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THE CHOICE BEFORE US.

The time is drawing very near when the voters of this country will have to decide for or against Socialism. That will be the only real issue before them. That is the only issue that the old parties have tried really to discuss, and on that issue the representatives of the two old parties are perfectly united—they are against it. All the time that they could spare from telling unflattering truths about each other they have devoted to a vain attempt to dig up some kind of a plausible argument against Socialism. We appreciate their services in this respect, for what they have accomplished is to intensify the already intense interest in Socialist principles, and wherever the Socialist program begins to be seriously considered, even under the stimulus of adverse criticism, there it begins to gain adherents.

For Socialism or against Socialism—that is the choice to be made. And if the question is decided wrong this time—well, so much the worse for the masses of those who make the decision; they will have to spend four more years of poverty and anxiety and alternate overwork and unemployment in learning by experience. As for us Socialists, our campaign of 1912 will begin on the evening of November 3, next week.

The evidences that the two old parties are essentially one party, so far as the interests of the working class are concerned, is manifold and multiform.

There is the fact that here in the state of New York they have agreed in nominating the same men for the most powerful offices in the state—the judgeships of the Court of Appeals. And they have done the same thing in many instances in other states.

There is the open secret that in this state of New York the Republican party organization is deliberately sacrificing its candidate for Governor, Mr. Hughes, and the Democratic party organization is deliberately sacrificing its candidate for President.

There is the fact that in the Ninth Congressional District of this state the Republicans this year, just as two years ago, are doing all they can to throw Republican votes to Mr. Goldfogle, the Democratic candidate, in order to prevent, if possible, the election of the Socialist candidate, Morris Hillquit.

There is the fact that Mr. Hearst has conclusively proved that both prominent Democratic leaders and prominent Republican leaders in national and state politics have for years been regularly in the pay of the Standard Oil Company, which is the center and nucleus of the whole great capitalist system of this country.

There is the fact that V. William H. Taft, the Republican candidate, and William J. Bryan, the Democratic candidate, met at a business men's dinner in Chicago and that the assembled business men, some of whom ostensibly belonged to the one party and some to the other, joined in cheering the two "Bills" and declaring that they were both "all right."

There is the fact that Taft is pledged to carry on the government, if he is elected, on just the same lines that President Roosevelt has followed, and that Bryan has openly declared that he is himself the legitimate heir of Roosevelt's policies and, if elected, will carry on the government along the same lines that Roosevelt has followed.

There is the fact that the candidates and other spokesmen of both old parties have studiously refrained from any explicit declaration on any one of the really important "immediate demands" of the working class. Mr. Bryan says he is in favor of jury trial for workmen arrested under injunctions, but he is, on the other hand, in favor of maintaining the system of issuing injunctions against labor organizations, which do their work before the trial is held and will do it just as well before a jury trial as before a trial by the judge. On the question of the abolition of child labor; on the question of an effective

provision for aged and disabled workmen; on the question of public action to give work at decent hours and wages to the unemployed; on the question of the use of militia to break strikes (as it has been used by Republicans in Pennsylvania and Illinois and Colorado and by the Democrats in Idaho and Tennessee and West Virginia and Alabama)—on all these and other questions of vital interest to workmen who are struggling to improve the conditions under which the whole working class works and lives, neither Mr. Taft nor Mr. Bryan nor any of their spokesmen has a definite word to say.

And, last but not least, there is the fundamental fact that both parties are financed and dominated by the propertied classes and that both are explicitly pledged to maintain the so-called sacred rights of capitalist property, the right of certain persons to own the things with which the rest of the people work, to control the opportunity of other men to work and to live, and to get an income for themselves without doing any productive labor, an income necessarily drawn from the overwork and underpayment of those who work.

That is the big question before the voters of this country. "Shall the people rule?"—not only on the political field, but also, what is of vastly greater importance, Shall the people rule in industry? or Shall they continue to be ruled by a few for the benefit of the few and to their own hurt?

A vote for the Socialist party will be a vote for industrial democracy, for economic freedom, for prosperity and progress for all instead of a favored few, for social peace and harmony instead of war between the classes and war between man and man. Any other sort of a vote will be a vote for continuing the present system with all its injustices and miseries.

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HEARST,
BRYAN,
AND TAFT.

So long as Mr. Hearst's attack on Mr. Bryan was confined to an exposure of the Democratic candidate's shifty and crawling policy and of the corruptness of the Democratic party organization and its domination by the most reactionary elements in the party, it was possible for guileless persons to believe that the attack was a sincere one, even though the

trustful followers of Mr. Hearst might well wish that he would attack the Republican party of capitalism with the same vigor that he displayed in criticizing its Democratic twin.

But last Saturday's editorial in the New York "American" ought to disabuse the minds of even the most unsophisticated of any doubt that Mr. Hearst's agitation is simply an annex of the Republican campaign.

"The Business World Fears Mr. Bryan" is the title of the editorial. It closes with these words:

The election of Mr. Bryan would mean injury to the West. And injury to the West means injury to the North, to South, to East. Wherefore, whatever your locality, if you've a dollar to lose or a dollar to make, beware of putting in a Bryan vote.

This is exactly the same sort of stuff as the Republican and Gold Democrats used against Mr. Bryan in the days when he really was something of a radical, twelve years ago. Mr. Hearst stoops pretty low when he digs up this sort of thing and, in defense of the interests of the great capitalist class and especially of the Republican politicians of that class, warns the workers against voting for Mr. Bryan lest they be punished by the business men.

It is well known that we Socialists have no confidence in Mr. Bryan and no friendship for the Democratic party. We have attacked it persistently and consistently throughout the present campaign, just as we have before this campaign began. We shall continue to do so in the future, so long as it continues to exist as a party of the propertied classes.

But, unlike Mr. Hearst and his party, we have not made a one-sided attack on Bryan and the Democracy, leaving Taft and the Republican party unscathed. We have carried on a campaign against BOTH old parties, and not only a destructive campaign AGAINST both old parties and their candidates and principles, but a positive and constructive campaign FOR the candidates, the principles, and the policies of the Socialist party, the party of the future, the party of the working class.

And we cannot let this opportunity pass to expose Mr. Hearst as a defender of capitalism, equally with Mr. Bryan and Mr. Taft, and as a political ally of the Republican gang.

There are two things of equal importance to be done on Election Day—to cast Socialist votes and to get those votes counted and reported.

On the fourth day of November, so far as we Socialists are concerned, will begin the campaign of 1912.

A vote for Socialism is a vote against the need for bread-lines and soup-kitchens.

LAWLESS GAMBLING AND LEGALIZED ROBBERY.

The whole force of Governor Hughes' administration has been spent in an attempt to suppress gambling, especially race-track gambling. That his efforts will prove futile in the long run, even if he should be re-elected this year, is a foregone conclusion. The interests in favor of gambling are too powerful, the spirit of lawlessness among the very classes upon whom the Governor must depend is too strong, the law is too devious and complicated, and, what counts for most, the gambling spirit is too deeply implanted in the life of the people through the influence of our whole industrial and business system, which, as now organized, is essentially a gambling system, and a crooked gambling system at that—all these obstacles are too great to leave any hope that ordinary gambling can be suppressed by penal laws.

But the probability of Governor Hughes' failure in his war on gambling is a minor point. What interests us much more is the fact that this issue, upon which he has spent practically his whole effort while in office and upon which he is seeking re-election, is an issue of negligible importance, so far as the welfare of the masses of the people are concerned.

Gambling is a very foolish sort of amusement—especially when the cards are marked, the dice are loaded, and the races are fixed by the people who run the games. The professional gambler is necessarily a parasite.

But there is this to be said: The gambling system does not rob anyone who is not himself a gambler; it takes from the pockets only of those who themselves go into the game willingly with the intention of getting something for nothing—who are in intention as dishonest as those who win.

The race-track gamblers and all the other gamblers whom Governor Hughes' legislation has outlawed are parasites upon the people who are themselves trying to be parasites of the same sort. No one gets exploited by them without voluntarily taking the chances.

Not so with the business system which Governor Hughes and his party support.

The land monopolists, who exact rent from the producers for the privilege of living on the face of the earth are a thousand times more injurious to society than the professional gamblers. This is an exploitation which the people cannot escape, so long as the law recognizes the right of one class to own the land which the other class uses. But Governor Hughes and the Republican party have not the slightest intention of interfering with the capitalist private ownership of land nor of relieving the producers in any measure from this exploitation. And in this Mr. Chanler and the Democratic party are in perfect accord with the Republicans. Only the Socialists have a word to say on this question.

The private capitalist ownership of the mines, railways, mills, factories, and all the other means of production and transportation—the things which the united labor of the working class has created, which the united labor of the working class operates, and which are necessary to the existence of the whole people—the ownership and control of these things by a small part of the people for their own profit imposes upon the producing mass an exploitation which they cannot escape so long as the law secures the capitalists in this control of the means of life. It compels them to work long hours for low pay, and to leave to the capitalists more than half of the wealth

which the labor of the working class produces. But Governor Hughes and the Republican party have not the slightest intention of interfering with the private capitalist ownership of the means of production nor of relieving the producers in any measure from this exploitation. And in this again, Mr. Chanler and the Democratic party are in perfect accord with the Republicans. Only the Socialists have a word to say on this question.

And even on the incidental evils resulting from this system, both Mr. Hughes and Mr. Chanler are silent.

They make no war on CHILD LABOR.

They do nothing and propose to do nothing to PROTECT LABOR ORGANIZATIONS from the organized attack of the capitalist class and its servile judiciary.

They do nothing and propose to do nothing to compel a SHORTENING OF THE HOURS OF LABOR.

They do nothing and propose to do nothing to relieve the working class from the miseries of UNEMPLOYMENT.

In the face of all the suffering which has been incited upon the workers during the last year, and which threatens to become even worse during the approaching winter, Governor Hughes has nothing to say but that the people must stop gambling, and Mr. Chanler has nothing to say but that the people must have what he calls "personal liberty"—which means liberty to gamble if they wish to and if they have anything to stake, and liberty to be overworked and underpaid all the time and to go idle and hungry and cold whenever it suits the interest of their masters to throw them out of work.

There may be reason for very fixed puritans to vote for Hughes and the Republican ticket. There may be reason for GAMBLERS to vote for Chanler and the Democratic ticket. But neither of these candidates and neither of their parties offers a single reason why any honest workmen should vote under the Eagle or under the Star. THE ARM AND TORCH OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY IS THE ONLY EMBLEM THAT REPRESENTS THE EFFORT OF THE WORKING PEOPLE TO IMPROVE THE CONDITIONS OF THEIR DAILY LIFE—to assure themselves a chance to work and live, to assure themselves of shorter hours when they do work and better pay for the work they do, to assure the joys of childhood to their children, to assure to themselves the right to organize, to check and ultimately to abolish the exploitation of their labor by landlords, factory lords, tenement lords, money lords, franchise lords, and all the other masters of bread.

Under our existing system, a man who has toiled hard for forty years and worn himself out in piling up profits for his employers and his landlords and getting a bare living for himself, is turned off at the age of fifty or sixty with no more hesitation than when an old machine is thrown into the scrap-heap. That is one of the things that the Socialist party will radically change as soon as it gets into power and that it will begin to remedy as fast as it is given even a share in the legislative authority.

Henry M. Goldfogle, Tammany candidate in the Ninth Congressional District of New York, has issued a personal appeal for re-election. It consists of twenty-five sentences, and the pronoun "I" occurs twenty-four times in it, not to mention the frequent repetitions of "me" and "my." We strongly suspect President Roosevelt of having written this leaflet for Mr. Goldfogle. What the higher critics call the "internal evidence" is irrefutable.

MR. TAFT ON HARD TIMES.

Mr. Taft has at last emerged from that state of blissful ignorance and supine dependence upon divine providence which he manifested some months ago, when, in response to a workingman's question: "When a man is out of work and cannot find employment, what is he to do?" the Presidential candidate threw up his hands

and answered: "God knows! I don't."

The present hard times came upon us under a Republican administration, and after ten and a half years of continuous Republican domination at Washington. In spite of the continuance of Republican domination and in spite of the repeated assurances from the Republican statesmen, first that there are no hard times and then that the hard times would soon be over, the hard times have stayed with us for a full year; and no one who looks with honest eyes can at the present moment see any signs of a return of prosperity.

The hard times have become an issue. The Socialists, inconvenient fellows that they are, have insisted on talking about unemployment, although all the "better elements" have conjured them to keep quiet and trust in God and Roosevelt. In the minds of the masses of workmen who are either out of work or on short time or have had their wages reduced or have reason to fear a lay-off or a

wage-cut in the near future, this question of how to get and keep a chance to earn a living by useful work has become THE issue of the campaign. At last even Mr. Taft, apt imitator of the master bluffer that he is, can no longer ignore the question.

So Mr. Taft has offered an explanation. He does not definitely prescribe the remedy, but it is easily inferred from his diagnosis of the disease.

This is a peculiar panic, says Mr. Taft. It is different from the panic of 1893. That was a Democratic panic. The hard times then were due to lack of prosperity—which reminds us of the statement of the fool in "King Lear" that "A great cause of night is absence of the day." But this Republican panic that we have been enduring for the last twelve months is something different—a peculiar panic, a very peculiar panic, says Mr. Taft. "IT IS THE RESULT OF TOO MUCH PROSPERITY," explains the Republican candidate.

The Republican administration of public affairs under McKinley and Roosevelt, it seems, gave us more prosperity than was good for us. The result was the hard times, identical for all practical purposes with the hard times which the Democrats gave us fifteen years ago.

It is evident that, since Mr. Taft understands the cause of the hard times, he will know what to do, if he is elected to the Presidency, to cure them and prevent their recurrence.

He will simply be careful, very, very careful, not to give us too much prosperity. He will regulate our prosperity, as Mr. Roosevelt has regulated the trusts, and deal it out to us in homeopathic doses—just as much as we can safely digest without contracting fatty degeneration of the economic system.

Brave, Mr. Taft! This is a great advance over the "God knows" position. Now, if you are elected, we watch with great interest to see you keep our prosperity within proper limits.

The reason why the Socialist movement is international is that the conditions of capitalism are international. The daily news forcibly illustrates this fact, these days. While millions of American workingmen are vainly begging for employment, the cable brings us news of huge demonstrations of the unemployed in London and in Glasgow, and of the keen suffering of many thousands of workless men in Berlin. And while we are complaining of the monopoly prices of food and other necessities of life in this country, a Paris dispatch informs us that "the cost of living in France is increasing at a pace which is creating alarm." In monarchies and republics alike, the private ownership of the means of production produces the same evil results for the producing masses.

"Tribune" correspondence from England announces that the fact of hundreds of thousands of workingmen being unemployed is convincing the British people that the free trade policy is a mistake. We may add that the fact of millions of workingmen in the United States are unemployed is convincing the people of this country that the protective tariff gives no assurance of prosperity for the working class.

If you wish to see politics purified, you must strike at the root of corruption. That root is the interest of private capital in getting legal sanction for exploiting the workers. Remove that cause, and corruption will disappear. Only the Socialist party seeks to strike at the root.

The boss may compel you to MARCH for Taft and Sherman under threat of discharge, but he cannot prevent you from VOTING for Debs and Hanford if you have the manhood to do it.

THE FIGHT IS NOT YET WON.

The fight to save Jan Janoff Pouren from torture and murder at the hands of the bloody Autocrat of Russia, the fight to save the United States from the everlasting disgrace of having refused asylum to a man who has struggled valiantly for political liberty in his own land and has fled to this country to escape the vengeance of a cruel despot—that fight is not yet over, and no friends of freedom should make the mistake of relaxing their efforts before victory is assured.

During the last week the case has become so clouded and confused by the peculiar conduct of the authorities that it is very hard to predict the outcome, or even to know what to expect on the morrow. The two sure things are, first, that the Russian government will not lose any opportunity to enlist the United States as a bloodhound for the Autocracy and, second, that the forcible and continuous expression of popular opinion in this country against the proposed

extradition is the strongest force that can be brought to bear to defeat the schemes of the ruthless enemy.

The conduct of the authorities at Washington has been most peculiar. Last Friday the Secretary of State signed an order dismissing the case against Pouren and directing that he be released. If that order had been sent to the proper official—that is, Commissioner Shields—promptly and in regular course, Pouren would have walked out of the Tombs a free man, and the United States would have been freed from the stigma which now attaches to it. This was not done. The order was held back, so that Commissioner Shields did not get it till Monday. But the counsel for the Czar were instantly notified of the action to be taken and given the "tip" to begin a new action in time to have another warrant for Pouren's rearrest before the prison doors could open to let him out.

We do not wish to do an injustice, even to the members of the Roosevelt administration, which has before shown itself ready to pre-judge cases in favor of capitalists and against workingmen. We are willing to wait for an explanation before condemning the administration. But we cannot withhold the remark that the purely "constructive" release of Pouren and his very effective rearrest are exactly in line with the ordinary procedure in Russia. It is quite the regular thing there to arrest a political enemy of the government on some trumped-up charges, to hold him for months, then to try and acquit him, and then, in the very instant of his release to rearrest him on the same charges but by a new authority and again hold him for trial, and to repeat this performance again and again till his health and perhaps his mind gives way under confinement and anxiety.

Is Washington taking a leaf from the book of the Third Division at St. Petersburg? We hope not. But we want to be shown.

District Attorney Stimson says Republican National Treasurer Sheldon was in Morse's ice pool and came out a winner. Next day, District Attorney Stimson says Sheldon was not in Morse's ice pool, and consequently did not come out a winner. Our comment is a quotation from Hamlet: "All of which, though I most potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty that it be thus set down in print."

Senator Lodge says that "Mr. Debs' agitation should be viewed with general alarm." That is just what the English Royalists said of the agitation carried on by John Hancock and Thomas Paine and Patrick Henry in the days before 1776. Strange to say, however, the masses of the working people refuse to view Socialism through Lodge's spectacles now, just as the mass of the Americans refused to feel general alarm at the thought of independence a hundred and thirty years ago. Senator Lodge says they should, but they don't.

That the Democratic machine really fears the election of Morris Hillquit, the Socialist candidate in the Ninth Congressional District of New York, was again proven Monday night, when Mr. Bryan turned his visit to New York into a special effort to carry the East Side voters off their feet with a wave of "hot air" and to sweep into office Judge Goldfogle, whose only qualification is his subserviency to that Tammany Hall which is as ready to throw down Mr. Bryan as the Republican machine is to throw down Governor Hughes. The expectation of Hillquit's election is indicated also by the editorial of the New York "World" on Monday admitting that the Socialist candidates on the East Side are vastly superior in intelligence, in ability, and in honesty, to those of the old parties. Looking forward to Socialist triumph in these districts as more than a probability, the "World" is ready enough for the occasion to speak a word in praise of the Socialist candidates, in order that it may not have to admit defeat on the day after election.

When a workingman goes to the polls next Tuesday and casts his ballot, there will really be but one question before him. He will have the chance to vote for Socialism or against Socialism. If he thinks he is satisfied with existing conditions and wants them to continue without any radical change, the only thing he need be careful about is not to vote for Debs and Hanford. To save himself trouble, let him toss a penny into the air and if it lands heads up let him vote for Taft, if it lands tails up, let him vote for Bryan. He will get the results either way.

"It is not our purpose," says the platform of the so-called Independence party, "to effect a radical change in the American system of government." And again: "The Independence party is, therefore, a conservative force in American politics." Mr. Hearst's editors say that radicals ought to vote for the Independence candidates; but we are willing to take the party convention's word for it and believe that the party is essentially a conservative party and that radicals ought to vote against it and for the Socialist party.

THE SOCIALIST PARTY'S APPEAL.

By EUGENE V. DEBS

Presidential Candidate of the Socialist Party.

(Reprinted by permission from the "Independent" of September 30.)

The Socialist party is the political expression of what is known as "the class struggle." The struggle is an economic fact as old as history itself, but it is only within the past generation that it has become a thoroughly conscious and well-organized political fact. As long as this struggle was confined to its economic aspect the ruling classes had nothing to fear, as, being in control of all the means and agencies of government, they were always able to use their power effectively to suppress uprisings either of chattel slaves, feudal serfs, or free-born and politically equal capitalist wage workers. But now that the struggle has definitely entered the political field it assumes for the present ruling class a new and sinister aspect. With the whole power of the state—the army, the navy, the courts, the police—in possession of the working class by virtue of its victory at the polls, the death knell of capitalist private property and wage slavery is sounded.

This does not mean, however, that the workers will wrest control of government from the capitalist class simply for the purpose of continuing the class struggle on a new plane, as has been the case in all previous political revolutions when one class has superseded another in the control of government. It does not mean that the workers and capitalists will merely change places, as many poorly informed persons undoubtedly still believe.

Struggle to End Struggle.

It means the inauguration of an entirely new system of industry, in which the exploitation of man by man will have no place. It means the establishment of a new economic motive for production and distribution. Instead of profit being the ruling motive of industry, as at present, all production and distribution will be for use. As a consequence, the class struggle and economic class antagonisms as we now know them will entirely disappear.

Did the Socialist party have no higher political ideal than the victory of one class over another it would not be worthy of a moment's support from any right thinking individual. It would, indeed, be impossible for the party to gain any considerable strength or prestige. It is the great moral worth of its ideals that attracts adherents to the Socialist movement even from the ranks of the capitalist class, and holds them to their allegiance with an enthusiasm that suggests a close parallel with the early days of Christianity; and it is the mathematical certainty with which its conclusions are stated that enables the Socialist party to expand and advance with irresistible force to the goal it has in view, in spite of the appalling opposition it has had to encounter. It is this certainty, and the moral worth of its ideals, which moved Mommsen, the venerable German historian, to say that "this is the only great party which has a claim to political respect."

The capitalist was originally a socially useful individual, but the evolution of our industrial system has rendered him a parasite, an entirely useless functionary that must be eliminated if civilization is to endure. It is a leading thought in modern philosophy that in its process of development each institution tends to cancel itself. Born out of social necessity, its progress is determined by repulsions and attractions arising in society, which produce effects tending to negate its original function. Now, that is what has happened to the capitalist. He is no longer useful. He is merely a clog to social progress and must be abolished, just as the feudal lord and chattel slaveholder have been abolished.

Owners Not Managers.

The capitalist was originally a manager who worked hard at his business and received what economists call the "wages of superintendence." So long as he occupied that position the capitalist might be restrained and controlled in various ways, but he could not be got rid of. He performed real functions; and as society was not yet prepared to take those functions upon itself, it could not afford to discharge him. But now the capitalist proper has become absolutely useless. Finding it easier to combine with others of his class in a large undertaking, he has abdicated his position of overseer and has put in a salaried manager to act for him. This salaried manager now performs the only social function of

the capitalist, while the capitalist himself has become a mere rent or interest receiver. The rent or interest he receives is paid for the use of a monopoly which not he but a vast multitude of people created by their joint efforts.

This differentiation between manager and capitalist is a necessary part of the process of capitalist evolution due to machine industry. As competition led to waste in production, so it also led to the cutting of profits among capitalists. To prevent this the concentration of capital was necessary, by which the large capitalist could undersell his small rivals in the marketing of goods produced by machinery and distributed by agencies initially too costly for any individual competitor to purchase or set on foot.

For such massive capitals the contributions of several capitalists are necessary. Hence the joint stock company, the corporation, and finally the trust. Through the medium of such agencies a person in the United States can own stock in an enterprise in Africa or South America which he has never visited and never intends to visit, and which, therefore, he cannot "superintend" in any way. He and the other stockholders put in a manager with injunctions to be economical. The manager's business is to earn the largest possible dividends for his employers. If he does not do so he is dismissed. To secure high dividends the manager will lower wages, if that is resisted there will probably be either a strike or a lockout. Cheap labor will be imported by the manager, and if the workers resist by intimidation or organized boycotting the forces of the state will be used against them, and in the end they must submit.

Workers Part of Machine.

The old personal relation between the workers and the employer is gone. From the point of view of the corporation owners the workers are simply an extension of the machine of profit production. The workers are not regarded as having human attributes. Their labor is trafficked in as a commodity, like iron and steel, and the only interest the capitalist retains in production is his interest as an idle dividend receiver. Society can get along without the capitalist; it refuses longer to support him in idleness and luxury.

The process of industrial evolution that has rendered the capitalist a useless functionary has at the same time evolved an organization, co-operative in character, whereby industry may be carried on without friction for the benefit of the whole people instead of for the profit of the individual capitalist. The conduct of industry will be entrusted to men who are technically familiar with its processes, precisely as it is now entrusted to managers by the stockholders of a corporation; in short, the whole of industry will represent a giant corporation in which all citizens are stockholders and the state will represent a board of directors acting for the whole people. Details of organization and performance may well be left to the experts to whose direction the matter will be given when the time comes. It is not the mission of the Socialist party to speculate concerning the manner in which the workers will conduct their affairs when they have come into possession of their inheritance which the ages have prepared for them. Standards of right and justice under the new regime, however, may well be indicated.

Parasites Must Go.

"Within rights there shall be no duties; without duties no rights." What will be the practical interpretation of this Socialist axiom? Obviously, social parasitism must cease; every man must be a producer, or perform some socially useful function, in order to procure title to any share in the product of the collective industry. The only citizenship held honorable will be economic citizenship, or comradeship in production and in sharing the product.

The spectacle of strong men walking the streets idle and hungry, vainly begging for a chance to work for the pittance that will suffice to ward off starvation from themselves and their loved ones, will be no more: The cruelty of children of tender years being forced hungry to school in a great city like New York will disappear. No longer will there be a problem of the unemployed, and the capitalist will be elevated from his present condition of parasitism to that of a worker and producer of wealth.

Brotherhood Realized.

The class struggle must necessarily cease, for there will be no classes.

Each individual will be his own economic master, and all will be servants of the collectivity. Human Brotherhood, as taught by Christ nineteen centuries ago, will for the first time begin to be realized.

The struggle for working class emancipation, which finds its expression through the Socialist party, must continue, and will increase in intensity until either the ruling class completely subjugates the working class, or until the working class entirely absorbs the capitalist class. There is no middle ground possible, and it is this fact that makes ludicrous those sporadic reform movements typified by the Populist and Independence parties.

But the subjugation of the working class is out of the question. Intelligence has gone too far for that; it is the capitalist class that is doomed. Hence the only possible outcome of the present struggle is victory for the working class and the absorption by that class of all other classes.

When the present Socialist party has accomplished its mission of uniting the workers of the world into a solid political phalanx the end of capitalist domination is at hand, and the era of industrial peace so long wished for by philanthropists and seers will dawn upon the world.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

"I fear I did not understand you correctly," said the Man from Mars. "Did you say that women have no voice in the affairs of the nation?"

"Exactly," replied the Politician.

"That would be a cause for revolution where I come from," observed the Martian. "How do the women like to be in that servile position?"

"They like it all right," answered the Politician. "Just a few suffragettes object, and they are easily jailed; while so far as a revolution is concerned even the Daughters of the American Revolution refuse to support the suffragettes."

"Of course the reason for this undoubtedly is that the women are of inferior mental and moral caliber to the men."

"Oh, no," explained the Politician. "It is because they are so much superior."

"That seems rather illogical. It is hard to believe that superior beings should submit to being ruled by inferior beings."

"Yes, but don't you see," objected the Politician, "if women got into politics they would become inferior?"

"Would they?" said the Man from Mars. "Then, by the same sign, if the men got out of politics, they would become superior, I suppose. If I were a man I wouldn't object to that."

"Yes, but we love our women!" "I don't follow your logic at all," said the Man from Mars.

"What's logic?" asked the Politician, with a wakening interest. "Is there any money in it?"—Ellis O. Jones, in Success.

ARISTOCRATS AND TRAMPS.

What is the difference between the aristocratic pauper and the tramp, between the few who are real parasites, who have begged the labor products and stolen millions, and the man who begs enough to eat? Why are we so anxious to bring the tramp to justice and leave the other who can count his millions and has produced nothing except misery and poverty in others? Civilization is parasitic. Even our most extolled philanthropists who endow universities, libraries and churches, are destroying the moral life of the world, because such endowments are parasitical in their nature.

If we want men free, if we want men self-sustaining, self-respecting, we must have a just civilization. We should have learned that a bad tree cannot bear good fruit. If we have a civilization based on equality, fraternity, liberty, then common life will supply its wants, it will build its own libraries and museums, it will do away with that monstrous habit of endowing institutions with the stolen fruits of a fellow man's labor.—George D. Herron.

SLAVES IN SOUL.

They are slaves who fear to speak for the fallen and the weak. They are slaves who will not choose hatred, scolding and abuse. Rather than in silence shrink from the truth, they needs must think: They are slaves who dare not be in the light with two of three. —James Russell Lowell.

ARE YOU WILLING?

(Editorial from the Cleveland Press.)

Are you willing to help Russia torture people?

United States Commissioner Shields of New York has made a decision that Jan Pouden, a Lettish peasant who took part in the recent attempted revolution in the Baltic provinces, shall be sent back to tortures worse than those of the awful deviltries of the middle ages.

But public opinion may still force action over the head of Commissioner Shields to save the obscure Jan Pouden from a fate worse than hell and the United States from deserting her mission of shelterer of political exiles.

Jan Pouden is a simple Lettish peasant. Two or three years ago his village went mad at the agony of Russian oppression, and revolted. Every reader of this felt his heart go out to these revolutionists; but sympathy and mad agony could not win against cossacks, and the revolution was suppressed.

And then began things too horrible to think of. A commission with authority to kill political offenders without trial subjected newly arrested persons to torture until they confessed. They were beaten with clubs and whips until senseless, and roused by cold water to new tortures. Officers caved in prisoners' chests with their boots. Men's legs were pounded until the flesh dropped off. Eyes were gouged out with fingers and pencils. The bones of the living feet were crushed. Pools of blood ran over the floor of the torture chamber from bodies cut with wire whips. Nails were torn out, hair was pulled out and bones broken. When the flesh turned to an open wound, the torturer laid a wet rag over it to replace the skin, or rubbed salt in it, and went on with the fiend's work. When a New York stenographer was given the task of copying the official record of these things from the proceedings of the Duma, she burst into tears and could not copy it. For there are things worse than the above, too shameful to be hinted here.

When one "confessed," those named by him were tortured. When he refused, he was taken out after torture and shot, "while attempting to escape." Oh, it was hell, simply hell!

Jan Pouden got out of Russia and came to New York. Russia followed, hired the best lawyers and asked his extradition for burglary, arson and attempted murder. Clearly these offenses were the acts of a soldier serving his revolutionary cause. The offense was political. We have always refused to extradite political offenders. Irishmen have been protected by this nation, when accused of crimes of violence in the land of troubles, because the troubles were political. But Commissioner Shields has decided that Jan Pouden must be sent back to the terrors, the horrors, the unthinkable savageries of the Russian government.

SHALL JAN POUEN BE TORN FROM THE ALTAR OF FREEDOM—OUR ALTAR—AND SENT BACK? SHALL THIS CEASE TO BE AN ALTAR OF FREEDOM—SHALL WE BECOME FUGITIVE SLAVE HUNTERS FOR THE CZAR?

NO! A MILLION TIMES NO! Were Jan Pouden a thousand times a murderer we ought not to send him back to such a fate.

Write to the Pouden Defense Conference, 320 Broadway, New York, and find out how to help save America from this disgrace.

"SOCIALISTS AT WORK."

Mrs. Liebknecht, widow of the great Socialist leader, Wilhelm Liebknecht, (and whose son, Dr. Karl Liebknecht, is now undergoing a term of imprisonment for his antimilitarist writings), writes from Germany to say she considers Robert Hunter's "Socialists at Work" to be a remarkable achievement. She is astonished to find what a talent Mr. Hunter has shown in portraying the various aspects and distinctive features of the European movement. His characterization of the various parties and of the leaders she finds exactly in accord with that of her late husband and her son. Especially in his psychology of the men of the movement, the most difficult of studies, does she think that the author has been very successful, and she confessed herself full of admiration for his power of observation in that respect. She hopes that the book will be read by the adversaries of Socialism as well as by the comrades.

WHAT WILL YOU TAKE FOR YOUR VOTE?

By JOSEPH E. COHEN.

I remember as a little lad of eight or nine years walking with my father in one of the streets of Terre Haute. A tall, slender, handsome young man stopped to talk with my father. At first I was fascinated by the way they grasped hands and looked into each other's eyes. I was then impressed by their animated conversation. But they talked on and on until it seemed to me hours in length; and finally I began to tug at my father's coat tails, urging him to come on. After a while they parted, and my father said to me, very seriously, "You should not interrupt me, Robert, when I am talking. That young man is one of the greatest souls on this earth, and you should have listened to what he said."

From time to time afterwards I heard of 'Gene, and many were the stories told of him. Everyone spoke of his friendship for the poor. He could never keep money in his pocket. His wife says he always gives away his clothes to those who come to his door; and he gives his best suits, never his old ones.

Once I was told he had a gold watch of considerable value, which had been given to him, and a fireman who had been out of work for some time stopped to say that he had a job offered on the railroad, but he would have to have a watch before he could go to work. Immediately 'Gene took out his gold watch and gave it to the man, telling him to return it when he was able to buy one for himself.

These and countless other stories are told by his fellow citizens. Many of them do not understand 'Gene. His views and his work they cannot comprehend, but every man, woman and child in that town loves him with a devotion quite extraordinary.

They say that a prophet is without honor in his own country, but in Terre Haute you will find that, however much they misunderstand the work that 'Gene is doing, there is not one who does not honor and love him.

Ask anyone. Go to the poor, the vagrant, the hobo. Go to the churches, to the rich, to the banker, to the traction magnate. You will find that every single one will say that 'Gene has something which other men do not possess. Some will say he is rash, unwise, and too radical. Others will say that he is too good for this world, and that his visions and dreams are the fanciful outpourings of a generous but impractical soul. But ask them about his character, his honesty, his sincerity, and unconsciously many of them will remove their hats.

Some of these statements will seem an exaggeration. But one cannot avoid that in speaking of 'Gene. When one who knows him makes any statement, no matter how moderate, it will seem to others who do not know him an exaggeration.

'Gene has followed Truth wherever she had led. He does not ask what is politic, what is wise, what is expedient; he only asks what is truth. He loves Truth beyond all things. She is his absolute mistress, and he has gone with her from riches to poverty, from popularity to unpopularity. He has gone with her out of great positions into small positions. He has stood up for her against all men. For her he has seemed at times to sacrifice all earthly gain, and to accept without one pang of regret misunderstanding, misrepresentation and almost universal condemnation. For her he has been momentarily one of the most popular men in the country, and for her he has been her companion when everyone believed in her, and he has been her companion when to believe in her meant to go into prison stripes, behind iron bars.

Sometimes I have differed with 'Gene. I have said to him that what he was doing was unwise, impolitic, dangerous. At such times, under such criticism, he is always kindly, but undeterred; and it is his conscience that answers you back and asks, "But is it right? Is it true?"

Shortly after I left college I went to live in one of the most poverty-stricken districts of Chicago. One Sunday it was announced that Eugene would come there to speak. Thousands came to hear him, and overflowing the hall a multitude waited outside to hear him speak from a truck. After waiting for two hours, perhaps, 'Gene came out and began to speak. At the close of this audience were

foreigners who could hardly understand a word of English, and as I heard his beautiful words and saw their wistful, earnest faces, I felt that something more powerful, penetrating and articulate than mere words was passing between the audience and the speaker. For a moment it seemed to me that a soul was speaking from the eyes and frame of 'Gene, and that, regardless of difference of language and all the traditional barriers that separated him from the multitude about him, they understood and believed all he said. I remember how my heart beat, and how tears began to flow from my boyish eyes. I was ashamed for fear someone would see me. And it was not because of anything that 'Gene was saying. It was solely because of something back of the man, something greater than the man, something bigger, more powerful and more moving than any words or expression. And after the thing was over I went to him, helped him on with his coat, and fondled him as I would my own father or brother. And as we went away together, there kept coming into my heart the words of Ruth:

"Entreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee. For whither thou goest I will go, and whither thou lodgest I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people and thy God my God."

FREEDOM.

They never fail who die
In a great cause; the block may
soak their gore;
Their heads may sodden in the sun;
their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle
walls—
But still their spirit walks abroad.
Though years
Elapse, and others share as dark a
doom,
They but augment the deep and
sweeping thoughts
Which overpower all others, and con-
duct
The world at last to freedom.
—Byron.

PATIENCE!

The Filipino masses again have demonstrated their unfitness for the ballot.—Manila Dispatch.
Rome was not built in a day;
Athens took nearly a week;—
Why should the Filippine make way
Faster than Roman or Greek?
Give the brown brother a chance;
Bear with the downtrodden devil.
Painfully slow his advance
Till he attain to our level.
Long is the time must elapse
Ere he ascend to our plane—
Centuries, acoos perhaps—
Stumbling again and again.
Many a day he must wait.
Many a weary manana,
Ere he can glimmer a great
Man like Matt Quay or Mark Hanna.

We in our wisdom elect
Gods like Tom Platt and Depew;
But we can hardly expect
Much from a heathen Yahoo.
We who can point in our pride
To "Uncle Joe" and Sereno,
Weep for the years that divide
Us and the poor Filipino.

Rome was not built in a day:
Civilization is slow.
Long is the brown brother's way—
Give the poor devil a show.
Bear with the ignorant crew;
When you feel scornful, remember
What you have done—and will do
Tuesday, the Third of November.
—B. L. T. in Puck.

THE COMING WOMAN.

With the coming of economic opportunity comes a woman who rises to her full height and does not sell herself for life for board and clothes. To gain the free woman as a mate it will require something more than the ability to buy her; man will have to deserve her. He will have to deserve her to win her; he will have to deserve her to hold her. The free woman will make her own laws; she will laugh at the laws man has made to restrain her as at sales to secure a child.—Franklin H. Wentworth.

A COMPANION TO TRUTH.

By ROBERT HUNTER.

A BOY'S ESTIMATE OF EUGENE V. DEBS.

MR. WORKINGMAN, WHAT WILL YOU TAKE FOR YOUR VOTE?

In the past, some of you have taken a drink of whiskey and a cigar. Some of you have taken a dollar or two. Some of you have taken the promise of the ward heeler's "pull" to get you a two-dollar-a-day job. That is what you have taken for your vote in the past.

But what will you take for your vote THIS campaign?

FOR THIS YEAR IS DIFFERENT FROM OTHER YEARS.

In the past campaigns the mills and factories were running full time, the farmers were growing plentiful crops, the only complaint the railroads made was their inability to handle all the freight. In such a time your vote was a toss up as to whether one lot of political grafters or another lot were to tap the public till. And, as it was a case of graft either way, some of you thought that you might just as well get a little of the graft yourselves, and you sold your vote to the highest bidder.

But to-day the mills and factories are running short time or are closed down, the farmers cannot pay off their mortgages and are curtailing their crops, the railroads have miles and miles of freight cars standing idle.

And the millions of working men and women are unemployed, go about shabbily dressed and are ill nourished or depend upon charity for food.

Suicide is increasing. Insanity is increasing. Prostitution is increasing. Crime is increasing. And one family after another moves out of its rented houses and crowds in with some other family. The streets are lined with empty houses.

THIS IS WHAT YOU GOT FOR YOUR VOTE IN THE PAST.

You did not think that this was part of the package that would come with the handshake of the old party politician as he thanked you for "doing him a favor."

You did not think that this was what you exchanged your ballot for. You were told to vote for high tariff, and you did. You were told to vote for low tariff, and you did. You were told to vote for the gold standard, and you did. You were told to vote to "stand pat," and you did. And now "God knows" what they will tell you. And only "God knows" how you will get along.

The ballot that you will hold in your hand election day represents all that is left to you.

Your masters have stripped you of all property. They have seized the mills and workshops in which you must toil to exist and closed them in your face. They have placed all manner of restrictions upon your liberties, instituted "government by injunction," sent the militia to shoot you down in time of strikes, sacked the treasuries of your unions, black-listed you and outlawed you, and hired Pinkertons to swear away your lives. **BUT THE BALLOT YOU STILL HAVE LEFT.**

That ballot is your manhood. Your future, the future of your wife and little ones hangs by a thread—the thread in the piece of wood with which you will make a cross. **WHAT WILL YOU TAKE FOR YOUR VOTE?**

Will you sell your vote for a gulp of whiskey and a cheap smoke? Will a piece of silver tempt you? Will the promise of political influence turn your head?

MILLIONS OF YOU ARE OUT OF WORK, HUNGRY, IN DESTITUTE CIRCUMSTANCES, DRIVEN TO SUICIDE, INSANITY, PROSTITUTION, CRIME.

THIS IS WHAT YOU BOUGHT WITH YOUR REPUBLICAN OR DEMOCRATIC VOTE.

This is what your Republican or Democratic vote will bring you **AFTER ELECTION.**

You know that is true, terribly true.

Then, will you not heed the plea of the **SOCIALIST PARTY—YOUR PARTY**—the party of the unemployed, the hungry, the destitute? Will you not hearken to the Socialist party, the party of those who grow the wheat and fruit, who dig the coal and iron, build the factories and machinery, lay the railroads, launch the steamships—who make our civilization?

THE MESSAGE OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY IS THAT YOU HAVE MADE THE WORLD AND THE WORLD BELONGS TO YOU.

The message of the Socialist party is that you must take the world if you are to work and eat and live.

The message of the Socialist party is that you must abandon the Repub-

lican and Democratic parties, which are but the paid agents of your masters, and that you must support your own party, the Socialist party, if you are to be free men.

You know only too well what voting the old party tickets has brought you. Should the Socialist party win, the farmers will lift their mortgages, the furnace fires will again be lighted, the blast will again be heard in mine and quarry, the machinery will again spin around, the freight cars will carry their burdens across the continent. But will it be with a new spirit and a new joy, the spirit of comradeship, the joy of an emancipated people!

HARD TIMES OR GOOD TIMES. SOCIAL WRONG OR SOCIAL JUSTICE.

WAGE SLAVERY OR FREEDOM. CAPITALISM OR SOCIALISM.

THAT IS the offer!
MR. WORKINGMAN, WHAT WILL YOU TAKE FOR YOUR VOTE?

THE IGNORANCE OF THE KNOWING

By FRANKLIN H. WENTWORTH.

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge is a knowing person. He is the oracle, the historian and the interpreter of Republican principles to the gaping multitudes of Massachusetts, who do not vote but are voted. It was he who once discovered that the initiative and referendum were vicious schemes to overthrow Republican institutions. When Mr. Lodge refers to Republican institutions he means the Republican machine. The Republican machine maintains Mr. Lodge in public life; and the Republican machine, plus Mr. Lodge's dollars, maintains Mr. Lodge's son-in-law, Mr. Augustus P. Gardner in public life. Mr. Lodge's pronouncements on public questions are always interestingly clear; in fact, they are more than clear—they are transparent.

For the second time in his career Mr. Lodge has delivered himself upon the subject of Socialism. His first delivery upon this interesting question was some ten years ago, when he met in debate in Haverhill, Mass., Mr. James F. Carey, of the Socialist party. Mr. Carey has spoken in Haverhill many times since in the ten years. Mr. Lodge never has. There is no comfort in revisiting the scenes of our humiliations.

Mr. Lodge's present exhibition of ignoring cannot, however, be smothered in Haverhill. At the time of his first adventure into the realms of logic Socialism was comparatively local. It is now national; and when a United States Senator speaks all persons who do not know him may believe him.

Mr. Lodge declares that Socialism will not work because it is opposed to human nature. The Senator makes this declaration in the month of October, in the year 1908—a few weeks before the casting of, perhaps, a million votes for Socialism. The only reason why Senator Lodge cannot be driven out of public life, just as he was driven out of Haverhill, is that the arena over which his ignorance has now spread is of greater extent than can at present be covered by printed truth.

Socialism is the revolt of the working class against economic tyranny. It is the first intelligent effort of the producing class of the world to get the class of which Mr. Lodge is the spokesman off his back.

This is not opposed to human nature; it is the expression of human nature. Being the expression of human nature, Socialism, when it comes, will surely work—and so, for the first time in his life, will Mr. Lodge.

A ROMANCE SCATTERED.

She—Mollie admits that she is terribly disappointed in her husband.
He—How is that?
She—She married him to reform him, and now she finds he doesn't need it.—Pick-Me-Up.

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 III.

The Great Fortunes from Rails

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CHAPTER IV. (Continued.)

THE ONRUSH OF THE VANDERBILT FORTUNE.

II.

Whatever obscurity may cloud many of Vanderbilt's methods in the steamship business, his methods in possessing himself of railroads are easily ascertained from official archives.

Late in 1862, at about the time when he had added to the millions he had virtually stolen in the mail subsidy frauds the huge profits from his manipulation of the Banks expedition, he set about buying the stock of the New York and Harlem Railroad.

The Story of a Franchise.

This railroad, the first to enter New York City, had received from the New York Common Council in 1832 a franchise for the exclusive use of Fourth avenue, north of Twenty-third street—a franchise which, it was openly charged, was obtained by distributing bribes in the form of stock among the Aldermen. (10.)

The franchise was not construed by the city to be perpetual; certain reservations were embodied giving the city powers of revocation. But as we shall see, Vanderbilt not only corrupted the Legislature in 1872 to pass an act saddling one-half of the expense of depressing the tracks upon the city, but caused the act to be so adroitly worded as to make the franchise perpetual. Along with the franchise to use Fourth avenue, the railroad company secured in 1832 a franchise free from taxation to run street cars for the convenience of its passengers from the railroad station (then in the outskirts of the city) south to Prince street. Subsequently this franchise was extended to Walker street, and in 1851 to Park Row. These were the initial stages of the Fourth Avenue Surface line, which has been extended and has grown into a vested value of tens of millions of dollars. In 1858 the New York and Harlem Railroad Company was forced by action of the Common Council, arising from the protests of the rich residents of Murray Hill, to discontinue steam service below Forty-second street. It, therefore, now had a street car line running from that thoroughfare to the Astor House.

This explanation of antecedent circumstances allows a clearer comprehension of what took place after Vanderbilt had begun buying the stock of the New York and Harlem Railroad. The stock was then selling at \$9 a share. This railroad, as was the case with all other railroads without exception, was run by the owners with only the most languid regard for the public interests and safety. Just as the corporation in the theory of the law was supposed to be a body to whom Government delegated powers to do certain things in the interests of the people, so was the railroad considered theoretically a public highway operated for the convenience of the people. It was upon this ground that railroad corporations secured charters franchises, property and such privileges as the right of condemnation of land necessary for the railroads. The State of New York alone had contributed \$8,000,000 in public funds, and various counties, towns and municipalities nearly \$31,000,000 by investment in stocks and bonds. (11.) The theory was indeed, attractive, but it remained nothing more than a fiction.

No sooner did the railroad owners get what they wanted, than they proceeded to exploit the very community from which their possessions were obtained and which they were supposed to serve. The various railroads were juggled with by succeeding groups of manipulators. Management was neglected and no attention paid to proper equipment. Often the physical layout

of the rails—the road-beds, rails and cars—were deliberately allowed to deteriorate in order that the manipulators might be able to lower the value and efficiency of the road and thus depress the value of the stock. Thus, for instance, Vanderbilt aiming to get control of a railroad at a low price might very well have confederates among some of the directors or officials of that railroad who would resist or stily thwart every attempt at improvement and so scheme that the profits would constantly go down. As the profits decreased, so did the price of the stock in the stock market. The changing combinations of railroad capitalists were too absorbed in the process of gambling in the stock market to have any direct concern for management. It was nothing to them that this neglect caused frequent and heartrending disasters; they were not held criminally responsible for the loss of life. In fact railroad wrecks often served their purpose in beating down the price of stocks.

He Gets a Railroad.

After Vanderbilt, by divers machinations of too intricate character to be described here, had succeeded in knocking down the price of New York and Harlem railroad shares and had bought a controlling part, the price began bounding up. In the middle of April, 1863, it stood at \$50 a share. A very decided increase it was, from \$9 to \$50; evidently enough, to occasion this rise he had put through some transaction which had added immensely to the profits of the road. What was it? Sinister rumors preceded what the evening of April 21, 1863, disclosed. He had bribed the New York City Common Council to give to the New York and Harlem railroad a perpetual franchise for a street railway on Broadway from the Battery to Union Square. He had done what Solomon Kipp and others had done in 1852 when they had spent \$50,000 in bribing the aldermen to give them a franchise for surface lines on Sixth avenue, and Eighth avenue (12); what Elijah F. Purdy and others had done in the same year in bribing aldermen with a fund of \$28,000 to give them the franchise for a surface line on Third avenue (13); what George Law and other capitalists had done in 1852 in bribing the aldermen to give them the franchises for street car lines on Second avenue and Ninth avenue. Only three years before—in 1860—Vanderbilt had seen Jacob Sharp and others bribe the New York Legislature (which in that same year had passed an act depriving the New York Common Council of the power of franchise granting) to give them franchises for street car lines on Seventh avenue, on Tenth avenue, or Forty-second street, on Avenue D and a franchise for the "Belt" line. It was generally believed that the passage of these five bills cost the projectors \$250,000 in money and stock distributed among the purchasable members of the legislature. (14)

Of all the New York City street railway franchises, either appropriated or unappropriated, the Broadway line was considered the most profitable. So valuable were its present and potential prospects held that in 1852 Thomas E. Davies and his associates had offered, in return for the franchise, to carry passengers for a three-cent fare and to pay the city a million-dollar bonus. Other eager capitalists had hastened to offer the city a continuous payment of \$100,000 a year. Similar futile attempts had been made year after year to get the franchise. The rich residents of Broadway opposed a street car line, believing it would subject them to noise and discomfort; likewise the stage owners, intent upon

(12) See presentation of Grand Jury of February 26, 1863, and accompanying testimony, Documents of the (New York) Board of Aldermen, Doc. No. XXI, Part II, No. 55.

(13) Ibid., 1833-35.

(14) See "The History of Public Franchises in New York City," 120-25.

keeping up their monopoly, fought against it. In 1863 the bare rights of the Broadway franchise were considered to be worth fully \$10,000,000. Vanderbilt and George Law were now frantically competing for this franchise. While Vanderbilt was corrupting the Common Council, Law was corrupting the legislature.

Vanderbilt Outwits the Aldermen.

But the aldermen were by no means unschooled in the current sharp practices of commercialism. A strong cabal of them hatched up a scheme by which they would take Vanderbilt's bribe money and then ambush him for still greater spoils. They knew that even if they gave him the franchise its validity would not stand the test of the courts. The legislature claimed the exclusive power of granting franchises; astute lawyers assured them that this claim would be upheld. Their plan was to grant a franchise for the Broadway line to the New York and Harlem railroad. This would at once send up the price of the stock. The legislature, it was certain, would give a franchise for the same surface line to Law. When the courts decided against the Common Council that body, in a spirit of showy deference, would promptly pass an ordinance repealing the franchise. In the meantime the aldermen and their political and Wall Street confederates would contract to "sell short" large quantities of New York and Harlem stock.

The method was simple. When that railroad's stock was selling at \$100 a share upon the strength of getting the Broadway franchise, the aldermen would find many persons willing to contract for its delivery in a month at a price, say, of \$90 a share. By either the repealing of the franchise ordinance or affected by adverse court decision, the stock inevitably would sink to a much lower price. At this low price the aldermen and their confederates would buy the stock and then deliver it, compelling the contracting parties to pay the agreed price of \$90 a share. The difference between the stipulated price of delivery and the value to which the stock had fallen—\$30, \$40 or \$50 a share—would represent the winnings.

Part of this plan worked out admirably. The legislature passed an act giving Law the franchise. Vanderbilt countered by getting Tweed, the all-powerful political ruler of New York City and New York State, to order his tool, Governor Seymour, to veto the measure. As was anticipated by the aldermen, the courts pronounced that the Common Council had no power to grant franchises. Vanderbilt's franchise was, therefore, annulled. So far there was no hitch in the plot to pluck Vanderbilt.

But an unlooked for obstacle was encountered. Vanderbilt had somehow got wind of the affair, and with instant energy bought up secretly all of the New York and Harlem stock he could lay his hands on. He had masses of ready money to do it with; the millions from the mail subsidy frauds and from his other lootings of the public treasury proved an unending source of supply. Presently he had enough of the stock to corner his antagonists badly. He then put his own price upon it, eventually pushing it up to \$170 a share. To get the stock which they contracted to deliver, the combination of politicians and Wall Street bankers and brokers had to buy it from him at his own price; there was no outstanding stock elsewhere. The old man was pitiless; he mulcted them \$175 a share. In his version Croffut says of Vanderbilt: "He and his partners in the bull movement took a million dollars from the Common Council that week and other millions from others." (15)

The New York and Harlem railroad was now his, as absolutely almost as the very clothes he wore. Little it mattered that he did not hold all of the stock; he owned a preponderance enough to rule the railroad as despotically as he pleased. Not a foot of it had he surveyed or constructed; this task had been done by the mental and manual labor of thousands of wage workers not one of whom now owned the vestige of an interest in it. For these toll these wage workers had nothing to show but poverty. But Vanderbilt had swept in a railroad system by merely using in cunning and unscrupulous ways a few of the millions he had defrauded from the national treasury.

(15) The Vanderbilts, etc., 76.

Annexes a Second Railroad.

Having found it so easy to get one railroad, he promptly went ahead to annex other railroads. By 1864 he loomed up as the owner of a controlling mass of stock in the New York and Hudson River railroad. This line paralleled the Hudson River and had a terminal in the downtown section of New York City. In a way this line was a competitor of the New York and Harlem railroad.

The old magnate now conceived a brilliant idea. Why not consolidate the two roads? True, to bring about this consolidation an authorizing act of the New York Legislature was necessary. But there was little doubt of the legislature balking. Vanderbilt well knew the means to insure its passage. In those years, when the people were taught to look upon competition as indispensable, there was deep popular opposition to the consolidating of competing interests. This, it was feared, would inflict monopoly.

The cost of buying legislators to pass an act so provocative of popular indignation would be considerable, but, at the same time, it would not be more than a trifle compared with the immense profits he would gain. The consolidation would allow him to increase or, as the phrase went, water, the stock of the combined roads. Although substantially owner of the two railroads, he was legally two separate entities—or, rather, the corporations were. As owner of one line he could bargain with himself as owner of the other, and could determine what the exchange purchase price should be. So by a juggle he could issue enormous quantities of bonds and stocks to himself. These many millions of bonds and stocks would not cost him personally a cent. The sole expense—the bribe funds and the cost of engraving—he would charge against his corporations. These stocks and bonds would immediately be vested with a high value, inasmuch as they would represent mortgages upon the productivity of tens of millions of people of that generation and of still greater numbers of future generations. By putting up traffic rates and lowering wages, dividends could be paid upon the entire outpouring of stock, thus beyond a doubt insuring its permanent value. (16.)

(16) Even Croffut, Vanderbilt's foremost apologist, cynically grows merry over Vanderbilt's methods which he thus summarizes: 1. Buy your railroad; 2. stop the stealing that went on under the other man; 3. improve the road in every practicable way within a reasonable expenditure; 4. consolidate it with any other road that can be run with it economically; 5. water its stock; 6. make it pay a large dividend."

(To be continued.)

CHILD LABOR.

Poor little children that work all day—
Far from the meadows, far from the birds,
Far from the beautiful silent words
The hills know how to say!
Laughter is gone from your old young eyes—
Gone from the lips with the dimples sweet,
Gone with the song of the little feet—
As light in winter dies,
Evening—with only the year, at ten?
Where was the morning, where was the noon?
Did the day turn back to the night so soon?
Part of the monster things that turn;
Less than a lever, less than a wheel
Pity you were not wrought of steel,
To save the pence you earn!
Add the column, eye, foot the gain—
Ye that barter in children's lives,
How will the reckoning end, that strives
To balance gold with pain?
—Ruby Archer.

JOY.

"Perkins looks very happy this year."
"He has reason to be. He says that after his wife and children had been fitted out with their fall wardrobes there was enough left to enable him to have a new velvet collar put on his overcoat."—Life.

10. The History of Tammany Hall, 117.

(11) Report of the Special Committee on Railroads of the New York State Assembly, 1879, Vol. I, 7.

DREAMING NOW A MILLION STRONG.

By ERNEST POOLE.

To-night the "small wee hours" are already under way. But while the thing is still vivid and fresh I want to jot it down—just the roughest kind of a sketch of what I have seen to-night on the lower East Side—a change that makes a man's blood tingle!

Down at the Grand street headquarters of the 8th Assembly District, the place was already packed with an army of comrades. In one corner I heard this dialogue between two fifteen-year-old workers:

"Say, Sam, what you doin' in them long pants?"

"Gettin' ready to speak. I was speakin' already before on de street, but a cop come along an' took me in for bein' a kid, said I'd have to get a license. Say, maybe de deak sars didn't get hot! I want a license," I says. "I want to talk for 'Gene'."

"Hell! he says. 'What's got into you kids? I won't allow it! Understand? Not till you're in long pants anyhow!'"

"So I borrowed me big brudder's pants and came!"

"Hey, you!" I heard somebody shout. "If you want a job, come in! If you don't—if you want to loaf or take a nap—try the place across the street."

Over there the Tafters had an enormous hall, and fireworks and noise; noise of the most expensive kind, and a few listeners, too, scattered here and there over the vast expanse of chairs.

In the street below were no fireworks, no bands. Only six Socialist wagons and one big motor bus. But from the buzzing 'round about 'em you might have thought that each was the royal queen of a bee hive. I had secured on the motor bus a space one foot square up near the chauffeur. As the candidates, Hillquit, Panken and Stokes, climbed up to their places the crowd around broke loose. There was a puff and a crash, some sixty-odd kids were swept out of the way, and up the street we started, a few hundred comrades running behind.

The same streets as were here four years ago, dark narrow canyons, the tenement roofs making big black sweeping lines against the sky above us. Vivid flashes down here—and crowds. But what a change!

They are waving hats, handkerchiefs, small red flags, everything but East Side cats—all along both sides of the street ahead. A crowd of youngsters running in front, a deepening buzz behind.

First stop—University Settlement corner. I used to live here, four years ago. Socialist crowds then averaged 50 to 100. To-night no less than eight hundred! And still more to the point—every man of 'em is listening hard!

A stifling night. In the six-floor buildings overhead are sweatshops—reeking hot, where the men are working still at 9 P. M., the same as they did four years back. But to-night they are leaning out of the windows to hear!

A stifling night. Here are mothers with children of all sizes. Mothers holding their babies up; mothers waving from windows.

We're off. And the crowd running behind has doubled—nearly two blocks long.

A white-headed old man ahead goes bending under a huge pack of sweatshop clothes. He sees us—stops—he, too, is waving his hat. Look at the smile on his wrinkled old face as we go by. I think he's cheering, in a high and thin old voice. But it's hard to tell. Too much noise to hear him.

A black, shiny wagon stands in front of a tenement—wagon marked "Undertaker." Two men are bearing an empty casket inside. They stop—both stare—then move on with their burden.

Speaking of funerals. Here at our next stop, in the crowd of a thousand, stand two men, clever looking, sleek, well dressed, but with the most infernally puzzled looks on their faces. They edge close. Both wear Tammany buttons.

Out of the old East Side, out of the roar, the glare, the smells and the heavy heat—look at the crowds

closing in! You can see them running from blocks away!

Here at another stop, in a doorway, a wee girl on either side, a future voter in her lap sits a stout, motherly woman, beaming and nodding approval. Here's a man, tall and thin, holding a baldheaded baby high over his head.

"Tree cheers for me, fellers!" yells a small urchin. "Me unkle's name is Debbs!"

Gay little youngsters these. But what of the 300,000 "dark rooms" where the sun and the outer air cannot enter? What of the seventy thousand consumptives? Here to the left yawns a deep narrow air shaft. In the rear from a third story window a gaunt and shadowy figure leans out—leans far out—and tries to hear.

"Wait till you get to Rutgers Square!" somebody shouts. "There's over five thousand waiting!"

As we near the square, far ahead you can see a great mishapen mass of black spread over the street and the park, already they see us. The cheering rises louder and louder—into a roar. Our bus forges on through a sea of humanity—slower—slower—the comrades in front pressing the crowd back foot by foot to let us through. And still the cheers are rising. Now, as we stop at last, the hats come off by the thousands, the air seems shaking with the noise. It is long before any speech can be heard.

What a change in those faces and eyes since the years gone by. How swift and warm their response to the speeches, not vague long-winded harangues in Tammany style, not Seth Low talks about how to be moral and frugal and wise, but the vital reforms that touch them close, the reforms that go straight down to the roots—to begin the real revolution.

Time and again they break in with cheers—cheers of the kind that go with dreams of freedom, of justice, of brotherhood reaching over the world.

When at last, at 11 o'clock, we slowly force our way out of the mass, thousands remain by one of our wagons, and thousands on the double quick come in a dense procession behind us.

As we move on through the streets, steadily the procession swells, and the shouts increase—till ahead from doorways, from side streets and alleys and stifling courtyards other hundreds

press out to see. To see what? The procession that has come to stay, and double and double again and again—from this year on till the years of our winning.

Moment by moment it swells behind us. And when at last we come back to the old "Taft Emporium for Voters"—which is still droning along at a cautious conservative pace, a fresh Socialist army joins ours—untill, from our bus, Grand street as far as the eye can see is black with tumultuous tides of men!

And suddenly—wail thirty thousand thundered their cheers into the night—I thought of the other armies, armies from coast to coast, from the tens in the lonely villages to the thousands in the towns, all listening to-night to the words of our speakers, crowding eagerly forward, cheering on the Cause!

You, comrades in the villages, you who are working in groups of ten, you who are working even alone, if at times the fight seems hard and long and heavy and slow, turn your eyes to the great centers and know that we are in armies to-night—dreaming now a million strong!

A LIGHT THAT MUST PREVAIL.

Socialism is to me a very great thing indeed, the form and substance of my ideal life and all the religion I possess. I am, by a sort of predestination, a Socialist. I perceive I cannot help talking and writing about Socialism, and shaping and forwarding Socialism. I am one of a succession—one of a growing multitude of witnesses, who will continue. It does not—in the larger sense—matter how many generations of us must toil and testify. It does not matter, except as our individual concern, how individually we succeed or fail, what blunders we make, what thwartings we encounter, what follies and inadequacies darken our private hopes and level our personal imaginations to the dust. We have the light. We know what we are for, and that the light that now glimmers so dimly through us must in the end prevail.—H. C. Wells, in the Independent, Nov. 25, 1906.

BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Traveler—Am I in time for the next train to Mudpank, porter?
Porter—Plenty of time, sir—seven-fifty to-morrow evening.—Toledo Union Leader.

THE CHAMELEON

By KATHERINE KENNEDY.

The political evolution of Bryan, with its kaleidoscopic changes in so-called Democracy—in other words, his efforts to "make good," remind me of a little street car chat which I overheard the other day. Oh, such a sad little tale.

"Mary, how is that queer little animal of yours?"

"Animal? What animal, John?"

"Why, the one that used to change color so often."

"Oh, you mean the little chameleon."

"Yes."

"Why, he's gone."

"Gone?"

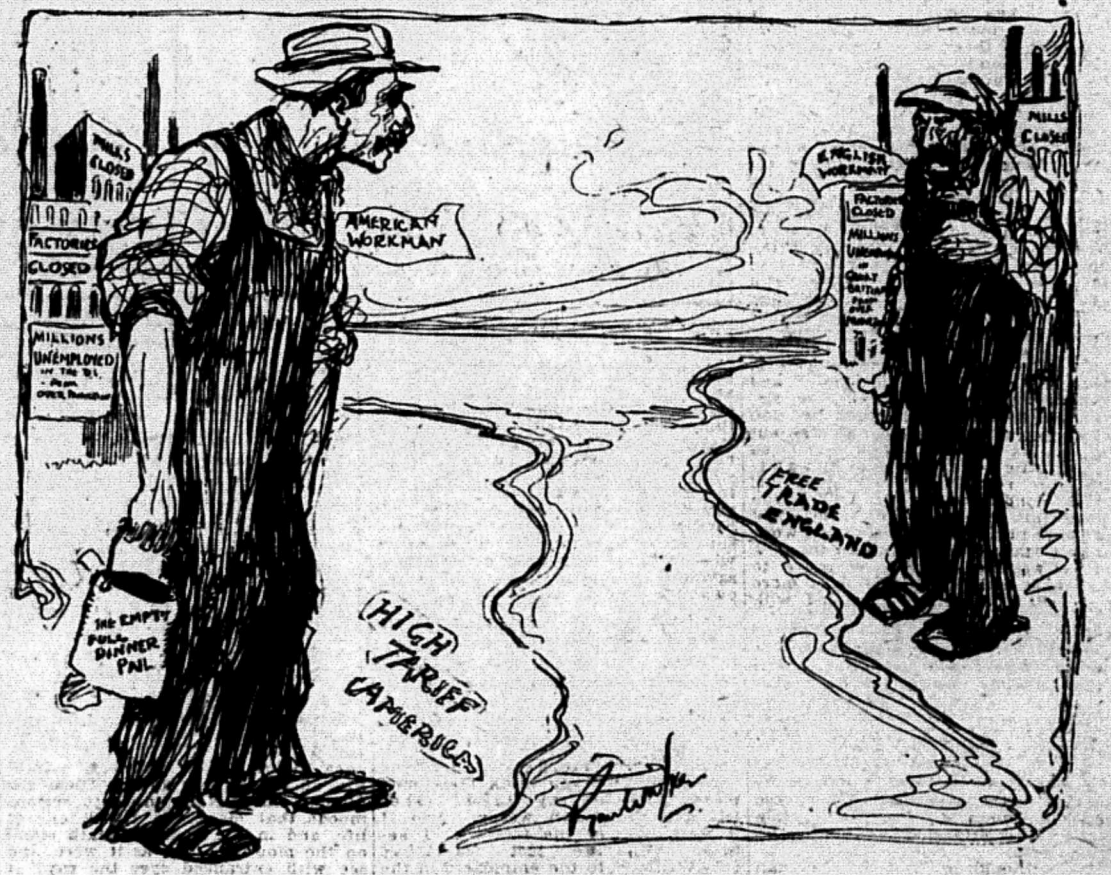
"Yes. You know we used to put him on a piece of blue cloth and he'd turn blue, and then on a piece of red cloth and he'd turn red, and on a piece of green cloth and he'd turn green. But, oh dear! One day we put him on a piece of Scotch plaid and he 'busted' trying to make good."

Bryan has changed his political colors many times since 1896, he has taken on the hue of silver, gold, initiative and referendum government ownership and government bank guarantee, but at last he has struck his political plaid.

WHERE ARE YOUR SPOKESMEN?

How is it possible that in Congress to-day there is never an elected representative of the class which holds nine-tenths of the voting strength of this country? Where is the spokesman of the working class? What have they been doing with their ballots? Where is the spokesman of the farmer? There are a hundred to spring to their feet if capital is endangered. Why are they so silent in regard to labor's wrongs. They are elected by the ballot of labor. Why then do they not see the baby fingers plying the needle in the sweatshop; why do they not hear the cry of the miner in the dark; why do they not hear the patter of the little feet amid the roar of looms in the South?—Franklin H. Wentworth.

Mrs. Hoyle—How did he come to marry that woman?
Mrs. Doyle—I think she was a mail order wife.



LEARNING THE LESSON.

The American—Say, pal, I've tried high tariff and you've tried free trade, and we both get starvation. Now Socialism is our only salvation.

WHAT WE WANT.

By JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

We are the hewers and delvers who toll for another's gain; The common clod, and the rabble, stunted of brow and brain. What do we want, the gleaners, of the harvest we have reaped? What do we want, the neutera, of the honey we have heaped?

We want the drones to be driven away from our golden board; We want to share in the harvest, we want to sit at the board; We want what sword or suffrage has never yet won for man; The fruits of his toll God promised when the curse of toll began.

Ye have tried the sword and scepter, the cross and the sacred word, In all the years, and the kingdom is not yet here of the Lord. We are tired of useless waiting; we are tired of fruitless prayers. Soldier and churchman and lawyer—the future, is it not theirs?

What gain is it to the people that a God laid down his life, If twenty centuries after his world be a world of strife? If the serried ranks be facing each other with ruthless eyes, And steel in their hands, what profits a Savior's sacrifice?

Ye have tried, and failed to rule us; in vain to direct have tried. Not wholly the fault of the ruler, not utterly blind the guide. Mayhap there needs not a ruler, mayhap we can find the way; At least ye have ruled to ruin; at least ye have led astray.

What matter if king or consul or president holds the rein, If crime and poverty ever be links in the bondsman's chain? What careth the burden bearer that Liberty packed his load, If hunger presses behind him with a sharp and ready goad?

There's a serf whose chains are of paper; there's a king with a parchment crown; There are robber knights and brigands in factory, field, and town. But the vassal pays his tribute to a lord of wage and rent; And the baron's toll is Shylock's with a flesh and blood per cent.

The seamstress bends to her labor all night in a narrow room; The child, defrauded of childhood, tiptoes all day at the loom; The soul must starve for the body can barely on husks be fed; And the loaded dice of the gambler settles the price of bread.

Ye have shorn and bound the Samson, and robbed him of learning's light; But his sluggish brain is moving; his sinews have all their might. Look well to your gates of Gaza, your privilege, pride, and caste. The giant is blind but thinking, and his locks are growing fast.

A "HEART TO FLINT" TALK.

By ROSE PASTOR STOKES.

The Retail Clerks' International Protective Association have organized a Woman's Auxiliary to help the women clerks of America to better conditions, shorter hours and higher pay.

To this end, instead of using their time, energy and means in waking up the women clerks to their own condition and helping them to help themselves, the R. C. I. P. A. is using these things, partly in seeking to move cold business interests to sympathy with their women wage slaves, partly through appealing to man from the "humanitarian's standpoint" and partly in persuading these same cold business interests that it will mean so much more to them in real dollars and cents if they would give their women workers opportunity for a little more rest, for better housing, better feeling and some amusement.

This appealing to the "business sense" of the masters class ought to have some effect, for they are in the game for profits and an argument in favor of more profits is always a clinching one with the capitalist class. Evidently the Retail Clerks realize that. They argue the thing thus:

You come to a man who works a mule to death and gives him little feed, no rest and poor shelter and you say to him: "Look you here, sir; you work your mule hard, but you are not getting half as much work out of him as I might get if you fed him a little better and gave him a little more rest and looked after his stable condition a little." Then you prove this to him in cold facts. You prove to him how much less work a half starved mule will do than a fairly well fed mule; you prove to him how little rest a mule will get with more good will, and how fairly well sheltered mules are happier mules than those who are ill sheltered, and that happier mules always do better work than their unhappy brother beasts of burden.

Well, you bring your statistics in and you've got your senseless mule-driver where you want him.

You want better conditions for the mule, and you partly got it by proving to the mule driver that these bettered conditions for the mule mean more profits to the man who drives him.

But although we can get the man and woman and child slave driver, as we can get those who drive mules, it might be well to remember that although we must fall to make the mule conscious of the fact that he is a beast of burden and appeal rather to his master, that men—and women

as well as men—are hungry and endowed with a divine consciousness. They can be awakened to their condition of slavery and are powerful enough in numbers to strike off their chains.

Do the Retail Clerks expect the master class to give their slaves their freedom? No. They expect merely to get them to "let up" a bit in their oppression of these slaves. They know that a master class never yet has freed its slave class.

Why not help the women clerks to fight their own battles—their and yours (Retail Clerks)—and all labor's battle! It's all one fight. Let's fight it together, and not spend our time, means and energy, nor get our knees sore by kneeling and cringing before a thing without a heart to please slacken the pace a bit—we shall work all the harder for you then.

In the little booklet sent out to the employers of women clerks are some illustrations. A sad young woman, worn and looking fifty, who is probably twenty-five years of age, standing amid the beautiful toys of a toy counter, and you can vow that those elegant toy horses never are bought by the children of those who create all wealth, but by the children of the wealthy who take all wealth.

Another picture is that of a young girl in a hall bedroom gazing down at the five dollar pay check she received for the week. Perhaps she is thinking some terrible thought—the river, or poison—or worse! For it's not easy to keep these thoughts away when one gets such a miserable wage for a hard week's slaving. Besides, you rather suspect that she may have very insistent thoughts (especially if she has temptations from without) when you see her on the next page saving a few pennies by washing her own few things in her little wash basin, and we are told it is late in the night. While in another picture we find her mending her thing—mending—her only recreation.

"Let us picture to you the LIFE of the girl who gets four or five or six dollars a week," say the Retail Clerks in their "heart to heart"—though they might have called it "heart to flint"—talk with these girls' masters.

And what do you think these mean when they say "LIFE." They tell you their own words. And if it were not for the fact that I believe they are just "MEANLY CRAWLING" to the employers in the following definition of WOMEN'S LIVES, I should woe to think that men could sink so low in the scale as to conceive LIFE to be no higher thing than that:

"And by 'life' we mean the manner in which she prepares herself to do

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the work which you require of her during the long hours of the day."

LIFE: A constant preparation to produce profits for capitalistic exploiters.

That's their definition. Who can believe that they have no higher conception of life—these fellow workmen? But perhaps even such a conception would be less sad than a deliberate attempt to lick the hand that strikes us. I am ashamed of this "heart to heart" talk that our fellow workmen of the retail clerking trade are having with their masters.

Wake up the women, brothers! If you want to help them. Wake them up and they will help themselves and stand erect in the fight.

THE NEW WOMAN IN PERSIA.

In the present movement among the women of Persian Islam, education has but a small part. Though intelligent, Persian women are with few exceptions ignorant. Reading, writing, with little arithmetic, and the recitation of the prayers—these constitute the basis of her instruction. From the moment that the young Persian is old enough to join the ranks of the "caches," she usually finds no other employment than that of assisting her mother in the care of the younger children. Considered as a merely frivolous being, the Persian woman, even when married, was for a long time kept aloof from affairs of the day. How is it, then, that she is suddenly found capable of understanding a liberal movement and applauding and seconding it? It is because the desire to mingle in the national life has for several years past taken possession of her. More frequent contact with the West, the return of young men from European universities, more numerous and better organized schools—all these things have excited her interest and aroused her curiosity. Feeling their own ignorance, many women have asked for their daughters the right to attend the course of the American school, or that founded by Richard Khan and known as the French school. The majority of the Persian men have acceded to the request of their wives provided their daughters consent to retain the veil.—Marylle Morkovitch

WOULD YOU.

If you were hungry, very hungry—had no money, no job, no friends, and you saw a loaf of bread within reach of your hand, would you take it?

If you were the father of little children and they were cold, very cold—and you had no money, no job, no friends, and your neighbor left his coal house unlocked, would you go in and take his coal? Would you?

Did you ever think how easy it is to be what the world calls a thief when one is very cold or very hungry—Progressive Worker.

WHICH DO YOU CHOOSE?

Blessed is even now our privilege. We have our choice, to live as individuals, and on our death bed look back in despair on a dreary, hateful life of struggle for Socialists, or to live in the arms of the Socialists, with those serious moods that make the grand tone of life, and in the hour of death stand on the mountain top as it were, and see with entranced eyes the rays of the sun that will soon illuminate the dark valleys below. I deem it worth ten crucifixions to win for my memory (as a Socialist) a fraction of the adoring love which millions of the noblest men have felt for Christ—Lawrence Gronlund.

Arbeiter - Kranken - Sterbe - Kass fuer die Ver. Staaten von America.

WORKMEN'S Sick and Death Benefit Fund of the United State of America.

The above society was founded in the year 1884 by workmen imbued with the spirit of solidarity and Socialist thought. Its numerical strength (at present composed of 238 local branches with 31,577 male and 6,408 female members) is rapidly increasing among workmen who believe in the principles of the modern labor movement. Workmen between 18 and 45 years of age may be admitted to membership in any of the branches upon payment of an initiation fee of \$4.00 for the first class and \$3.00 for the second class. Members belonging to the first class are entitled to a sick benefit of \$9.00 for 40 weeks and of \$4.50 for another 40 weeks, whether continuous or with interruption. Members belonging to the second class receive under the same circumstances and length of time \$6.00 and \$3.00 respectively, \$25.00 death benefit guaranteed to the beneficiaries of every member, and the wives and unmarried daughters of members between 18 and 45 years of age may be admitted to the third class upon payment of an initiation fee of \$1.00. Monthly assessments are levied upon the three different classes of members of \$1.75 cents and 25 cents respectively. Members at large are not accepted, but all candidates have to join existing branches. In cities and towns where no branch exists, a new branch can be formed by 15 workmen in good health, and men adhering to the above principles are invite to do so.

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The Question of the Hour!

MR. GOMPERS' MISTAKE.

By MAX S. HAYES.

Capitalism controls the legislative, administrative and judicial branches of government.

It dictates prices to the consumers. It defeats labor bills in Congress. It legalizes the blacklist.

It outlaws the boycott. It crushes strikes with injunctions, military and police.

It fills trade unions with spies to destroy their effectiveness.

It enforces the "open shop" and places a premium on treason to the workers.

It pits female labor and the child against both.

These indictments will not be disputed, they cannot be; they are known to every person who has eyes to see and ears to hear and brain power to think.

Now what? Political action?

Yes. It is the only means of escape left open.

But what kind of political action? Shall it be a straight-out, manly fight through the Socialist party, the only party that is of the workers, by the workers and for the workers, and with which the trade unionists of all other countries in the world are affiliated?

Or shall it be a guerrilla warfare of "punish our enemies and reward our friends," a plan suggested by certain national union officials without consulting the membership, an undemocratic procedure to begin with?

Or shall it continue to be the same meek, docile party slavery that is responsible for the present crisis that confronts the working people, the same child-like hope that the master class in control will throw labor a few crumbs?

This latter dog-under-the-table policy need hardly be discussed. The willing, cowardly slave never receives any consideration and probably deserves none. As a general proposition the Republican and Democratic parties have promised the workers nothing tangible to lighten the burdens piled on by capitalism and the workers usually received just what was promised, and kicks and cuffs besides.

Only a few years ago conservative folk who now urge us to "punish our enemies and reward our friends" were vociferous in claiming that the Socialists were wrong and unsound and impossible in advocating political action through a party based on working class interests, and some even declared that the unions would be able to accomplish through action on the industrial field what the Socialists aimed to do politically, viz.: gain economic emancipation for labor.

But the conservatives were wrong then and are wrong now. For years the working men have been voting for those whom they believed to be "friends," who made solemn promises before election only to forget them the day after the polls closed. There is no assurance that that old bunco game will not be continued. At best the "friends" may be friends in one instance and enemies in the next.

It has been quite the fashion in Congress and States legislatures to pass a labor bill through one branch and pigeon-hole it in the other. The Senate passes a bill to be chloroformed in a House committee and the House railroads a bill to be killed in the Senate, and then the politicians in both branches go home and show that they were "friends" and voted for a labor bill or two, but the other fellows were the "enemies." Nor do the "friends" enlighten their constituents as to why they support many of the vicious corporation measures introduced.

However, more important by far than all else in the "punishing" and "rewarding" game is the danger of engendering internal controversies among the unions. Members who have been active in the Republican and Democratic parties insist that so-and-so is "our friend," others object and have their favorites, and bad feeling is aroused which proves injurious to the organization and makes foes of individual members. At the moment that I write I can enumerate half a dozen cities in which serious controversies have been aroused by Republican and Democratic factionalism, and graft charges are freely made.

"Divide and conquer" has ever been

the motto of the tyrant, and it can be taken for granted that the open shop fanatics will not neglect the opportunity to employ their spies in the trade unions to cause as much trouble as possible in the hairsplitting game of picking out "friends" and "enemies." Some conservative union officials appear to forget that the very tactics that they now urge wrecked the Old Knights of Labor, and that certain betrayers are now unashamed to parade their duplicity as political and industrial decoy ducks and will doubtless become particularly active this year in showing how both old parties are the "friends" of the people for their usual reward.

It is generally admitted that nothing can be expected from "Injunction Bill" Taft or the Republican party this year, while the Democracy, which has always been a hypocritical procurer for the G. O. P., is utterly discredited. Just one case in point:

John W. Kern, Democratic candidate for Vice President, chosen on Bryan's say-so, is a man who has bitterly assailed the anti-injunction advocates and declared that if he had his way "the labor leaders would receive no better treatment in Denver than they got in Chicago."

Bryan has been all things to all men—a radical one year, a liberal the next year and a conservative to-day. He favored free coinage and anti-injunction in 1896, opposed imperialism in 1900 and then supported Parker, who opposed free coinage and favored injunctions and imperialism, in 1904. In 1906 Bryan championed government ownership of railways and took up the initiative and referendum only to forget that principle this year. Nobody can trust him and labor least of all.

Both the Republicans and Democrats promise to "regulate" injunctions, just as they "regulate" trusts, and "regulate" tariffs and other privileges of plutocracy. But none promise to abolish the evils of injunction and their curses.

But even the regulation or abolition of injunctions would benefit labor very little at this late day. It might give labor a somewhat freer hand to strike and boycott, to hurl its empty stomach against capitalism's billions of wealth. Yet the instruments and methods of oppression referred to above would still remain in possession of the employing class and would be used more mercilessly than ever against labor.

The workers never can be free until they secede from the capitalist parties, stand together solidly in the Socialist party, conquer the powers of government at the ballot box and make themselves masters of the injunction bludgeon, the policeman's club and militiaman's bayonet, and enact and interpret their own laws for their own class, just as the capitalists are doing to-day.

The Socialist platform is plain and clear; there is no double-dealing, no compromise in it. It rings true to working class interests in every sentence. The Socialist party nominees require no introduction, nor endorsement from labor officials.

They are labor men, union men, men who have fought the good fight with you and me, men in every sense of the word, every inch of them.

Even if they don't win the election in November, still the vote that they will poll, and it is acknowledged by astute politicians that the vote may prove a surprise, will be a tremendous moral victory.

When the Socialist party polled 400,000 votes four years ago official Washington and financial New York were dumbfounded. The vote was the subject of earnest discussion in cloak rooms and exclusive clubs, because the far-seeing politicians and plutocrats believed it presaged an early political revolt.

And what would not a million votes signify to capitalism and its politicians this year?

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.

GET THE VOTE COUNTED.

National Headquarters, Socialist Party, Chicago, Ill., Oct. 19, 1908.

Dear Comrade—Election day approaches with Socialist activity unparalleled and enthusiasm unbounded. Taking count of all reports we have done better than WELL up to the present moment.

Between now and the morning after there are two possibilities which may seriously discount all our work, and these are to be particularly guarded against.

First—Reports of any and every kind to discredit the party or its candidates are to be expected from the camp of the enemy. Look you to our standard bearers, Eugene V. Debs and Ben Hanford; mortal man can give no more than they have laid on the altar for the working class. Any assault upon them should be discounted in advance. They have been tried. They are true and will be to the end.

Second—The contest between the old parties is a sham battle and in many places the politicians openly admit it.

Comrade Fred W. Long, of Philadelphia, writes:

"Direct the attention of the last party member to the highly important work connected with getting out the full Socialist vote at the coming election. Shortly we shall know the result of four years of hard work. That our vote will be something tremendous is everywhere conceded, but we may be sure that the powers of capitalism will stop at nothing to minimize it, and experience has shown that we must depend upon our own vigilance to have it counted. THE ONLY VOTE THAT COUNTS IS THE VOTE THAT IS COUNTED."

If the reported vote in any district is less than the number of KNOWN Socialist voters, start at once to circulate a petition for the opening of the ballot box and a recount.

The heat of the campaign has been wearing. To frustrate defeat in the dark, duty calls for watchers through the night.

Fraternally,
J. MAHLON BARNES,
National Secretary.

THOSE WHO STAND ALOOF.

FRANKLIN H. WENTWORTH, in the Conservator.

The popularly accepted belief that the tolerant person is the most admirable seems in some social epochs to be especially designed as a bulwark to white-livered indifference. Tolerance although philosophically a negative virtue is indeed often admirable; but indifference in the guise of tolerance is never other than despicable. In the present social epoch it is a crime.

Society passes through certain local phases of its evolution in which the lines of social cleavage are well nigh indistinguishable. The call of the race life is faint. One may then go about in the guise of a man and escape branding. This, to-day, is impossible. Not to feel to-day is not to live.

After centuries of confusion the real issue has at last become clear. There will be no obscuring of this issue, and no other issue can intervene until this issue is ultimately and completely met. Without haste but without rest comes on the reclamation of the material resources of the earth for all the earth's people. The world's slavery has rested and yet rests upon the private ownership of the world's bread. To see this is either to fight to destroy or to fight to perpetuate such ownership. There is no middle ground; there is no standing for toleration; there is no holding aloof and avoiding infamy.

Dante could find no place in Heaven nor in Purgatory—not even a corner

in hell—for the souls who stood aloof from the strife. He called the Viggliacchi "wretches who never lived"—they were neither Guelph nor Ghibelline—because they never felt the pangs of partisanship. He sent them to wander homeless on the skirts of limbo, among the abortions and off-scouring of creation.

The bowless mass of present day indifference is the field of brambles in which the coming conflict must be fought. Who is not with us is against us. There are no non-combatants. Who stands aloof is our enemy. The minority of believers has never shrunk from coercing the majority of sceptics. Our revolution will succeed from the steady pressure of those who believe in something applied to those who believe in nothing. Our conception of the fundamental wrong is clear, and we are resolved to abolish it. We are without toleration; because toleration of wrong or indifference to wrong is not in our present calendar of virtues. There are those among us not acceptable in drawing rooms, but they are acceptable to us and destined for high places. There are those among us who are mad, but where there is much passion there will be some madness. Take them as they are we need them all; all to hurl against the dull putty-mass of the world's indifference. We persecute one another and suffer it as we may, for we know that the life which breaks out in persecution breeds also the men whom no persecution can tame. We visit harsh recriminations upon one another, but we are purifying and refining our faith meanwhile, and hold intolerance to be but the zeal of minds not used to courtesy. We suffer all; we forgive all—except indifference. Though it scar us to the heart we choose fire rather than vacuity.

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DON'T WASTE YOUR VOTE.

By HORACE TRAUBEL.

Don't waste your vote. Don't throw your vote away on a man who can't be elected. That is what the Taft men and the Bryan men tell us. Well, I say the same thing. Don't waste your vote. That is why every Debs vote not cast for Debs is a wasted vote.

man for himself is a wasted vote. Looked at in that perspective, the only safe vote is the communal vote. A civilized vote has insight as well as integrity back of it. A vote must know what it is about, must know what it is doing, must not gesture vaguely in confusing wildernesses of popular prejudice or passion.

MUNICIPAL COAL SUPPLIES.

Can local authorities become coal merchants? Have they the power to purchase coal and retail it to the public? These interesting questions have lately been the subject of correspondence between the Llanelly District Council and the Local Government Board.

its tactics of previous years and forces up prices a remedy will speedily be found, whether Parliament likes it or not.—The Municipal Journal (England).

LETTERS TO "MR. DOOLEY."

The following lines to Finley Peter Dunne ("Mr. Dooley"), were written by Michael Monahan, of the "Papyrus," and are reproduced in the "American Magazine" for October:

The only art I boast is this— I too have laughed with all the crowd, When the rich wonder of your wit Challenged their plaudits loud; And then the fester's role aside, A finer spirit have I known, A man with sorrow, too, acquainted, A brother—yes, mine own.

One of God's players playing out With zest a weary part; Teaching the sad world how to smile By strokes of genial art; Launching the scorn that biases the knave, The jest that fays the fool, And by the right divine of wit Giving a nation rule.

Laugh on, laugh on, dear Wit and Sage, The roaring crowds above; Yet keep for your own chosen few The Poet of their love.

THE DESERVING POOR.

Closedist—No, sir; I respond only to the appeals of the deserving poor. Openhand—Who are the deserving poor? Closedist—Those who never ask for assistance.—Exchange.

THE SOCIALIST PARTY.

National Secretary, J. Mahlon Barnes, 180 Washington Street, Chicago.

OUR CANDIDATES:

For President EUGENE V. DEBS
For Vice-President BENJAMIN HANFORD
For Governor of New York, JOSHUA WANHOPE

GROWTH OF THE SOCIALIST VOTE.

Table showing growth of Socialist vote from 1888 to 1904 with columns for years and vote counts.

THE WORST OF ALL INJUNCTIONS.

By WM. HARBERS.

The most powerful, far-reaching and dangerous injunction that we are concerned about, that injures us most terribly is the capitalist system itself. It has restrained us from the exercise of our right to live, to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," our right to the means and opportunities of getting a living; of producing wealth or value for our own benefit, for ourselves, by the application of our labor to those things, instead of being obliged to beg of another permission to do so, and be charged for the privilege by being forced to "divide up," as a tribute of extortion, the greater part of what we produce, or starve, through unemployment, should we refuse to submit to such conditions.

Capitalism has debased and enjoined, to all intents and purposes, whatever rights and interests we should and of right ought to have. Capitalism has debared, dispossessed and disinherited the majority of the people, the working class, from having and enjoying their equal share of the earth, of all the means and resources of living and production, of all the work which that implies, of all the opportunities contained therein for getting a living by producing wealth; of all those things that it needs and depends upon and must have to live and work with.

It has taken all those things away which rightfully belong to labor. It has reduced labor to the state of wage slavery, abject subjection, misery, destitution, and trampdom. It has left labor empty-handed, desolate, discontented, helpless, propertyless. It has given all those things over into the hands of the exceptionally favored few, the capitalist class, as their so-called private property, their legal title thereto being maintained through their control and administration of the functions and powers of government to uphold and secure them in their "rights" and interests. Labor has given them the power to rule over labor; to place labor at the mercy of the capitalists; to suppress labor at its own expense for the benefit of the capitalists; to exploit and rob labor of what it produces as the result of its own blindness and folly in supporting and upholding capitalism instead of doing for itself. In doing so it is just as guilty and as much to blame for the evils of the capitalist system imposed upon itself, and is thus punished for its own actions in violating the right.

Such are the fruits of capitalism—the damnable system of injunction against labor—and always will be, so long as capitalists are elected by the ballots of the workers to issue the injunctions for the good of the capitalists and the disadvantage of the workers, who vote or let them to it when they ought to have common sense and intelligence and conscience enough to take care or all those things for themselves and not shamefully and disgracefully leave it to any others, only to be outraged in return for so doing.

Get wise. Your own experience ought to tell or teach you better than that. If not, then be reasonable enough to listen to what others have to say. Make sure you first have tried to find out the facts, and then decide or judge and act accordingly for yourself, and not be the slave of anybody else. Be free and not humbugged by anyone. Investigate thoroughly everything and all around for all the information you can get and study it carefully. You will find that capitalism itself is the root or source from which springs or grows all branch injunctions; crippling, tying up and paralyzing labor in all its rights, endeavors and interests for the sake of the idle, capitalist parasites. Capitalism breeds all other injunctions. It is the mother or parent system of injunctions that trouble labor. It is that gigantic injunction known as the capitalist system itself that is strangling and crushing the life out of the workers and reducing them to the rank of "bums," vagrants, vagabonds; "without visible means of support;" and then makes them suffer

more by heaping insult upon injury; abuse upon infamy, after having committed the crime against them by taking those things away from them and afterward punishing them for the results.

What we want and must do is to remove the cause which is the capitalist system and not be trying to patch up injustice, or wasting time trying to "remedy" what can't be remedied while the cause remains.

Yes, we are most emphatically opposed to that most infamous injunction that was issued with such severity by and under the Democratic administration of capitalism about the year 1893, when three or four million able-bodied and willing workers were compelled to cease work, were thrown into idleness and unemployment, through no fault of their own, but because of this injunction issued by the capitalists who had the private ownership and control of all work, of all the means and resources of living and production, and would not let the workers use those things or do that work. Why? Because there was no profit or gain in it for the capitalists, or, in other words, they could not successfully continue to rob or exploit the workers under this "practical" system that breaks down every once in awhile from too much of it at a time. So they had another periodical shut down upon the workers, and made effective their injunction (called a panic or crisis or depression) against the workers by the use of violence or force of government clubs and bullets, until the capitalist masters were ready to resume business operations again upon the workers—that is, rob them of some more wealth, and then let them starve some more till the capitalists are able to get rid of the "surplus" and begin the process over again. And we are opposed to that same injunction, getting more intense and growing more severe, that is now issued by and under the Republican administration of capitalism for the very same reasons. It is all on account of there being too much, or rather an "unprecedented" or "unparalleled" era of "prosperity" and "unbounded" or "unlimited" resources at our (?) command; that children must denied food or nourishment for their stunted bodies; that they are deprived of an education; that they are denied their right to play, but are made to slave and toil in their infancy and turned out as wrecks upon the society that has ruined them.

No. It is not because there is too much "prosperity" or too much "resources," but because they are in the wrong place and misused. Because they are in the hands of the capitalists when they ought to be in the hands of the workers, where they rightfully belong, as the users and producers thereof. The trouble is because all those things are owned and controlled by the few capitalists when they ought to be in justice owned and controlled by the many workers.

To do that we must have Socialism as the next and necessary step in the evolution and revolution of society in its progress to a higher stage. Under Socialism we will not have any injunctions, but will have abolished them all. Or if any will prevail it will be the one wiping out and prohibiting the existence of any system or rights or interests whatever that has for its object the exploitation or robbery of one person by another through any method or in any manner, shape or form. Whichever one of those injunctions you want, either capitalism for the capitalists and against the workers, or Socialism for the workers and against the capitalists, you should vote for and demand it, determined to have it, and you can be sure to get it and will get it according as you act together. It is up to you.

A REDEEMING FEATURE.

"How did Sniggaley ever get his reputation for the possession of great wisdom?" "His wife talks so much that he never gets a chance to expose his ignorance."—Chicago Record-Herald.