

THE SOCIALIST

NEW YORK

VOL. XVIII.—NO. 32.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 7, 1908.

PRICE TWO CENTS.

THE RESULTS AND OUR PROBLEMS.

Socialist election returns always come in slowly. The reports of the Republican and Democratic vote, and even of the minor capitalist parties, are promptly reported over the wires, while the news of the vote cast against capitalism in all its forms must be painfully gathered up, piece by piece, by the volunteer reporters of the Socialist press and transmitted by the slower agency of the mail. This year, whatever be the reason, the returns of our vote have come in even more slowly than usual.

That the Socialist vote has increased is certain. How much it has grown is still almost entirely problematical. The only estimate that we venture is that, when the returns are all in, it will be found that we have something like six hundred thousand votes, as against the four hundred thousand polled in 1904.

It goes without saying that we are not satisfied. We Socialists are not an easily satisfiable lot. We are given to wanting the earth and the fullness thereof, and wanting it quick. Probably if the result of the election had exceeded all reasonable expectation—if, for instance, it had run over a million—we should still have said that it ought to have been more. If the total reaches eight hundred thousand, practically doubling the record of 1904, we shall, on sober second thought, realize that we have every reason to congratulate ourselves and the working class. Only sixteen years ago the voting Socialists of this country were a mere handful, numbering 21,000. To multiply the figure by forty in four successive national elections is a record such as no so-called minority party in the history of the United States ever achieved, and not inferior to that accomplished by our own party in other countries where it has eventually become a great power in politics.

In view of the whole result, not only with regard to the Socialist vote, but also to that of the other parties, a few pertinent questions suggest themselves.

Will the men who voted for Bryan because they thought he "had a chance to win" and because they thought he was perhaps just a shade more progressive than Taft—will they at last realize that they have been throwing their votes away in the most reckless fashion? And will they, as Colonel Watterson sadly predicted, turn to the Socialist party, the one really radical and progressive party and the one party that steadily grows in numbers as it carries on its aggressive campaigns?

And President Gompers, who stakes his all upon the immediate success of the Democratic party, who abandoned his long cherished policy of political neutrality and tried to lead the union men of the land on a mad chase after the will o' the wisp of Democratic "reform" promises—where does Mr. Gompers come out? We do not expect him to admit that his fantastic scheme of "rewarding friends and punishing enemies" by making the labor movement a tail to a capitalist political kite has proven an ignominious failure.

But how about the mass of organized workingmen who have thought us too radical? Will they see the point?

And then for ourselves there are questions still more serious. There are all the phases of the one big question: What are we going to do to take advantage of the opportunity presented to us, now that the Democratic party is more thoroughly beaten and broken than it ever was before, now that Hearstite "independence" has been unmasked as merely the ruse of a capitalist politician, what will we do and how will we do it, to rally around the Socialist standard the millions of men who to-day are feeling themselves politically homeless and hopeless—and to rally them, not only within the next four

years, but within the next few months, before the political agents of capitalism have time to lay new plans for misleading them?

The two most obvious phases of that question are the problem of swelling our party organization and of putting our party press on a firm basis. On both of them we shall have more to say within a few days.

:o:

A FRIEND OF LABOR.

Only a few years ago W. L. Douglas was elected Governor of Massachusetts on the Democratic ticket. It was universally recognized that it was the labor vote that elected him, and the labor vote was thrown to him in accordance with the Gompers policy of "rewarding friends," because Douglas ran a union shoe factory. Having got political preferment at the workingmen's hands, and having also got his goods widely advertised and got workingmen all over the country into the habit of buying Douglas shoes, this Democratic capitalist, politician, and "friend of labor" has now broken with the union and is running an "unfair" shop.

This is exactly the measure of gratitude that the workingmen may reasonably expect from capitalists to whom they give their political support, just the measure of "friendship" they may look for at the hands of members of the employing class. Douglas as Governor did nothing for the working people; as employer he has done just so much as the shoe workers compelled him to do by the methods of labor unionism, and has finally broken with them because he thinks he can now get along very well without their good will.

Douglas is no worse than the average capitalist. "Business is business" is his motto, on the political as well as the economic field. When the workers awake, they will make class consciousness their rule of action on both fields.

:o:

TRYING TO MUZZLE NEW YORK TEACHERS.

The attempt of the New York City Board of Education to muzzle the thousands of teachers in its employ by passing a rule declaring any concerted effort on the part of teachers or members of the supervising staff to influence education an act of "gross misconduct and insubordination" ought to be made impossible by the protest of all liberty-loving people in the city.

We emphatically object to any attempt on the part of private employers to dictate the political activity or inactivity of their employees, to compel them to give the show of support to parties or policies favored by the employers or to forbid them to give real support to other parties or policies. Even granting the rightness of the wage system, the employee sells only his services for a specific purpose and during a specified time. He does not and should not sell himself, body and soul, for twenty-four hours in the day and seven days in the week. And above all, he does not and should not sell his citizenship, his right and duty to think and speak freely on any and all public questions.

Just as emphatically do we object to the municipality or any other public corporation, in its capacity as an employer, assuming this power which it is contrary to public morality to concede to any private person. If an appointive body, such as the Board of Education, may forbid its twenty-thousand employees to act together on public questions, so may the other boards and commissions extend a like rule to the still larger number of persons employed by the city in other departments; so may the various state governments and the national government impose silence upon the vastly greater

numbers whose employment they control; and with the inevitable increase of public ownership, we shall have millions politically suppressed by the administration.

The proposition is in perfect accord with the ideals of a capitalist administration. The typical employer thinks in his heart that he has a divine right to rule the whole life of his employees, not only to direct them in the services they contract with him to perform. The capitalists as a whole—especially those who like to call themselves the tax-payers, and who might better be called the tax-dodgers—doubtless think that, through the public administration, which they regard as a business agency of their own, they have a right to dictate to all public employees what they may say and what they must not say. But we Socialists, who do not regard the state or the municipality as a business enterprise, but as an organization of human beings for the promotion of common human interests, refuse to take this view. At the same time that we seek to transform private capitalist property into social property and to establish public control over the great processes of production, we stand unalterably opposed to the limitations of individual liberty which are so characteristic of capitalism and of the capitalist state. The Socialist state, when it comes, will be the very antithesis of the existing state in this respect. And in the interim, while capitalism still prevails in industry and while capitalist agents still administer such functions as have been taken over by the public, we combat every effort to introduce the methods of the sweatshop, the prison, and the barrack into the educational system or any other department of the public service.

In the present case the attempted muzzling is especially obnoxious to the sense of fair play as well as to the general principle of liberty, inasmuch as the proposed rule is aimed particularly against the women teachers, who are already at a political disadvantage, having no votes, and at an economic disadvantage, being required to work for smaller pay than is given to men for the same service. It is worthy of the narrow and reactionary school authorities who have from time immemorial failed to provide adequate school buildings for the children of the people and who are horrified at the thought of providing food for pupils whom poverty sends to school hungry most of the time.

The New York "World" predicted some weeks ago that probably fifteen hundred thousand men would be disfranchised this year as a result of the hard times—workingmen who have lost their jobs during the last twelve months and have had to go from place to place in quest of employment and have not had time to acquire a residence qualifying them to vote. While it is impossible to be at all sure as to the accuracy of the figures, there can be no doubt that this has happened in an enormous number of cases, more than in any previous national election. And it cannot be doubted that the Socialist party suffered more than any other from this cause.

One of the things that several of our old-party contemporaries find occasion to rejoice over this year is the increase of the so-called independent vote. Some of them are pointing with pride to the large number of Republicans who scratched for Chanler, the Democratic candidate for Governor. Others are pointing with equal pride to the number, also large, of Democrats who scratched for Hughes, the Republican candidate for Governor. We have only to remark that the net result is virtually the same as if all these independent gentlemen had voted their party tickets straight. This well illustrates the futility of what is called independence in politics.

Mr. Gompers says that "the moral influence of the campaign is with the cause of the workers." That may be true, whatever he means by it. But a surer thing is this, that Mr. Gompers did what he could to prevent the moral influence of the workers from being materialized in such

a form as would command the respect of the workers' enemies—that is, in votes against capitalism. And he has not even the poor justification of having achieved what is called practical success.

The Socialist vote has grown, in spite of his opposition. It would have grown more had his opposition not been in the way, and perhaps the capitalists will recognize the service he has done in obstructing its growth.

But his positive influence has been proven to be practically negligible. The party which he supported, for which he sacrificed consistency and such reputation for sagacity as he ever had, has gone down in crushing and ignominious defeat. Whatever elements of apparent radicalism it had are repudiated. Bryan and his associates have lost their hold—lost it publicly, as they had actually lost it even before this campaign. The most reactionary interests within the

Democratic party are rejoicing—the interests that used Bryan as a stalking-horse and Gompers as a decoy. They are now in the position where they can discard both and run the party to suit themselves. They have used their "moral influence" and used it up and have no further occasion for it.

As for the masses who have followed Bryan and Gompers and lost, their hearts are heavy to-day. They are wondering where to turn. And they will find out. We are going to help them to find out; and now that the heat of the electoral contest is over, now that they have time to think calmly instead of getting excited over personalities and guessing about immediate results, we shall find such opportunities as we never had before for fruitful educational and organizing work.

One set of Republican dailies announce that the Japanese are rejoicing over Taft's election, because they are sure he will stand for peace. Another set of Republican dailies announce that the Chinese are rejoicing over Taft's election, because they are sure he will use the power of the United States to oppose Japanese expansion. Which is right? "God knows," as Mr. Taft himself would say. We are sure that the President-elect does not know, and will not until the big capitalist interests of the country get ready to tell him what they want done.

Amidst the chorus of praise that is going up for Charles William Eliot as he retires from the presidency of Harvard University, it is timely to remark that millions of men will remember him as the man who said "The scab is a high type of American hero." Not all his undoubted scholarship and all his services as an educator in the narrower and more technical sense can conceal that blot upon his fame.

Now it is up to the capitalists of the country to make good their promises of returning good times if Taft was elected. The Republican press is printing many reports of increase of wages and re-employment of men, and no one will be more pleased than we if the improvement proves to be genuine and lasting. But we want to be shown.

Bryan sends congratulations to Taft. Why not? For men to whom politics is a game, the best thing is to play the game like "sports" and shake hands when it is over. But who will congratulate the men who were in earnest, who fixed their hopes on Bryan's success, and to whom his defeat seems a national calamity?

Chairman Mack predicted that there would be a landslide for the Democratic party. With one slight change, his prediction would have been perfectly correct. It was a landslide on top of the Democratic party, that's all.

The Steel Trust stockholders and bondholders "earned" twenty-seven million dollars during the last three months. To be sure, they did not do any of the work of digging iron ore and coal and transporting these materials and smelting the iron and transforming it into steel and working the steel up into rails and girders and other products. All this work, including the work of superintending the processes, was done by hired men, who get wages or salaries at the market rate. But the stockholders and bondholders "earned" twenty-seven millions in interest and dividends and the like by performing the arduous service of owning the mines and railroads and furnaces and mills of the United States Steel Corporation. Perish the thought that it should be called the United States Steal Corporation.

Dr. Parkhurst used his pulpit Sunday to attack the women teachers for demanding equal pay with men doing the same work. Since Governor Hughes vetoed a bill to grant equal pay, and since Pat McCarran was the supporter of that bill in the state Senate, Dr. Parkhurst drew the conclusion that to demand equal pay is to oppose Hughes and support McCarran, and scored the women teachers for taking the wrong side in what he called "the battle of righteousness against righteousness."

Now we are perfectly willing to admit and to assert the unrighteousness of McCarran, the tool of Standard Oil, the associate of grafters, the supporter and beneficiary of capitalism. But we do not find in Hughes the embodiment of all righteousness. Let it be granted that he is, in personal character, a saint or an angel, what shall his private righteousness avail when he uses his power against justice and equality?

Just because of his plausible sanctity, Hughes has been a more serviceable tool of capitalism and a more dangerous foe of social jus-

PRESIDENT GOMPERS' "MORAL INFLUENCE."

GOOD MEN AND BAD MEASURES.

tice and progress than the unspeakable McCarrens, Murphys, and Connerses. And just because he persistently subordinates public right to private "righteousness" and so perverts the social conscience and misguides the best impulses of the people, Dr. Parkhurst has for many years been a demoralizing force in politics.

We stand for honest and clean men against dishonest and unclean men. But that is not enough. The good men must also represent good principles and purposes, if they are to have our support. If we are to have false principles and pernicious policies, it were better to have them at the hands of known rascals than of smug saints—of men whose personal character will discredit their measures than of men whose personal character will lend prestige to an evil cause.

The women teachers are right in clamoring for equal pay. Those of them who have supported McCarren because of his support of this one good measure have played very bad politics, to say the least. But Dr. Parkhurst, in making Hughes' personality an issue above all other issues, has done much worse than that.

IMMORALISTS.

A special report to the Board of Education of Chicago says that in the schools of that city there are ten thousand children who are "habitually hungry." In this Chicago is not an exception among American cities. Investigation has shown that many more than ten thousand of the children of New York City are accustomed to come to school without breakfast. Similar conditions prevail, on a larger or a smaller scale, in all parts of the country. This chronic semi-starvation of the children is one of the many horrible results of a system which dooms ever increasing numbers of the working people to live in poverty or on the verge of actual misery.

The Chicago Board of Education has taken up a plan for supplying breakfasts to these pitiful little victims of capitalism. The proposition has met with strenuous opposition, as was to be expected. The people of the propertied classes—the people whose wealth is based upon the poverty of the workers—do not relish the idea of paying a little more in taxes to save the children of the workers from slow starvation.

Among the objectors is Charles R. Jones, Chairman of the Prohibitionist National Committee, who is reported as saying: "It would be ridiculous to spend \$35,000 a year for free breakfasts. It would mean that drunken fathers and mothers would have that much more to give to the saloons."

That saying illustrates the narrowness and hardness which are generally characteristic of the sort of people who are commonly, though not accurately, designated as "moralists." ("Immoralists" might seem to be a fitter name for them.) No doubt Mr. Jones and his co-partisans are most of them very well-meaning people. But their good intentions are of the sort that pave the road to hell. Obsessed by a single idea of personal morality, they cannot take a broad view of social questions, cannot look deeply into social conditions and understand them, cannot see the social causes for individual misconduct. And they even become hardened, after the fashion of the old-fashioned believers in infant damnation, so that they can coolly consent to let children starve, because the parents of these children, themselves ground under the wheels of capitalism, may be violators of the one great moral law, Thou shalt not drink.

If these well-meaning but ill-doing gentlemen would but look a little below the surface of things, if they would but try to follow the two good rules, Hear the other side, and Put yourself in his place, they would soon learn that, while drunkenness is often a cause of poverty in individual cases, poverty is much oftener the cause of drunkenness—that it is, in fact, the great cause of drunkenness as a social disease.

And if they were in as close and sympathetic touch with the working class as they are with the propertied classes, they would not have the heart to deny ten thousand children food for fear that might encourage the fathers and mothers of some of them to spend more pennies for bad beer.

The time is coming when the working people will abolish poverty. When that time comes, drunkenness will soon abolish itself. Meanwhile, let us not sacrifice the health of the coming generation in a vain attempt to restrain the degenerate tendencies of a part of the generation that is passing away. Neither, in striving to lessen some of the evil results of the existing system, let us shut our eyes to the cause which we can and must eventually destroy.

The Anti-Socialist Union of Great Britain has established a school in London for the purpose of training speakers and writers to "refute the specious arguments of Socialism." Our Socialist friends in England really ought to contribute to the fund for the maintenance

of this interesting institution, for it will undoubtedly do good service for our cause.

A CONFESSION.

The loyal Republicans of the State of New York have no way to compel a treacherous leader to support Governor Hughes faithfully if he is bent upon destroying the Governor. But the Republicans of the 13th Congressional District can defeat Herbert Parsons, who himself is a candidate

for elective office, running for the House of Representatives. Defeat Parsons for Congress, and it will be a long day before another boss of his kidney will have the hardihood to make war upon a Governor Hughes as flagrantly and fiercely as Parsons. Vote against Herbert Parsons in the 13th Congressional District.

The article is worth putting on record. It has a double value. It is a confession that the Republican party machine is guilty of attempting to defeat the candidate whom it has put at the head of its state ticket and giving the highest office in the state to its nominal opponent, the Democratic machine. It is also a confession that the Republican party is so autocratically ruled by the machine that the rank and file of the party have no control over their organization and can do nothing but occasionally punish one of their leaders by putting a Democrat in his place.

The double confession, coming from inside the Republican party, proves the truth of all that we Socialists have said against that party. And the Hearst papers, speaking from inside knowledge of Democratic affairs, have just as conclusively proven that the same is true of the Democratic party.

Parties thus ruled from above are necessarily agents of capitalist class rule. They are not and cannot be servants of the masses, the people who work and who do not own.

WE PUT IT ON RECORD.

That the charge of deliberate coalition between the leaders of the two old parties against the Socialist party may not rest upon Socialist testimony alone, it is well to put on record the following news article, which appeared in the New York "Times" on the morning of Election Day, November 3, 1908:

There is a deal on in the 9th Congressional District, down on the East Side, which will in all probability defeat Morris Hillquit, the Socialist candidate. Mr. Hillquit has declared that he would be the first Socialist elected to Congress.

That is the district so long represented by Henry M. Goldfogle, the Tammany district leader. Two years ago he got something over 6,700 of the 13,000 votes polled in the district, and Hillquit got nearly 4,000. The new registration law eliminated some 2,000 of the voters in the district, so that the total registration this year is only about 11,000. Figuring on this

basis, Hillquit was very confident of being elected, inasmuch as he is certain to poll about 4,000 votes, and that, with the 3,000 and over usually polled by the Republican candidate, would leave Goldfogle in the minority.

But it was said yesterday by a Republican well versed in the affairs of the district that Goldfogle would find some friends to-day who would help him through all right. The intimation was clear that the Republicans intend to vote for Goldfogle in order to prevent the election of Hillquit, on the theory that it is better to have a Tammany man represent the district than a Socialist.

There was nothing in that to surprise Socialists. We well understand that the two old parties are not fundamentally opposed, that their differences of policy are of minor importance compared to the maintenance of the capitalist system, and that the most serious consideration which has kept them in existence as separate parties is the necessity of fooling the masses of the people and keeping the workers divided. We know that a bargain would be made between the Republican and the Democratic leaders in the Ninth, just as was done two years ago, and as has been done in other places where Socialist victory was expected. The same thing will happen on a still larger scale and more openly in the coming years.

We Socialists know that very well. But there are many guileless persons who suppose that the old parties are really fighting each other in good faith. For their benefit we present the testimony of an undoubted capitalist paper.

An Indiana judge has issued an injunction forbidding the national officers of the United Mine Workers to remove the district officers from their positions, as they are distinctly empowered to do by the provisions of the union constitution, which has been drawn up by the union conventions and ratified by the vote of the rank and file. This is one of the most striking instances of judicial usurpation, being as it is a direct blow at the principle of democratic self-government upon which the labor movement must rest if it is to have any vigor.

A Bellevue doctor says the hospitals have no difficulty in finding plenty of people willing to sell their blood for transfusion into the veins of patients. The only trouble, he says, is that people who are hungry enough to have to sell their blood haven't very good blood to sell.

PUBLIC OPINION AND THE MINORITY.

By EMANUEL JULIUS.

The abolitionists of ante-bellum days were at one time of the despised minority. They had a program—the emancipation of all chattel slaves.

The private ownership of human beings was recognized as a social institution; it was sustained by the laws and upheld by the courts of the land. And for any one to speak or work against this institution placed himself on record as antagonistic to the "sacred rights of property" and was branded as a social disturber—as one actuated by an "Unamerican Spirit."

But in spite of all this there came along those soldiers of progress—Wendell Phillips, Lloyd Garrison, John Brown—and they preached the doctrine of emancipation—they absolutely disregarded the laws of the land (?) and acted absolutely in an "unamerican spirit," and declared themselves in favor of the liberation of the then privately owned chattels.

Yes, they were in the minority, they were spat on, expatriated, ostracized, persecuted and mobbed, but despite all obstacles they persisted in their agitation and in their education and in their organization until they turned those who spat on them, who mobbed them into an organization body in favor of those once despised principles. They thus became transformed from the minority to the majority and thus finally attained their goal.

This is but one of the many incidents in history that could be called to show this point. In fact, all history, all progress is nothing more, in its first stages, than this—the struggle between the minority and the majority.

The Socialist of to-day is in precisely the same position that the abolitionist of old was. He, the Socialist, is opposed to the institution of private property—that is to say, the private ownership of all social necessities. He is opposed to an institution that all the laws of the land, and, for that matter, the laws of all other lands, fosters; he is opposed to institution that is supposed to have "always been and always be"; therefore, it is no wonder that he is laughed at, jeered, ridiculed, branded as a social disturber and an "undesirable citizen."

The Socialist well knows that the cause he stands for is exceedingly unpopular, that it is very unpopular to

voice the cry of "he who is heavy laden"—of the down-trodden, exploited, enslaved wage slaves. And, strange as it may seem, it is true nevertheless that the worker, the one who will be most benefited by Socialism, is the first to oppose.

Those human stars who shine in the darkness of the past have all at one time been in the minority. Every social, every political advantage that we enjoy had to be bought with the blood of the minority.

Yet it would be entirely out of place to attempt to deride that grand thing—public opinion. Public opinion is a two-edged sword—it can be used for good or for bad. But whether it is used for good or for bad it must be dealt with. And mighty foolish is he who attempts to minimize the power, yes, even the good of public opinion. It can be used as a grand power if used in proper channels, or it can be made to do the work of hell fire if used in the opposite.

Though the octopus public opinion—the mob, the rabble—may lend a deaf ear to the message of Socialism we will know our weakness without it, so it behooves us to look at the question in the light of history. It is not the intention of the writer to enumerate all those who have gone down as martyrs in the struggle for justice, but what he wishes to show is that in spite of all the persecution that those beacon lights of advancement had to undergo we see that after they had given up their life's blood for the cause they fathered the public "turned from its worship of dragons unto the new."

Right was Debs when he said: "In every age of the world's history the pathfinders in the wilderness, the evangelists of civilization, the heralds of the dawn have all been undesirable citizens."

And right was that immortal orator when he said: "Count me over the chosen heroes of the earth and I will show you the men who stood alone while those for whom they toiled and agonized poured on them contumely and scorn. They were the glorious inconceivable sent out to break down the idols idolized by their fathers. The very martyrs of yesterday who were hooted at, whom the mob reviled and scorned—to-day the children of the very generation who mobbed and reviled, are gathering up their scattered ashes to deposit them in the golden urn of their nation's history."

LEARNING AND WORK.

"Education and Industrial Evolution," by Frank Tracy Carlton, Ph. D., Professor of Economics and History in Albion College. (The Citizens' Library of Economics, Politics and Sociology.) 12mo. half leather, xiv., 320 p. Macmillan Company, 1908. \$1.25 net.

From the point of view of one who looks upon the life of a human being as a developing whole, "education" is the sum of all the influences that make the person different from what he would otherwise have been; education is life, and life is education. But in the narrower view of the teacher and of the taxpayer "education" is what happens in school. This school education is being administered to the rising generation in large quantities in the hope that it may do some good; and there is no doubt that on the whole it does more good than harm, that the net result is desirable. The question that Professor Carlton asks us to consider is whether we are getting the best results that may be had in return for the effort—and the money—that we spend upon our schools.

The ideals of our schools, as shown by the courses of study, and by the methods of the mass of teachers, and by the effects upon the mass of school children, are ideals that belong to an earlier stage of social and industrial evolution. Our education has developed on the traditional doctrine of "equality," which has assumed that there are no classes in America, and that "equality" of opportunity implied identity of schooling; and the standard for this schooling has been derived entirely from the ideals, morals and principles of the commercial and propertied classes. The ideal of "culture" of a leisure class is necessarily different from the educational needs of an industrial or agricultural population. But the needs of these members of society have been until recently ignored in the planning of our public education.

With the changes in our industrial life from domestic and hand production to manufacture on the large scale, with the changes in our modes of life, from farm and villages to large towns and crowded cities, there have come changes in the kinds of education we must give our children. It is no longer possible for the home or the field or the shop or the village green to give to the child what they gave even as recently as twenty-five years ago. Where the parents are able even to supplement the school they have not in most homes the time to do anything at all to promote the normal, symmetrical development of the child's mind and body. It is to the school that we must look for teaching the child to play and to look at pictures and to drive a nail or even to keep himself clean, for the homes in which these things may be acquired are few indeed. The school, as society's best instrument for reaching every individual directly, takes over all the functions in which society comes in direct contact with the developing personality.

Not only have the industrial changes deprived the child of the opportunity for a great deal of informal training and instruction of a kind enjoyed by the children of two or three generations ago; these changes have also complicated the relations to which the child needs to be adapted, so that he needs a special training to help him find his place. The school must prepare him for social and civic efficiency as well as for industrial competency. From the point of view of industrial evolution we are made to see the significance of such extensions of school activity as we find in vacation schools, free text books and free meals, school nurseries and medical inspection, etc., etc. The movement toward the consolidation of small rural schools has been going on very rapidly, especially during the past twenty years; this consolidation has brought forward the problem of transportation of school children, which is being variously worked out in different parts of the country. But this transportation problem has in turn suggested another idea which may have far reaching consequences in the future development of our schools. The idea is that the schools of the large cities should be located in the open field of the suburbs, and that the children travel out each day and come back in the evening.

The attitude of the author to some economic superstitions may be judged by what he says about school savings banks:

"To-day, by mere saving, neither the wage earner nor the average salaried man can become well-to-do. Advice (of 'self-made men') based on the experience of a half century ago is not exactly pertinent to the situation to-day. If the school savings system will lead to the development among the pupils of a habit of calculation, of counting the cost, it

will be worth the trouble and extra labor. . . . If it can be utilized to aid in doing away with the undesirable system of buying on credit to which so many wage earners cling, it will be a valuable addition to the functions of the school. The old hackneyed arguments in favor of a school savings bank system should be cast upon the scrap heap."

Professor Carter has a high appreciation of the educational value of labor organizations as schools in democracy. The demands he would make for enlarged and more efficient school functions are based altogether upon the needs of the wage earning class, the class of doers as against the class of owners. The concluding words are worth reprinting, and all interested in the schools of our country, whether as teachers or as citizens, or as workers, would do well to study the book:

"The hope of a nation lies in the masses. If they are weaklings and degenerates, decay inevitable follows. Education in a democracy of the modern type should lead to industry, to ideals which emphasize doing rather than being served, to the apotheosis of work rather than of leisure, to higher aims than that of mere wealth accumulation."

To which we may expect all honest men to say "Amen."

OUR FREEDOM.

By J. E. NASH.

We boast our "Independence,"
We call ourselves "Brave and Free,"
And we sing and shout till our jobs play out,
"My Country, it is of Thee."
But when we have lost our masters,
No matter how brave and stout,
We must hunt around "till another's found;
There's few who can live without.

We wonder why corporations
Their servants more work deny;
Yet the men have made for the marts
of trade,
More goods than their wages buy,
And they who possess the surplus,
Can't squander it, use nor sell;
So the wheels in the mill and the shops are still,
Though we're ragged and hungry
as well.

We starve for the crime of making
Too much; and we humbly bow;
Yet, be it noted, for this we voted,
So why should me grumble now?
We vote that our sons and brothers
Be mangled in mines and wrecks;
We vote, alas, for a master class,
And we've got them—on our necks.

But what if the toiling masses,
Grown wise by their toil and shame,
Should vote en-mass for the working class?
The masters for theirs the same.
Imagine the ballots sorted;
Ours, piled up to heaven would be;
But you'd have to grope with a microscope,
Or the masters you'd never see.

Say, then would we still petition,
Kneel down to the haughty drone,
To beg and plead for the laws we need?
Not much, for we'd make our own.
But what would we do with judges
And drones who prefer to shirk?
"God only knows," but we do suppose
We'd give them some useful work.

"LABOR AND CAPITAL ARE ONE."

"Times are hard," said the Picked Chicken.
"Why," said the Rat, "this is an era of prosperity; see how I have feathered my nest."

"But," said the Picked Chicken, "you have gotten my feathers."
"You must not think," said the Rat, "that because I get more comfort you get poorer."

"But," said the chicken, "you produce no feathers, and I keep none."
"If you would use your teeth—" interrupted the Rat.

"I—" said the Picked Chicken.
"Without consumers like me," said the Rat, "there would be no demand for the feathers which you would produce."

"I will vote for a change," said the Picked Chicken.

"Only those who have feathers should have the suffrage," remarked the Rat.—Life.

Sunday School Teacher—Of course, you'd like to be an 'angel, Tommy, wouldn't you?

Tommy—I guess I would. I'd have wings then, and could fly up an' get the jam off the top shelf.—Philadelphia Press.

BERNARD SHAW ON ABLE-BODIED PAUPERS.

Whoever has intelligently observed the tramp, or visited the able-bodied ward of a workhouse, will admit that our social failures are not all drunkards and weaklings. Some of them are men who do not fit the class they were born into. Precisely the same qualities that make the educated gentleman an artist may make an uneducated manual laborer an able-bodied pauper. There are men who fall helplessly into the workhouse because they are good for nothing; but there are also men who are there because they are strong-minded enough to disregard the social convention (obviously not a disinterested one on the part of the rate-payer) which bids a man live by heavy and badly paid drudgery when he has the alternative of walking into the workhouse, announcing himself as a destitute person, and legally compelling the guardians to feed, clothe and house himself without great exertion. When a man who is born a poet refuses a stool in a stockbroker's office, and starves in a garret, spunging on a poor landlady or on his friends and relatives sooner than work against his grain; or when a lady, because she is a lady, will face any extremity of parasitic dependence rather than take a situation as cook or parlormaid, we make large allowance for them. To such allowances the able-bodied pauper, and his nomadic variant the tramp, are equally entitled. Further, the imaginative man, if his life is to be tolerable to him, must have leisure to tell himself stories, and a position which lends itself to imaginative decoration. The ranks of unskilled labor offer no such position. We misuse our laborers horribly; and when a man refuses to be misused, we have no right to say that he is refusing honest work. Let us be frank in this matter before we go on with our play; so that we may enjoy it without hypocrisy. If we were reasoning far-

sighted people, four-fifths of us would go straight to the guardians for relief, and knock the whole social system to pieces with most beneficial reconstructive results. The reason we do not do this is because we work like bees or ants, by instinct or habit, not reasoning about the matter at all. Therefore when a man comes along who can and does reason, and who, applying the Kantian test to his conduct, can truly say to us, if every body did as I do, the world would be compelled to reform itself industrially, and abolish slavery and squalor, which exist only because everybody does as you do, let us honor that man and seriously consider the advisability of following his example. Such a man is the able-bodied, able-minded pauper. Were he a gentleman doing his best to get a pension or a sinecure, instead of sweeping a crossing, nobody would blame him for deciding that so long as the alternative lies between living mainly at the expense of the community and allowing the community to live mainly at his, it would be folly to accept what is to him personally the greater of the two evils.

THE COST OF A RICH MAN.

At the smallest average for the making of a single rich man we make a thousand whose life-long is one flood of misery. The charnel houses of poverty are in the shadow of the palace, and as one is splendid, so is the other dark, poisonous, degraded. How can a man grow rich except on the spoils of others' labors? His boasted prudence and economy, what is it but the most skillful availing himself of their necessities, most resolutely closing up his heart against their cries to him for help?—James Anthony Froude.

A GLOOMY REPORT.

Friend—How is business?
Fortune Teller—Oh, it isn't any too brisk. It is not easy to make a fortune telling them.

TO OUR COMRADES.

By EUGENE V. DEBS.

The campaign is ended and my very first thought is of the kindness shown me and the loyal support given me in every part of the country. While at times the exactions were trying, I was sustained every hour by the loving care and unflinching support of comrades. To me this was the most beautiful and satisfying feature of the campaign. It expressed the true spirit of Socialist comradeship, which is the making of our movement, and which will sustain it through every ordeal until it is finally triumphant.

The one incident we all deeply regretted was the illness of Comrade Ben Hanford. With all his heart he yearned to be where he always has been, in the thick of the battle, but he had given himself too far by all his life, utterly forgetful of self, until at last his physical powers succumbed and he was compelled to see others on the firing line, while he was reserved for less strenuous service that he might have some chance for physical recuperation. His very illness bears testimony to his many years of service in the past, when it required courage and sacrifice to be a Socialist, and all of us join most fervently in the hope that he may recuperate his impaired powers and again take his wonted place in the activities of the movement.

Truly this has been a magnificent campaign for the Socialist party. Our meetings from coast to coast have been the marvel of all, and such enthusiasm has never been displayed in any political campaign.

The hundreds of young, forceful and effective orators, both men and women, who have taken part in this battle, have been developed mainly since the last national contest, and their magnificent work contributed tremendously to the success of the campaign. The Socialist papers all did their best and are entitled to the largest measure of credit. Through our papers we were able to checkmate every attempt on the part of the capitalist press to deceive the workers, and no such attempts were made along that line as were made in previous campaigns.

The National Office, in all its departments, was most efficiently organized, and under its supervision the most effective work was done in promoting a uniform and vigorous educational propaganda throughout the country.

As for the "Red Special," I prefer that its work shall speak for itself. I only wish to say that I feel deeply indebted to each and every member of it for the faithful service and personal devotion, of which I was the recipient from the first to the last hour of its journey. Each member of the crew discharged his duty faithfully, and to each and all I owe a debt of personal gratitude I shall never be able to repay.

The "Red Special" band was an invaluable accessory of the "Red Special" tour and a decided factor in its success. At many points it was just what was needed to kindle enthusiasm and round out the meeting and give it the power needed to stir the crowd into action.

If it were possible to keep a "Red Special" moving constantly it would hasten by many months the development of the movement and the overthrow of capitalist misrule. Since this cannot be, at present, perhaps steps might be taken to have a Socialist car built and kept moving about over the country the year around, making its stop at each point long enough to thoroughly stir up the community and sow the seeds of Socialist thought and activity.

At this time I have no idea what our vote is, but I have no doubt it will be equal to all reasonable expectations. The country knew this year for the first time that the Socialist party was a factor to be reckoned with in the campaign. We have every reason to congratulate ourselves upon the success of the campaign and to face the future with renewed assurance that the day of victory is drawing near.

Comrades, one and all, everywhere, again I thank you and salute you!

You have fought a magnificent battle and now you are to prepare without loss of time for the next. Let the campaign of 1912 be opened all along the line. There is no reason why we should halt. The capitalist enemy may now for a brief time riot in its spoils, but for us the struggle must be continuous until that enemy is driven from the field and a triumphant working class proclaims the Socialist commonwealth.

FOLLOW UP THE VICTORY.

By BEN HANFORD.

There's nothing the matter with the vote.
THE VOTE IS ALL RIGHT.

It was a splendid battle, nobly fought and grandly won. The "Jimmie" Higginses and the Mary Hamiltons and Eugene Debs and every man and woman in the cause did their best—and it was glorious. It was heroic. Not a shirker. Not a deserter. Only workers, doers, builders.

What a grand victory.

Comrades, that victory must be followed up. The enemy are demoralized and in full retreat. We must smite them hip and thigh. The retreat must be made a rout.

We have the public ear and eye. Socialism's spoken word must be heard. Its written word must be read.

The winter courses of lectures must succeed the campaign and street corner meetings. The serious pamphlet and book and constructive side of the Socialist philosophy must be presented to those who have heard the analysis and criticism of capitalism and its denunciation.

Then all these new voters of the Socialist ticket. They must be attended to and at once. We must get them to become party members—workers and doers. They must become COMRADES. Some one taught the gospel of Socialism to each of these new voters. They must pay for their tuition by themselves becoming teachers.

The new Socialist voter must become a recruit in the movement and join the Socialist party. The recruit must be trained to be a Socialist soldier, and in due time the soldier will be a veteran.

Comrades, do not fail to ask every new voter to join the party. Explain to him just how our party goes about its work. Show him that, were it not for the party organization, he might never have heard of Socialism and would have had no opportunity to vote the Socialist ticket. Out of all these new voters we shall surely find some treasures. Who knows but among them there may be another Debs. Not a greater or a grander than Debs. That cannot be. But another Debs. Think what another Debs would have done in this campaign.

Comrades, spare no effort to build up the party organization.

Then the Socialist press. You must not neglect it for a day.

Our two English dailies, the Chicago "Daily Socialist" and the New York Evening Call, must be made self-supporting. It can be done, and in a few months' time.

Now that the election is over, now that four long years are to pass before the people have another chance to say who and what kind of men shall be appointed to the Supreme Court of the United States, you may be sure that those judges will quickly teach the workmen of this country their need of Socialist daily papers.

It will not take the union men of the United States long to find out what kind of a "friend of labor" they have in the White House after the 4th of next March.

Then those union men will look to our Socialist dailies for support and instruction. They will be ready to receive and we must be ready to give them what they look for. By the tens of thousands they will then see the mistake of electing a capitalist candidate to the Presidency of the United States to look after workmen's interests. Meantime, Comrades, before next 4th of March, right now, we must go to work and establish these two dailies firmly on a self-supporting basis.

Our weekly press must not for a moment be neglected. In some respects it is more important than the daily press. The weekly press can present the Socialist arguments more extensively and thoroughly than the daily can do. A daily paper must devote the greater part of its space to the day's news. Its chief function must be the interpretation of passing events. But the weekly press can undertake the complete exposition of the Socialist philosophy, and in many respects has an educational and propaganda value that can never be equalled by the daily paper, and which only the Socialist pamphlet and book can surpass. The daily and weekly papers are equally necessary.

So, Comrades, there are three things to take your immediate effort and strength.

Build up the organization of the Socialist party. That is the backbone of our movement. Establish on a self-sustaining basis our daily and weekly Socialist papers. They are the two arms of our movement.

The war is not over.

It will not be over until the last capitalist of the world has been stripped of his last privilege.

When the Working Class of the World rule the world, then the war will be over.

When all the earth and all the fruits thereof belong to those who labor, then there shall be peace, plenty and prosperity.

Comrades, we are working for something worth while.

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 Railroads.

(Copyright, 1908, by Gustavus Myers.)

CHAPTER IV. (Continued.)

THE ONRUSH OF THE VANDERBILT FORTUNE.

(II. Continued.)

Cunning Against Cunning.

A majority of the New York Legislature was bought. It looked as if the consolidation act would go through without difficulty. Surreptitiously, however, certain leading men in the legislature plotted with the Wall Street opponents of Vanderbilt to repeat the trick attempted by the New York aldermen in 1863. The bill would be introduced and reported favorably; every open indication would be manifested of keeping faith with Vanderbilt. With the certainty of its passage the market value of the stock would rise. With their prearranged plan of defeating the bill at the last moment upon some plausible pretext, the clique in the meantime would be busy "selling short."

Information of this treachery came to Vanderbilt in time. He retaliated as he had upon the New York aldermen; put the price of New York and Harlem stock up to \$285 a share and held it there until after he was settled with. With his chief partner, John Tobin, he was credited with pocketing many millions of dollars. To make their corner certain the Vanderbilt pool had bought 27,000 more shares than the entire existing stock of the road. "We busted the whole legislature," was Vanderbilt's jubilant comment, "and scores of the honorable members had to go home without paying their board bills."

The numerous millions taken in by Vanderbilt in these transactions came from a host of other men who would have plundered him as quickly as he plundered them. They came from members of the legislature who had grown rich on bribes for granting a continuous succession of special privileges, or to put it in a more comprehensible form, licenses to individuals and corporations to prey in a thousand and one forms upon the people. They came from bankers, railroads, land and factory owners, all of whom had assiduously bribed Congress, legislatures, common councils and administrative officials to give them special laws and rights by which they could all the more easily and securely grasp the produce of the many and hold it intact without even a semblance of taxation.

The very nature of that system of gambling called stock-market or cotton or produce exchange speculation showed at once the sharply defined disparities and discriminations in law. Common gambling, so-called, was a crime; the gambling of the exchanges was legitimate and legalized, and the men who thus gambled with the resources of the nation were esteemed as highly respectable and responsible leaders of the community. For a penniless man to sell anything he did not own or which was not in existence was held a heinous crime and was severely punished by a long prison term. But the members of the all-powerful propertied class could contract to deliver stocks which they did not own or which were non-existent, or they could gamble in produce which often was not yet out of the ground, and the law, that sacred product which everyone was expected to look up to with almost adulatory reverence, saw no criminal act in their performances.

Far from being under the inhibition of law, their methods were duly legalized. The explanation was not hard to find. These same propertied classes had made the code of laws as it stood; and if any doubter denies that laws at all times have exactly corresponded with the interests and aims of the ruling class, all that is necessary is to compare the laws of the different periods with the profitable methods of that class and he will find that these methods however despicable, vile and cruel, were not only indulgently omitted from the recognized category of crimes but were elevated by preva-

lent teaching to be commercial virtues and ability of a high order.

III.

With two railroads in his possession Vanderbilt cast about to drag in a third. This was the New York Central railroad, one of the richest in the country.

Vanderbilt's eulogists, in depicting him as a masterful constructionist, assert that it was he who first saw the waste and futility of competition and that he organized the New York Central from the disjointed, disconnected lines of a number of previously separate little railroads. This is a gross error. The consolidation was formed in 1853 at the time when Vanderbilt was plundering from the United States treasury the millions with which he began to buy in railroads nine years later. The New York Central arose from the union of ten little railroads, some running in the territory between Albany and Buffalo and others which were merely projected, but which had nevertheless been capitalized as though they were actually in operation. The cost of construction of these eleven roads was about \$10,000,000, but they were capitalized at \$25,000,000. Under the consolidating act of 1853 the capitalization was run up to about \$35,000,000. This fictitious capital was partly based on roads which were never built and which existed on paper only. Then followed a series of legislative acts which gave the company a further list of valuable franchises and which allowed it to charge extortionate rates, inflate its stock and virtually escape taxation. How these laws were procured may be judged from the testimony of the treasurer of the New York Central railroad before a committee of the New York State Constitutional Convention. This official stated that from about 1853 to 1867 the New York Central had spent hundreds of thousands of dollars for "legislative purposes." In other words, buying laws at Albany.

Acquisition by Wrecking.

Vanderbilt considered it unnecessary to buy New York Central stock to get control. He had a much better and subtler plan. The Hudson River railroad was at that time the only through road running from New York to Albany. To get its passengers and freight to New York City the New York Central had to make a transfer at Albany. Vanderbilt now deliberately began to wreck the New York Central. He sent out an order in 1865 to all Hudson River railroad employees to refuse to connect with the New York Central and to take no more freight. This move could not do otherwise than seriously cripple the facilities and lower the profits of the New York Central. Consequently the value of its stock was bound to go precipitately down.

The people of the United States were treated to an ironic sight. Here was a man who only eight years before had been shown up in Congress as an arch plunderer; a man who had bought his railroads largely with his looted millions, a man who, if the laws had been drafted and executed justly, would have been condoning his frauds in prison—this man was contemptuously and openly defying the very people whose interests the railroads were supposed to serve. In this conflict between warring sets of capitalists as in all similar conflicts, public convenience was made sport of. Hudson River trains going north no longer crossed the Hudson River to enter Albany; they stopped half a mile east of the bridge leading into that city. This made it impossible to transfer freight. There in the country the trains were arbitrarily stopped for the night; locomotive fires were banked and the passengers were left to shift into Albany the best they could, whether they walked or contrived to hire vehicles. All were turned out of the train—men, women and children—no exceptions were made for sex or infirmity.

The legislature went through a pretense of investigating what public opinion regarded as a particularly

atrocious outrage. Vanderbilt covered his committee with undisguised scorn; it provoked his wrath to be quizzed by a committee of a body many of whose members had accepted his bribes. When he was asked why he had so high-handedly refused to run his trains across the river, the old fox smiled grimly and, to their utter surprise, showed them an old law (which had hitherto remained a dead letter) prohibiting the New York Hudson railroad from running trains over the Hudson River. This law had been enacted in response to the demand of the New York Central, which wanted no competitor west of Albany. When the committee recovered its breath its chairman timidly inquired of Vanderbilt why he did not run trains to the river.

"I was not there, gentlemen," said Vanderbilt.

"But what did you do when you heard of it?"

"I did not do anything."

"Why not? Where were you?"

"I was at home, gentlemen," replied Vanderbilt with serene impudence, "playing a rubber of whist, and I never allow anything to interfere with me when I am playing that game. It requires, as you know, undivided attention."

The New York Central Becomes His.

As Vanderbilt had foreseen, the stock of the New York Central went down abruptly; at its lowest point he bought in large quantities. His opponents, Edward Cunard, John Jacob Astor, John Stewart and other owners of the New York Central thus saw the directorship pass from their hands. The dispossessed they had worked to the Prungs, the Martins, the Pages and others was now being visited upon them. They found in this old man of seventy-three the cunning and crafty a man to beat. Rather than lose all they preferred to chose him as their captain; his was the sort of ability that they could not overcome and to which they must attach themselves. On November 12, 1867, they surrendered wholly and unreservedly. Vanderbilt now installed his own subservient board of directors and proceeded to put through a fresh program of plunder beside which all his previous schemes were comparatively insignificant.

(To be continued.)

A NEW BOOK BY JOHN SPARGO.

A new volume by John Spargo, the well-known Socialist writer and lecturer, will shortly be issued by B. W. Huebsch, a New York publisher. The title of the volume will be "The Spiritual Significance of Modern Socialism," and it will be issued in a very attractive and artistic style. The book is the outcome of a lecture by the author which has attracted a great deal of attention. When it was given in Cooper Union last year hundreds of people were unable to get admission to the hall so great was the interest aroused. Then in June last Comrade Spargo's address upon that topic before the Sociological Conference at Sagamore Beach attracted great attention and was warmly discussed in the religious press. The volume is on the press and will appear very shortly.

ONE OF THE MEN HIGHER UP.

"So you are attending to your personal interests instead of joining in and trying to save the country," said the frank friend.

"I am," answered Senator Sorg-hum.

"But don't you feel that you ought to help?"

"Certainly not. It isn't my business. I am one of the fellows they are saving it for."—Washington Star.

THE LAW AND THE CRIMINAL.

Contrary to a popular fallacy, there are few born criminals; our so-called criminal population is very largely the result of environment, which includes not only material surroundings, the physical and mental effects of poverty and disease, but also the idea of a peremptory chastisement which runs through all criminal codes. Seeing that the law, which he is taught, represents civic morality, resorts to immediate vengeance and application of brutal punishment, the person whose mind has been warped by a sense of real or fancied injustice, often accepts the law's standard as his own, proceeds to execute it on his own hook. From "Society and the Criminal," in Van Norden's Magazine for November.

IN THE MAGAZINES.

The professionals are getting to realize that Socialism is not the salvation of the working class only, but that it will relieve all classes from the present form of toll and drudgery inflicted on us by a chaotic industrial system, a lawyer, writing in the November "American Magazine," says:

"Socialists are agitating for an eight-hour day. 'Eight hours for work, eight hours for sleep, eight hours to do what we will.' I wish I had an eight-hour day. I really do. I don't have more than a couple of eight-hour Sundays in the course of the year, let alone an eight-hour week-day. I wish I didn't have to plan and plot, intrigue and scheme, in a legitimate way, of course, from 10 A. M. until about midnight. I wish I were certain of receiving so much per. I wish I did not have to associate with any number of individuals whom privately I detest, just because they happen to be good clients. I wish I could go home once in a while feeling that my brain had not been converted into a slate over which a sponge had been passed. I wish that my sensibilities were blunted so that I could behold the glaring discordances which are daily offered to eye and ear without an internal shudder. I wish— But, oh, what's the use?"

"Consider also the clergyman, often the only cultured man in the village, living on \$500 per year, with an occasional donation party thrown in. One of them was telling me last week how, at the request of a deacon of the church, he had signed a petition that the letter carrier's pay be increased. 'It was pretty hard work to remain silent,' he said, 'when I was told by the very individual who hands me a quarterly check for \$150 that it was impossible for a man to get along on \$550 per year.' But a clergyman possesses this advantage, that he can count on a certain income, whereas physicians and lawyers oscillate between periods of 'flusness' and financial depression, never knowing exactly where they are at."

"Eugene V. Debs: A Fort and a Hope" is the caption which the November "Current Literature" gives to a portrait of the Socialist candidate, used as a frontispiece. Thirty pages of the magazine's space are devoted to a well arranged "Review of the World"—that is, of the month's history. The Jekyll and Hyde aspects of John D. Rockefeller are illustrated in type and picture; and an article is given to August Bebel, who is described as "The One Supreme Leader of World Socialism." The departments of Literature and Art, Religion and Ethics, Music and Drama, Science and Discovery, Recent Poetry, and Recent Fiction and Its Critics are rich as usual. A story by O. Henry completes the number.

In the November "American Magazine" Ida M. Tarbell writes the first of two articles on the traction war in Chicago. The series is entitled "How Chicago is Finding Herself." After paying, what we think an exaggerated tribute to Chicago, where every bewildered foreigner feels himself welcome, where every man says "our city, our beautiful city." She continues: "This is what one feels in Chicago to-day—in dirty, ill-smelling, badly behaved, crowded, pushing, ugly Chicago. Not only feels, but sees coming. Not only sees, but hears—confused but prophetic sounds in Commercial Club and City Club, Association of Commerce and Federation of Labor, Voters' League and City Council, the newspapers and the social settlements. Sounds that sometimes blend into the splendid music of a soaring chorus. For Chicago is finding herself—unconsciously, it is true, save in spots, but finding herself. She has the vision without which no man saveth his soul. She has begun to realize it. She will never stop. She is to-day at the very pinnacle of democracy, at once the most heart-breaking and the most inspiring city in America." Her conclusions are that Chicago will find her soul during her traction battles.

"The Remarkable Advance of the Labor Movement in England" is the title of an article by William Mally in the November number of "Munsey's Magazine." The writer gives a clear and exhaustive account of the awakening of the labor forces in Great Britain since the Taff Vale decision, of their entry into the political field and the success they won in the election of 1906, and of the work of the Labor party in Parliament. The article is illustrated with numerous portraits of men prominent in the British labor movement. The magazine contains other articles by Lyndon Orr, Judson C. Welliver, Edward T. Heyn, Irving Fisher and Irvin S. Cobb, with fiction by George H. Jessop, Francis Lynde, Harvey O'Higgins, Robert Russell, Dorothy Canfield and others.

DEBS.

By BEN HANFORD.

Debs. Big. Big body. Big brain. Great heart. Lion heart. Indomitable courage. Unconquerable love of his fellowman. Spirit and Voice and Heart of the Working Class. Spirit of Freedom. Voice of Progress and Revolution. Heart of Love. An eye that sees. A brain that comprehends. Intelligent. Educated. Graduated from the common school of the Class Struggle. Given his Bachelor's Degree by President George M. Pullman and the Federal Army. Given his Doctor's Degree by Judges Wood and Grosscup after post-graduate work in the University of Woodstock Jail. Ever since enshrined in the hearts of the Working Class. Debs. Always in the front rank of the battle. A sword arm that has never been lowered. Debs and the Working Class. Bearing their cross and wearing their crown of thorns. Debs. Face to the light. Often mistaken for a day. Losing the path in the darkness. Back in the highroad with the first ray of dawn. Always face to the light. Often licked. Never defeated. Often knocked down. Never knocked out. Debs. For the Working Class of the World. In season and out of season. In jail and out of jail. Debs. Heart that beats for the Working Class. Head that plans for the Working Class. Hands that build for the Working Class. Arms that fight for the Working Class. That is Debs. Heart of the Lion Debs.

YE WHO STAND WITHOUT THE WALLS.

By EDWIN W. WHEAT.

Behold, the earth overfloweth with plenty so that none need lack for daily bread.
The land is rich and very fruitful, when men sow the seed and gather the harvest.
The earth containeth gold and precious metals; iron also, and abundance of coal.
Many men there are, strong to labor; skillful withal and with cunning devices.
Yea, the skill of the ages is theirs, so that they have dominion over sea and land.
Yet do I see strong men a-hungred and women wearily seeking for bread. I see them toiling from morn till even, yet going to their beds hungry at night.
I see little children begging for food and babes dying for want of milk.
I see children toiling both day and night that they and their parents may be clothed and fed.
I see land growing nought but

weeds and thistles, and hedged about by a very high wall.
I see the earth full of riches and treasures, and compassed by a fence that none may break through.
I see great machines behind locked doors so that those who would use them shall not come in.
The earth is for men, and the fullness thereof; all that is in it is for the children of men.
The land floweth with milk and honey; its abundance is not for a few, but for all.
How long, O ye people, will ye submit to this terrible and awful thing? How long will strong men consent to stand idle while their wives and children lack for food?
How can ye stand with folded hands while one child toils for daily bread?
How can ye rest and call yourselves men while even one babe is crying for milk?
Those who toil are very many; exceedingly few those who hold the keys.
O ye who stand without the walls, enter ye into the land and possess it!

THE TRUMPET CALL.

By JAMES H. COTTON.

Blow ye the silver trumpet,
And shout the rally-call;
The long, long night is ending
For the toilers, one and all.
The breezes on the land,
The waters of the sea,
Beat time unto a single strain—
Earth's workers shall be free.
Fling open wide the doors
On the sweatshop's baleful air;
Proclaim the jubilation
To those who're dying there.
And call the little children
Forth from the thundering mill;
No golden god shall sacrifice
Their bodies to his will.
Proclaim a year of jubilee,
Throughout the groaning land;
And usher in true liberty—
The brotherhood of man.
Proclaim the Golden Age
Upon old freedom's soil;
Let greedy men no longer steal
The fruits of honest toil.
Away with every demagogue—
Blind leaders of the blind—
And give us men of heart, instead,
Of conscience, and of mind.
The battle of the ages
Shall be fought and won;
Of they that waste and raven,
This race is almost done.
A weakling's blood is water,
A virile man's is red,
And sacred is the toiler's cause
For which his blood is shed.
So blow this silver trumpet
And raise the standard high;
The day of victory has come,
Our triumph now is nigh.

THE PRODIGAL FINE.

And it came to pass, about the time that the Morganatic fleet sailed around the world, looking for new markets, that a certain rich man of the Links was fined 2,900,000 simoleons for a technical violation of a statutory provision. And, at the same time, during the reign of Tedyseus, it also came to pass that sundry poor men, numbering into the many millions, were fined in divers sums because they had no visible means of support. But the latter was no matter, while the former stirred up the scribes and the pharisees and the solons as they were never stirred up before, until the fine was overturned and the rich man once again took his place at the head of the national table.
Wherefore, verily, verily, I say unto you, that there is more hue and cry and fuss and furor raised about one twenty-nine-million-dollar fine which is not paid than about the 9,999,999 fines which are assessed against them that hath not.—Ellis O. Jones in Puck.

THE CLASS-CONSCIOUS CAPITALISTS.

First under one political banner and then under another, capitalist class-conscious political action goes forward. Your exploiters are class-conscious to the core. To be class-conscious means to have the intelligence to discern that your interests lie with the class to which you belong. The class-conscious action of the owning class never fails; never slumbers nor sleeps; their fidelity to their class is unerring. It is the working class that has never yet realized the power of standing together. The little finger of capital has always been stronger than the joint of labor; and it is for this reason alone.—Franklin D. Wentworth.

"THE ALLEGED CREAM."

By ERNEST POOLE.

They were janitors by profession, old cronies by choice. It was Saturday night. They were Irish, they sat in a snug little place on the corner, peacefully puffing. One pipe was stubby and black—of clay; the other was a long odorous cob. For over an hour they had been sagely discussing the planets, the moon and the stars.
"Mister Grugan," said Mister Haggerty, "will yez kindly tell me the time?" Mister Grugan looked up over the bar. The hour of 12 had come and gone.
"Eight minutes past tin," he announced at last. He puffed his pipe in deep meditation. "Spakin' av time," he continued, "reminds me. To-morrow is Sunday. The weather is foine. I wonder now, Mister Haggerty, if yez mind droppin' up to me place in the country an' havin' a look at me frinds." Mister Haggerty cocked his head to one side and looked cunningly through the blue smoke.
"Ah, but who are yer frinds, Mister Grugan?"
"The alleged crame of society, Mister Haggerty! Shure there won't be wan drop of milk in the place! The best interests av the great city will circle around yez, clappin' yez jovial-like on the shoulders, pickin' yer pocket an' shakin' yer hand."
"Delighted!" the other exclaimed. He leaned forward beaming with anticipation. "An' now, Mister Grugan, would yez mind givin' a few of the names?" Mister Grugan turned pale.
"In this low den?" he whispered.
"Mister Haggerty, surr-prise me!" He paused to recover from the shock.
"What I can do," he said at last, "is to give yez a few friendly hints—as to their names." He leaned over close and went on in impressive whispers:
"First av all, the disthriet attorney. In these perilous days he is feted on ivry hand. First in peace an' last in war. Second, five av the min he refused to indite, fine fat, jovial boys, smilin' from ear to ear at the t'ough av how aisy they got away. Third, five av their wives, the ones now holdin' office, also smillin' an' twinklin' at yez wid diamonds, philanthropic an' polished, discussin' plans for the charity ball. Next, the man wid the strenuous eyes who is ather makin' a bran new trust an' may be injuced to remember his frinds. He's the rale prize av the party. But quietly joggin' his elbows behind yez'll see as follows—the wan presentable son av the prisint Tammany boss, the college professor who wrote the book on 'The Misce av Trade Unions,' the tall benevolent preacher who thunders agin the muck rakers, Harry Orchard's cousin twinty times removed, Mister Pinkerton's grandson, the author av 'The Simple Life,' two Roosian counts—wan of which will sit next to me darter. An' last av all, but not least—the prisint disthriet attorney." Mister Grugan took a long pull on his pipe.
"Crame," chuckled his irony, "pure undiluted, unpasteurized crame! An' what will we do for amusement?" Mister Grugan's reply was a large knowing wink.
"Discuss how we got it," he said.
"I forgot to add, Mister Haggerty, that wan av the nation's great newspaper editors, wan av the best, wid his wife an' son, will be in our midst. He will give us a talk ather breakfast on 'How to Preserve the Republic Widout Gettin' Pickled Ourselves.'"
"Next comes church in me private chapel, a talk by the tall benevolent preacher entitled, 'The Short an' Simple Annals av the Poor.' Ather church lunch, till 4 o'clock. Thin golf on the 'Grugan Links,' a grand inspirin' match between the new trust magnit an' the disthriet attorney—won av course by the last."
"Ather that a tay party fer all ladies prisint, Madame Shroekty from Paris to sing—at wan thousand cash—reporters please notice—while each av the ladies dar-rns wan rock fer the poor. At the same hour, on the roof garden, no butlers allowed, Mister Pinkerton's grandson will give the min tips on 'Dynamite I Have Discovered.' Thin all hands to dinner till tin o'clock, wid response by the college professor to the toast, 'Scientific Prosperity!' Ather that—all ladies are kindly asked to withdraw. An' ather that—"
Mister Haggerty had suddenly risen.
"Spakin' of ladies," he said, "reminds me." He held out his hand.
"Me wife, Mister Grugan, will be char-med. We'll take an airy train an' be wid yez all fer breakfast."
"Spakin' of wives," said the other, "reminds me av what I'd almost for-got—Wimla can't vote. An' votin' comes in November. I wonder now, Mister Haggerty, will yez be votin' the Socialist ticket?"
"I will!" cried the other. "An' shakin' off the crame!"
"Good-night, Mister Haggerty!"

LABOR DIRECTORY.

Advertisements of trade unions and other societies will be inserted under this heading at the rate of \$1 per line per annum.

CIGARMAKERS' PROGRESSIVE INT. UNION No. 90—Office and Employment Bureau, 241 E. 84th St. The following Districts meet every Saturday: Dist. 1 (Bohemian)—331 E. 71st St., 8 p. m.; Dist. 2 (German)—316 E. 6th St., 8 p. m.; Dist. 111—Clubhouse, 243 E. 84th St., 7.30 p. m.; Dist. 1V—342 W. 42d St., 8 p. m.; Dist. V—3309 Third Ave., 8 p. m.; Dist. VI—2059 Third Ave., 8 p. m.; Dist. VII—325 E. 75th St., 8 p. m. The Board of Supervision meets every Tuesday at Faulhaber's Hall, 1551 Second Ave., 8 p. m.

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

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

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

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

WORKMEN'S CHILDREN'S BENEFIT FUND OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. The address of the Financial Secretary of the National Executive Committee is: WILLIAM SCHWARZ, Bible House, Room 42, Astor Place, New York City.

ESTABLISHED 1854. NINETEENTH WARD BANK

57th St. and Third Ave.
72nd St. and Third Ave.
86th St. and Second Ave.
34th St. and Third Ave.
WARNER M. VAN NORDEN, Pres.
This is a STATE BANK, and does a general banking business. 4 per cent. paid in the INTEREST DEPARTMENT.

BISHOP CREEK

GOLD MINE'S STOCK, both Treasury and Pooled, is BOUGHT, SOLD and TRADED in by us on terms very advantageous to the INVESTOR. We furnish frequent reports FREE of the progress of this mine. We also handle stocks of British Guiana, Matterhorn, Girard Mfg. Co., "Q. S.," etc., and offer splendid low-priced mine-prospects at KAWHIDE, TONOPAH and NOME, ALASKA. We offer only such stocks the properties back of which are, more or less, controlled by SOCIALISTS. Rates per share vary from ten cents upward. Send for free copy of "GOLD DUST." **SOCIALIST MINE AGENCY, Dpt. 841 N. 53rd Ave., Chicago.**

HEIDENMAN-BRYAN-SOUFPHONT'S 127 WEST 97th STREET.
Preparation for regents and colleges thru superior individual preparation in eight months; \$25 monthly.
Private instruction in English, German, Spanish, French, Latin, Greek, history, algebra, geometry, trigonometry; introduction into politics, logic, philosophy.
Moderate rates for clubs; advice gladly given to comrades.

May all the saints smile in yet drames!"
"The same to you, Mister Grugan! Good-night!"

THE TRUE UNION MAN.

He takes a labor paper, which he pays for in advance.
The United Garment Workers or Tailors have their labels on his pants.
He patronizes barber shops that have the union card up.
He cheerfully will help a fellow craftsman who is hard up.
He chews union tag tobacco and wears union label shoes.
And if he drinks, you bet it's union-label booze.
The union label is in the hat he wears upon his head.
And when he leaves the bakery it's always on his bread.
He has that union label in the pocket of his coat.
The capitalist candidate would never get his vote.—Ez.



STILL IN BONDAGE.

AN AMAZED BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

By ERNEST POOLE.

There is nothing made up about this yarn. It was given me by a man who saw it happen.

In New York is a certain big educational institution for Jews. It is on the lower East Side. It is free-supported by a group of rich Jewish men from uptown. Efficient men, they have spent both time and money in plenty to make the place efficient. And they have succeeded. It is known as one of the best of its kind. But the directors live uptown.

Some years ago one of them prevailed upon Mr. Andrew Carnegie to come down and address the people. The board was delighted. At their meeting that month they told the superintendent of the place to send out "to the best and most solid people" in the tenements nearby enough invitations to fill the small auditorium.

It was to be a great, an impressive event.

A month passed. They met again. The superintendent gave his report.

"How many invitations did you send?"

"Twelve hundred."

"Wh-at!" Up rose the board of directors. The silence was intense.

"My friend," said one of them, grimly, "are you aware of the fact that the hall seats just five hundred—at a pinch?"

"I am."

"Well, can't you see what a hole you've put us in? Seven hundred people, the very ones we depend upon to spread our work, invited guests, are to be turned away!"

"Gentlemen," said the superintendent, coolly, "I've lived down here for about ten years. I think I know these people. You requested me to fill this hall. I think I've done it. I'm not sure."

"But," said one stout gentleman,

aghast, "Mr. Carnegie's libraries are scattered all over the lower East Side!"

"That's true. I think I've filled the hall."

But the superintendent had thought wrong. The time for the meeting arrived. The board of directors and many friends were crowded on the platform. Mr. Carnegie had arrived. "The Gospel of Wealth" was about to begin. They waited. They still waited! The hall was but half filled! And from the stage some two score pair of eyes looked down, filled with wondering and gloom—at the unregenerate poor.

Finally somebody had an idea. Messengers were sent upstairs, and in a few minutes the place was packed with chuckling boys and girls brought down from the class rooms.

To them, the "Gospel" was now preached. As somebody said at the end of it all:

"The children, the young generation, can still be reached. Thank heaven! There is still some hope for them."

On the next evening, in the same hall, a Russian Jew who was little

known, whose lecture had not even been advertised except by a one-line notice up on the bulletin board, gave a talk. His subject was not money-only science.

But long before he began to speak the hall was crowded to the doors!

These tenement millions. What a strange mysterious mass—with what deep, surprising, almost ominous hungers. All to be so nicely, wisely guided from uptown.

Yes?

BROTHERLIENESS.

Seek not your own but all men's good. Act nobly, too, as all men should. Be just from choice and not through fear. And live for friendship year by year. —Selected.

FUNCTIONION.

Slim—Do the slot-sews hyphe- into their nader? Jim—They do, yes. Other people put the dash before it.

HEARST, THE LABOR-TRAITOR.

By G. OLENDORFF.

"Now of all the beasts in the Garden of Eden, the serpent was the vilest."—Genesis.

This is a tale which has been told before from mouth to mouth, and is therefore known only to the few. For obvious reasons it could never find its way into the columns of the "contemporaries" of the capitalistic stripe, which in itself is a very good reason why it should become known to the masses of the proletariat. Its hero or villain—which, after all, is only a matter of the point of view—is one of the three "Billies," who at the present time by their acrobatic feats and legerdemain tricks on the public stage entertain, amuse and confuse that great body called the American public. To be more specific, it is the simon-pure Billy who just now with such gusto is pressing the crown of thorns upon the brow of the "Peerless" Billy and is nailing that individual upon the golden cross of Standard Oil make—much to the joy of the other Billy, who stands by with a broad grin on his fat face.

Once upon a time there lived in New York a man by the name of Henry George, a man like the man Moses, a "man without guile." Like every superman whom the race has produced, he sought his happiness in that of his fellow being, and he evolved a theory in which he himself firmly believed as the panacea. The man had not risen from the ranks of the proletarians—he was one and he stayed one to his dying day, and therefore he was the idol of the proletariat, no matter how inadequate his theory appeared to many brainy sons of toil. They knew, they felt, that if his theory had been put to the test and found wanting, he himself would have been the first to condemn it. There was no "yellow streak" in the man, and so labor rallied around him and elected him as Mayor of New York.

Of course he never occupied the Mayoralty chair, for the bestowal of elective offices, in those days rested with the duly qualified and appointed ballot box stuffers of Tammany Hall. Abram H. Hewitt, that shining example of bourgeois civic virtue, some time after his term of Mayor had expired, when on a visit in London, openly expressed his doubt as to his legal election as Mayor at that time, but justified his acceptance of the tainted seat by the "dangerous" situation which would have arisen in New York, in his opinion, under a Henry George regime.

The years rolled by. Ballot reform had made election by ballot box stuffing an impossibility. Organized labor took heart and again selected Henry George as its standard bearer in a Mayoralty campaign.

And now appears upon the scene William Randolph Hearst, virtuous Billy, the champion of the under dog, the "sea green incorruptible."

Some time before this election Hearst had acquired by purchase the "Morning Journal," a moribund publication, which, like the New York "Herald" in its "Personal Column," devoted itself to the noble task of keeping the wolf from the doors of New York's male and female prostitutes and the like. The astute Billy recognized that a paper of such tendencies could not be made a money-maker and of powerful influence in the long run, for after all the great masses of the people are a pretty

decent lot and do not care to wallow in mud for any length of time. He profited by the example of Joseph Pulitzer, who by a judicious cajoling of the workmen had raised "The World," which he bought for \$60,000, within a few years to a property valued at \$5,000,000.

Hearst engaged as his editors Messrs. Abbott and Mable, men of literary ability, honest and upright, possessing and deserving the confidence of organized labor. These men became members of the Henry George campaign committee and at one of the first meetings of this body in the name of Hearst pledged the support of the "Journal" to Henry George, stating at the same time that at the proper time the paper would come out in open support of this candidate. The "Journal" then, ignoring the other candidates, assumed a friendly attitude toward the George movement, though avoiding an open indorsement.

Then suddenly things happened. A few weeks before election, one nice morning, the "Journal" came out for the Tammany nominee, Robert Van Wyck, the most miserable specimen of humanity that ever disgraced the Mayoralty of New York. It came to labor like a stroke of lightning from a clear sky. Messrs. Abbott and Mable at once resigned their positions as editors of the "Journal," declaring at a subsequent meeting of the campaign committee that Hearst had tricked them, had broken faith with them, and that in justice to the committee and to their own manhood they could do no less than sever their connections with the "Journal."

Three days before election Henry George suddenly died, and when he was carried to his last rest, strong men, weeping bitterly, walked behind his bier, men who said that Henry George had died of a broken heart, men who spat out at the name of William Randolph Hearst and cursed him in their hearts.

After the resignation of Messrs. Abbott and Mable, Hearst engaged as his editor-in-chief, Alfred Henry Lewis, that most brilliant mercenary of American journalism. But after a short year these two "gentlemen" quarrelled; and as is usually the case when "gentlemen" of this kind quarrel, honest folk heard some very interesting news. Alfred Henry Lewis became the editor of the "Verdict," a weekly owned by Oliver H. P. Belmont; and in one of the first numbers of this publication, Lewis stated that a few weeks before the above mentioned election, about the time that the "Journal" indorsed Van Wyck, the Hearst estate—not honest Billy, God forbid!—acquired 4,000 shares of Metropolitan Railway stock at par. This stock then sold at 155, and had thus a value of \$660,000, and not of \$400,000. The "Press" also had this interesting news. Of course, honest Billy never alluded to this matter—for what had he to do with the financial transactions of the Hearst estate?

If we now consider that the late William P. Whitney was the Democratic boss of the State, the actual ruler of Tammany Hall, the boss of the Metropolitan Railway Company, and that Van Wyck was simply his dummy, it becomes as clear as day that William Randolph Hearst is a very, very honest man!

WHY JOIN THE SOCIALIST PARTY?

AN ADDRESS FROM THE NATIONAL OFFICE.

At the center of the great revolutionary movement of to-day stands the Socialist party organization.

Around and about this center there revolves that larger, indefinite thing we call the Socialist movement.

Beyond that there is a dim, nebulous something called radicalism, that comes and goes, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other, seldom itself conscious of its position.

Without this central organization the remainder would be as cloudlike as are its outer limits at present.

There would be no Socialist ticket to vote did there not exist this party organization to maintain the political machinery.

There would be little Socialist literature to read were it not for this organized body that establishes papers, circulates pamphlets, distributes books and maintains educational centers.

It is this central heart of the movement that formulates incoherent rebellion into intelligent revolutionary activity. By its discipline and its educational work the wheat is sifted from the chaff and a clear, coherent set of principles are evolved.

While this organization performs the work of a political machine, it is the

antithesis of all other political machines. Its boss is its membership, its spoils the converts made to Socialism, its campaign fund is drawn from the pockets of those who do the work.

No man or paper, no clique of office holders or gang of sluggers can dominate the Socialist party organization, because its democracy is not in name but in action.

It is not an Independence League, financed and directed by a single ambitious individual. It is not a secret, boss-ridden body as are the central "councils" of other parties.

It is clean, open, frank, democratic, to accord with the principles it professes.

Every local and branch is an educational center where members meet, exchange ideas, discuss policies, listen to lectures and plan campaigns of agitation, education and organization.

This organization is not exclusive, like other party machines. On the contrary, it invites to membership everyone who is willing to accept the Socialist position and work for Socialist success. The party invites both to the duties and the opportunities of membership. It affords an opportunity to have a voice in the determination of policies, platforms and candidates; it asks assistance in the carrying on of the propaganda of Socialism. By just so much as an army is a

ONLY UNION LABEL CLOTHING CAN BE BOUGHT AT BLUM & CO., 117 Canal St.

WE HAVE A LINE



OF READY-MADE CLOTHING

FROM \$11.00 UP.

ALSO TO MEASURE FROM \$15 UP. GIVE US A CALL.

B'um & Co., 117 Canal St., Between CHRYSTIE and FORTYSETH ST.

CLINTON HALL,

151--153 Clinton Street, New York.

Large Halls for Mass Meetings, Lectures, Balls, Concerts and Weddings. Meeting Rooms open from May 1. Banquet Rooms, Bowling Alley, Pool and Billiard Room.

50,000 Bishop Shares

are now on sale at 10c each; as work is being rapidly pushed on the property and gold in great quantities is known to be present we cannot guarantee the price. Send for Prospectus at once. This is undoubtedly THE STAR OFFERING OF THE YEAR. We are exclusive agents, and received the agency through faithful services in selling Bishop Creek Pooled stock. Write us to-day.

COMRADE STOCK AGENCY, N.Y.C., 641 N. 53d Ave., Chicago, Ill.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

With each dollar's worth of whips we give 50 cents to the \$1.50 worth Socialist books, your choice, express paid. Pick Co., 48 Jefferson street, Westfield, Mass.

El Primero Co-operative Colony.

Northern Mendocino County, California. A home for your wife and baby. Sure income for life, among congenial friends, can be held by joining the already established Co-operative Colony, only 150 miles from San Francisco. Consists of 10,300 acres of land. Improvements and personal property to the value of over \$50,000 already on the ground. Want 400 families at once to operate industries already established and take care of 1,000 head of live stock, cattle, horses, hogs and poultry.

For further information apply Room 304, 45 Kearny street, San Francisco.

Comrades—If you can invest \$25 write me at once. We have a machine that will revolutionize the printing industry. It will be placed on the market in a short time. A great opportunity for investment. J. J. Spouse, Secretary, 339 Howard street, Saginaw, Mich.

more effective fighting force than a mob, is such a disciplined, educated, self-governed, political organization more effective than guerrilla-like independent bodies, or the secret, boss-ridden, subsidized organizations of the Democratic and Republican parties.

The man or woman who claims to be a Socialist and is not a party member is shirking the work while reaping the benefits of this organization. No Socialist wishes to do this.

The Independent Socialist is losing the assistance and strength that comes from systematic co-operation. He is wasting energies in a cause in which every atom of energy is needed.

Reader, if you are not yet a member of the Socialist party organization, get in without delay. If you live in New York, address U. Solomon, Acting State Secretary, 239 East 84th street, New York City, and he will give you full information how and where to apply for membership. If you live in some other state, address J. Mallon Barnes, National Secretary, 180 Washington street, Chicago, and he will refer you to the proper quarters.

Arbeiter - Kranken - Sterbe - Kassen 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 233 local branches with 31,597 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, \$250 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. Address all communications to William Meyer, Financial Secretary, 13 Third avenue, Room 2, New York City.

High-Class Eye-Glasses and Spectacles fitted at moderate price. Kodaks and supplies always on hand.
M. EISING, 1322 Third Avenue
Betw. 75th and 76th Sts.

S. SCHREIBER,
UNION POWER PRINTER.
Best Facilities for Finest Work.
161-63 BROOME ST.
Telephone 628 Orchard.

United States History

From 1492 to 1907—Condensed form; Important events easy to memorize. An Aid to school children and adults. Containing a list of the Presidents, Washington to Roosevelt. Names of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence. The Story of the Panama Canal. The History of the American Flag.

Can be carried in the pocket to read daily and memorize. Sent by mail on receipt of TEN CENTS. Address

JOHN F. KELLY,
Box 23, Station V, Brooklyn, N. Y.

IT'S FREE

SOCIALISTS!

SEND FOR OUR NEW CATALOG OF BOOKS

1000 TITLES!

ANY SOCIALIST BOOK OR PAMPHLET YOU WANT

Whitshire Book Co.
NEW YORK AND CHICAGO

SEND TO DAY

The Question of the Hour

SOCIALISM AND THE SOCIALIST MOVEMENT.

By REV. CHARLES H. VAIL.

We need to distinguish between Socialism as an ideal—a future state of society—and the Socialist movement, which is an effort to realize that ideal. As this effort must be carried on within the confines of the present class system, it possesses several characteristics which are well marked and of the utmost importance.

Two Classes Exist.

The capitalist system presupposes the rending of society into class divisions—the propertied and non-propertied. The owning class, having possession of the means of livelihood—lands, factories, railroads, mines, etc., are able to keep the non-owning class in a condition of dependence and servitude. The laboring class is absolutely dependent upon the capitalist class for an opportunity to exist. Being unable to employ themselves, they must seek employment at the hands of others, selling their labor power for what it will bring in the competitive market. Their labor power is a commodity, like beets or cabbage, which must be sold upon the open market. The ideal of every laborer should be to achieve his emancipation from this condition of servitude. This can only be accomplished by freeing himself from capitalist dependence.

Laborer Must Own His Tools.

To secure this end he must himself become the owner of the tools necessary to his existence. But the tools to-day have become gigantic instruments of production, costing many thousands of dollars and operated only by the combined labor of many. The days of homespun and individual production are forever gone. The individual laborer can no longer hope to own the instruments necessary to his livelihood. The change in the method of production has given rise to a special class—the capitalist or owning class. The individual laborer could not acquire sufficient wealth in several lifetimes to begin to own these gigantic instruments. Not only does the cost prohibit his ownership, but the character of the tools themselves makes it impossible that all that use the tools should individually own them. The tools to-day are social; that is, they are co-operatively used. If one man owns these tools, even though he be a laborer, it would necessarily preclude the ownership upon the part of all others who must use the tools or starve. But the character of the instruments suggests the solution of the problem and the way of labor emancipation. The tools being social in character, should be socially owned. Individual ownership was proper in the days of individual production and use. But when the method of operation became socialized, the ownership should also be socialized to correspond.

Socialism or Slavery.

Private ownership of social tools means private appropriation of the product of social labor and the dependence of man upon man for an opportunity to live. The great instruments of production are not operated by those who own them, or owned by those who use them. Modern industry has given to the possessing class the most perfect mechanism of wealth production that the world has ever seen. The owners allow the laborers use of the tools on condition that they (the workers) will give up

to the idlers the lion's share of the product produced. Ownership is the secret of capitalist power—they own that which is necessary to the workers' existence. The laborers to be free must themselves own these requisites to life. While it is impossible and undesirable to destroy modern methods, reverse the wheels of progress and return to the days of small industry, and also impossible for the laborers individually to own those great instruments, still these instruments can be made the collective property of all the people. This is the only way by which the laborers can secure control of their economic interests. It is Socialism or economic slavery.

Labor Must Emancipate Itself.

We cannot expect those enjoying special privileges to willingly relinquish their advantage. They naturally desire to perpetuate a system that enables them to live in idleness off the labor of others. It is evident that if labor is ever emancipated, it must emancipate itself. The Socialist movement, then, which stands for labor's emancipation, is based primarily upon the working class. It recognizes the great fact of the class struggle and seeks to enlighten the workers concerning their own interests; in other words, make them class conscious. This class consciousness means consciousness of one's own interests as a member of a class, also a consciousness that his interests can only be subserved by advancing the interests of the class to which he belongs.

The Ballot the Key.

The class conscious laborer realizes that the control of the political power is necessary to any class which would permanently improve its economic condition. To solidarity in the economic field must be added solidarity in the political field. To unite in the industrial struggle and divide in the political is the height of absurdity. In fact, the ballot box is the key to the whole situation. The class that is supreme there is supreme everywhere. While the workers have the numbers to gain this supremacy, they have been deceived by the master class into voting themselves into continued subjection. Were the working class to unite as a whole into a class conscious political party, victory would be theirs. The hope of the capitalist class is to keep them divided and arrayed against each other. As long as the workers look to the masters for guidance, they will be led like sheep to the shambles. The Socialist party, which is a party of the producing class, proposes to master the public powers and administer them in the interests of the producing class. Just in proportion as this party gains supremacy, the laborer's condition will improve. The complete triumph of this party means the abolition of all class rule and an economic dependence.

Differs From Former Revolutions.

Herein the coming revolution differs from all preceding changes. In the former revolutions, class succeeded class—the class below overthrowing the class above—but the continuance of private ownership resulted in establishing a new despotism. But the working class supremacy will completely abolish all dependence. The tools of production now being social, the working class cannot emancipate itself without socializing the instruments. When the

instruments are collectively owned the cause of all dependence and servitude will disappear. Thus while as militant our cause is chiefly identified with class, as triumphant it is identified with humanity.

The Character of the Movement.

Here is the distinction mentioned in the beginning of this article between Socialism and the Socialist movement. The Socialist movement is based upon the class struggle. Socialism triumphant will abolish the class struggle and make the interests of all identical. It will be the business of the Socialist party, when in control of the nation, to carry out to completeness the legislative task of transforming the privately owned tools into collective property. When this has been accomplished classes and class antagonisms will be abolished. In the new order there will be but one class—humanity—and the golden age so long dreamed will be realized on earth.

DEBS' LIFE AND WORK.

"Debs: His Life, Writings and Speeches," is a volume which has just come from the press of the "Appeal to Reason," and which is for sale in the office of The Call and at other Socialist headquarters. It includes a biographical sketch written by his close friend and comrade, Steven M. Reynolds, of Indiana. Among the numerous extracts from Debs' writings are "How I Became a Socialist," written in 1902; "The Outlook for Socialism in the United States," 1900; "The American Movement," "Unionism and Socialism," "The Federal Government and the Chicago Strike," 1904; "An Open Letter to President Roosevelt," 1906; "John Brown, History's Greatest Hero," 1907; "The Martyred Apostles of Labor," 1898; "Martin Irons, Martyr," 1900; "A Proclamation to the American Railway Union," 1895; and "Arouse, Ye Slaves," 1906. These are but a third of the pieces included under this head. Nine of his most notable speeches are also given in full. About twenty pages at the end of the book are given to appreciations of Debs and his work by John Swinton, John Spargo, Robert Hunter, Leonard D. Abbott, W. E. P. French, M. Winchevsky, Edwin Markham, and others. The book sells for \$2.

MINERS FOR SOCIALISM.

After Mr. Enoch Edward's shrewd advice it was a foregone conclusion that the Miners' Federation Conference would set its seal on the ballot of the members on the affiliation of all federated miners' unions with the Labor party, although as far as the present Miners' M.P.'s are concerned they will not be required to become part of the Labor party in the present Parliament. As far as the personnel of the Miners' group in the House is concerned, their adhesion would undoubtedly mean a great strengthening of the purely Liberal element in the Labor party. It looks, however, as though even this ground is shifting, and that the rank and file of the miners are steadily becoming Socialists. We must not place too much weight on pious resolutions passed at conferences; but the resolution passed last week by the Miners' Conference, not only declaring that nothing but Socialism will obtain for the worker the full value of his labor, but also demanding candidates pledged to Socialism—is an epoch-making event. It certainly is curious that the Miners' Federation, regarded by many as a reactionary force, should declare for the very policy which the Labor party and the I. L. F. alike are too timid to adopt.—London Justice.

VOTE AGAINST TUBERCULOSIS

By DR. SIMON FRUCHT.

Intelligent workingmen can stamp out the great white plague. The force of the ballot can accomplish more than the united efforts of all physicians.

The cause of consumption is a minute germ called the bacillus tuberculosis. Millions of these bacteria are hovering about us in the dust-laden atmosphere, in the food we take, in the very homes we inhabit. Enormous numbers of bacteria are to be found in the wretched sweatshops, squalid streets, ill-kept halls and dark rooms of tenements where the sunlight never penetrates. Almost all the victims of the great white plague reside in the slums and tenements. These conditions breed the bacteria in countless numbers, infect the community and spread the pest throughout the land.

But there is another and a most important factor in the production of tuberculosis. It is the susceptibility of the individual attacked. The healthy and well nourished resist and conquer the inroads of the bacteria. It is the weak, decrepit, toll-worn, underfed and poorly housed wage-earner who is most susceptible. Children forced into the stifled atmosphere of mill and factory by the merciless struggle for existence, overworked and underpaid, are especially prone to succumb to the dread disease.

How can we eradicate the great white plague? The answer is as simple as it is obvious. Vote for shorter hours in the sweatshops. Vote for the abolition of child labor. Vote for better and decent homes. In short, vote for the downfall of the capitalism that lives and thrives upon the life blood of the people. Vote for the party that values human life above dollars and cents.

WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE.

Dr. Paley, the eminent theologian, more than fifty years ago said: "If one would see a flock of pigeons working with might and main gathering together a pile of corn and then turning it all over to one pigeon, and that perhaps the poorest and weakest in the lot, reserving nothing for themselves, and then sitting around all winter shivering and starving, while the other was devouring, throwing about and wasting the fruits of their toil; and if one pigeon more hardy than the rest should, when driven by the pangs of hunger, dare to touch a grain, the rest springing upon him and tearing him limb from limb, we would have a fair example of what mankind is doing at the present day."

AN ERA OF PETTINESS.

For twenty-five years the Congress of the United States has not dealt with a single great principle affecting the welfare of the producing classes of this country. Its halls have been merely the arenas in which strong private interests have contended for supremacy, ignoring the working classes altogether. Hat in hand and on bended knee the representatives of organized labor have had to truckle and lobby for the barest recognition, when one single manifestation of their collective will at the ballot-box would have swept their masters out of political life.—Franklin H. Westworth.



A NEW USE FOR OLD WEAPONS.

The Capitalist to the Workingman.—Look at that brute of a peasant. The only way to treat him is to shoot him down.

The Capitalist to the Peasant.—Look at that dirty workingman, that rascal. You must receive him with rifle shots.

Peasant and Workingman.—We have only one enemy: Our Master! And this imbecile has put a gun into our hands.

—La Voix du Peuple.

INDIVIDUAL CHARACTER.

By ANNA MERCY.

In our struggle for economic freedom let us pause awhile and discuss the value of individual character. That the character of the people is an important factor in determining the state of society is usually conceded. But different schools of philosophy look at the matter from different points of view. The Socialist claims that economic pressure molds the character, and that in turn decides the final state of society, while the Individualist is positive that character colors the social as well as the economic conditions. There is truth in both arguments.

If it were true that economic pressure were the cause of all ills, then, wherever no such pressure existed, things would be going on ideally. But it is not always so. Where there is no worry about bread, there are other worries owing to diseased and distorted imaginations and cravings. And the people who are not tainted by physical or mental prostitution still are not always the nicest people to get along with. On the other hand, we find men and women who should according to their environment be perfectly brutal and void of imagination, are nevertheless some of the finest specimens of humanity. Of course, economic slavery gives a tinge to individuals, which would not be there under other conditions, but vicious characters are not confined to any particular class.

Some Socialists are apt to be extreme in some of their views and imagine that individual character is of "no account." Nevertheless, it is to an extent the determining factor.

While waiting for the millennium we must prepare for it. If every one of the thousands and millions of Social-

ists say: "When Socialism comes I'll be truthful, honest, kind, considerate and courteous," why, then, I am afraid Socialism will never come. Organized effort is indispensable, but individual integrity, courtesy and sincerity are the salt of life, and without them life is dull, sometimes brutal.

You and I form Society, and if you and I are not going to be nice, why, then, the world wouldn't be a nice place to live in, don't you see? You may think that these things are superficial, but after careful analysis you will realize their importance. In our contact with human beings we have the power to create or eradicate some of the misery and despair which exists to-day. Going about in a brusque, inconsiderate manner, we may be trampling some sensitive souls under foot. Of course, if you have not the imagination to see what I mean I cannot help you very well.

A very flagrant example illustrating my contention comes to my mind just now. A young man, in very good economic standing joined the Socialist party and became prominent by his efforts in behalf of the party, but his character was such that he soon betrayed the trust reposed in him, and he is now ostracised by the comrades.

So you see that, even if our party gained a majority vote in this country at the next election, and the character of the people remained the same, things would not be much changed. The unscrupulous would manage affairs and the rest of the people would be too stupid to care.

When Socialism comes we will probably all be enlightened Freedom-Loving and Freedom-Daring, Conscientious, Kind and SINCERE. Socialism, in the true sense of the word, cannot come unless we are qualified. And now is the time to qualify!

"REST."

By J. A. G.

A black hearse stands before the house in an East Side tenement block. Hitched to the hearse is a pair of fine black horses, covered with heavy black and white draperies. In front of the hearse is an open carriage or barouche, filled with flowers. One piece, a large pillow of rare white roses, bears the simple word "Rest."

There is a crowd of about a hundred women and children between the hearse and the house, with an open space through the center leading to the door.

The house is an old-fashioned, four-story, unpainted brick tenement. The lintels and sills of the windows, of brown stone, are cracked and broken; not one but has great chunks torn from it. The old green shutters have several blinds missing from most of the windows: some are tied with ropes, and all are very much dilapidated and seedy.

At the entrance a huge cluster of white and purple flowers covers most of the left frame of the low door. In the transom above two or three panes are broken, and the paint that was once on the door has long since blistered and peeled.

In the doorway appears a man wearing a black frock coat and trousers, a plaid waistcoat and black tie and gloves. He is the undertaker. Following him are four men in black, carrying a polished oak casket with heavy silver handles. After them come the relatives and friends in new garments of black.

The room from which they have come, the late home of John McCormack, the poor truck driver, who lies in the casket, sits appropriately the exterior appearance of the home.

In the room are, in addition to the camp-chairs loaned by the undertaker, two wooden kitchen chairs, a common kitchen table, an oil stove and several ragged pieces of oilcloth laid between the threshold and the table at the end of the room. A couple of pots, a frying pan, a tin pail and a soap dish and soap are piled upon the sink board. Two plates, cups and saucers, knives and forks, broken, discolored and of cheap manufactures lie on the table to complete the visible furnishings of the room.

In an adjoining room stands a cot, with some rags masquerading as coverlets. The entire outfit of the two rooms, excepting the contents of two closets, wouldn't bring a dollar and a half at an auction sale.

And this is the apartment from which poor John McCormack has just been carried in a one hundred and fifty dollar casket, made of polished oak, lined with soft, silk covered cushions and trimmed with silver handles.

Fifty dollars more wouldn't pay for the flowers carried in the open barouche.

As I look from the open window of John McCormack's late home, I see, standing out in bold relief from the mass of flowers riding at the head of the funeral procession, the word "Rest."

At ten years of age John began working about the stable. At fifteen he was trusted to drive a team, and from that day to three days before his death, at the age of fifty-two, he had continued to drive.

In the burning heat of the summer's sun John guided the horses of his master's truck through the busy streets. In the winds and snows of winter he drove the team among the maze of wagons and cars in the city.

All these long years no one every thought that John McCormack needed a rest. No one ever sent John a pretty flower to brighten the hole in the bricks he called a home, to gladden his eye with its beauty, to displace a little of the foul, stale atmosphere for a brief spell with its perfume. And as for soft satin pillows, to have sent him these would have paved the way for committing the sender to the insane asylum.

But now—how kind we are to those who can no longer know our kindness. How gently we deal with those who can no more feel our touch. How carefully we shut out the strong rays of light and heat from eyes now indifferent to them.

Many a hot night John sat and gasped in the stifling air of his two little rooms. Sometimes he dragged his weary limbs to the street for a bit of air to revive his exhausted strength and was driven back by the stench from the gutters. Then he would painfully climb to the roof, where, just as life seemed returning to his jaded body, a sudden drowsiness would warn him against the peril of

sleeping on the roof, where no protection from falling off had been provided.

There was no one then to provide the way for a ride to beach or suburb. A five cent ride then would have been, oh! such a boon.

Now he rides, cold and still, and all unaware, through the green country roads before denied him, in sight of waving corn and shading trees. The slower scented breezes blow all about him unnoticed. He rides on the softest, easiest springs, in a coach worth two thousand dollars.

Not a five cent ride when his body craved it, when every sense, spurred by the strong nature and physique, sought to satisfy its healthy longings. And now, when he is dead, a royal ride.

John McCormack laid his sore and aching body, night after night, on a hard, knotty mattress couch. Always it grew more hard and lumpy until every moment caused a pain like a stone under a sore spot of the foot.

But when knots nor stones could no longer start his nerves or fill his eyes with tears of pain he is cushioned in soft satin pillows, lining a couch of finest oak.

He, who never had the luxury of a silver spoon, is carried with handles of silver.

Through all his hard, toilsome life no one had ever offered John a vacation. Nor had any one thought that John might want a rest, a rest that would have been such a joy to poor, tired John. A rest that might have meant so much, that might have kept him here for many years to come.

Now, in rare white roses and purple immortelles, they softly whisper to the tired out, worn out John—"Rest."

"Rest" at last. Rest now he may because King Profit can no longer drive him as he drove the horse; but with greater cruelty than the kindly John ever perpetrated against them. The horses always had their meals on time. John had his when he could. The horses always were carried and washed regularly. John bathed when he got a chance and was not too spent to take the time from his troubled sleep.

And the good friends who lavished their money so freely to give him a "fine funeral"—if they had given but a little intelligent help to change the terrible system under which we all live, John could have been here to-day, with ample means for himself and opportunity to enjoy the grass, the trees and the flowers, the pure air, to ride when he chose and under a sane and sensible system of old age pensions—"Rest."

HOW ABOUT YOUR CHILDREN?

When you go back to the early years of the nineteenth century, and read the accounts of children's sufferings due to the cruelty of slave-drivers, your hearts are apt to cry out in anguish. Just think of to-day. Think of to-day in these great United States, children five and six years old, working from six in the morning until six in the evening, and at the hardest and most trying kind of labor. These children are being ruined by thousands by the manufacturers. It is killing the whole white race of the South.

It may be surprising, but it is the absolute truth, that things just as bad are going on right here in New York City. Child slavery thrives here in greater proportion than in the South.

There are parts of this city where little children are driven to work early in the morning for two hours and then sent to our American schools, and after school are forced into sweatshops, where they are obliged to work from three in the afternoon until eleven o'clock at night.—William H. Maxwell, Superintendent of Schools of New York City.

THE EVOLUTION OF AMBITION.

The Chicago "News" gives the seven ambitions of a lifetime thus:

1. To be a street railway conductor.
2. To be a professional ball player.
3. To be able to lick the school principal.
4. To marry the smartest girl in the class.
5. To be the President of the United States.
6. To make a decent living.
7. To keep out of the poorhouse.

THE "UNDESIRABLE CITIZEN."

The Cleveland "Plain Dealer" lately offered prizes for the best definition of "Undesirable Citizen." Charles C. Taylor of Cleveland, won the first prize. His description of the "Undesirable Citizen" is as follows: "He who at women's rights it bef- Then goes and sells his vote

WHAT CHANCE HAS THE BLIND MAN?

Lose your sight to-day, what becomes of your business to-morrow? The nature of the problem and its darkest difficulties any one may imagine. The extent of the problem can be computed. The register of the Massachusetts Commission shows that out of 3,800 blind persons in the State there are 1,400 of a working age between twenty and sixty. Of these, after we have eliminated the successful, the well-to-do, the invalid, there are left 800 set down as able-bodied, dependent and helpless, about a fifth of all the blind.

There are in this country only ten or a dozen industrial workshops and homes that pretend to teach occupations to the adult blind. These shops employ about six hundred.

The Pennsylvania Working Home for the Blind, in Philadelphia, is the largest in the country. It was founded thirty years ago by a blind man. It employs a hundred and thirty men in making brooms, mattresses, rag carpets and in chair can-

ing. The Connecticut Institute at Hartford, started sixteen years ago, is successful in giving a few blind men and women occupation by which they can earn a living at home. It is noteworthy also for its printing establishment, where blind persons operate presses, and stitching and folding machines. The Wisconsin Workshop for the Blind makes a specialty of willow work. Everything from a toy basket to a willow cradle is beautifully made, and can be bought by whoever will send to 323 Villet street, Milwaukee. Six years ago Michigan established, with an appropriation of over a hundred thousand dollars, a factory, an industrial home, an employment and information bureau for the blind. Two of the oldest shops are those connected with the State schools for blind children in Massachusetts and Maryland. Good work is being done in industrial homes for the blind in Oakland, Cal.; in Brooklyn, Indianapolis, Chicago and Cincinnati. A workshop has been opened recently in Colorado, and one will be opened soon in Maine.—John Macy, in the October Everybody's.

MRS. EUGENE V. DEBS.

So rare a woman as Mrs. Eugene V. Debs seldom succeeds in keeping out of the limelight of publicity for the length of time that our comrade has.

If the world has known her, save by small glimpses, it is because of her own tact, her love of home life, and her complete devotion to the cause of the man who calls her "Kate," his "comrade wife."

When Eugene Debs is not out on a campaign tour, and may do his work from his home, his wife Katharine acts as his secretary. In her clear, perfectly legible hand she writes his letters, and otherwise assists in the stupendous amount of work which is always his portion. Together with his brother Theodore—a most remarkable brother—she helps in every way possible to shield the over-generous husband from the innumerable demands that are made upon him from an adoring but often unthinking public.

It is our belief that no man can do his fullest and best work for Socialism unless he has the sympathy and help of the woman in whose keeping he has placed his heart and his full confidence as a man. When our men make unusual success in the movement, we know that they do not get their supper in the kitchen. He knows how, and is glad to get away from the routine of official work. Their home is filled with literary and art treasures, and many, many conversations from admiring comrades, all over the land. They are both

fond of company, and many "Soapbox Travelers and Apostles of Truth" have found a blessed shelter under their roof and refreshed themselves for further conquests.

Here is a clear, strong face, a beautiful face, a real woman's face, and the world of toilers owes more than it can ever know to the heart and soul of the woman, Katharine Debs.—The Socialist Woman.

THE CAPITALIST WOLF AND LABOR RABBIT.

The wolf, having caught a rabbit, was looking contented and happy. The rabbit was much disheartened and complained bitterly of his fate, but the wolf said: "A patriot is a much better citizen than a pessimist."

But this did not in the least assure the rabbit. He struggled to dislodge himself; but the wolf said: "A contented mind is worth more than great riches." But the rabbit still chafed.

During all this time the wolf was whetting his teeth and licking his chops. The rabbit was greatly alarmed at these signs of preparation, but the wolf assured the timid rabbit that "their interests were identical."

Presently the wolf set his teeth in the quivering flesh of the rabbit, and as the rabbit wailed piteously, whereat the wolf said: "Obedience to the law is demanded as a right; not asked as a favor."

But the rabbit will have its reward in the "great beyond," at least that is what the sky pilots tell the stave when he is robbed and despoiled. The slave can no more depend upon the pity of the capitalist than could the rabbit depend upon the pity of the wolf. The slaves must join a political party of their own class and through this party conquer the powers of government.—Seattle Socialist.

THE NEW YORK SOCIALIST.

Published for the Socialist Party of the State of New York by the Workingmen's Co-operative Publishing Association, a New York corporation. Published every Saturday. Office and place of business, 442 Pearl St., New York. W. W. Passage, president; Frank M. Hill, treasurer; Julius Gerber, secretary.

Telephone, 2271 Worth.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single.	Bundles.	
One year.....50 cents	5 a week, one year.....	\$1.75
Six months.....25 cents	10 a week, one year.....	3.25
Three months.....15 cents	25 a week, one year.....	7.50
Single copy.....2 cents	50 a week, one year.....	12.50

Subscriptions, individual or for bundles, are payable in advance.

Canadian and foreign postage 1 cent per copy extra.

Make all checks payable to The New York Socialist.

Acknowledgment of receipt of individual subscriptions is made by changing the date on wrapper.

When renewing subscribers are requested to mark their subscriptions "renewals."

Entered at the New York Post Office as second-class mail matter.



NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 7, 1908.

A SONG OF THE "RED SPECIAL."

By SARDONICUS.

Lo, I am the visible sign of a nation's new revolt,
Bounding across the land like a bidden thunderbolt.
I, the "Red Special," leap with a warlike message for all,
Belting the continent with my flaming tocsin call.

First from the Middle West to the farthest West I fly,
Then from the West to the East, like a trailing meteor I;
Finally dipping my brow in the mad Atlantic wave,
Gathering fiery force, to the Middle West I rave—
Home to my starting point, panting with all my might,
Covered with ashes and smoke and the glory of the fight.

What is it all about, this pyrotechnic show?
What is it all about? you ask, and you shall know.
For hell is under my heels, provoked by my sturdy crew,
And the strength of a thousand lions frets me through and through;
Impatient am I to leap, with my steaming, pent-up tide,
When my driver gives the word and opens the throttle wide.
Hurrah! We are finally off, with a scream the like of which
Has never echoed before in the ears of the poor and rich—
In the ears of the poor and rich, in the ears of the rich and poor—
For years and years they will tell of my journey, I am sure;
How I carried the master-mind, the Chief of the newest Rebs.,
The glory of his kind, the fighter known as Debs.

Talk of your man who rode with his news to Aix from Ghent:
Talk of your Paul Revere, and your Sheridan's ride hell-bent:
Talk of all former rides, till your voice in a whisper ebbs,
Then list to the rides of rides—it was I who carried Debs!

And what was the message borne on the wings of the Special Red?
And what did we see and hear, as through the land we sped?
The panoramic earth, laughing and whirling by;
The mountains capped with snow, cloud-kissing in the sky;
The oceans full of stern and solemn majesty,
And Nature, everywhere, untrammelled, wild and free.
And man, creation's crown, how fared our brother man?
Was he, like nature, too, built on the happy plan?

Ah, answer this, ye kings, high-seated on the backs
Of those who toil and moil urged by your whip that cracks.
Some eighty million slaves—some twenty thousand kings—
Speak, up, speak up, and say, ye parasitic things!

As once the Prophet by the River Chebar gazed
Upon the fiery wheels, all winged and amazed,
So shall these slaves behold this sign of their revolt
Which bounds across the land like a bidden thunderbolt.
This flying sign which tells them rise, shake off their kings,
And trample under foot these parasitic things.

Shake, shake them off, or see, what was shall be again:
Behold the holocausts of victims kingly slain.
Behold the Conquerors, a-horse in pomp and pride,
As down the lanes of death, mid corpses now they ride.
Oh, warriors so brave, why die that these may boast
The right divine to loot the workers' mighty host?
Shall a thousand emperors, like Nero, boldly stretch
Their hands out for each poor, unhappy, trembling wretch?
Shall the earth be swallowed up by the monsters whom we breed—
The embodiment of lust, and butchery and greed?
Back! Barons of Right Divine, and let my people pass.
Back! Demons in motor-cars, with eyes of isinglass.
Nor dare to run them down, as though each were a dog,
Ye breakers of the law and of the Decalogue.

As once Belshazzar blanched and covered at the feast,
So shall ye read the sign, as did that ancient beast.
So shall ye read your doom in a million hands upraised,
The first of the gathering storm of ballots—God be praised—
The first of a multitude which shall be multiplied,
Till ye are swallowed up in the wildly rising tide.
For I am a prophet, too, by old Prometheus sired,
Though I wear a sphinx-like mask while I ride with Debs inspired,
While my wheels go clicketty-clack and they kiss the vanishing fields,
'Neath the moon-light on the plains where the past its visions yields.

Then heed this visible sign of the nation's new revolt,
Bounding across the land like a bidden thunderbolt.
List to the Special Red, with its warlike message for all,
Belting the continent with its flaming tocsin call.

WON'T FEAR CONFISCATION.

In 1880 the farmers of the United States owned over 74 per cent. of the land they worked. In 1890 they owned less than 60 per cent. of it. In 1900 they owned an 65 per cent. Even of this, about is mortgaged. If this keeps on a r, the farmers won't be so easily from Socialism by the cry of

WHO'LL DO THE DIRTY WORK.

"Who will do the dirty work under Socialism?" Who does it now? Those who are forced to it by their poverty. Do you think it is fair that the most repulsive work should be the worst paid? Do you not think a democracy of workers could devise a juster plan than that which the atrocity now imposes on us?

THE NATURE OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY.

By FRANKLIN H. WENTWORTH.

(Contributed to a political symposium of the Boston "Globe" at the editor's request.)

It is not because we love Mr. Debs, the man, that we shall vote for him. In personal qualities Mr. Debs more closely resembles Abraham Lincoln than any other man America has produced. This is why the wage workers love him, trust him, adore him; but it is not why they are going to vote for him. The working class will vote for Mr. Debs because he is the incarnation and expression of the working class aspiration for economic freedom.

The political movement of which Mr. Debs in this year's campaign is the chosen leader is not like the Bryan campaign of 1896, a blind revolt. It is philosophically and historically inevitable, and the men who are in it know exactly what they are up to. The sheep are as wise as the shepherd. The Socialist party, the philosophy of which is clear and comprehensible even to its humblest members, to-day faces an outworn social and political system which has no intelligent statesmanship to defend it. In fact, the most striking aspect of the epoch in which we of the twentieth century are caught is the astonishing past and present ignorance of the upper and middle classes regarding a movement which in twenty-five years may alter the social foundations of the entire world.

When we explain to the ordinary buying and selling type of citizen that we have fifty thousand members who pay dues of 25 cents a month the year round; who control all candidates by referendum and imperative mandate or recall; who permit no personal expenditure of money by candidates; who receive women as members on an equal footing with the men; who in any large city of the country can gather together five thousand people paying 25 cents a head to hear their candidate say things which they know as well as he does; and when, after paying an entrance

fee, they will give with enthusiasm an average of as much more in the collection basket—when told things like this he stands agape in wonder as at a language he does not understand.

Mr. Debs stands for an entirely new kind of politics. We Socialists perfectly understand it; and that others do not is scarcely because we have been unwilling to tell them.

The capitalist system of production has reached its evolutionary culmination. The various nations of the world are all now practically equipped with the latest wealth producing machinery. There is no new world to exploit and the same goods cannot be sold back and forth in any considerable quantity. Hence trade on a profit basis is not much longer possible; the system is breaking down.

We consequently are facing a period in which there can be no great revival of industry until the incentive to the production of goods becomes social—until goods shall be consciously and intelligently produced for use instead of for profit.

The members of the class which own the raw materials and machinery of production to-day find themselves with plants on their hands which they can use very little or not at all if they are to be operated for private profit only. The men who own the tools of production cannot use them and the men who can use them do not own them. It is an economic deadlock—and it is international.

Are the owners of the tools of production to refuse to allow the workers to use these tools because they can not be longer operated for the owners' profit? This is the question a million voters may ask at the ballot box next Tuesday. The capitalist system of production and distribution is on trial. The Socialist vote is an interrogation that the political party which elects its candidate this week must answer. Mr. Debs, as our spokesman, has an answer. That is why we are voting for him.

Has Mr. Taft an answer? Has Mr. Bryan?

LABOR LEGISLATION IN DEMOCRATIC STATES.

By R. W. SELVIDGE.

The Democratic party has been making a special plea for the votes of workingmen. In its platform it placed some vague promises of favorable legislation. In connection with such promises it is well to look into the labor legislation of some of the Southern States, where the Democratic party has been in undisputed control for a third of a century. It is in these States that peonage is legalized. This is often denied, but I quote from the statutes of Louisiana: Act No. 54, Session of 1906 (omitting title):

"Section 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Louisiana, that whoever shall wilfully violate a hire, tenant, or share contract, conditioned on the cultivation of land in this State, upon the faith of which contract money or goods have been advanced, by leaving the employ of the person or abandoning the land, the subject of the contract, without first tendering to the person by whom the said money or goods was advanced, the amount of money or the value of the goods obtained, shall be guilty of misdemeanor and upon conviction thereof shall be fined in a sum not less than ten (\$10) dollars nor more than two hundred (\$200) dollars, and in default of the payment of the fine shall be imprisoned in the parish jail for not more than ninety days at the discretion of the court.

"Section 2. Be it further enacted, etc., That whoever shall wilfully interfere with, entice away, intimidate, or induce a hired person, tenant, or share-hand to leave the service of his employer or to abandon the land the subject of the contract, or who shall knowingly take into his employ any such person before the expiration of the contract, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction shall be fined in a sum not less than ten (\$10) dollars nor more than two hundred (\$200) dollars for each offense, and shall be liable in a civil action for damages to double the amount of any debt due by said hired person, tenant, or share-hand to the person who made the advances."

In a subsequent section there is a provision that these contracts cannot be made for more than one year. Now, since they are for one year or less, an oral contract is binding, and if any question arises it is the word of the employer against the word of the worker. In such a case it is not difficult to tell which will prevail. Then, too, the slightest change in the terms of the contract makes a new

contract, which will hold one year from the date of this change. It will be seen at once that it is to the interest of the employer to get the laborer indebted to him, and this he proceeds to do. When this is accomplished the laborer cannot leave without becoming a criminal. The employer may heap all sorts of indignities and injustices upon him; he may even assault him and beat him, and yet he must continue to serve him or go to prison. Like that mythical man of patience, he must say, "Though thou slayest me, yet will I serve thee." The employer may discharge the laborer at any time, but the laborer may leave only by permission of the employer. I leave the reader to picture the further practical possibilities of statute.

Section 2 backs up Section 1 in a most effective manner. If any other employer, by offering higher wages, shorter hours, better food, or more comforts, entices away any of "my laborers" he is liable to a fine of two hundred dollars (nothing said about imprisonment in the parish jail). Thus it becomes a criminal act for one employer to offer higher wages or better conditions than his neighbor offers. When a laborer is driven by cruelty or injustice to leave an employer, no other capitalist is permitted to employ him, under penalty of the law. This is blacklisting with a vengeance.

These are Democratic labor laws in a Democratic State. Do you think they are much improvement over the injunction? Some of the men who were in the State Legislature and helped make these laws will be in Congress on the Democratic side. Do you expect them to vote for favorable labor legislation? Granting that Bryan is honest and really desires to stop certain abuses, do you think it probable that he would receive the support of the men who have profited by the legislation quoted above? Be not deceived. Individual members of the Democratic party may be friendly to labor, but as a political organization it is no more a friend of labor than is the party that nominated for President the Father of the Injunction. Would it not be wiser to support the party that is made up of the working class and which exists only to serve that class—the Socialist party?

OVERESTIMATED.

"Yes, sir! I tell you this entire country is in the absolute grasp of thirty men."
"You don't tell me! I had no idea the number was so large."—Life.