

## Middle Class In Small Cities

BY JOSEPH WANHOPE IN NEW YORK WORKER.

It not infrequently happens that some reformer who in a general and almost hazy manner accepts Socialists views, becomes discouraged or perhaps disgusted with the apparent apathy of the working class to take an active part in the general emancipation from capitalism, and begins to trumpet forth the praises of the middle class as fighters and parade them as the real champions of what he considers Socialism.

A relatively small Socialist vote in a city where a vigorous agitation has been carried on during the campaign usually gives the individual an opportunity to expatiate on the prowess of the middle class when they wake to the danger that threatens. The apathy, which it cannot be denied, characterizes many outdoor and business meetings of Socialists, and the apparent dumbness of organized labor, its seeming inability to grasp the cause of a long series of defeats, afford him also additional material for the same purpose.

This awakening of the middle class is already here. So far as that helpless aggregation of would-be exploiters can be aroused, they may be said to be awake. For the past year the most infernal racket has been sounding in their sleepy ears from the popular magazines that form the cheap literature of the average bourgeois home. It has awakened them, sure enough, but what has been the result? In the words of William Morris, "What is the foe, but the dream-strong wakened and weak."

Tom Lawson has been emitting his blood curdling war whoops for lo, these many months in the columns of "Everybody's Magazine." The destruction of "the system" was a foregone conclusion in his mind when the "people" were made acquainted with "the crime of Amalgamated." And it must be admitted that Lawson has told enough to awaken a class that was presumably asleep. The Tarbells, Steffens, Russels, and the lesser magazine "exposers" have all been adding their quota to the clamor and the result has been that the sleeper has been awakened only to demonstrate that he is paralyzed also.

It is perhaps in the smaller cities where this can be best observed. The middle class business men and storekeepers fear and hate the trust knowing that sooner or later, their business will go down before it, but this knowledge in nowise stimulates them to concerted action of any kind against it, nor even to propose or discuss such action. In the competitive fight with each other, and their struggles with the local unions they find the immediate and only outlet for their fighting energies.

They are inveterate foes of trade unionism and supporters of the blacklist. Socialists and the militant trade unionists they consider undesirable and conspire in their business men's exchanges and citizen's alliances to boycott these undesirables to the point of forcing them to get out of town. Their feeble bourgeois intellects never seemingly rise to the point of comprehending that this procedure merely shifts the agitators from place to place, and gives them new fields in which propagate their ideas. The small business man is a hopeless individualist. He draws a mental ring fence around the little burg in which his property interests are situated and waxes intensely patriotic about the locality. His civic devotion apparently knows no bounds. His political candidates for city offices adopt such mottoes as "Let Squedunk Flourish," or "Punkinsville First, Last and All the Time," and in general he takes care to let

it be known that every act of his is undertaken with the sole object of benefiting the community through the extension of business.

Between all provincial cities of from ten to a hundred thousand inhabitants a constant competitive struggle goes on with the object of inducing outside capitalists to locate industries "in our midst," as the local papers express it. Wordy battles are conducted in the local journals over this matter, and each city vies with the others in calling attention to the desirable locations for manufacture within its limits. Offers of free sites, exemption from taxes and other advantages are made to attract capital. Baseball teams, Fourth of July orators, who read the Declaration of Independence "in an impressive voice" strolling showmen posing as "carnival companies," free exhibitions of fireworks, labor and political conventions, picnics and excursions from neighboring cities are subsidized or otherwise pressed into service with the object of attracting people to the city who have money to spend. Let the local labor union propose to take its picnic out of the city on Labor day and a reproachful howl goes instantly from the local business interests. Only a few months ago two provincial cities were at daggers drawn with each other over the hanging of a murderer, which was expected to draw a crowd of some thousands of people who were in turn expected to liven up trade by their presence. The fortunate locality that eventually secured the gruesome spectacle was abused for days afterwards for its hogghishness and greed by the press of the unsuccessful city.

More local population to exploit, more wage slaves to rent the house property and trade at the stores—these are the things which the typical middle class man of the smaller cities has set before him to accomplish. Every thing else is secondary to this. The local papers without exception give the impression that if only the population were doubled the city would become a paradise. Like the middle class property owner and storekeeper, they hate the trust also.

But let the trust decide to establish a plant in their midst and behold the consequences. Does the property holder of the middle class and his mouth piece, the local journal, attempt to repel the intruder? Not much. They don't even presume a sulky silence. Their immediate interest prevails. In imagination they see a thousand wage slaves drawn from other localities—wage slaves who will rent property and become customers. And down they get, metaphorically speaking, on their bellies, and grovel like spaniels before the newcomer. There is no question about tainted money no dread of the crushing out of competition. That is to far distant to enter into calculation. Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof. This is one of the "good trusts." If it were not "good" it would not dare to "come into our midst," for above all things we middle class people and local property holders and taxpayers are "moral."

The same consideration is shown for the "customer" The writer out of sheer maliciousness, has often tormented on these little wretches by inflicting on him a talk of Socialism, which was patiently borne with smirking and the rubbing of hands on the part of the victim, who was sustained by the expectation that his torturer might possibly purchase articles to the amount of a dollar or so if properly placated.

Amongst this type, Lawson is widely read. Their tables are gener-

ally well supplied with all this class of magazines which now find their profit in exposing some damnable phase of the capitalist system. Your middle class provincial will readily admit that "something must be done," just what, he is not prepared to say. Socialism might do, but he puts forward a timid plea that it might possibly be "too radical." On the whole, though, he is willing to agree with you—with an eye to business, either now or in the near future. The same evening he will go to the local business men's exchange and plan with his associates to stop the local Socialist street meeting, or get out lists of "Radicals," labor agitators and other dangerous characters who are to be starved out of the town by denying them employment.

There are, of course, exceptions. But the class predominantly is of this type, fawning and servile towards the strong, secretly vindictive and treacherous towards the weak, but always complaisant towards possible customers. Our provincial cities are filled with them. They constitute what might be termed the rank and file of the middle class, and are essentially "the people" whom Lawson expects to rise in righteous wrath and exterminate the "system."

While the Boston stock jobber may perhaps be excused on the score of ignorance in supposing that this class could ever be spurred into anything remotely resembling a fight against capitalism, it is impossible to conceive how a Socialist, who at least is supposed to be acquainted with their characteristics, could make a similar mistake.

Such men as Post and Parry are not of this type, for they fight more or less in the open. But the ordinary middle class lacks their courage and candor. At best he is a follower who will join secretly against trade unionism and Socialism, when he is satisfied that a winning fight can be made locally on them, but a quitter when they display strength that he imagines might injure his business, the success of which is his sole being, end, and object, and by which all his actions and beliefs are guided. When confronted with the trust he lies down at once. Though his economic ignorance is monumental, he at least knows enough to keep out of any real open fight against it. That is the one thing he will not do.

No help may be expected from this class as a class. The competition which still rages amongst them forbids united and open action on their part even in their own class interests. Their connection with citizen's alliances and business men's associations they keep more or less secret, and the programs they determine on there entirely so. They may agree with the Lawsons, Tarbells, and Russels, of course, just as they will agree outwardly with anything else that seems popular for the moment, even Socialism.

A two years study of this type in the smaller cities has given the writer an opportunity to judge what may be expected from them by Socialists, and the result can be summed up in one word—nothing.

### American Girls Sold To Chinese Fiends

The local immigration bureau today gave publicity to investigations which reveal an atrocious slave-trade which has been going on for months, and of which American girls have been the victims.

That girls of tender years have been sent by procurers in this country to be slaves in Chinese harems hundreds of miles distant from civilization, where it is absolutely impossible for them to escape, and where their only hope for delivery from their degraded slavery is in death, is vouched for by United States officials in today's revelations. Several of the young women finding what fate had in store for them,

took their own lives rather than submit to the outrages practiced upon them by the scoundrels who inveigled them into slavery and the barbarous savages to whom they were consigned.

It has been found that an underground railroad, such as was adopted in slavery days to get the negroes beyond the American lines, has been established by these traders in human flesh. Their headquarters are in this city but they have agents in numerous western towns, including San Francisco and Seattle.

In Shanghai they have a receiving agent, a woman who is known to the American government and who turns the betrayed girls over to their purchasers. These American girls betrayed into the hands of the rich Chinese bring from \$500 to \$1,000 each.

Chinese girls have also been brought to this country for immoral purposes. They bring from \$250 to \$400.

The American girls are immediately taken from the ships when they reach Shanghai to interior towns and after they leave Shanghai there is no chance for their escape. They are subject to the whims of the mandarins who purchased them, until their death.

The immigration bureau only revealed the facts after receiving a complaint of the sale of Louise Miller of Montreal to the agent of a Chinese official. The girl was first taken to this city and then forwarded to the Orient.

Other evidence indicates that Eva Campeau, Maggie Brouin and Victoria Stamour, all waitresses, were induced to come to Chicago from Montreal to meet the same fate.

The names of ten other young women of Chicago and surrounding cities who disappeared and have been shipped to Shanghai to become slaves have been reported to the immigration inspector, J. W. Burst. Most of these girls were selected because of their beauty.

The government officials state that the people of Chicago must rely upon the state governments and the police to punish the procurers of these poor girls because there is no federal law against exporting women for immoral purposes. The American consul at Shanghai, James L. Rogers, has enlisted the co-operation of the English and Chinese authorities of that city.

Evidence of sales of many American and Canadian girls has been secured. The authorities are now certain that at least 12 out of the 49 girls who were shipped to China were incarcerated to force them to comply with the demands of their captors.

One girl, Hilda Anderson, committed suicide when she learned the purpose for which she was being sent to China.

All trace of many of the unfortunate women has been lost because they have been taken to points in the interior where white men have never yet penetrated. Two of the intended victims escaped in Shanghai and sought refuge in places frequented by Americans and other foreigners. They were rescued by English sailors and taken to officers of the United States navy, to whom they told the awful story of their experiences.

They stated that girls often brought more than \$1,000 to their betrayers. The price paid fluctuates according to their beauty and accomplishments.

Several of the women's societies of Chicago today announced that they will demand that every step possible be taken by the authorities to put a stop to this criminal trade and to rescue the unfortunates already in captivity. The federation authorities will make every effort to apprehend the procurers who have been engaged in the unholy traffic.

## Arthur Morrow Lewis Leads Strenuous Life

Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States of America, King of Hawaii and Porto Rico, and Emperor of Colorado and the Islands beyond the Seas, is generally supposed to lead the "Strenuous Life." But if he had gone through the tribulations of Arthur Morrow Lewis, of San Francisco, since he arrived in Canada a week ago, he would now be "strenuous" for Sumas, in an effort to get across the border unobserved.

Comrade Lewis arrived in Vancouver on Wednesday, Oct. 23, and spoke that evening from the soap box on the corner of Cordova and Carral streets, amid many interruptions, which had all the earmarks of being premeditated, and chief among which were those furnished by one of our little Bourgeois, who displayed a photographer's shingle a short way up the street.

The C. P. R. also contributed its quota of noise by running a puffing engine back and forth on the crossings at Cordova street and the persistent ringing of the inevitable bell. The speaker, however, provided as persistent as the freight train, "which some irreverent wag alluded to as the Dominion Government on wheels" and before closing sold a number of copies of Socialist literature.

On being persistently interrupted by a particular individual who was trying to hide his sinister motives behind the pretense of inebriety, the lecturer finally appealed to a duly appointed and appropriately uniformed officer of the "law," who was visible on the outskirts of the gathering to remove the nuisance. But his reply consisted of some sneering remarks which showed him to be well qualified for his job of defender of capitalist interests.

On Thursday evening Comrade Lewis spoke in New Westminster after first viewing the Exhibition. Some of the products of the B. C. workers, "which were on exhibition at that place," and returned to Vancouver that night.

On Friday evening, Oct. 6th, the secretary of the Local remembering that he had frequently witnessed large crowds attending to the commercial interests of various patent medicine men, "Magic soap vendors, and lightning calculators," at the corner of Abbott and Cordova Sts., and noting also that the same locality has occasionally served as the battle-ground between the Salvation Army, and the Prince of Darkness, without intervention by any third parties advised the visiting Comrade to try that place, and the innocent soap box was accordingly carried to the hallowed pavement in front of the Owl drug store at eight o'clock that evening.

Everything went all right here until the speaker made some reference to the movement in Germany, when one of the "loyal British objects," who frequent our fifteen cent restaurants and other tough places, asked why he did not confine his remarks to the British Empire.

The lecturer informed him that Socialism was as international and world-wide as Capitalism itself, and that we were prepared to recognize genius and scientific advancement wherever it may be found, and that despite the fact that the rulers of Germany are doing all they dare to suppress the science of Sociology and practical advancement, the people of that country are foremost in those sciences. That a German was a man, as well as any Englishman, an American, or any other descendent of the race and that they were even more entitled to the name than most of the inhabitants of other countries from the fact that they already had eighty-one representatives of the useful class of society in the parliament of their country.

At this juncture Patrolman Deptford evidently considering it time to show that he was a faithful servant of the capitalist class, interfered with the meeting, informing the speaker that he would have to desist.

Being asked for a reason, the officer informed him that he was obstructing the street, but on being questioned further seemed to be unable to point out the exact location of the obstruction and walked away.

Comrade Lewis, "who is an Englishman himself", then informed the bystanders that he always insisted on whatever rights the working people were still supposed to have under the law, and added that he knew of no other place on this continent where such a thing was likely to occur, and that if he had to stop speaking there that evening it would be to go to the local gaol.

A voice in the background then remarked, "You can't do it in Seattle."

"Yes we can," answered the speaker, "they did try to suppress us there, but we beat them in the courts."

The speaker then again took up the thread of his discourse on Socialism, but had not proceeded very far when Sir Deptford again appeared at his elbow, accompanied by another officer—whom he undoubtedly meant to keep between himself and the comrade who carries the "dynamite"—and again informed him that he could not speak any more. Comrade Lewis could not see the proposition from the same point of view, however, and informed the over-zealous guardian of the "peace of mind of capitalism," that he could only stop if placed under arrest, and on getting a further assurance that he was formally arrested, he stepped down and walked away with the officer.

Arriving at the station, he was turned over to the tender care of the somewhat celebrated Mr. O'Grady, whose "overflowing sense of virtuosity" compelled him to express his regrets that the prisoner had been so foolish as to "break the law," on hearing of which, some of the comrades, who feared that the "wind-jammer" now laying off the C. P. R. dock might be short of an able bodied seaman, decided to resume him at all hazards. On ascertaining that there was no practical way of blowing up the gaol without injuring the object of their solicitude, a more peaceful course was adopted and accordingly the secretary of the Vancouver Local, "who is noted for his meekness," was sent to negotiate for his release, while the "explosive" element under the command of Comrade Sibble, (who had sealed orders) kept an eye on the entrance to Burrard Inlet, so as to prevent any suspicious craft from putting to sea.

On his arrival at the station, the secretary could find no one in charge who was qualified to fix the amount of bail required in such a heinous case as attempting to kill the whole capitalist class, and thereby leave no one in the country but the few workers who, of course, would soon starve to death for



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## Correspondence

Fridley, Mont. Oct. 14, 1905.  
L. W. Quick, G. S. & T. of Order of Railway Telegraphers, St. Louis, Missouri.

Dear Sir and Brother: There has been some correspondence between us before on this subject, but as I still feel the same as when you first inserted the notice in the February 1904, "Telegrapher" cutting out all discussion of Socialism, and that is that the hardest working portion and the most enthusiastic members of the Order had received a direct slap in that notice.

In a former letter you say I must not overlook the fact that the "Railroad Telegrapher" is the official organ of the Order of Railroad Telegraphers. I understand this very well and for this very reason cannot see why a censorship should be established over what goes in it by its editor, or by what right he does establish such a censorship. Granted that the majority of members are not in favor of Socialism. Is that any reason be should not be heard?

I claim that you have absolutely no right to cut out such discussion, Socialism is neither politics or religion. It is strictly an economic question and as such, is of interest to working people, or at least should be. Socialism and the Socialist party are different things, although I personally would like to see discussion of any kind or on any subject allowed in labor unions provided it could be shown that they were of interest to labor. I do not think you will deny that Socialism is a subject in which labor should be interested. As to you going by what the majority of the members

want in the journal, do you think you do it when articles on the proper way to run a gum machine are put in the correspondence column, and other flunky articles on how we shall retain the respect of our masters.

Now I have retained the respect of those who were formerly my masters, but I have not retained my job. Since the Northern Pacific strike I am ranching. I have no doubt but that I still have the respect of the Northern Pacific officials, but when I reported for duty I received the cheering information that I would not be employed in any capacity on this division and that no service letter will be issued, although I had given them two years satisfactory service. And this because a lot of telegraphers with capitalistic minds were on a strike knowing nothing of economic conditions and consequently nothing of why or what they were striking for. And I say further that it was just as good and just as successful a strike as the O. R. T. will have until they do study and learn something of economics. And where can they be reached so well as in the "Telegrapher?" The man next station from me voted for the strike and wrote me to that effect, fearing I presume that I might be weak kneed. When the test came he stayed out about 24 hours. He is now a scab both in a strike and at the ballot box as he was before, and being a scab before the strike makes him no worse than his scabbery at the ballot box did before the strike. Do you think he has retained the respect of his masters? You know he has not, but he has retained his job, and until the working class find out that their interests and the masters interests are exactly opposite, such strikes will occur followed by just such results as this one. Isn't the columns of the "Telegrapher" as good a place as there is to show them? What is it for if not to educate its readers.

You educate me (in a former letter) to support my labor organization. Well, I am going to follow that advice, but I am not going to support Gompers and his gang and a lot of what I consider fakirs much longer. Labor as at present organized is behind the capitalists organization in every way. The A. F. of L. is bound to go under unless there is a change in their policy. There is nothing I would like to see more than a solid organization of labor, put organization as we have a present which divides instead of combining, will not stand.

We were scabbed on during the

Northern Pacific strike by every other branch of organized (or divided labor.) The conductors and engineers run on telephone and scab telegraphers orders, the brakemen and firemen with them, running on them at the risk of their lives. The machinists put the power in good shape on instructions given to them by scabs, and all others the same. We pretty well organized as far as organization goes at present. Why didn't we win? Give us, your remedy if you have one other than Socialism.

Fraternally,  
JNO. BEARD.  
Div. 54 Cert. 1314.

## Socialist News From State Headquarters

Perry Bowen of Dean sends in one dollar to the organizing fund. Local Livingston orders more Campaign coupon books.

September Bulletins have been sent to all the local secretaries.

We have on hand a large supply of Rufus W. Weeks' leaflet entitled "The Most Interesting Phenomenon of the Twentieth Century," which will be sold at 25 cents per 100 or \$1.00 per 500.

Fifty thousand of these leaflets should be scattered throughout the state. Send in your orders at once.

Locals east of Helena and Butte desiring speakers during November should send in their application for speakers as soon as possible, stating number of dates desired.

It is our intention to put another speaker in the field to travel over the routes covered by Comrade Hazlett and if enough dates are secured a speaker will be started to work about November tenth. There is considerable work to be done in the Northern part of the state and plans are now under way to route a speaker into the state to travel west on the Great Northern Railroad to Havre, then south to Cascade County. This northern route is a very expensive trip and an entirely new territory for Socialist speakers, therefore we need liberal donations to the special organizing fund in order that we may be in shape to get the best possible results from this proposed tour.

As soon as receipts at headquarters reach large enough proportions to enable us to carry on the work, a sort of resident agitator will be put in the field whose duty it will be to stay in certain localities long enough to arouse the spirit of resistance in the workers and get them organized into locals. There is urgent need

for this kind of work in various sections of the state. Buy a few special organizing stamps thereby assisting in getting this work under way.

Local secretaries will greatly assist us at headquarters by sending in their monthly reports promptly at the end of each month.

Special efforts should be made to have a large vote cast on Referendum No. 3.

Go to the meeting of your local and cast your vote on the question of the party owning the Montana News.

JAS. D. GRAHAM,  
State Secretary.

## Socialist News From

State Headquarters

(Continued from page 2)

from the tone of letters received from all parts of the state, for the dog will refuse to be thus wagged.

The statement that there are two State Organizations is false. There are not, and will not be unless the National Committee blow the breath of life into the tail already amputated to prevent the spread of a contagious disease. In plain words, Minnesota objects to outside interference designed to place the State Organization under the control of a few ambitious and self elected leaders who have been party members but a few months.

For the information of Comrade William L. White, we will say Minnesota proposes to hold its own convention in the winter at which time the terms of the present State Officials terminate; and every one of them will gladly turn over to their successors, at the bidding of the membership of the state, both the work of Organization, (Interrupted and delayed by the men who excite the sympathy and admiration of a few National Committee men,) and also the duty of defending the Organization from the combined assaults of these traitors within the state and their allies upon the National Committee.

Fraternally,  
(Signed) J. E. NASH,  
State Sec. for the State Executive Committee."

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### Valuable Eggs.

A moa's egg has been found in a mining district in central Otago, New Zealand. There was a fall of earth in a dredging claim and presently the huge egg was seen floating uninjured in the water. The discovery is the more interesting from the fact that it is the second perfect moa's egg that has ever been found. The only other perfect specimen was unearthed by a man while digging in the alluvial soil of the Kairoura mountains in the early sixties. This egg, which was nine inches in length and seven inches in breadth, was taken to England and sold for \$500. Some idea of the size of these eggs may be gleaned from the fact that a man's hat makes an excellent egg cup for them.

### Recognized.

"You don't recognize titles of nobility in this country?" said the distinguished foreigner.  
"Oh, yes, we can," answered Mr. Cumrox. "Mother and the girls cannot only recognize 'em, but they can quote their market valuation off-hand."—Washington Star.

### Trying to Recover.

"When I saw her last she seemed to have fallen in love with him."  
"Oh, yes. But that was some time ago. She's suing him now for breach of promise."  
"Trying to get damages for the fall, eh?"—Philadelphia Record.

### In the Same Boat.

Ragson (to friend in hotel bedroom)—Let me in, Jim. I can't find the keyhole.

Tagson—Call a hall boy. I just got in myself and don't know where it is either.—Detroit Free Press.

### What He Needed Most.

"I see yer movin' out, boss," said Weary Willie, stopping to watch the operation. "Is dere anything yer don't need dat I might take?"  
"Yes," snapped Subbubs—"a bath!"—New York Times.

### Not Counting Him.

She—Are you sure you love no one else better than me?  
He—Well—er—I—  
She—Oh, I mean besides yourself.—Philadelphia Ledger.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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