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 CHICAGO: PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLE'S NEWS COMPANY

VOL. VII.—NO. 35 NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 28, 1897. PRICE 3 CENTS.

A SOCIALIST ON WHEELS.

Headquarters On a Bicycle.

PHOENIXVILLE, Pa., Nov. 19, 1897.
 Viewed from the standpoint of personal locomotion, there may be said to be, "broadly speaking," two species of the genus Socialist, viz., the Socialist-pedestrian and the Socialist-bicyclist. The pedestrian Socialist, grizzled, bristling, lowering, smelling of late hours, beer and dynamite, may well, in many respects, excite alarm, but in comparison with his brother on wheels he is gentle as dropping snowflakes. When you see the Socialist bearing down flaring red revolution astride of a hurrying and lightning-glittering wheels, whirling, on, on, on, with infernal whirl, swirl, swirl, emitting ghastly warwhoops, scattering intermittent showers of bursting, roaring bombs, the wheels belching forth great clouds of dust, which swiftly accumulate in the rear, and veil prostrate and shapeless masses of beams, mutilated roads, demolished bridges and other horrors (too numerous to mention) then, indeed, it is an appalling phenomenon. Sickening terror seizes the on-looker, the heart sinks, the face blanches, the eyes bulge like door-knobs, the tongue is dumb, the legs weak as wilted weeds, and the body, strength leaving it as water flows from a broken jar, falls a heap of tottering ruins. Such is the monster that for several months prior to the election has devastated the State of Ohio with trails of devastation, depopulated plains and valleys and scattered the inhabitants terror-stricken to the hills for refuge.

And now throughout the Buckeye State, the mother quiets the obstreperous kid with
 Hush ye, hush ye, little pet ye,
 The wild Socialist shall not get ye.

I left the East (near Philadelphia) on my wheel the 3d of July, and passing through in Pennsylvania, Lancaster and historic Gettysburg (where the forces of wage-slavery broke the backbone of the chattel-slave forces) touched the famous old National Pike at Hagerstown, Md., and continued on it as far as Wheeling, W. Va., passing over the mountains of Pennsylvania and Maryland by way of Cumberland and Frostburg, Md., and Petersburg and Uniontown, Pa.; thence going through Washington, Pa., and across the Panhandle (about a dozen miles wide) into Wheeling, W. Va., arriving there on July 13. From that time up to October 28 I toured in Ohio, touching practically all the important places and points immediate thereto in the State.

As to weather, roads, etc., which every "bisicicle feller" is sure to ask about. The weather, thanks to McKinley, has been the longest-continued favorable weather for bicycling I can remember. The first few days out, though, in the beginning of July were "all-fired" hot, and when grinding, snorting, sweating, boiling up a long limestone hill where no breeze was stirring, that furious sun smote a weary agitator on the back of the head and melted all his ideas, Socialistic and otherwise, into a sizzling mass that made it hard to tell which was what—in other words, nearly "croaked." However, before many days I got into the mountains, and while elsewhere people suffered from torrid weather, had at least cool nights, needing some cover. There was extremely little rain during the four months in question; less than half a dozen of my outdoor meetings were prevented by rain. After awhile, however, owing to the long drought, the roads got fearfully dusty; at one place the wheels went into the dust half-way to the hubs and squirted it outward like streams of dusty flour. At such times it fills the air, gets into the eyes, ears, nostrils, lungs, grits on the teeth, settles all over your revolutionary "mug" and neck, tracing out the various wrinkles and creases, the sweat (i. e., perspiration) pastes it fast, it fills shoes and stockings and chokes up the chain, which then grinds and snaps angrily. Proceeding thus, on a sweltering day, dripping with sweat, blinded and irritated with dust, with now and then a smarting insect striking the eye like a dot of fire and invariably settling down for an indefinite stay between the eyelid and the eye-ball—life is certainly "one, grand, sweet song."

As to roads, I found now and then a good strip, but as a rule they were bad, primitively engineered, outrageously neglected, and impaired and repaired in no barbarous a fashion that I can only convey my idea of them by the word "capitalistic" in its worst sense.

One of the first things at which Socialist officials can put vast numbers of the unemployed to work is the building of good roads. While on the subject I might as well offer some suggestions. Make 'em broad, hard, smooth, straight, level, easy rising and falling; line 'em with trees, not just shade trees, but fruit trees, nut trees; have here and there a deep, clear, cool spring, sunk in a mossy bank, hidden beneath a maze of vines (grape-vines), a green sward roundabout, with odorous flowers; further along a clump of persimmon trees, then some giant oaks, with their heavy, whispering branches, some mournful pines and cedars, a long sweep of sloping road paralleled by columns of weeping willows, the setting sun sifting through their silvery leaves; great sycamores stretching their gaunt white arms supplicatingly towards the sky, noble elms, majestic poplars and other stately sentinels of the forest. Yes, my friend, but I'm afraid it would never do. Too much like heaven. If we didn't live in a hell here, how could we appreciate

WIRE, NAIL AND ROD.

A New Way to Raise Capital to Displace Labor.

Workingmen told they Must Choose Between a Reduction of Wages or a Large Displacement of them by the Introduction of a New Machine—They Prefer a Reduction—With the Amount Realized by the Company on the Production, the New Machine is Bought Inside a Year and the Men are then Thrown out Anyhow.

CANAL DOVER, O., Nov. 21.—Some-times, even in these "well spoken days," we run across something interesting, that aids to puncture the cry of the prosperity pushers. The other day I happened on an article from an Iron worker, who well shows the under-current of industrialism. Most of us look only on the surface, with the result that our organization is pure and simple. The letter I refer to appeared in the "National Labor Tribune," official organ of the Ironworkers' Union. It says: "In July, 1896 (the letter is from Anderson, Ind.), heaters, helpers and telegraphers were called to the office and told they must accept a reduction of 10 per cent, or the firm would put in patent furnaces. This bluff worked well, for all the furnace men accepted. They worked one year at this reduction, and when the firm had realized enough to put in the improved furnaces, they let two of the heaters go, kept two, and gave two others the opportunity of helping or 'gitting' the other four, with the six telegraphers, all over the plant. The changes in the wire-mill have been just as numerous. We are working for about ONE-HALF the wages we were getting a year ago, and men who were considered experts at the trade are no more valued at wire-drawing than the farmer who wants the same job."

The departments of the mill the writer speaks about above are reported working full. He says when he read that report he thought of the changes under which they had resumed, and then he shows us as above those changes. In the iron trade gigantic changes have revolutionized nearly the industry that takes in the mills he speaks of—wire, nail, and rod mills. Formerly high wages and steady work was the happy lot of the operatives. Now rod mills have surrendered to machinery, and high wages and steady work are things of the past. The wire-workers, too, who previously were accounted highly skilled, are suffering from the introduction of girls, which leads the "National Labor Tribune" to idiotically remark that "if this thing keeps up, the time will soon come when it will be the girls' duty to pop the question."

The mill men generally are like their official organ. The few Socialists in the mills are laughed to scorn by those who work beside us because we say such changes as have taken place need not have jeopardized the existence of so many, if only industries were operated socially. We tell them that introduction of machinery now means decreased wages or increased hours and more unemployed in consequence. Under Socialism it would be shorter hours, and thereby employ more. But the workers who suffered crushing defeat at Andrew Carnegie's hands, and who last June received a reduction of 50 cents per ton on puddling, are like Hamlet with physic, they'll "have none of it." They evidently want to be further sat upon before Socialism gets near enough in the perspective for them.

Here at Dover, however, we received quite a few votes from the mill. The puddlers, who were started to work a few weeks before election (no doubt by Major McKinley's prosperity), are getting perhaps \$1.50 or so per day. They used to receive two to three times that amount, and that mayhap is why we set them thinking.

It is to be hoped that more of the benighted iron and steel workers in the United States will emulate those of this little town, and show they understand such changes as our Anderson friend's letter points out to them.

BERT RUGG.

S. T. & L. A.
 A Grand Festival of Chicago Cloak-makers.
 CHICAGO, Nov. 22.—The grand festival given by the Chicago Cloak-makers' Union took place Sunday evening, Nov. 21, at Ruel's Hall (one of the largest halls on the west side of Chicago) Comrades T. J. Morgan and Peter Sissman were the principal speakers of this evening. Comrade Th. J. Morgan appealed to the cloakmakers to join the S. T. & L. A., and this appeal was accepted with the same thunder of applause as when he called upon them "to strike on election day at the ballot box, and vote for International Socialism, for the SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY."
 The Chicago Cloakmakers' Union was organized in November, 1889, by the Jewish Section, S. L. P. of this city. Now this union consists of 900 good-standing members. It is known in "pure and simple" trade unionists circles as an S. L. P. union, especially in the so-called labor organization, "Chicago Federation of Labor." Within a short time from to-day the Chicago Cloakmakers' Union will be a local of the Socialist Trade & Labor Alliance of the United States and Canada.
 The programme of the ball contained musical pieces having the following names:
 Waltz—"Vote for the Socialist Labor Party."
 Varsovienn—"Read THE PEOPLE."
 Beline—"Socialist Trade & Labor Alliance."
 CHICAGO CLOAKMAKERS' UNION.
 B. SCHLESSINGER, Secy.

FARMING TO-DAY.

As Completely Capitalist as any Banking Concern.

The Farm-burning Capitalist Lives in the East—The Farm Industry Conducted from Top to Bottom by a Ranked Army of Employes or Wage Slaves, Who are Operated, Upon as Strict a Factory Plan as any Best-developed, New England Factory—Life of the Farm-Hand Proletariat—A Roving Army from South to North.

Mr. William Allen White has an illustrated article in the November issue of "Scribner's Magazine," entitled, "The Business of a Wheat Farm." The article deserves close reading by those who affirm that the establishment of the Co-operative Commonwealth is impossible for the reason that the "independent agricultural class" not being affected by the conditions which prevail in the manufacturing world can therefore have no sympathy with Socialism, but, on the contrary, must be antagonistic to it.

The old-time idea of the farmers' independent life is rapidly being exploded, already the methods of farming have become so revolutionized that one can readily foresee that the same fate awaits the small farmer as has overtaken other small producers.

A few facts culled from the article will give eastern readers some idea of the revolution that has taken place in the production of wheat.

"When one is cataloguing the callings of men one says 'the business man, and the farmer,' never 'the business man and farmer,' or 'the business man engaged in farming.' In daily speech modern men and women pay unconscious tribute to the ghost of the old order—the order which seemed to decree that the farmer's existence depended upon brawn and not upon brain. This thoughtless slighting of the farmer's vocation—which is made manifest in a score of forms in all departments of art, and in the conduct of material affairs—seems curious when one pauses to observe how deeply the farmer of to-day is involved in the meshes of commerce. The successful farmer of this generation must be a business man first, and a tiller of the soil afterward. In him must be combined many talents. He must be a CAPITALIST, cautious and crafty; he must be an operator of industrial affairs, daring and resourceful, and he must play labor's part, with patience and humility. He is in business as certainly as the banker. And henceforth until the order changes, the farmer's success in business will quadruple with the kind and quantity of brains he uses, and with the number of fertile acres under his plough. The average bonanza farmer operates from three to ten thousand acres. There are, of course, scores of small farmers who have one, two and three sections under plough. They are not counted in the same breath with the more extensive wheat-growers.

As a general thing the titles to these great farms lie in the names of individuals. The corporation is rarely found operating a farm. Frequently the private ownership exists. Sometimes one of the partners is manager of the farm. But more often the land owners live in the East. Many live in the smaller towns of Pennsylvania and New York. A well-known farm in North Dakota is owned by three brothers, living in seaboard States. They do not concern themselves with the active management of the farm, but hire a manager, who is paid a salary equivalent to that of the superintendent of an important railway division, and upon this manager rests the actual business of the farm—the growing of the product and selling it.

It is difficult to present the idea of the bigness of these farms to the person whose preconceived notion of a farm is a little checker-board lying upon a hillside or in a valley. Seven thousand acres present the average bonanza farm. Generally these tracts are not divided. Yet distances across fields are so great that horseback communication is impracticable. Crews of workmen living at one end of the farm and operating it may not see the crews in other corners from season's end to season's end. And in busy seasons it is found profitable to feed the hands in the fields rather than to allow them to trudge through the hot sun to the dining-halls for dinner. The dining-halls—it will be explained later—are scattered over the farm at convenient points. They are frequently five or six miles apart, and many a noon finds the harvesting crew two miles from its hall. There are three divisions of the farm, each division having its division superintendent. At each division house there are stables and implement barns. In each division-stable are about one hundred head of horses, and it may be noted in passing that stable hands are employed the year around to look after the horses, and the men who work the horses in the field are never allowed to feed the horses. In the machine-shed upon each division are ten four-horse ploughs, eight four-horse drills, half a dozen harrows, and seven binders of the new "right-hand-binding" pattern. There are three steam-motor threshing machines on the place. This is all the big machinery. But of course there are wagons, carts, wheel-barrows and small farm tools in proportion to the number of large machines on the place. A blacksmith's outfit, and a woodworker's shop is maintained in the place the year round.

"Two elevators, one with a capacity of 40,000 bushels and the other with a capacity of 60,000, are located upon opposite corners of the farm by the railroad track which runs through the great field. A central office, wherein the book-keeper and the manager conduct the business of the farm, is connected

STILL COMING IN.

Some More Figures on the Late Political Battle.

Edward Bellamy's Statement that "the Election Returns of the Old Parties Come by Limited Express and those of Others come by Slow Freight," is this Year Receiving Striking Confirmation—Nevertheless, the Returns that are Drizzling in Show that the Revolutionary Vote will Rise Above 50,000.

Massachusetts.
 Boston, Nov. 22.—The following is the vote in Boston for the candidate for Governor by wards, which has just been procured at the office of the Board of Election Commissioners. Many inquiries from members as to the vote in the various wards having been made, they will be glad to have it. It will be useful for future reference.

Ward.	Votes.
1	16
2	42
3	27
4	30
5	25
6	43
7	37
8	83
9	70
10	26
11	15
12	28
13	48
14	63
15	65
16	48
17	39
18	73
19	86
20	15
21	27
22	84
23	48
24	31
25	15
Total	1,062

Buckland for Lieutenant-Governor had 1,386; A. W. Barr (Secretary), 1,554; Joseph Ballam (Auditor), 1,738; Wm. Harrison (Attorney-General), 1,572. Bascom (Prohib.), got 556; Everett (Gold bug), 3,369; Williams (Political adventurer, ex-Attorney for Massachusetts, coupon clipper and Dandy Micawber waiting for a political sun-burst), 2,493; Walcott (Attorney for all who wax fat), 30,866. Blank ballots, 3,068—those who did not vote for any candidate for Governor.

CLASS GOVERNMENT.

The United States government is and always has been of, by and for the people, who own the means of labor.

When Washington was president, the bulk of the people owned the means of labor—their own tools with which to work, and their own land on which to work. According to the census (1890) about 8 per cent. of the people now own about 72 per cent. of the nation's wealth. This comparatively very small number of people are in possession of what now constitutes the means of labor—the large industrial establishments and machinery and the natural resources of the country. This small minority liddle class of capitalists practically constitutes the present United States government. They who own the means of labor are the government and the masters. They who own nothing but their mental and physical powers to labor are the slaves.

The large industrial establishments and their equipments are social in their nature inasmuch as they cannot be operated except by social or co-operative labor. Hence it is impossible for all to be owners of the means of labor under individual ownership. Therefore the means of labor should be socially or collectively owned by the whole people.

The so-called Republican and Democratic politicians holding office are merely the lackeys of the capitalist class. Just glance at the national conventions of the different political parties in 1896. They were all composed of capitalists and their hired attorneys, while wage workers, who are the majority of the people, were very conspicuous by their absence, excepting in the Socialist Labor party. Consequently the election to office of any of the candidates nominated by conventions composed of capitalists simply means the election of lackeys who will serve the present class government—the capitalist class.

The present mission of the capitalist is to rob labor—to appropriate the productive results of labor and give as little back to the laborer as possible. The part that is kept by the legalized thief is called profits. The part given back to labor is called wages. Hence, no political party, owned and controlled by capitalists, will ever stoop down for the purpose of lifting up the working class. The workers must own and control a political party of their own, standing for the collective ownership by the people of the means of labor, and stop voting to remain capitalist subjects.

As long as our American forefathers remained British subjects, their condition kept getting worse. As long as we remain capitalist subjects, our condition as a class must inevitably continue to grow worse; because our labor power, which is treated as a merchandise, subject to the law of supply and demand, keeps getting more and more displaced by machinery, by the aid of which the world's work can be done with less human labor.

The American people elected by the ballot that memorable Continental Congress which convened at Philadelphia in 1776, and declared for political independence and the overthrow of British rule. Nothing can now save this American nation, except the election by the American people of a Socialist Congress which will declare for industrial independence and the overthrow of capitalist or class rule.

The people must cease to be slaves of industry by becoming collectively the proprietors of industry.

J. F. LOMBARD.

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with the three division houses and with other important points on the farm by telephone.

A score and a half of cows furnish the milk for the workmen, and a half hundred pigs root in the feed-lot. A room containing over a carload of machinery repairs, and another room filled with staple groceries, purchased at wholesale, and a third room filled with harness, join the main office. A set of books, kept as carefully as the books of a bank are kept, and a telephone connecting the farm with a telegraph wire to the world's markets complete the list of articles which may properly be called the tools of the business—the plant.

"A majority of the laborers come from the South in harvest-time. These men are regular harvesters, who begin with the early June harvest in Oklahoma, working northward until the season closes in the Red River country. Men of this class never pay railroad fare. Thousands of them—perhaps 15 men for every thousand acres in wheat—ride into the bonanza district on the "blind-baggage" or passenger trains. When they have leisure and a taste for scenery they jolt placidly across the continent homeward-bound in what the lingo of the cult calls "side-door-sleepers." Many of these workmen live in the larger towns in the Middle West—in St. Louis, in Omaha, in St. Paul, in Chicago or in Milwaukee.

"The men are not paid by the day, but by the month, and they receive from twenty to twenty-five dollars, including their board and room and washing. They eat breakfast at five o'clock and supper at half-past seven.

"It has been estimated that the cost of feeding a harvest army is thirty cents a day for each man."

Taken altogether, the article furnishes another illustration of the class law, and further, it bears tribute to the Socialist position which recognized in the farmer a capitalist element as potent as the banker, manufacturer or transporter.

Let us hope that, quickly heeding the lessons of experience, the farming proletariat of the United States will soon be found marching under the banner of the Socialist Labor Party, which is destined to shatter the system that robs them of their birthright—the product of their toil.

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Going over the Alleghenies I had a horrible time of it. Made only five miles an hour, much, if not most of it, walking. Covered one day in the mountains 45 miles, equivalent to 90 on level roads. My best speed on this tour was at one place 16 miles in one hour. I rode 35 miles in three hours between Uhrichsville and Coshocton, Ohio, and 65 miles in 5½ hours between Norwalk and Cleveland, O.

This is the routine you go through in crossing the Alleghenies à la bicyclette. Climb a long, steep, winding grade, rough, rubbly, wriggly-wraggly laboriously, shoving your loaded wheel beside you; on either hand the enormous mountain sides sloping away, wooded, to the distant summits; now and then a little plateau to cross, rough and rutty; meeting perhaps at long intervals a solitary pedestrian or ramshackle wagon; up again, crawling around a curve like a snail, hoping upon turning the corner to see the summit—there's only one summit but many are the curves,—again and again hope deferred; but all things have an end, and at last, after two or three miles climbing, the top is reached; you wait awhile to "ketch yo bref," you need it; you admire the scenery, grand, solemn, silent; once again you grasp the grips, straddle the saddle, shove toes into clips and press forward. Soon you begin the wild plunge downward. Presently the speed is so great that it can no longer be controlled by back-pedaling, and the brake must be applied. (Having no brake, I used the foot on the front tire.) The large stones and the ruts interrupt and throw you into a distorted, zig-zaggy motion, like a canoe shooting boiling rapids; then rush down with a thump and grunt into a thank-you-m'am, shoot out over it front wheel in air, lucky if it do not twist in your hands and bring everything down in a heap. Fly around a short sharp curve, with danger of slipping off the rim and slanting out a Socialist on the rocky floor far below; once in a while, say your prayers, make reflections and resolutions; rushing on, balled up on the machine like your simian relative on a bucking broncho; occasionally sweeping swiftly across a little plateau, passing a mountain cabin with curious children in the doorway; down again; rip over a mass of small stones, teeth rattle, filling drops out; on, on, on, bumpity-bump, until at last you slide down the last slope and plunge into a bed of deep, heavy sand, where all your strength is required to keep the front wheel straight and avoid flying over the handle-bar. Now get off and walk, or perhaps try to ride, at either side of the bed of sand, on one of the narrow, round-shouldered paths, off which you are in constant danger of slipping into the ditch or gulch below. Ahead is the next long, tortuous, toilsome ascent, it may be fifty yards to it, it may be a mile; eventually you reach it and struggle upward again.

It often reminds me of the Chinaman's description of his ride on a toboggan slide: "Whist! Walkee back milee."

It may interest the "fiends" to know of the novel method of warming feet I discovered. This was in '93, returning from the World's Fair, going down a three-mile slope of these same mountains. I used my foot on the front tire as a brake, but the friction was so great that in spite of shoes and stockings being drenched through by rain; my foot got so hot I was obliged to change to the other, and then back again, alternating thus all the way down. This is the gospel truth, too. I know of fellows who say they ride so fast that telegraph posts appear to them like pale fences, or if they shut their eyes while riding it is impossible to lift the eye-lids again without slowing up; but I'm not that kind. The use of the foot as a brake, by the way, I can not commend, as it is liable to lead to serious accidents.

This road across the mountains was doubtless in very good condition. It is what was originally the "Cumberland Road," running from Cumberland, Md., to Wheeling, W. Va., and built by the Federal government, during Monroe's administration, at a cost of \$1,000,000, to connect the navigable portion of the Potomac River with the Ohio for the accommodation of the great stream of immigration pouring into the then North-west Territory, and the traffic and travel incident to the development of the new States carved out of that territory. The Federal government extended this road into Indiana later, and eventually the different States extended it to St. Louis, thus completing the famous "National Pike," running from Washington, D. C., to St. Louis, Mo.

Further west, in the western part of Ohio and eastern and central parts of Indiana, this National Pike is still fine to ride on, as I found by my tour in '93. In those parts it is gravelled, the gravel sometimes packing down nearly as good as a race-track.

We might remark, by the way, that here was an immigration of foreigners, which the then American (the Indian) tried in vain to restrict and for his pains received the remorseless axe, and lost life and property without a cent of compensation. How about this, bourgeois? And the accrued interest?

In those days the Pike was well kept, marked at every mile with large pyramidal iron posts, giving the names of towns going and coming and the number of miles, most of which posts yet remain; the Pike was carried across solid stone arches, still standing with their dates; and at intervals were substantial old-fashioned taverns, some of which are yet to be seen.

Along this great road in the early days rattled the "impossible-to-be-improved-upon" stage coach and the long, sway-back, tunnel-shaped canvas-covered "Conestoga" wagon of the immi-

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the heaven we go to when we die? Spinning along on his wheel fifteen miles an hour, riding everything east of the Rockies, sniffing the glorious air like a warhorse, exhilarated, intoxicated, the wheelman—and I'm afraid everybody else—would forget his "gawd."

Going over the Alleghenies I had a horrible time of it. Made only five miles an hour, much, if not most of it, walking. Covered one day in the mountains 45 miles, equivalent to 90 on level roads. My best speed on this tour was at one place 16 miles in one hour. I rode 35 miles in three hours between Uhrichsville and Coshocton, Ohio, and 65 miles in 5½ hours between Norwalk and Cleveland, O.

This is the routine you go through in crossing the Alleghenies à la bicyclette. Climb a long, steep, winding grade, rough, rubbly, wriggly-wraggly laboriously, shoving your loaded wheel beside you; on either hand the enormous mountain sides sloping away, wooded, to the distant summits; now and then a little plateau to cross, rough and rutty; meeting perhaps at long intervals a solitary pedestrian or ramshackle wagon; up again, crawling around a curve like a snail, hoping upon turning the corner to see the summit—there's only one summit but many are the curves,—again and again hope deferred; but all things have an end, and at last, after two or three miles climbing, the top is reached; you wait awhile to "ketch yo bref," you need it; you admire the scenery, grand, solemn, silent; once again you grasp the grips, straddle the saddle, shove toes into clips and press forward. Soon you begin the wild plunge downward. Presently the speed is so great that it can no longer be controlled by back-pedaling, and the brake must be applied. (Having no brake, I used the foot on the front tire.) The large stones and the ruts interrupt and throw you into a distorted, zig-zaggy motion, like a canoe shooting boiling rapids; then rush down with a thump and grunt into a thank-you-m'am, shoot out over it front wheel in air, lucky if it do not twist in your hands and bring everything down in a heap. Fly around a short sharp curve, with danger of slipping off the rim and slanting out a Socialist on the rocky floor far below; once in a while, say your prayers, make reflections and resolutions; rushing on, balled up on the machine like your simian relative on a bucking broncho; occasionally sweeping swiftly across a little plateau, passing a mountain cabin with curious children in the doorway; down again; rip over a mass of small stones, teeth rattle, filling drops out; on, on, on, bumpity-bump, until at last you slide down the last slope and plunge into a bed of deep, heavy sand, where all your strength is required to keep the front wheel straight and avoid flying over the handle-bar. Now get off and walk, or perhaps try to ride, at either side of the bed of sand, on one of the narrow, round-shouldered paths, off which you are in constant danger of slipping into the ditch or gulch below. Ahead is the next long, tortuous, toilsome ascent, it may be fifty yards to it, it may be a mile; eventually you reach it and struggle upward again.

It often reminds me of the Chinaman's description of his ride on a toboggan slide: "Whist! Walkee back milee."

It may interest the "fiends" to know of the novel method of warming feet I discovered. This was in '93, returning from the World's Fair, going down a three-mile slope of these same mountains. I used my foot on the front tire as a brake, but the friction was so great that in spite of shoes and stockings being drenched through by rain; my foot got so hot I was obliged to change to the other, and then back again, alternating thus all the way down. This is the gospel truth, too. I know of fellows who say they ride so fast that telegraph posts appear to them like pale fences, or if they shut their eyes while riding it is impossible to lift the eye-lids again without slowing up; but I'm not that kind. The use of the foot as a brake, by the way, I can not commend, as it is liable to lead to serious accidents.

This road across the mountains was doubtless in very good condition. It is what was originally the "Cumberland Road," running from Cumberland, Md., to Wheeling, W. Va., and built by the Federal government, during Monroe's administration, at a cost of \$1,000,000, to connect the navigable portion of the Potomac River with the Ohio for the accommodation of the great stream of immigration pouring into the then North-west Territory, and the traffic and travel incident to the development of the new States carved out of that territory. The Federal government extended this road into Indiana later, and eventually the different States extended it to St. Louis, thus completing the famous "National Pike," running from Washington, D. C., to St. Louis, Mo.

Further west, in the western part of Ohio and eastern and central parts of Indiana, this National Pike is still fine to ride on, as I found by my tour in '93. In those parts it is gravelled, the gravel sometimes packing down nearly as good as a race-track.

We might remark, by the way, that here was an immigration of foreigners, which the then American (the Indian) tried in vain to restrict and for his pains received the remorseless axe, and lost life and property without a cent of compensation. How about this, bourgeois? And the accrued interest?

In those days the Pike was well kept, marked at every mile with large pyramidal iron posts, giving the names of towns going and coming and the number of miles, most of which posts yet remain; the Pike was carried across solid stone arches, still standing with their dates; and at intervals were substantial old-fashioned taverns, some of which are yet to be seen.

Along this great road in the early days rattled the "impossible-to-be-improved-upon" stage coach and the long, sway-back, tunnel-shaped canvas-covered "Conestoga" wagon of the immi-

THE PEOPLE.

Published at 184 William Street, New York, EVERY SUNDAY.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS

Table with subscription rates: One year \$1.00, Six months .60, Three months .30, Subscription Trial, one month .10

As far as possible, rejected communications will be returned if so desired and stamps are enclosed.

Entered as second-class matter at the New York, N. Y., Post office, on April 6th, 1891.



SOCIALIST VOTE IN THE UNITED STATES.

Table showing Socialist vote in US: In 1888 (Presidential) 2,068; In 1890 13,331; In 1892 (Presidential) 21,157; In 1894 33,123; In 1896 (Presidential) 36,564

This social system of to-day, kept in constant ferment to defend itself against the disorders that rise out of its own lap, is compelled perpetually to strengthen force against force; in this century of unlimited competition and over-production, there is also competition among armies and an over-production of militarism; industry itself being a battle, war becomes the leading, the most exciting, the most feverish of all industries.

Jean Jaures.

WAR, PATRIOTISM, RELIGION AND COMMERCIALISM.

At some later day we shall treat the readers of THE PEOPLE to the full text of the magnificent speech delivered by Comrade Jean Jaures in the French Chamber of Deputies, and out of which this week's quotation at the head of these columns is taken. To-day, we shall limit ourselves to furnishing an illustration of the truth of the above quotation taken from more recent historic events.

How largely did not the word "patriotism" figure in the late war between Greece and Turkey! From whatever source information came, "patriotism" was the point of departure and the ultimate aim. On "patriotic" grounds some nations supported Greece, and on "patriotic" grounds others befriended Turkey; and, most wonderful of all, these various "patriots" always shoved forward their "Christianity" and their "Religion."

Among the Governments that took a most pronounced "patriotic" and "religious" stand during that war was Germany. Even during the war the wicked Socialist, who refuses to be duped by words, looked behind the curtain, and saw the German holders of Turkish bonds anxious to safeguard their property. The sight explained the source of the "patriotism" and "religion" of the German Government. Now, since the war, further facts have appeared that throw light upon the connecting links of all these bourgeois virtues and bourgeois-ism, or commercialism itself.

Germany has had an eye on the indemnity money that Turkey received. And how? The German Government, out of "patriotism," etc., has been maintaining that Turkey should have a navy; as Turkey has none, that she should build one; and—that GERMAN SHIP-BUILDERS SHOULD HAVE THE CONTRACTS.

Here is the cat all out, from whiskered nose to tasseled tail. Commercialism deals in war as it deals in potatoes, rum, bibles, etc. It matters not that the effect of owning a navy is to render a nation ready for war; what of it? War feeds commerce, commerce feeds war, and the end of the song is larger wealth for those to luxuriate in who neither bleed on the battlefields nor sweeter on the industrial fields of toil.

The ideologists who strive at "one thing at a time," who in one place pass "peace resolutions," at another address themselves to the task of removing some other one iniquity, and so on should concentrate their thoughts, if they have any to concentrate, upon this little fact of the German Government's schemes, and they will discover that the mechanism of capitalism is such that it is indestructible unless attacked and fought all along the line.

Capitalism means war; one plank of capitalism means the whole of capitalism. To oppose one plank only is to leave all others standing, and thus render abortive all seeming success against the monster.

"BROADNESS"—No. 1.

So often has the Socialist Labor party been charged with "narrowness" and admonished to be "broad," and these charges and admonitions have so uniformly come from sources that revealed the absurdity of the claim, that we have some time ago decided to adopt a new system of tactics in the answering of the charges and admonitions. Hitherto we have met them on general lines. We shall henceforth take them up individually, as they turn up, and photograph them. The collection of photographs thus taken will quite effectively dispose of the point. We open this new photographic gallery of "Broadness" with Mr. F. G. R. Gordon.

Careful readers of THE PEOPLE will have seen in last week's report of the National Executive Committee of the

Socialist Labor Party that Mr. F. G. R. Gordon, of Manchester, N. H., was discharged by the N. E. C. as an organizer on the ground that a number of letters, written by Gordon, while acting as an organizer of the S. L. P., advise attachment to the Social Democracy," etc. In these letters the "narrowness" of the S. L. P. and the necessity of "broadness" are matters of frequent recurrence. The facts in the case, undeniable as being furnished in Mr. Gordon's own handwriting over his own signature, serve excellently to photograph what he means by "broadness" and "narrowness."

Mr. F. G. R. Gordon was receiving pay from the N. E. C. of the S. L. P. to organize Socialist Sections, and for that purpose was furnished with an organizer's commission. According to Mr. Gordon, "broadness" consisted in taking pay from the S. L. P. to organize Socialist Sections and at the same time denounce the S. L. P. and induce people not to join it and even to leave it. "Broadness," as he understands it, is to take pay from any organization that he could cheat into the belief that he would work for it, and simultaneously work against it and lay the pipes to get pay from some other and hostile organization. "Broadness," according to him, is the swindler's trick; and, inversely, "narrowness" is the insistence that a man shall not be double-faced, shall not raise money under false pretences, shall walk the straight road of plain honor. As a matter of course, the S. L. P. is not "broad" enough to accept Mr. Gordon's interpretation of "broadness," and it displayed all the "narrowness" for which it is charged by promptly cashing "broad" Gordon's commission, and taking the initiative steps that would have ended in his expulsion had he not saved the party the trouble of a trial and quickly got out and joined his fellow "broadnesses" on the outside.

We know of no instance of a man's charging the S. L. P. with lack of "broadness" who did not belong to the Gordon category. The photographic gallery of these worthies is just begun; more will follow.

The document on the third page of this issue, entitled "In the Matter of the Printers," issued by the General Executive Board of the Socialist Trade & Labor Alliance, deserves careful perusal.

The question of the industrial organization of the working class is an important one, and yet few questions connected with the labor movement bristle with as many difficulties. To overcome these difficulties one must be equipped with the first requirement of a Socialist, If any one quality, needed to make the Socialist, can be given first rank, it is the quality of unqualified devotion to fact and ruthless disregard for notions, opinions and the like, however much one may be inclined to these.

The document "In the Matter of the Printers" furnishes facts that can not but destroy the superstition that attaches very generally in favor of anything that calls itself a "Union." Those who are equipped with the prerequisite for the making of a Socialist will receive from that document a valuable tip.

The working class of America is virtually disorganized.

POLITICAL and ECONOMIC.

The New York "Sun" is furnishing a vivid illustration of how Moneybags plays with politics. Last Tuesday, criticising Prof. Herron for saying that a revolution is palpably approaching, and that "there is no disputing that we are on the verge of a revolution," it seeks to dispose of the statement with the answer:

"He may be on the verge of a number of revolutions. . . but the rest of the country is all right, and not revolving anything at present but a bill of fare for Thanksgiving Day."

And yet, within four weeks of that declaration, the "Sun" was beating the alarm drum against the "Bryanized Tammany," and declaring: "Tammany's forces are the forerunners of revolution; Tammany's victory means revolution."

What does all this mean? It means that the Moneybags who controls the "Sun" feared that he had lost his hold on the Tammany braves, and could make more out of the Republican braves; but that, Tammany being elected and thereby capitalism again supported, it would injure Moneybags' stocks to keep up the cry of revolution. Moneybags does not make by Tammany's victory as much as he would have made by Republican victory. To make more, it was willing to howl "revolution," but the howl having failed, he would now lose infinitely more by its being kept up.

Meantime the process of atomic attraction proceeds within the revolutionary retort, and Moneybags may, before he imagines, find that the Thanksgiving Day bill of fare he is now revolving may not materialize.

The mistaken idea that because a few individual members of the ruling class have sense enough to throw their whole strength into the scale of the class-conscious proletariat movement, therefore the theory of the class struggle is false receives additional exposure from the San Francisco, Cal., "New Charter," in the following passage

"If 'The American Fabian' represents the class that pose as Fabian Socialists, it is not run by the class who are hungry, but by a class who are com-

fortably well off, and who sentiment-ize about Socialism throughout the year and forget to vote for it on Election day, but who do not forget to vote for some party that is not Socialist."

The following is the idiotic comment made by a capitalist paper, the Elizabeth, Ky., "News," upon a phenomenon that is one of the ugliest symptoms of the existing social system

"Elizabethtown is the only place in the State where the jail is a handsome building than the public schoolhouse. There is either an overproduction of girls in Elizabethtown or a big foreign demand for boys, as there are five young ladies to one beau."

Besides wrecking the homes of the people by forcing mothers and children into the factory, the capitalist system to a great extent saps the foundation of the home by tearing the sexes apart. "Ho-towns" and "She-towns" are part of the dust that the dried-up mud of capitalism suffocates the atmosphere with.

The Johnston, R. I., "Beacon" takes up and deals with a question that can not be treated too often, seeing the frequency with which it occurs:

"Socialists are often asked why they stand out doggedly for attaining the full fruits likely to result from a proper application of the principles in which they profess faith. This query is repeatedly put to us Why not join hands with other reform organizations having in view one or a few aims partaking of Socialism—more or less?"

"Questions of this nature come not only from persons outside the Socialist Labor Party. They are frequently brought up by people who are enrolled under the banner of Socialism. The interrogators are, however, all of one kind—persons to whom the study of social and political economy from a Socialist standpoint is something new and comparatively unknown. Those who propound inquiries like these, without fail bear the marks of short acquaintance with Socialist thought and belief, or total ignorance of the truths to which such thought and belief have given life."

"The inference is natural and conclusive—that a clear and complete knowledge of the ends of Socialism places individual reforms second to the grand and lofty results aimed at by the Socialist Labor Party. Full-fledged Socialists recognize it to be the height of absurdity to expect to inaugurate the Socialist Commonwealth by fusing with those who know nothing about it."

"Socialists are not antagonistic to reforms. To their mind, however, reforms will not be instituted or executed by political parties that are not planted on the truths of Scientific Socialism."

"Socialism is too clear cut, too well defined and too exact to descend from its high plane to the low ground of piecemeal reform. The success of the Socialist Labor Party is due to its refusal to unite with those pursuing less noble objects. This firm stand has brought us a steady increase of reasoning people. Sudden and great accessions of numbers we do not strive for, we do not want them, and happily we do not get them. That characteristic belongs to mushroom and short-lived organizations, which try to do something for everybody and do nothing at all. Such bodies of men either commit suicide or else are scuttled by their leaders."

"The Co-operative Commonwealth is a work too colossal to rest on foundations that are laid in a night."

Any one acquainted with conditions in America will realize how applicable to us is the below passage from the London "Justice":

"If there is one thing certain in the world it is that the proletariat is practically the creation of the capitalist class. It is no use the capitalists saying that they are the benefactors of the proletariat inasmuch as they keep it from starvation."

"The capitalists are responsible for the very existence of the proletariat, and just because that proletariat is miserable, the guilt of the capitalist class is the greater. If anyone does not believe this, does he believe that England would now have its present population if the capital of the country were the same as it was a hundred years ago?"

"Read, in this connection, the following, translated by Mr. Roskin) from Jules Simon's 'L'Ouvriere,' written in 1864:

"Elbeuf, WHERE THE INDUSTRIAL PROSPERITY IS SO GREAT, ought to have healthy lodgings. IT IS A QUITE new town, and one which may easily extend itself over the hills which surround it. But the new mass of proletariat, here congregated, has to live in the most abominable conditions. The misery is not less horrible, and it is much more general than at Rouen. One cannot form an idea of the filth of certain houses without having seen it. . . One 'home' is so small that when the husband, wife and four children are all in it, they have not room to move. One will not be surprised to hear that hunger and the want of air make frequent victims in such a hole. When they were visited, the physician, Mr. Levoy, spoke of a ticket which he had given them the week before for milk. 'She has drunk of it' said the mother, pointing to the oldest daughter, half dead, but who had the strength to smile. Hunger had reduced this child, who would have been beautiful, nearly to the state of a SKELETON."

"It is the capitalist who CREATES these horrors, and he is responsible to God and man for them."

COMBINE.

[Written for THE PEOPLE by R. H. CHANDLER.]

Vain is the mirth that leads to pain; Vain is the labor that brings no gain; Wake from thy slumber, ye who would be true,

Combine to recover that, that is thy due. Let honor lead thee, honor anew Will lead you aright, if ye follow her clue:

Vain is thy worth, unheard, unknown; Vain is thy effort if it hath no tone; Fate will enshroud thee, call thee its own;

Thee, all thy effort and leave thee to moan.

THE POLITICAL STRUGGLE.

The proletariat model! its original organizations for defence upon the pattern of those of the guild journeymen—the UNION; so, likewise, did it fashion its original offensive weapons, whenever it faced Capital in organized bodies, after those of the journeymen—the BOYCOTT and the STRIKE.

For reasons peculiar to the historic days when the guild journeymen waged their battles against their masters, their weapons remained the same until their class became extinct. The modern proletariat, however, cannot abide by those original and primitive weapons. The more completely the several portions of which it is composed merge into a single working class, the more must its battles assume a political character. ALL CLASS STRUGGLE IS A POLITICAL STRUGGLE.

Even the bare requirements of the economic or industrial struggle compel the workmen to set up political demands. Experience shows daily in multiplying instances that the capitalist State, or modern Government, considers it one of its principal duties, either to render impossible the organizations of workmen, or (in countries where, like in the United States, the spirit of the age is felt too strongly to bluntly deny the working class such civic rights as those of voluntary organization), to render the organizations of labor ineffective by falling upon them with the combined forces of police, militia and judiciary, whenever the workmen take the field against their employers in the economic struggles between the two.

The theoretical freedom of combination is, accordingly, insufficient if the proletariat is to build up its organizations with such fullness and completeness as to render them adequate for their purposes. Hence, whenever in the United States, the working class has stirred itself to improve its economic conditions, it has placed side by side with purely economic, a series of political demands calculated to free it from the class outrages perpetrated against it by Government, and to prevent the effectiveness of its economic organization from being thwarted. These political demands are to the American workmen of the highest importance; they belong under the category of essential prerequisites, without which their further development becomes impossible; they are to the Labor Movement what light and air are to the human body.

There are those who endeavor to contrast the political with the economic movement, and to draw hard and fast lines between them, and who declare that the workingman should not "mix" the two. The fact is that the two—the political and the economic struggle—cannot be separated from each other. The economic struggle needs political rights and powers to be carried on successfully; and these political rights and powers will not drop into the lap of the proletariat from the moon; they will not be graciously conceded by the capitalist politicians in office; they have to be wrung from their hands; they have to be conquered; and their conquest requires the most energetic political activity possible—the independent political action of the working class, as independent from the favors, the aids, the promises of the bosses and capitalist class generally, as the economic action is, and necessarily must be, of the favors, aids and promises of that class. On the other hand, in the last analysis, the political struggle is also an economic one. If there is any difference between the two, it is that the political struggle is a more far-reaching and deeper cutting manifestation of the economic struggle.

Not those laws only that concern the working class directly, also the great majority of all the others affect it more or less. It is an inevitable conclusion that, just the same as all others, the working class must strive for political influence and political power, must endeavor to make the government subservient to its own interests.

The means to this end are universal, at least manhood, suffrage. In many a country the working class is deprived of this powerful means, and there it strives with might and main to acquire it. Here, in the United States, the ballot is in the hands of the citizen workingman. The attempts to strike it out of his hands, the direct and indirect schemes under all specious pretenses to disfranchise the American proletariat, are numerous, but hitherto have not only been unsuccessful, but have had a contrary effect to the desired one. The American proletariat starts equipped with the most powerful political weapon—with the aid of which it can conquer all others. The task of the proletariat when it first starts its political struggles is generally made easy through the political conflicts that rage among the property-holding classes themselves. The industrial capitalists, the merchants, the landlords, are generally at war with one another, and special interests always divide each of these classes into hostile political camps. During these political struggles, each side looks for allies, and seeks to gain them through slight concessions. Sometimes after a victory the capitalist would break faith with his ally; but generally, during the first beginnings of the labor movement the victorious capitalist fulfilled his promises. It thus happened that the capitalists often appealed through their political parties to the proletariat for aid, and thus, themselves drew the workmen into political action. So long as the capitalist uses the proletariat in this way, so long as the working class does not conceive the idea of standing out independently in the political field, the capitalists look upon it as their voting cattle, intended to strengthen the hand of its own exploiters. In this way matters continue for a considerable time.

But the interests of the proletariat and those of the capitalist class are so hostile to each other that the political alliance between the two cannot be lasting. The capitalist system of production is bound, sooner or later, to cause the participation of the working class in politics to take such shape that it splits off from the capitalist parties, and that the workingman sets up his own, the Labor Party.

This process lies in the very nature of things. There is no class interest but expresses itself in a political party; just as soon as the working class realizes its class interests it is bound to do what the other classes do, i. e., express itself politically.

At what time the proletariat of a country will be so far matured as to take

this decisive step, to cut, so to speak, the navel string that binds it, politically, to the capitalist system out of whose lap it has sprung, depends, above all, upon the economic stage of development that such a country has reached, in other words, upon the degree of exploitation to which the proletariat is subjected. AND UPON THE COMPACTNESS OF ITS RANKS. There are a number of other circumstances that affect considerably the time when the working class assumes political independence. Of these, two are the most important: first, the degree of enlightenment that the respective working class enjoys upon its political and economic situation; second, the attitude that the capitalist parties assume towards it. Both these circumstances have greatly promoted the movement of the working class in Germany, and hence it comes that the labor movement in Germany is further advanced than in any other country; and it is for just the reverse of these reasons, especially because of the hypocritical attitude of the political parties here, that with us the Labor Movement lags behind. But however the time may differ when, obedient to these different influences, the labor movement in a capitalist country takes the shape of a labor party, that time is sure to arrive as an inevitable result of the economic development.

At the same time every political party must strive to obtain the political upperhand. It is bound to endeavor to turn the power of the State to its own advantage, i. e., to use it in the interests of its class; in other words it is bound to endeavor to become the ruling party in the State. By the very fact of its organizing itself into an independent political party, the working class turns its face towards this ultimate goal—the conquest of the political powers of the State; a goal which the economic development itself aids the working class to reach. In this respect also, the same as in respect to the time when the workmen separate themselves from the capitalist parties, the time of their ultimate victory does not depend simply upon the degree of industrial development which the respective country may have reached, but upon a number of other circumstances both of national and international character. Furthermore, the manner in which this triumph may be achieved may vary greatly in different countries. That however, upon which there can be no doubt in the mind of any one who has followed the economic and political development of modern society, especially in the course of the last hundred years, is the CERTAINTY AND INEVITABLENESS OF THE FINAL TRIUMPH OF THE PROLETARIAT. While the proletariat is steadily extending itself, while it is growing ever stronger in moral and political power, while it is becoming ever more an economic necessity, while the class struggle is training it more and more into habits of solidarity and discipline, while its horizon is ever broadening, while its class-conscious organizations become ever larger and more compact, while it becomes from day to day, the most important and finally the only working class upon whose industry the whole social body depends, while it undergoes all these important changes and thus progresses steadily, the classes that are hostile to it melt away with equal steadiness and rapidity; they steadily lose in moral and political strength; and they become not only superfluous, but a block to the progress of production which, under their superintendence, falls into greater and greater confusion, conjuring up more and more unbearable conditions.

In view of this, it cannot be doubtful to which side victory will finally lean. The property-holding classes have already been seized with fear at their approaching end. They hate to admit to themselves the precariousness of their situation; they try to deceive themselves with false pretences, and to drown their apprehensions, in hilarity and trivial jokes; they close their eyes to the abyss towards which they are rushing, and they do not seem to realize that by such a conduct they not only hasten their own downfall, but render it all the more disastrous to themselves.

As the last of the exploited classes, the working proletariat cannot put the power which it will conquer to the uses to which it was put by the previous classes, i. e., to roll the burden of exploitation from its own upon the shoulders of some other exploited class. It is bound to use its power to put an end to its own and, along with that, to all forms of exploitation. The source of the exploitation to which it is now subject is the private ownership of the machinery of production. The proletariat can abolish its own exploitation only by abolishing private ownership in the machinery of production. The circumstance of the proletariat being stripped of all property in the means of production renders it disposed to abolish private property in that; the exploitation to which the private ownership of the means of production subjects the proletariat, compels it to abolish the capitalist system of production and to substitute it with the Socialist or Co-operative Commonwealth, in which the instruments of production cease to be private and become social property.

Under the rule of the capitalist system, i. e., of production for sale, co-operative production for use cannot be general. It is impossible to introduce the co-operative for the purpose of supplementing the capitalist system of production while at the same time keeping the latter in force. This self-evident proposition establishes the fact that the Socialist system of production must be the inevitable result of the triumph of the proletariat. Even if it were not consciously to use its supremacy in the State to recover possession of the machinery of production and to replace the capitalist with the Socialist system, it would be compelled to do so by the logic of events, although in that case, not without committing many mistakes, incurring much sacrifice and squandering much time and energy. The end of it all will, under all circumstances, be the Socialist system of production. Its triumph is unavoidable just so soon as that of the proletariat itself has become unavoidable. The proletariat is bound to use its triumph for the abolition of its own exploitation, and that it can never accomplish without establishing the Socialist order. The economic and political development itself, noticeable to-day in the large capitalist undertakings—the combinations, syndicates and trusts—point the proletariat the path to Socialism, and push it in that direction.

This stage of economic development which we have reached is certain to render abortive all attempts to move in a different direction which the pro-

letariat of any country may make, in case it should be disinclined to adopt the Socialist system.

It is, however, by no means to be expected that the proletariat of any country, once it has come to power, will reveal any disinclination to adopt the Socialist system. To imagine that would be to imagine that the proletariat would be in its infancy at the same time that it had ripened politically, economically and morally into manhood, equipped with the power and ability to overcome its enemies and impose its will upon them. Such a disparity of growth is least imaginable with the proletariat. Thanks to machinery, so soon as the proletariat had risen above its original, degraded condition it revealed a thirst for the acquisition of knowledge and a taste for grappling with problems of social import. Side by side with the intellectual development on the part of some, the economic development of modern society moves on with such rapid strides that even those ranks of the proletariat that are least favored cannot fail to learn the lesson so strikingly taught by the large combinations of capital.

Everything combines to render the militant proletariat most accessible to the teachings of Socialism. To the proletariat, Socialism is no tidings of bad news, it is a veritable evangel. The ruling classes cannot accept Socialism without committing suicide; the proletariat, on the contrary, derives new life from Socialism, new vigor, new inspiration and renewed hope. As time passes, Socialism can only become more and more acceptable to the proletariat.

In whatever country the proletariat reaches the point of establishing an independent Labor Party, such a party is bound, sooner or later, to take on Socialist tendencies, even if it were not animated from the start by the Socialist spirit. In the end such a party cannot choose but become a Socialist Labor Party.



UNCLE SAM & BROTHER JONATHAN

Brother Jonathan (looking furious)—I am an American, I am!

Uncle Sam—Something very bad must be biting you; but why do you growl at me?

B. J.—Because you are a Socialist, and you Socialists try to tyrannize us.

U. S.—In what way?

B. J.—You want to compel us union men to vote the way you think.

U. S.—If I understand you correctly, you mean that it is tyranny if the Socialist members of a union demand that all the members of that union vote the S. L. P. ticket, and no other.

B. J.—That's what I mean, and I call it an unbearable tyranny.

U. S.—When the other day you voted to expel a man from our union because he was working for lower wages than our scale, did you thereby exercise tyranny on him?

B. J. (emphatically)—No!

U. S.—If not, why not?

B. J.—Because the maintenance of the union scale is necessary to our existence.

U. S.—And when the very next day you voted along with me and the other Socialist members of the union to expel a member who worked longer hours than our scale, did you then act as a tyrant?

B. J.—No, sir.

U. S.—If not, why not?

B. J.—For the same reason. It is to the interest of all that the hours be reduced.

U. S.—Accordingly, from what you say it appears that tyranny does not consist in the simple act of coercing a man to do a certain thing.

B. J.—W—e—!

U. S.—You helped coerce a man to obey the union scale—

B. J.—Yes.

U. S.—And that was no tyranny?

B. J.—No.

U. S.—Why not?

B. J.—For the evident reason that if we allowed him freedom in that he would sink us all into deeper slavery.

U. S.—Just so. The compulsion you put on others is justified or not according as it is for the good of all. You are ready to compel others to abide by the union scale because if they don't we all go down into deeper slavery. You do that because you are clear on what lower wages and longer hours mean.

Now, we Socialist unionists, are equally clear on what capitalist politics mean. We know that to vote for them means to put into their hands the guns with which to shoot us down, and the galling guns on paper with which to enjoin us. We know therefore that to vote for a capitalist ticket is to vote for our degradation. Do you understand?

B. J.—I think I do.

U. S.—Therefore it is no tyranny to compel a union man not to vote the capitalist tickets. And of all men, the ones who are least justified in calling that tyranny, are pure and simple like yourself, who are quick to denounce as a scab whoever disobeys union laws! Think this carefully over.

Daily People Minor Fund.

Table with fund amounts: Previously acknowledged \$1,939.36; On list 142, per Burns, Brooklyn, N. Y. 15; G. Z., Philadelphia, Pa. 1.00; From Picnic Committee, Branch 1, S. L. P., and Branch 52, Workmen's Sick and Death Benefit Fund, Hartford, Conn. 34.00; Total \$1,974.51; HENRY KUHN, Fin. Secy.

Milwaukee, Wis. Comrade J. Rummel, 310 18th street, is authorized agent. All subscribers in arrears are requested to settle with him at once.

IN THE MATTER OF THE PRINTERS.

TO THE HANK AND FILE OF THE WORKING CLASS, ORGANIZED AND UNORGANIZED, IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

The General Executive Board of the Socialist Trade & Labor Alliance desires to call your attention to a recent incident in the economic camp of labor that might otherwise escape you, and that, by escaping you, may deprive you of valuable light by which to guide your steps in the efforts you will soon be bound to make in order to rid yourselves of the increasingly galling yoke of wage-slavery, by ridding yourselves both of your capitalist exploiters and the lackeys of these—the labor fakirs.

Just about the time when the several political parties of capital in this city were launching their several fly-paper tickets to catch the labor vote, the not unusual spectacle was seen of a great stir amongst the "leading spirits," the office-holders and such other crooked beneficiaries of "pure and simple" unionism in the printing trade. Out of that stir sprang two documents. One was in German, written by August Baumann, of the German Typographical Union No. 7, and issued under the name of that union; the other in English, written and signed by Aug. McCraith, of No. 6, and published in the "Typographical Journal." Both purport to be an arraignment of the S. T. & L. A.

What were the grounds for this arraignment? These may be best understood, appreciated and seen through if read together. Here they are in parallel columns:

<p>Typographia No. 7's Version.</p> <p>"The wage-workers in the printers' Union 83 went into it (the S. T. & L. craft of the United States are already A.) but bolted when the Socialist Trade organized under the name of Inter- & Labor Alliance organized a rival national Typographical Union, with pressmen's union to the International which the German-American Typo- Typographical Union affiliations, which graphia, as well as the Hebrew Typo- they refused to recognize or support, graphia Union No. 83 are affiliated. . . . Of late No. 83 found it necessary. A few members of the last named sary to go on strike (thereupon the S. union, who have either seceded or were T. & L. A.) organized a rat union, and expelled, formed, under the leadership took their places."</p> <p>of a boss, the Progressive Hebrew Typographical Union, and as such were admitted to the Socialist Trade & Labor Alliance. A short time ago this 'progressive' union dropped, for reasons of its own, the name Hebrew, and is now trying to place their label in English, Hebrew, Hungarian and German offices. The members of this progressive union work very long hours, and for about one-half of the scale paid in English and German offices."</p>	<p>Aug. McCraith's Version.</p> <p>"Union 83 went into it (the S. T. & L. craft of the United States are already A.) but bolted when the Socialist Trade organized under the name of Inter- & Labor Alliance organized a rival national Typographical Union, with pressmen's union to the International which the German-American Typo- Typographical Union affiliations, which graphia, as well as the Hebrew Typo- they refused to recognize or support, graphia Union No. 83 are affiliated. . . . Of late No. 83 found it necessary. A few members of the last named sary to go on strike (thereupon the S. union, who have either seceded or were T. & L. A.) organized a rat union, and expelled, formed, under the leadership took their places."</p> <p>of a boss, the Progressive Hebrew Typographical Union, and as such were admitted to the Socialist Trade & Labor Alliance. A short time ago this 'progressive' union dropped, for reasons of its own, the name Hebrew, and is now trying to place their label in English, Hebrew, Hungarian and German offices. The members of this progressive union work very long hours, and for about one-half of the scale paid in English and German offices."</p>
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The ripened experience of the human race has established the principle of evidence that when two witnesses, appearing in a case common to both, give conflicting testimonies, they both lie, and prove themselves conspirators, stupid ones at that, in a scheme of fraud.

Here we have two men, both members of the same national organization, both residing in this city; both "giving testimony" on the same thing, and that they an occurrence in this very city and in their own craft; both claiming to know all about it; each addressing the public in a different language; both, consequently, straining to give all publicity possible to the "iniquities," that they jointly appear in red paint over, yet each giving a wholly different version of the affair? Nor could it be otherwise. It is a feature of falsehood that it never tallies with itself. The fabrication of reasons to condemn the S. T. & L. A. is a condition precedent for fakirs' attacks. Messrs. Baumann & McCraith had to invent; and, by that providential dispensation that deprives rogues of common sense, they did not take the precaution of comparing notes. Each was thrown upon his own imagination, with the result that they fall foul of each other in not presenting the same allegations as they would have done had there been any truthful ones to present.

We would close here if our only purpose were self defense; in sight of such "testimony," as above confronted with each other, no further answer is needed. But our object reaches further. It aims at such complete nailing of whatever fakir we can catch as may help the rank and file to know them, and, knowing, hasten to throw them overboard. For these reasons we here give the facts in the case.

On Dec. 7, 1895, the United Hebrew Trades joined the Central Labor Federation and D. A. 49, K. of L. in organizing the S. T. & L. A., and it received a charter as District Alliance No. 2. AMONG THE CONSTITUENT BODIES OF D. A. NO. 2, HOLDING CHARTERS FROM THE S. T. & L. A., AND RECOGNIZING EACH OTHER, were the Hebrew Typographical Union (affiliated with Messrs. Baumann & McCraith's International Typographical Union) and the Pressmen's Union (referred to by Mr. McCraith, and not affiliated with the I. T. U.)

This was the state of things when, on Oct. 18, 1896, a disagreement broke out between the Pressmen's Union and Boss Lipschitz, of 173 East Broadway, New York, WHERE BOTH THE PRESSMEN'S UNION AND H. T. U. WERE AT THE TIME WORKING IN HARMONY, RECOGNIZING EACH OTHER AS AFFILIATED UNIONS. The pressmen demanded higher wages; they were getting \$8 and \$10; they demanded \$9 and \$11, which were the wages they received in other shops. Boss Lipschitz refused and locked out the pressmen. After all attempts of D. A. No. 2 to settle the trouble had failed, the D. A., on Oct. 29, declared a boycott against Boss Lipschitz, WITHOUT H. T. U. OBJECTING, and, on that day, ordered H. T. U., as an affiliated body, out of Boss Lipschitz's place to sustain the pressmen. H. T. U. obeyed, but WITHIN 48 HOURS RETURNED TO WORK, AND BY ITS ACTION HELPED DEFEAT ITS STRIKING FELLOW MEMBERS OF D. A. NO. 2 IN THEIR EFFORTS TO IMPROVE THEIR CONDITION. Scabism does not consist only in men of one trade taking the places of men on strike; it is substantially the same if men of kindred trades go to work in a shop where there is a strike, and, by so doing, enable the boss to beat the men on strike; and the act is all the more scabish when done by an affiliated organization. FOR THIS ACT OF SCABBISM H. T. U. WAS EXPELLED BY D. A. NO. 2 ON NOV. 16, 1896. H. T. U. thereupon appealed to the General Executive Board of the S. T. & L. A., before whom it appeared on Dec. 30, 1896. It there sought to throw the blame of its misdeed upon the General Officers of the I. T. U. "The G. E. B. rejected the excuse as mala fide; it decided that H. T. U. had wilfully violated its union obligations in a scabish manner; and IT AFFIRMED THE ACTION OF D. A. NO. 2 IN EXPELLING IT."

Unless sustained by compositors, the pressmen's union was in an exposed condition. The scabism of H. T. U. first suggested the idea of organizing a bona fide union of Hebrew compositors into the S. T. & L. A. A glance at the condition of the bulk of the Hebrew compositors on the East Side soon showed that the field was large and the work urgent. Obedient to the same scab instincts that had led the H. T. U. to desert its comrades in the midst of a fight, and help the boss beat them, that "union" not only neglected, but studiously avoided to organize most of the Hebrew workers of its craft. H. T. U. DID NOT WANT THEM IN ITS FOLD; IF THEY WERE THERE, IT WOULD HAVE TO TAKE UP THEIR CAUSE. H. T. U. is not in existence for any such purpose. It is not an organization of labor, as it does not seek to organize the working class. It is a parody of capitalist concerns, built for the exclusive benefit of its own stockholders, and with the purpose of keeping all others out. H. T. U. did not want any more members lest its "dividends" be reduced; least of all did it want members, for the improvement of whose condition it would have to exert itself to fight and spend money. Hence the hours of work of most Hebrew compositors are longer, their wages lower, their condition worse than those of the organized compositors at work, and they were doomed by the H. T. U. and the whole I. T. U. for that matter, to remain so if that "union" were to be left alone. In view of all this, in July, 1897, the Progressive Hebrew Typographical Union was organized. The S. T. & L. A. went down to these cast-off fellow proletarians—cast off by their own infamous fellow but organized craftsmen; it set up an organization amongst them; it has since been taking all possible preparatory steps to raise these men out of the wretched conditions in which, with the knowledge, consent, and connivance of the H. T. U., German Typographia No. 7 and English Union No. 6, they were being held down; and it is making palpable progress in this direction. This progress it is that arouses the ire of H. T. U. and its pals, and they justly see in the rebuke the doom of their own ignominious existence.

Thus Mr. McCraith's version turns out to be a string of clumsy falsehoods: It is false that H. T. U. refused to recognize the Pressmen's Union;—both were in existence at the same time in D. A. No. 2, and worked harmoniously in Boss Lipschitz's shop.

It is false that H. T. U. "bolted";—it was expelled for scabbing on a fellow union.

It is false that Progressive Hebrew Typographical Union was organized at a time when H. T. U. was on strike and to rat it on the latter;—it was organized when H. T. U. had no strike, mainly out of material that H. T. U. capitalistically kept out of unionism, and exclusively in unorganized shops.

That much for Mr. McCraith. Now for Mr. Baumann and his Typographia No. 7.

The only specific allegation made in Mr. Baumann's and No. 7's document is that the newly organized union works under worse conditions than the English or German compositors. The Jesuitism of this argument has already been exposed. Were it for No. 7, No. 6, or their protégé H. T. U., the newly organized men could never hope to rise; they are where they are thanks to No. 7 and such precursors "unionists." Their only hope of salvation lay in the S. T. & L. A.—an organization of labor with whom the "solidarity of labor" is not an empty phrase, and a cloak for "pure and simple" rascality. But we may not yet dismiss this document of No. 7 and its Mr. Baumann. It is well worth a closer inspection by bona fide unionism.

This document is cast in a different mold from Mr. McCraith's. While Mr. McCraith stands out in all the clumsiness and rawness of the "pure and simple" fakir, who sees in the rise of a bona fide union the death of his own nefarious "pure and simple" loses his head, and simply seeks to break down the rising danger to his occupation as fakir, the document of Mr. Baumann and his No. 7 comes in a somewhat different guise.

Typographia No. 7 and its Mr. Baumann are an "older civilization," so to speak, than Mr. McCraith. Much though the former may detest the bona fide Socialist union, they detest still more the Socialist Labor party. They see further than merely the bona fide economic organization; they see beyond that the Socialist political organization. They see in the S. T. & L. A. more than Mr. McCraith does; they see in it a powerful aid to and ally of the S. L. P. Mr. Baumann and his No. 7 are Anarchists. In raising their hands they accord-

ingly aim only incidentally at the S. T. & L. A.; their thrust is meant to sweep in both the S. L. P. and the S. T. & L. A. The exigencies of their purpose determine their methods.

It is the Anarchists' trick everywhere to put on the Socialist mask among Socialists; in this way he expects to have a chance to stab the Socialist movement in the dark and from behind. Accordingly, the document of No. 7 and its Mr. Baumann comes forward with the Jesuits' smirk. It protests its "CLASS CONSCIOUSNESS," its DEVOTION TO THE LABOR PRESS, AND THE S. L. P. PRESS IN PARTICULAR, AND ITS ESTEEM FOR THE EMBLEM OF THE SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY—THE ARM AND HAMMER. With this Socialist mask on, it invokes the attitude of the Socialists in Germany towards trade unions, and it strikes an attitude of righteous indignation at the conduct of the S. T. & L. A. in ORGANIZING A UNION IN A TRADE ALREADY ORGANIZED.

All this forces the question, Who and what are these Mr. Baumann and his Typographia No. 7? Let us see.

About seven years ago, this No. 7, which was not then affiliated with the I. T. U., and would not on the ground of the latter's "impurity," became involved in a fierce struggle with No. 6, of the I. T. U. Typographia No. 7's men had been pushed out of the "Morgen Journal" at the instigation of No. 6. During the fight, this No. 7, which now rants against organizing the printers working in unorganized shops, and whom the I. T. U. neglects to organize, SOUGHT TO ORGANIZE AN ENGLISH PRINTERS' UNION IN OPPOSITION TO NO. 6! It was right. With the aid of the Socialists it brought No. 6 down; and, having gained its point, it joined the I. T. U., whom it had declared "impure," and who has continued since, as before, to be run, in this city especially, for the benefit of the few at the expense of the rank and file, and as a regular indorser of labor-browbeating capitalist parties.

In order to strengthen its arm against No. 6, during the fight, No. 7 joined the Socialist central labor body in this city, the Central Labor Federation, now D. A. No. 1, S. T. & L. A. When the fight was over, No. 7 ceased to have any use for the C. L. F., or the Socialists in general. Its delegates to the C. L. F. became noted for their perversity to the S. L. P.; until finally they appeared in their true colors. In 1893 the ex-convict, German Anarchist dynamiter Heinrich Weissmann, started in this city an opposition central body of labor, the "New York Federation of Labor," under the pontifical blessing of the Anarchist Johann Most and the capitalist paper, the "Staats-Zeitung." Among the first to join and push along this ANTI-SOCIALIST AND RIVAL BODY BOOMED BY A CAPITALIST PAPER, was, who? None other than this "Socialist loving," anti-rival labor organization, Typographia No. 7. Subsequently, when the ridiculous thing died, Typographia No. 7 walked over to Archibald's and Maher's Central Labor Union, where it still is.

More recently, the well-known Anarchist, William Merten, a member of this No. 7, being commissioned by his organization on a tour through several cities, took the opportunity everywhere to run down, not only the S. L. P., but the Socialist paper, the "New Yorker Volks-Zeitung," too. And what did No. 7 do although fully apprized of the fact? This organization, that would not exist to-day but for the "Volks-Zeitung," and that now crawls before the Socialists claiming love and affection for their press, ENDORSED MERTEN BY ITS SILENCE. Merten was never recalled and never reproved.

Again, the unemployed in No. 7 are numerous. How does this "class-conscious" "solidarity of labor" loving organization treat them? Most inhumanely. It watches every opportunity it can to cheat them out of their out-of-work benefit, and at the merest slip expels them. The employed Anarchists and class-conscious members earning, thanks to the whole organization, \$4.50 per night, disown their unemployed brothers. Only the other day one of these "class-conscious" worthies delivered himself in the union in these words: "We support only those members who may become dangerous to us. I don't see why we should support people who can't harm us. When I pay my quarter I want to know what I pay it for."—AND SUCH IS THE TERROR WITH WHICH THE RASCALLY ANARCHIST "CLASS-CONSCIOUS" GENTRY DOMINATES THIS UNION, THAT NOT ONE MEMBER PRESENT DARED RAISE A PROTEST.

In direct connection with such peculiar class-consciousness, we must here refer to a letter addressed to the "Volks-Zeitung" by this No. 7 in these days. In that letter No. 7 pathetically implores the aid of the Socialists against the new union organized by the S. T. & L. A. on the ground that it imperils the 8-hour day—No. 7's "great conquest on behalf of labor."—This is a choice bit of Jesuitism, as choice a bit of insinuation of falsehood as any yet taken up. The attempt is thereby made to suggest the notion that this No. 7 has gained a victory for labor by its 8-hour day. But what are the facts?

Out of over 14,000 compositors in New York City, not 5,000 are organized; and out of these 5,000, not 1,500 enjoy the eight-hour-day;—fully 12,500, i. e., an overwhelming majority of the craft in this city alone are just as though this alleged "conquest for labor" had never been made. But besides this, besides the fact that this "victory" was not won for the working class, not even for the "conquerors" No. 7's own fellow-craftsmen, the treatment inflicted on its own unemployed members by this "class-conscious" "solidarity of labor" invoking Typographia No. 7, shows that its "victory" was not a victory EVEN FOR THOSE OF ITS OWN MEMBERS, WHO, ALTHOUGH THEY HAD FOUGHT AND HELPED TO WIN IT, HAVE SUBSEQUENTLY LOST THEIR JOBS. The treatment dealt out to these unfortunates, whom Mr. Baumann's No. 7 watches every opportunity to trip up and expel from the union, so as not to have to share with them the benefit of the eight-hour day, proves beyond cavil that the eight-hour day "victory" in the hands of the Baumanns who control No. 7 is not a "victory for labor" but only a plum for the vampires on labor, on whose impure lips the "solidarity of labor" is but a word to traffic on for their own vicious private ends.

Finally, what sort of an organization is it that this "Socialist loving" Typographia No. 7 steps into the lists to break a lance for? What sort of a thing is that Hebrew Typographical Union which No. 7 loves so tenderly? In the examination of Mr. McCraith's charges we have drawn its profile. Sufficient facts were there mentioned to brand it a pest on the economic field. But what of its political attitude? By what acts has it merited the affection of "Socialist loving" No. 7? Let us see.

At all points the political attitude of H. T. U. has been one of political scabism, with a special venom for the S. L. P.—very much like Mr. Baumann and his No. 7. At the late election, however, it (the H. T. U.) transcended every scampish act of its long scamp political career, and went to the full logical extent thereof. The Jewish "Abendblatt," which is an official organ in Jewish of the S. L. P., and whose compositors' room is controlled by that H. T. U., appeared on the very eve of last election, Nov. 1, with an article in which the voters were given false instruction how to vote: instead of an X in the circle under the S. L. P. emblem, as provided by law, they were told to make another mark, to wit, — How did this happen? THE FALSE SIGN WAS PUT THERE WITH THE CONNIVANCE OF THE H. T. U. FOREMAN AND AN H. T. U. COMPOSITOR. The mistake was corrected by the proofreader, and returned to the composing room, BUT THE H. T. U. FOREMAN AND COMPOSITOR LEFT THAT ERROR UNTOUCHED. The error was corrected a second time by the proofreader, AND A SECOND TIME THE H. T. U. FOREMAN AND COMPOSITOR LEFT IT UNTOUCHED; AND THUS THE JEWISH OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE S. L. P., LARGELY READ BY JEWISH VOTERS, WAS PRINTED AND WENT OUT TO ITS READERS ON THE VERY EVE OF ELECTION, CONVEYING INFORMATION THAT WAS INTENDED TO COST THE S. L. P. A LARGE NUMBER OF VOTES! Nor can the excuse be raised that this was an act of individual viciousness for which the H. T. U. organization can not be held responsible; it was applauded as a "clever stroke" by the organization, which, moreover, caused "unofficial" committees of its own to work against the S. L. P. in certain Assembly Districts, and spread criminal charges against S. L. P. candidates, with the precaution, however, always taken by such gentlemen, of never putting their charges in writing, knowing that, if they did, they would promptly be landed in the penitentiary as criminal libelers. Such is the character of the "union" in whose behalf "Socialist loving" Typographia No. 7 and its Mr. Baumann have gone, and continued to, be on the war path—and all that "for the greater glory and honor of the S. L. P."

This indictment could be continued indefinitely. Enough has been said to strip the hypocrites of their mask. The characteristics revealed by these historic facts REMAIN TO THIS DAY THE CHARACTERISTICS OF TYPOGRAPHIA NO. 7.

It displays its "unionistic intelligence" by furnishing the Bureau of Labor in this State with false reports on the status of that organization; and, during its strike against the "Staats-Zeitung," by threatening to boycott at the polls Grover Cleveland, the capitalist candidate of that paper for President.

It displays its "esteem for the Socialist Labor party" by denouncing and keeping away from it; its Mr. Baumann himself is not a member of the S. L. P., and for 15 years has been noted as one of its slanderers. Indeed, few members of No. 7 are members of the S. L. P., or vote its ticket; most of them, if they vote at all, vote for the capitalist parties.

It displays its "loyalty to the labor press" by abstaining from joining the German organization of labor established for the promotion of the labor press; by traducing that press, and seeking to destroy it; its precious Mr. Baumann himself, for instance, as Secretary of the Labor Conference in 1893, was convicted on a certain occasion of falsifying the minutes so as to make it appear that the conferees were opposed to THE PEOPLE, and this at a time when that paper's existence hung by a thread; and it furthermore displays its "loyalty to the labor press" by discriminating against poor labor and Socialist papers, in favor of rich capitalist ones, as it did when it aided and abetted a strike against the Philadelphia "Tageblatt" on the pretense of that paper's using plate matter, while it left untouched the rival German and capitalist paper, the Philadelphia "Demokrat" and others that used infinitely more plate matter, in fact drove a plate matter business.

It displays its "opposition to rival organizations" by joining and ever seeking to start such wherever its own exclusive interests or its Anarchistic hatred of the S. L. P. can be served.

It displays its "class-consciousness" and its sense of the "solidarity of labor" by treating its own unemployed as pariahs; by seeking to keep the unorganized; who are the overwhelming majority of the working class, out of organizations; and by acting as an advertising agent or "puller-in" for capitalist papers;—the very document in question has it fourth page ornamented with the names of the capitalist papers that this "class-conscious" organization recommends to the working class.

Such is the "union" that ventures to invoke the Socialists of Germany. In Socialist Germany such an abortion of unionism could simply not exist except in a spiritus bottle. Such is the union that dares masquerade under Socialist pretensions, and has the insolence to point its unclean finger at the S. T. & L. A.

Fellow Workingmen:—As illustrated by the conduct of Typographia No. 7 and this H. T. U., "pure and simple" leadership, not only refuses to organize and thereby to unify the workers, but it even recruits the army of the unorganized by its nefarious practices towards its own unemployed; as illustrated by the conduct of these "unionists" their "unions" are not organizations for the consolidation of the working class, but imitations, caricatures, of capitalist concerns, to be run in competition with and at the cost of everybody else; such "unionists" and "unionism" would keep the working class eternally divided, with the masses sinking ever lower.

The S. T. & L. A. was born of this fact. It pledged itself to devote its efforts

to the work of consolidating the working class by pursuing the only policy that can accomplish this; and it clearly stated that it would wage war to the knife against any man or set of men, who, whether corruptly or ignorantly, sought to keep the proletariat divided through pure and simpledom, such men being no better than, in fact, the buffers of capitalism.

The emphatic approval of these views by the National Convention of the S. L. P., subsequently ratified by referendum vote, showed that the days had gone by when the S. L. P. could be duped or browbeaten by fakirdom.

More recently, at the late election, the still more cheerful sign was seen of the decline of the fakirs' prestige among the masses. Despite the hysterical opposition of pure and simpledom, the S. L. P. vote went up everywhere in the land, notably in those districts where the S. L. P. comrades were most aggressive and uncompromising against the lackeys of capital—the fakirs.

These are not incidents that should be allowed to pass unperceived. All of them should be separately and jointly studied by the class-conscious and the uprising proletariat. They all denote the dawn of the coming day. The howl of the fakirs is an evidence that he feels the steel of New Unionism entering his soul, while the progress of the S. L. P. denotes that his howlings are vain as the barkings of dogs at the moon.

GENERAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, S. T. & L. A.
ERNEST BOHM, General Secretary.
New York, Nov. 17, 1897.

DEBS' INCAPACITY.

Unable to Understand the Class Struggle, he Wears Against Individuals and has a Career of Failure.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 23.—During the course of a speech delivered in Baltimore last week, Eugene V. Debs used the words: "We do not war with individuals," more than once—yet before he got through he had singled out some 20 or 30 individuals and held them up to contempt and scorn. That fact, taken in consideration with others, it is fair to assume, especially as Debs displayed carelessness in the use of terms, that he meant to say, "We do not recognize the class struggle"—indeed that is exactly the position that his personal organ, the Chicago "Social Democrat," maintains in an editorial article in its issue of the 11th instant.

This explains Debs' whole policy and his series of failures in the past, and it foreshadows his inevitable failure in the future. Debs has since 1894 been engaged in the business of hurling masses of the working class against individuals, and has sapped, to a great extent, the enthusiasm and spirit of those who followed his leadership in those contests, as witness the following:

The first strike engineered and conducted by the A. R. U. was that on the Great Northern Railway, which took place in May, 1894, and extended from St. Paul to the Pacific Coast. During the early part of that strike, which was a sure victory from the start on account of the simultaneous "march of Coxy" upon Washington, which at first frightened Cleveland, and caused him to concentrate the troops in Washington, Debs was in Chicago, and the papers of Minneapolis and St. Paul were calling him all manner of names, stopping at nothing, and doing all in their power to frighten the strikers by holding the A. R. U. up as an Anarchistic organization, and its leader as an Anarchist. The effort failed for the reasons above stated; the papers changed front; and Debs, who had meanwhile arrived in the "Twin Cities," was a "scholar," a "gentleman" in fact "he must be a college graduate"; they slobbered all over him. Then the business men of both cities took him up, lunched him, jollied him, toadied to him, and at last got him to let an absolute victory slide through his hands and to accept the decision of a board of arbitrators, which decision was, as usual, a miserable compromise, accepted on the part of "Jim" Hill—THE INDIVIDUAL DEBS WAS ATTACKING AT THE TIME—ostensibly as a defeat, but really as an armistice.

Then in July came the big strike, known as the "A. R. U. strike," which was, when all the facts shall be known, really forced by the railroad managers, who had noticed the strength of an organization which embraced all railroad workers, and were determined to break it up. Debs thought he would surely get the assistance of those who had lunched him, jollied him, and spoken so nice of him. Did he get it? Aber nit!

From the beginning the papers, not alone of Chicago, New York, Boston, etc., but the papers of St. Paul and Minneapolis, who only two months before were referring to him as "a man capable of filling any position," called him "insurrectionist," "incendiary," "out-law," "Anarchist," etc., etc., whilst the gentlemen who lunched him, jollied him and spoke so nice to him, caused themselves to be interviewed to the effect that they were altogether mistaken in Mr. Debs, and considered him as a "violinist of their confidence," who "had misled them as to his real nature," etc., etc. Every pettifogging shyster, every little insignificant little business man, every tool and toady of capitalism, joined in the one great chorus of vilification and abuse. Did Debs see the trees in the wood? Did he perceive the class behind the individuals? No. Debs went on fighting certain individuals and appealing to others—not understanding that at the time of the Great Northern strike the capitalist class was not prepared for him, and could not gather its forces together sufficiently to overpower him; so it temporized with him until it was strong enough to drop the kid glove of taffy to strike with the iron gauntlet of class hate and force—and to strike all the harder because they remembered the way they had crawled to him.

How Debs was arrested, put in jail and defeated in all his appeals from the sentence is common history; likewise is it common history that all through that struggle of '94—the individuals whom Debs was opposing had the support and countenance of every weapon of the capitalist class, including the press, pulpit, State legislatures, the President, Congress, army, militia, and every force and factor that could be brought to bear. Not once did the capitalist class show any signs of individualism. It presented a united front. AS A CLASS it demanded his arrest; AS A CLASS, it gloried in it; AS A CLASS, it urged his punishment; AS A CLASS, it became hysterically joyful when his punishment was accomplished; AS A CLASS, it sustained the individuals he was warring with in all that was done. And why? Because they hated and feared Mr. Debs? Nay, nay; but because they hated and feared the class behind him; because they feared that the working class might unite. Now, then, all of that experience Mr. Debs went through. Is there any other man in this or any other country who has had the class struggle pushed up in front of him as has Mr. Debs? Yet we find him ne ways differing from the Debs of five years ago. Because he cannot, or will not, recognize the class struggle, we find him compelled to WAR WITH INDIVIDUALS, as he did in his speech, referring to one capitalist as a "just judge," and to another as a "colossal robber," to a collection of capital-

ists as "capable of generating more odors than Coleridge found in Cologne"; and another collection "over-burdened poor sufferers, who were bending under the curse of too much money." Debs can no more stop warring with individuals than he could stop eating. Because not understanding or deliberately ignoring the class struggle, he is compelled to create a monstrosity called by him the "capitalistic system," which is, but never was; which exists, yet has no being; which lives, yet is supported by nothing and nobody—a very Frankenstein, which overpowers himself and against which all efforts come to naught. Such being the case, to create some human interest in his auditors, it becomes necessary to attack individuals—and Debs has the happy knack of picking out for the shafts of his ridicule and contempt those individuals who, in the interest of and at the behest of their class, have soundly thrashed him. Until such time as Mr. Debs is capable of understanding that was with or between individuals must cease, that the capitalist, who was a "just judge" in one instance was an unjust judge two weeks after—as Mr. Debs very well knows—and that the "just judge" and the "business man," the "odorous judge" and the "corporation attorney" as individuals are non-existent, that they are but members of the capitalist class doing the bidding of that class; and that opposed to that class is the working class—until he understands that the Republican Party, the Democratic Party, the Populist Party, and the others of that ilk, are the chief supports of the capitalist system, that they are run and controlled by the capitalist class, and is brave enough to say it;—until such time as he is able to point to those who are responsible for the capitalist system, and is not afraid to investigate, and then to state the conclusions such investigation will force on him;—until then he will be lacking the first requisites necessary in a leader of thoughtful, earnest men, and will be a misfit in such a position which he craves for, and dangerous in that he is liable to waste the energy and enthusiasm of the working class in useless attempts to lay a ghost.

ARTHUR KEEP.

PARTY NEWS.

Activity of Militant Socialists east, West, North and South.

SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY.
NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE—Secretary: Henry Kahn, 134 William street, N. Y.
NATIONAL BOARD OF APPEALS—Secretary: Robert Handlow, 136 Champlain st., Cleveland, O.

National Executive Committee.
Meeting held November 23, with Comrade Matchett in the chair. The financial report for the week ending Nov. 20 showed receipts to have been \$23.10; expenditures, \$23.85; deficit, 75c. Alex. Nelson, of Jersey, Arizona, was, upon application, admitted as a member at large.

Resolved to arrange an agitation tour through the New England States in conjunction with the State Committees, the speaker to be Harry Carless, who is to go with the stereopticon. The secretary was instructed to confer with the State Committees in regard to the tour.
A charter was granted for a new Section at Granville, Vermont.
C. L. FURMAN, Rec. Secy. pro tem.

New Jersey.
HOBOKEN, N. J., Nov. 21.—The half-yearly meeting of Section Hudson County will be held on Sunday, December 5, 1897, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, in Boeckmann's Hall, 408 Pallsade avenue, Jersey City Heights. All Comrades are requested to attend this meeting. Fraternally.
AUG. E. SCHROEDER,
Secretary pro tem.

NEWARK, N. J., Nov. 25.—Comrade Martha Moore Avery, of Boston, will speak in Newark on Saturday night in Essex County Socialist Club Rooms, 76 Springfield avenue. All party members are expected to be present. The Section has also completed arrangements for two lectures each Sunday, commencing Dec. 5, at Messors's Hall, 116 Elm street, at 3 p. m.; Headquarters, 76 Springfield avenue, at 8 p. m.

The following are the speakers:
Dec. 5—Dr. C. L. Furman.
" 12—J. T. Hunter.
" 19—E. Kirchner.
" 26—Jas. Allman.
Jan. 2—P. E. Burrows.
" 9—C. Edlin.
" 16—P. C. Vanderporten.
" 23—C. H. Matchett.
" 30—Thomas A. Hickey.
Members are expected to assist in handing out cards advertising these meetings. ORGANIZER.

New York.
18th A. D.—This evening Hugo Vogt lectures on "Class Struggles in America" at Stuyvesant Hall, 351 E. 17th street.
The next meeting of the General Committee of Section Greater New York, S. L. P., will be held on Saturday, Nov. 27th, 8 p. m., at the Labor Lyceum, 64 East 4th street, New York. Delegates should not fail to attend.
L. ABELSON, Organizer,
Section Greater New York, S. L. P.
A mass meeting will be held under the auspices of the 7th Assembly District on Saturday, November 27th, at 8 p. m., at Brady's Hotel, 243-245 West 17th street, at which prominent English and German speakers will be present. The admission is free.

Have you three neighbors who can afford to pay one dollar each? It means a DIAMOND POINT GOLD FOUNTAIN PEN for you.

DIAMOND POINT We will send it free to anyone sending us three yearly subscriptions at one dollar each. Will you take advantage of this unprecedented offer? Get a new yearly subscriber this, next and the following week, then send us \$3.00 and the pen is yours. Address all letters and money orders to THE PEOPLE, 184 William street, New York City.

A SOCIALIST ON WHEELS.

(Continued from Page 1.)

grant. In "them good old days" the travel and traffic on parts of this great road were so congested that for miles the noses of the horses of one team could touch the rear of the wagon just ahead. But that has long ago vanished. And why? Because the primitive tool of transportation, i. e., the road and wagon, gave way to a more and ever more perfect one, the railroad and locomotive. It reminds me, in this connection, of the howl sent up by the teamsters of Pennsylvania in the thirties when the locomotive, just before ridiculed by the "sensible, practical" people, came in and smashed their business into smithereens. Here is the howl:

Come all ye bold wagoners And turn out man by man, Who are opposed to railroads, Or any such a plan; For once we made our living By hauling with our team, But now the goods are hauled On the railroads by steam.

The "pottery" ain't anything "extry," but it shows very clearly where they were hit—"our living," our stomach, our centre of gravity—and what hit them, the larger tool.

My mileage, from July 3 to October 28, was 2,900. Of course, sometimes but not often, owing to rains and long jumps, I had to go by train. Manifestly, on a tour of this kind, it is impossible to run up a large mileage. The place at which you speak on a given date ought to be reached by noon, or two or three o'clock at the latest, so as to get your permit, get a notice in the evening papers, post your bills, interview connections, if any, attend to correspondence, etc. The work is very hard, especially when travelling in hilly country with a lot of baggage—often veritable cart-horse work. That, together with your afternoon work, and a red-hot speech at night, uses up about all the energy a man has. This mode of travel develops a great leg, sometimes like that of a mule—drive a door off its hinges first blow.

The bicycle is very useful in regions like the mining regions, where many small towns are close together, yet have very poor railroad service. With a bicycle, many of them can be visited in a single day. Sometimes I visited three in one day. One day I attended to matters in five different small mining towns—the two extremes being about thirty miles apart.

I will not state what make of wheel I ride for fear of creating dissensions in the party. I may mention, though, I suppose, that the weight is about 23 pounds and gear 68, with 6 1/2 in. cranks. I carried twelve to fifteen pounds of baggage in a grip strapped on behind the saddle against the rear stays, also two tool-bags. I repaired all punctures myself, of which I had about four in both tires, (it had seen much service before the tour anyway), and one crank (the cranks were made too light in the start, and this one couldn't stand the strain of climbing. Fortunately I had an extra one along). I had no other mishaps or accidents.

It may interest wheelmen to know that a certain wheel listing at \$100, and selling last spring at \$75, was produced as I learned from the superintendent where it was made, for about \$20, and that this year the same make of wheel would be manufactured for less than \$15. These figures include EVERYTHING. Note that this wheel is made in a comparatively small factory, and that in a large factory, like Pope's, where things are done on a large scale and other economies are possible, a \$100 wheel can be made for less than the small factory makes the second-grade wheel.

Some ideological noddles cherish the notion that a bicycle capitalist is more altruistic than the ordinary capitalist. Let me tell them of Lozier (whose concern, perhaps now the largest bicycle concern in the world, makes the Cleveland bicycle). This fall he starts in to coin the lives of children, introducing into his factory at Toledo 500 girls to displace men. They run all kinds of machinery, doing polishing, buffing, plating, drilling, milling, punching dies, making chains, inspecting, packing, etc. The men used to average \$1.75 a day; the girls, doing the same amount of work, get half and less.

At Hagerstown, Md., I found 20 men, most of whom have families, employed by the Crawford Bicycle Works as fillers at 35 cents a day! Many workmen there get but 60 cents a day. An unusually large proportion of these men are Americans. This would seem to be American pauper labor.

It will interest many to know that, when this concern employed 1,600 men, only 75 to 100 of them were skilled, the rest being common laborers, many of them farm-hands. The proportion of unskilled labor steadily increases. There are inventors employed by this concern and others who never receive a cent for their inventions, these being "appropriated" by the capitalist, and the employees getting merely ordinary wages.

I know of one bicycle factory, started a year or so ago, where one man superintended the setting up of the machinery, and after that the place was run by him, and inexperienced hands, most of them boys, only a few tool-makers being needed in the way of skilled labor. These facts do not harmonize very well with the statements contained in bicycle catalogues setting forth in bombastic language the great number of highly skilled and highly paid workmen employed, the great cost of wheels, etc. No wonder the export of bicycles to Europe has jumped from \$900,000 in '96 to \$1,800,000 in '97. Foreign manufacturers, by the way, are setting up a great howl, and some demand a tariff against American wheels.

As to agitation—for by this time the non-cyclist is frenzied. Some idea has been given in previous issues of THE PEOPLE as to my work in that line. I organized in all 25 Sections—24 in Ohio and 1 in Pennsylvania. Nearly all the Sections are miners' Sections. I spoke all the way going out, beginning at Lancaster, Pa., July 3, and, coming back, wound up at Shamokin, Pa., on November 1.

I must report almost everywhere great sympathy with the movement. This I know will not manifest itself so greatly at present in the vote, but to the student it looks very gratifying for the near future. It will doubtless interest many to hear that two of three most enthusiastic meetings took place in Republican strongholds, where a Socialist had never before set foot. In one of these places—Niles, O.—two Bryan men last fall tried for an hour in vain to make themselves heard, and one of them intimated to me that I should have very poor, if any, success there. I spoke there, however, to a very large and attentive audience, and when, at the close, I handed out leaflets, the rush to get them was so great as almost to knock me off my soap box. At Leontonia, a Populist town, the crowd gave three cheers when I finished, although I wound up with a black eye for both gold bugs and silver bugs. Many cases like this I could relate if space permitted.

I wish here to give a little experience in agitation. I brought many Republicans and several well-to-do middle-class people of different parties straight across to out-and-out Socialism, who did not find it at all necessary first to imbibe the errors and vagaries of Populism before they could become clear Socialists. On the contrary, often their fancy that our ideas and tactics were similar or identical with those errors and vagaries has been a distinct hindrance to us in getting their attention. The teaching of mathematical errors does not facilitate the true study of mathematics, but is a permanent obstacle to it. Likewise the way to a correct understanding of the principles of true political economy does not lie through a maze of errors and half-truths. These false impressions in many cases are a life-long stumbling block. For instance, I find men, once Greenbackers, later on trying "to get something new" through the People's Party, thrown down by it, trying to get "one thing at a time" through Billy Bryan (and getting more than one thing at a time "in the neck") now holding up the corpse of the People's Party or playing as bobs to the tail of Mr. Debs' kite.

As to the Debs movement in Ohio, it is motionless. Like everywhere else, what little there is of it, is composed of fakirs, a conglomerate mass of Anarchists, Single Taxers, Sixteen-to-Oners, the "perambulating faction" and a few honest confusionists. What the movement means is not that there has been any additional number of clear-headed Socialists made (this the first and greatest pre-requisite), but simply that isolated and disconnected gangs of political gamblers, together with "rudderless Utopians"—these almost all in existence for many years—have now been experimentally united under Debs & Co. It is a movement, leaving aside the question of honesty in the object for which it was founded, that lacks the great essentials of force and aggressiveness (as many Ohio comrades know from personal contact), the moral courage and sound scientific footing to withstand adversity, is composed of elements of divergent views and interests bound eventually to split the organization, and the utopian element, attracted by a personality and not a principle, must fall apart when Debs, the object of worship, collapses, a very safe prediction when we consider Debs' vacillating public acts and the company he keeps.

In reference to fakirs, let me tell you of the tricks of Holy Moses Sovereign. In Glouster, O., where we have a Section of 45 members, he delivered a strongly Socialistic speech, although making bad breaks now and then. Next night he spoke at Nelsonville, where no Socialist had yet appeared, and made an out-and-out 16-to-1 speech, although he made no reference to that "paramount question." I believe, at Glouster, I know this from a Glouster Comrade, who heard him at both places—Comrade Echstenkamper, an old veteran.

At the same place—Glouster—Ratchford, president of United Mine Workers, the Republican decoy duck, preached the uselessness of political action, citing as proof past experience in America, and the Fenians, Nihilists, Communists, etc.; the strike was labor's only weapon. It was about the same time that Billy Bryan, Democratic decoy duck, in his Labor Day speech at St. Louis, said that "all improvement must come from efforts outside of politics." Until arbitration is secured, the strike is the only weapon within the reach of labor." How strikingly out of their own mouths do they convict themselves of criminal ignorance and treachery!

As to prosperity.—Perhaps at present there are a few more men employed than in the beginning of the year, though it can hardly more than counter-balance the great number who were thrown out of work after the Presidential election. I found in almost every town last summer fewer men employed than at the time of the Presidential election, and at a reduction in wages of 5 per cent. to 25 per cent., in some cases much more. At Bellaire, O., the tonnage men in the steel mill about a month ago got a cut of 60 per cent.; the men struck and negro labor was to be introduced. Note that part of the stockholders in this concern are silver bugs, one of them a Silver-Prohibitionist at that. The reduction is brought about partly by increasing the work of each man. As a result, the men are fearfully exhausted, one job, as a result, having to be filled four times within a short period. Nearly everywhere, of course, the employees are do-

ing more work for the same or less pay. In many cases girls—and sometimes!—are longer hours—are taking the place of men; and in many places (since the '96 election) improved machinery has displaced labor and reduced wages.

Probably no more striking proof of the above statement can be found anywhere than in McKinley's own home—Canton, O. About five months ago "The Repository," Mac's own organ, informed the Typographical Union that wages would have to come down. The union objected, whereupon the Mergenthaler was put in, and out of 12 of "The Repository's" type-setters 8 were thrown out on the street (to press bricks for a living). Granted that the pure and simple union can maintain wages, how can it maintain employment in the face of such things as this? In the Dunbold Safe & Lock Co. Works, of Canton, up to about 9 months ago, there were 10 men employed in polishing by hand the heavy doors of vaults. They continually complained about the exhausting nature of their work. They do not do so any longer; they are, perhaps, reposing on their incomes and studying the money question. Cause: Machine, with one man. The work is easy now. The Berger Mfg. Co., of Canton, making steel roofing, conductor pipes, etc., is running good now, but instead of employing men, employs women and girls at much lower wages, and work them as long as 16 hours a day. During the hot spell last summer one day several of the girls dropped over from heat and overwork. Observe the growing introduction of girls and women into the metallic trades, observe this and their extreme spoliation in McKinley's own home, a great residential town; note this savage exploitation and barbarous neglect, and then push the principles of the class struggle with all the power of heart and brain. The Bucher & Gibbs Plow Co. promised their employees lots of pretty things if McKinley were elected, and day before Christmas gave them a present of a 10 to 30 per cent. cut, told them they hadn't reached bottom yet and ought to be glad that they had any work at all. Well, don't you think such gudgeons as to support this system ought to be glad when they have any work at all?

J. H. McLean & Co., of Canton, who promised similar pretty things, hadn't done anything since the '96 election up to my visit there last summer. The Artificial Ice Co., of Canton, similar promiser, cut wages since the '96 election from \$1.50 a day to \$1, same number of hours. I was told by several that when McKinley visited Canton last 4th of July many unemployed men pulled out their empty pockets in plain view of McKinley, as the procession went by. Over at Massillon (Coxey's own home, Coxey who has admitted to our comrades there that "Socialism is all right," but turns his back on it)—only eight miles west of Canton—the Republican paper came out with great head lines about the arrival of prosperity on the same day it cut its own employees' wages. On the employees' calling attention to this inconsistency, the management answered by getting mad.

All these statements I got from employees directly affected, or from their fellow wage slaves. The tin mill employees are the only ones I discovered in Ohio who had received an advance, and this was 8 per cent. against a reduction last fall of 15 per cent. The machine, however, is getting in its deadly work here also. At Canal Dover the picklers in the tin mill, who were getting \$3 a day, struck for \$3.25, and the company, after four days, surrendered. Six months later (now about a year ago) the picklers were dumfounded by the introduction of machinery to do this work, whereby one man, unskilled, could do twice as much as the skilled workman formerly, and for it received \$1.50 a day. These skilled workmen, therefore, took a tumble from \$3.25 a day to \$1.25; THEY HAD TO.

Many readers are doubtless aware of the reduction in puddlers' wages last summer, from \$4.50 to \$4 a ton, which they had to take IN ORDER TO PRESERVE THEIR UNION! This, of course, enables them much better to buy dollar wheat. Some of them, by the way, are beginning to understand how they would have fared under free silver. We have our high prices, especially for farm products, which latter Mr. Bryan so earnestly assured us was the first prerequisite to a return of prosperity, and some have found that wages do not rise with the rise in prices. Perhaps, though, Bryan could have made capitalists act differently. The miners, too, in spite of the increase, a beggarly one, they get through the strike, find, owing to higher prices for flour, potatoes, sugar, powder, etc., that they are really working for considerably less wages than before the strike.

Many miners, up to the close of the strike, had not worked since January 1. One has to wonder how they live. The cow and little patch has been what kept them up. Many live in little shanties, somewhat larger than an organ box, renting at \$4 a month. A long, narrow, one-story shed, like a cattle barn, cut up crosswise into rooms, rents at \$1 a month for each person. These places often swarm like an ant-hill—at \$1 a head. When you consider the beggarly wages they make, their grimy, gloomy, dangerous, exhausting toil, their generally miserable, unattractive houses, and dirty, ugly little towns in which they live, the outrageous plucking by false screens and company stores, no diversion save the saloon, living in this dreary penitentiary of toil, their endurance, as that of their fellow wage slaves everywhere, is one of the greatest marvels of the world. If the proletariat show but a fraction of this patience after the Co-operative Commonwealth is established, there will be no shadow of doubt about its permanency. One of them casually expressed to me their condition in words meaning volumes: "The miner has such a hard life, he might as well be dead."

One of the miners of the Massillon district showed me his pay envelopes for a year, and we found that in the best bituminous district in the United States, working in a good "room," in a good mine, between October, 1894, and October, 1895 (the best year since '81), he, an expert miner, working 201 days that year—an exceptionally good run—realized, after deducting cost of powder, oil, etc., \$256.83—\$1.27 1/2 for each day he worked, or 82 1/2 cents a day based on 313 working days to the year. In Shawnee at one mine in '94 the average wages were 30 cents a day; in another mine there, 22 1/2 cents!

THE DAILY PEOPLE \$50,000 FUND.

Amount Pledged down to November 24th, 1897. \$4,575.

Pledgers will please keep in mind the dates on which their payments fall due, as per printed list, and remit promptly. If any error appears on the list, correct with equal promptness.

THE DAILY PEOPLE COMMITTEE, 184 William St., N. Y.

text by the company to reduce wages. They claim that the machine enables the miner to load twice as many tons as the miner in pick mines, and that, therefore, his rate per ton should be only half as great as the pick miner's—viz., 28 cents for machine mines and 56 cents for pick mines. He cannot, however, as a rule, load twice as much, and his forced to work extra hard to make his old rate of wages. This and other beautiful methods of reducing wages I found in many parts of Ohio.

Along Lake Erie I saw the great coal dumpers at work. Some of these will take up bodily a whole car of coal at a time, dump it into a chute that pours it into the hold of a vessel, and return it to its place on the railroad track in a minute. I figured on the difference between unloading by hand and unloading by machinery (including cost and maintenance), and roughly it is like this: One car, by hand, 15 men one hour, cost.....\$1.87 1/2 One car, by machinery, 22 men one minute, cost......17 1/2

A vessel, I think, can now coal up and get away in one day where formerly it took 3 days. A wholesale displacement that took place along this lake recently was as follows: The Cleveland Shipbuilding Co. moved its works from Cleveland to Lorain, where they have bigger dockyards and improved machinery, so that they are doing now with 150 hands at Lorain what required 400 at Cleveland. At Cleveland the laborers (about half the force) got \$1.50 a day; now at Lorain \$1.25. The way to help the displaced men is, of course, to raise by a high tariff or "16 to 1," the prices of what these men eat and wear. Then the poor devils will be happy!

I heard this choice bit about Jim Blaine, from a witness of it. The incident occurred at Orrville, O., and Blaine was giving a man named Orr advice as to how to carry that county for the Republicans. Blaine said: "God damn it, Orr, get down and mix with them. Take a plug of tobacco in your hand and get down and mix with these hayseeds. That's the way to do it." My informant is the proprietor of a hotel and once a Republican.

At Tremont, O., I heard McKinley, in the course of a speech, say that the country "is safer, and FREER and better than it ever was before," also, that "the institutions of the country are safe; there's a flag in the hands of every child." The next night, when I spoke there and asked for signatures, a work-ingman followed me around a corner, after the speech was over, so as to sign the petition unobserved, saying he had a job on the railroad to keep FREEMONT! But sometimes even flags, Major, can't hold a system together. Did you ever hear that "Necessity knows no law?" The labor-skinning and labor-skinner-protecting institutions of this country are not safe. The day approaches when labor, roused at last, under penalty of death, out of its torpor, unable longer to endure this system of outrage, robbery and murder, united and made omnipotent by the power of knowledge, will rise gigantic, Thor-like, and with arm and hammer crush it, destroy it forever.

B. F. KEINARD. A Complete Set of The People in Bound Volume in the Boston Public Library. A Set of its Predecessor The Workmen's Advocate wanted.

A complete set of THE PEOPLE was procured by the Massachusetts State Committee of the Socialist Labor Party after much difficulty and presented to the Boston Public Library. It has been bound in red calf by the library, and may be seen in that institution. There is not another set in any public library in the country nor can a complete set be bought to-day at any price. The set that is here will be invaluable in the future to the historian and student as well as to members of the party, who will have occasion many times to refer to these volumes. The volumes in the future will be preserved and bound.

Has any one a volume or more of the predecessor of THE PEOPLE—"The Workman's Advocate"—that they would sell or donate? Has any one a volume or more of "The Socialist," published about 1878, or any other Socialist paper in the English language published in this country? If there are any such I would be obliged if they would communicate with me. A collection of Socialist and labor pamphlets and leaflets (old and new) is being made to deposit in a public institution. Members of the party and others who may have any such documents they would dispose of may send them to the undersigned.

THOMAS C. BROPHY, 17 Fremont Ave., Somerville, Mass.

Buffalo American Branch will hold this Sunday, Nov. 28, at 8 p. m., in Labor Lyceum, 550 Broadway, a discussion meeting on the subject: "The rapid increase of the Socialist vote in the country and the lessons of the recent election." Come and bring friends along.

Philadelphia, Pa. Comrade Max Keller, 1016 Hope street, has been duly appointed agent for THE PEOPLE.

All subscribers are urgently requested to settle for their subscription by him if in arrears. Give him a hand in agitating and gathering new subscribers. The receipt of a sample copy of this paper is an invitation to subscribe.

"Skand. Am. Arbetaren." Our Swedish Party Organ can be had on trial for two months for 10 cents. Every comrade who wants to help to push along our cause and who happens to know any Swedes, would do us a great favor by sending in the names and addresses with (or without) 10 cents. Postage stamps accepted. Let the expected reader pay the price himself if possible, but at any rate, send along the name and address. SKANDINAVIAN AM. ARBETAREN, 27-27 Frankfort St., New York, N. Y.

Trades and Societies Calendar Standing advertisements of Trades Unions and other Societies (not exceeding five lines) will be inserted under this heading hereafter at the rate of \$5.00 per annum. Organizations should not lose such an opportunity of advertising their places of meetings.

Carl Schum Club (Musicians Union), meetings every Tuesday at 10 a. m., at 44 East 4th street, New York Labor Lyceum, Business Secretary: Fred. 308

Central Labor Federation of New York (S. T. & L. A., D. A. No. 1), Meets at 2:30 every Sunday afternoon at 64 East 4th street, New York City. All bona-fide trade and labor Unions should be represented. Communications are to be sent to the corresponding Secretary, Ernest Bohm, 64 East 4th street, New York City. 31

Cigar-makers' Progressive International Union No. 90, Office and Employment Bureau, 64 East 4th street, District I (Bohemia), 324 East 1st street, every Saturday at 8 p. m.—District II (German), at 413 Forsyth street every Saturday at 8 p. m.—District III, meets at 157 avenue A, every Saturday at 8 p. m.—District IV, meets at 342 West 42nd street, every Saturday at 8 p. m.—The Board of Supervisors meets every Tuesday at 1422 2nd avenue, at 8 p. m. 36

Empire City Lodge (Machinists), meets every Wednesday evening at the Labor Lyceum, 64 East 4th street. Secretary: HENRY ZINCK. 373

German Waiters' Union of New York, Office: 385 Bowery, Union Hall, 1st floor. Meetings every Friday at 4 p. m. Board of Supervisors meets every Wednesday at 4 p. m., at the same hall. 334

Musical Protective Alliance No. 1028, M. D. A. 49, S. T. & L. A., Headquarters 79 E. 4th street. Meetings every Friday at 10 o'clock in the hall of the Board of Supervisors, Wall, cor. Sec'y, Residence, 173 E. 4th St. 34

Section Essex County, S. L. P., meets the first Sunday in each month at 3 p. m. in the hall of "Essex County Socialist Club," 76 Springfield Ave., Newark, N. J. 189

Scandinavian Section, S. L. P. Meets 2nd and 4th Sunday of every month at 10 o'clock a. m., at Schuler's Hall, 231-233 East 32d St., New York City. Subscription orders taken for the Scand. Socialist Weekly, SCAND. AM. ARBETAREN. 35

Socialist Society Club, S. L. P., 36th St., 35 E. 4th St., Cor. of 3d Ave. and 36th St., Open 7 o'clock evening. Regular business meeting every Friday. 35

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To Irish Comrades. All the copies of the pamphlet "The Rights of Ireland and the Faith of a Felon," received from Dublin by the Irish Socialist Republican Party, have been sold out; and there only remain on hand samples of the handsome green due card of the Irish Socialist Republican Party, which can be had at 5 cents each from Labor News Co., 64 E. 4th street, New York City.