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VOL. XVII, NO. 31.

# WEEKLY PEOPLE

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1907.

PRICE TWO CENTS ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

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## BY THE WAY

### WHAT WE SEE ALONG THE ROAD

The amazing Marconi invention or "dream" is in practical operation. Wirelessly messages are transmitted clean across the Atlantic. And now a lot of Money Bags, with no more scientific knowledge than a polliwig, will begin to draw huge dividends on their stock, as a matter of "right."

What a comfort it must be to the striking telegraphers to receive so much legal advice free, gratis and for nothing from the capitalist press, which itself, as all know, has to pay its lawyers dear! The striking telegraphers must be a lot of ingrates not to accept such advice gratefully—and place their necks quickly in the yoke so that their bodies may be nicely exploited by the employers.

Approaching tornadoes send ahead shrill whistles. Of that nature were the cat-calls which the overflow mass-meetings of striking telegraphers of this city greeted their national president in this city when he, voicing the wishes of the employers, recommended that the strike be called off. The days of the labor-lieutenant of the capitalist class are numbered.

The Russian police statistics regarding terrorism for the month of September report "34 persons executed, and 207, including 73 officials, murdered." During the Chartist days in England the London "Punch" had a cartoon representing a policeman in the act of lecturing a workman. The policeman said: "If I kill you, that's law; if you kill me, that's murder."

Eighty miners killed, three hundred entombed, hundreds of workmen injured by factories falling on the occupants, at the Du Pont Powder Company's explosion near Fontanel, Ind.,—whereupon the stockholders residing at safe distances from their death-dealing traps, misnamed "factories," quaff their champagne, and with their wives, returned from shopping forays, exclaim: "What a pity!—Now let's have a game of bridge-whist."

These Japanese are decidedly un-nannery people. A drunken logger named Joseph King and his pals breaks into a Japanese laundry in Frisco, whereupon, instead of behaving, with the humility that becomes aliens, and heathens, at that, the Japs hold the sportive loggers in durance vile, and aggravate their bad manners by calling in the police and having the "natives" arrested.—In the language of Truthful James' friend, we are ruined by Chinese cheap labor.

The case against St. John and his associates having broken down, as was to be expected, it is to be hoped that the workers of the country will now move for the liberation of Preston and Smith. The fate of these men rests in our hands. Had it not been for the activities of the workers of America, what has befallen them would have been the fate of Haywood, and what was done in the case of Haywood shows what can be done in theirs. Wake up, comrades, everywhere. Our brothers languish in jail and it is for us to succor them.

The crash of stocks on Wall street, though appalling, has happened before and yet things straightened up. This particular crash, however, comes together with and has been preceded by a long train of industrial phenomena that impart to the crash special significance. Everything points to the "hardest" of times ahead—hard for the workers who produced the wealth, and will have to starve; hard for the capitalists who sponged upon the wealth and now will have to go through a period of living upon what they sponged, without being able to lay up increased stores of spongements.

The New York "Age," an organ of colored men, makes a serious blunder in referring to the coarse conductors in Jim Crow cars of the South as "necivil and un-American foreigners." Very much like that sounded the complaint of the Southern slave holders, during the war, of the conduct of the German soldiers who served under Grant. So long as the Negro workingman does not recognize a fellow wage slave in the workingman of all nationalities; so long as he can think, and, therefore, talk and write of "un-American foreigners"—just so long will the Negro be echoing the

labor-dividing sentiments of his exploiters of colors, creeds and nationalities, to his own undoing.

Like Herodotus, Victor L. Berger does not always lie. Once in a while he tells the truth, that is, he says just what he means. His so-called Socialist party conceals its anti-Marxism behind the mask of anti-Mongolianism. Berger comes out with the truth. In his issue of the "Social Democratic Herald," Oct. 12, he boldly jumps Greeks, Italians, Slavonians and Russian Jews in the category of people "foreign to our way of thinking and our mode of life," hence undesirable and to be kept away. Did Marx say this sort of thing is pie for the Capitalist Class, and did he say "proletarians of all countries unite!"?—Why, Marx was an impossibilist.

It was a serious oversight on the part of the Republican, Democratic and Reform papers to publish literally the confession, made in France, by Antoine Thomas, the church looter. He confessed that "antiquaries of Paris, SOME OF WHOM ARE MILLIONAIRES, hired him and others to go through the country and bribe the parish priests to surrender the relics, and SUBSTITUTE COUNTERFEITS WHICH COULD LATER BE TURNED OVER TO THE STATE." The clause "some of whom are millionaires," should have been blue-pencilled. It is apt to call "the mob's" attention to things going on in America, and which also throw a light upon the sanctity of the patriotism of "some who are millionaires" in America.

The "brot" between the United Brewery Workers and a collection of Goumiers' scab-hardens, who call themselves collectively the Central Trades and Labor Council of New Orleans, is growing hotter in that city. The latter aggregation having issued against the United Brewery Workers a lampoon typical of crooks, whose stock-in-trade is slander, the "Brauer Zeitung" answers with a broadside that smashes the arguments of the lampoonists. Socialist party men are to be found among the United Brewery Workers and also, as a matter of course, among the scab-herding Trades and Labor Council of New Orleans. Query:—How can the S. P. escape the broils between these two organizations? He who remains "neutral" in a broil between a decent man and a scamp helps the scamp.

How true the charge is that the so-called Socialist party is but a political caricature of the capitalist parties anyone who takes the pains to read "The Socialist Party Official Bulletin" for September can find out for himself. At the investigations of railroads, of the Standard Oil, and now of the New York Traction Company, it is a regular thing for books and other documents to be missing. It now turns out that the "Chicago Daily Socialist" is a corporation indulging in all the rascalities of its capitalist press-official statements have disappeared; reports are doctored; get-rich-quick ads. are the rule and these ruin the members; illegal acts pile up; proxies are solicited by a small clique to beat down the party membership; and the whole thing is run "in defiance of the party organization", in the interest of a clique. At every turn exactly as capitalist concerns, especially capitalist newspaper concerns.

The following appears in the Weekly Bulletin of the Socialist Party, Chicago, Ill., Oct. 12, 1907: Jas. S. Smith, State Secretary of Illinois, reports: "The Illinois Volksblatt Publishing Association and the German Central Committee of the Socialist Party of Chicago publish the German weekly Socialist paper 'Neues Leben.' Mr. Robert Saitiel was employed as Editor and Manager, up to June 20, 1907, when he disappeared without notice and greatly endangered the regular issuance of the paper. Later it was discovered he had collected bills for advertising for which he made no returns. Further it was discovered that sixty-three certificates of stock, valued at \$10 each, were missing for the proposed German Socialist daily paper."—No one posted on the movement will be surprised. Mr. Saitiel was a habitual slanderer of the Socialist Labor Party and fannel-mouthed ranter on "S. L. P. ignorance of economic."

## OPEN LETTER

To the Rt. Rev. Arthur Foley Winington Ingram—

Sir— In authoritative reports of the sermon you delivered at noon of last September 26 from the pulpit of the Trinity Church Corporation, the following passage occurs:

"I shall be as frank here as I am in London. No man who is really a Christian would soil his Christian hands with one dollar the possession of which he could not justify in the sight of Heaven."

So far from this passage sounding "frank" it sounds disingenuous. It leaves beautifully undefined the method that "is justified in the sight of Heaven." What "is justified in the sight of Heaven," in other words, moral standards, have undergone, from time to time, serious changes, and even at any one time, they often have not been the same. For instance:

A time was, and that time is not yet past, when armies invaded neighboring territories; sacked towns; and led men, women and children back into the captivity of slavery. These events have repeatedly taken place under the blessings of bishops and other stewards of moral standards. A sermon that "no man who is really a Christian would soil his hands with property the possession of which he could not justify in the sight of heaven" would undoubtedly have received the approval of the very soldiery, from the King down, who listened laden with the spoils of recent conquest. According

to their moral standard, what they did was "justified in the sight of heaven."

Though times have changed, and methods with them, the essence has remained. At present, the ruling class, by virtue of that new weapon, Capital, a weapon that wields both sword and gun, do the identical thing that their forbears of sword and buckler did. Men, women and children are plundered of the wealth they produce, and are kept in the captivity of wage-slavery; and their numbers are increased. The forays of the Capitalist Robber Baron conquer whole "provinces" of the middle class; sack and plunder their havings; and lead them down into the captivity of wage slavery. That process takes place under the form of legality—upheld by modern pundits of the law, the same as the conquests of old and the cruel exploitation of the serfs were upheld by the elaborate pleas of jurists;—"vindicated" by the modern professors of the Colleges, the same as of old the "scholars" learnedly proved the wisdom of tyranny;—sanctified by the modern clergy, the same as the clergy of old approved the olden methods with a text. What has this led to? It has led to the conditions that you decry. Obviously, from every word you said, there must be dollars innumerable "the possession of which the holders could not justify in the sight of heaven."

You informed your audience that your home has been the home of the bishops of London for 1,300 years, and you dilated upon "the wretched million in East London." Obviously there must be something wrong in your method

for the introduction on earth of the reign of the Prince of Peace. Absolutely and relatively the wretchedness in your own city has been on the increase during these 1,300 years. A method of soul-purification, tried 1,300 years, and resulting only in increased popular wretchedness must be defective somewhere. Where the wrong lies is not far to seek—the utter indefiniteness of your sermonizings. There can be no doubt that, had you been speaking in a public hall, instead of in a church, the J. Pierpont Morgans and other Capitalist Robber Barons, together with their retinue of swash-buckler brokers who filled the church, would have broken out in loud, long and prolonged applause. You left undefined in what consisted the suture of the wealth they held. Abstractions, no more than hard words, break no bones. No capitalist, reeking with the crime of human exploitation, cares a fig for denunciations of the "wrongful possession of wealth" so long as the wrongful method of the acquisition is not exposed. When the denunciation of wrongful possession of wealth" comes from one, who, by direct implication, approves of the wrongful method, then the capitalist criminal not only does not feel rebuked, he feels encouraged in his course, he feels secure in the fat that encases him—and, he will petently back up with dollars his prayers for the continuance 1,300 years longer of such episcopal homiletics and undefined castigations as you and yours deal in.

ED. THE PEOPLE.

## THE CAMPAIGN IN RHODE ISLAND

### ITS AMUSING, AS WELL AS INSTRUCTIVE FEATURES.

Providence, R. I., October 14.—On Saturday, October 12, the ticket of the Socialist Labor Party of Rhode Island was filed with the Secretary of State. On the same day the Republican and Democratic parties had their tickets filed. The Socialist party has not as yet been heard from. They are usually eleventh hour filers.

Although the S. L. P. ticket is filed and the rest of the work of the campaign much easier as a consequence, a word concerning the work of procuring the necessary amount of signatures may be timely.

In order to qualify for a place on the official ballot it is necessary to have five hundred names of voters on the petition lists. At first thought one is likely to say that five hundred names should be easily secured. Unlike New York, where enrolled Democrats and Republicans can sign the nomination papers of independent parties, here in "Little Rhode" a voter who takes part in the primaries of either of the two old parties, is disqualified from signing the petition lists of the S. L. P. for two years afterwards. It is needless to say that the Republican and Democratic officials rigidly enforce the law, as they always do when laws are enacted for the oppression of the working class. No less than two thousand names of legally qualified voters are on the petition lists, yet the State officials will wield the blue pencil in la machete style and cut down the list to between five and six hundred. "This year we were cut down to five hundred and four. Of course the redoubtable O'Neill had a few hundred signatures in reserve for emergencies.

As only a few open-air meetings were held so far, most of the voters had to be seen personally, either on Sundays, on the streets, or by making a house-to-house canvass. Long trolley rides to the furthest end of the State on Sundays and house-to-house canvass in Providence, and neighborhood, is no joke. Of course, there is another side to the picture. A large amount of agitation is done and valuable experience is gained. It also has its humorous side. For instance, one Sunday six of us rode to Woonsocket, with the intention of doing wonders. After riding through a barren and rocky country, we arrived in Woonsocket only to learn that half the young men of the town had gone to a ball game five or six miles away. This was sad news, as the young men's signatures are more easily procured. Not one got cold feet but warmed to the work and at five we met at Monument Square to count the results and relate our experiences.

Murray had the best story to tell. He, like the rest of us, was a stranger in Woonsocket. The first man Murray met was plainly but neatly attired and possessing a roundness that would make "Bill" Taft, of injunction notoriety, green with envy. Murray—"Good morning, sir." "Good morning," said the big man, with a bow that would have done credit to Chesterfield. Murray—"May I ask if you are a voter in this city?" The heavyweight replied: "Yes," and made an accompanying gesture that betrayed his French birth. Murray—"Will you sign the petition list of the Socialist Labor Party for the State ticket. We are compelled"—

disposed to drop remarks in the course of the trial respecting the evidence which did not aid us." The Judge's remarks were his conclusions on the case.

There was never a document, or other evidence, showing a conspiracy in the Haywood case. In the Borah case there were all kinds of letters, contracts, deeds and government records showing "concert of action" to defraud the Government; money was traced from Eau Claire, Wis., through Spokane banks, to Caldwell through Stenenberg's banks and thence into the hands of conspirators. Borah was the attorney for the "dummy trustees" before the Barber Company ever was. Borah at first was so bold that he filed the deeds to the "dummy trustees" from the "dummy entrymen" after final proof but before the U. S. through President Roosevelt had issued the patents therefor. Later, when Government detectives came into the field, Borah held up all deeds until after the patents had

Big fat man broke in: "Do you know to whom you are talking?" Murray—"I don't want to know—what I want is your signature—"

Big man—"My name is Mr. Pierre de la"— (something long and unpronounceable).

Murray—"Well, all right, sign it right here (pointing to nomination paper)."

Monsieur de la hinky-dink—"I want you to know that I'm the Mayor of this city."

Murray—"What harm? Can't you sign?" De la ding-dong began to evaporate in French and culminated in an explosion that is much better imagined than described. Leach caught the Chief of Police napping—and his signature. Scanlon held up the city clerk, and P. L. Quinlan asked Patrick Henry Quinn, chairman of the Democratic party of Rhode Island, and big wig of Woonsocket, for his scrawl. Patrick Henry Quinn's answer was: "D—n it." When he was told that we had two hundred and eleven names on the list, and a few hundred more in Providence ready to be filed, a cloudburst of spits and a volley of d—n's followed.

Carney asked a man, who seemed to possess more beard than brains, if he had a vote. The long-bearded man raised his eyes to Heaven and piously answered: "No; thank God!"

The many refusals of voters to sign the lists because of the fear of losing their jobs was remarkable. Several told Carney that they would sign the papers were it not Sunday. Carney always replied by asking the sanctimonious ones: "if they had not a diaphragm and a think-tank on Sundays as well as on Mondays."

As the task of filing the papers is ended, Rhode Island has taken up the consideration of the party press. The members in Providence have come to the conclusion that the Daily and Weekly People must not be neglected. As one member happily put it: "While we are skirmishing at the outposts we must not forget the citadel."

A committee was elected at the Section meeting October 8 to devise ways and means of pushing the circulation of the Daily and Weekly People in Rhode Island. The committee (Sterry, Leach and Metcalf) is to report next meeting, and if the report is not an encouraging one, they will be Oslerized.

The following is the State ticket:

- GOVERNOR: John W. Leach, Providence.
- LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR: Wynn Tebbets, Providence.
- SECRETARY OF STATE: John C. Northrop, Pawtucket.
- ATTORNEY-GENERAL: Thomas F. Herrick, Pawtucket.
- GENERAL-TREASURER: Everett I. Bowers, Providence.

Indoor and outdoor meetings are being arranged. There will be something doing in Providence or my name is not Patrick L. Quinlan.

issued. "Concert of action" everywhere—you might say even through to the acquittal of Borah.

Idaho has furnished to the world in the past year two emphatic and living illustrations of the declaration of Marx wherein he observes that governments of the modern sort are only central committees to manage the common affairs of the capitalists.

Haywood was the common enemy of the capitalists and Borah now goes into the millionaires' club on the Potomac with the distinction of being the only Senator who was indicted for conspiracy and not convicted. He will be much sought for among those who are likely to be caught in any kind of a conspiracy. Wade R. Parks.

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## ST. JOHN FREED

### STATE HAD NO CASE AGAINST HIM OF THE SEVEN OTHERS.

St. John Soon to Leave Goldfield to Take Up Duties of His Position—All Efforts Now to Be Made to Secure New Trial for Preston and Smith—St. John to Be Here in December.

In the issue of the Industrial Union Bulletin for October 19 the following appears:

"The welcome news reaches the general office just as we go to press that in the district court at Goldfield, Nevada, upon motion of the district attorney, Judge, Langan, on October 15, dismissed the cases against Vincent St. John and seven others charged with conspiracy to murder. The district attorney said in making his motion to dismiss that the state could not hope to convict because of lack of evidence. St. John, now assistant secretary and general organizer of the Industrial Workers of the World, writes us that he will soon leave Goldfield and take up the duties of his position.

"All possible efforts should now be to secure a new trial for Preston and Smith, who are confined in the penitentiary of Nevada."

St. John is expected in New York again during the latter part of December.

## PROGRESS IN WORCESTER.

### S. L. P. Holds Excellent Meeting on Common.

Worcester, Mass., October 15.—An enthusiastic gathering assembled at the monument on Worcester Common, to hear Arthur Reimer of Boston, candidate on the S. L. P. ticket for Secretary of State, deliver an address last week.

Walter J. Hoar presided and his opening remarks were on the Trades Union question. Reimer's address was listened to with great interest throughout, dealing fully with the "Corruptibility of Pure and Simple Trades Unions," and showing the necessity for organization, both on the political and economic field. At the close of a two hour address, he was questioned by members of the pure and simple union, and his answers to them brought forth words of approval and applause. The call for financial assistance was well responded to. M.

The People is a good broom to brush the cobwebs from the minds of the workers. Buy a copy and pass it around.

## "MET" RECEIVERS

### Who and What They Are and Why They Were Appointed—Ryan Still Holds Sway.

Jamaica, L. I., Oct. 13.—The appointment a few days ago of receivers for the Metropolitan Street Railway sheds a ray of light on political conditions in this country.

We all know how the splendid railway system of Manhattan has been looted by Thomas F. Ryan and a few of his colleagues. That's history, but I want to show you just row the game of politics works.

E. Henry Lacombe, judge of the United States Circuit Court, is the judge that granted the prayer for a receivership for the looted companies. Lacombe is a warm personal friend of Grover Cleveland, former president of the United States, and was assistant to the late William C. Whitney, when the subsequent Secretary of the Navy in Cleveland's cabinet was corporation counsel to the city of New York. Cleveland at this writing is one of the trustees of the Equitable Life Assurance, which is now controlled by Ryan.

So much for Lacombe's connections. Adrian H. Joline and Douglas Robinson were the men appointed as receivers. Here they are under the X-ray of a Socialist:

Joline for many years has been the principal counsel of the Central Trust Company, a concern that pays 100 per cent. dividends nearly every year. He is also president of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway Company (the "Katy"), and is what is called downtown as an old school Democrat, a most rabid upholder of present day conditions. He has written a few articles against Socialism and understands the position of the Socialists thoroughly. He was put into the receiver's job at the behest of A. H. Masten, a life-long friend of Lacombe and who also served under Whitney in the corporation counsel's office.

Joline in a recent talk said: "Fortunately for us (capitalists) the Supreme Court of the United States has given us permission to live and neither Legislature nor Congress can lawfully take from us that right."

Ryan and his class are safe in Joline's hands. Douglas Robinson is the brother-in-law of President Roosevelt, and knows as much about running a trolley-line as a pig does about wearing a white collar.

Ryan gave his job in order to keep "Teddy" quiet. Watch and see how it works out. The foregoing is a resume of the traction scandal and should prove of an educational character to our membership to show to what base use politics is put to-day by the Ryans.

Timothy Walsh.

## AFTERMATH OF BORAH

### GOVERNMENT LAWYER TALKS, LAYING BARE THE FAKE.

Defendant Treated Very Considerately—Important Papers Not in Court—Trial the Antipode of That of Haywood, When the Western Country Was Raked with a Fine-Tooth Comb for Evidence—Judge Clearly Favored Defense—Special "Prosecutor" Appears to Be as Tickled as Any of Borah's Friends at the Outcome.

Boise, Idaho, October 9.—I enclose clipping giving comments made by Special Prosecutor Rush when he got to Salt Lake City.

Significant are Rush's words when he says "All the evidence that had been procured, or was from any source AVAILABLE was introduced at this trial and the case faithfully developed to the fullest extent that the law and the facts warranted. BUT THE TEMPER OF THE PEOPLE IN BOISE AND VICINITY WAS STRONGLY AGAINST ANY SUCH PROSECUTION, AND THE COURT WAS DISPOSED TO DROP REMARKS IN THE COURSE OF THE TRIAL RESPECTING THE EVIDENCE WHICH DID NOT AID US."

I was told to-day that many of the private papers of Frank Stenenberg called for by the United States on subpoena duces tecum were never produced. Further, documents supposed to be a portion of the public records in the matter relating to the probability of Stenenberg's estate are missing. Some, it is said, show relationship with the "distinguished" former Governor Frank Stenenberg—whom Borah said handled all the land script for Sumner G. Moon. Thousands of acres were scripted for Moon during the life of the distinguished ex-Governor.

The evidence and trial of Borah were in every respect the antipode of the Haywood trial. In the Haywood case there was arrest and long imprisonment. Borah's arrest was long deferred and no imprisonment. There was no evidence against nor circumstances against Haywood. In Borah's case the evidence of conspiracy was on every hand, Haywood was tried in a community of strangers which believed him guilty and were determined to convict. Borah was tried in his home city among friends who were, as Special Prosecutor Rush says, "strongly against any such prosecution."

Judge Fremont Wood was not favorable to the defense in the Haywood case. But Rush says of Judge Whitson, who tried the Borah case: "The Court was

# WHEN EMMELINE CAME

THE STORY OF A FAMILIAR KITCHEN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A HAPPY FAMILY.

By Caroline Atwater Mason.

[This story is republished by courtesy of The Ladies' Home Journal.]

My father is a lawyer of some credit and renown, the Honorable Richard Price. My mother is a daughter and a Dame, and, at an earlier period in her history was regarded as an influential woman.

Dick, my brother, was quarter-back on the Varsity football team and got a Phi Beta Kappa key last June. We used to regard him as quite a hero.

I am just like other girls, or used to be, for I can dimly remember a time when I had my own way, here at home at least. Altogether we have been, in the past, independent American citizens, occasionally saying our souls were our own, and regarding our old-fashioned brown house as our castle, and a very jolly one for us and our friends.

But we have entered upon a new era in our family life. It began, although very quietly, a year ago, when Emmeline came to become the arbiter of our destinies and we all unconsciously bent under her mild, insidious sway. For the two years previous we had endured a period of domestic anarchy impossible for me to describe, or for any person to imagine who has not had such experience.

My mother is at once dignified and gentle, a good housekeeper, and considerate for all who work for her. Consequently, Dick and I, in the halcyon days of our childhood and youth had taken it for granted that we should have well-trained, quick, faithful service in kitchen, nursery and all the rest. If one maid left it was always reluctantly; another one appeared gladly upon the scene, and things went on as before. But four years ago several large factories started into operation in our town and the girls who used to do housework began to go into these. Suddenly there was an appalling dearth of girls for service and a more appalling increase in wages and the conveniences demanded by the few who were still willing to "work out."

Then began our period of anarchy. For months together we were obliged to depend upon what English books called "charwomen." The women have certain common characteristics: They never come at the appointed day and hour; they waste little time in charring, but give undivided attention to sipping perpetual cups of tea and other cups which inebriate and do not cheer.

After months of hand-to-hand dealing with the charwomen, my mother, who had not been accustomed to the ways of intoxicated people and found them difficult, broke down seriously with nervous exhaustion. For weeks a hospital nurse was in the seat of power, while Dick and I cooked, and father took refuge at his club. Later, mother went to a sanatorium, Dick to his chapter house and I on a trip to Europe with some college friends. Mother used to say plaintively that she had always kept her family together before this and supposed she always could; but the decently ordered life of the past seemed now an iridescent dream.

Well, it was just thirteen months ago that we had a respite under the old home roof after months of separation. We were incredibly happy at being thus together again. The dinner, to be sure, was sent in at an unmerciful figure from the caterers, but we tried to forget the shadow which rested upon us, and dishes which were to be washed presently. We discussed with an almost pathetic preference of confidence the probabilities of getting a good girl (we no longer dreamed of more than one) through advertising or agencies, as if both had not for two years proved themselves hollow mockeries. Dick wrote an advertisement in his best vein, promising easy work, heavy wages and a beautiful Christian home, and telephoned it that night to four daily papers. The next morning mother visited every agency in town, paid her fees and entered her name on the desperate list—the list of those who are ready to make every concession known to man, and pay the highest wages ever paid for similar service to a woman.

Then we waited. All these lines brought us just two applications. One was from a woman, who, we discovered, had just been discharged from the penitentiary where she had been confined for disorderly conduct; the other was a middle-aged widow, whose son of tender years went with her. We preferred the charwomen on the whole.

We felt that utter domestic ruin again stared us in the face. Mother's nervous symptoms reassured themselves, and father's spirits went down to zero as he faced the sundering of the tender ties which had so long bound him to home, wife and child. For nothing seemed left but to rent or close the house, break up and struggle each for

a separate existence. The unity of the family, so long the chief reliance of speakers and writers on social and political themes, was disintegrating before our eyes.

It was at this juncture—the letter to a real estate agent, offering the dear old house for rent, lay sealed and stamped on the hall table, I remember—that Emmeline appeared.

No agency had sent her, no advertisement had brought her. She had chanced to meet a former cook of ours, now married, who, it appeared, had spoken of mother in favorable terms, and said she wanted help. Emmeline was a bright-eyed, clear-skinned girl, rather pretty and extremely trim and tidy. I noticed that mother's voice trembled as she timidly answered her questions: she was so evidently too good for us to hope for. I say answered her questions, since it is now not the mistress but the maid, who asks questions. Emmeline's manner, however, was modest and respectful. Nevertheless, I felt that the crisis was on when she asked, "And how many in the family?" I looked at mother and divined that she was on the point of denying Dick his existence, sending him back to the chapter house, or in some way establishing a reputation for "three in family." I think she did waver for a moment, but her Puritan conscience won the day, and the sadly, though firmly, confessed to a husband and son. To our wonder, Emmeline took them in perfectly good part, and even seemed to think mother fairly entitled to a family of these large proportions.

Mother now gathered courage to ask a few questions herself. Emmeline's composed answers conjured up visions of half-forgotten joys. She was an experienced cook and waitress, and accustomed to carrying on all kinds of work systematically, without the assistance of members of the family. Making currant jelly she plainly regarded as child's play. She preferred to stay in evenings, save Thursday and Sunday, presumably in order to make herself coverings of tapestry, as she seemed built upon the plan of the sage's Virtuous Woman, and I observed that her shirt-waist was cleverly embroidered. She did not insist upon electricity nor a private parlor and bath. This was the fatal point at which our case had usually broken down with all the promising candidates. Provided no laundry work was expected she was willing to bless us with her ministrations for seven dollars a week. She thought the house was real nice for such an old-fashioned one, and she told me aside that she liked my mother's looks.

Before we knew it, Emmeline was engaged. Engagements, however, had happened before. The all-important question was, Would she come on the appointed day? Wonder of wonders!—she came. And yet, more marvelous, she brought with her a large and eminently respectable looking trunk. Such a basis for permanence and peace had not blessed our eyes for many months; I could have kissed the very trunk strap. When Emmeline, having disappeared for a season, came tripping down stairs in a neat, striped cotton gown and white apron, and went at once to washing the luncheon dishes, mother burned the letter to the real estate agent in the library fire, and, with tears in her eyes, exclaimed: "Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace!"

Dick declared this remark wholly inappropriate on the arrival of a servant, and possibly unlucky, and mother took refuge in her knitting work, and settling down with a cordial smile on her dear face, murmured: "And now at last we can have the visit from Cousin Elizabeth!"

This long-postponed visit from mother's favorite cousin did, in fact, take place a few weeks later, and we all basked in the sunshine of Cousin Elizabeth's admiration of our faultless domestic machinery. It was indeed an accepted fact that Emmeline's was a master hand. In every department of the house she set herself a standard of highest excellence and took nothing of herself less than the best. I look back upon those early months of the Emmeline Era as a period of well-nigh perfect happiness. Our house was in order, our table was set and served with skill and grace, and all went forward without noise or friction. Mother began to bloom again and to attend lectures on the Ethics of the Personal Life, as in the brave days of old. Father walked with a young and spry step, and Dick brought joyously his friends home to dinner. I, glorying in our new-found freedom, wrote to one and another of the college girls to come to us for the visits which for two years had been impossible.

The first of these guests was well installed when we, with dismay perceived that we were building on sinking

sand. Emmeline did not flounce or slam doors, but she bore herself with chill dignity and awful severity, which gave us an inner trembling. This lasted during the entire visit, but relaxed when my friend departed, and was soon forgotten. Emmeline was strictly Evangelical, and given to Gospel hymns. I soon observed that when the prow of her ship, so to speak, was turned toward the frozen north, the song on her lips was always "Christian, Walk Carefully, Danger Is Near." With alarming regularity this refrain floated from the kitchen and pantry on the arrival of a guest, always sung with an air of bleak reproof, and at last we were forced to acknowledge to each other that, unless we ceased inviting our friends, Emmeline's days with us were numbered.

Hospitality had been the law of life and the rule of the house for us all and our English fathers before us. At first there was a marked disposition on the part of father and Dick to say, Let her go! Britons never will be slaves! But when I recalled the days of the charwomen, the hospital nurse and the sanatorium I ignominiously weakened and deserted to the enemy. In fact, I took up cudgels in favor of Emmeline, who had defined her position to me clearly, as follows: She had engaged to do the work for four in the family, but we had so much company that it was equal to having five all the time, which was clearly too much for any modern self-respecting maid.

I now proposed that, for the month of August, upon which we were just entering, we should keep a kind of Lent socially, inviting neither man, woman nor child to the house on any pretext whatever. This would give Emmeline at once a rest and guarantee of the integrity of our purpose to deal fairly with her. After some demur we all entered into the league.

But, alas, the reputation of hospitality had been fastened to the house. On the following day, Dick, coming home, announced "Judson is coming to dinner!" "But, Dick, you know our solemn league and covenant."

"I didn't covenant," said Dick, "to tell a fellow he couldn't take a meal with me when he proposed it. I said I wouldn't invite the men, and I didn't. Just put on a plate. It can't make any trouble really."

I went out to the kitchen, affecting easy indifference, and remarking carelessly to Emmeline:

"Oh, Emmeline, you remember that awfully nice fellow, that friend of Mr. Dick's, with red hair, the one who sings so well?"

"I never noticed him in particular, Miss Betty," was Emmeline's response, given with a certain elegant remoteness which made me feel myself weak and trivial.

Still I bravely persisted: "Well, he noticed your cooking. I have never forgotten how he enjoyed that raspberry shortcake. I wish we were going to have one to-night."

Here I paused, hoping for a word in response to open my way. Emmeline did not speak; she merely hummed the tune of "Christian, Walk Carefully" with an air of invulnerable reserve.

Desperately I plunged on. "This Mr. Judson told Mr. Dick that he wished to come up to-night for dinner, so I will just put on a plate. Don't make the least difference with the dinner. It will be all right."

"Very well, Miss Betty," came in a tone of ready to give notice finality, and I hurried back with a sore sense of discomfiture to the library. I hope Mr. Judson enjoyed the dinner. It is possible, for he may not have seen the tight line on Emmeline's mouth which struck terror to our hearts, and the tight rein of disfavor she held on the family throughout the meal.

The next morning's mail brought a letter from a classmate of father's, saying that he would be passing through on an evening train and would come to us for the night if it would be agreeable. What could have been more natural, more delightful under other conditions? As it was, we faced each other in consternation. Things, we felt, were already at the breaking point, and this would precipitate the end.

Suddenly Dick was inspired with a bright idea, which we carried out. During the day we gave Emmeline excursion tickets to visit a neighboring pleasure resort and take a friend, both remaining over night. When she was safely out of the way father's friend was smuggled into the house and took possession of the guest chamber. When Emmeline returned he had departed, and so this clandestine infraction of our league was never known to her.

To be sure, the way of escape was rather expensive and entailed not a little labor, but we regarded it as a brilliant success, especially as Emmeline returned

in a very gracious attitude of mind. She froze, however, on the advent of another unexpected guest, and presented an unbroken front of reprobation which strongly emphasized the necessity for the League and Covenant.

That month of August revealed to us the enormity of our circle of friends and the extent of our social obligations as not ten years of life had done before. Distant relatives, who would never cease to feel aggrieved if they were not received with enthusiasm, presented themselves almost constantly; professional acquaintances of my father, upon whom much of his practice depended, wrote frequently proposing "stopping off" for a meal; Dick's man friends and my girl friends seemed to converge upon us as if in a conspiracy for our undoing.

Thus driven to the wall, we resorted to every subterfuge of foreign and home policy imaginable. Of some of this clientele we made lifelong enemies by saying boldly it was not convenient for us to have them come; others we took to hotels and club-rooms; once I went out of town, so that mother could telegraph my adored Greek professor who consented to propose making me happy by a visit, that I was not at home. By such measures of foreign policy we diverted some; for the inextinguishable remnant we resorted unblushingly to a home policy of bribery and corruption.

To a certain extent our efforts have been rewarded. We have succeeded in getting a reputation for inhospitableness, in itself a defense, and we have kept Emmeline, while all around us our neighbors and friends are driven to desperation by the impossibility of finding help. To them we, with our paragon, are the most enviable of householders.

Emmeline has been with us now, as I said, for a year, and we have, it is true, fared sumptuously and lived in an orderly manner every day.

Morally we have sunk in the scale of being; socially, we have made pretty bad work.

Dick has probably lost the best business opening which ever came his way, by not dining a certain captain of industry at the right psychological moment, and I have lost that channel of life's happiness which, I believe, would have been mine could we have entertained that Oxford friend of Dick's of whom I have dreamed my dreams these many months. But what are trifles like these when weighed in the balance against the charwoman, the hospital nurse, the sanatorium, the divided family, the abandoned home?

Emmeline has conquered. Said I not that she has become the arbiter of our destinies?

## RECOGNITION OF THE UNION.

**A Development in Great Britain—England's Capitalists Appreciate the Value to Them of Craft Unionism and Labor Fakirs.**

The threatened lock-out of the Boilermakers' Society offers a signal example of the final outcome of pure and simple unionism. The sum and substance of the employers' terms are that they demand that all negotiations affecting the men shall henceforth be transacted between themselves and the central officials of the union. They will treat with the officials, and with them alone. In other words, the employers believe that they have more to dread from local and sporadic revolts on the part of the men than from the organized "might" of the Boilermakers' Society, bossed, as it is, by as contemptible a collection of fakirs as is to be found in the country. More than this, they call upon the Society (through its officials) to do police duty for them, and prevent the recurrence of such outbreaks. Should the Society refuse to undertake this honorable and pacific function, the Employers' Federation threatens the members with a lock-out.

The officials, at the recent conference held with the Employers' Federation, agreed to these terms, with one dissent. In other words, they were perfectly willing that their organization should be tied hand and foot, should be reduced to a mechanism of the masters for the preservation of order and "discipline" in the works, and for the suppression of working class revolt. The rank and file, however, though by no means enlightened, took fright, and rejected the terms proposed to them by the employers and their officials. In consequence, the masters have renewed their notices of a lock-out, and after October 5th, and a second ballot is taking place among the men as to whether, at the cost of a lock-out, they intend to persist in their rejection of the masters' demands.

But if the employer has much to fear from the instinctive undisciplined revolt of the unorganized workers, how much more terrible will be the revolt of these workers organized in a revolutionary Industrial Union, moving forward, resistlessly, with one common method and aim? Industrial Unionism means the overthrow of the capitalist class and the establishment of the Socialist Republic.—The Edinburgh "Socialist."

# WOMAN AS AN INDUSTRIAL FACTOR UNDER THE CAPITALIST SYSTEM

[By OLIVE M. JOHNSON.—A contribution to the literature of the Socialist Women of Greater New York.]

Upon the question of Woman's position in society there has been a great deal of discussion in our time and age, and people have arrayed themselves in several opposite groups. The old-fashioned people have declared and resolved that woman's place is in the home and that she has no business outside it; that shop, factory, store, office, science, art and literature are beyond the boundaries of woman's activity.

On the other hand, the "woman's rights" people have resolved long and loud that under the aforesaid conditions woman is an economic dependant on man, a slave in a free society—a slave of the slave, some folk add of the worker's wife. They further resolve that for woman to be free all pursuits must be open to her. They believe her place is anywhere where man is.

The Socialists, however, believe, neither the one thing or the other. As students of economic science they deal with facts only and deduct the inevitable conclusions.

Only one or two generations backward the economic relations that surrounded the women were, so different from the present that a perfect revolution has taken place in their life and activity. For the sake of securing a contrast let us look back as far as revolutionary times. The home then was the unit of social activity. It was the family workshop where food and raiment were manufactured. The sheep were raised on the hillside. The wool was carded and spun at home, the cloth woven and dyed, and the clothes finally sewed at home and by hand. Animals were raised and slaughtered at home, and the meat cured and prepared. Grain was raised on the farm, and the ale brewed and the bread baked in the home kitchen. In a hoist of that age the swift-working and well-managing housewife certainly was an important economic factor, and as these family units made up the nation she was a factor in the nation, too. No wonder, then, that the tradition of the industrious home-keeping woman is a sweet one to the old-fashioned statesman, economist, poet and novelist.

But she is truly a tradition only. That the manners and customs of a people depend upon their economic conditions, is a fundamental fact in economic science. In the last century, economically speaking, a perfect revolution has taken place in society. The present system has properly been termed an industrial system. The economic unit is the industry. Every pursuit is industrial. Not only so with mining, rail-roading, shipping and the like, which properly concern the world at large, but also all those branches of work that formerly were distinctly home pursuits and womanly occupations. What is now done in the home for the production of necessities of life are remnants of by-gone days only, that have no effect upon economic laws.

The factory laws knocked the economic pedestal from under the woman in the home. Useless, therefore, becomes all resolutions about her or beliefs in her. She is gone from the world's stage as surely as are the spinning wheel, the hand loom and the knitting needle.

With the development of the industrial factory system commences a new national life. The independent owner and small producer has gradually disappeared. Society has become divided into two distinct classes—the capitalist class, the class that own all the modern gigantic means of production, and the working class, the class that own no means of production but live on wages, or, scientifically speaking, by the sale of their labor power. As the capitalist system developed the competition for jobs became ever greater among the wage workers. Every new machine threw men into the army of the unemployed. Often the search for a job was fruitless for weeks and months. Often the wage-earner had to continue the search from town to town. When wages do not come in regularly the wage worker's larder soon becomes empty. When starvation enters the home, the beauties of it, as set forth in song, poetry and resolution are soon vanished. Mothers, wives, sisters and daughters will leave it and go to work. The women become wage-earners.

This, it is true, generally remedies the immediate evil—present starvation; but it does not cure the evil at large. On the contrary, it aggravates it. More wage earners means keener competition. Keener competition means in turn lower wages and longer periods of unemployment. It means a larger

"standing army" of unemployed. Marx in his scientific works on wages demonstrated that a man's wages in a given society are what it takes to support himself from day to day and to raise a family of future wage earners to take his place, when he is used up. This, however, has somewhat stretched with developed capitalism. It is now a well-known fact that it takes on an average the combined earnings of the family to keep the family alive and rear a future generation of wage slaves.

Woman as a wage earner has now become a recognized institution. Not only does she to-day follow the industries that have developed out of the former home occupations. She has entered practically all industry. Machinery has simplified the process of production. The division of labor has greatly done away with the need of skill and consequently the long periods of apprenticeship. The need of actual bodily strength is also lessened. What is demanded of the modern wage worker is plodding, patience, endurance, keenness, nimbleness of finger, and silent application to monotonous work. Hence female wage workers in many branches are preferred to male wage workers. But the chief virtue of a wage worker to capitalism is cheapness. A capitalist must have profits and enough of them to exist in competition with other capitalists. That women are cheaper than men there is no denying. Often girls live at home and their wages are only used for their own dress and pin money, or

to eke out the scant earnings of the family. In all cases, however, the employer will grind down wages, whenever grinding is possible, and grinding is particularly possible where the power of resistance is small. The almost total absence of organization among women has aided the capitalists to hold their wages down.

Consequently, whether we like it or not, woman to-day as a body is a wage earner, an economic factor in society, and as such she must be reckoned with. We Socialists take no time to lament our virtuous and industrious grandmothers. At best, poetry and romance to the contrary, they were household drudges and oftentimes coarse and ignorant ones at that. Nor do we fly to the other extreme and hail with joy the emancipated factory girl. We know too well that she is forced into work that has unfitted her for life, sexually, socially and intellectually. We know that we working women as well as the working men are mere wage slaves. But we do see in the development of society and its effect upon woman that she is passing through a status of evolution that will gradually fit her for a new place and a new life in a future society.

The future Socialist society is shaping its industrial framework within present society. In this industrial structure woman is falling into place. While emancipation from home drudgery in this society means wage slavery, for the future it means economic freedom and independence.

It is the duty therefore of every woman wage worker to educate herself and help to educate her sister wage workers upon the great question of Socialism—the question that to-day is agitating society to its very foundation. Fruitvale, Cal.

# PLATFORM

Adopted at the Eleventh National Convention of the Socialist Labor Party, July 1904.

The Socialist Labor Party of America, in convention assembled, reasserts the inalienable right of man to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

We hold that the purpose of government is to secure to every citizen the enjoyment of this right; but taught by experience we hold furthermore that such right is illusory to the majority of the people, to wit, the working class, under the present system of economic inequality that is essentially destructive of THEIR life, THEIR liberty and THEIR happiness.

We hold that the true theory of politics is that the machinery of government must be controlled by the whole people; but again taught by experience we hold furthermore that the true theory of economics is that the means of production must likewise be owned, operated and controlled by the people in common. Man cannot exercise his right of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness without the ownership of the land on and the tool with which to work. Deprived of these, his life, his liberty and his fate fall into the hands of the class that owns those essentials for work and production.

We hold that the existing contradiction between the theory of democratic government and the fact of a despotic economic system—the private ownership of the natural and social opportunities—divides the people into two classes: the Capitalist Class and the Working Class; throws society into the convulsions of the Class Struggle; and perverts government to the exclusive benefit of the Capitalist Class.

Thus labor is robbed of the wealth which it alone produces, is denied the means of self-employment, and, by compulsory idleness in wage slavery, is even deprived of the necessities of life.

Against such a system the Socialist Labor Party raises the banner of revolt, and demands the unconditional surrender of the Capitalist Class.

The time is fast coming when in the natural course of social evolution, this system, through the destructive action of its failures and crises, on the one hand, and the constructive tendencies of its trusts and other capitalist combinations, on the other hand, will have worked out its own downfall.

We, therefore, call upon the wage workers of America to organize under the banner of the Socialist Labor Party into a class conscious body, aware of its rights and determined to conquer them.

And we also call upon all other intelligent citizens to place themselves squarely upon the ground of Working Class interests, and join us in this mighty and noble work of human emancipation, so that we may put summary end to the existing barbarous class conflict by placing the land and all the means of production, transportation and distribution into the hands of the people as a collective body, and substituting the Co-operative Commonwealth for the present state of planless production, industrial war and social disorder—a commonwealth in which every worker shall have the free exercise and full benefit of his faculties, multiplied by all the modern factors of civilization.

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# A CIGARMAKER'S FIT

BY JAMES M. REID.

In the "Cigar Makers' Official Journal" for the week of August 15th, there appears a communication signed by one who signs himself John S. Kirchner. The letter, while it purports to be an answer to a previous letter in the "Journal," which championed the cause of the Brewery Workers in their "trade autonomy" trouble with the A. F. of L., is really an attempt to get in a solar plexus blow at the industrial form of organizing the working class. In analyzing the Kirchner letter a start can be properly made at the point where he mentions where "a man after years of self-sacrificing devotion to his national union of engineers and firemen or national union of teamsters, loses his job running a stationary engine, firing a boiler, or running a team for a mill, or factory applies for a vacant position in his line at a brewery, he finds the bar of the national union of brewery workers up against him. He in his surprise discovers that his engineers' or teamsters' union card is not a sufficient certificate of union character to enter there. He finds that to earn his bread in a brewery as an engineer, fireman, or teamster he is compelled to conform to the doctrine of the brewers, and to become a union brewery worker. Why should he be thus compelled to duplicate his union allegiance?"

The writer goes on to state that this practice is unjust, is wrong, is pernicious. He also asks if a gas fitter, an electrical worker, a carpenter, etc., should work in a brewery, would they not logically be asked to duplicate their allegiance and become also Brewery Workers? To quote again: "Then again, according to the reasoning of the industrialists, the man who fires his boilers in a brewery upon losing his job and getting another in a large cigar factory, should, by their own logic, become a member of the cigar makers' union, or if he should get a job in a hotel should be classed as a union cook or waiter." This, according to him, is all ludicrous. I certainly realize that to one tangled in the maze which pure-and-simple, go-it-alone, my-craft-union-against-all, education lands one, industrial unionism must appear shocking, and furthermore, as it will be shown through the gentleman's mouth, that it renders it exceedingly hard for the member of the craft union to break through the wall of self-sufficiency in which he has been bricked in.

The perniciousness of the non-recognition of a wage worker in one branch of industry as a participant in the common lot of all wage workers is one of the fundamental recognitions of the I. W. W., and which they are not backward in showing to the rank and file of the A. F. of L. craft unions. But it is ludicrous to hear the denouncer of industrial unionism condemn a practice which is only followed out by the Cigar Makers' International Union and its like in the A. F. of L., and brushed aside by the I. W. W. as being utterly at variance with a true union of the working class. His idea of industrialism seems to be hazy, in that he has conjured up in his mind a duplicating of cards. Now, had he been truly seeking the light he would have found that duplication of cards was foreign to the I. W. W. He wades in the slough of dependent craft unionism and colors industrialism with the contents of that slough, else he would readily recognize that the aim of the Industrial Workers was to unify the workers as wage workers against their skinnners the capitalist class, that a man who works, we will say, in a boot and shoe factory as engineer is a member of that industry, he is not left to a craft of engineers who will vote \$10 or \$1,000, send their sympathy and allow him to provide the motive power that will enable the employer to put whatever seams he may have been able to get. No, Mr. Kirchner, no duplication of cards exists or will exist in the I. W. W. because it doesn't work on the sympathetic strike or sympathetic \$10 donation plan, but educates the wage worker to a realization that under the present economic system of wage worker and capitalist, the wage workers' interests are identical. The I. W. W. does not teach him to be chesty because he is a cigar maker, and the other fellow only a Dago with a pick and shovel. It does not seek to organize only the most "skilful" wage worker, but it seeks to organize them all.

For instance, take your Cigar Makers' Union. The men in your union are not cigar makers at all, but a small piece of one. Your much vaunted "union label" is a lie, because you claim that the cigar is union made, whereas probably only the wrapper is placed upon it by a member of the craft union. You claim that it is made under sanitary conditions, whereas I know that in this city of Toronto there exists one factory that has the union label, and urinals exist in the very place in which the

"union" cigars are made, from which emanate foul odors. Yet the craft unionists in that shop are full of the desire not to hurt brother employer by rude remarks about a stinking urinal—or perhaps the smell has a union label upon it, and enters the nostrils of those around in the guise of attar of roses. But the boss's goods must be advertised, sanitary or unsanitary conditions.

In your Journal, one or two pages after your letter, there appears a paragraph in which the wall is made of the danger of the tail of the trade getting too far behind the head. Now you know that the I. C. M. U. says to hell with the tail, we the little employes and holders of choice jobs do not desire to consort with machine hands, with bunch breakers, rollers, and strippers. We are cigarmakers and we have the dignity of our craft to uphold and OUR jobs to conserve. Hold, I am slightly wrong; you have in cases "organized" the bunch makers and rollers, that is, you have taken their money and refused to allow them to work in "union" shops. Would you class this action under the head of "ludicrous" or as taking money under false pretences?

You are a union for the bosses (small ones); you are against the trust which threatens the extinction of a large part of you "union," that is, the small boss. You work in harmony with these small fellows. You deny the label except you can set the minimum price at which a cigar can be sold, in short, you are not an organization for the wage worker, but a handy weapon for the boss. Being so, your craft union is doomed to extinction sooner or later.

You tell us that the International failed, that industrial unionism is nothing new, it is as old as forty years ago, conditions are not as they were 40 years ago. None but a Rip Van Winkle would talk that way! Conditions governed the formation of the International, the K. of L. the Debs movement, the S. T. & L. A., and they govern the I. W. W. Facts around us proclaim its rightness. The necessity of placing big fins upon a man who dares to listen to it by such as the I. C. M. U. proclaims that its soundness is perceived by the craft union man. Industrialism, as you call it, is growing. It will succeed, it squares with the material interest of the wage worker, and therefore sees NOTHING in common between exploiter and exploited. It desires to unify the workers, whether black or white, red or yellow, only stipulating that he or she be a genuine wage worker. The I. W. W. record is clear, your I. C. M. U. is not. It has scabbed, it has disrupted labor, as all craft forms of "stand-on-your-own-legs" do. It stands, as you say, in the fore-front of champions of trade autonomy—in other words, mutual scabbery.

Your case is weak. You know it, else why juggle with the name "Professor Daniel De Leon"? Your rank and file have been pumped full of lies as regards De Leon, you rely on this to clinch your case, and finish up by such words as perverted, greenhorn, knave, etc. Now, Mr. Kirchner, to whom do you expect to appeal, but to greenhorns, whose intellect has been perverted? Else, why your willful misstatement of what industrialism stands for? Who is the knave but he who, relying on a previously built up pile of lies and slander against an individual, would bring in that individual's name in order that he might be taken for a John the Baptist? Who stoops to tactics such as these, I say, but a knave? And certainly, if you are a knave you are a superficial knave, because you are a superficial expositor, and anyone with even small brain power can see that you offer Greek gifts. Still, I suppose, Mr. Kirchner, you are quite satisfied that the I. C. M. U. in particular and the A. F. of L. form of weapon in general has been of great service to the capitalist and a miserable fiasco to the working class. It has performed, and is performing, its function splendidly. Long may the I. C. M. U. live to boast of the number and beauties of the coffins and coffin plates that it has supplied to the rank and file now gone. I have listened to you organizers dilate on this subject with all the enthusiasm of an undertaker competing for a corpse. In fact, that is the least stult of the craft union generally—how comfortable they can make you feel after you are dead. They will put in a good coffin and keep you from getting up by planting a superb tombstone on your grave. Not this for mine. I want something new.

## THE EASTERN QUESTION

By KARL MARX

Communism in Central Europe  
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25 City Hall Place. NEW YORK.

# THE GREAT VOLKSFESTPLATZ MEETING

BY FRANK BÖHN.

Not far from Stuttgart, on the Neckar River, there is a large open area called the Volksfestplatz (Peoples Pleasure Grounds). It is reserved for popular meetings and picnics. Hither, the delegates, with a crowd of people estimated at 50,000 in number, betook themselves. There the leaders of the International Socialist Movement were to speak, five or six at a time, and curiosity, as well as enthusiasm, swelled the audience. Stands had been erected at considerable intervals and the crowd was thus so divided as to make the speeches clearly audible to all who were listening to their favorites. The stands were gaily decorated. It being in Württemberg and not Prussia, the police were not idelcent. The orators thundered forth. The dense masses of people surged back and forth among the stands. Such a scene is witnessed but once in a lifetime.

The question is often asked by comrades as to the value of public speaking in our propaganda, and concerning the form of address and manner of delivery most likely to be effective with the working class. This matter is far removed from theory. The one purpose of the Socialist speaker should be to induce his audience to think as he does and prepare them to act accordingly. If he succeeds through telling the truth and not falsehoods, his language and manner are secondary. If he fails to move his hearers, all the virtues his address may possess are of no consequence whatsoever.

Now, theoretically, it would seem that the working class, being the product of the machine process, any consideration for the emotions would be out of place. A matter-of-fact statement of the principles of social science—of the facts pertaining to the Capitalist system and its evolution would be then quite sufficient. But this is by no means a correct conception. The proletariat is the most emotional social class in the modern world. The capitalist class views all life—all being—from the standpoint of material progress and material results. The individualistic farmer is tight-fisted and hard-hearted when compared

to the wageworker. The cause of this lies deep in the history, the conditions, the ideals and the resultant psychology of the working class. It will not be here examined. No crowd, masters or slaves, which ever assembled to hear political discussion, could be so quickly touched by a sense of its high mission in the world, as a crowd of Socialists and their sympathizers.

Bebel we had heard at the opening of the Congress. What he said was quite ordinary and not above criticism. His dignity of manner and evident earnestness, however, coupled with the regard which his hearers had for his distinguished career and services, could not do otherwise than make a good impression. But it was not until we heard Jaures that we felt that a measure of justice had been done the great cause, for the furtherance of which the meeting was held. Jaures' speech was short. Like most others who spoke, he realized that his audience could not understand his words and that the occasion gave no opportunity for the analysis of any phase of the subject of Socialism. He merely delivered a message of good will and fraternalism from the French workers to their German comrades and to the International Movement. This he amplified in simple phrases and then repeated his speech in German. Unlike many of his French comrades he realized the necessity, when addressing large audiences, of speaking very slowly and distinctly. The vast crowd heard every syllable. And then the suggestive gestures and fine facial expression of the man while speaking, gave evidence of intensity, of honest enthusiasm and of great moral power. I had heard several others at the same meeting. At home I had listened to all the Socialist speakers whose thoughts and deeds were of any degree of interest to me. But Jaures was the first Socialist I had heard who translated the great ideas of the Movement—the class struggle—industrial liberty—social brotherhood—into eloquent spoken language. And so the Guesdists, whose opposition his revisionist tactics so deservedly aroused, now say, when Jaures' name is mentioned, "He is no longer a compromiser. He is our leader."

# AT THE CONGRESS

What an English Visitor Saw and What He Said About It

It was queer, for example, how the English delegation contrasted in its mixed and freakish quality with the delegations of other nationalities. They did not wear corduroy suits, it is true, and embrace each other violently on the pavement. In fact, they were not freakish in the Bohemian sense at all. There was nothing about them so interesting or energetic. But instead, a certain doubtfulness of demeanor characterized them, as if they felt they were not quite "in it"—as if, being painfully half-conscious that an inward revolutionary grace was not theirs, they yet were anxious to bear the outward and visible signs of such. One section would seem to have said to itself: "A revolutionist is a passionate, violent individual who gets up on a table and shouts; so let us watch for our chance." Hence the S. D. F. exhibition on the Friday, when they stood up and "protested." We all know that the mission of the S. D. F. is to "protest." (Have they not "protested" against the Tory Government, and the Liberal Government, and the British Fleet being sent to Cronstadt, and against any number of bills and measures, passed and unpassed?) So it was quite natural that their conception of "how to do it" should manifest itself in an International Congress, and, while worthy of note, it could not surprise us.

By this I am reminded of an incident which occurred on the Sunday morning of the opening of the Congress. I was speaking to an English visitor on the pavement outside the Liedhalle, when Mrs. Bridges Adams approached with the air of one having a grievance. Having heard English voices, she came over to us, and told her tale, which we had rightly guessed was one of woe. She was accompanied by her son, a tall, well-dressed, amiable-looking boy—and it was concerning the treatment meted out to him by the German Arrangements Committee that she was grieved. They would not allow him in the Hall as a visitor, though she had besought the aid and backing of Bebel and all the leaders of the Party. Whether she had a grievance or not doesn't matter, but the substance of her remarks to us was instructive. "I shall go straight back to England," she said, decisively—straight back—and report to the S. D. F., and they shall 'protest.'" Then, after showing how well she knew the character of the S. D. F., she went on,

waving towards the lad, who stood out of hearing: "And he's such a bright, clever boy. In fact, he goes to the University in a week or two. And he takes such an interest in social questions."

And it was left to us to gather that the boy was intended for the political profession. What shall we do with our sons? is a burning question among the middle classes. And one of the possible answers is: "Let them take an interest in social questions," and go in for labor politics. For, of course, if Socialism is to be achieved by pure and simple Parliamentary action, then there is bread and butter for many generations of labor politicians, and obviously the middle classes are as well or better qualified than working men to handle the tangled skeins of capitalist law.

The very first Englishman I spoke to in Stuttgart was an I. L. P. delegate—a very young man—the son of Benson, of the I. L. P. He gave me lots of information as to how the railways could be bought. He tripped the millions off his tongue with true I. L. P. delight in hearing his figures, and wound up by telling me that "that was according to Gladstone's Bill of 1844" (or '54, or '64; I forget which; it was something with a 4 in it). And I noticed that this ingenious youth, before the Congress week was out, was quite a figure in the streets of Stuttgart, in which he was rarely to be seen without his delegate's portfolio and a profoundly statesman-like expression. Doubtless he also is "taking an interest in social questions."

Russell Smart, who is, of course, a complete statesman, was in the section on militarism, and there met Ball of the American S. L. P. One recess the following conversation took place between them:

Ball showed Smart a copy of the S. L. P. report, and asked him what he thought of our Party.

"Oh," said Smart, "there are only a few of them."

Ball urged that it was rather a question of soundness and principles than numbers.

"Principles! principles!" said Smart, indicating by tone and gesture something indefinable and undiscussable.

"Yes," said Ball, "there are certain fundamental principles—"

"Oh, no," said Smart, decisively. "There are no fundamental principles

# FREDERICK ENGELS

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE AND OF HIS WORK.

From *Der Sozialdemokrat*, Aug. 8, 1905. The proletariat lost last Monday one of the greatest intellectual leaders of men. Frederick Engels is no more. As life, so was death kind to him. After an existence rich in experience and success, he, who even in his old age seemed blessed with perpetual youth, shut his eyes forever without a shudder.

Of the immortal German triumvirate—Lassalle, Marx, Engels—he, probably, was in closer personal touch with the German workingmen. Long was Lassalle apothosized; even to-day he is generally looked upon rather as a hero of more than human stature. Marx, in the seclusion of his intellectual greatness, never was popular among the masses. It was his trusty fellow laborer and friend, Engels, who for many a decade propounded the thought of Marx, which jointly with Marx he had discovered, and which he developed. His numerous and profound writings are not only scientific jewels; they are lasting treasures in labor literature. It were next to impossible to imagine any important discussion in the German party without Engels having taken a share as an expert, a brilliant and talented adviser. Thus he was more and more closely wound up in the life and the development of the party in Germany, and also of other countries. By the masses, as well as the leaders, he was looked up to, not only with admiration, but also with boundless confidence. Hundreds of thousands, even millions of men, who never saw him face to face, feel his unexpected death like that of a personal friend.

In the life of Engels is reflected the whole development of the German, and of the international proletariat, during the past fifty years. Born on Nov. 28, 1820, in Barmen, Rhenish Prussia, Engels became speedily acquainted with the evils of the factory system, which had manifested themselves strongly in that region; and which had led so many a highly cultured member of the bourgeoisie toward a foggy sort of Socialism. In England, where from 1842 to 1844, he was active in a large factory, he first perceived the working class—organized in trades' unions, politically active in the Chartist movement—as the powerful and driving factor in the development of the social system. From that time the scales of the utopian conception of social evolution dropped from his eyes. Already in 1845, he published "The Condition of the Working Classes of England," and already there he points out that the growth of the proletariat does not simply denote the increase of misery, but also the emancipation of all the exploited classes. In Marx Engels found the worthy friend and teacher. They worked together in Paris and in Brussels. In the Association of the Communists they both won, through their great capacity, a leading place. The "Communist Manifesto" was the first immortal production of their joint literary comradeship in the strife in which they were engaged. Revolutionary storm of 1848-49 took them both back to Germany, and the "Neue Rheinische Zeitung," issued by them, soon appeared as the first social democratic paper in the German tongue. The failure of the Revolution joined the two friends again in London, after Engels had participated in the fights in Baden, and had

about Socialism.

"Then you don't believe in the class struggle?"

"No, no," said Smart. "True, there does exist a class struggle of a sort; but that is what we have to try to forget."

Between the S. P. of America and the S. D. F.—judging mainly by A. M. Simons—there exists a likeness as between twins. The same raucous violence of speech, and the same lack of substance or reasoning.

"We of America," shrieked Simons, brushing back his hair with a wild gesture, "do not believe in Rooseveltism."

Which is as if, in an universal congress of all denominations of Christians, one speaker should shriek, "We of the Ebenezer Baptists do not believe in murder and theft and adultery."

To shout at the top of the voice truisms no sensible man would think of repeating; that is Simons' style of oratory.

He was discreetly valorous enough to make himself scarce from the Trad-Union Commission when Heselwood was speaking.

Hilquit appears to be a more capable fakir—a stronger one, at any rate—than Simons. But when challenged by Heselwood in the American Section meeting with the lies concerning the I. W. W. circulated in the S. P. report to the Congress, he was obliged to admit and apologize.—F. B., in The Edinburgh "Socialist."

shortly sojourned in Switzerland.

The downfall of the Chartist movement and the end of the uprisings on the Continent taught both to look at facts more closely. While the other exiles in London were daily dreaming of new uprisings, and saw in the defeats they had suffered only a whim of fortune, Marx and Engels, on the contrary, soon realized that for a long time there could be no thought of any real revolution, and they stood out openly against the chimerical illusions and bombastic manifestations of the emigrants. This position they took in a politico-economic review which they also entitled the "Neue Rheinische Zeitung." Exiled from home they won, through the position they took, the violent opposition of the other exiles. The democracy boycotted them as vigorously as did the government. All papers closed their columns to them. For a long time both their literary and political activity, with Germany as their objective point, was at an end. Material cares joined these trials. Then began a period of industrious activity for a living, but also of diligent study. Marx dived into the British Museum. Engels went, in 1850, to Manchester; there he got a place in a factory, of which his father was part owner, and in 1864 he became a member of the concern. For the period of twenty years Marx and Engels did not see each other, though they remained in close, uninterrupted communion.

In the interval the labor movement had become powerful in all European countries. In 1864 the International was founded. With an immense expenditure of time and labor Marx had led the movement up to that point. Through that work on his great book, "Capital," was interrupted. Engels hastened to the aid of his friend. In 1869 he managed to withdraw from the business in Manchester, and he took upon himself a large portion of the correspondence of the International in London. When later the International was dissolved, an extensive field of literary activity opened before Engels, which culminated in his master work against Duhring; While the anti-Socialist laws were in force in Germany he was an industrious contributor to the "Sozialdemokrat," then published in Zurich. Many of our readers will still remember the jubilant article with which he greeted the German elections of 1890, and the end of the anti-Socialist laws.

Besides his literary work Engels conducted an incredibly extensive correspondence with all countries. His quiet influence, based upon private letters and personal contact, went probably even further than his tireless open activity. As the literary executor of Marx, as the adviser of the international proletariat, there lay upon him a heavy load of responsibility down to the last moment of his life. His exceptionally vigorous physique and intellectual powers contributed to alleviate the burden. When, two years ago, in Zurich, the labor representatives of all countries shook him by the hand, he seemed steeled against age and weakness. Yet a severe illness had shortly before laid him prostrate. His wife and his friend had long before preceded him to the grave. Now his hour sounded.

Engels was one of those privileged beings whose works will live for evermore in the hearts of the people, and will ever more develop onward in the life of the people. It was not granted him to witness the final victory of the working class. But the proletariat will ever draw counsel and cheer from him so long as it battles, and it will ever keep in thankful remembrance the great leader when the day of its victory will have been reached.

Below is a list of the works of Engels. Some few, as below indicated, have been translated into English. Most of the others have appeared in all other European languages. Their reading is indispensable to the thorough understanding of the gigantic movement of which he was so conspicuous a pathfinder:

- "Condition of the Working Classes of England," 1845. (English.)
- "Heilige Familie" (Holy Family), by Marx and Engels, 1847. (English.)
- "Neue Rheinische Zeitung," 1847-49, edited with Marx.
- "Revue der Neue Rheinische Zeitung," 1850, contributor.
- "Wohnungsfrage" (The Home Question).
- "Anti-Duhring."
- "The Development of Socialism from Utopia to Science."
- "Feuerbach in der Deutschen Philosophie" (Feuerbach's Place in German Philosophy).
- Several military political pamphlets: "Po and Rhine," "Nice, Savoy and the Rhine," "Prussian Military Question."

# NOT TO BE MISLED

Chicago Editor Taken to Task by Member of His Own Party.

Dallas, Texas, Oct. 5, 1907.

A. M. Simons,  
Editor International Review,  
Chicago, Ill.

My Dear Sir:—  
I have just finished reading your report of the Stuttgart Congress. It is interesting and instructive. But I wish to suggest that your allusion to the most important feature of that convention does you little credit in so far as presuming, or attempting to presume, upon the ignorance of American Socialists. I refer to the matter of the relationship of the industrial to the political organization in the Socialist movement.

I am a member of the Socialist Party and my name may not be entirely unfamiliar to you. I have tried to understand the great movement of Socialism by getting information from every available source.

Yours is not the only report of that Congress it has been my good fortune to read. And concerning this vitally important matter of the relationship of unionism to Socialism, I regret that the representative of the Socialist party of America has stultified himself in a manner so evidently malicious and unreasonable.

How distinctly do I recall the emotions I experienced in reading the call for the first convention of the Industrial Workers of the World, and the names of its signers. In that galaxy that history will yet hold precious, your name stood prominent. I rejoiced at it, because, years ago a little booklet written by you gave me my first insight into Socialism.

In the program of industrial organization I see the real process of translation which must eventually mark the social revolution. There is no need to here marshal the facts in argument; you know them as well as I do, and every other student of economic conditions.

Every person who has read Heselwood and De Leon's reports—barring perhaps some inevitable personal feeling displayed—will understand something of the merits of the question, and will measure the motives and calibre of the respective writers of these reports. I regret that the Socialist Party must suffer in the comparison. If I believed the great body of the rank and file in the Socialist party held the same views you seem to now hold, antagonistic to industrial unionism, and sympathized in your efforts to belittle the industrial expression of the Socialist movement apparently in the interest of that sort of organization that the Wall Street Journal calls: "The strongest bulwark against Socialism," I would tear up my card and quit the Socialist party.

You sneeringly state that it was in connection with this matter that "De Leon made almost his only appearance in the Congress," and that his speech was utterly meaningless, and your further statements are pieced out with maliciously misleading rot.

Pray, where and how did you figure in that great convention? I see no where any allusions as to how you contributed in any notable way to the interest of that convention. I do see where Heselwood and De Leon did.

If you wish to give a truthful statement of what De Leon did and said, why do you not quote the pertinent parts of his speech, and give the text of the resolution in question instead of sneering over that work as "utterly meaningless?" What is the animus that prompts your ill concealed antagonism to the principle of industrial organization as in contradistinction to craft unionism? Can the animus lie in jealousy of other men's ability in the Socialist movement, in their intellectuality, astuteness and leadership? Or, does craft unionism have so great a hold upon you that to ascertain the reason therefore the hint of a "material" connection must rise in the mind unbidden?

The world problem Socialists are trying to solve by educating and organizing the proletariat is too serious to admit of petty venom and of injustice between those who profess to paint the way to its solution.

Live the revolution and down with malice and hypocrisy. On to *fraternity* and emancipation.

Yours for the truth,  
Word H. Mills.

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NEW YORK LABOR NEWS CO.  
28 City Hall Place. NEW YORK CITY

**WEEKLY PEOPLE**

23 City Hall Place, New York.  
 P. O. Box 1576. Tel. 123 Words  
 Published Every Saturday by the  
**SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY.**  
 Frank Bohn, National Secretary.  
 I. H. Weisberger, National Treasurer.

Entered as second-class matter at the  
 New York Post Office, July 13, 1900.  
 Owing to the limitations of this office, cor-  
 respondents are requested to keep a copy  
 of their articles, and not to expect them to  
 be returned. Consequently, no stamps  
 should be sent for return.

**SOCIALIST VOTE IN THE UNITED STATES:**

In 1888	2,068
In 1892	21,157
In 1896	55,564
In 1900	34,191
In 1904	34,172

Subscription Rates: One year, \$1;  
 six months, 50c.; three months, 25c.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1907.

"Woman is sort divine," said the  
 ancient German. "Woman" says the  
 follower of Mahomet, "is an amiable  
 creature who only needs a cage." "Wom-  
 an," says the European, "is a being  
 nearly or equal in intelligence, and per-  
 haps our superior in fidelity." Every-  
 where something detracted from our dig-  
 nity.

—MADAME SWETCHINE.

**NUPTIAL BLAZES.**

On the same day that Alfred J. Du  
 Pont was married at the Plaza Hotel,  
 in this city, to Mrs. Alicia Maddox,  
 his powder and dynamite plant, located  
 in Fontanet, Ind., blew up, wrecking the  
 whole village, killing scores of  
 workers and injuring many more.

The nuptial festivals of Louis XVI.  
 were marked by a similar disaster.  
 The fireworks in Paris exploded un-  
 timely and destroyed hundreds of hun-  
 dreds of lives. The incident was called  
 "The Slaughter of the Innocents."

Mr. Dupont is no Louis XVI, it must  
 be admitted; even less is ex-Mrs. Mad-  
 dox a Marie Antoinette. Nevertheless,  
 there are features of the Du Pont-Mad-  
 dox marriage that strangely recall fea-  
 tures of the high-stopping class of which  
 Louis and Marie of old were central  
 figures and exponents, and which fea-  
 tures are brought into glaring relief by  
 the parallel blaze of Fontanet.

Mr. Du Pont was a divorced husband  
 —a South Dakota divorcee. The pres-  
 ent Mrs. Du Pont, Mrs. Maddox, was  
 a divorced wife. The two-barreled fact  
 affords two-barreled peeps into the  
 "sanctuary" of the former family lives  
 of the capitalist bridegroom and the  
 bride.

Mr. Du Pont—like the "nobility"  
 around Louis XVI, who had their  
 estates at great distances from the  
 court, and enjoyed in the latter place  
 the wealth extracted by their stewards  
 from their serfs—did not make his  
 home on his Fontanet estate; that place  
 was not elegant enough; it smelled too  
 strongly of the sweat of the wage-slaves  
 engaged thereon. He dwelt in the large  
 cities of the land, close to the Stock  
 Exchanges. Mrs. Du Pont fled still  
 further away from the rancid smell of  
 her sweated wage-slaves in America;  
 their odor was too disagreeably pun-  
 gent for her delicate nostrils; nothing  
 less than gay and perfumed Paris suited  
 her for a residential place.

The "Slaughter of the Innocents" in  
 Paris only slightly affected the program  
 mapped out for the festivities of the  
 royal bride and groom. The "Slaughter  
 of the Innocents" at Fontanet caused  
 but little alteration in the capitalist Du  
 Pont bridal program. It was originally  
 to consist of a tour through New Eng-  
 land on their 70-horse-power automo-  
 bile; now the tour on that 70-horse-  
 power automobile will be made to Font-  
 anet, Ind., nor is the gruesome goal  
 expected to interfere with the couple's  
 enjoyment of the beautiful autumn  
 scenery through the States of New  
 York and Ohio.

The Du Pont class is heir to the  
 feudal class of Louis XVI. and his  
 royal consort. It looks as if the former  
 were now traveling with a 700-horse-  
 power automobile towards the gulf that  
 is heir to that gulf which engulfed the  
 Louis XVI. class.

**THE FRESHEST INDICTMENT.**

A supplement to the "Brotherhood of  
 Locomotive Firemen and Engineers'  
 Magazine," containing the reply of the  
 organization to the circulars recently  
 issued by Grand Chief Stone of the  
 Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, is a  
 document that should be in the library  
 of every student of the Social Question.  
 The reply is a magazine of facts. The  
 facts therein mentioned are so many  
 counts in a crushing indictment of that  
 bulwark of capitalist iniquity in the  
 land—craft Unionism.

The Grand Chief, having developed  
 into that which craft Unionism fatedly  
 breeds, a labor lieutenant of the cap-  
 italist class, had, by acts of commission  
 and omission, so well served his masters  
 in some of their recent conflicts with their

railroad employes in the Southwest that  
 the outcry against him could not be  
 ignored, and he felt constrained to issue  
 a circular making his "statement" in  
 answer. It was in an evil hour for the  
 Grand Chief that the circular was sent  
 out. So far from "answering," what  
 his circular does is to afford a matchless  
 target for the reply to hit.

The reply proves that the Grand  
 Chief's men had, not only scabbed them-  
 selves, but "volunteered to hire scabs  
 to fire for them." It proves that "there  
 was published in the San Antonio papers  
 an advertisement for all men who de-  
 sired to scab on locomotive firemen TO  
 APPLY TO ANY LOCOMOTIVE EN-  
 GINEER FOR A JOB." It proves that in  
 the "worthy" endeavor to defeat the  
 firemen on strike the Grand Chief's men  
 had "even gone so far as to cook for  
 scabs in the bullpen." As a culminating  
 count, it charges that, when asked why  
 they scabbed on their fellow workers,  
 the firemen, the Grand Chief's men  
 blandly answered under the pontifical  
 benediction of their Grand Chief that  
 "they had to maintain their agreements  
 with the Company!"

The Social Question is pivoted on the  
 Union Question. So long as that spawn  
 of the capitalist machinery, the craft  
 Union, is in vigor, the solution of the  
 Social Question is impossible. The way  
 to progress is barred by a double com-  
 bination: the material power exercised  
 by the capitalist class behind their  
 breastworks, the craft Union; secondly,  
 the mental impotence into which the  
 working class at large is thrown by the  
 superstitious reverence for the word  
 "Union." Using the sentiment of the  
 workers against themselves, the cap-  
 italist class cloaks itself in the cloak of  
 "Unionism," and, palming off a hideous  
 monstrosity for the real thing, phys-  
 ically and mentally dominates the pro-  
 letariat, by keeping these not only di-  
 vided in warring craft organizations,  
 but accumulating against one another  
 a large store of resentment, that is ever  
 ready to explode into scabbing—to the  
 greater glory of Capital, to the greater  
 degradation of the wage slave.

Of old Calvin traversed Switzerland  
 with Bible in one hand, sword in the  
 other, and his steps keeping measure to  
 the motto: "Qui iterum re-baptize (re-  
 emerge) be emersed (drowned.)" Cleaned  
 the region of the bizarre Knipperdoling  
 superstitions that, like poisonous weeds,  
 had sprung up from Luther's Reforma-  
 tion. It should seem that an infinitely  
 more potent sword, in the hands of the  
 organizers of Industrial Unionism, is  
 furnished by the cumulating misdeeds  
 of the labor lieutenants of the capitalist  
 class. It should seem that every new  
 "Contract" iniquity should whet the  
 sword of Industrialist propaganda, and  
 aid it to cut wide the swath for class  
 conscious economic organization to  
 march to the overthrow of capitalist  
 tyranny.

**"WHEN EMMELINE CAME."**

Miss Caroline Atwater Mason's story  
 "When Emmeline Came," republished  
 elsewhere in this issue by courtesy of  
 "The Ladies' Home Journal," is a pro-  
 duction of extraordinary value. Apart  
 from its high literary merit, it is a  
 priceless contribution to the literature  
 of the burning Social Question.

The class that employs domestic  
 servants is not, as a rule, the class  
 that furnishes Socialists—albeit its  
 conduct may breed them. As a rule,  
 the class that employs domestic ser-  
 vants—especially if it affects aristoc-  
 ratic qualities of ancestry and habits  
 —is a class that denounces Socialism,  
 and, on the long list of whose counts  
 in its indictment of Socialism, the  
 charge that "Socialism makes against  
 the sanctity of the Family" is, if not  
 the first, very near the head of the  
 roster. The implication is clear, where-  
 ever the charge is made, that the cap-  
 italist social system safeguards the  
 sanctity of the family, a sanctity that  
 Socialism would destroy, and which to  
 preserve the noblest sentiments of man  
 and woman are called upon to take up  
 arms.

"The Coming of Emmeline" is the  
 thrilling story of the experience made  
 by a servants-employing aristocratic  
 capitalist family. The family enjoyed  
 collective family blissfulness, one  
 time. The quartet—father, mother,  
 son and daughter lived together; they  
 extended bounteous hospitality to nu-  
 merous relatives and college chums  
 from out of town; city friends in pro-  
 fusion frequently were their guests at  
 table; the mother attended lectures on  
 "The Ethics of the Personal Life." In  
 short, the group is described as a  
 "Christian home" and the conscience  
 of its members "Puritan." Suddenly  
 all this family bliss comes to an end—  
 what has happened? The four mem-  
 bers are scattered to the four quar-  
 ters of the compass—what blew them  
 apart? The mother plaintively re-  
 marks, as she contemplates the "do-  
 mestic ruin" around her, that "she  
 had always kept her family together  
 before this and supposed she always  
 could, but the decently ordered life  
 of the past was now an iridescent

dream"—what smote that "decently-  
 ordered life" into a heap of ruins? Once a "Christian home" with "Pur-  
 tan consciences," the family is now  
 "morally sunk in the scale of being"  
 —what caused the downfall, and in  
 what does it consist? What?  
 "Several large factories had started  
 into operation in the town"; formerly,  
 "if one maid left, another one ap-  
 peared gladly upon the scene"; an "ap-  
 palling dearth of girls" was followed by  
 "a more appalling increase in wages and  
 the conveniences demanded" by the  
 few girls who were still willing to  
 become servants. The "moral" sink-  
 age in the scale of being consisted in  
 the paying of higher wages, and the  
 giving of better treatment to the  
 servant. No more hospitality to  
 friends in and out of town, no more  
 low wages. In short, "the tender  
 ties which had so long bound the  
 father to 'home, wife and child,'" in  
 that sanctity-of-the-family preaching  
 bourgeois household, are laid bare  
 by social development: the "tender  
 ties" stand exposed as THE SERV-  
 ANT, a being so driven by want as to  
 be willing to be a drudge, paid little,  
 treated un-Christianly, whose should-  
 ers bore, unrequited, the "family's"  
 bounteous hospitality!

That the factory is no Paradise,  
 who would dare gainsay! That a  
 place where limbs are in constant  
 danger, life frequently lost, and where  
 the gases often inhaled unsex the  
 working girl is given preference to,  
 as a haven of refuge, is ample com-  
 mentary on the condition of the serv-  
 ant in "Christian homes." Even if  
 Miss Mason's story were fiction, it  
 would be fiction drawn from facts. The  
 "family" therein described is no ex-  
 ception. It is the rule. Its experience  
 reveals, amidst Pharisaic lamentations,  
 the quality of the "sanctity" of the  
 bourgeois family, a "sanctity" that  
 draws its sap from the physical, men-  
 tal and moral torture of the helpless  
 sisters of the Puritan-Christian mis-  
 tress.

**UPTURNING LAW AND EQUITY.**

If an accident, it surely is a Provi-  
 dental accident, that, at this very sea-  
 son, when the Capitalist Class of the  
 land is throwing overboard every es-  
 tablished authority on the law of Con-  
 tracts, they should have produced, and  
 are now backing up, a woman teacher in  
 this city to help them de throne Equity.  
 For some time a movement has been  
 on foot to equalize the pay of men and  
 women teachers, the latter being shame-  
 fully underpaid even when they do  
 equal work with men. A bill to that  
 effect was vetoed by Gov. Hughes on the  
 pretext that it would not be fair to  
 equalize the salaries of women in one  
 department of the Civil Service and not  
 in all. Shame was ashamed to sit on  
 the brow of such an argument. Hughes,  
 the capitalist spokesman, who just be-  
 fore, during his gubernatorial campaign,  
 twitted the Socialists with not being  
 satisfied with one thing at a time, vetoed  
 that "one thing at a time" bill on the  
 ground of its "one-thing-at-a-timeness."  
 The movement for equalization was not  
 disconcerted, it became indignant. At  
 this stage of the proceedings a woman  
 teacher is trotted forth to oppose equal-  
 ization. Her reasoning is this: "Women  
 are employed as teachers only because  
 they can be got cheaper than men; if  
 the salaries of man and woman teach-  
 ers are equalized the result will be, not  
 that our (the women's) salaries will be  
 higher, but that the salaries would be  
 wholly wiped out; no women, only men  
 would be employed."

It is a principle in Equity that none  
 shall profit by his own wrong. The  
 small salaries of woman teachers is a  
 wrong committed by the capitalist class  
 to save its taxes. Now, then, their  
 wrong is now made the basis by the  
 capitalist taxpayers to keep women  
 down to wrongfully low salaries. The  
 threat is made that, if the salaries are  
 raised to "man's estate," no women will  
 be needed.

The attempt to overthrow the equi-  
 table and common law principles of Con-  
 tract, and the attempt to profit by a  
 wrong done and thereby establish a  
 novel principle in Equity, are twin  
 spawns of capitalist class morality.

**RUSSIA'S SEPTEMBER RECORD.**

St. Petersburg, October 16.—The po-  
 lice statistics published to-day regard-  
 ing terrorism in the month of September  
 show that thirty-four persons were ex-  
 ecuted, that 207, including 73 officials,  
 were killed, and that 172 people were  
 wounded in various affrays. The fig-  
 ures do not include the casualties in the  
 anti-Jewish riots at Odessa, Rostov, and  
 Simferopol. The police also report 165  
 attacks made by armed men on estates,  
 and the discovery of thirty-four stores  
 of bombs and explosives.

The People is a good broom to brush  
 the cobwebs from the minds of the  
 workers. Buy a copy and pass it around.

**NOTES ON THE STUTTGART CONGRESS**

By Daniel De Leon.

**III. THE TRADES UNION ISSUE.**

Infinitely more important than Herve-  
 ism, because of its constructive bearing  
 to the whole International Movement, is  
 the Question of Unionism, "Syndicalism,"  
 as generally styled in Europe. How vital  
 is this issue and how certain that it is  
 bound to be the storm-center of the fu-  
 ture in the Congress is sufficiently  
 evident from the circumstance that, al-  
 though it has not yet any urgency in Eu-  
 rope, it is daily forcing itself forward  
 for consideration, and is doing so with  
 increasing intensity. It is no insignifi-  
 cant fact that the issue constituted one  
 of the "orders of business" at Stuttgart.

A discussion of the merits of this  
 issue has no place in these Notes, least  
 of all in The People. Its columns team  
 sufficiently with articles, correspondence,  
 etc., thereon, besides the reports from  
 Stuttgart that I have previously sent in.  
 Suffice it here to say, on that head, that  
 the Union Issue is THE question of  
 practical importance. It is that for a  
 number of reasons, first among which is  
 that IT and IT ALONE carries in its  
 folds the answer to the question that is  
 being put with increasing frequency to  
 Socialists—How are you going to do it?  
 It is a question which, like a flaming  
 sword scorching at once the pure and  
 simple Socialist politician who debauches  
 the movement, and the pure and simple  
 bomb-thrower who invites the police spy.  
 It is a question that sobers the move-  
 ment, drills and disciplines it to effective  
 work, not declamation. By the light of  
 the importance of this question the in-  
 cidents I here wish to mention have no  
 little interest.

The first is a series of short dialogues  
 between Baer and myself. Baer is the  
 editor of a metal workers' craft union  
 paper in Vienna. He is a man of con-  
 siderable parts, and was pushed forward  
 by the conservative German element as  
 the drafter of the "Austrian Resolution,"  
 the resolution, which, after a number of  
 unmeaning amendments, became the ma-  
 jority resolution. Behind Baer was Kaut-  
 sky, in and out of the committee. At  
 the close of the discussion four minutes  
 were allowed to the introducers of resolu-  
 tions for a final say. Seeing that all  
 the introducers of resolutions, except the  
 representatives of the French majority,  
 and those of the Socialist Labor Party  
 and the Industrial Workers of the World,  
 had withdrawn theirs and jumped on the  
 band-wagon, the theory is justified that  
 the move was a final effort at propitia-  
 tion, in order to bring about a unani-  
 mously banal report of the Committee.  
 The spokesman for the French majority  
 was not to be propitiated; neither were  
 Heslewood or I. The four minutes al-  
 lowed to him and me I occupied with  
 the statement that, even if we were at  
 all inclined to forego insistence upon  
 our position and yield to the desire for  
 "unanimity," there were two passages  
 in the majority report which rendered com-  
 pliance out of the question; the two pas-  
 sages referred to the political and the  
 economic movement as of equal impor-  
 tance; this was a serious theoretical  
 error, an error fraught with fatal results  
 to the Movement; America, the leading  
 capitalist Nation—economically, polit-  
 ically, mentally, morally and sociologi-  
 cally—had demonstrated the truth of the  
 Marxian warning that only the economic  
 organization could give birth to the true  
 party of Socialism; useful, valuable, in-  
 estimable, NECESSARY though the Po-  
 litical Movement was, it could not be  
 placed abreast of the Economic; the two  
 clauses referred to in the majority  
 report did so; they thereby placed the  
 Economic and the Political Movement in  
 a false perspective, they thereby induced  
 a dangerously mischievous confusion of  
 thought; that which was reflected could  
 not stand on an equal scale of impor-  
 tance, however important itself, with that  
 which reflected it; experience in Amer-  
 ica, which would one day be the expe-  
 rience in Germany, when Germany shall  
 have reached American capitalist eleva-  
 tion, teaches the fatality of the error; the  
 majority resolution was, accordingly,  
 so structurally defective that it was un-  
 acceptable to the I. W. W. and the S. L. P.

At the close of the four-minutes' bout the vote was taken, the I. W. W.-S. L. P. resolution receiving the two votes of Heslewood and myself, besides the vote of the French majority representative, one vote from Italy and one from Switzerland, Mrs. Faas-Hardegger's. The Committee broke up, and Baer came over to me. The following dialogue ensued:

Baer—"You are mistaken in that quo-  
 tation from Marx."  
 I—"You don't say so?"  
 Baer—"Yes; and I'll prove it to you."  
 I—"I'm all ears."  
 Baer—"The proof that Marx never said  
 any such thing is to be found in the fact  
 that those two clauses which you object  
 to are in my resolution. They never

would have been there if Marx had said  
 as you say."

I—"Dear Baer [Lieber Baer] your  
 chain of reasoning lacks an essential  
 link. You must first prove to me that  
 you have read all that Marx said. With-  
 out you prove that, such reasoning as  
 you use amounts to nothing. Your  
 statement that, if Marx had said so,  
 then your resolution would not contain  
 those two passages, is the strongest  
 proof you can give me that your resolu-  
 tion is structurally wrong—Marx did say  
 just what I claim. Read Marx in full,  
 then call again."

Baer walked away to pick up his pa-  
 pers. While doing so he seemed sud-  
 denly seized with a new inspiration. He  
 returned and abruptly renewed the con-  
 versation:

Baer—"You see, the worst defect of  
 your resolution is that it is cast too ex-  
 clusively in an American mold." [Ist zu  
 sehr auf Amerikanischen Verhaeltnissen  
 zugespielt.]

I—"That is not a defect, it is a virtue.  
 I have read of commissions, appointed  
 from Germany, from France and even  
 from such a capitalist land as England,  
 to proceed to America and learn there  
 how does the American capitalist class  
 manage to squeeze so much wealth out  
 of the workers. I never heard of any  
 commission from America sent to France,  
 England, or Germany to take lessons  
 here in the art of exploitation. Do you  
 see the point?"

Baer looked contemplative.  
 I—"I'll tell you—what happens in the  
 capitalist world of America is of inter-  
 national moment; what happens in Ger-  
 many is not."

Baer made a third attempt at convert-  
 ing me. It was on the morning of the  
 day when the matter was to be threshed  
 out in full Congress, he being the "re-  
 porter" for the Committee's majority.

Baer—"There is a contradiction in  
 your resolution."

I—"Indeed!"  
 Baer—"Here it is [spreading the Ger-  
 man version of the resolution on the  
 table before us]: This sentence declares  
 that the Union is 'the present embryo  
 of the Commonwealth of Labor,' and this  
 other sentence declares that neutrality  
 towards Trades Unions 'is equivalent to  
 neutrality towards the machinations of  
 the capitalist class'—that means that the  
 Unions are machinations of the capital-  
 ist class. How can they be embryos of  
 future society?"

I—"Dear Baer [Lieber Baer] tell Kaut-  
 sky for me that if I decline to be neu-  
 tral in the conflicts between my brother  
 and a scheming thief, and I pronounce  
 the actions of the latter 'machinations,'  
 it does not follow that I thereby con-  
 tradict myself in that I therefore pro-  
 nounce my brother a 'thief,' and  
 must treat him as such. Quite other-  
 wise. You may add that one is  
 justified to expect from delegates  
 to the International Congress that they  
 have a certain minimum of  
 international information. In America—  
 and it will be so in all other lands in  
 the measure that they develop—we have  
 two sets of Unions—the I. W. W. and,  
 broadly speaking, the A. F. of L., the  
 latter of which is a 'machination' of the  
 capitalist class. To remain neutral in the  
 conflict between these two Unions  
 is to be neutral toward the machinations  
 of capitalism."

The above three flashlights—cast by  
 the utterances of so able a continental  
 Socialist as Baer upon a considerable  
 area of present European Socialist men-  
 tality—may be fitly supplemented by a  
 fourth flashlight cast upon the fuller  
 European field by a British delegate.

No sooner did the Committee on  
 Trades Unions break up, after taking  
 the votes on the resolutions, than Mrs.  
 Faas-Hardegger of the Swiss representa-  
 tion was pounced upon by several de-  
 legates. She, more so than the Italian  
 and the French majority delegates who  
 supported the I. W. W.-S. L. P. resolu-  
 tion, had incurred the animosity of the  
 "conservatives." The others had merely  
 voted for our resolution; she spoke in its  
 favor; and a rattling speech she made.  
 Prominent among the "pouncers" was  
 Miss Mary Macarthur of the British  
 delegation. The Committee room was  
 almost cleared when these two were still  
 at it at one of the tables, surrounded  
 by about a half dozen delegates, among  
 whom, keenly interested in the bout, was  
 Frank S. Budgen, of the British S. L. P.,  
 who attended the Congress as a wide-  
 awake "chiel taking notes," and the tow-  
 ering figure of Heslewood, his face  
 wreathed in smiles, beaming down upon  
 the scene. Miss Macarthur speaks only  
 English; Mrs. Faas-Hardegger manages  
 English with difficulty. In point of vol-  
 ubility of language the advantage was  
 decidedly with the Briton; but the  
 Swiss made up in sense for what she  
 lacked in speech. With short, pungent  
 sentences she was dealing blow after  
 blow. She triturated "neutrality"; she  
 punched hole after hole into pure and

simple political Socialism; with excru-  
 ciating deliberateness she exposed the  
 ulcers of craft Unionism. Heslewood  
 had exhibited in the course of his speech  
 before the Committee a copy of a pic-  
 ture of the Civic Federation banquet  
 with Gompers as a banqueter along with  
 the leading capitalist magnates, and had  
 also exhibited a copy of the Manifesto  
 calling for the first I. W. W. Convention  
 and pointed out the signature of A. M.  
 Simons, who, just before him in the  
 Committee, had sung the praises of the  
 A. F. of L. and opposed the industrialist  
 resolution. In the midst of the intel-  
 lectual duel between the torrential firing  
 from Miss Macarthur and the slow,  
 steady, deliberate cannonade from Mrs.  
 Faas-Hardegger, Heslewood injected the  
 two documents. Simons, who had ap-  
 proached the group, quickly and quietly  
 slunk away. The documents had, how-  
 ever, a more noisy effect among the two  
 disputants. Mrs. Faas-Hardegger began  
 using them with effect; Miss Macarthur  
 became irate. "They are deceiving you!  
 They are deceiving you, dear woman!"  
 she fairly yelled. I had stood by for  
 some little while. Miss Macarthur is a  
 young and prepossessing maid—blonde,  
 white and pink, with prettily curved lips,  
 and brilliant—bright eyes. Her rage  
 added charm to her appearance. I could  
 not but grieve at so much earnestness,  
 worthy of a better cause, thrown away  
 upon so harmful a set of principles as  
 she was obsessed with; I could not but  
 silently wish the great cause of Indus-  
 trialism had the support, instead of the  
 hatred, of so fair and fiery an apostle.  
 "Why, they are mad [meaning the In-  
 dustrialists and the S. L. P.]; They are  
 mad!" she screamed with outstretched  
 arms, and looking around her distract-  
 edly for sympathy. "They are mad!  
 Do you know what they want? They  
 want plumbers and switchmen and weav-  
 ers and coal-heavers all in one local  
 Union to transact their business togeth-  
 er! They are m-a-a-d! They are  
 m-a-a-a-d!" The outburst of absurd-  
 ity broke the spell of silent admiration  
 in which I had been held. I blandly  
 put in:

"Madam, you have been stuffed." Miss  
 Macarthur paused for the fraction of a  
 second, turned around, and even more  
 ravishing in her wrath than before, fired  
 tremulously her answer, that was in-  
 tended for a squelcher:

"Stuffed! Why, I've been in America!  
 I—have—been—in—A-me-ri-ca!  
 I've been in America!"

"Madam," I replied unsmiling, "the  
 hills of Mamaroneck were 'in America'  
 long before you were there; and they  
 have continued to be 'in America' since  
 you left—and yet, you know, what those  
 hills know about Industrialism is not  
 worth the while to ascertain."

Thick as the thickest jungle is the  
 jungle of misinformation, prejudice and false  
 reasoning that Socialism has to cut its  
 way through. Yet there is no room  
 for despair. Capitalism raises and drills  
 the soldiers that are to overthrow it.  
 Itself acts as antidote to the errors it  
 breeds.

**NEW SECTION.**

**Hoquiam, Wash., Lines up With Revolu-  
 tionary S. L. P.**

Hoquiam, Wash., Oct. 2.—I have  
 the pleasure to inform the revolution-  
 ists through the columns of The People  
 that another section of the Socialist  
 Labor Party has been organized out  
 here in the "scattered wilderness." We  
 organized section Hoquiam, Sep-  
 tember 29th, with eight charter mem-  
 bers—not so big by half as the section  
 organized down in Nevada the other  
 day, but give us a little time; there  
 is just a little bit of "White Terror" in  
 evidence in this neck of the Weyer-  
 hauser woods, and we have got to  
 weaken its power first.

**I. W. W. GOES AHEAD.**

**The Organization in New Jersey Adds  
 to Its Strength.**

Paterson, N. J., October 14.—A meet-  
 ing of tailors was called here Sunday,  
 the object being to decide the organi-  
 zation with which they would affiliate.  
 Representatives from the I. W. W. and  
 the Brotherhood of Tailors were in at-  
 tendance, each presenting the case of  
 the respective organizations.

The Brotherhood men declared that,  
 while they agreed with the principles  
 of the I. W. W., they, on account of  
 conditions prevailing in New York, were  
 not prepared to go in with the I. W. W.  
 at this time. The I. W. W. speak-  
 ers dwelt upon the principles of their  
 organization and said that, if the  
 Brotherhood men would not see their  
 way clear to joining the I. W. W., that  
 condition did not obtain in Paterson.

The outcome of the affair was that all  
 present voted to join the I. W. W. and  
 signed the application for a charter, the  
 organization to be known as Tailors'  
 Industrial Union. This adds another  
 local to the stronghold of Industrial  
 Unionism in New Jersey.



UNCLE SAM AND BROTHER JONATHAN.

BROTHER JONATHAN—There are  
 some things I don't like in Socialism.

UNCLE SAM—Which, for instance  
 and to wit?

B. J.—The idea of compulsion.

U. S.—Is there any compulsion in  
 Socialism?

B. J.—Certainly, their "co-operation"  
 is not "voluntary" co-operation." I be-  
 lieve in voluntary, not compulsory, co-  
 operation. Compulsory co-operation is  
 dictatorial. I'll none of it.

# CORRESPONDENCE

[Correspondents who prefer to appear in print under an assumed name will attach such name to their communications, besides their own signature and address. None other will be recognized.]

## WHAT OF PETTIBONE?

To the Daily and Weekly People:—The following item was sent out yesterday on the Ticker News Service in Wall Street, which is controlled by J. P. Morgan:

## "JOHN MITCHELL DOING WELL."

"La Salle, Ill.—Hospital reports say that John Mitchell, who underwent an operation yesterday, is getting along nicely. There is every indication of recovery."

I have been watching for bulletins from the bed-side of Pettibone, but up to date in vain. I guess it's because Mitchell is a labor "leader" and Pettibone an enemy of the "common weal."

T. W.

New York, October 15.

## TOO LUSH FOR STUDENTS.

To the Daily and Weekly People:—Things are shaping themselves nicely in the West for the Revolution in spite of the efforts and seeming success of the Fairgrievies and Mahoneys who are for the present, and the present only, riding on the wave of Industrial Unionism, which seems to even permeate the air.

It has gone so far as to reach the young students in the Bozeman Agricultural College, many of whom, in the course of Walters Thomas Mills' pure and simple lecture the other day left the lecture room disgusted with his compromising attitude toward the real working class problem, Industrial Unionism. So we may feel hopeful that the true light is fast reaching the furthest recesses of the earth.

H. A. Brandborg.

Logan, Mich., October 8.

## PUT THEM TO GOOD USE.

To the Daily and Weekly People:—Just a suggestion as to one way of getting our paper into the hands of the proletariat:

When the hospital wagon comes around for old reading matter, send along within our papers, quite a few old Peoples.

Also the old magazines which contain good reading matter on the Labor Problem—these articles plainly marked.

Remember that our hospitals receive their largest percentage of patronage from the propertyless wage-slave class, who seldom have such a privilege of reading as they have during the time they recover and recuperate for the benefit of their masters.

Who knows where or when the seed sown will sprout?

Fraternally,

Anna G. Walsh.

Jamaica, L. I., October 8.

## A "BATTLE AX" MORAL.

To the Daily and Weekly People:—Miss Flynn's refusal to join Tom Johnson's "band wagon" reminds me of the story told of the late Patrick Gleason, the "Battle Ax" Mayor of Long Island City before that Municipality was merged into Greater New York. Gleason was an avowed enemy of the Long Island Railroad Company, which was controlled at that time by the late Austin Corbin, a very shrewd Scotchman and a capitalist of the most astute kind. Gleason owed his soubriquet to his chopping down poles and wrecking rails laid down in the streets of Long Island City by the road headed by Corbin, and was feared by the railroad magnate because of his wonderful hold on the people, they having elected him Mayor several times over the protest of the railroad interests. And so a game was put on "Pat" by Corbin to weaken him in the estimation of his followers.

Gleason was walking along Jackson avenue one day preceding election when Corbin drove up in a trap and invited the Mayor to jump in and drive to the railroad station, there to board a train for Babylon, the country home of Corbin, where he had a few fine bred donkeys—which he was anxious to have Gleason pass upon.

"Pat" was wise and refused to go along remarking that he "would be glad to visit the stock farm the day after election." That date arrived, but never arrived for Corbin—he dropping dead a few days after. Had Gleason accepted Corbin's ride, the whole town would have declared that he had sold out, and this the shrewd "Pat" saw.

Miss Flynn's declining to ride in the machine with "Tom" Johnson points a lesson to us of the S. L. P. It is—Be on

your guard against the wily Corbins and Johnsons.

Timothy Walsh.

Jamaica, L. I., October 10.

## ELIZABETH FLYNN IN PENNSYLVANIA.

To the Daily and Weekly People:—Did you ever notice a brass band marching down the street and notice the kids running along abreast of it, jumping up and down, imagining themselves on horses, leading the great armies of which they may have heard? Have you noticed the sedate old men walk along and unconsciously throw out their chests, throw up their heads, get in step with the music, and hike along? You can't blame them for this, can you? I say, No! and I ask you to be a little bit merciful in your silent or unspoken criticisms of my actions in imposing upon the members of the S. L. P. by asking space in their paper. I am ashamed to have to state that I am as yet not a member of it; Richardson of Rochester and I intended to become members at large while in Pittsburg Sunday to hear Elizabeth Flynn, but the meeting was so exciting that we both acted like a pair of raving maniacs and forgot it. But overlook this imposition and I promise that before I write another letter to the People I'll be a part owner of it.

Was it Galileo who said "Still it moves" and was punished for it? (He meant the earth.) Well, I am a candidate for punishment, maybe in the next world, for I say that it DOES move.

The first speaker of the S. L. P. in Blair County appeared in the shape of Elizabeth Flynn here last night, under the auspices of the I. W. W., and take it from me, she is no medicine show child wonder. She is there with the goods, and the real goods, too; none of this "join the union of your craft" stuff.

We had from Monday night only to advertise, but in spite of the fact that the bill posters skipped two telephone poles and the bills were up for no more than two days, the crowd came and listened very attentively to Miss Flynn for almost two hours.

It is useless for me to write any part of her talk, but let me assure you that Brotherly Love Sam and his partner Check-Off John had their names mentioned, and none of the folk went over the heads of the crowd. It hit them all, and at our meeting to-night we took in a number of members and expect to get several others.

The whale oil speculators held a meeting at Rochester that night, so only a few of them were there. I am sure they learned something, but I hear that one of them in the crowd said that if we paid attention to Miss Flynn that we would have no presidential candidate to vote for. Now don't you feel ashamed of yourself, Lizzie Flynn, taking that man's presidential candidate away from him? You might as well steal a bottle from a baby. For that you can't spend your vacation here next winter, as you wanted to.

Ignoramus.

Monaca, Pa., October 13.

## "BROTHERHOOD" AND "CHARITY."

To the Daily and Weekly People:—While perusing the columns of a college monthly, I read the "ad" of a "School for Social Workers." Now, for the benefit of the uninitiated, a school for social workers is an institution where people with a maximum of money and a minimum of brains, are instructed in the art of visiting the slums of teeming centres of population for the purpose of making life more bearable, if possible, for the slum dwellers. This school is run under the auspices of Harvard University.

Now, the pure and simple trade unionists claim that Labor and Capital are necessary one to the other. "Labor and Capital are brothers," says the Gompers Unionist.

What has Labor to do with the "School for Social Workers?" Simply this: The slum district is inhabited by wage earners. Of course the wages are so small that they are hardly noticeable, but nevertheless they get something from their brothers, the rich clothing manufacturers, for working seventeen hours every day at making garments.

Over on the West Side, along Eleventh Avenue are many unfortunates existing miserably in the shadows of the gas tanks, who are employed in factories, as truck drivers, as railroaders, etc., by their "brothers" who give them just enough to subsist on and propagate their kind.

Into these and other slums go the "Social Workers," graduate of the

School supported by Brother Capital, or some of him, whose women folks have a conscience that craves ease-ment, to make life a little bit lighter for the brothers and sisters in the "Ghetto" and "Hell's Kitchen."

If the existence of a school of the kind I have described is not a factor in giving the lie to the assertion that Labor and Capital are equal, then what is?

Jacob Riis describes the slums very vividly in one of his works. Mr. Riis, I believe, is a great friend of Mr. Roosevelt. If Mr. Roosevelt would read Mr. Riis' books he would be less apt to attempt to throw "public opinion" against men whose sole crime seemed to be a desire to improve the condition of their kind—act as "social workers," as it were, on their own hook.

One night about twelve years ago I was one of a party of young people who went on a slumming expedition thro' Chicago's poorer districts. We visited Hull House that night. Hull House is a "Social Settlement" in the heart of Halsted street slum—not a criminal district. We were shown the coal pile where the coal was sold at cost to the poor, the boys' club, gymnasium, in short all there was to see, until we came to the Jane Club. The club was composed of working girls whose wages were so ample they were compelled to accept the help of Hull House (a charity affair) to keep body and soul together.

We were shown into the parlor, that is we all peeked in, to see the poor girls who were entertaining their beaux, both girl and beau being on exhibition like any dime museum freaks might be. I wondered then, as I wonder now, how would the daughter of Brother Capital like to be "rubbered" at by a crowd of thoughtless strangers while she was entertaining a male, or any other, caller. And again, if Labor gets a just share, why the necessity of selling coal at cost at Hull House? Why a Hull House?

E. A. See.

Providence, R. I., Oct. 12.

## VOICE-CATCHERS AND REVOLUTIONISTS.

To the Daily and Weekly People:—In my last letter to The People I told you about Mr. Lea's visit to this city in the interests of the Relief Commission of the city of Liverpool.

To-night the Daily Star comes out with a brilliant editorial bemoaning the fact that 1,500 Socialist meetings were held in England last Sunday. Unless Mr. Lea and a few more paid agents of the capitalist class succeed in relieving England of the overwhelming surplus on the labor market, the Socialist meetings are bound to increase, and contrary to Lord Ralfour's views, only the increase in the bona fide Socialist gatherings can save England from the fate of the Roman Empire.

Full well does the capitalist class of England know that "free land" is no solution to the labor trouble, and for that reason "free land" is offered as a solution, and to avoid a possible revolution. Free land may act as a temporary "sop"; but Socialist gatherings will increase in England as well as in America until the workers have free access to capital, as well as land, which is the only solution to the labor problem.

Under "Note and Comment" the Daily Star says, "The way to stamp out Socialism is to quit taking notice of the Socialists." But is not the public (?) press the beacon-light of the capitalist class, that is in duty bound to give the pirate captains the danger signal whenever it becomes necessary? How then can that same press ignore the Socialists and do justice to its masters!

Unless the learned professors of organized brigandry can invent a new vocabulary of slander and misrepresentation against the Socialist Movement, it might be as well if they quit taking notice of the Socialists, for such phrases as "undermining individual liberty," etc., etc., have long become stale, and are no longer of interest to the average reader.

Nearly every workman knows by this time, either by instinct, or from reading Socialist literature, that "individual liberty" mentioned in the capitalist press means the "absolute liberty of the capitalist class" to rob, kill or plunder the working class, to send them to jail for time unlimited, to shoot them down if they dare to go on strike, to degrade their children, and finally, the liberty to take undue privileges with their wives and daughters. Certainly, when the working class raises a protest against such outrages, it is interfering with "individual liberty"; the liberty of the omnipotence of the state.

But unless the Socialist gatherings move differently in England from the way they have been moving in Germany (or as the Socialist party would have them move in America), the capitalists have no great need as yet to display their cowardice.

Heagles millions of Socialists in a country like Germany, and the authorities at Berlin removing one of their

guests at the last Congress, without even a protest. Then imagine those millions organized into an I. W. W., and what the result would have been. This fact alone should be sufficient to pulverize the fancy theories of the polished parliamentarians in the vote-catching Socialist party.

But 1,500 Socialist meetings of a single day, embued with the spirit of the I. W. W. would indeed be sufficient cause for alarm to the ruling class.

Gus. A. Maves.

Toronto, Ont., October 9.

## THE RUSSIAN STUDENT MOVEMENT.

To the Daily and Weekly People:

In a recent issue of the Daily, a correspondent wishes to know why it is that the students of Russia act and are with the working class, while in the United States the students act the opposite, and take the places of the workers when on strike. In regard to that question I would answer as follows:

Russia to-day is in a semi-feudalistic state. The autocracy, or divine-righters, are in control of the government. The rising capitalist class, or bourgeoisie, are striving for a constitution, to get control of, or at least a voice in, the government of Russia, because the autocracy rules for their own material interest and the capitalist class need the laws of a capitalist state to protect themselves.

The movement taken as a whole in Russia at this time is one of reform. Its immediate demands are a constitution and assembly of representatives of the people by popular choice, etc. and the student body, who are largely the sons and daughters of the bourgeoisie, are with the movement of the working class in so far as it serves their own ends, and that is at the present time the abolition of Czarism and the acquisition of political freedom.

While it is undoubtedly true that there are students with the movement who will always be found in the ranks of the proletariat, still the vast majority are only with the working class so as to present a united front and overthrow the Czar and the autocracy, and establish in their place the capitalistic state. When this has been reached their community of interest ceases, and their attitude toward one another will be similar to their united attitude toward the Czar, to-day.

In the United States, of course, the conditions are vastly different. The capitalist state is in the height of its power, and the vast majority of the students in the academic college are sons of the capitalist class. And in what better way could they show their allegiance to their class and make a better hit with the "old man," than by taking the places of their father's employees when they are on strike?

Then there is another class of students, those in the technical schools. A large part of these students are sons of the proletariat who are striving to better themselves. The tuition paid by students in the average technical school falls far short of the expenses of the institutions, the deficiency being made up by the capitalist class. For example, Rockefeller gives millions each year to the University of Chicago. Armour, of stockyards fame, supports the institute of technology in Chicago which bears his name. Carnegie gave something like \$10,000,000 to establish his trade schools near Pittsburg.

Some persons may believe that the purpose of these captains of industry in giving millions to technical schools is one of goodness of heart, because they wish to see the youth of this country educated, or because they wish to have their names go down in history as philanthropists. While their object may be to gratify their vanity to some small degree, the main aim of the capitalist class in supporting technical and trade schools is to create a large supply of skilled labor, and every member of the working class should know that the larger the supply of skilled labor on the labor market the lower will be the average wage of the skilled laborer.

As an example, the New York Central Railroad has established free schools for the study of telegraphy. The schools are absolutely free and open to all, the only proviso being that when one has mastered the key he will take service with the New York Central.

In all colleges and trade schools which are subsidized by the capitalist class, which means practically all these institutions in existence, the professors and dope-shooters in the course of their lectures tell the students that "the man who takes the place of a member of the working class on strike is asserting his independence and is doing a noble act, and his name should be placed in the same category with that of the saints." In the words of President Eliot of Harvard University, "The seat is a Hero."

C. J. Ball, Jr.

Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 3.

## EGG BROTH

A Story with An Application and a Guarantee.

By G. W. Tracy.

At a Negro minstrel performance many years ago, the comedian informed the audience that his good kind master cooked three eggs for breakfast each day, and gave Sambo the broth. The keen observers of matters domestic, economic and industrial, is often amused to observe the passive submission of the industrial bondman to a parallel condition.

The Southern planter was certainly entitled to his breakfast—Sambo, ditto. Each day a meal, the master the real thing, the man the sham broth, froth and bluff. The capitalist system of production and distribution is bulldozed upon the foundation stones of competition, commercial profit; and the institution of wage slavery. This great system cannot move its engines or operate its vast machinery on the residue of labor's product. Not the insipid broth, but the vital parts of the industrial product are necessary to maintain the system. Hence the master has no scruples of conscience in obeying the imperative law of the system—"We must have the eggs; the laborer must be content with the broth. We did not make the system, we found it so; and it is to our material interest to keep it so by every possible means, lawful, legal, or repressive."

But, comrades and citizens, let us apply the above facts to our present conditions. If the system must of necessity devour the fruit and leave the skin and pit to its victims, and is compelled to exact from the producers of material wealth the nourishment sufficient to pamper the two pet-dogs, competition and commercial profit, and to maintain the scullion and mental wage slavery, why is it not rational to believe that abolishing this system in the name of the people, banishing the pet dogs, rescuing from oppression the victim of wage slavery, and eliminating the master class, we may have the eggs, eat the meat and fruit, and use the broth, bones and peelings for fertilizers?

The Socialist agitator or organizer is familiar with the question: "But what guarantee have we that the Socialist Labor Party is more reliable or less easily tempted than the old parties you are urging us to forsake and condemn? If it be only to change masters, where will we benefit?" Let us suppose a case. Jones, a thrifty Jersey farmer, sits before his barn ruminating thus: "The darn rats are raising the mischief with the grain and vegetables, and have devoured the biggest half of the last harvest. At this rate there will be no fodder for the cattle or food for the family next. Towser, the terrier, does hunt them, and the tom-cat gets a few, but it doesn't seem to stop them; and I don't know what will."

Just then along comes neighbor Brown, who detects the dejection and melancholy in the atmosphere. After hearing the farmer's tale of woe, he cries in astonishment, "Don't you know by this time the rudiments of the farmer's trade? Of course a dog or cat is of no practical use in a case of field rats. There is only one remedy. Go to town and get a brace of ferrets. It will cost a trifle in money, to be sure, but they will send the rats to the devil in a sort time."

And then imagine Farmer Jones with an idiotic stare asking "But what guarantee is there that the ferrets will be vigilant and faithful? Might they not become as great pests and devourers as the rats, or perhaps make terms and enter into conspiracy with them against this commonwealth?" It is fair to presume that neighbor Brown would retort, "Why, you blockhead, don't you understand that a ferret hunts rats by instinct? He was made for that work. The vermin can't fool him, or dodge him, because his physical structure is such that he can adapt himself to entering any crevice or lair that shelters rats, and he never eats or sleeps while there is one within a half mile of his home. That is all the guarantee you will have, and if it doesn't satisfy you, why let the pests eat up your harvest product."

Comrades, attention. Employ the Socialist ferrets, those who have been trained, disciplined and instructed in the tactics of the Socialist Labor Party. The Socialist is no better or worse than other men. He is a trifle in advance of his neighbors simply because he has waked up first and is now banging on the doors and rattling the shutters and warning of the danger that threatens the people. The guarantee he offers you is that he, being a victim of usurpation like yourself, and conscious that the capitalist rats are able to fool the Republican Towser and dodge the Democratic Tabby, it needs a ferret-like quality, burning with re-

## LETTER-BOX

OFF-HAND ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NO QUESTIONS WILL BE CONSIDERED THAT COME IN ANONYMOUS LETTERS. ALL LETTERS MUST CARRY A BONA FIDE SIGNATURE AND ADDRESS.

E. S. ALBANY, N. Y.—Prohibitionism is a social-economic theory according to which, if the manufacture, importation and exportation of liquor is stopped, involuntary poverty would vanish from the land. The theory will not stand the test of economic science.

the party, as the Cook County organization proves.

O. J. CHICAGO, ILL.—That paper does not come regularly. Furnish it regularly to this office.

J. H. S. KREBS, I. T.—Socialists don't quarrel. Bismarck called himself a Socialist. Were the German Socialists "quarreling with a Socialist" when they lambasted, and never stopped lambasting that capitalized scion of Prussian Yunkerdom?

T. D. CHICAGO, ILL.—Neither Bentham's nor Senior's works are worth reading, except as curiosities in the bibliography of political economy. Bentham Marx summed up as "that insipid, pedantic, leather-tongued oracle of the ordinary bourgeois intelligence of the 19th century." Senior he described as the intellectual father of "James Wilson, an economic mandarin of high standing."

W. C. H. NEW YORK—Whether, after the condemnation and sale of a block, landlords can continue to collect rent, depends upon the terms of the sale.

I. J. LOS ANGELES, CAL.—English, French and German are called the three Congress languages on the ground that all the speeches delivered must be rendered in those three languages. Any other language may be spoken by a delegate if he knows none of the three, and then his speech would have to be translated into all the three, or remain untranslated, if no one can be found to undertake the job. Such languages can only be spoken in the original speech. None is translated into them.

J. C. M. EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND—The pamphlet has not yet arrived.

J. F. M. PALEVILLE, N. Y.—J. H. Harkow, 442 Madison street, Brooklyn, N. Y., desires to have your full name and address.

C. F. NEW YORK—The novels of Meredith and Hardy have not even the merit of being good literature. From the sociological standpoint they are twaddle, if not worthless.

F. W. TORONTO, CAN.—The way it looks, the Republican Presidential ticket will sweep the country next year, even if they were to nominate a Yellow Dog, aye, even if Roosevelt were the candidate.

W. H. S. JOHANNESBURG, TRANSVAAL—Send in reports whenever the spirit moves.

J. P. NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—Czolgosz, the assassin of McKinley, was not identified with the S. L. P. Read the pamphlet, "Socialism vs. Anarchy," published by the S. L. P. The S. L. P. leaves no standing ground, materially or mentally—for Anarchy.

M. D. S. REDLANDS, CAL.—The "American Commonwealth," by James Bryce, is a good work for the purpose, provided it is read critically.

H. L. ST. LOUIS, MO.—Get a copy of the "Official Bulletin of the Socialist Party" for the month of September. On the second page you will find nine-tenths of what you desire to know concerning who owns the "Chicago Daily Socialist," officially stated, the remaining one-tenth is sufficiently indicated to enable you to ascertain the facts for yourself. The paper is owned and run privately, and even "in defiance" of

A. G. SALT LAKE, UTAH; A. L. F. ST. PAUL, MINN.; D. B. TERRE HAUTE, IND.; H. G. A. YONKERS, N. Y.; V. S. G. GOLDFIELD, NEV.; D. S. C. REDLANDS, CAL.; M. H. S. CHAMPAIGN, ILL.; H. W. LONDON, ONT.; F. H. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.; B. J. BELLEVILLE, ILL.; J. O. YONKERS, N. Y.; J. McC. PITTSBURG, PA.—Matter received.

## PAMPHLETS

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The Capitalist Class  
Reform or Revolution?  
The Socialist Republic.  
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sentiment and pledged to abolish the capitalist rathole, and he will do the system by taking away its foundation rest. That assurance should be a sufficient guarantee.

OFFICIAL NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE Frank Bohn, National Secretary, 28 City Hall Place. CANADIAN S. L. P. National Secretary, W. D. Forbes, 412 Wellington Road, London, Ont. NEW YORK LABOR NEWS CO. (The Party's literary agency.) 28 City Hall Place, N. Y. City. Notice—For technical reasons no party announcements can go in that are not in this office by Tuesday, 10 p. m.

N. E. C. SUB-COMMITTEE. A special meeting of the N. E. C. Sub-Committee was held on October 15, at 28 City Hall place. The meeting was called in lieu of the meeting not held Sunday, October 13. Present, McCormick, Vaughan, Seidel, Neuhaus, Welsberger, Walters. Chairman, Walters.

The minutes of September 22, September 27, and October 8 meetings were read, and after correction of minutes of September 27, were adopted. Correction: Vaughan requested to be recorded as protesting against sending out the financial statement acted upon at that meeting.

Correspondence: From J. A. Stewart, Tucson, Ariz., asking to have four due stamps sent in place of four not received. Moved by Neuhaus, seconded by McCormick. "That request by the National Secretary replacing four due stamps be granted." Carried.

From Section Yonkers, N. Y., reporting the holding of a good meeting; protested against price of pamphlet "As to Politics" as being prohibitive to wage-workers. Moved by Vaughan, seconded by McCormick. "To refer matter of Section Yonkers to Press Committee and Manager." Carried.

From "Hlas Lidu," Bohemian newspaper, asking that since August Bebel is to tour in the United States next year, the S. L. P. unite forces with the Social Democracy and make a strong campaign. Moved by Welsberger, seconded by Vaughan. "That an answer in reply to the proposition of a committee from the Hlas Lidu Publishing Ass'n. be drafted by the National Secretary and same placed before the members of the National Committee for their approval." Carried.

From Eisenberg, Cincinnati, reporting expulsion of Jacob Bohn, adding that said Bohn repeatedly and emphatically disavowed any relation with Frank Bohn, National Secretary. From J. Opman Jerome, Ariz., application for membership, and submitting one year's dues. There being no territorial committee in Arizona it was moved by Vaughan, seconded by McCormick. "That the application of Opman be received and said applicant be admitted to membership in the Socialist Labor Party." Carried.

From Omaha, Neb., application, signed by fifteen men, for a charter to form a Section. Moved by Welsberger seconded by McCormick. "That charter to Section Omaha, Nebraska, be granted." Carried.

Bohn read a letter sent by De Leon to N. E. C.; said letter containing statements by Greulich, of the Swiss delegation to the recent International Congress against the good name of the S. L. P. Bohn reported sending same to N. E. C. Moved by Seidel, seconded by Neuhaus. "That National Secretary draw up a statement answering the statements of Greulich and submit this letter to next meeting of Sub-Committee." Carried.

ing received financial report on Party plant; does not approve of Kings County plan. Filed.

National Secretary submitted vote on raising price of Daily and Sunday People. Vote showed 72 in favor of raise, 82 against. From Teichlauf, Section Kings, asking to have N. E. C. re-submit vote on raising price of Daily People. Moved by Vaughan, seconded by McCormick. "That matter in re Section Kings County be referred to N. E. C. with recommendation that request be concurred in." In favor, McCormick, Vaughan, Seidel, Neuhaus; opposed, Welsberger, Walters. Motion carried.

From N. Y. Labor News Co. bill of \$5.50 for letter-heads. Moved by Welsberger, seconded by McCormick. "That bill of \$5.50 for printing be ordered paid." Carried.

Bohn presented financial report of delegates to Stuttgart Congress: Bohn \$297.37; De Leon \$382.93. Moved by Vaughan, seconded by McCormick. "To elect a committee of three to audit salary and expense account of delegates to Stuttgart Congress." Carried.

Bohn asked to be allowed to do tutoring several afternoons weekly and save that part of his salary to N. E. C. receipts. Moved by Welsberger, seconded by Vaughan. "That the National Secretary's request to absent himself from his office on certain afternoons during the week be granted." Carried.

National Secretary reported the vote of N. E. C. on the Arnold motion and on the matter of Gilchrist asking for detailed information as to the contracts and stipulations made in notes held against the Party: Vote on Arnold motion: in favor, Schmidt; opposed, Wilke, Kircher, Marek, Richter, Jennings, Reimer, Jacobson, Dowler, Eck, Brearcliff, Johnson. Motion lost. Vote on Gilchrist request: in favor, Richter. Opposed, Arnold, Brearcliff, Johnson, Wilke, Jennings, Kircher, Marek, Reimer, Jacobson, Dowler, Eck. Request denied.

The recommendation of the former Auditing Committee were laid over to next meeting. Vaughan was elected to Press Committee. Upon motion by Seidel, seconded by Neuhaus, the following resolution was adopted: "Whereas, The unpaid obligations due the Party institutions by organizations and individual members seriously hampers the Party plant. Resolved, That the manager be instructed to rigidly adhere to the resolutions of the 1904 convention as to the credit allowed to Party organizations." Carried.

The meeting then adjourned. Edmund Seidel Recording Secretary. BAZAAR AND FAIR FOR DAILY PEOPLE NEXT THANKSGIVING DAY.

This year as in the past the Socialist Labor Party will hold an entertainment and ball on Thanksgiving Day afternoon and evening at Grand Central Palace. The proceeds of this affair will go towards maintaining and strengthening the Daily and Weekly People. It is not our purpose to here elucidate upon the merit and quality of this coming affair. We will however say that it will be up to the usual mark or surpass it if possible. What we do wish to impress upon the minds of the Daily People readers and its supporters is the financial aid which is expected of them. In conjunction with this entertainment and ball a bazaar and fair will be given and we call upon our members and friends to donate some little object (large ones are also accepted) which we promise to turn into cash at this affair for the benefit of the S. L. P.'s Daily and Weekly organ. Contrary to the popular belief the Daily People's business management cannot be run on business lines. Let the readers of this paper bear in mind the fact that the Daily and Weekly People give expression to the revolutionary aspirations of the American proletariat. This fact is better understood by our enemies than by some of our friends with the result that outside aid is not to be expected. Other papers are aided through advertisements. On account of the principles for which the Daily People stands, advertisements we cannot get. In short, the Daily People does not pay from a business standpoint. It remains therefore for those who realize the necessity of maintaining a paper that all the time and under all circumstances stands for the unconditional surrender of the capitalist class, to come to its aid! We ask you to aid The People in every way possible and on this occasion we ask you to exercise your skill by making something to be disposed of at the fair given for the benefit of the Daily and Weekly People. Start to work now. Do the best you can and as soon as you can. Send all presents to L. Abelson, 28 City Hall Place, N. Y. City.

From Plainfield, N. J., reported hav-

CHILDREN'S HOUR

Dear Little Comrades: No doubt you are wondering whatever became of the compositions on "How the Dirty Work Will Be Done Under Socialism," who got the prize, and other questions.

I am very sorry to say that of all I received, only four seem to get hold of the right idea. Not wishing to do anything for you which you can do for yourselves, we shall have these four compositions read and discussed at our next meeting of the Young Socialist Club and a vote taken as to the best. The prize will be a picture of Karl Marx.

By the way, who was Karl Marx? What do you know about him? I think it is no more than right we all should know something about this man the Socialists so often mention. Suppose you try to write a biography of Karl Marx as you so often have had to do about Washington, Lincoln, and other characters of American history.

Don't wait for someone else to do it. But you get to work, read up about him in your parents' library; no doubt it contains a biography of Karl Marx. Now that school is in session you no doubt have had to write a composition on Columbus. Send it to the "Children's Hour," Daily People, 28 City Hall Place, New York.

There is an excellent lesson for the Socialist in the struggles of Columbus. Why such hardships? What was his aim? What Socialist argument do we make of all this? Who reaped the benefit of his great discoveries? What was his reward? Why? How would the works of such a man be treated under a Socialist Commonwealth?

Let's have some compositions on this subject, boys and girls. A picture of Columbus for the best.

Don't feel discouraged if you did not succeed in getting the prize for the one mentioned first. I don't mean to preach on that, for here is a poem sent in by your friend, Comrade Florence Carljigh which will do the preaching for me on that.

With renewed hope and love. AUNT ANNETTA.

THREE KINDS OF COURAGE. There's the courage that nerves you in starting to climb The Mount of Success rising sheer; And when you've slipped back there's the courage sublime That keeps you from shedding a tear.

These two kinds of courage, I give you my word, Are worthy of tribute; but then You'll not reach the summit unless you've the third— The courage to try it again.

Practice makes perfect, except the practice of wrong-doing, which makes imperfect.

A PAGE IN MY DIARY. By Uncle David.

At seven o'clock this morning, while on my way to the factory, I saw a gray-haired old man whose beard showed much that should be worthy of respect, dragging his weary and aged form towards the clothing district.

We had a small parcel of lunch under his arm, which was wrapped in a Jewish newspaper. His face was pale and wrinkled, his eyes were sunken, and his whole appearance was so sad that when I looked at him, I thought of Jeremiah in the Bible.

Hated, cursed, trodden upon in every country of the globe, he seeks refuge in "Free America," but alas! not even here to find a resting place; and instead of the persecutions and prejudices of the old world, he now bears the pangs of poverty, and in his declining years he has to bow his gray head before a master; and he kisses the whip that lashes him.

And, unconsciously, I heaved a deep sigh.

JEWISH PROPAGANDA TOUR. The comrades in Chicago are arranging a Jewish propaganda tour between New York and Chicago, with J. Schlossberg as speaker. S. L. P. and I. W. W. organizations desiring to secure dates for mass meetings and lectures in Jewish will please communicate at once with J. Billow, 730 W. 13th St., Chicago, Ill. Frank Bohn, National Secretary.

A WARNING. In view of the shaking up that is going on in the banks we request forwarders of money to this office to avoid the risk that accompanies the sending of checks drawn upon banks, and to forward remittances by Post Office or Express money orders only. Business Manager.

HOW MANY? The Young Socialist Club has its representatives in New York State, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Alabama, and Arizona. How many will be represented at our table on Thanksgiving, at Grand Central Palace? The boys will look after the Fishing Pond—we wish small articles for this, none very expensive. What can you make or give? Send them to the Young Socialist Club, 28 City Hall Place, New York, care of Daily People. You girls with your nimble fingers—what can you do? Whatever it is, "Do it now," as "Procrastination is the thief of time."

Committee. "SETTING THE MARK." In a talk to a class of young apprentices in London, John Templeton Bangs told how he believed material success can be won. (By "material success" he means getting the good things in life.)

"When you start, I think it a good idea not to set your mark too high. (Since he did not explain why, we will, later on.) I would begin by declaring that I intended to be a second Stephenson or Edison or Baer. It seems to me I would be the very best kind of an apprentice boy that any one could ask for." Then he went on to say that this accomplished, he would then move to the next notch by becoming the best kind of a master workman. Then, oh then! he would strive to become a boss. And he would be the fairest, most capable boss possible. Then he would wish to become an owner and "up again the mark would go."

All this is very good, boys and girls. Success, of whatever kind it may be, can not and should not come to any one in leaps. From the cradle to the day man parts with this world, we gain one point at a time.

You young people are full of hopes. If you are not of Socialist homes, I am afraid you place too much faith on such stories as J. T. Bangs and Co. find it profitable to tell you. As to apprentices, once while having vacation I took a notion to learn dress-making. I was to work three months for nothing, and at the end get the chart, for which I would pay \$3. One of the first pieces of work given me was "basting collars," that is, basting the cloth onto the buckram. In two days the "lady" herself declared that my work was perfect.

Highly delighted, I expected new work, but was disappointed. At the end of the sixth day I asked her ladyship for new work and she said "Oh, yes, you are doing so well I shall teach you to baste the material of the skirt to its lining." That was learned in a few hours, but I was kept at it for a whole week. The third week I found myself very useful in "basting collars" and skirts alternately, and when that work was wanting, I went on errands, swept, or did other odd jobs about the shop.

That was neither to my taste nor purpose. I politely asked to have my work advanced as soon as I was able to take up each point. Not quite as polite was the reply. The "lady" told me that was impossible for her to do. At that rate I could learn the trade in at least two months. Then I would ask for pay and then where would her "profit come in"? Ah, there's the rub—profit! When I explained that I could not stay more than three months and that I desired just enough knowledge for my private use, as I had my own profession, she stormed out. "Yes, then every girl in the city would be coming to learn. I would have a rule established and each girl as she learned enough in the two or three months would demand the pay of an expert hand. I can do that with my assistant. I don't need any more experts." (You see! I am looking for the profit of the thing.)

No, children, under capitalism it is not sufficient merely to do the best in each position.

MINNESOTA, ATTENTION. All communications intended for the Minnesota S. E. C. should be addressed to Otto Olson, 310 7th ave., So. Minneapolis, Minn.

NEW SUE STORY. In the near future we shall publish another of the Sue series in the columns of The Daily People. Readers of the Weekly People who would like to read the story should send One Dollar for a three months subscription to The Daily People. Aside from the Sue story there will be much of interest to you in The Daily People. Try it for 3 months! The Daily People, P. O. Box 1576, New York City.

GRATIFYING YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE WEEKLY PEOPLE OUTNUMBER THE THREE MONTHS ONES—SOME HINTS AND REMINDERS THAT SHOULD BE HEEDED.

For the week ending Friday, October 19th, we received 149 subs. to The Weekly People, and 30 mail subs. to The Daily People, a total of 179. Of the subs for the WEEKLY 36 were yearlies, 56, half yearlies and 22 for three months; the other 25 were on outstanding cards at the old rates.

This record proves that subs can readily be procured at the new rate. In fact, the yearlies outnumber the three months ones. There is therefore, no force to the argument that people would refuse to subscribe on the score that the price is too high. What a man wants he will pay for, and The Weekly People at one dollar a year is well worth the price. Other so-called Socialist papers at less cost are not to be compared with it in excellence, nor in the clear cut education that it furnishes a workingman. The Roll of Honor, those sending five or more: A. Gilhaus, Salt Lake City, Utah; O. Blum, Everett, Mass.; A. Louwet, Detroit, Mich.; W. J. Bryan, New York; B. Hilbert, Jr., Hamilton, O., and A. Adlers, Detroit, Mich. Prepaid cards sold: Cleveland, O., \$25.00; Seattle, Wash., \$12.00; Pittsburg, Pa., \$10.50.

Hints and Reminders: Whenever you write us a letter do not fail to give your address. It is but little trouble for you to do this and saves us endless trouble in hunting up addresses. Keep account of subs as sent in—the name, address, date and amount, then, should you have occa-

sion to write us about any sub, you can give full and explicit information, instead of the vague data we now get, such as: "I sent in a sub for John Doe last summer. He doesn't get the paper." Instead of this, keep a record, and give us full particulars when you have a complaint.

When you get a subscription write the subscriber's name and address, then show it to him to see if it is right. Time and again papers are not delivered because of some slight mistake in the address.

There is no more convenient way to handle subs. than by the prepaid card plan. The card itself is a receipt from you to the subscriber and simply requiring to be filled in and mailed by the subscriber; it completes the transaction neatly and with despatch. These cards may be had yearly \$1.00, six months 50c., three months 25c., to be paid for in advance.

TAKE NOTICE. From now on credit will not be extended. This is pursuant to a resolution of the 1904 National Convention, and instructions of N. E. C. Sub-Committee—see minutes of meeting, October 16th. This means that beginning at once business will be conducted only on a cash basis. Bear this in mind and don't urge us to waive it. Comrades have been in the habit of ordering literature just in time to get it for meetings, promising immediate payment, and in a measure putting it up to us for the failure or success of literature sales, then neglecting to pay. Send cash with orders from this on.

THE EDUCATIONAL ARM. It Must Be Sustained or the Revolution Will Miscarry.

- By employes of Perlman & Hirschfeld, New York ... 15.00 Gus. Weiss, Los Angeles, Cal. ... 50 O. W. Sewall, " " " 1.00 Chas. Lengyl, " " " 1.00 H. J. Schade, " " " 1.00 J. C. Hurley, " " " 2.00 A. Demuth, " " " 2.00 Section New Haven, Conn. ... 5.00 Section Mt. Vernon, O. ... 14.00 Jacob Frank, Pueblo, Colo. ... 50 Chas. Rogers, " " " 1.50 Abraham Olsen, " " " 50 I. A. Knight, " " " 50 Nixon Elliott, " " " 1.00 A. Youngquist, Fort Lee, N.J. 1.00 B. Lapote, Chicago ... 1.00 A. Mortensen, Somerville, Mass. ... 1.00 N. P. Stamfeldt, Somerville, Mass. ... 1.00 A. Quanstrom, Somerville, Mass. ... 1.00 James Schlitt, Hornbrook, Cal. ... 50 C. Chester, N'port News, Va. 1.00 E. McDowell, " " " 1.00 W. Wipkey, " " " 2.00 F. Buxton, " " " 1.00 W. Bowers, " " " 50 J. Jeveme, " " " 25 C. Budolph, " " " 1.00 F. Neff, " " " 1.00 G. Kinder, " " " 50 G. Bader, " " " 25 E. Shade, " " " 1.00 J. Raach, Youngstown, O. ... 50 W. W. Davison, " " " 50 E. R. Markley, " " " 1.00 G. Black, " " " 25 J. Hunter, " " " 25 J. R. Mally, " " " 25 W. Tyson, Pittsburg, Pa. ... 25 C. J. Werle, New Haven, Ct. ... 50 C. B. Wells, New Haven, Ct. 2.00 D. Anderson, Jamestown, N. Y. 1.00 O. Martenson, " " " 1.00 French Br'nch, Mt. Vern'n, O. 14.00 Section Monroe County, N.Y. 4.00 G. F. Spettel, St. Paul, Minn. 1.00 C. Nelson, Cleveland, O. ... 1.00 S. Rohrbach, Reading, Pa. ... 1.00 Arndt, Newark, N. J. ... 1.00

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Their Last Hope

Capitalism's Reign Now Largely Depends Upon Keeping the Workers Ignorant

The capitalist class have but one thing upon which they depend and hope to prolong their reign of exploitation and that is Ignorance. The ruling class recognize that numerically they are utterly out-classed by the exploited class, they also realize that UNLESS they can manage to keep the people in mental darkness, and away from Socialism, the system of wage slavery upon which they thrive is doomed.

Many and varied are the agencies at the service of the capitalist class whereby Ignorance is fostered: the Capitalist Press, the Politician, the Preacher, the Labor Leader—like Small of the telegraphers, whom the striking telegraphers recently deposed from office as president of their organization because he was found to be a MISLEADER of Labor. These and other institutions of a like kind exist and have their being but for one purpose: to kick up the dust; to keep the people muddled and mixed-up.

Little wonder, then, that at best the word Confusion describes the mental condition of our people, and to the Socialist it shows the thing to be done; Educate. Without the Revolution is first effected in the minds of the Working Class, little or no progress is possible. There is Hope, great hope, that the Spirit of the Age will assert itself and prevail. That Hope is based upon the fact that the Socialist Labor Party has established its agencies for the Spread of Light. Amid all the confusion raised by capitalist agencies this Light shines, held aloft by those who read The People, and Labor News literature.

A little story, told the other day by the gentleman whose experience it was, illustrates this. The gentleman, though not of the S. L. P., is a lecturer of considerable ability. His lecture is good—up to a certain point. He shows the How of the exploitation—the productivity of Labor—its declining "share" and he also points out that Pure and Simple Craft Unionism is not a shield. He then presents as the Remedy, Socialism—pure and simple, political Socialism. No matter where he goes, the lecturer, so he himself told us, finds that in the audience someone is sure to rise and ask him what we consider the very pertinent question:

How You Are Going to Bring About Socialism?

They are invariably S. L. P. men or readers of The People, bright fellows, persistent fellows, said he. "Why, one followed me on to the trolley car, asking me that question." The lecturer, by the way hasn't yet answered the question: "How will you do it?" "I am only aiming to arouse them to the damnable of the conditions," is his excuse.

The S. L. P. Literature

does not leave a man up in the air. It disentangles the knots in his mind.

Shows How

the Industrial Revolution will be effected—by and through an Economic Organization—the Industrial Workers of the World, being ready to take, hold and conduct industry. Every reader of the Weekly People should become a Light Bearer, an agent to help the Cause of Progress.

We have asked for 10,000 new readers and all that we ask of each reader is that he send us ONE new subscriber. Spread Socialist Education until the capitalist Jericho walls of Ignorance topple before it. Begin the work today.

St. Louis Attention!

SECTION ST. LOUIS, MO., SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY, WILL HAVE AN ENTERTAINMENT and HOP —for— THE BENEFIT OF DAILY and WEEKLY PEOPLE SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, '07 —at— GRUNZ'S HALL THIRD and BARRY STREETS COME ONE, COME ALL, AND ENJOY A GOOD TIME FOR A GOOD CAUSE.