dead line. Their detectives don't know enough, or don't care enough, to throw the bloodhounds off their scent. They suspend the lawfully elected officers of the counties, and pack bogus juries with the very men who have participated in the crimes to be investigated. They murder men in broad daylight, and then imprison innocent men for the very crime which they have themselves committed. They are the murderers, and they sit in judgment over men whom they wish to murder. And behind these murderers stands that bloated nightmare, Capitalism, which overrides the will of the people at the ballot box, prostitutes the politicians of the two old parties, directs the bullets and bayonets of the uniformed ruffians, spits on the Stars and Stripes and demands that peaceful citizens shall salute this desecrated emblem, wipes its feet on the Declaration of Independence, and shouts, "To hell with the Constitution!"

Twenty members of the Western Federation of Miners are now in the hands of the Bastile erected by Peabody and Bell in the midst of the pioneers of freedom. The so-called anarchist tragedy of Chicago is to be repeated. The capitalist press is working on the feelings of the ignorant and goading them on. A stuffed jury is making its indictments against innocent men while the murderers loll back and smoke complacently. Next will be a prearranged sentence and a hanging. There are men living in Colorado, men who value liberty more than their lives, who love justice more than that existence which the present rulers are willing to grant them. There are more men like these in every state of the union. The victims of the Colorado Bastile will not be hanged by their murderers, so long as such men are living. Let the rulers continue on their course. They are on the downward plane. The Colorado Bastile will fall even quicker than its French model, and on its ruins will be found other victims besides union miners. And the fall of the Colorado Bastile will be the tocsin for such an eruption of the social volcano as no ruling class and no capitalist system will survive.—Ernest Untermann in Chicago Socialist.

Zephyrs From Olympus

Thou shalt not kill.—Bible.

To admit that because things have long gone wrong, it is impossible to make them go right, is a most fatal doctrine.—Ruskin.

Be very careful how you go into the Best Society. I know a man who ventured in, once, and sank over his ears. We got him out, but he was never any good afterwards.—Elbert Hubbard.

But the one thing that has been shown in what study we have been able to make of women in industry is that they are women still, and this seems to be a surprise to many worthy souls.—Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

The baron has passed away; and the landlord is passing. They each had their duties, and while they fulfilled them served their time well enough. The shareholder has no duties, and is an excrescence on the world, a public pest.—Carpenter.

A mother economically free, a world servant instead of a house-servant; a mother knowing the world and living in it,—can be to her children far more than has ever been possible before. Motherhood in the world will make that world a different place for her child.—Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

A disciple will fulfill all the duties of his manhood; but he will fulfill them according to his own sense of right, and not according to that of any person or body of persons. This is a very evident result of following the creed of knowledge instead of any of the blind creeds.—Mabel Collins.

As to remuneration you may think my songs either above or below price; for they shall be absolutely one or the other. In the honest enthusiasm, in which I embark in your undertaking, to talk of money, wages, fee, hire, etc., would be downright prostitution of soul.—Robert Burns.

He who lets the world, or his own portion of it, choose his path of life for him, has no need of any other faculty than the ape-like one of imitation. He who chooses his plan for himself employs all his faculties. He must use observation to see, reasoning and judgment to foresee, activity to gather materials for decision, discrimination to decide, and, when he has decided, firmness and self-control to hold his deliberate decision.—John Stuart Mill.

In numbers and even individual strength, the Poor-Slaves or Drudges, it would seem, are hourly increasing. The Dandiical, again, is by nature no proselytising Sect; but it boasts of great hereditary resources, and is strong by union; whereas, the Drudges, split into parties, have as yet no rallying-point; or at best, only co-operate by means of partial secret affiliations. If, indeed, there were to arise a COMMUNION OF DRUDGES, as there is already a Communion of Saints, what strangest effects would follow therefrom! Dandyism as yet affects to look down on Drudgism: but perhaps the hour of trial when it will be practically seen which ought to look down, and which up, is not so far distant.—Carlyle.

X-RAYLETS

The man who works ten to fourteen hours a day for a mere existence, isn't living—he's just beating the undertaker out of a job.—Appeal to Reason.

There are really only two classes in this country, those who live by their own labor and those who live by somebody else's labor. The interest of all in the first class is identical and they should all pull together.—Wisconsin Toiler.

Republican Governor Peabody, of Colorado, Democratic Governor Dockery, of Missouri, and Democratic Police Chief Keiley, of St. Louis, were all honored by votes of appreciation at the meeting of Parry's Citizens' Alliance, and all for the same reason—their brutal outrages upon labor.—The Worker.

Leaders in the democratic organization, such as August Belmont, banker, broker and financial bamboozler; W. A. Clark, mine owner, capitalist and multi-millionaire; and leaders in the republican organization such as Fairbanks, Payne, David Rose, et al., are paragons for the wage-slave to conjure to. Surely their interests are identical.—Montana News.

The Chicago convention endorsed Thug Peabody and his gang of cutthroats in Colorado and it is the bounden duty of every working man with a ring in his nose to walk up and vote for the mangy hounds who are shooting and starving union men, outraging their wives and daughters and driving American citizens from their homes at the point of the bayonet.—Boone Independent.

"Where do you live?" inquired the police judge of the small boy who was charged with stealing fruit. The little lad looked vacant and shook his head. "Where is your home?" his honor insisted. "Got none," was the reply. "Mom's in de hospital, dad's up in Marin county lookin' fer work, me brudder's in jail for sassin a scab, an' de furniture folks has nabbed all our stuff." And some folks are afraid that Socialism will destroy the family!—Los Angeles Socialist.

The republican attorney general of Kansas has handed down an opinion to the effect that those Colorado miners should be forced to work in the Kansas harvest fields from sun up to sun down for one season; that then they would be glad to be good and go back to their jobs in the mines. The attorney-general of Kansas is certainly a great man. This is one of the ablest legal opinions that he has ever delivered. It shows that he is a great lawyer among harvest hands and a sort of harvest hand among lawyers.—Pittsburg Kansan.

The Socialist party stands for the interests of the working class. The old political parties stand for the interests of capitalism and always against the toilers—in Colorado as well as in every state of the union. Is it not a very foolish policy for the working class to vote for and support any political party that is pledged to and is constantly laboring for the interests of their common enemy? Would you supply the incendiary with matches and combustible material in order that he might more readily destroy your home?—Union Sentinel.

Musings of the Muse

Then Christ sought out an artisan. A low-browed, stunted, haggard man, And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin Pushed from her faintly want and sin.

These set He in the midst of them, And as they drew back their garment hem, For fear of defilement, "Lo, here," said He "The image ye have made of Me!" —Lowell.

We wait beneath the furnace blast The pangs of transformation, Not painlessly doth God re-cast, And mold anew the nation. Hot burns the fire, Where wrongs expire; Nor spares the hand That from the land Uproots the ancient evil. —Whittier.

Then gently scan your brother man, Still gentlier, sister woman; Tho' they may gang a little wrong, To step aside is human. One point must still be greatly dark, The moving "Why" they do it: And just as lamely can ye mark How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone Decidedly can try us; He knows each chord—its various tone, Each spring—its various bias; Then at the balance let's be mute, We never can adjust it; What's done we partly may compute, But know not what's resisted. —Robert Burns.

THE CZAR OF COLORADO. "I'm the czar of Colorado, And a law unto myself— Law of Brag, Bluff, and Bravado— Damn the public! I'm for Pelf.

"With my Citizens' Alliance, And my bold militia, too, I will bid a stern defiance To old Yankee-Doodle-Do.

"For the bloomin' Constitution And that duffer, Uncle Sam, Or judicial execution, I don't care a tinker's dam.

"I'm content with deportation, Shooting, hanging and mob law; And I'll teach this so-called Nation To sit tight and hold its jaw.

"Hang these miners! They began it, And they flout me to my face; But I'll push 'em off the planet And deport 'em into space.

"I'm the Czar of Colorado, I'm the King of Have and Get, Boss of Brag, Bluff and Bravado, And my will is law, you bet." —Edmund Defreyne.

THE MINER. They say the day was fine, but what know I Of day, who in the bowels of the earth Am cursed with double night? I only see There in the West the sun's last evening glow

Which greets me as I greet it now—farewell!

These hands still tremble with the blow on blow

Of pick and hammer which the flinty rock Duly gives back to me. Its rough caress Still shake my stiffened limbs, as if e'en now

A crushing weight of ore were on my back. My brow still moistened by the pit's damp ooze

Finds strangeness in this pleasant evening breeze.

Mine eyes, so long accustomed to the dark, Blink at the sinking sun—farewell, farewell!

Come to me kindly sleep. Into thy hands I give my body, bowed with weariness, And all its pains and aches—Of this our world

How little have I seen—A narrow path Over the fields and at its end the road, The hard, broad highway, leading to the mine,

Trodden each day ere sunrise and again At evening, to and fro, and to and fro!

Yet often do I dream of distant lands Where on my way shines bright the mid-day sun

And where the air is soft and through the trees

Flow rippling streams above whose crystal depths

Songsters of other climes spread their gay wings.

Oh, bear me thither now, deep, silent night! —From the German.

The Iowa Socialist

Published every Saturday in the interest of the Socialist Party by
 THE IOWA SOCIALIST PUBLISHING CO
 Cor. Sixth and Iowa Sts., Dubuque, Iowa.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.
 One year.....\$ 5.50
 Six months..... 3.50
 In clubs of four or more, one year..... 2.25
 Four yearly postal subscription cards..... 1.00
 Sample subscription for three weeks..... .02
 Bundle rates per hundred..... .50
 Weekly bundles to one address per hundred..... .50
 Payable in Advance.

Address all communications and make money orders, drafts and checks payable to The Iowa Socialist. Communications intended for publication must bear the writer's name (not necessarily for publication, however,) and if for the current issue, should reach this office not later than the Wednesday preceding date of issue. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned unless stamps are enclosed. All communications to insure consideration must be written on one side of paper. Receipts are never sent to individual subscribers. Acknowledgment is made by number on the yellow address label. Advertising rates furnished upon application.

Entered October 3, 1902, at Dubuque, Iowa, as second-class matter, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.



National Socialist Ticket

For President,
 EUGENE V. DEBS,
 Of Indiana.

For Vice President,
 BENJAMIN HANFORD,
 Of New York.

WHOLESOME DISCONTENT

"You have nothing to lose but your chains." Nothing to lose but chains! O, but we have worn them so long, and our fathers—mothers—grandparents wore them before us. These chains are our only inheritance.

Many people have always worn chains—always will—there is no other way. "The poor ye have always with you."

Do not rob us of our chains! What if we could exchange them for a whole world? What could we do with a world? What WE want is WORK, and plenty of it. Let the divinely-appointed Ilaer & Co. have the world.

This seems to be the attitude of mind at present of the majority of the workers of the world. They are contented with their lot—contented to remain wage slaves, even "quoting scripture" to sustain their position.

Because Jesus is reported to have said "The poor ye have always with you," it does not follow that he upheld such a social system.

There may have been a tone of reprimand or disapproval in his voice; the tone and accent have much to do with the meaning of spoken words.

If we were to say today, amid the cries on all sides of abounding prosperity: "Poor houses, prisons and insane asylums ye have always with you," would you construe it to mean that such things would be necessary to any social system? Not at all.

Jesus also said: "I came that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly."

MORE ABUNDANTLY!

Mark those words—"more abundantly."

How can you have more abundant life and, clinging to your chains, be contented with the crumbs that Dives sees fit to throw you?

A wholesome discontent has been at the bottom of every progressive step the race has taken, whether it be in agriculture, manufacture, economics, or politics.

Not long ago, some fifteen hun-

dred men, working in a certain factory, went on strike to gain certain points. Now, we all know that this kind of a strike is a very poor method of gaining points, and usually results in failure, as this one did. A few of these men were opposed to the strike, but were carried out by superior numbers. In discussing the situation, a disinterested party said: "The strike was a bad move for most of the men were satisfied."

"There is Mr. G——; he was getting \$1.50 per day and HE was satisfied."

He was satisfied! Ah, there is the sad part of it—that any man could be satisfied to keep himself and wife (to say nothing of a crop of children to please Teddy) on \$1.50 per day! \$9 per week! \$408 per year, provided he is never sick, never has a holiday, and the factory never shuts down for repairs or inventory, or "overproduction."

What can we expect of that "satisfied" class of men? Any progress? Not a bit! He will live and die in the same beaten track. Now, if there were the least spark of discontent about him, he might read—think—study out some way of improving his condition, of gaining a share of that abundant life to which we are all entitled. But the "satisfied man" will hug his chains to the last, and cry out piteously if they suspect any one of loosening them from their bondage.

So our appeal must be made principally to those who are NOT satisfied with present conditions, and are looking for a way out of the wilderness of wage-slavery. These are they who welcome the Socialist philosophy and help on the work of our industrial emancipation, and their name is legion.

THE STATE PLATFORM

Editor Iowa Socialist:
 Dear Comrade: Allow me through about half our members who have read it, to congratulate the rank and file of the Socialists of Iowa upon the adoption of the revolutionary platform at the recent state convention.

The platform has the right ring and it is the life of the Socialist movement in Iowa and should be kept "standing" until it is won out; not only that but it is the platform which should be adopted in every state, county and city in this nation and kept without change until we win out.

E. B. FORD,
 Secretary Faribault Local.

The platform adopted by the state convention of Iowa is practically the same adopted by the Washington Socialists and we believe it has also been adopted by several other states. The Socialists of Iowa are to be congratulated not so much upon the adoption of any particular platform or any particular phraseology, as they are to be congratulated upon their sanity. Like the national platform adopted at Chicago, this platform was unanimously adopted at Marshalltown without comment or criticism. Not because it necessarily expresses the sentiment of the "rank and file"—the rank and file were not there and we have no means at present of knowing if it is satisfactory to them or not;—not because it expresses the sentiments of all the delegates who were at the convention, but because those delegates were sane enough to know that it would be impossible to write a platform that would exactly suit each one of them; they were sane enough to know that phraseology is of minor importance and that a platform containing the fundamentals of Socialism is good enough for all Socialists to stand upon. The delegates to the state convention are to be congratulated because they indulged in no hair-splitting over prepositions; that they were not compelled to listen to learned dissertations based upon grammatical misinterpretations;

that there were none in the convention who felt themselves competent to decide, once and for all, that the future of the party depends upon the elimination of all immediate demands from our platforms and the substitution thereof of a simple and unqualified pledge to "conduct the affairs of the state in such manner as to promote the interests of the working class." The Socialists of Iowa are to be congratulated because they have not in their ranks the festive heresy hunter who fears the keen and perceptive intellects of the proletariat will scent in the words "liberty and self-government" a veritable Trojan horse concealing all the elements of their undoing, while they listen with confiding trust to him who appeals to them to loose their "chains" and gain a "world." Isn't it about time, comrades, that we dropped our, senseless quibbling over prepositions and punctuation marks?

MORE HERESY HUNTING

The Omaha comrades, having been shown their error in interpreting the national platform, promptly shift the burden of their complaint to the other horn of the dilemma, and by quotations from Jefferson and Webster and by allusion to sundry acts of other "18th century statesmen" attempt to show that the Socialist party is in poor business when defending and preserving "the idea of liberty and self-government in which the nation was born." Much is made of the fact that in the various constitutional conventions of that period thousands of workingmen were disfranchised by property qualifications.

Since the Omaha comrades are so determined to find fault with the platform we suppose it is useless to point out to them that the platform declares the Socialist party to be the "preserver and defender of the IDEA of liberty and self-government in which the nation was born," and not the defender of any liberty for the capitalists which the latter may have arrogated to themselves—whether in 1787, 1820 or 1904—as the result of that birth struggle. That the scheming capitalists of the revolutionary period took advantage of the love for liberty of those workingmen who had left the tyranny and class struggle of the old world behind them, and induced them to fight their battles—"in order that the capitalists may extend their commercial domination abroad and enhance their supremacy at home"—does not detract one jot or tittle from that "idea of liberty and self-government" for which the rank and file fondly imagined they were fighting, and is but one of the thousands of similar instances where the working class has been bamboozled into fighting the battles of the ruling class. Our masters have come asking us to do battle under their flag in the name of religion; of patriotism; of humanity. In 1776 it was liberty. Is it treason to the workers to appeal to them to TAKE liberty and self-government because these were offered to them by slave owners in 1776 and they were given disfranchisement in 1787 instead? "Those who would be free, themselves must strike the blow." The workers of '78 and 1787 did not have faith or confidence in their own class; they put their trust in "leaders" of another class, and got what they deserved. But because we have been betrayed in the attainment of an object does not make the object anathema. Is it treasonable for a Socialist to join a labor union because union men have been sold out by traitorous "leaders"? Is it good Socialist tactics for our party to use the initiative and referendum in the

transaction of its business when the populist party has declared in favor of it? Shall the Socialist party abolish free speech because some of our members in the exercise thereof make fools of themselves—and the party?

The Socialist party need not be ashamed of defending liberty and self-government, and we believe it is fitting that our platform should open with this statement. Standing alone it would be valueless and objectionable, but followed as it is by a powerful arraignment of the republican and democratic parties in their falsity to this idea, it becomes valuable propaganda. Those of us who have labored in the trenches; those of us who have used our energies in the conversion of our shop-mates rather than in polemical discussions with our comrades in the ranks—we know the spell of hypnosis that must be broken; we know how hard it is to convince the American wage slave of his slavery; how sure he is that he is "free and equal" with every other man in that "right" to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" for which his deluded fathers fought. The first section of the platform resounds with so many iconoclastic blows rained upon this golden calf, which the American wage slave worships in his hypnotic sleep, that there is no danger of the democratic or populist parties ever stealing its thunder, if this is what our Omaha comrades fear.

To conclude, it is decidedly unfair, not to say cowardly, to criticize one clause, one sentence, one paragraph, or even one section of the platform without considering its relation to the whole. Socialists might well be in better business, especially at this time when the organized employers are combining and raising a fund of millions of dollars to crush the labor movement at one fell blow. And since it is the political wing of that movement which is feared, let us not delude ourselves with the belief that the Socialist movement will escape the onslaught. Close up ranks!

"There are none so blind, as those who will not see, and none so deaf as those who will not hear."

On May 1-6, 1904, the national convention of the Socialist party was held in Chicago. Eight women were delegates to this convention, took their seats, took part in the discussions and voted on all questions.

Yet a Chicago paper comes out now with this information:

When the republican national convention was called to order Tuesday in the Coliseum, four women sat in their places among the alternates—the first time in the history of American politics women have been chosen to represent their states at a convention. One of these had the right to vote, her principal being absent.

After a full description of the clothes they wore (very important, you know), the one woman entitled to vote is quoted as saying:

"It was a courtesy bestowed upon us by the men of our state. For that reason and because I felt that it would be good politics, I have decided not to exercise my privilege of voting in my principal's absence, but to allow one of the delegates from Colorado to give my vote."

Yes, it is good republican politics for women not to vote. It is only in the Socialist ranks that woman is given her full place and power. How many more years do you suppose it will take the "woman suffragists" to find this out?

The Socialists of Iowa celebrated the 4th by nominating a state ticket and telling the people what ails them through the medium of a platform. There is nothing in the proceedings to indicate the scarcity

of Socialists in Iowa, but the pledges made for the party cover a large part of the world's work. Which is in support of the belief that it doesn't cost much to make promises that opportunity will never ask to be redeemed.—Waterloo Reporter.

All of which is also in support of the belief that there are still men in the world who "didn't know it was loaded;" who perhaps still believe the world to be flat and the center of the universe; that the steam engine and steamboat "won't work;" that kingship, chattel slavery, privately owned coal mines and the republican party are "divine institutions; that a mule won't kick when his hind legs are tickled with an overgrown broomstick, and some other equally absurd propositions that were strenuously upheld until proven false some 'steven hundred years before the flood. Wake up!

The people of Waterloo, Iowa, are going bug-house because there are bugs, toads and sea serpents in the water supplied by the water company. There are typhoid bugs and these get into the blood vessels of the patrons—hence the latter become buggy; some of them die. The water which is said to contain about one part in every hundred of sewage from other cities is pumped into the mains from the Cedar river because it is cheaper than to drill artesian wells. The Waterloans must be loony people. As the water company is after profits and the citizens of Waterloo support the profit system with their votes, what else can they expect? Why should they want to drink water anyway? Why not drink milk, or wine? Just before the deluge in Paris in 1789 someone reported to one of the royal blood that the people were turbulent because they had no bread to eat when the reply was made, "No bread to eat? Then why don't they eat cake?" The capitalists today appear to be in this same naive frame of mind.

"What Workingmen's Votes Can Do," a 16-page leaflet by Ben Hanford, our vice-presidential candidate, has just been published in a revised form by the national headquarters. This pamphlet has been used very effectively in New York and elsewhere and should be given a wide circulation. May be had from Wm. Maily, National Secretary, 269 Dearborn St., Chicago, at the following prices: Single copy 5c; 3 copies 10c; 8 for 25c; 20 for 50c; 50 for \$1, all post-paid. By express at purchaser's expense, 100 for \$1.50; 200 for \$2.50; 300 for \$3.75; 500 for \$5.00; 1000 for \$8.50.

Hero Hobson told the delegates to the democratic convention that a democratic president was the only one who had ever enforced the laws against the labor unions. Some of the delegates were thrown into a panic, fearing the effect on the "labor vote." They were needlessly alarmed. That is the kind of president labor loves to vote for. Like a dog it licks the hand that smites it.

The erstwhile democratic Chicago Chronicle has gone over to the republican fold. May its troubled spirit, harrowed as it has been by the Socialistic-anarchistic-populist-unionistic agitators, find solace in the bosom of its new comradeship. Thus the republican lion and the democratic lamb lie down together.

The members of the party in Iowa should not fail to vote on the referendum on the actions of the state convention. This is of great importance and should not be neglected.

Let us also have a sane election.

Why I Am a Socialist?

Chester Mason

I am a Socialist because I believe Socialism is right. I believe that back of the Socialist movement is the influence that will save this country from destruction. That this country will be again drenched in the blood of another terrible civil war is very probable, unless the people are aroused to the danger and settle by peaceful means the great question of the very near future, if not at the present time.

Every time and generation have had their questions to solve, and it will indeed be strange if this one is an exception. I don't believe it is. I think we, as a nation, today face the greatest question we have ever been called upon to settle; one that will "try men's souls" and test the intelligence of modern civilization. I believe with all my being that there is impending the most tremendous crisis of all time and history. That question is "Capital and Labor" and the readjustment of conditions and relations existing between them. That these conditions are not right are daily manifested by the friction between the two.

Then again I am a Socialist because Socialism is a revolutionary movement, and today unpopular and composed of men and women who are capable of thinking and do think.

The great mass of individuals who blunder along unthinkingly and mentally blind in the same old rut, are a menace to their own and their fellows welfare. It is well for us to remember the warning at these, as well as all times, that "the price of liberty is eternal vigilance," and all the liberty there is in the world today is here because some time in the past there have been men and women brave enough and unselfish enough to stand for their own and the rights of posterity.

It is a little strange to me to know that all the great revolutions that have ever been wrought to the betterment of mankind, have come into the world under stubborn and bitter protest from the ones they were destined to benefit most.

Lots of good, honest people are charitable enough to excuse us, because they think us crazy on politics or fanatical in our demands. Well, that is a great strength to my conviction in the justice of our cause.

In all the history of the world that I know anything about, the real benefactors of mankind have

suffered persecution at the hands of those they sought to benefit.

Over four hundred years ago Columbus trudged the streets of the cities of the old world a despised, ridiculed and persecuted man, because he had the audacity to think the world round, and declare his convictions when every one knew it, to be flat. Franklin was sneered at when he proclaimed the revelation and possibilities of electricity. Prof. Morse was held up to ridicule because he said he could send a message over a wire. Garrison was dragged through the streets of an Ohio town because he dared publish a little paper in favor of abolition before the abolition sentiment had developed to the proper stage to accept it. And today we see the same drama being enacted in the hills of Colorado. Brave, determined President Moyer, of the Western Federation of Miners, languishes in the foul bull-pens of Colorado because he has a mind clear enough to perceive the cause of his fellows' distress and a heart brave enough to proclaim it defiantly in the face of capitalism. May his name be imperishable. Time will only increase his renown and the class who are opposing Moyer and his followers, declaring their principles anarchy, will be known as the same class that dragged Garrison through the streets and upheld negro slavery as a "divine institution."

No, these conditions cannot continue. Poverty cannot live in peace with plenty.

We are not wishing to destroy the government; rather we wish to enlarge its powers, and bring it up to a standard conforming with the principles of that memorable document of July 4, 1776. We wish to make the declaration of independence a reality instead of a delusion, and bring to a full realization a government "of the people, by the people and for the people," in which the welfare of the humblest citizen will be a consideration to those in power. We wish to abolish a system which puts a premium on public dishonesty and graft and institute instead a system which will reward right and punish wrong. We wish to establish a system in which the equality of man (and woman) will be recognized, and "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" will be manifested for the first time in its entirety among men, and be the common heritage of the common people.

After the Smoke Cleared Away at Marshalltown

Who said that the ladies looked out of place?

Comrade Mrs. Triller voiced the sentiments of some other ladies, by saying that the Socialist husband makes the best husband in the world.

It is very encouraging to see the interest the ladies took in the remarks which were made both in the convention and at the street meeting. Yes, it looks good!

Question: If we had referred the jollying department (like the republican party maintains) to Comrade Work, would they have succeeded in working Comrade Work to work.

There were some queer things said on the corner of the courthouse square. Anyhow, Comrade Shank made lots of friends by say-

ing them, possibly one or two onery Socialists.

Well, there are some men in the world who know that Socialist women make the best wives in the world, but I guess it never occurred to them to say so. Isn't it time to get busy, comrade? Is your wife, mother or sweetheart a Socialist? Tell her about it; it may do both of you good.

E. D. HAMMOND.

The Iowa Socialist in clubs of four or more for twenty-five cents per year.

LOCAL MEETINGS

Des Moines Local No. 6 meets second and fourth Sunday afternoons of each month at 3:00 o'clock in Yeoman Hall.

Davenport local meets every first and third Friday in the month at Turner hall. Visitors always welcome. B. W. Wilson, Sec., 821 East 14th street.

Dubuque Local meets every Tuesday evening at 8:00 o'clock at Socialist Headquarters, 6th and Iowa streets.

Sioux City Local meets every Thursday at 7:30 p. m. in Trades and Labor Assembly Hall, fifth floor Opera House Block.

Iowa Financial Statement

June 1 to June 30, 1904.

RECEIPTS.	
June 1 Balance on hand	\$ 73
" 1 Carrie L. Johnson, Dubuque, donation	25 50
" 2 Logan local	1 75
" 3 Lost Creek local	75
" 4 R. G. Spurrier, Tingley	1 00
" 6 Shambaugh local	1 05
" 7 Waterloo local	3 00
" 7 Burlington local	3 00
" 8 Sioux City local	5 70
" 10 Marshalltown local	3 00
" 10 Joseph Lewin, Swan	1 50
" 10 M. E. Collins, N. McGregor	50
" 12 Cedar Rapids R. R. Man	1 00
" 12 Waterloo local	3 00
" 12 Davenport local	7 80
" 12 Des Moines local	3 00
" 12 Ft. Dodge local	1 50
" 16 Wm. Wellous, Clarkson	1 66
" 18 J. C. Frazey, Shelby	1 90
" 19 C. J. Thorgrimson, Decorah	2 00
" 20 Dubuque local	3 75
" 20 Wm. Bateman, Seymour	1 00
" 21 Frazer local, charter fee	1 20
" 21 M. H. J. de Crane, Orange City	50
" 21 J. M. Higbee, Manson	1 50
" 21 Lake City local	3 30
" 21 J. C. Frazey, Shelby	1 00
" 21 L. J. Remetch, New Hampton	1 00
" 21 R. S. Spurrier, Tingley	1 70
" 22 Boone local	3 00
" 22 Alex Kruger, S. Amana	1 00
" 24 F. E. Macha, Beulah	50
" 24 * * * Dubuque	1 00
" 27 M. Lundberg, Altoona	8 50
" 27 Des Moines local	6 30
" 28 Missouri Valley local	4 51
" 28 Bloomfield local	4 00
" 28 Bellevue local	2 00
" 29 Wm. Tuynman, Rock Valley	2 00
" 29 Cresco local	3 00
" 29 Des Moines local	10 66
Total	\$130 09
DISBURSEMENTS.	
June 1 Carrie L. Johnson, Chicago convention expenses	\$ 25 50
" 6 Postage	5 00
" 13 Wm. Maily, due stamps	10 00
" 16 L. B. Patterson, printing	4 50
" 20 Postage	3 00
" 22 Harry M. McKee, organizing	20 00
" 24 Wm. Maily, one-half day sub lists	3 50
" 29 Wm. Maily, due stamps	10 00
" 29 Wm. Maily, supplies	2 00
" 29 Wm. Maily, one-half day	8 00
" 29 John M. Work, balance Chicago convention	7 90
" 29 J. J. Jacobsen, salary for May and June	20 00
Total	\$119 40
RECAPITULATION.	
Total received	\$130 09
Total expended	119 40
Balance on hand	\$ 10 69
Respectfully submitted,	
J. J. JACOBSEN, Secretary.	

Des Moines, Iowa, July 2, 1904.

Having examined the accounts of State Secretary J. J. Jacobsen for the three months ending June 30, 1904, we find same to agree with monthly statements submitted by him and published in The Iowa Socialist.

E. L. CROSBY,
E. ERICSON,

The Iowa Socialist in clubs of four or more for twenty-five cents per year. Four postal subscription cards good for one year each for \$1.00. They are handy. Order a bunch.

Directory of Secretaries

Wm. Maily, National Secretary, Boylston Building, 269 Dearborn St., Chicago.
J. J. Jacobsen, State Secretary, 1129 12th street, Des Moines, Iowa.

Secretaries of Iowa Locals

Atlantic, Chas. D. Beers.
Avery, F. J. West.
Beebeetown, J. O. McElroy.
Bellevue, Wm. G. Stuart.
Bloomfield, B. H. Osterhoudt.
Boone, John H. Cook, 1021 Meridian St.
Burlington, Wm. Strauss, 2007 Agency Av.
Centerville, D. E. Hayes, 121 N. 21st St.
Clarinda, T. F. Willis.
Clinton, A. R. Kolar, 511 2d St.
Correctionville, John Tangborn.
Council Bluffs, L. H. Peterson, 241 Benton St.

Cresco, W. A. Fisk.
Davenport, B. W. Wilson, 821 E. 14th St.
Deloit, Stanley Browne.
Des Moines, E. Ericson, 86 E. Grand Ave.
Dubuque, C. Brandt, 303 Wood St.
Fairbank, L. J. Dietz.
Ft. Dodge, E. J. Elliott.
Frazer, Eric Bowman, box 153.
Fredericksburg, A. R. Porter.
Grinnell, W. Fierbaugh.
Hiteman, Wm. Truman.
Hocking, Thomas Love.
Keb, W. Whittle.
Lake City, Oakley Wood.
Little Rock, W. H. Attlesea.
Logan, A. D. Wilson.
Lost Creek, Lovel Talmage.
Madrid, C. J. Peelstrom.
Marshalltown, Myron F. Wiltse, 610 Frederick St.
Mason City, Leslie A. Tillitson, 119 Wes Miller St.
Missouri Valley, John T. Culavin P. O. Box 124.

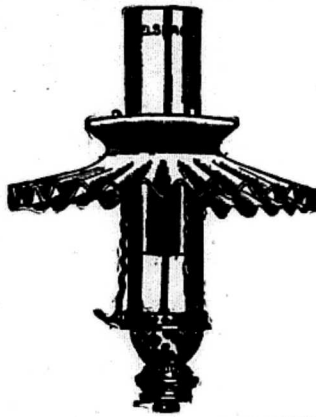
Monroe, Henry Bowans.
Muscatine, J. W. Zetler, 115 W. 9th St.
Mystic, W. B. Bedinger.
Newton, W. J. Porter.
Ottumwa, W. C. Minnick, 635 W. Main Piggab, Walter Cook.
Polk City, Nevin A. Lee, Box 4.
Rock Rapids, George Monlux.
Ryan, Chas. Hicketier.
Sac City, W. J. Martin, Box 475.
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P. C. Murray, the lawyer in the office building, makes a specialty of drawing wills and settling estates.

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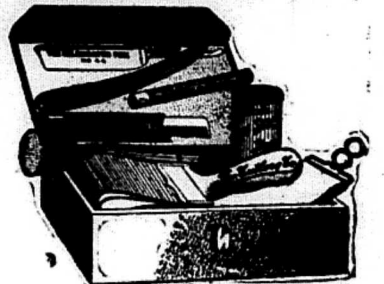
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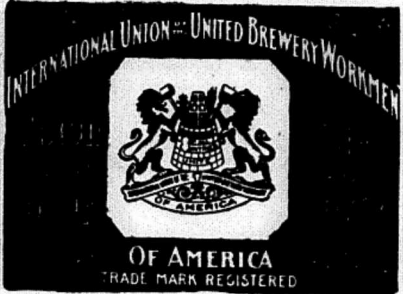
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