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REPUBLICAN PLATFORM IS A STRANGE STRUCTURE.

In all justice it must be admitted that the platform adopted by the Republican National Convention at Chicago is a rather remarkable creation. It could not be otherwise when, as has been announced, it was "prepared under the personal direction of President Roosevelt."

With characteristic modesty the President proclaims to the world the various points that go to make his personal and official greatness. He declares that "his administration is an epoch in American history." At this point he generously gives a share of credit to his well-meaning predecessors, Washington and Lincoln, but insists that "the Republican party has reached its highest service under the leadership of Theodore Roosevelt," through whose omniscient guidance "American manhood and womanhood have been lifted to a nobler sense of duty and obligation." To this he adds that in himself "The highest aspirations of the American people have found a VOICE," but says nothing about their dental equipment. He also states that as a result of his efforts and example "the abuse of wealth, the tyranny of power, and all the evils of privilege and favoritism have been put to scorn by the simple, manly virtues of justice and fair play." No mention is made, however, of the fact that this scorching "scorn" has failed utterly to wither these things and that they all are still doing business at the same old stand.

After reciting the many desirable things he has PROMISED to do or erroneously assumes to have done, he diffidently declares: "These are the achievements that will make for Theodore Roosevelt his place in history."

So much space in the platform is set aside for floricultural purposes that little is left for a proclamation of principles.

This extensive self-endorsement of a man who says he doesn't want the nomination leaves also a slightly embarrassing lack of room for the endorsement of a candidate who frankly says he does want it. Moreover it leaves few complimentary things to be said about that candidate without inartistic repetition. It may be regarded, in fact, as a very good starter for the dreaded "stampede."

Altogether, this is a rather difficult document, remarkable not so much for what it says as for what it leaves unsaid. It "points with pride" to the past record of the Republican party—the very remote past; recent performance is for the most part discreetly ignored. The negro is reminded that the Republican party "gave him freedom and citizenship," but no reference is made to the Brownsville episode. Mention is made of the anti-trust law, but there is a judicious failure to point out the fact that its exclusive intent and sole effect is the restraint of organized labor. It congratulates the country on an increase of wealth to the extent of one hundred and ten billions under the Republican regime, and felicitates us on the fact that the United States now owns one-fourth of the world's wealth, but neglects to state that most of this wealth is in the hands of a comparative few. It deplures the evils of war and endorses The Hague peace conference, while advocating a larger navy. It promises greater protection to wage-earners, and it also pledges the party to increase the regular army and strengthen the National Guard, it doubtless intends this greater military force as a body-guard for strikers.

Then there is an anti-injunction plank with a knot-hole in it through which capitalism could easily drive its coach-and-four. This plank is the only part of the platform which does not bear the Rooseveltian impress. Its style strongly suggests C. W. Post, of "Gripe-Guts" renown.

In its conclusion the platform attempts to define the difference between the Republican and the Democratic parties.

The only difference between these two parties is over the possession of the plunder.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY AND THE UNEMPLOYED.

With six million workmen in the United States vainly hunting and begging for a chance to earn their bread by hard and useful labor, with the miseries resulting from unemployment growing more intense and more widespread every week for the last eight months—and all with Republicans in power at the White House and in the Capitol, and in most of the state houses and city halls of the land—yet the Republican national convention has the effrontery to say "the Democratic party finds fault, the Republican party finds work." The first half of the statement is true. The second half marks the climax of impudent falsehood.

That the Democracy is, and for many years has been, merely negative, critical, fault-finding, is the truth. Even the best of the Democratic leaders cannot or dare not offer a constructive program. As for the party organization, it has no ideals or principles whatsoever. Its only political asset is the blundering and criminal career of the Republican administration.

But the Republicans are in an even worse position. After all their years of boasting over prosperity, the bottom has fallen out of the "full dinner pail" as suddenly, as completely, as disastrously, as it did under Democratic rule in 1893. If Cleveland's party was to blame for the hard times that began fifteen years ago, as the Republicans have always charged, then Roosevelt's party is still more clearly to blame for the hard times that began last year.

In fact, neither of the old parties is to blame more than the other. It is the capitalist system that is responsible. Both old parties support that system, and both must bear the blame for the evils that result.

The Socialists alone are in a position to say, "We told you so"—not in a tone of triumph, but in one of warning. For years the Socialists have been predicting the hard times, because they understand the workings of capitalism and have no reason to conceal the truth. Whether the old parties could not foresee what has come, or whether, foreseeing, they dared not speak of it, is for them to say. The fact remains that, without completely accepting the Socialist program, neither of them has the power to remove the evil.

SOME BOLTS MISSING FROM ROOSEVELT'S PLATFORM.

Considerable attention has been given in these columns to the platform prepared by President Roosevelt for adoption by his convention in Chicago; but it is one of those infrequent masterpieces to which, like the deep well of Shakespeare's inexhaustible genius, we can return again and again to draw forth new treasures of delight.

That approximately one-fourth of this unique document is devoted to self-adulation before any attention is given to the relatively unimportant matters of party principles and program, indicates that Roosevelt's long-standing suspicion of his own superlative greatness has crystalized into an unshakable conviction. But to dwell at length upon this feature were invidious and unworthy, so we should appreciatively turn to those things not heretofore enumerated which tend to prove the status of the Rooseveltian statesmanship.

After congratulating the country on the enormous increase of wealth, without mentioning the fact that it is controlled by corporations and a few individuals, the President's platform says:

"And yet her great natural wealth has been scarcely touched. We have vast domains of 30,000,000 square miles, literally bursting with latent treasure, still waiting the magic of capital and industry, to be converted to the practical uses of mankind; a country rich in soil and climate, in the unharnessed energy of its rivers, and in all the varied products of the field, the forest, the factory, and the forge."

It's all right—none of this "great natural wealth" will be overlooked. It'll all be "touched" in good time, never fear. And has Roosevelt forgotten the Government timber land steals in which his good friend Senator [Name] and from which the Senator was excused [Name] that he might

Both as the [Name] granted that \$29,000,000 and the hard Oil fine
Building [Name] alone in [Name] of [Name] [Name] [Name]
[Name] in the theory that it has [Name] [Name] [Name]
Total [Name] take and [Name] campaign fund, [Name] [Name] [Name]
[Name] [Name] [Name] [Name] [Name] [Name] [Name] [Name] [Name] [Name]

second Taft's nomination and perform other service for the executive pleasure? That certainly could be termed a "touch." As for our rivers and all other forms of primal energy and natural productiveness, they, too, will soon be monopolized and utilized and broken to harness. The corporations can be counted on to grab them also.

It is strange that reference to the employers' liability law did not suggest some mention of the Monongah catastrophe. Surely our once thorough President is losing his genius for detail.

Stress is laid upon our prosperity and progress under Republican rule. It might be said that with over six million workmen out of employment, a search-warrant would be required to find a trace of this prosperity throughout our national "Deserted Village" of smokeless factories and silent shops. But that, too, were invidious.

The pertinent point is that the estimate of a national wealth increased by one hundred and ten billions looks rather lonesome by itself. It should be cheered by complemental computations such as these (the figures are purely approximate):

- Increase of pauperism, 100 per cent.
- Increase of insanity, 80 per cent.
- Increase of crime, 110 per cent.
- Increase of suicide, 90 per cent.
- Increase of child labor, 200 per cent.
- Increase of accidents to workers, 99 per cent.
- Increase of popular discontent, beyond all computation.

But these things are merely interesting, and not at all important. The mistake should not be made of taking the platform seriously. It is not an actual program, but an empty promise. It is a flimsy formality, a concession to custom. Its only value is as a device for drawing votes.

The only positive thing about the document is its direct abuse of the Democratic party. The sins of Democracy must be admitted, but they cannot possibly serve as a justification for the crimes of the Republican party.

As a double knockout, the Democratic party is accused of being saturated with Socialism. The charge is a base and baseless slander—of Socialism. The Democratic party is as guiltless of Socialism as either of the old-party organizations is guiltless of decency.

A RED COCKADE FOR THE POINTED HELMET.

A year ago the Republican and Democratic newspapers of the United States used big type to announce and much space in their editorial columns to exult over "the downfall of Socialism in Germany." Calmly ignoring the more important fact that the Socialist popular vote had grown from 3,000,000 to 3,240,000, they "displayed" the less important fact that the Socialist delegation in the Reichstag had been cut down from eighty-one to forty-eight—a result which, as these papers were generally careful NOT to explain, was effected by closer combination among the various parties of the propertied classes than had ever before been known.

The "unpatriotic" character of the Socialist movement was assigned as one of the chief reasons for this "downfall." All good Germans, it was explained, like all good men in other countries, were disgusted with a party which told workingmen that it was foolish and wrong for them to go out and shoot their fellow men of other nationalities or their fellow workingmen in their own land at the behest and for the profit of landlords, manufacturers, merchants, bankers, contractors, aristocrats, and bureaucrats.

Another election has been held in Germany this month—the election of the Landtag or legislature of Prussia, comprising about two-thirds of the German Empire. The elections to the Prussian Landtag are held under a peculiar system—the worst in the world, even old Bismarck called it. The voters are divided into three classes, according to wealth—the few rich men owning one-third of the property comprising the first class; the more numerous well-to-do persons, owning another third of the property, forming the second class; and the vast majority of the people, owning the remainder, constituting the third; and each of these classes has one-third of the voting power for the election of Landtag members.

The system is not favorable to the Socialist movement, which appeals chiefly to the working class. Never before has a Socialist been elected to the Landtag, although for several years we have had a majority of the voters in a large number of districts. This year **THE SOCIALISTS HAVE WON SEVEN SEATS IN THE PRUSSIAN LANDTAG**, a sufficient number of the small business men, professional men, and better paid mechanics in the second class voting with the mass of workingmen in the third to turn the balance of power against the alliance of haughty land-owning Conservatives and trucking bourgeois Liberals, who have heretofore dominated everything in Prussia. The Socialists have won this victory **WITHOUT ANY FUSION WITH THE SO-CALLED RADICALS OR ANY OTHER PARTY.** The Radicals had so often broken their promises to work for a reform of the electoral system that our party, in fact, made a particularly aggressive campaign against them. And **AMONG THE SEVEN SOCIALISTS ELECTED IS DR. KARL LIEBKNECHT, THE LEADING ANTI-MILITARIST IN THE GERMAN SOCIAL**... the prison cell to which...
...nounced him a few

months ago, this worthy son of our "Soldier of the Revolution" now goes to speak for the toilers and to combat legalized butchery in the legislative chamber.

And, to return to the subject of old-party papers in this country and their intelligent interest in foreign affairs, many of them have altogether failed to report this Prussian election, and not one, so far as we have been able to learn, has given it anything like the prominence which was given to the pretended defeat of the Socialists in the Reichstag election of 1907. All of which goes to show that the old-party editors know their business.

It is said that on the lordly Twombly estate near Madison, N. J., the stalls of the blooded cows are equipped with shower baths. And the millionaire masters, when speaking of the toilers whose deprivation of the decencies of life made possible this bovine luxury, sneeringly refer to them as "the great unwashed"!

OLD AGE PENSIONS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

In speaking last week of the Socialist party as a party of the present as well as a party of the future, and of the concessions which the old parties make to its demands in proportion as it gains in strength, we said: "The Socialist party accepts every concession that is offered. It makes none in return, but only redoubles its demands."

In this connection it is worth while to mention a remarkable concession which we have won from the British Government. In the face of a Labor party with thirty-one members in Parliament, half of whom are openly avowed Socialists in the full sense of the word, and all of whom are committed to the essential principles of Socialism by the resolution adopted in the party's annual congress last January, the dominant Liberal party has been compelled to take up the question of old-age pensions. The Ministry, therefore, introduced a bill, which passed its second reading in the House of Commons this week, and which, unless all signs fail, will soon be enacted into law.

The bill is far from being satisfactory to the Labor members. It exhibits the haggling meanness characteristic of bourgeois statesmen. Had it been the aristocratic Tories instead of the capitalist Liberals who found themselves forced to make the concession, they would probably have done it much more handsomely. What Mr. Asquith's bill proposes is that every person reaching the age of seventy shall thenceforth be entitled to a pension of five shillings a week. It is a miserably small pittance, and the high age limit will prevent the large majority of the workers from ever getting any direct benefit from its provisions. In view of the high cost of living now prevailing, twice the sum would be the minimum that ordinary decency should dictate; and in view of the intensity of modern industrial life, which wears laborers out before they are old in years, sixty is the highest age that should be considered as marking the period of superannuation.

Still, unsatisfactory as it is, the passage of the bill will mark an epoch in British social legislation. Even the direct effect of the measure will count for something toward lessening the horrors of working-class poverty. By somewhat reducing the fear of an old age of absolute destitution, it will be of some value in keeping up the courage and resolution of workingmen and women in their daily struggle for better wages and hours in the shop.

What is much more important, it is a precedent, an entering wedge. It establishes the old-age pension as a principle, whose application can and probably will be improved and extended. Let the number of Socialists in the House be doubled at the next general elections, and it will be easier for them to force an increase of the pensions and a lowering of the age limit than it has been for the handful now there to compel this first step.

Two features of the bill especially exhibit its nature as a concession to the Labor party. It is "universal"—that is, men and women will not have to brand themselves as paupers in order to get a pension. It is "non-contributory"—that is, the funds are to be provided by taxation, not by the Liberals' very illiberal scheme of making every workingman pay a few pennies a week throughout his working life on the chances of getting a few shillings a week in his last years. As a form of pauper relief or as a plan of endowment insurance administered by the State, there would have been no great difficulty in the Liberals accepting it. But it is neither. It is a real old-age pension plan, though a niggardly one. It recognizes that society owes support to the aged workingman as well as to the old soldier. This character was impressed upon it, and the other two features eliminated in the preliminary discussion, by the energetic action of the Socialist members. It stands as a trophy of victory for the Labor party.

Because of its damaging political effect, ex-Senator Chandler has written a letter to Taft urging him to withdraw his charge of intemperance against Gen. Grant. This is an example of the honesty of old-party politicians. The Secretary's statement concerning Grant was in wretched taste, but having made it, he should stand by it. Being true, he should not deny it, thereby proving himself a liar as well as a

LETTERS TO THE GREAT AND SMALL.

BY BEN. HANFORD.

To the Hon. William H. Taft:

Mr. Taft! Mister Taft! William!
"Dear Will!" Bill! IN-JUNC-TION
BILL!—

Oh, you can hear that, can't you? Somehow that name makes you sit up and take notice. Such a pretty name—IN-JUNC-TION BILL!—isn't it! And so musical, too. I wonder if you are ever troubled with insomnia? If so, you can cure yourself easily. Just as you get into bed, part your lips in a smile of innocence, close your tired eyes, and think—think of that beautiful name, IN-JUNC-TION BILL. When that name comes into your mind insomnia will leave you—especially in the time between now and November. Insomnia? Really, Mr. Taft, when you grasp the real import of those two words, you won't want to sleep.

Well, I see the nomination is as good as yours. Your party is going to put you up for President. You've got the nomination. How about the election? Can you win? There are many and great forces on your side. First of all, as modestly as I can do so, let me assure you that I'll do all I can for you. Just to give you pleasure, Bill, and to relieve any anxiety that might be lurking in your gelatine I want to assure you that from this hour I shall do my best for you. Early and late I shall tell the people about your good qualities. Bill—In-junc-tion Bill! I'm going to stick right with you, Mr. Taft, from now until the polls close. And I shan't cost you a cent. And I don't want an office if you are elected. A volunteer soldier, I. You are so proud of your injunction record, you are so sure that you were a learned judge, and an upright judge, that I see clearly that I can serve you best by showing the people—especially union workingmen—how greatly they have been blessed by your injunction precedents.

Granted the nomination is yours, let us briefly scan the forces in your favor.

First of all, there are the Old Grey Wolves—you can safely count on at least half of them. And they don't cost anything. Just give them letters of marque and trust them to look out for their country's welfare—and their own.

Then, after the Wolves, there are the Dogs. You'll have to whistle for them, to be sure. But a little cat-meat from the butcher's, a box of dog biscuit—some of them won't want anything at all that costs money; just allow them

to lick your hand, or your boots. Now, there's Curtis—he'd scorn to lie for pay. Pure patriotism and love of the game is all he wants. What? What's that? You have paid him? Well, who'd have thought it! What did you give him? A bone? What's that? You gave him a bone sirloin? Why, Mr. Taft, you're wasting your substance. You'll impoverish yourself. Well, it's for your country's sake.

There's the Old Grey Wolves and the Dogs—they're for you, and they're a power. Who else? Yes, yes. The Suckers—you've got to have them—and the Rogues, the Cowards, and the Fools. But they're all easy. Bill—In-junc-tion Bill! Here's the plan of campaign. It's a winner:

Bait the Suckers.
Buy the Rogues.
Scare the Cowards.
Trap the Fools.
And there you are—you're electe!

Here's an idea—not a vote-getter, perhaps, but just to give an artistic touch to the campaign. A man who aspires to the Presidency must never forget that it is his duty to encourage Art.

As soon as you are nominated have your campaign manager organize parades in every city and hamlet in the United States—especially parades of workmen. As these workmen march proudly down the street, heads erect, torches blazing, banners waving, music playing, they can keep step to the following slogan:

Bill! Bill! In-JUNC-tion Bill!
Bill! Bill! In-JUNC-tion Bill!

Oh, Mr. Taft, the fun you're going to have! Just imagine—I do so hope your imagination is good—just imagine three million organized workmen marching through the streets in close formation, shouting that slogan at the top of their voices—their honest hearts just yearning, bursting with love for William H. Taft! Oh, how you will enjoy yourself! You'll be so tickled, tickled, wickled—say, Bill, you're going to be tickled almost to death.

But I must close now. More in my next, which will be soon.

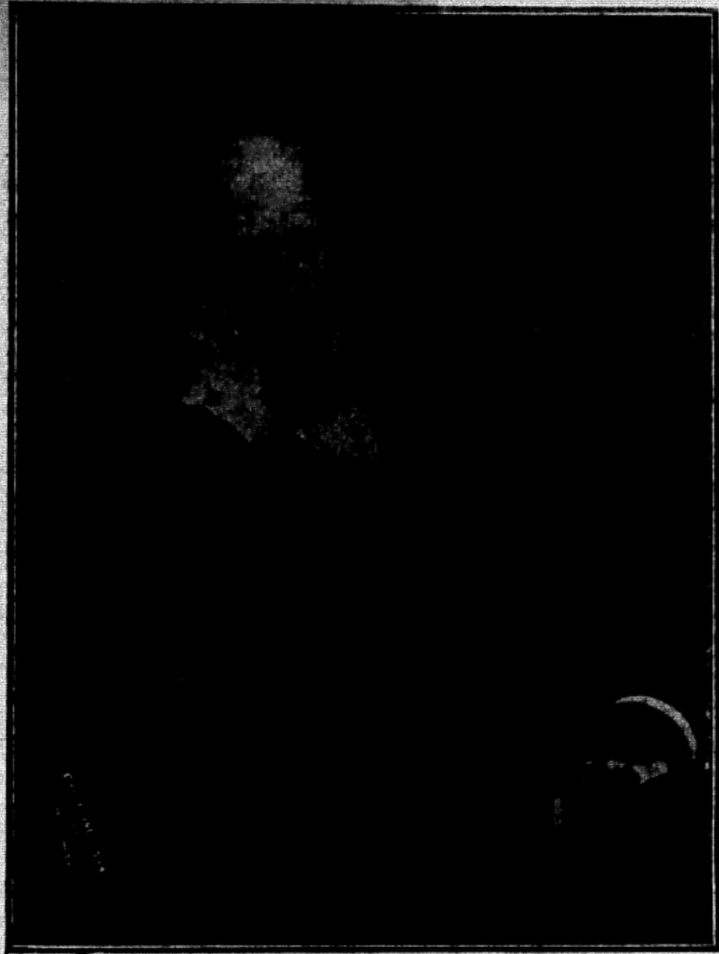
Yours truly,
BEN HANFORD

P. S.—At any moment the following dispatch might have arrived:

"Princeton, N. J., 23 ult.—Be libera! with the bait. Give the Suckers all the bait they want. After election you can take it away from them.

(Signed) "FISHERMAN."

Do you know who "Fisherman" is? I hope he is at least a gentleman. Is it possible that he is the first and last fat man who was ever President of the United States?



ENGENE V. DEBS.

DEBS AND THE POETS.

An infallible instinct for heart-analysis appears to be an attribute of the poets. For the most part they possess an unerring judgment of character-worth, and whomever they know well and call good is apt to be a pretty safe pilgrim to tie to. Presidents of vituperative vocabulary may loudly denounce him, but when the poets with deeper discernment and prophetic vision pronounce him a "desirable citizen" they voice the sure verdict of the justifying years.

To Eugene V. Debs have the poets been especially kind, for in him have they recognized a kindred spirit. In him they have detected the true impulse of the brotherhood, concerning which no poet can well be deceived. They have found that his mind is a garden in bloom, and that his soul is filled with fragrance. So right blithely have they sung him of their best, and many of Fame's favorites have been proud to call him friend—they who "sit at wine with the Maidens Nine and the gods of the elder days."

It was James Whitcomb Riley who thus characteristically expressed himself concerning this beloved Apostle of Advancement:

"God was feeling mighty good when he created Gene Debs and he didn't have anything else to do all day."

Another poet of world-wide fame—Eugene Field—who was extremely discriminating in his friendships and exceedingly sparing of compliment, said: "Gene Debs is the most lovable man I ever knew. Debs is sincere. His heart is as gentle as a woman's and as fresh as a mountain brook. If Debs were a priest, the world would listen to his eloquence, and that gentle, musical voice and sad, sweet smile of his would soften the hardest heart."

There have been paid to Debs enough tender tributes in verse to fill a large volume. At one time when Riley was confined to his room by illness, Debs sent him a bouquet of the poet's favorite flowers, which called forth the following appreciation:

THEM FLOWERS.

(To My Good Friend, Eugene V. Debs.)
Take a feller 'ats sick, and laid up on the shelf,

All shaky, and ga'nted and pore,
And all so knock'd out he can't han'le himself.

Forstion 'er-hip any more;
Building 'er-hip alone in the gloom of Miners

's the tomb, and as grim,
Total 'ake and send him some 'is in bloom.

kin have fun out a him!

You've seed him, 'fore now, when his liver was sound,

And his appetite notched like a saw.
A chaffin' you, mebbey, for romancin' round

With a big posey bunch in yer paw.
But you ketch him, say, when his health is awag-

And he's flat on his back in distress,
And then you can trot our your little bokay

And not be insulted, I guess!

You see, it's like this, what his weaknesses is,

Them flowers makes him think of the days

Of his innocent youth, and that mother o' his,

And the roses she used to raise;
So here all alone with the roses you send,

Bein' sick and all trimbly and faint;
My eyes is—my eyes is—my eyes is—old friend.

Is a—Jeakin'—I'm blamed ef they ain't!

And in the "Hoosier Bard's" poem "Regardin' Terry Hut," appears these lines:

And there's 'Gene Debs—a man 'at stands
And jest holds out in his two hands
As warm a heart as ever beat
Betwixt here and the Judgement Seat!

That picturesque genius, Capt. Jack Crawford, renowned as "The Poet-Scout," wrote of Debs:

The same old pard of long ago,
The whole-souled 'Gene that I used to know;

With the love of Truth writ on Justice' scroll,

With a woman's heart and a warrior's soul.

At a reception given to Debs by the Denver Press Club, Walter Juan Davis recited these lines, written for the occasion:

DEBS.

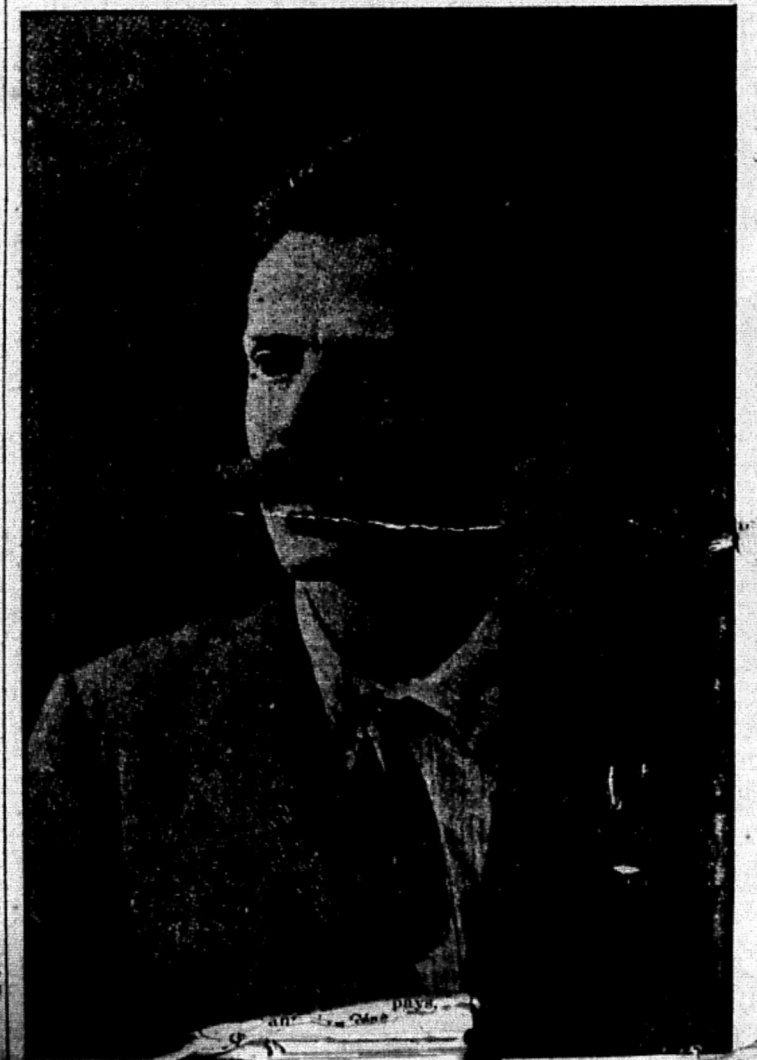
It is not his craft or creed,
It is not the winged word
That springs from his soul to his lips,
at need,

And, flying, is felt and heard;
But something down in us all
That makes us respect the man
Who says unto great and small:

"You've a right to do what you can;
You've a right to preserve and keep
Such things as the gods gave you;
You've a right to your hours of sleep,
And the worth of the things you do;
You've a right to the million or dime
That your brain or your brawn has won;

But not in the le Court,
In the light of 'eoul of sun,

Have you a right
That you



THREE CONVENTIONS.

BY BRAND WHITLOCK.

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CHICAGO, June 16.—Forty-eight years ago a Republican national convention was held in Chicago. The city then was as unlike the city now as that convention was unlike this. The city was young and awkward, sprawling on stilts here by the side of the lake whose shores the Illinois Central had not their wholly appropriated. But all through the days and nights of that convention there were crowds, some of the old fellows say mobs, raging through the streets; there were arguments and loud and hot appeals. The men who poured in from all over the West, and especially from Illinois, were in many ways rude and uncouth; they wore ill-fitting clothes and slouch hats. They spent a week without sleep; food and clothes were things they thought little of.

It was a disorderly convention, whooping and howling and arguing and fighting. But those men were rapt with a great idea. They were not worried much about panics, or hard times. They were used to hard times. But they were determined that men should be free, and after a week of turmoil and disorder they fired a cannon from the roof of their crude wigwam and went out, in the old picturesque phrase of Illinois politicians, to "set the prairies on fire" with the name of Lincoln.

There are probably no men at this convention who were at that, and few, if any, of their spiritual descendants. But there are men who speak with reverence and real love of Lincoln. I heard a man last night speak of one who knew Lincoln, one who had looked upon his face, and it was evident that to him that face had become "as it had been the face of an angel."

A Pleasing Spectacle.

This man was of that gay parade which wrought its pleasing and changing spectacle all day Sunday along the lake front. That, like this, was one of those rare, clear days that now and then come to the region when the air sparkles like champagne. All day delegates and visitors paraded up and down this magnificent esplanade, and with the automobiles, the carriages, the mounted police, and now and then a band that swept by on the broad boulevard, made a spectacle most pleasing to the eye, unless it was an eye accustomed to look beneath the surface of things. There is no disorder at this convention, and never at any convention in this country was there a crowd so well dressed, so well fed, of such material well being and prosperousness.

Indeed, in the cases of some of the pink-skinned, white-haired men, one might say a trifle overfed, and if he could not or if he would not say as much of the women, he would admit to himself that they were at least overdressed. They parade the lake front and crowd the lobbies and the cafes, and in the evening they sit at the little tables quite after the continental fashion. They talk of Taft and the certainty of his nomination, but without enthusiasm.

They speak of him as they might of a man whom a friend had put up at his club, as the President has put Taft up at his club. Some of them blame Roosevelt for the hard times, which certainly have been hard enough in their cases to induce any shortening of rations. And in their discussions one never hears ideals mentioned, or fundamental principles touching men and equality. As to platforms, they have small concern, and seemingly little curiosity. There are no wild-eyed men at this convention with principles they are determined to have declared in platform planks.

Another Convention Last Month.

A few weeks ago another convention was held in Chicago, not on the lake front, nor was there any parade along the Lake front. That convention was held back in the heart of Chicago where, perhaps, the misery and squalor of our industrial life shows more glaringly than in any city in the country. That convention, according to the frugal reports, was disorderly. It was a real convention and all real conventions are disorderly. The delegates were intensely in earnest, everyone had to make a speech, everyone had to try to get other men to help him realize his ideals. That was the convention of the Socialist party.

When Will They Learn?

One wonders how long it will be before this well-mannered crowd on the Lake front learns of that other convention so much like the one forty-eight years ago, and begins to inquire what it is all about. To-day in the midst of all this conspicuous waste, talking with such lack of interest of Taft and of how Bryan might beat him if Bryan were not so evident that they do not know there is such a thing as a Socialist party or a hungry work-

in the world. Didn't Lincoln set men free forty years ago? But if they have not yet the consciousness of this they have the instinct of it, for this well-mannered throng shows its teeth when the anti-injunction plank is mentioned. They insist, many of them, that instead of an anti-injunction plank, there must be one reaffirming our faith and confidence in the courts. That Convention forty-eight years ago was accused of making assaults upon the courts. But how times change—and parties. And the courts which have declared the boycott illegal and the blacklist legal—have they come to the pass where they require defense? The French have an old proverb—he who excuses himself accuses himself.

ANARCHY, OLIGARCHY, SOCIALISM.

BY ROBERT HUNTER.

If you read Carlyle, you will find that again and again he speaks of America as the Great Anarchy. It is Liberty gone mad. It is the liberty which says to the stronger: "Do as you please;" to the weaker, "You shall be slaves."

It is "Anarchy plus the street constable," Carlyle says.

What Carlyle defined half a century ago, Americans begin now to understand.

Rockefeller and other great trust magnates have tried to overcome anarchy in industry and monopoly. Lawfully and unlawfully they have fought to create these gigantic aggregations of capital.

Mr. Bryan wants to break up monopoly and re-establish the old industrial anarchy. Instead of one billionaire he wants a thousand millionaires, each one robbing the people, each one corrupting legislatures, and all of them trying to bankrupt each other. He believes it would be a great achievement to distribute Mr. Rockefeller's billion among a thousand exploiters of labor.

Of course, Mr. Bryan's party does not agree with him. Mr. Ryan, Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Belmont, and other leading Democrats are monopolists themselves, and they do not intend to destroy monopoly.

Nor do Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Taft want to destroy the trusts. They only want to destroy bad trusts. They are satisfied to have an oligarchy own this country, providing that oligarchy is honest and high-minded.

Mr. Roosevelt thinks if we could re-establish the old stage coach and the old competition our economic problems would be solved.

Mr. Roosevelt thinks the railroads are all right as they are, but they ought not to be in the hands of men who lie and steal and oppose Mr. Roosevelt.

Now what advantage will either Mr. Roosevelt's policy or Mr. Bryan's policy be to the masses of the people? Were the people better off in the days of the stage coach, of small rolling mills, of competing oil merchants, of horsecars, and of home workshops than they are now?

We know the people were poorer if anything. We know their life was more miserable and their servitude greater than now.

The people, then, have no interest in going back to competitive anarchy.

But the Republicans say the trusts are all right, we must help them all we can. Let them make their millions and their billions; but they must make them honestly.

Now what does that mean? It means that the country is to be owned by a few, and that the people are to be slaves. It means that out of the collective toil of this nation a few are to make billions while the people toil and suffer. It means that political freedom is to pass from us, and that we are to be helplessly dependent upon the whims and caprices of a few ruling families.

For the one or the other of these propositions the people vote. The millions who must labor without hope under a competitive anarchy just as they must labor without hope under a monopolistic oligarchy, choose which of these slaveries they prefer.

Millions shout themselves hoarse, march with lighted torches, fight their comrades, and go into wild hysterics, to support Mr. Bryan and his slavery of competitive anarchy.

Other millions will shout themselves hoarse, march with lighted torches, fight their comrades, and go into wild hysterics, to support Mr. Taft and his slavery of monopolistic oligarchy.

The Socialists alone fight intelligently. They alone say "We wish neither the rule of the few nor the rule of the many. We intend that ALL shall rule. We have no desire to replace one slavery by another slavery. We fight all slaveries."

"We believe in the trusts," but not trusts in the hands of oligarchs.

"We believe in capital," but not capital in the hands of competing anarchists.

"We want the capital and the trusts, we want the means of life, the instruments of production, the natural resources, to be owned by the people."

Mr. Bryan wants to go back to "anarchy plus the constable." Mr. Taft wants to put industry in the hands of good oligarchs. The Socialists want to go forward to industrial order, peace and progress. In other words, to inaugurate a system where the people rule.

THE SPECTRE OF ANARCHY.

By ROBERT RIVES LA MONTE.

The Spectre of Anarchy is not a mere threat; it has turned into a veritable dragon that is actually tearing our very vitals with its cruel claws right now. Read your papers and what do you see?

Thousands and thousands of men are out of work, and tens of thousands of school children, not only in New York's East Side, but all over the country, are on the verge of starvation; their mothers, for every woman, glory be, will starve before she'll see her children suffer, are actually starving; and business men the country over are lying awake nights trying to devise ways and means of getting rid of the vast stocks of food and clothing for which there is no demand (from people who have money to pay for them).

How is our government (by the way: Is it OUR government? Does it do what WE want done?) meeting this situation? Why, it sends truant police to harass starving women for not sending unfed children to school! Think of it! Women and children suffering because OUR country has too much of the things those women and children need, and OUR government, instead of doing anything to bring the marketless corn and meat and the empty stomachs together, sends out its police to harry the dying and torture the martyrs of starvation.

This is the real ANARCHY that is gnawing at the very vitals of OUR country—anarchy (planlessness, lack of method) in distributing the abundance, the superabundance, the redundant plethora, the plenty galore of food and clothes and comforts that the modern machinery WE do not own enables OUR labor to produce. Our government is not only doing nothing to suppress this Anarchy, but by its police is making it still more intolerable to its victims.

And while doing nothing to suppress the REAL anarchy, our government is prodigiously busy suppressing Anarchy that is largely the product of diseased imaginations. Every day the

Washington dispatches tell us of vigorous plans to suppress anarchistic "and socialistic" papers; every day we hear of increased diligence of the Commissioners of Immigration to keep out "undesirable citizens"; and every day we read about the growing lists of those already here who are to be sent back or deported. So far as this surface Anarchy really exists it is the necessary product of the real, deep-seated Anarchy we have spoken of above—the Anarchy in distributing the things that you and I need.

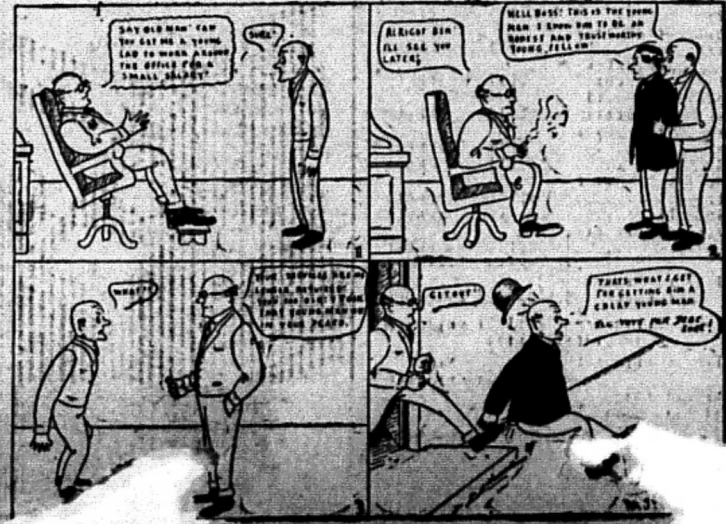
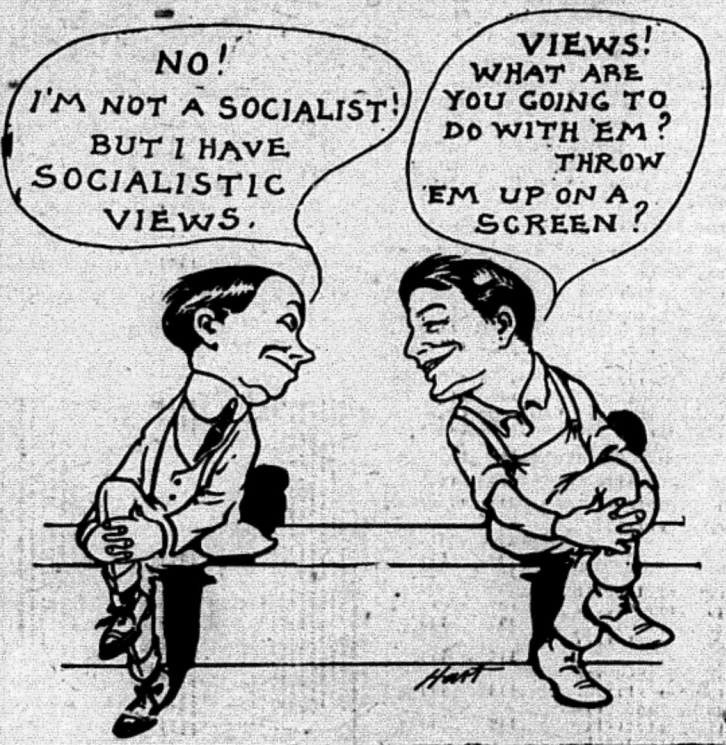
Starving people care singularly little for good form or good taste or good manners, and in spite of the good examples set them by the hosts of Apostles of Sweetness and Light who dwell in the Social Settlements, they will occasionally do rude things. This is very deplorable and it is very naughty of them. If our government really wants to stamp out Anarchy it should subsidize the Settlements to train the people in polite methods of starving, and to give them lectures on good form in dying. But we fear that even this might prove ineffectual; hungry people are so unreasonable.

The only way to put an end forever to the bomb-throwing and riots and assassination that the word Anarchy suggests to most people is to put an end to the other and real Anarchy—the Anarchy that starves helpless little children in the midst of plenty, and to help matters sends the police to torture their mothers.

The only people who can put an end to both kinds of Anarchy are the people who suffer most from their ravages—the Working Class. You know Lincoln said God must have loved the Common People. He made so many of them. That is one of the great reasons we Socialists believe in the Working Class—there are so many of them. At the ballot box it's numbers that count, and the chief sufferers from our two kinds of Anarchy are just the people that have the numbers to win. The reason they have not won long ago is that they have not understood the situation. They have read only papers that existed in order to fool them. The CALL belongs to the Working Class, and is here to spread the most dangerous thing on earth—the TRUTH.

When enough of the Working Class read THE CALL, they will go to the ballot-box with the weapons of their class—SOCIALIST BALLOTS—and with the determination that WILL not be counted out, and when the working class control the government, their first work will be to feed all the hungry; their second, so to organize industry and distribution that no one will ever again know what starvation feels like.

FELLOW WORKERS, give us a hand to spread THE CALL, and thus help us stamp out Anarchy forever.



6,000,000 VAINLY BEG FOR EMPLOYMENT

Never in the History of the Republic Was Want and Misery So Prevalent.

In a special edition of The Chicago Daily Socialist is presented an array of statistics dealing with the number of the workers now unemployed that is startling. In order to be perfectly sure of the figures printed, The Daily Socialist has spent over six weeks in compiling them, and in having them checked in every possible manner.

The Iron and Steel Industry.
The statistics were principally secured by studying the latest reports from trade unions, trade papers, financial journals and special investigators working for The Daily Socialist. An examination of these figures will show them to be well within the truth in every way.

In the iron and steel industry, for instance, the steel trust reported that but twenty-five per cent. of its capacity was in operation. As the trust employs normally about 800,000 men, that would indicate that about 600,000 are now out of work; but to be conservative, the number is put at half a million.

The Textile Workers, Transportation, Mining, Etc.

Among textile trades only 30 per cent. are busy, and this is true in many minor divisions of manufacturing. Of the five million persons employed normally in the transportation and trade industries, one million are idle. The 600,000 miners of the country have over 200,000 unemployed in their ranks.

The Building Trades.

The building trades have been particularly hard hit, as reports from the building departments of a dozen of our largest cities, trade journals, union papers, and the allied industries engaged in supplying building materials, all agree in saying that building operations have fallen off from one-half in the majority of places to complete cessation in others.

The Farmers, Too, Affected.

In making the estimates for the reports, the number engaged in the industries mentioned is taken from the U. S. census reports of the latest date available, an allowance being made for the natural general increase of population.

It must be remembered that the ten million people engaged in agriculture are not included in the tables given, but there is little doubt that a great many workers on the land have been affected. No account is taken of professional men, many of whom are known to be out of employment.

Many Actually on Verge of Starvation.

Therefore it is probable that the actual number of idle workers is really much greater than stated.

All the unemployed are not necessarily suffering, or upon the verge of starvation, but many thousands are in that condition.

The following tables are worth study by every laboring man, and are recommended to the secretary of the St. Louis "prosperity" association:

Idle in Manufacturing.

The following table shows the number of unemployed in the manufacturing industry:

| | Total employees, 1905. | Unemployed, 1908. |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------|-------------------|
| Food and kindred products | 354,054 | 150,000 |
| Textiles | 1,156,305 | 600,000 |
| Lumber and wood-working | 725,945 | 400,000 |
| Iron and steel and their products | 857,293 | 500,000 |
| Leather and finished products | 255,368 | 100,000 |
| Paper and printing | 250,205 | 30,000 |
| Liquors and beverages | 68,340 | 15,000 |
| Chemicals and allied products | 210,165 | 30,000 |
| Clay, glass and stone products | 285,365 | 100,000 |
| Metal, not iron and steel | 211,706 | 100,000 |
| Tobacco | 159,403 | 50,000 |
| Vehicles for land transport | 334,277 | 200,000 |
| Shipbuilding | 50,754 | 30,000 |
| Miscellaneous industries | 390,831 | 200,000 |
| Total manufacturing | 5,470,321 | 2,605,000 |

General Summary—Total Unemployed in United States.

| | Now employed | Unemployed |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------|------------------|
| Laborers engaged in manufacturing | 5,470,000 | 2,605,000 |
| Unskilled laborers | 3,000,000 | 1,000,000 |
| Trade and transportation | 5,000,000 | 1,000,000 |
| Building trades | 1,250,000 | 500,000 |
| Mining | 600,000 | 200,000 |
| Total | 15,320,000 | 5,305,000 |

RAILWAY CLERKS LOOK TO CLOSER ORGANIZATION.

TOLEDO, O., June 15.—The Brotherhood of Railway Clerks at their convention defeated a resolution calling for the election of officers by the referendum vote. New Orleans was chosen as the next convention city.

Delegate W. Shurtleff of New York introduced the following resolution:

"That the incoming officers and General Executive Board of the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks be instructed to take the initiative and call a general conference of the transportation organizations of the country, with the view of organizing an international transportation brotherhood or organization.

"That the object of the brotherhood delegates to this conference shall be a willingness to unite with any one or more bodies represented in such a movement.

The Committee on Resolutions reported favorably on the resolution.

LABOR QUESTION STIRS THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

LONDON, June 15.—The Pan-Anglican Congress, arrangements for the holding of which have been in progress for six years, opened to-day with a service in Westminster Abbey. There was an immense congregation, including clergymen from all parts of the world and many women.

About eight thousand will attend the Congress, including delegates from over a thousand dioceses, in many cases accompanied by their respective bishops. Every diocese in the United States will be represented. The discussion of the relations of the church to human society will claim the most attention, as the subjects to be brought up include such questions as "Sweatshops," "Capital and Labor," "Labor Organizations," "The Unemployed," "Monopolies and Trusts," "Christianity and Socialism," "Morality in Commercial Life," and "Morality of Control by Legislative Action."

The program of the Congress is so extensive that it will be divided among six sections and discussions will go on simultaneously until June 22, beginning to-morrow.

NOT EXCLUSIVE.

Guest in Restaurant: "Do you serve lobsters here?"
Waiter: "Yes, we serve everybody."

THE EFFECT OF A MILLION SOCIALIST VOTES

By MAX HAYES, IN THE CLEVELAND CITIZEN.

In renominating Debs and Hanford, their ticket of 1904, the Socialist convention in Chicago last week pursued a wise course.

Eugene V. Debs and his services to the American labor movement are too well known to require extensive comment. He was the first to feel the iron heel of a capitalized judiciary and has been marked by capitalism ever since. It will be recalled that Debs' imprisonment in Woodstock jail for daring to disobey a court injunction and defiantly continuing to direct the A. R. U. strike injected the injunction as a live issue in the campaign of 1896.

Since the literary bureau of Secretary Taft points with pride to the fact that the latter, who was a Federal judge in Cincinnati, rendered a decision in the Phelan case that formed the basis for the opinion of the United States Supreme Court when that body decides the Debs case unfavorably to the appellant, it will be seen that Debs will be able to confront the individual who forged an important link in the chain designed to drag the working class into a condition of wage-slavery or modern feudalism, provided that Mr. Taft secures the Republican nomination for the Presidency.

If the convention should be stamped for Roosevelt, which is not an impossibility, then the man with the stuffed club will have before him an "undesirable citizen" whom he can belabor to his heart's content—and quite likely receive a few blows in return.

On the other hand, Debs is a greater orator than Bryan, who will in all probability be the Democratic nominee. Moreover Debs talks sense, something with meat in it, something that can be understood, while Mr. Bryan rattles off an endless chain of words, without rhyme or reason, until those who follow him are as confused as he is.

Mr. Bryan stood for free silver and against injunctions in 1896, for anti-imperialism in 1900, supported the goldbug Parker in 1904, advocated government ownership in 1906 and forgot about it in 1907, and it is difficult to learn what principle or policy, if any, he will advocate this year. Everybody agrees that Mr. Bryan has become quite "sane," and his uncontrollable all-consuming desire to become President.

Ben Hanford, Debs' running mate, is also too well known in labor circles to need an introduction. His long and faithful services in the organized labor movement in general and the Typographical Union in particular, have clothed him with peculiar fitness as a splendid champion of the working class. Few men on the public platform in the English-speaking world are his superiors as an orator, and none are better thinkers. It will be well worth making a comparison between the moneybags or "fat-fryers" who will be nominated for second place by the old parties and this stalwart labor warrior.

Looking at the political situation from any viewpoint the Socialist party ought to secure a wonderful increase in its voting strength this year.

At no time in the country's history has labor found itself in a more critical period.

What with the courts heaping burdens upon the workers' back, with Congress turning a deaf ear to all appeals for relief, with the industrial system demoralized by the frenzied financiers, with the open shop fanatics declaring war all along the line upon those workers who dare to organize for mutual protection, and with many other minor problems confronting the laboring class, it is beyond comprehension how any thoughtful workingman can cast a vote for either old party, and thus write himself down as being satisfied with the conditions that injure and oppress him.

Debs and Hanford ought to poll at least a million votes!

A million Socialist votes would mean the striking of a blow that would be heard around the world!

A million Socialist votes would throw the fear of God into the hearts of every plutocratic tyrant and trust oppressor in the United States!

A million Socialist votes would cause the old dry bones at Washington to rattle as they have not rattled since the election of Lincoln!

A million Socialist votes would start the wheels of Congress and State Legislatures revolving to grind out concessions in fear and dread that two million might follow at the next election!

A million Socialist votes would mean the modification of the injunction evil "voluntarily" by the judicial usurpers who are in contempt of the people!

A million Socialist votes would sound as the thunderous roar of an awakening working class to the ears of the Farrys and Posts and Van Cleaves and compel them to scurry for cover to avoid retributive lightning!

A million Socialist votes would blanch the cheeks of every Pinkerton thug and Hessian hireling and pronounce the doom of the strike-breaking industry!

A million Socialist votes would make the working class conscious of its own strength and virility, and would send the sunshine of hope into every hovel and sweating hell in the land.

A million Socialist votes would sound the tocsin that the working class had repudiated the Pharaoh of capitalism and was preparing to march into the promised land of the co-operative commonwealth, where there will be no economic injustice, suffering and sorrow, but where equal rights and opportunities will be the order and the brotherhood of man practically applied.

Every working man who has heretofore voted with the old parties should study the present economic conditions, his party principles and leaders, and the probable developments of the future before he decides definitely how to vote this year.

Unfortunately labor has "thrown away" its vote too long and is now reaping the consequences. But lost ground can yet be recovered, although in no other manner than by rolling up at least a million votes for Debs and Hanford.

"AIN'T I A FINE DRIVER, PAPA!"



HISTORY OF THE GREAT AMERICAN FORTUNES.

BY GUSTAVUS MYERS.

Author of "The History of Tammany Hall," "History of Public Franchises in New York City," Etc.

PART II.

The Great Land Fortunes.

(Copyright, 1908, by Gustavus Myers.)

CHAPTER VIII (Continued).

OTHER LAND FORTUNES CONSIDERED.

When Ogden Golet died in 1870 he left a fortune of at least \$80,000,000... all of the complex forms of his property...

This large fortune, as is that of the Astors and of other mammoth landlords, is not, as has been pointed out, purely one of land possessions...

Where Surplus Revenue Has Gone. But the singular continually does not end here. Land acquired by political and commercial fraud has been made the lever for the commission of other frauds...

To give one of many instances: The Illinois Central Railroad, passing through an industrial and mining country, is one of the most profitable railroads in the United States...

Also Industrial Dictators. By this manipulation, private individuals not only got this immensely valuable railroad for practically nothing, but they received, or rather the laws (which they caused to be made) awarded them, a present of nearly four millions for their activity in plundering the railroad for their own benefit...

And while on this phase, we should not overlook another salient fact which thrusts itself out for notice. We have seen how John Jacob Astor of the third generation very eagerly in 1887 invited Cornelius Vanderbilt to take over the management of the New York Central Railroad...

with that master-hand Harriman, against whom the most specific charges of colossal looting have been brought. (4) But it would be both idle and prejudicial to the highest degree to single out for condemnation a brace of capitalists for following out a line of action so strikingly characteristic of the entire capitalist class...

II.

The wealth of the Rhineland family is commonly placed at about \$100,000,000. But this, there is excellent reason to believe, is an absurdly low approximation. Nearly a century and a half ago William and Frederick Rhineland kept a bake-shop on William street, New York City, and during the Revolution operated a sugar factory...

The Rhinelanders.

This explanation is found partly in the fraudulent means by which, decade upon decade, they secured land and water grants from city administrations... The Rhinelanders used the powers of city government to get grant after grant for virtually nothing...

The Schermerhorns.

The factors which entered into the building up of the Schermerhorn fortune were almost identical with those of the Astor, the Golet and the Rhineland fortunes. The founder, Peter Schermerhorn, was a ship chandler during the Revolution...

It seems quite superfluous to enlarge further upon the origin of the great land fortunes in New York City; the typical examples given doubtless serve as expositions of how, in various and similar ways, others were acquired...

While the Astors, the Golets, the Rhinelanders and others, or rather the entire number of inhabitants were transmitting their land into vast and increasing wealth expressed in terms of hundreds of millions in money, Nicholas Longworth was aggrandizing himself likewise in Cincinnati.

How Longworth Begun.

Longworth had been born in Newark, N. J., in 1782, and at the age of twenty-one had migrated to Cincinnati, then a mere outpost, with a population of eight hundred sundry adventurers...

and, as under a system whereas human life is inconsequential compared to the preservation of property, the penalty for stealing a horse was usually death. No term of reprobation was more invested with cutting contempt and cruel hatred than that of a horse thief. The case looked black. But Longworth somehow contrived to get the accused off with acquittal...

An Entire City's Tribute.

As immigration swarmed West and Cincinnati grew, his land consequently took on enhanced value. By 1830 the population was 24,851, twenty years later it had reached 118,000...

His Vagaries—So Called.

There were certain other conventional respects in which he was woefully deficient, and he had certain singularities which severely taxed the comprehension of routine minds. None who had the appearance of respectable charity seekers could get anything else from him than contempt...

Certainly he was a very unique type of millionaire, much akin to Stephen Girard. He had a clear notion (for he was endowed with a highly analytical and penetrating mind) that in giving a few coins to the abused and the wretched he was merely turning in the prevailing system...

A Powerful Fortune.

This remarkable man lived to the age of eighty-one; when he died in 1863 in a splendid mansion which he had built in the heart of his vineyard, his estate was valued at \$15,000,000. He was the largest land-owner in Cincinnati and one of the largest in the cities of the United States...

IV.

The same process of reaping gigantic fortunes from bread cast on every large city in Chicago with its phenomenal speedy growth of population and its vast array of workers, immense fortunes were amassed within an astonishingly short period...

Marshall Field and Leiter.

The largest and most valuable that developed in Chicago were Marshall Field and Leiter.

in 1850, the Illinois Labor Bureau in that year happening to be under the direction of able and conscientious men, made a painstaking investigation of land values in Chicago. It was estimated that the 266 acres of land constituting what was owned by individuals and private corporations in one section alone—the South Side—were worth \$319,000,000...

Field's Many Possessions.

Field left a fortune of about \$100,000,000 (as estimated by the executors) which he bequeathed principally to his grandson, Marshall Field 3d, born in 1893, who is now a mere lad of fifteen years...

Some of the personnel of the firm changed several times; in 1865 Field, Leiter and Peter Palmer (which last also became a multi-millionaire) associated under the firm name of Field, Leiter & Palmer. The great fire of 1871 destroyed the firm's buildings, but they were replaced...

(7) Note—Eighth Annual Report, Illinois Labor Bureau; 104-253.

(8) In that part of this work relating to great fortunes from industries, this phase of commercial life is associated with the great enormities that were committed during the Spanish-American War of 1898...

(9) So valuable was a partnership in this firm that Adams says that Field paid Leiter "an unknown number of millions" when he bought out Leiter's interest.

(To be Continued.)

HINDUS AGITATE FOR FREEDOM.

That many of the Hindu residents of the United States and Canada are organized and are conducting an agitation of "Hindustan for the Hindus," is shown by the existence of a monthly review published in English at Vancouver, B. C., and devoted to furthering the cause of Hindu independence...

"Brothers of Hindustan, let us try our best to have a government of our own. Let the ideal of the government of Hindustan be a government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

"To get our own government, practical education is essentially necessary; so let us support the national educational movement. Come to the United States to get practical education. The noble people of the United States will always do their best to help us in getting education, if we can prove worthy of help by our actions and character."

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Borem, hotly, "I've got a right to air my opinions, haven't I?" "Oh, of course," replied Bright. "You're so stale and musty they'd hardly need something of that sort. Philadelphia Press."

(A) Note—See Part III, "Great Fortunes and Good Oligarchs," which is forwarded to the author on request.

(5) Note—King's Fortune: 172. (6) Note—King's Fortune: 172.

POOR CORNELL STUDENTS UNABLE TO SECURE WORK

ITHACA, N. Y., June 18.—Thousands of students at Cornell University who have heretofore depended on their earnings from summer work to carry them through each year, are beginning to awaken to the fact that the "recent" industrial panic has not yet passed away. Summer jobs at any wages are as scarce as hens' teeth.

While the effect is general throughout the university, it is felt worse by the engineering department. Work along this line with the exception of a little State and government work has almost entirely ceased, and there are a hundred applicants for every one of the few available jobs. Many of the poorer students who are working their way through college will be unable to return next year.

A SONG OF VICTORY.

By EDWIN BJORKMAN.

Forward, comrades, forward,
Our day is drawing nigh;
The dawn that we have dreamt of
Is reddening all the sky.

Forward, comrades, forward,
The cunning few to foil—
For mind ye, pen and hammer
Are brothers in the toil.

Forward, comrades, forward,
Strike home for human right;
One last united effort
Should end the age-long fight.

Forward, comrades, forward,
That bloodless victory
May leave no cause for battles,
Nor leave one man unfree!

ANTI-INJUNCTION PLANK.

The anti-injunction plank was adopted Thursday morning by the Resolution Committee of the Republican Convention by vote of 34 to 16.

LABOR'S PLANK.

We pledge ourselves to the enactment of a law to prohibit the issuance of injunctions in cases arising out of labor disputes, when such injunction would not apply when no labor disputes existed; and that in no case shall an injunction be issued when there exists a remedy by the ordinary process of law, and which act shall provide that in the procedure for the punishment of contempt of court the party cited for contempt shall, when such contempt was not committed in the presence of the Court, be entitled to a trial by jury.

PLANK AS PASSED.

The Republican party will uphold at all times the authority and integrity of the courts, State and Federal, and will ever insist that their powers to enforce their process and to protect life, liberty and property shall be preserved inviolate. We believe, however, the rules of procedure in the Federal Courts with respect to issuance of the writ of injunction should be more accurately defined by statute, and that no injunction or temporary restraining order should be issued without notice, except irreparable injury would result from delay, in which case a speedy hearing thereafter should be granted.

THE ONLY WAY.

The man from Mars wandered into a mammoth hall packed with people who were engaged in sucking their thumbs and crying for mercy.

"What is the trouble?" asked the Man from Mars.

"We are cold," answered an ill-clad wretch as he blew on his fingers.

"Why don't you put coal in the stove?" asked the Man from Mars.

"We have no coal."

"But there is coal in the ground. Why don't you go and dig it out?"

"It does not belong to us."

"To whom does it belong?"

"It belongs to a few men."

"Well, how can it be secured, then?"

"It must be bought, but we have no money with which to buy it."
"You say that individuals own the land containing the coal? How did they get it?"

"The law gave it to them."

"Who made the law?"

"Our ancestors."

"Why don't you make a law which will take it away from them?"

"The Constitution won't let us."

"Who made the Constitution?"

"Our ancestors."

"Why don't you take it without law?"

"That would be immoral."

"Who made the morals?"

"Our ancestors."

"What are you going to do about it?" asked the Man from Mars, finally.

"We have sent for a spiritualist to see if he can't get us some advice from our ancestors," answered the poor wretch.

—Ellis O. Jones in Life.

THE BREAD LINE.

By THOMAS MOONEY.

I saw men at midnight, like spectres,
In the shadow of Grace Church
Whose bells in the morning awake
me
With the music of hymns that I
love;
I saw them pass solemnly onward,
The feeble, and young, and the old;
And I thought the chimes' music that
morning
But mocked what the Savior had
told.

Five hundred men passed me, in
silence—
No funeral cortage more sad,
Snatching eagerly from a rude
hamper—
The height of a five-year-old lad—
A loaf just as long as the mackerel
The Master had marked with his
thumb;
And yet in the shadow of Grace
Church,
Two hundred left minus a crumb!

"No more," cried the man at the
hamper,
And the words came to them like a
blight—
Those two hundred hungry and home-
less,
Who, vanished like ghosts in the
night;
And I thought of the Captains of
Finance,
Who circled midst prelates their
wine—
Who prated and praised of their
greatness,
But forgot their Lord in the bread-
line.

"All alone in a trackless desert,"
waited the heroine. "Not a tree, not
a rock in sight. Here come the fer-
ocious lions! Oh, what shall I do?"
"Dive troo de trap!" shouted a
friendly stage hand. "Yure standin'
right over it, leddy."—Houston Chron-
icle.

THE BEGINNING—THE END.

It Happens Every Day in All Cities.



By GORDON NYE.

Readers, you will look at this picture and at once, in your own minds, you will formulate the idea. It will no doubt shock a few people and make a great many more think. But it is only the plain, brutal truth! In spite of all this talk of general prosperity, you know how much of it exists. The mass of the people have no surplus money. All our cities are crowded with human driftwood, the wrecked wrecks beaten to pieces in great storm of life. Into dark,

foul tenements they are huddled, and under such conditions that morality becomes an impossibility. The vast number of human derelicts, both men and women, that drift about the cities result from bad laws—bad government.

As a rule, the women, at some time in their lives, made earnest, honest effort to sustain themselves by work. As a rule, they were simply knocked down and knocked out in the fierce battle of existence.

Hard work, long hours, small wages, a spell of sickness, then—ruin and Potter's Field! Now, according to the life story of the Supreme Court, the material soul of the

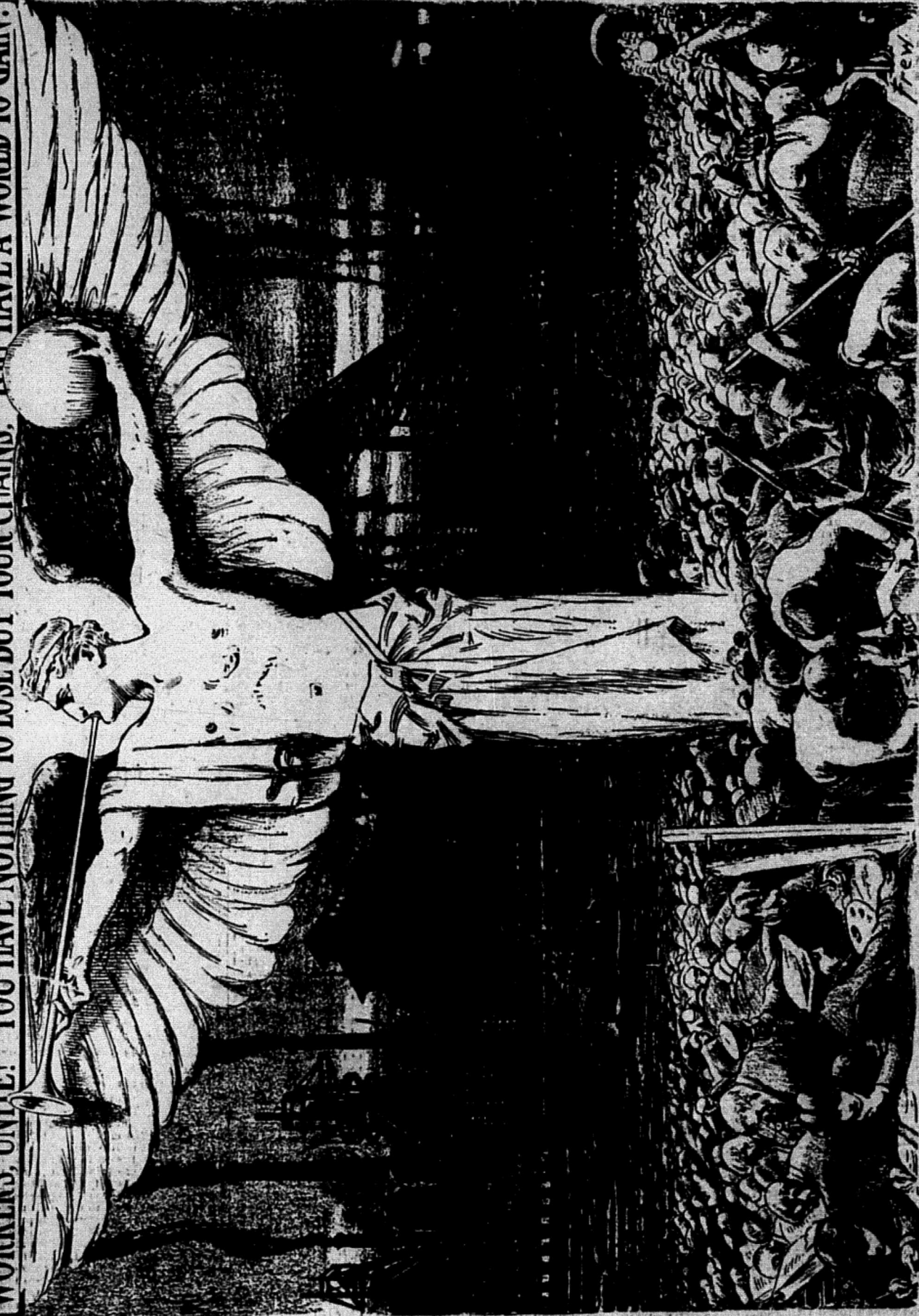
And capitalism speaks to these girls through the mouth of the policeman, and what she says to the outcast is, "Get a move on; or we will parade you up and down our public highways."

You, and I, my brother, are responsible for this condition. We allow two great political parties, year after year, in turn to govern this country, and between them they have brought about this unsatisfactory and horrible condition. We look in vain to "the two great parties" for remedial legislation, and after a time blindly submit, with mysterious reverence, to authority, and says

"WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT."

The majority of American voters are criminally careless, and allow the money-controlled machines to fill the capitals of state and nation with corporation grafters, who work not for the people who sent them there with their ballots, but for their masters, who put them there by fooling you, the voter. These are the facts, Mr. Voter, and if you do not know it, you ought to wake up. You owe it to yourself, to your family, to all that is good and true in our Government, to tear away from party bondage. Stop voting PARTY NAMES, and vote PRINCIPLES!

WORKERS, UNITE! YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BUT YOUR CHAINS. YOU HAVE A WORLD TO GAIN!



THE CALL TO THE WORKERS.
 This Picture, Mounted on Heavy Cardboard, Will be Sent Free for 3 Month's Subscription to The Call. Price, including postage, 75c. Evening Call, 6 Park Place, New York.

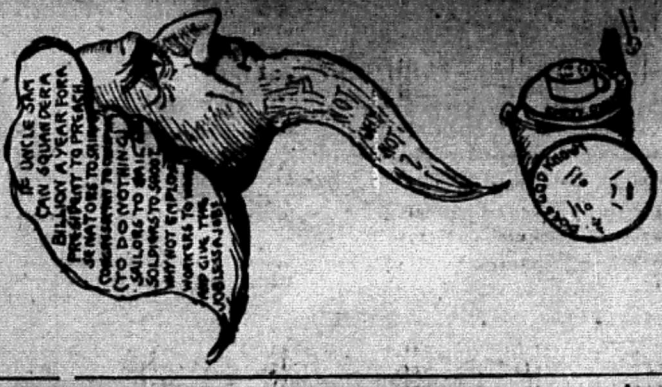
**THE CALL, A GO
 FROM THE START**
 Daily Paper Enthusi-
 astically Greeted.

AL SPOKESMAN OF WORKERS
 Establishes New Standard in News-
 paper Field—Complete News Ser-
 vice, Brilliant Editorials, Clever Car-
 toons, Special Articles by Ablest
 Writers, Full Labor Reports, Wom-
 en's and Children's Departments
 and Other Attractive Features.

The Call, New York's new daily pa-
 per, has been a success from its first
 issue on May 30 last. It has already
 demonstrated itself to be what it
 claims to be—"A newspaper for the
 workers." For the first time the work-
 ers of New-York have an Eng-
 lish daily paper which really repre-
 sents their cause. The Call has with-
 out short term of its existence pub-
 lished more labor news, more informa-
 tion concerning the struggles of the
 workers against oppressive conditions
 than all the daily papers of New-
 York combined.
 In addition to that, The Call is pub-
 lishing all the live news of the day.
 It gives only that which is vital, in a
 form that the busy reader can grasp
 without wading through a mass of un-
 necessary details, which are used
 merely as padding to fill space.

The editorials in The Call are the
 only ones published in any New York
 English daily paper that speak un-
 equivocally for the workers' interests.
 They discuss the questions of the day
 from the working class viewpoint.
 They are able, clear, forceful and
 brilliant. They have the unusual qual-
 ity of focusing the reader's attention
 on the things that are of vital impor-
 tance to him in the struggle to sur-
 vive under conditions which tend to
 degrade the many for the exaltation
 of the few.
 In their own way the cartoons are
 just as striking as the editorials, be-
 cause they portray men and questions

from an entirely different viewpoint
 from that of the cartoons in the capi-
 talist papers. They reflect the view
 of the working class on the questions
 that are uppermost in the public mind.
 The Call also succeeded in doing what
 no other daily paper in New York has
 ever tried to do. The Call has pro-
 vided an outlet for the great mass of
 artistic ability that lies dormant in the
 people by publishing from time to
 time cartoons by unknown artists who
 desire to express themselves on cur-
 rent events, and this feature has be-
 come very popular.
 The special articles by the most
 noted progressive writers of the day
 are a feature. The Call has at its
 service some of the best ability in the
 literary and journalistic world. Po-
 litical, labor and economic questions
 are discussed with fearlessness and
 frankness.
 The Call also publishes daily the
 latest fashion hints, the changing
 styles, patterns, household suggestions,
 recipes, puzzles, short stories, poems,
 sports, theatrical notes.
 The Saturday issues are especially
 interesting because of the Women's
 and Children's departments, both of
 which are under the direction of edi-
 tors of special qualification to discuss
 subjects of particular interest to the
 women and children of the workers.
 The reception accorded The Call has
 been so cordial and hearty that its fu-
 ture is assured.



Are You Ready for...

VAN CLEAVE TELLS WHAT MUST BE DONE

Sherman Act Should Be Revised In Interest of Business Enterprises—No Child Labor Law That Hurt Employers—Injunction Must Be Maintained—Business Men Should Make the Laws.

The methods of the National Association of Manufacturers and the thoroughness with which they are endeavoring to mold public opinion and strengthen their hold on the powers of government, has never been more clearly shown than in a letter and accompanying circular received this week by a business man of this city from President Van Cleave, under date of June 10.

There is no doubt that a great deal of the opposition to the adoption of the anti-injunction plank at Chicago is due to the work of Van Cleave and his associates.

While space prevents us from quoting in full, we give below the letter and some extracts from the circular which will plainly show the antagonism that is being fostered by this band of capitalists to the efforts of organized labor to better conditions for the workmen.

Van Cleave's letter reads:

gentlemen: Congress has adjourned without enacting class legislation.

It is due to the splendid assistance of the business men that we have been able to defeat all attempts of the labor lobby to bulldoze Congressmen and Senators into passing the eight-hour law, the anti-injunction law, and the Hepburn amendment.

The last two were defeated by us in spite of most powerful combinations and regardless of the strongest possible administrative pressure.

Our remarkable demonstration of strength in Washington proves that while the manufacturers, the business men, want no special privileges for themselves, they will not permit such for others, especially not to combinations, whether they be labor, political or industrial.

Our past success must make us even more conservative in future. It is not enough to show our strength in defeating bad legislation. WE MUST DO CONSTRUCTIVE WORK. To encourage good legislation and good politics, to defend our friends among public men, and to oppose demagogues, is our duty as manufacturers, as citizens, as men.

I believe it is the duty of every manufacturer and of every business man to join hands with us. It is not enough to deplore and find fault with bad politics and bad legislation. Put your shoulder to the wheel. Help us to bring these matters on as sound a business basis as you would have your own establishment.

Do not delay. You would not delay your insurance. Sign to-day your application for active or associate membership, and mail it to me in enclosed envelope.

Yours truly,
JAMES W. VAN CLEAVE,
President the National Association of Manufacturers, St. Louis.
June 12, 1908.

Congratulate Business Men.

In the circular the business men of the country are congratulated upon the defeat of the American Federation of Labor in its efforts to get a law passed restricting the abuse of the injunction in labor disputes and an amendment to the Sherman law specifically excepting labor organizations from its scope. The circular continues:

"But at Chicago and Denver, and especially at Chicago, we should have a positive as well as a negative program. We must not stop with telling what we oppose, but must also tell what we do not oppose, and likewise tell what we would favor. At Chicago we must urge the delegates to make no concession on the injunction issue, and to be especially careful not to countenance anything that would look like a surrender to the labor unions' demand for the legalization of the boycott.

"In some particulars the Sherman anti-trust law may need modification, so as to remove any obstructions which it may offer to the expansion of legitimate business. This is a vast question, however, and in order to insure equitable treatment for all interests it demands close study in all its aspects, and this point should be mentioned in the platform. But in amending this law special care should be taken to allow no favors of any kind to the labor trust which are denied to the industrial, the commercial or any other sort of trusts. Under no circumstances must there be any quarter given to the boycott, a vice which is outlawed not only by the common law but by the United States statutes.

Against Eight-hour Law.

"Among the things which we oppose is an eight-hour law. Among things we do not oppose is such a law as looks at the child, the employer, the employer's dissonance, and the child's life. This and the

modification of the Sherman law is one of the questions to which the National Association of Manufacturers must give careful consideration, so as to be able to make valuable suggestions to Congress when, in 1908 or 1909 or afterward, it takes those issues up for action.

"Another thing which I wish to impress upon all my fellow members of the Association is the duty of looking after the political interests of every member of Congress who aided us in defeating the class legislation which was proposed in the recent session. Both in the primaries and at the polls all these men who seek reelection must be supported. Those who retire from Congress should be succeeded by men of the same public spirit and courage. And in all cases we should aid in nominating and electing men of similar calibre.

"The anti-injunction bill and the Hepburn amendment to the Sherman act are not dead. They are only sleeping. They will be brought before Congress next December. If they are defeated then—and we must see to it that they are defeated—they will be introduced in the Congress which opens in 1909. It will be our business to continue to defeat them until there is a rising among the voters of the country which will compel the labor union chiefs to stop trying to get special legislation, or until there is a revolution among the unions which will sweep their present ignorant and anti-American bosses out of office and replace them by men who recognize that the United States is a republic and not an oligarchy which is run in the interest of any SMALL fraction of the people.

"Business Men Must Rule."

"We must keep constantly in mind the necessity of sending larger men to Congress than, on the average, have been there in the past few years. Bigger issues are at the front now, and will be coming to the front, than were dealt with in the recent past. More and more these issues will reach to the basis on which industry, commerce and finance rest. And in order to deal with those questions intelligently we must send more well-equipped business men to Congress than are there now. Business men must be induced to serve in Congress regardless of the personal inconvenience to themselves through neglect of their own private interests. We must remember that larger work is just ahead of us than any which we have done hitherto, important as some of this was."

ALABAMA'S RESTRICTED FRANCHISE OPPOSED

Socialists Begin Campaign Against Law Which Deprives Many Workers of Exercising Ballot Privilege.

MOBILE, Ala., June 8.—An active agitation against the existing poll-tax law is being carried on by the Socialists of this state, under the leadership of Thomas N. Freeman, state secretary of the Socialist party.

It appears that of the 450,000 male citizens over twenty-one years of age in this state, barely 100,000 are allowed to exercise the franchise. Of course a great many of the 350,000 disfranchised are deprived; of the suffrage under laws aimed especially at the black workers, but aside from that there are scores of thousands of workmen who have not paid their annual poll-tax of \$1.50 for a number of years, and consequently they are now unable to settle up for the accumulated amount.

For several years the working class of Alabama have not taken any active interest in politics, knowing that they were not particularly concerned in the machinations of old-party grafters; but now that a new party which fights in their behalf is in the field, many of the apathetic ones are becoming aroused and the present agitation is one of the first results of this awakening.

Another Alabama law which disfranchises thousands of workmen is the requirement of two years' residence in the state and one year in the county. Naturally many thousands of proletarians are obliged to travel from one point to another in search of employment and thereby lose their votes.

The Socialists are also up in arms against this long-term residence provision, and are asking for an entire change of the state constitution.

FOR A GOOD CAUSE.

Sixty per cent. of the net proceeds of tickets sold by the Albany Central Federation of Labor for the Labor Day Carnival at Altro Island, will be expended for the erection of a tuberculosis structure for the benefit of the members of organized labor in the incipient stage of the disease. The tollers' ranks are thinned year by year through the ravages of this plague, it is merciless in its devastation, sparing none. If not arrested in the early stages the case becomes hopeless. The United Body of Paper Makers, "berber" wages—the material soul of the worker's life.

FRENCH GENDARMES MASSACRE STRIKERS

Tricolor Sullied With Laborers' Blood at Vigneux Just as the Stars and Stripes Has Been Dishonored by Pinkerton and Militia.

The European mails bring further information relative to the shooting of strikers by the gendarmes at Vigneux, France, which, as reported in The Call of last Saturday, resulted in a vote of censure by the Chamber of Deputies on motion of the Socialist members.

We are now able to give the bloody details of the almost unexampled ferocity shown toward the strikers by the minions of the law. These details are found in full in "La Voix du Peuple" of June 7.

Sandpit Laborers on Strike.

Vigneux is a small village, only a half hour from Paris, and during the past month has been the scene of a strike of the laborers employed in the sand and gravel pits there. These laborers demanded a daily wage of \$1.35 for ten hours' work, and the abolition of the task system, and upon the refusal of the bosses to grant these modest requests, the 800 men employed in the pits walked out.

The Clemenceau government, with its characteristic haste to oblige the ruling class, at once placed a large number of gendarmes at the disposal of the employers, ostensibly to preserve order, but in reality to provoke trouble, and then drown the strike in a sea of proletarian blood. For over a month, however, the sand-workers were able to avoid serious conflicts with the agents of authority, and, with the help of the General Federation of Labor, they seemed to be on the road to victory.

Then came the last desperate effort of the bosses to break the strike.

The First Clash.

On the morning of June 3 a picketing squad of workmen overturned a cart loaded with sand and under the escort of a number of gendarmes. The latter drew their sabres, and in the row that ensued a striker was wounded in the arm, but no arrests were made, and the incident appeared to be at an end.

But this was just the pretext so long sought for by the emissaries of Clemenceau—the "Radical"—so that afternoon, while the strikers were peacefully holding a meeting in the hall where they usually assembled, the police, to the number of fifteen, formed an attacking squad and tried to penetrate into the union hall in order to seize the striker who had been wounded that morning.

As the gendarmes had no warrant to justify their attempt to enter the meeting room, the occupants naturally objected and succeeded in preventing their entrance.

Balked in this attempt to secure their victim, the police then resolved to satisfy their vengeance upon the crowd in general. Accordingly they divided into two groups, one of which placed itself at the hall windows, leaving the second to try again to force an entrance by the door.

Upon being again resisted, the policemen at the door drew their revolvers and opened fire on the 200 or 300 people in the hall. Then, when the terror-stricken crowd tried to escape through the windows, they were met by the shots of the gendarmes on guard there. Thus caught between two fires, the frightened mob ran from one side to the other in a vain effort to shelter themselves from the murderous volleys which were poured into them as long as the ambition of the assassins held out.

Stones Answer Bullets.

At last, after two men had been killed and eleven men and two women wounded by the deadly fusillade, the revolvers were empty and the gendarmes, too daring when their weapons were loaded—started to flee down the street. The strikers, who were entirely unarmed, and therefore could not return the attack in an effective manner, rushed forth in pursuit of the murderers, and, hurling them with stones, they chased the bloodhounds to their kennels, slightly wounding four of them.

Of course, more gendarmes were immediately sent to the scene, and order was restored without further bloodshed.

Strikers Still Hold Out.

In spite of the massacre, however, the strike is not lost and the laborers are continuing their determined struggle for better conditions.

ANTI-MILITARISM IN SWEDEN.

According to reliable reports the anti-militarist agitation among the younger element of the Swedish people has become so strong that it is almost impossible to keep the regular army up to its normal strength. Laws have been passed to repress the anti-militarist propaganda but it is entirely unavailing.

"PRESIDENT" OF RUSSIA GETS FIFTEEN YEARS

And His "Cabinet" Are Also Given Heavy Sentences—Other Happenings Over There.

NOVOROSSYSK, June 18.—The president and several others who had been prominent in the organization of the short lived "Novorossysk Republic" in December, 1905, were sentenced here yesterday. The president of the republic was sentenced by the court-martial to fifteen years at hard labor. Two men were given ten years each at hard labor, and sixty-six others were sentenced to short terms in prison. Forty-one of the prisoners were acquitted.

BAKU, June 18.—Revolutionists yesterday lured the chief of police and several of his officers to an unoccupied building, and while they were searching for imaginary culprits, two bombs were exploded and a police sergeant killed outright. The chief and two other policemen were wounded, and the revolutionaries made their escape.

ORENBURG, June 18.—An attempt was made to enter the house of the local governor here, but was prevented by the guards. One of the latter was seriously wounded, and the assailants beat a safe retreat.

ST. PETERSBURG, June 18.—The finance minister, Kokovsov, demanded yesterday that the Duma authorize the immediate issue of an internal loan of \$100,000,000. He wants \$50,000,000 for the 1908 deficit, \$30,000,000 for famine relief, and \$20,000,000 for military purposes. The approval of the Duma is necessary.

ANOTHER ATROCIOUS RUSSIAN MASSACRE

BERLIN, June 15.—News has just reached here of a pogrom at Dorbian Russia, that, while not so extensive, was fully as atrocious as the Kishineff massacre. An armed mob of Russians attacked the ghetto district, killing three Jews and wounding twenty-eight. The attack was wholly unexpected and is supposed to have been the work of the "Black Hundred."

FRENCH SOCIALISTS FLAY RUSSIAN TYRANNY

PARIS, June 15.—At a meeting of the national committee of the United Socialist party yesterday, strong resolutions were adopted expressing indignation over the proposed visit of President Fallieres to the Caesars of Russia, "at a time when hangings, shootings and killings of our comrades are occurring daily."

FEARFUL TORTURE IN RUSSIA.

The theft of three sacks of corn magnified has led to a terrible outrage at Nepluevo, a village in the famine-stricken province of Kursk, says the Russian correspondent of the London Times.

A peasant named Chalykh, known to have "Liberal" tendencies, was charged with the robbery. He stoutly protested his innocence, but a confession was extorted from him by torture. He was stretched on the ground and beaten almost senseless with heavy sticks, his mouth being stopped up with mud to prevent him screaming. After a while the mud was removed, and Chalykh, who was suffering awful agonies, was asked whether he had stolen on his own behalf or for the Socialists. He replied that he had stolen for himself.

Nails were then hammered into his heels, until he named his uncle, another "Liberal" named Bosykh, as having been associated with him. Bosykh was seized, and within a few minutes had been beaten into an almost shapeless mass of flesh. Both Chalykh and Bosykh died from their torture, and their bodies were exhibited, with a warning that the same fate awaited all revolutionists.

THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

There is a sacred something on all ways—the universe; One that remembers, reckons and repays, for love and curse Edw'n Markham.

WITH THE OUT-OF-WORK STENOGRAPHERS.

By SADIE PROLETAIRE.

I am a stenographer and typewriter—or would like to be one, because just now I am out of a job. My number is 98764. If you don't believe it, I can show you a nice little yellow tag with that same number on it, and below the words "Keep this for identification."

There is also the name of the agency where 400 or 500, including myself—men and women, old and young, tall and short, stout and thin, little girls and boys, too, some of the boys still in knickerbockers—through each morning and humbly beg permission to work.

The agency is supposed to open at 9 a. m., but long before this the stairway is crowded with applicants, eager for admission that they may secure a seat.

For there are only about thirty chairs, and if you are not lucky enough to get one in the first rush, it means standing until the time for closing the place; and from 9 a. m. to 2:30 p. m. is quite a stretch, especially if you have not had a very bountiful breakfast and are nervous and worried. If you don't believe me, try it! Sometimes a girl will faint from the strain and have to be sent home, but she is generally back the next day.

Like the chairs, there are never enough jobs to go round. Most of them come by way of the telephone, and that welcome ring is eagerly watched for. Then those in the chairs sit up straight and look wise, the crowd in the aisles stops pushing to listen, and those on the table slide off.

I didn't tell you there was a table, but there is. It is intended to write on when filling out applications, but between times, when you get tired of standing first on one foot, then on the other, you can sort of edge along and, as if by accident, use the table to sit on. Not when "calls" come, though, or when the manager is looking your way—because sitting on tables is considered unladylike, and you must be ladylike and dignified, even if you are tired.

After scrutinizing the crowd through his spectacles—sometimes walking about to do so more thoroughly—Miss Smith or Miss Jones is called to the desk. There, after a few words, she is given a slip and hurries away, happy that she is once more permitted to earn her living.

It often happens that the first one sent out is rejected, and in that case others are sent until "Mr. Capitalist" is satisfied that he is going to get his money's worth.

The place itself is not so bad, and the manager is as considerate as possible under the circumstances; but the long wait and the nervous strain makes one despise it all, and every once in a while a wave of humiliation sweeps over you.

One would imagine that such a crowd would be ripe for a dose of Socialism. But I have my doubts. In spite of the fact that they are out of work, some heads of families (for the crowd includes gray-haired men and women as well as little children), they are typical bourgeois.

Perhaps it is because they have been brought up on mottoes such as the one adorning the walls of the agency—"Those who never do more than they are paid for, never get paid for more than they do." There's philosophy for you, one out of a job!

An incident will serve to prove how far from being class-conscious they are. The other day, in the wait between "calls," two of the young women on looking through the paper, came across the picture of a daughter of one of the Four Hundred.

"There's Miss——," said one. "She's going to be married to-day at noon. They say she's worth ten million dollars. I'd just love to be at the church and see her. Don't you think she's sweet looking?"

"Yes," I said, "but if she had to come here six days a week and wait for a job perhaps she wouldn't look quite so sweet!"

The thought seemed new to them, but the manager was glancing our way, and we stopped talking and tried to look all the qualities necessary for a good wage-slave.

The stories that you hear from some are pitiful. One delicate looking girl informed me that she had been sick and out of work six months and owed \$100. Another that she simply had to have some money one way or another. She didn't get a call to the desk that day and I haven't seen her since.

The men are grouped by themselves and probably have their own troubles which we do not hear.

Really, the only way to make the ordeal endurable at all is to look at it from the funny side. If you lose your sense of humor you are lost, and its better for you to go home and laugh if you can. If you don't do that you'll probably cry.

"Wouldn't it drive you to drink!" said the girl in the aisle to her chum. "Yes," quickly replied the other. "If you had the price, but that takes money, too." Then they both saw the absurdity of it and giggled softly and felt better.

"Did you notice that one he just sent out?" said one tired-looking girl to another. "She had on a green tie. You notice he always sends out those who wear green. I'm going to have my next hat trimmed with green if I look like a fright."

It sounded so ridiculous that I laughed until the table shook, but nevertheless there was the pathetic side to it. Always seeking some reason to account for her own individual misfortune, irrespective of the rest of her class! Poor, Mr. Manager, suppose they ALL wore green!

"Any gentleman here who wants a position uptown at \$10 per week?" Every mother's son gave a jump from his seat, but before they could reach the desk were startled to hear the conclusion—"Also qualified to run an automobile." What a combination—run a typewriter and an automobile for \$10 a week! What next?

Some who are sent out return with stories as to their experience which are interesting.

One girl found that instead of being employed as a stenographer she was required to fill up "penny-in-the-slot" machines with peanuts, and after doing so two weeks without receiving any pay, returned to the agency and reported the facts to Mr. J——, who advised her to apply for help to the Legal Aid Society. This story sounds exaggerated, but nevertheless it is true.

There is a strong feeling of confidence that everything is going to be all right "after election." They don't know how or why, but it just is, and they all look forward to jobs and prosperity after Nov. 10th.

Sometimes Mr. Capitalist decides to come to the market and pick out his slave from the bunch, instead of having one slave at a time come to him. Then if you have any dignity or pride you can swallow it or put it in your pocket; because he struts around the room, sizes up every applicant from head to foot and does everything but feel her muscles. One after another they are picked out and interviewed until My Lord feels that he has made the best selection, and she is led away rejoicing at her good fortune.

And so the days drag on. At 12:30 the manager goes to lunch. Some of the jobless go home to save this expense, but others sit patiently on until 2:30 without breaking their fast, fearful of losing a "call."

These are only a few little sample sketches of what goes on every day among the unemployed in one trade alone in New York City. And if we only knew half the tragedies underlying it all, this would be a still sadder story, but we only see the brighter side as a rule.

One must dress decently and appear prosperous and happy, even if the rent is overdue and the breadbox empty. To appear shabby or disheartened would never suit Mr. Capitalist, or woe a job.

And so let's beg or borrow a "Merry Widow" hat if we haven't the price of one, put on our swellest shirtwaist and try to look jolly, and as if standing in aisles were quite as inspiring as going to a matinee. Then perhaps we shall stand a chance of being "picked out."

If not, well, then, read the motto on the wall again and keep on looking pleasant. Perhaps your turn will come to-morrow, and then "Who cares for those who are still waiting! You are not your sister's keeper, and besides, you have troubles of your own."

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A SONG OF THE FACTORY.

The trees were white with blossoms, the meadows were broad and fair, And the care-free birds made music for the children that idled there. But a man had need of the meadows; his walls chimneys sprang From among the swaying branches where the thrush and robin sang. And the man had need of the children; he gathered them in like sheep, And he set them to work to earn his bread, for children are many—and cheap.

They crouch all day by the spindles, wizened and wan and old; They have given their youth to a master who has minted it into gold. No longer they idly listen to a warbler's futile song, No longer their idle laughter rings out the whole day long, No longer they roam the meadows like idle gypsy bands, For the world is growing richer by the work of their puny hands. And the man who for them idling among the feathery blooms, And brought them to the mill—away beside his clattering looms— He talks of the good thing he's got, and the thing he's got is the mill.

MARINES HAVE NO LOVE FOR STRIKEBREAKERS

One of Them Stationed at Pensacola Tells How They Stood by Street Railway Strikers.

The following letter from a U. S. marine to the Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen's Magazine and printed in the June number of that journal, is an interesting sign of the times:

"It must not be inferred that because United States troops have in the past been called out in case of trouble arising from strikes and other industrial disturbances, and are liable to be used in such service in future, that there are not in their ranks many men who deeply sympathize with the wage-earner in such controversies and are eager to have the strikers win as are the strikers themselves. At this writing there is a street carmen's strike on at Pensacola, Fla., and there never has been a more marked evidence of the sympathy of military men for wage-earners battling in the defense of their rights than has been demonstrated by the disposition in the premises evinced by the United States marines stationed at this point. Being a U. S. marine myself, I know something of the sentiment prevailing among our boys regarding the matter.

"The strike originated in a little controversy between the company and the union, in which the president of the union was discharged, and, in a way, blacklisted. The people—civililians and soldiers—are supporting the union. As a result of the general sympathy with the strikers prevailing among the citizens of Pensacola, scarcely anyone rides on the cars, nor will they do so while they are manned by a lot of scabs. Almost everyone is wearing a little card or button on the breast reading as follows: 'I walk; do you?' As for the enlisted force, they walk or else take a tug from the navy yard on the reservation, or stay at home.

"The other evening a couple of comrades and myself walked to Pensacola to attend a theatre and walked back again after the show. It is only nine miles each way. On this occasion I overheard a woman remark that she would not ride in one of the cars if they would carry her both ways for nothing. The traction company's linemen are now out in sympathy with the street car men, as are also some of the men in the power plant. I am positive the boys will win, for the community at large realizes that they are right. This city is strictly union and up to date.

"The Fishermen's Union is the strongest labor organization here, and they are all helping the conductors and motormen, and every honest man who toils for his bread and butter is praying and hoping for better industrial conditions in the future. The police arrested eleven strike-breakers on April 16th—a good showing for the union. There are seventy-five of us marines stationed there. We have a fine commanding officer, and, in fact, the whole body are a fine lot of men to meet with.

"U. S. Marines, G. Navy Yard, Pensacola, Fla."

HOUSE OF COMMONS PASSES OLD-AGE PENSION BILL

LONDON, June 17.—The House of Commons last night passed the second reading of the old age pensions bill without opposition. The bill, however, is likely to be greatly modified in committee.

The bill in question is one introduced by the government as a concession to the demands of the Socialists and Labor men in the House. While its provisions are far from satisfactory to the working class members, it is considered important as an entering wedge. It provides for a pension of five shillings (\$1.25) a week to every person over 70 years of age.

CHINESE CREWS FOR BRITISH SHIPS.

Information has reached Mr. J. Havelock Wilson, M. P., that thirty cab loads of Chinese sailors were driven into Poplar on Tuesday. It is impossible to ascertain the ports whence the men came, but it is undoubtedly a fact that the number of Chinamen is daily increasing in the East End. While there has been no shipping of Chinese...

NEW METAL TRADES DEPARTMENT OF A. F. OF L.

CINCINNATI, O., June 17.—Yesterday there was definitely organized in this city an association to be known as the Metal Trades Department of the American Federation of Labor, and which will bear the same relation as the recently formed Building Trades Department to the parent organization.

The headquarters of the new union will be located in Washington, D. C., with J. L. Gernon as secretary. About 500,000 workmen are affiliated with the new department. President Gompers of the A. F. of L., who was present, expressed great satisfaction over the result of the convention.

GIGANTIC PAPER TRUST LAUNCHED IN WISCONSIN

APPLETON, Wis., June 18.—In the incorporation to-day of the Nekossa-Edwards Company, with a capital of \$3,000,000, three of the largest plants in Wisconsin are consolidated. They are the Nekossa Paper Company of Nekossa, the John Edwards Manufacturing Company, and Port Edwards Fibre Company of Port Edwards. All the plants are in Wood County.

John McNaughton, of this city, vice-president of the Nekossa Paper Company and the John Edwards Company, stated that the three companies consolidated to buy out the interest of the Garrison estate and to handle their products together. Besides the mills, thousands of acres of timberlands in Wisconsin and upper Michigan are included in the merger. The plants have a combined daily output of 280,000 pounds of print paper, 200,000 pounds of ground wood pulp, and 200,000 pounds of sulphite fibre, making the company second only to the Kimberly Clarke Company in the West.

PIANO TRUST FORMED.

TRENTON, N. J., June 12.—With a capital of \$12,000,000, the American Piano Company was incorporated by the Secretary of State here yesterday. The company will manufacture pianos and other musical instruments. It will conduct business in the United States and foreign countries.

The company is authorized "to purchase, lease or otherwise acquire the property and franchise of any other corporation, firm or individual."

WORK BEING CURTAILED AT PORTSMOUTH NAVY YARD.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., June 12.—A hundred men have been thrown out of work temporarily and a score will be laid off definitely at the Portsmouth Navy Yard by the cutting of the monthly allowance for construction and repair work more than \$5,500. It is hoped that with the beginning of the fiscal year, July 1, better conditions will be possible.

NEW DEFINITIONS OF OLD WORDS.

Agony—A law of competition.
Bankruptcy—An eruption of Mount Capitalism.
Crisis—An earthquake in the stratum of economic inequality.
Discontent—A dreadful spirit confronting the Morgans.
Earth—The insane asylum of the universe.
Fraud—A key to success.
Gift—Wages; employment; justice.
Heaven—Taft's labor bureau.
Independence—Fusion with Murphy and Parsons.
Justice—A naught in political mathematics.
Kindness—A tribute the millionaires pay to dogs.
Laborer—A creature who does everything for next to nothing.
Majority—A body in society that is always left behind.
Now—A time which is never considered opportune.
Only—A standard price in modern pessimism—"God knows, I don't"—business.
Taftism—Something the people hate to do.
Rags—An up-to-date style, people who make clothing wear.
Starvation—A pension for those who work and who want to work.
Thought—A representative of freedom; an unwelcome friend of the people.
Undesirable—A title conferred on those who are conscious of their position in lower society.
Void—Labor laws, according to the United States Supreme Court.
Wages—The material soul of the worker's life.

THE INJUNCTION GAME REVERSED IN DETROIT

Judge Rohnert issued an injunction a few days ago against H. B. White, a clothing dealer, to prevent him from using the label of the Garment Workers' Union on non-union clothes. Anthony Kallek, business agent of the union, testified that White offered to give him a label and let him sew it on a suit that Kallek was pretending to buy, and that when Kallek refused to sew it on himself White had it put on. Other testimony to the same effect was offered, but White did not contest, and the court was satisfied.—Detroit News.

SOCIALISTS IN JAPANESE ARMY.

Having imitated the Western world in almost everything, it is not surprising that Japan is now experiencing a Socialistic attack. It has become known to the commanders of the army divisions that there are Socialists in the army, and in order to check the growth of the movement orders were issued to place under scrutiny all soldiers and friends of soldiers who are suspected. The soldiers are to be shadowed when they are out of barracks, but care is to be taken that the supervision shall not injure the standing of the suspect as a soldier. The shadowing is to be undertaken by the gendarmes. The real extent of the movement has not been revealed.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

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 For addresses of the branch financial Secretaries see "Vorwaerts."

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LABOR DIRECTORY.

Advertisements of trade unions and other societies will be inserted under this heading at the rate of \$1 per line per annum.
CIGARMAKERS' PROGRESSIVE INT. UNION No. 90—Office and Employment Bureau, 241 E. 84th St. The following Districts meet every Saturday: Dist. I (Bohemian)—331 E. 71st St., 8 p. m.; Dist. II (German)—316 E. 6th St., 8 p. m.; Dist. III—Clubhouse, 243 E. 84th St., 7:30 p. m.; Dist. IV—342 W. 42d St., 8 p. m.; Dist. V—3509 Third Ave., 8 p. m.; Dist. VI—2059 Third Ave., 8 p. m.; Dist. VII—325 E. 75th St., 8 p. m. The Board of Supervision meets every Tuesday at Faulhaber's Hall, 1551 Second Ave., 8 p. m.

CARL SAHM CLUB (MUSICIANS' UNION), meets every Thursday of the month, 10 a. m., at Clubhouse, 243-247 E. 84th St. Secretary, Hermann Wendler. Address as above.

UNITED BROTHERHOOD OF CARPENTERS & JOINERS OF AMERICA, LOCAL UNION No. 476, meets every Tuesday at 8 p. m. in the Labor Temple, 243 East 84th St. Financial Secretary, Joe Maeter, 542 E. 150th St. City; Recording Secretary, Arthur Gonne, 1992 Anthony Ave., Bronx.

UNITED JOURNEYMEN TAILORS' UNION meets second and fourth Mondays in Labor Assembly Rooms, 231-233 East Thirty-eighth St.

SOCIALIST WORKING WOMEN'S SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA—Branches in New York, Brooklyn, Paterson, Newark, Elizabeth, Syracuse, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis. Control Committee meets second Thursday in the month at 11 a. m. in the Labor Temple, 243 E. 84th St., New York City.

BROOKLYN, 22d A. D., Br. 1 (American), meets the second and fourth Friday at 675 Glenmore Ave.; Br. 3 (German), meets the second Monday of the month at 675 Glenmore Ave.

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NEW YORK, JUNE 20, 1908.

A NEW ERA FOR "THE SOCIALIST."

In the language of action the New York Socialist begins a new and important chapter of its existence with this issue of June 20. New ways and means must be used to meet changing conditions in the movement for which we stand, and to take full advantage of our opportunities.

Weekly Not Displaced by Daily.

The imperative duty of creating a rapid-fire battery in the shape of a daily press to voice the aspirations and champion the rights of the workers in America has been undertaken in the two principal cities of the nation. But this in no sense takes the place of our periodical press. And the very existence of the New York Call opens new avenues of usefulness, demands fresh effort and co-operation from the weekly newspaper which for many years as "The Worker," more recently as "The Socialist," has carried forward the banner of Socialist propaganda in the metropolitan field.

Co-Operative Economy Recognized.

Precisely because The Call is here does a new and larger era open for "The Socialist." The State Committee having decided wisely to recognize the principle of co-operative economy by placing the party's weekly in the hands of the association publishing The Call, the new management took a reckoning and decided on a new course with favoring tide and winds toward the same ultimate port of international socialism.

"The Socialist" Will Be Different.

Promises are easy to make, but it is performances that we must be judged by. We may, however, give an indication of what we intend. To be worth what it costs and justify its existence, this paper must not merely duplicate the work of other Socialist periodicals. It will in many respects differ from any of them, while sharing with them the purposes of propagating Socialism, educating Socialists, and serving the organized movement.

It cannot fill the place of a daily paper in giving all the news, but it will supplement the dailies by accurately and impartially summarizing every week the most important points of the week's news, especially those points which have especial significance for our movement, and which all but the Socialist dailies neglect or distort. It will give party news with such fulness as space will permit and as its importance seems to justify. What are called factional and personal discussions will be avoided so far as possible. In its editorial comment upon the news of the week it will bear in mind that its first duty is to speak to those who are not yet Socialists and make clear to them the significance of passing events in the light of the Marxian philosophy. If in so doing it does not always adhere to the forms of expression more familiar among convinced Socialists, we hope the latter will remember to whom the editorial articles are especially addressed.

Signed articles by recognized exponents of Socialist thought and by men whose studies have qualified them to speak with authority upon certain subjects will make the paper an arsenal of facts, as well as a battery of argument on the firing line.

The illustrations will, we believe, add much to the attractiveness of the paper, and so to its usefulness. And literary matter and features of interest to the family will not be neglected.

Increase of Price.

In view of these and other contemplated improvements, and the doubling of the paper's size, the price schedule has been raised to a point commensurate therewith, thus enabling us to offer attractive commissions for clubs and to agents. A special offer for renewals of present subscriptions for two years makes the increase very slight for old readers. (See subscription offers elsewhere.)

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weekly. THE SOCIALIST? Many people are now waking up to the importance of the Socialist movement who heretofore have been indifferent or hostile. Others are curious and want to find out why the movement is growing so rapidly. Several members of the same family may engage in this work a part of each day and thus earn a good income while having the supreme satisfaction of helping along in the great cause.

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