

CHICAGO AMERICAN'S PREACHMENTS ON SOCIALISM

Its Ridiculous Claims as to What Constitutes Socialism are Made With Intention to Deceive Its Readers

Nothing more thoroughly stupid and, because of the extensive reading it gets, more subversive of truth and poisonous to the public mind, than the preachments of the Chicago American on what it miscalls "Socialism," is printed in any newspaper in the country.

If the American's editorials on "Socialism" were written in ignorance of the basic principles and historic mission of true Socialism, they might be regarded with the same indifference with which intelligent minds are wont to look upon capitalist newspaper opinion in general. But since they are undoubtedly written in the light of a full understanding of both principles and mission, their insidious and wholly misleading character, together with the groundless assumptions upon which they are based, should be pointed out. To do that is the purpose of this article.

Certainly, as the American suggests, every intelligent man should study Socialism. But if he studies it in the columns of the American he will be caught in a trap. He will not learn what Socialism is. If he is intelligent he will soon discover that he has been imposed upon, because, his interest being awakened, he will go to other sources for information. Then he will find that he has been the victim of what was probably a conscious intention to deceive him.

Any intelligent man can readily learn what Socialism really is. He can also easily refute the American's sapient remark that "it has existed on the earth for hundreds of centuries." Such a man will very soon satisfy himself that Socialism is something the earth has never had, something the race could never achieve except through the struggle of men to live; that the struggle to live has forced men by slow processes of evolution from barbarous and socially inadequate individualism to improved and more efficient ways of providing for their common needs; that the crude methods of individual production have been succeeded by social production necessarily involving organization, co-operation and efficiency in place of individual planlessness, competition and insecurity; but he will also discover that Socialism, which is industrial organization based upon social ownership and administration of all the means of production, could not possibly have existed anywhere before organization had been accomplished and the inexorable laws of evolution fulfilled. At no time or place since labor began its struggles in the wilderness of the world could Socialism have existed in advance of the conditions indispensable to its institution among men.

Socialism, then, was always impracticable without organization. It has been made practicable and certain by discovery, invention, science, organization, the lapse of time and the cumulative experience of mankind.

To state it in briefer form: Socialism could not exist save as the result of economic evolution. Socialism comes as the necessary and natural outgrowth of industrial development and organization.

The intelligent student will not find, as the American suggests he may, "records of Socialism" in "Egyptian hieroglyphics." The records are not there. Protests against the form of slavery under which Egyptian workmen toiled there may be. Protests under all forms of slavery have been common enough, but they are not Socialism any more than are the American's protests against the policies of the republican administration.

Congressional Brokerage Shop

The United States is headed toward revolution. This is the opinion of Poulney Bigelow, who has just returned to London from delivering a course of lectures at Harvard and Yale.

"Commercialism," he said, "runs riot in the United States. The Yankees are coining their ideas and energy into money and the trust builders are doing the rest. These money kings must necessarily exercise a blighting influence on the morals of public servants. They create all manner of temptations and breed all manner of jobbery.

"In Washington I found a cynical contempt for the Constitution. Corruption stalks through the government departments. It disgraces the halls of Congress. Congress itself is little more than a brokerage shop for the sale of authority to fleece the people. The legislators, department officials and petty public servants of all kinds neglect no opportunity of turning their official prerogatives to profit.

One might as well go back to original protoplasm, when the earth was without form and void, and expect to hear a voice proclaiming the postulates of modern Socialism, as to look for a "record of Socialism" in the rock-piles of Egypt.

Neither is a "demand for social improvement" to be called Socialism—except by the American. Of course, if the demand includes the social ownership of the tools of production and abolition of all forms of robbery and exploitation, then we have a demand for Socialism. But that is not what the American favors. The American is opposed to Socialism.

It suited the ideas of the American and fit in with its conception of "propaganda for Socialism" last fall to hurl such choice epithets at Socialists as "cowards," "poltroons," "hypocrites," "degenerates" and "traitors." And all this it did fearing that the "growing spirit of Socialism," manifested in the Social Democratic Party, whose candidate for president it personally attacked, would "overwhelm and engulf the moderate policy of the democratic party."

The American can be depended upon to advocate "moderate" policies ninety days before election and the rest of the time to exploit an eviscerated Socialism having its taproots in a prehistoric jellyfish or an Egyptian tombstone.

Take a few more samples of the American's "Socialism," served up as intellectual viands for "intelligent men."

It says "the American revolution was Socialism PURE AND SIMPLE!" This we should ordinarily call pure and simple idiocy. But it isn't. It is conscious imposition upon the "intelligent man," who buys the paper for one penny. And when it says further that "the great leaders of the revolution were Socialists (Washington for example) and the throwing overboard of the tea was 'militant Socialism' with a vengeance," you might expect us to collapse at the nerve of the fellow. But we don't. Anybody who can read "records of Socialism" in Egyptian hieroglyphics can find "Das Kapital" in the Declaration of Independence and a Socialist lecture in the constitution of the United States. From that conclusion to an assertion that the slave-holding leaders of the revolution (which many of them did not want to lead) were Socialists, is an easy performance for the versatile "Socialist" agitator of the Chicago American.

The American's "Socialist" editorials are the most original thing that ever transpired. They are reckless in statement, confusing in information and misleading in conclusion. Their originality consists in a studious avoidance of Socialism and an evasion of the central truth which it teaches, and all Socialists throughout the world accept.

It is manifestly impossible for the American to discuss "the various movements of the world that come appropriately under the heading of Socialism," as it proposes to do, neither is the American competent to say what appropriately belongs under that heading. It deliberately excludes what properly belongs there and purposely tries to deceive its readers by a deprecatory reference to a "miscalled Socialism which advocates a division of property"—a Socialism which has no existence save in the empty heads of the stupid and ignorant on one side and the cunning misinterpreters who write to divert attention from real Socialism on the other.

"I learned many specific instances of flagrant jobbery, especially in connection with the Philippine war. Thousands of officials, who owe it stealings ranging from very small to very large amounts, do not want the struggle to come to an end. They would much prefer to see it indefinitely prolonged.

"Of course, I should not think of reflecting on such men as Secretary Hay and Judge Taft, but if Hay were the archangel Gabriel and Taft St. Peter returned to earth they could not stop the complex and far-reaching system of thievery that prevails in the public service.

"We would better have an emperor—some one to take a firm stand against the rising tide of official immorality—than have rulers who have no interest in the government beyond the next election. I would rather live under Emperor William of Germany than under the vicious tyranny of railway, oil and steel kings."

Yearly subscription to The Herald, 50 cts.

SOME THINGS SOME PEOPLE DON'T KNOW

There are many people, most of them honest and well-meaning enough, who oppose Socialism, they don't know why. They never read Socialist newspapers and so are kept in the dark concerning the greatest movement of modern times. If you happen to be one of them let us make you acquainted with a few facts that you don't know.

You don't know what Socialism is, though you may be very glib in your statements about its being so very impractical, and in your ridicule of its advocates.

You say the earth belongs to all the people, but you don't know that Socialism is the only plan that promises to restore the earth to all the people.

You don't know that at the last elections more than seven million people voted for Socialism.

You don't know that there are 57 Socialist members in the German reichstag.

You don't know that Socialism is the only movement in behalf of the workers that is worth talking about.

You don't know that the monarchs of Europe are more frightened today at the growth of Socialism than all the rest of their troubles together.

You don't know that Alfred Russell Wallace, the greatest of the world's scientists, said recently, "I am myself convinced that the society of the future will be some form of Socialism, which may be briefly defined as the organization of labor for the good of all."

You don't know that Emile Zola says the Socialist arguments are irrefutable, and that we will have Socialism in twenty-five years.

You look superior and laugh loudly at what you are pleased to call the "vapors of the Socialists," but you don't know that the St. Louis Mirror, a republican newspaper, recently said that "There is not the least doubt that the development of the consolidation idea renders all protest against ultimate Socialism futile and foolish." Nor that the Boston Daily Post is authority for the statement that "the immense consolidations in the business of transportation, of steel manufacture and in other lines of industrial enterprise which have marked the opening of the century point unmistakably to the strengthening of the Socialist idea." Nor that the St. Louis Globe-Democrat insists that "Socialism promises to be a force with which American statesmen may have to reckon." Nor that the New York Tribune says, "The capitalist and captain of industry in these latter days has set himself to demonstrate that the theories of the Socialist are sound."

You imagine that Socialism has no hold upon the people, and you don't know that less than a year ago 150,000 common people followed the body of Liebknecht to its resting place. A greater concourse of people than ever attended the funeral of even king or queen since the dawn of history.

The trust question may be one of great interest to you, but you have no idea of what is to be done with them; you don't know how many prominent men and newspapers of all political faiths admit that the Socialists possess the only remedy.

And though you may know that the trusts now control all the means for the production and distribution of wealth, you don't know that public ownership of all trusts and monopolies would be Socialism.

"I am Glad Mother is Dead"

Five-year-old Carrie Matson is old in her knowledge of suffering. There has been little else in her life. She was a year old when her father died and left her mother in poverty with two children.

While her mother struggled with the world alone, Carrie and her younger sister Ella often went hungry to bed. Then her mother married Nels Peterson. He gave her fair promises and pledges of love, but he was a drunkard.

Five months ago he shot his wife. He shot at Carrie, but wounded her only in the hand. He put a bullet through his own head and fell dead. Carrie recovered, and her mother suffered for five months before death came to her relief Wednesday.

"I am glad mother is dead," said Carrie to an American reporter yesterday. "She suffered so that she prayed she might die, and I cannot be sorry she is dead."

Her face was set then, but the tears which struggled for the mastery conquered. She wept and sobbed: "O mamma, mamma, I shall miss you."

Carrie is being cared for by the neighbors at her home, 2829 Princeton avenue, Chicago.

SOCIALISTS WHO WOULD EMASCULATE SOCIALISM

They Belong to the School of "Reformers" Who Are for Everybody, Especially Themselves, and Against Nobody—Will Parade at Detroit

BY EUGENE V. DEBS

Socialism has been a long time on its journey from the past to the present. The truths it magnifies and the justice it demands have been in all the centuries in abeyance. The battles it has fought and the defeats it has sustained have not diminished, but increased its vigor. They—

"Were but the prelude Fate's orchestra plays To the strain that shall come in the fullness of days; For the age lengthened rhythm beat out by the Fates In the building of cities, the founding of states, In the earthquake of war, in thunder and groans, In the battle of kings and the trembling of thrones Is but prelude that's written by Destiny's pen To herald the epoch of masterful men: And socialist heroes from the hills to the sea Have sent forth their call to the years yet to be."

Yes, Socialism calls for men. The fields are ripening for the harvest of great deeds, the fruitage of centuries; and reapers are wanted—men of courage, dauntless men, men who dare and men who do, men of brains, men of vision, men of ideas and ideals: "Men with empires in their purpose, And new eras in their brains; Men whose thought shall pave new highways Up to ampler destinies."

And such men—and women, too—are filling the ranks of Socialism. The thrill of class-conscious solidarity is in their breasts. They defy defeat. The handwriting of destiny is on their banners.

The Social Unity, organ of the Social Reform Union, has an editorial on "A New Party" in its April issue. It is a curious mixture, the product of a disordered vision and confused mind. Brief extracts follow:

One of the main functions of Social Unity is to find out what people think, by instituting referendums. We held a referendum on the Class Conscious question and found out that among the 2,500 people to whom this magazine goes, no great interest is taken in that special question, but that of those who did take the trouble to express an opinion, a large majority was opposed to the Class Conscious position. We are now glad to institute a referendum on the question whether or no there should be a new political party formed for the campaign of 1901. We shall be curious to see how people vote on this question.

Eventually, we believe, we can do away with parties, but it may be that for the present we cannot and that it is necessary and possible, without being partisan, for the reform forces to establish and make use of a new party.

These people, mostly honest, imagine themselves Socialists—that is, in a mild, not a malignant form. They have decided that there is no class struggle, and now they propose to determine whether or not to organize a new party—that is to say, whether or not capitalism will abolish itself. If a new party should be decided upon, it must not be partisan. Can any sane person conceive of such a monstrosity? Think of the wolf and the lamb in loving embrace, the fox and the pullet dancing a two-step and the lion and the ox scouting the class-conscious doctrine over their peaches and cream, while the ass mused, "I have long been waiting for this party of 'all the people.'"

Socialism was born of the class antagonisms of capitalist society, without which it would never have been heard of; and in the present state of its development it is a struggle of the working class to free themselves from their capitalist exploiters by wresting from them the tools with which modern work is done. This conflict for mastery of the tools is necessarily a class conflict. It can be nothing else, and only he is a Socialist in fact who perceives clearly the nature of the struggle and takes his stand squarely and uncompromisingly with the working class in the struggle which can end only with the utter annihilation of the capitalist system and the total abolition of class rule.

We count every one against us who is not with us and opposed to the capitalist class, especially those "reformers" of chicken hearts who are for everybody, especially themselves, and against nobody.

While I believe that most of these "reformers" are honest and well-meaning, I know that some of them, by no means inconspicuous, are charlatans and frauds. They are the representatives of middle-class interests, and the shrewd old politicians of the capitalist parties are not slow to perceive and

take advantage of their influence. They are "Socialists" for no other purpose than to emasculate Socialism. Beaten in the capitalist game by better shufflers, dealers and players, they have turned "reformers" and are playing that for what there is in it. They were failures as preachers and lawyers and politicians and capitalists. In their new role as "reformers" they dare not offend the capitalist exploiters, for their revenue depends upon their treason to the exploited slaves over whom they mourn dolefully and shed crocodile tears.

I respect the honest effort of any man or set of men, however misguided, to better social conditions, but I have no patience with the frauds and quacks who wear the masks of meekness and in the name of "brotherhood" betray their trusting victims to the class that robs them without pity and riots in the proceeds without shame.

On the very eve of the last national election some of these "Socialists" sprung a petition on me to withdraw in favor of Bryan. The Associated Press was cocked and primed and the petition was flashed over all the wires and appeared in all the capitalist papers. It was a political sandbagging conspiracy that would have done violence to the code of Hinky Dink. The reports were freely published that the Socialists had turned me down and would support Bryan. I tried to put the truth on the wires, but it would not go. The wires had their orders, my denial was refused and the disreputable trick served the miserable purpose of its reptilian instigators.

This element will be conspicuously in evidence at the Detroit conference and the capitalist press will accord them patient and respectful consideration.

Read this dispatch:

Union City, Ind., April 20. Charles Penny of Greenville, O., a bricklayer, 30 years old, deadheading his way on a Pan Handle train, was ordered off by a brakeman, and in jumping he fell under the wheels. His leg was crushed from the knee to the foot. In this condition he crawled nearly a quarter of a mile, spending the night in a barn. He was brought here today, and the limb amputated.

It is enough to make one's heart stand still. Looking for work, no doubt, and no money to pay fare. Probably has a wife and children. It is horrible beyond description, and yet the chances are ninety-nine in a hundred that he votes with the republican or democratic party, both of which support the existing system in which workingmen's lives are of no more consequence than if they were vagabond dogs, and this is proclaimed to be the triumph of Christian civilization.

It is unquestionably true that Prof. Ross of the Leland Stanford University of California was dismissed for utterances along economic lines which the widow of the dead millionaire objected to, and, as she is the reigning queen of the institution, her will is law. Free speech is not tolerated in the Stanford University, nor in any other university, and whatever may be the boast of the educators in such institutions, the fact remains that they are as certainly the wage-slaves of capitalism as are the coal diggers in the anthracite mines of Pennsylvania.

April 20. Eugene V. Debs.

Their Glass Plant Gone

The people of Windfall, Ind., have lost their glass plant. No, a glass plant owned by the combine, but paid for by the people, has gone. It happened this way.

The Windfall Glass Works, which was operated at its full capacity by A. F. Swoveland, proprietor, was sold last fall, together with a large amount of stock, material and gas wells. The conveyance was in the name of Joseph Mock and it was understood by Mr. Swoveland and the people here that the plant would be operated here as before.

When the deal was completed, however, the new owner shut down the factory, and it now appears that the plant has been gobbled up by some trust or combination. This week the stock and material began to be shipped to Ball Brothers at Muncie. Evidently the factory will be removed from here in the near future. A large amount of money was donated by the business men here to assist in the building of the factory, and the people are now very indignant at the prospect of its being moved away.

Executive Board: Seymour Weiss, Chairman, Illinois; Lester Ladd, Secretary, Illinois; Walter C. Sargent, Wisconsin; Alfred Hicks, Colorado; ...

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: One year, 50 cents. Six months, 30 cents. No papers sent to any one on credit. If, without having subscribed, you receive it, then it has been subscribed for by a friend and no bill will follow.

Entered at Chicago postoffice as second class matter. A. S. EDWARDS, Editor; THEODORE DEBS, National Sec'y-Treas. 124 Washington St., Chicago.

147 is the number of this paper. If the number on your wrapper is 148 your membership has expired with the next wrapper paper. Please renew promptly.

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, APR. 27, 1901.

Social Democratic Party Vote 1900 (PRESIDENTIAL) 97,024

Canton, Ohio, is to have a new hotel to be called the "McKinley." It will be run on the "European" plan.

Texas indicted John D. Rockefeller just in time to keep him from gobbling up the gushers of the "Lone Star" state.

Chicago has sweat shops in which women work sixty hours a week for 40 cents. Still, we are about 30 cents a week ahead of China.

One fish between two cats is a fair illustration of the condition of labor between capitalism and trained labor leaders in the settlement of disputes.

The Ohio legislature passed an eight-hour law, and the Ohio courts pronounce it unconstitutional. The courts, instead of the people, rule. The people could, if they would, change this program.

A Texas oil well, spouting 7,000 barrels of oil every twenty-four hours, has recently been sold for \$1,250,000. At that rate the underground wealth of the state will equal her cotton and cattle and everything else in sight.

Rajah, the man-eating tiger of the Indianapolis "zoo," objects to being exhibited before the public to secure money for any purpose. Not so with Mark Hanna, the Rajah of McKinley's zoo—regarded as the best-trained animal of the republican menagerie.

When the newly called "divine" remarked to his listening clients, "I am your shepherd and ye are my mutton," he stated an economic proposition as clear cut as when Schwab said to J. Pierpont Morgan, "Give me 200,000 workmen and I'll save the steel trust \$15,000,000 a year."

The Beak and Claw club of New York is in such close alliance with the Fang and Rattle club of Washington that they are practically one organization. They are not less trusts because assuming the name of "club," and are organized to promote the blessings of Christian civilization, as their name implies, under imperialism in our new possessions.

Tolstoi is closely guarded to prevent him from leaving Russia, but the grand old man says he prefers remaining in his native country and living on equal terms with the peasantry. He would probably be imprisoned, tortured and murdered were it not for the fact the czar does not want to increase the number of Nihilists just now to join in the hunt for his scalp.

The sultan of Sulu is entirely satisfied with the empire. His salary of \$3,000 a year enables him to keep his harem well supplied with trousseaus, besides buying a fresh lot of slaves occasionally. This, with the profits of piracy carried on by his slaves, keeps the sultan contented and prosperous. McKinley and the sultan are as happy as two soles with but a single moccasin.

Some one connected with the billion dollar steel trust is to have a million dollar mansion in the city of New York. The grounds and the building will require \$1,000,000, while the furnishing and decorations will cost half as much more. It is surmised that the palatial wonder is for H. C. Frick, the hot water, electricity and Pinkerton monster who aided Carnegie in the Homestead Horror.

The readers of The Herald who recall the horrid methods of the Spaniards under Weyler to subdue the Cuban patriots, will remember Gomez, the Cuban patriot, who as a liberator of his people won undying fame. He witnessed the infernalisms of the Spaniards and welcomed the Americans to Cuba, and now the old patriot proclaims that he prefers Spanish rule to that of Amer-

ican despots under McKinley's satraps, and their rapid firing guns. There may be a deeper degradation for America than has yet been reached by McKinley's imperial ambition, and if so, nothing is more certain than that it will be found in due time.

The duchess of Cornwall, who, if she lives, will be queen of England, took with her to Australia jewels insured for \$375,000, while the duke of York, the heir to the throne when Edward VII. turns up his toes, had his jewels insured for \$10,000. It is not surprising that the king and royal dynasty business in Europe is becoming unpopular. As Lincoln said, "You can't fool all the people all the time"—not even in Merrie England.

Mr. Gompers of the national Federation of Labor says "workers as individuals are today as much at the mercy of the employing class as a rudderless ship in a tempestuous sea is at the mercy of the waves." Capitalism understands the situation exactly. When it wants votes to perfect its schemes of plunder it finds federated labor ready to vote the pirate's ticket, and if Mr. Gompers has ever protested the fact has escaped our notice. The only protests we know of are made by Socialists.

So far about 15,000 American boys have lost their lives in the Philippine war. They never did know what they were fighting for. Certainly not for their country, as the Philippine islands can never become a part of the United States. What then? For commercialism and capitalism; for the few rich who hope to secure vast estates and operate them with labor at 10 cents or 15 cents a day, under laws as despotic as was ever decreed by a czar or sultan and enforced by guns.

Hon. Tom L. Johnson, mayor of Cleveland, Ohio, is a gentleman of large wealth and an advocate of the single tax on land values for the purpose of deriving revenue for the support of governments, city, county, state and national, and his admirers are beginning to boom him for president of the United States. Just how much land Mr. Johnson or his boomers own, subject to the "single tax" is not stated. So far the single tax fad is popular with those who have little or no land to be taxed.

It is altogether cheering to hear the announcement that President Kruger of the Transvaal republic is coming to the United States to deliver a set of speeches. Let him begin at Concord and Lexington. Then hold a rousing meeting at the base of Bunker Hill monument. Take him to Philadelphia and let his voice be heard in old Independence hall, then at Valley Forge, Trenton, Brandywine, King's mountain, Eaton Springs, Saratoga and wind up at Yorktown. If he is like Kossuth, by the time he gets through British imperialism will be better understood and McKinley and his empire will resemble the figure 9 with its tail removed.

The old King James' version relating to man has it, "For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet." Now look at him in millions of instances! Capitalism has stolen the tools with which he earned a living and has reduced him to a condition described by Burns: "See yonder poor o'erlabored wight, So abject, mean and vile, Who begs a brother of the earth To give him leave to toil, Then see his lordly fellow worm The poor petition spurn, Unmindful though a starving wife And helpless offspring mourn."

The cockney who visited a spiritualistic seance in New York became intensely interested in the proceedings, so much so that he desired to hear from his departed spouse. The medium promptly called up Mrs. Cockney with the following disappointing result. The cockney inquired: "Is that you, 'Arriet?" "Yes, it's me, 'Arry." "Hare you 'appy, 'Arriet?" "Yes, I'm 'appy." "'Appier than you were with me, 'Arriet?" "Yes 'appier, than with you." "Where hare you 'Arriet?" "In 'ell."

The cockney concluded that he had interviewed the wrong "Arriet."

To even up things somewhat, George M. Pullman, who secured a larger share of infamy than usually falls to the lot of the millionaire by his treatment of workmen, has a brother, Rev. James M. Pullman, of the M. E. church, who some days since, in a conference of the church held in Brooklyn, attacked the trusts, declaring that their rapid growth is fast "eating away the vitality of the nation and depopulating the towns of New England." He pointed out that unless "steps were taken to check the devastating career of trusts, many of the manufacturing towns of his section of the country in ten years would be ruined beyond repair." The

several gentlemen asserted that the trusts close small manufacturing concerns, depriving the people of employment, which in time will be productive of the most lamentable consequences. These are facts well understood, and Socialism, and only Socialism, suggests a remedy for the evil.

Washington dispatches relating to the war in the Philippine islands place the number of Filipinos killed at 50,000. That is the lowest estimate of the war department—the number may be fully twice that mentioned. No one in authority cared how many of the "d—d niggers" were killed. Why were they slaughtered? The answer is ready. It was because they wanted to be free and independent. In addition to killing 50,000 patriots we have, so far as is known, captured 7,667 rifles and 605,142 rounds of ammunition. If this were all, the American people might adjust their prayers in the hope of modifying God's vengeance and justice when the day of retribution comes. But the Filipinos' hell grows, as the number of old men, women and children are estimated who have suffered from starvation and died in the agonies of famine. If we escape paying the penalty it will be the first instance on record, since God said, "Vengeance is mine. I will repay."

Chauncey M. Depew some years ago, when the Bartholdi statue of liberty in New York harbor was dedicated, delivered an oration overflowing with devotion to the American idea of liberty and independence. He rided in eulogy of the declaration of independence. He employed every figure of rhetoric to extol the influence of American independence upon the nations of Europe. He gave his fancy and imagination free rein as he rose with his theme to the highest plane of inspired devotion to liberty, everywhere throughout the world. And now this flashy, flaring apostate in the United States senate uses his voice and influence, not only to deny to the people of the Philippine islands liberty and independence, but advocates killing them by thousands because they desire liberty. Talk of Benedict Arnold or of any other renegade, and Depew will live and die and rot as a just penalty upon his treason to the record, which in his better days he made as a patriot. Benedict Arnold got \$50,000 in gold, and the query is, how much did the trusts pay Depew?

Aguinaldo

The capture of General Emilio Aguinaldo, the Filipino patriot, revives interest in the history of the war waged by the United States against the inhabitants of the Philippine islands—a war which from first to last is without one redeeming feature, cruel, bloody, savage and relentless to a degree that had it been suggested six months, or six days prior to its inauguration, could not have had one advocate in all the millions of liberty loving people of the United States.

We have neither the space nor the inclination to recite the incidents preliminary to open hostilities, which include a series of schemes designed to mislead the Filipinos as to the purposes of the United States, impressing them with the conviction that the mission of the United States was to emancipate them from Spanish bondage and give them a government of their own, when, in fact, it was to gain possession of their country and deny them the liberty and independence which they craved, at any cost of blood and treasure.

To capture Aguinaldo, who had eluded pursuit, proving himself to be more than a match for all the stratagem of his pursuers, he is finally betrayed by hired traitors to their country and to its liberties, a policy in all regards like that pursued by the British in the revolutionary war, when a price, dead or alive, was set on the heads of Washington and his distinguished compatriots, and Tories and savages were employed to perpetrate atrocities, the recitation of which, even now, makes the blood run cold in the veins of patriots.

This would scarcely be worth talking about now were it not for the fact that the British in South Africa are practicing upon the Boer the same kind of savagery that characterized their ruthless course in the revolutionary war, and to add to the world's amazement, the United States in the Philippine islands is waging a war against a weak and defenseless people, which, all things considered, outdoes all the wars of modern times if indeed there is anything to parallel it since Christian (?) savagery invented tortures to gain the approval of the devil. There is nothing surprising in the capture of Aguinaldo, except that with an army of 75,000 and a fleet of warships so much time has been required to entrap the patriotic Filipino, together with the immense expenditure of blood and treasure to accomplish the undertaking, the estimate being that, including both sides not less than 75,000 lives have been sacrificed and not less than \$300,000,000 thrown away.

A good habit to contract: To secure a new subscriber for The Herald each week of your life. Do this and you will be surprised how much one man can do for Socialism.

The Money Power

It is easy enough to comprehend the fact that originally the purpose was to establish a government for the United States by the people, of the people and for the people.

The language of the delegates to the convention whose duty it was to construct a constitution to be submitted to the people requires no explanation. It was:

"We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union," etc., "do ordain and establish this constitution for the United States of America."

In this government only one power, the power of the people, was to be recognized. The people were to be sovereign, all else subordinate.

The term "money trust" is of recent coinage, while the term "money power," as a factor in influencing governmental policy, was first used by Andrew Jackson when president to arouse the people to the danger of continuing the existence of the old United States bank, or of aiding it in its war upon the government by depositing in its vaults United States funds.

The United States bank, which Jackson believed was a dangerous institution, had a capital of only \$35,000,000, and yet the president referred to its operations in his message as dangerous and in giving his reasons for removing from its custody the money of the government, said: "So glaring were the abuses and corruption of the bank, so evident its fixed purpose to persevere in them and so palpable its design, by its money and power to control the government and change its character, that I deemed it the imperative duty of the executive authority, by the exercise of every power confided to it by the constitution and laws, to check its career and lessen its ability to do mischief."

It will be borne in mind that this money power at the time of which we write, consisted of one bank with a capital of \$35,000,000, and that the government had on deposit in its vaults the sum of \$9,868,495, in round numbers say \$10,000,000, and yet reviewing his efforts to resist further encroachment of this money power upon the integrity of the government President Jackson said: "Events have satisfied my mind, and I think the minds of the American people, that the mischief and danger which flow from a national bank far overbalance all its advantages. The bold effort the present bank has made to control the government; the distress it has wantonly produced, the violence of which it has been the occasion in one of our great cities famed for its observance of law and order, are but premonitions of the fate which awaits the American people should they be deluded into a perpetuation of this institution or the establishment of another like it."

President Jackson was so profoundly impressed by the dangers incident to the operation of the money power that in his farewell address he pointed out that it could "bring forward upon any occasion its entire and undivided strength to support or defeat any measure of the government, to regulate the value of property in every quarter of the Union, and to bestow prosperity or bring ruin on any city or section of the country as might best comport with its own interests and policy."

It has been shown that the money power, of which Jackson complained, and against which he fought, consisted of one bank with a capital of \$35,000,000, while now we have 3,858 national banks with a capital amounting to \$631,355,095. These banks are practically one, all operating under the same law, and if one bank having a capital of \$35,000,000 seventy years ago was dangerous to the stability of the government, what should be said of nearly 4,000 national banks having a capital of more than \$600,000,000?

It is universally admitted that the people no longer control the government, and it is equally widely acknowledged that the money power does shape its policy and determine its laws, not simply the banks, but the trusts and corporations, which are in alliance with the banks, all working together to accomplish the same ends.

Urges Public Ownership

Dr. George C. Lorimer, formerly of Emmanuel Baptist Church, Chicago, declared in Tremont Temple, Boston that the best interests of the nation demanded popular control of public utilities. He advocated municipal ownership, saying: "I want tonight to recommend three great principles—first, popular ownership of commercial trusts; second, industrial co-operation, and, third, popular control of public utilities."

"The trusts are marked by serious evils and perils. There are 40,000,000 wage earners in the United States. Fifty cents a month from each would form a fund sufficient to revolutionize the industrial world of America."

"In my younger days I was dead set against municipal ownership, but I can close my eyes no longer. The city should own and control its streets. Some day you will own all public franchises."

"It is in the air. It is in the blood of the nation."

A UNION AVENUE INFAMY

The cheapest thing on earth today is human life. We cannot call it "cheap"—it is cheaper than dirt, especially if the dirt happens to be mixed with mineral ores. Even the commonest dirt—the refuse of our streets and back yards—has its commercial value, and he who has it to sell can always find a buyer; but human life—the sacred thing for the love of which the choicest Saviors of the world have cheerfully died—is, it seems, not worth anything.

Am I stating the case too strongly? I will convince you that I am not—that so far from putting it too strongly I am not putting it half strong enough.

A day or two ago an American reporter found something up at 7953 Union avenue which I will allow him to describe in his own words:

"In a bedroom twelve by fourteen feet, in a house which, from the outside, gave little evidence of being inhabited at all, were twelve infants. Two women who said they were nurses were in attendance. Six tiny babies endeavoring to take sustenance from empty bottles, and with NO OTHER CLOTHING except a soiled blanket, were lying on a bench, with neither a mattress nor other covering, along one side of the room. Two little ones were lying on the bare floor. Another, whose face was yellow from jaundice, and which was thought could not live, was wheezing and crying feebly on a chair. The eldest was but eighteen months old; three were but six days old, and the others were not older than six weeks."

I must not forget to note the fact that the "nurses" had NAMED the poor little ones. One they called William McKinley, another they named Jumbo, and still another, which weighed less than three pounds, they called Midget. I may add that one of the little unfortunates ought to have been named NEMESIS—after the terrible retributive justice which is sure, sooner or later, to overtake us for allowing such infamy to exist in our city.

We are all to blame for it. Not one of us is guiltless. Upon our heads—the heads of the entire adult population of Chicago—rests the shame of the unspeakable crime against those helpless babes.

Their sufferings, their hunger-pains, their stunted manhood and womanhood, if they chance to live, their death if they happen to die, is owing to our own shameful neglect, our own criminal indifference.

In the ancient writing known as the Book of Genesis the Almighty is represented as putting to Cain the question which brings back the cynical answer: "Am I my brother's keeper?" Verily, Cain, thou WAST thy brother's keeper. It was thy duty to feel an interest in that brother's welfare and to be lovingly solicitous of his peace and comfort. He had claims on thee which thou couldst not ignore, save at thy peril.

It is even so with the people of Chicago. They are one another's keepers—in the sense that they are morally bound to be interested in one another's welfare. Each has claims upon the other, all around the circle. Every right implies a duty; and the right that the twelve little children have to be loved means that it is the duty of every one of us to love them.

Not long ago we had a great "holiness meeting" in our city, the professed object of which was to save us from a future "hell of fire and brimstone," but would it not have been better had the evangelists tried to save us from the hell of indifference, the hell of selfishness and greed, which isolates us and dries up within our hearts the milk of human kindness?

How long, think you, would crimes like that of the Union avenue infamy exist if the mothers of Chicago could be brought to feel that the little waifs found by the reporter are just as sacred and every bit as precious as are their own petted darlings? Of course, our mothers know that this is true; but do they FEEL it? Has the truth burned itself deep down into their hearts and become with them a passion? Clearly not; for if it had I would not now be writing this story of deserted and starving babes.

If the mothers of Chicago would love silks, ostrich plumes and diamonds a little less and humanity a little more; and if the fathers would set their hearts somewhat more lightly upon getting rich, and a bit more heavily upon being helpful to their fellow human beings around about them, the shameful things of which I write could not be.

In our haste to be rich, in our life-and-death chase after the "almighty dollar," we forget all about the eternal truth that the dearest and holiest thing in this world is HUMAN LIFE. The man needs badly to be "born again" who does not feel away down in his heart that the interests of any one of the waifs in question—of "William McKinley," or of "Jumbo," or of the "Midget"—are holier than those of all the "trusts" together; and that it is better than even the billion dollar combine should go under than that one of these little ones should perish.—Thos. B. Gregory in Chicago American.

Subscribe for the Social Democratic Herald. One year 50c.

