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The usual instalment of Gustavus Myers' valuable "History of the Great American Fortunes" is omitted from this issue of The Socialist. Next week will begin a new chapter entitled "The Vanderbilt Fortune Increases Manifold."

NICHOLAS AND DIAZ MUST BE DEFEATED.

The case of Jan Janoff Pouren does not stand alone. Recent developments have made it evident that this was but the entering wedge for a concerted effort by the reactionary powers of the world to break down the legal principle and political tradition of the United States which has in the past made this country a safe place of refuge for men and women who have struggled bravely against tyranny in their native lands, have failed, and have fled here for their lives. The decision of Commissioner Shields in favor of granting the Czar's demand was promptly followed up by the arrest of another Russian revolutionist in Chicago and by other manifestations of the activity of spies for the Autocracy here in the United States.

Fortunately the energy of the defense and the arousing of public opinion against the proposed outrage prevented Commissioner Shields' shameful decision from being carried into effect, and there is every reason to hope that the new hearing will result in the liberation of Pouren.

But it would be a mistake to underestimate the power of the reactionists or their persistence in seeking their abominable ends. Even though they do not get Pouren into their clutches, to be taken back to Russia and tortured and put to death, they have at least the satisfaction of keeping him in an American prison for almost a year, suffering bodily hardship and tormented by anxiety and fear. And they have the further satisfaction that in the course of the trial they have been able to elicit information which may be useful to other bloodhounds of the Autocracy in hunting down other revolutionists at home. Even though Pouren is finally released, it is to be expected that the Czar's agents will continue to demand the arrest of other refugees, using the American courts to persecute them, and exhausting the funds of their sympathizers in costly litigation.

And at the same time we have the government of Diaz, hardly less tyrannical or less cruel than that of Nicholas, hounding down Mexicans who, after courageous but so far fruitless struggles to make their country a republic in fact as well as in name, have taken refuge under the Star and Stripes. In one respect the attempt from this quarter is even more dangerous than that from St. Petersburg.

There are no very powerful elements in this country actively interested in upholding the power of the Romanoffs; Russian government bonds have never been sold to any large extent among American financiers, so that our great capitalists have not the same interest which those of France have in helping to defeat the Russian revolution; and so far as American investors in Russian industries are concerned, they are likely to see that their true interest is rather with the revolution over there than with the Autocracy, since the autocratic regime stifles the development of manufacture, commerce, and transportation in Russia.

Not so with Mexico. American capitalists have enormous holdings in the mines, railways, and plantations of that country; and President Diaz, instead of being a medieval-minded and semi-Asiatic despot like Nicholas, whose policy is burdensome to the capitalists as well as oppressive to the workers, is a very up-to-date sort of a tyrant, a business partner of the Mexican and American capitalists who exploit his people, as well as their very faithful and energetic political agent. Wall Street has every interest in strengthening the

hands of Diaz and his gang. Greater pressure is therefore likely to be brought to bear in favor of the extradition of Mexican refugees than in favor of sending political offenders back to Russia.

From our point of view—the point of view of liberty, of humanity, of progress, as well as the special point of view of working-class interest—it is equally important to defeat the one attempt and the other. Socialists should give hearty support, moral and financial, to the defense in all these political extradition cases.

A Washington dispatch announces that the President is writing an article on Socialism. "He will," says the dispatch, "shoot holes in the doctrines advocated by Eugene V. Debs and other leaders." Shoot away, Theodore. Your great exemplar, the German Kaiser, has been trying that sort of thing for many long years, and the net result is that the Socialist movement gets stronger and stronger, while the Kaiser gets himself into tighter and more uncomfortable holes.

"Orderly Mob Lynch Negro" is a headline in the New York "Tribune" of November 11. Just what an orderly mob is, or how it is possible to commit a lynching in an orderly manner, we leave it to our Republican contemporary to explain—and to explain, if possible, in a way that will not make Horace Greely rise from his grave to rebuke his degenerate successors in the office of that once great paper.

The endorsement of "my policies" does not seem to have had any material effect in checking the process of trustification. Just a week after election comes the news that five railways of the Middle West are to be merged under one ownership and that a \$7,500,000 phosphate combine has been formed, bringing into the hands of one company more than twenty-five square miles of the richest phosphate lands of the South.

CLOSE UP THE RANKS AND FORWARD MARCH!

A year ago the Socialist party organization in this country had a total membership, as indicated by the money received at the National Secretary's office in payment of dues, of something less than 38,000. Since that time there has been a rapid and almost regular increase in dues payments, notwithstanding the fact that large numbers of party members have been out of work and have unavoidably fallen in arrears with their dues. The October report again breaks all records. Although the general tendency in the last month of the political campaign is to contribute to campaign funds and postpone the payment of dues, yet the National Secretary's financial report for October shows receipts for dues \$327.34 above the receipts of any previous month in the party's history. The total for the month is \$2,717.49, indicating a paying membership of 53,679.

To our mind, this continuous increase in the number of men and women who are regularly organized, active, and contributing members of the party's organization is even more gratifying than the increase of twenty-five to fifty per cent. in the vote cast for the party's national ticket. It is an earnest of the greater results yet to be achieved upon the political and the economic field, and it is an indication of the much larger vote which our ticket would have received even this time, had it not been for the very large number of workingmen disfranchised by the necessity of changing their residence in search of employment during the hard times.

Let us hope that this steady growth of the organized party membership will be kept up in all parts of the country, so that be-

another presidential campaign opens we shall have at least one hundred thousand members in the organized and disciplined army of the revolution. To effect this should be one of the aims kept constantly in view by the party from this time on.

All of those new recruits who have this year voted the Socialist ticket for the first time should without delay follow up that initial step by joining the party organization, learning what the word "comrade" really means, and systematically taking their full part in doing the party's work defraying its regular expenses, and directing its policy. And those who are already in the party should see to it that these new recruits are brought into the ranks, made to feel at home there, and given an opportunity to take hold at once in the work they are undoubtedly eager to do.

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"Let us have fewer schools if we must, but more playgrounds," said Dr. Albert Leonard, New Rochelle's Superintendent of Schools, in an address before the New York Mothers' Club the other day. We object to the alternative. In the language of Scripture, "This ought ye to have done, and not left the other undone." It is not, or it ought not to be, a question of schools OR playgrounds, but a question of schools AND playgrounds and all the other things that are necessary to give an opportunity for healthy development of the bodies and minds of all the children of the people.

FIRST FRUIT OF TAFT'S VICTORY.

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The people who voted for Taft because they believed all the guff that was given them about "My policies" and the promises that the trusts would be "curbed" if Roosevelt was allowed to name his successor are getting just what they voted for—not what they thought they were voting for, but what they really were voting for, and what we told them they were voting for. The Circuit Court of Appeals did not wait long after Election Day before giving its decision in favor of the Standard Oil Company in the Government's appeal on the question of the \$29,000,000 fine. Now we put it to the Republican voters, Are you satisfied with the result? And, if not, What are you going to do about it?

It is no great satisfaction to us to say, We told you so. But we have to say it, for it is the truth. It is not in a spirit of exultation that we say it, but in a spirit of friendly admonition. Follow up the utterances of the Socialist press and follow up the course of events, and you will find that the Socialist papers predict the course of events more accurately than any others. The reason for that is simple; we do not allow ourselves to be guided by personalities, stock phrases, and sacred traditions, but study the economic forces which control political parties and the conduct of public officials. We are no wiser than other men; but we have the right clue to lead us to an understanding of what is going on around us and therefore to enable us to foresee the results of measures and policies.

It is worth your while, you disappointed Republican voters, to devote some serious attention to the Socialist movement during these coming months, that you may know what to do the next time.

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A sad-hearted but still hopeful Democrat writes to the "World" that, if the Democratic party will only eliminate all its radicals and all its corruptionists and "go back twenty-four years to the principles of Jefferson" (and Grover Cleveland), it will in 1912 "sweep the country like a cyclone." We have our doubts about the correctness of the prediction. After eliminating the radicals on the one hand and the corruptionists on the other, the poor old Democracy would have no one left but the mossbacks who still think they are voting for Andrew Jackson; and that type is rapidly becoming extinct. However, we may concede one point. If the Democratic party ever should sweep the country at all, it would be very much like a cyclone—destroying the results of decades of progress and leaving us to begin at the beginning and do all the hard work over and pass again, through all the struggle and trials we have endured.

GRAFTING KIDNEYS.

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Some of the much-vaunted triumphs of modern surgery appear to us just about as futile, so far as concerns the health and happiness of the human race, as have been the great triumphs of industrial invention, of which John Stuart Mill said: "It may well be doubted if the improvement of productive machinery has lessened the burden of labor for a single workingman."

Here is a great shout of rejoicing raised over the fact that surgeons have demonstrated the practicability of transplanting various organs, so that, for example, a person suffering from kidney disease have the defective organ removed and a healthy kidney

grafted in its place. No doubt, if this prove to be true, it is a great achievement from the scientific point of view. But how about its practical application?

Who is to supply the healthy kidneys and livers and stomachs to replace those removed from the victims of disease? Will the existence of vast wealth on the one side and of dire poverty on the other render the discovery an applicable one—a practical benefit for such of the sick as can pay for the vital organs of other men whom want has driven to desperation?

We have already the spectacle, all too common, of poverty-stricken men and women offering to sell their blood for transfusion into the veins of rich patients or to sell their skin to be grafted upon the bodies of wealthy victims of accident. Shall we perhaps see the time when a workingman unable to find employment and earn a living by his labor may provide food for his widow and orphans by, selling his own stomach, which he has no bread to fill, to some Lucullus, who will thus be fitted out to enjoy many more orgies at the expense of an underfed working class?

Or shall we, perhaps, hear the suggestion, once this surgical method has been proven practicable, that the men whom poverty has driven to petty crime shall be used in the hospitals to supply new vital organs for the respectable folk who can afford to pay for refitting their own worn-out interiors? The thing sounds fantastic, no doubt. But it is quite within the possibilities of our class-ruled society.

To our mind, because we do not pretend to ignore the existence of classes, but frankly declare that we are for the producing and exploited class against the possessing and dominant class, the doctors would better occupy their time by devising plans for preventing disease among the masses than by inventing schemes for relieving the rich from such of the ills of humanity as they have thus far had to share with their poorer brother.

But the main lesson to be drawn from the matter is this: So long as capitalism lasts, science and invention, whether in the field of wealth-production or in that of healing disease and mending injured bodies, can bring little good to the masses of the people. Every improvement in industrial machinery, so long as the machinery is privately owned and controlled, brings increased exploitation for the mass of the workers and increased profit for the capitalist class. And even the great progress that is being made in medicine and surgery and hygienics remains practically a monopoly for the benefit of a class, so long as the many are doomed to laborious poverty and the few dowered with unearned wealth and our social and economic life remains under the control of that favored few. Only in a Socialist society will science become truly the handmaid of humanity and mankind, instead of a few men, triumph over external nature and over disease.

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The Southern cotton growers are again attempting to organize a "solemn league and covenant" binding them and each of them not to sell cotton below ten cents a pound. The only trouble with this scheme is that it has been tried scores of times and has always failed, because middle class morality is essentially individualistic, there is no sense of solidarity and loyalty to class, and no one of the "embattled farmers" can trust his neighbors to keep the pledge; each one of them is tempted to sell, for fear his neighbor will get ahead of him; and the ones who keep faith are just the ones that suffer.

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The Brooklyn "Daily Eagle" has a high reputation among capitalist newspapers. But its reputation does not always rest upon a sound basis of good information and veracity. The other day, for instance, the "Eagle" stated in its news columns that the Socialist vote in the state of New York this year was 11,000 less than in 1904. The attention of its editors was called to the error and to the fact that the vote actually increased by five thousand or more. The correction was not made in the news columns; and, what was worse, the false statement was made the basis of an editorial on the decline of Socialism.

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All the Republican papers—and, incidentally, all the Hearst papers join in the chorus—are telling us of the era of unprecedented prosperity which is going to begin next week, or next month, or next year, or some time or other, now that Taft has been elected. Well, we remember that we had just the same sort of predictions several months ago. In May, prosperity was to return on June 1. In June, the mills were to reopen on July 1. In July, August 1 was fixed as the date when the unemployed were to be permitted to go back to work. It is high time that we got some performance instead of so much promise. We shall believe the promises when we see the bread-lines shortening.

WE WANT TO BE SHOWN.

lodging houses getting less crowded, the list of suicides and deaths from hunger and cold disappearing from the morning papers, and advertisements for one or two men wanted no longer bringing out crowds of applicants so great as to necessitate calling out the reserves to prevent men from killing each other in the strife for the chance to earn a poor living by long hours of hard labor. Gentlemen of the Republican party, gentlemen of the capitalist class, you've got to show us.

Sir Theodore Martin foresees "the glitter of bayonets in Piccadilly," and lays all the blame on the Socialist "firebrands," who are organizing the unemployed to demand a right to work and live instead of counselling them to lie down and die, "decently and in order," when capitalists have no use for them. Men of equal reputation in this country take the same position. Against them, we quote the words of our own John Adams, who said: "A false hope of peace in time of war does a world of mischief," and our own Patrick Henry, who poured out his well merited scorn upon "Gentlemen who cry 'Peace, peace!' when there is no peace." It is not those who voice the wrath of the disinherited and oppressed, but those who would stifle the cry and ignore the evil, that will be to blame if our capitalist society goes down in violent revolution.

"I am a sacrifice, by political interests, to the public clamor for a victim from the ranks of the so-called predatory rich." So said Charles W. Morse, receiving his sentence to fifteen years of imprisonment for misappropriation of bank funds. The complaint does not come with a very good grace from a man who, in the days of his prosperity, showed the most cynical contempt for law and common honesty and humanity, who did not hesitate either to grind the faces of the poor or to defraud men of his own class whenever the opportunity presented itself. We could regard the man with more sympathy if he "took his medicine" without whining, as he expected others to take the very bitter doses that he administered to them when he was on top.

Yet it must be admitted that there is just a bit of truth in what he says. It is a fact, and a most regrettable one, that the great masses of the people of all classes, in the conduct of public affairs, utterly ignore the old and true saying that "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and that the occasional punishment of an offender satisfies them and blinds them to the necessity of creating conditions which will cultivate virtue and diminish crime.

Such crimes as that which Morse committed—and which hundreds of others commit with impunity every year—could be prevented. Morse and the other criminals of his ilk are probably not worse men, by birth and heredity, than the average man who gets through life without running foul of the law. Morse and the other rich criminals in and out of prison are virtually products of the existing system, just as much as are the men who are doing time for burglaries, thefts, assaults, and other vulgar little crimes.

We have a social system based on exploitation. To get something for nothing is the form of success in life set before all of us by the very nature of this capitalist system as the ideal to be striven for. The great majority of us, unless saved from it by some accident of personal circumstance or by the uplifting influence of participation in the Socialist movement, succumb to the demoralizing power of this evil system and follow this base ideal in whatever way our environment permits. If we are born poor and brought up in ignorance, we practise petty meannesses and cruelties, and if we are clumsy or unlucky get into the lower courts. If birth and surroundings throw us into the world of business, we practise frauds and cruelties on a larger scale and take a certain chance of furnishing a sensation for the press and going to prison for a longer or shorter term.

We all know that the chances of detection, conviction, and punishment are not at all proportionate to actual evil intention or evil doing. We all know that the fear of punishment has very little effect in counteracting the incentive to crime presented to us by the capitalism in which or under which we live. It is all very well to talk about the punishment of Morse being an "exemplary" one and about its exercising a "salutary influence" on other men to whom like opportunities and temptations may present themselves.

That is good enough as material for a sermon. But all practical men know that it is humbug. Not all the penal laws that were ever written on the statute books of the world, not all the prisons and gibbets that were ever erected, have had any considerable effect in preventing the commission of crime; and what little they may have accomplished in that direction has probably been much more than counterbalanced by their degrading influence in cultivating a taste for revenge and their still more injurious effect in turning men's

minds away from the real problem of so reconstituting society that it shall be easier and more profitable for men to live together in good faith and mutual helpfulness than for them to spend their lives in a struggle each to raise himself by pulling his brother down.

We cannot find it in our hearts to pity Morse. But it is true, in a sense, that he is a vicarious sacrifice for his class. If anyone thinks that the lot of the poor and the honest is going to be improved by sending Morse to prison, he is sadly mistaken. It is not by penal laws, even though of draconic severity, that social justice is to be established. To accomplish that we must have a reorganization of society upon a new economic basis, upon such a basis as shall set the ideal of human service before men's eyes instead of the ideal of personal gain and aggrandizement.

Roosevelt and his son will be permitted under the hunting regulations of British East Africa to kill only four elephants, four rhinoceroses, twenty hippopotami, forty-two antelope, and a few score other animals. This is really a shame. To stint a man of the Roosevelt type in the indulgence of his favorite enjoyment of killing is an obvious outrage upon the sacred rights of the superman.

"The laws must be obeyed," proclaims the President-elect. Of course, just as they have been under the present incumbent. They must be obeyed by workingmen and other poor people, or the iron hand of the law will be felt. As for great capitalists, if they violate the laws they will be gently but noisily slapped on the wrist.

It is reported that Judge Grosscup will quit the bench and become counsel for the Jim Hill railway interests. It is about time. By long years of perversion of the law in the service of the capitalist class he has richly earned this reward, which always comes to judges who do their duty as guardians of the sacred right of profit.

"In the opinion of many people," says the Washington "Post," "the cause of labor has been set back twenty-five years by the campaign conducted by Mr. Gompers." Nothing could be farther from the truth. Mr. Gompers' campaign was indeed a failure—a failure so complete that it would be laughable if the matter were not such a serious one—in so far as concerns its immediate purpose. The only direct results it had was to drive into the Republican ranks a few more middle-class Democrats than would otherwise have gone there, and to restrain a good many discontented workingmen from joining the Socialist ranks where their votes would have counted.

But, on the other hand, Mr. Gompers has done a destructive work which will help to prepare the way for Socialist progress in the future. He has broken down the tradition of "No politics in the union" and set great numbers of hitherto conservative workingmen to thinking of the labor question as essentially a political question. They will not stop thinking just at the point where Mr. Gompers wishes them to. They will think the thing out, slowly and haltingly, but persistently, to its logical conclusion. And the conclusion they will come to is this: The way to use our political power is not to choose between two evils nor to try to reward friends and punish enemies, but to choose the good against both evils and select our own faithful agents to accomplish that good for us.

The Filipinos promptly feel the effect of the Republican victory. Five editors who were guilty of the heinous crime of criticizing the administration were thrown into jail the moment the news of Taft's election became known. We need not be surprised if the same sort of thing happens in this country within a short time.

The courts hold that it is unlawful confiscation for the state to reduce the price a chartered company may charge for gas. But no capitalist judge will make a similar ruling against the increase of rents and prices or the reduction of wages by capitalist corporations.

Many papers are printing a picture showing Mr. Taft casting his vote. Over his head in the polling place hangs a sign that reads "Natural Gas Expert!" How appropriately chance sometimes arranges things.

News of the Republican victory is quickly followed by news of the loss of the papermakers' strike. But there is no news of a reduction in the price of paper, which has been going up and up for many years.

"RETRENCHMENT AND REFORM" IN THE LIFE INSURANCE BUSINESS.

(By a Life Insurance Agent.)

A few years ago the great life insurance companies of New York were investigated and a lot of corruption was discovered. It was brought to light that a large portion of the money collected from the policyholders was used to "feed the yellow dog," hold great banquets, and fill the pockets of the few who had the control of it, besides each of them drawing a salary large enough to feed a hundred families comfortably.

It was found that the amount of money some companies used for expenses was larger than the amount paid back to the policyholders in the shape of death claims, dividends, etc., and yet leave a big profit to the company. These companies have been trying since the investigation to change this condition of affairs—that is, that they are continually reducing expenses and return more to the policyholders. Now one would think that, in the first place, they would reduce their presidents' and vice presidents' salaries, as surely nobody believes that they rightfully earn that money, even though, as one of them stated on the stand, he is "working sixteen hours every day." (His job pays him \$100,000 a year.) He forgot to state what kind of work he is doing. But his work must be very hard, since he needs a score of vice presidents, each receiving from \$25,000 to \$75,000 a year, to help him do it. How many hours a day they put in I don't know. But what I do know is, that they are traveling over the country nearly all the year 'round, on the policyholders' money, to meet the different staffs of their company and tell them what a great company they are working for, what a great man the company's president is, and how liberal the company is to its policyholders and its agents.

How liberal these companies are is shown in the following figures: The New York Life had an income in 1906 of \$100,902,179, of which \$82,368,737 was from premiums. In the same year it returned to the policyholders \$44,971,418 in death claims, dividends, etc.; the expenses were \$12,975,633; leaving a surplus of \$41,571,876 in that year. A part of this wealth is put into a fund called assets. It doesn't matter much what you call this fund, but I am inclined to think that this money is directly robbed from the policyholders, because it comes from them, but they are never going to get it back again. The Equitable had an income of \$76,000,000 in 1906, paid back to the policyholders \$44,000,000, and had an expense of \$9,000,000. The Mutual had an income of \$81,000,000, paid back to policyholders \$37,000,000, and had an expense of \$9,000,000. The Prudential had an income of \$83,000,000, paid back \$18,000,000, and had an expense of \$14,000,000. The Metropolitan had an income of \$66,000,000, paid back \$19,000,000, and had an expense of \$19,000,000.

And mind you, there are about 130 life insurance companies in this country, all doing business on the same style.

Now let us see how liberal these companies are to their agents. Take the Metropolitan Life as an instance. This company sells policies on a weekly premium basis and has, therefore, mostly working people as customers. Every once in a while a circular letter is sent by one of those fellows receiving from \$25,000 to \$100,000 a year to all district officers, saying that the hard times are over; agents should stop talking about people being out of work; they should stop making the excuse that the people haven't got the money—and you, they tell the agent that, who visits 300 or 400 families a week. The agents are supposed to make an increase of new business of 20-cent premiums per week, to get large policies, besides getting large policies with premiums, payable by the year. The agent is given a trial, and if he fails, he is fired. If an agent has 20 cents of new business in one week and has 20 cents of a lapse of business in force on his book, the new business counts for nothing; he doesn't get a cent for it, no matter how long the insured paid on those lapsed policies, although the commission on those lapsed policies was received by some other agent a long time ago. This happens in hundreds of cases every week.

Under these circumstances the agent tries his best to avoid lapses; and to avoid them, he very often pays the premiums for people in destitute circumstances, out of his own pocket. He has to do this to hold his job. If the company finds out that the agent is holding people on over four weeks, he is fired anyhow for violating their rule. Still, there is hardly an agent in the service to-day that is not violating this rule.

When an agent writes up a colored person for insurance in the weekly

premium department he gets no commission for it. But in case the insured moves away and the collections have to be made by another agent and (as happens frequently among that race) the insured cannot for some reason keep up the policy, the new agent has to lapse it and is charged \$1.50 for each 10 cents of premium on which the company never paid any commission.

Another way they have to skin the agent is this. Often an insured person moves away and leaves no address. The agent expects to hear from him day after day, knowing that he does not wish to lose the insurance. But in the meantime the insured is found by another agent. He is not allowed to collect if the person is more than four weeks in arrears. He has to submit revival applications to the home office. The company at once lapses the business in the old agent's account, charges him with all the premiums that he carried the insured over four weeks, and charges him commission at the rate of \$1.50 for each 10 cents of premium. But the new agent does not get this money. No, the company keeps that.

The agent has absolutely no redress. There are a number of other methods by which the agent is done out of his earnings. Incidentally, make him pay every year \$5 for a surety bond.

Now to come back to the result of the investigation. All the companies started to reduce their expenses by reducing the agent's commissions on large policies from 25 to 35 per cent., cutting out bonuses that they used to pay agents for making a good increase of business, and in other ways effecting the agent's income. But they did not reduce their presidents' salaries, nor did they cut down the force of vice presidents nor diminish their salaries; and they certainly did not reduce their profits.

In short, the agents paid for the result of the investigation. It was they who paid for the reduction of expenses. It is they who have to fear the burden of all the abuses. It is they who have to face all the troubles and tribulations that this business involves.

The life insurance agents constitute a great force in this country. It is about time they begin to organize. The companies will continue to cut down the agents' income as much as they can. The only way to avoid this is by a strong organization.

MY PROTEST.

By ARTHUR GOODENOUGH.

Wherever Liberty is banned
And Freedom fettered foot and hand;
Wherever Justice sleeps and Hope is crushed,
And tyrans work their woful will,
And scowling despots maim and kill—
While feeling flingers in my breast,
I will protest! I will protest!

Wherever Wealth is warmed and fed
And Want creeps shivering to its shed;
Where Vice is clothed with pomp and pride

And Virtue goes with tears undried;
Wherever Truth is under foot
And Error in the soil has root—
Against the wrongs of the oppressed
I will protest! I do protest!

I will not say that wrong is right,
Nor bad is good, nor black is white;
Nor make one effort to conceal
The indignation that I feel
Against the spell of cant and caste
Which blinds the toiler to the last;
And in behalf of what is best
I will protest! I will protest!

In this broad land of ours to-day
Is felt the Spoiler's evil sway;
We bear his bonds, we wear his chain;

We are beneath his grim disdain;
And day by day and hour by hour
Extends his ever-growing power;
And in behalf of all oppressed
I here protest! And now protest!

DEFIANCE OF THE LAW.

Labor's defiance of the law—this is the main count in the indictment offered against the labor movement. And by whom, as a rule, is this charge pressed? By those who live on the bounty, however indirectly given, of the men whose defiance of the law is deliberate, shameless and constant—not like the spontaneous and irresponsible act of the man goaded to desperation on seeing another take his job from him, but studied, planned, organized and carried on year after year, often, if not generally, by the aid of lawyers and judges, through the mechanism of the law itself.—W. J. Ghent in Mass and Class

THE INDEPENDENCE OF W. R. HEARST.

By BEN HANFORD.

(Although written as a campaign article, the following has a permanent value. Readers, we advise to clip and save it.—Ed.)

In this year, 1908, Mr. Hearst proudly boasts his political independence and loudly supports the Independence party. Why wouldn't he? Having organized the Independence party with his own money it would indeed be remarkable if he did not support it. In view of Mr. Hearst's present independence it is worth while to cast a glance over his previous political affiliations. In the past Mr. Hearst and his papers have supported the following candidates for office, EACH AND EVERY ONE OF THEM THE REGULAR NOMINEE OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY:

- 1884—Grover Cleveland for President.
- 1888—Grover Cleveland for President.
- 1892—Grover Cleveland for President.
- 1896—W. J. Bryan for President.
- 1900—W. J. Bryan for President.
- 1904—Alton B. Parker for President.
- 1897—Robert Van Wyck (the "Ice Man") for Mayor of Greater New York.
- 1898—Augustus Van Wyck (a brother of the "Ice Man," and himself an "Ice Man,") for Governor of New York.
- 1900—John B. Stanchfield (the lawyer of Richard Canfield, the gambler) for Governor of the State of New York.
- 1901—Edward M. Shepard (lawyer for the Pennsylvania Railroad Company) for Mayor of Greater New York.
- 1902—Bird S. Coler (the "Spineless Man," who repudiated the plank in his party platform calling for Government ownership of the coal mines) for Governor of the State of New York.
- 1903—George B. McClellan (the

"Gas Man") for Mayor of Greater New York.

So much for the record of William R. Hearst as an independent in politics. For twenty-one years, without a single exception, he and his papers supported the head of the regular Democratic ticket. He did not fail to support the Democratic nominees when they included such worthies as Van Wyck, the "Ice Man;" McClellan, the "Gas Man;" Coler, the "Spineless Man;" Stanchfield, the "Gambler's Man;" Shepard, the "Pennsylvania Railroad's Man;" Cleveland, the "Bondholder's Man," and Parker, the "Belmont-Ryan Man." Not only did Mr. Hearst support the regular Democratic nominees for all those many years, but in 1902 and 1904 he was himself the regular Democratic Tammany Hall nominee for Congress, in both campaigns being elected. Further, in 1906, after being nominated for Governor of New York by the Independence League, he accepted the regular nomination of the Democratic party, then, as now, in the absolute control of "Fingy" Connors and "Stripes" Murphy.

During his twenty-eight years of political activity Mr. Hearst has been really independent in politics on just one important occasion. That was in 1905, when he was himself an independent candidate for Mayor of Greater New York. Needless to say, he supported himself—and was defeated.

Mr. Hearst's independence in politics will last a year and a day—or until he can get a regular Democratic nomination to some office for himself. Most any old office will do—Congress, Mayor, Governor, Vice-President—any old thing.

This campaign has three sights for the gods. Workingmen voting for Van Cleave, "Injunction Bill" Taft and the Manufacturers' Association, Samuel Gompers voting for Bryan, Haskell and the Citizens' Alliance. And twenty-year-old children voting for Hiscen and the Independence League, which is the bludgeon, the plaything and the private personal estate of Mr. W. R. Hearst.

ROBERT OWEN AND SOCIALISM.

By ROBERT HUNTER.

When Robert Owen, nearly a hundred years ago, was the first person to hold the baby Victoria, afterwards Queen of England, in his arms, he must have thought the coming of Socialism near at hand.

The Grand Duke Nicholas, afterward Emperor of Russia, the princes of Austria, and nearly all the nobility of Europe, came to Owen to discuss his economic theories.

Their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Kent and Sussex frequently came to see him. They were particularly interested in some cubes which he had invented, contrasting the size of the various social classes and their wealth incomes.

When the Duke of Sussex saw the contrast between the tiny little cube representing the royal family, the lords spiritual and temporal, and the large volume of wealth that went to it, and the large cube representing the working class and the miserable volume of wealth which went to it, he impulsively turned to his royal brother, saying, "Edward, do you see that?"

When the duke became more familiar with Owen's views he gave them his hearty support. "They would offer," he said, "an equality that will give more security and happiness to all than the present system can give to any."

Later the duke formed a committee to promote Owen's views.

The tremendous popularity of Owen enabled him to address manifestoes to the potentates of the earth. He sent personal petitions to the ruling powers and to the houses of Parliament. He was often asked to address bodies of public officials, and when he came to America to establish his colony he gave a course of lectures from the Speaker's chair in the House of Representatives at Washington—the Cabinet, the Senate, and the judges of the Supreme Court being present.

Since then nearly a century has gone by. The potentates have continued to rob the people as before. Wars, barbarities and poverty are still with us. Political, social and industrial oppression have gone on unabated, and to-day the cubes of Owen would mark a far greater disproportion between the masses who own nothing and the few who own nearly everything.

Like many another great soul, Owen tried to convert the useless, helpless, contented class. Like our own Tolstoy to-day writing letters to the Czar, Owen tried to convert the powerless who appeared all powerful. Yet no man is more helplessly bound up in the cogs and wheels of

the social mechanism than the man at the top. No man is more powerful to alter social and industrial evolution than the Morgans and Rockefellers themselves.

If they do not crush other men, other men will crush them. The economic system under which we live demands that there shall be victors and victims.

The autocrat cannot alter autocracy. The monarch cannot abolish monarchy. And Rockefeller, the king of capitalists, cannot abolish capitalism.

Marx was one of the greatest of those who saw that economic laws and not weak individuals were responsible for economic conditions. Of those who tried to convert the few he placed Owen the highest, and yet he considered even him a visionary. He saw, as more and more of us are coming to see, that it is silly to appeal to or condemn the so-called potentates. The system places upon every man the imperative necessity to fight with tooth and nail for security in life, and as long as the system lasts, every man, rich and poor, magnate and parper, king and child laborer, must fight to gain this security in life.

Shelley Byron, Kingsley, Carlyle, Ruskin, all appealed to the conscience of the few. But they did not convert the few any more than Owen converted the few or than Tolstoy to-day converts the few.

Marx gave little thought to the few. He spoke to the millions who toil. He appealed to all those who suffer, to those who find the present system intolerable, and into whose very flesh the chains of modern slavery are sunk.

He appealed to the toiling class who have produced this civilization and all other civilizations by the labor of hand and brain. Ultimately they and they alone will make Socialism possible.

Keir Hardie spoke the other day at the fiftieth anniversary of Owen's death. He said it was fortunate that their late Queen was not a Socialist. They did not want Socialism because a king or queen believed in it. If it came in that form to them it would be a curse. They wanted Socialism BECAUSE THE HEARTS OF THE PEOPLE DEMANDED THAT SOCIALISM MUST COME AS BEING ESSENTIAL TO THEIR WELFARE.

Hardie sums up the whole case—and one which has taken us centuries to learn. We can have Socialists among the nobility, we can have Socialists among the potentates, we can have millionaires and parlor Socialists galore, but we can never have Socialism until the people themselves want Socialism and are fitted to achieve it for themselves.

THE BRITISH LABOR PARTY AND AMERICAN SOCIALISM.

By GEORGE D. HERRON.

Judging by articles I have seen in our party press I fear that American Socialists have been very greatly misled as to the nature of the Labor party of Great Britain. When I find Mr. Percy Alden interviewed as an English Socialist I confess to the same sort of bewilderment that I felt when discovering that certain European Socialist leaders were disposed to consider Mr. Hearst as the only American Socialist worthy of serious consideration. However pleasant a personage Mr. Alden is to meet, he comes about as near being a Socialist as Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, or Congressman Burton, of Ohio. Politically, he is merely the usual Liberal member of the House of Commons, with the addition of the conventional Social Settlement attitude toward labor. I think we fall into misunderstandings of English Socialism through the patronage of other distinguished visitors from King Edward's realm. A benevolent attitude toward the universe in general does not constitute a man a Socialist in either intellectual understanding or spiritual courage. It is curious, in this connection, that most American visitors get their knowledge of English Socialism entirely outside of the ranks of the English Socialist movement.

I have in mind three or four books which contain apparently authoritative statements of English socialistic development; yet the authors of these books had never met, so far as I could make out, an actual English Socialist. Just as curious is the general idea among the so-called radical wing of British Liberals and members of the British Labor party that American Socialism is to be found in the radicalism of Mr. Bryan and Mr. Hearst. And stranger still is the number of English Socialists and semi-Socialists who come to America to study social conditions, make the rounds of Social Settlements, college class rooms and Democratic politicians and then go home to report on social and industrial America without ever having come in touch with Socialists or the Socialist movement. I met one such just starting to America, laden with letters of introduction from leaders of the British Labor party to divers Americans of more or less note, but not one of these letters was to an American Socialist.

Here was an English Socialist, or one bearing the Socialist name at least, crossing the Atlantic to learn about American Socialism, yet depending for information upon sources entirely outside of the Socialist movement, most of them loftily either detached from it or hostile to it, and some of them about as far removed from Socialism as King Edward is removed from St. Francis of Assisi.

Though the British Labor party is admitted to the councils of international Socialism on sufficient ground, it is in no sense a Socialist party; nor has it the remotest intention of becoming such. Indeed, its most contemptuous attacks are upon the fundamental Socialist doctrines and upon the men who have spent their lives in the service of English Socialism. The most of the Labor members of the House of Commons are as little Socialist in understanding as Mr. Bryan or Mr. Gompers, and do not in fact demand nearly

for the workers as Mr. Hearst's Independent League. I asked the chairman of the Labor party what his party's program might be. His reply was that the party would not be ready for a program for twenty years. In answer to my next question, "What do you say to your people when you go before them as Parliamentary candidates?" I received this answer: "We say that labor ought to have a larger representation in legislation than it now has." "But what for?" I asked. To this question I could get no answer.

The British Labor party is essentially middle class in character and aspiration. It is to no little extent tolerated by English capitalism, and sometimes even welcomed as a preventative of Socialism. With all its membership there has never been a Socialist speech in the House of Commons. One who comes to study its workings upon its own ground, within its own constituencies, and in its parliamentary activities, finds that the Labor party mentions not Socialism at all, or speaks of it apologetically, according to whom it appeals.

Even the very much diluted Socialism of the Independent Labor party, with which the British Labor party proper affiliates, has no practical relation to the politics or policies of either party.

Whenever and wherever there is an actual Socialist standing for election to Parliament the Labor party either holds ostentatiously aloof or supports another candidate, or eagerly awaits the Socialist candidate's defeat. To say nothing of the recent flagrant examples of Dundee and Newcastle, in which instances the Labor party was vehemently condemned by even the Fabians, the candidature of Mr. Herbert Burrows furnishes a typical instance. When Burrows, whom everybody loves and honors, who is anything but a Marxian doctrinaire, made his splendid Socialist campaign in the Haggerston district of London, only the Labor party held wholly aloof. Trade unionists, woman suffragists, social settlement workers, Church of England clergymen, and all sorts of enthusiastic and unexpected effort, joined the Social Democratic party in its purpose to send this gracious and noble Socialist veteran to the House of Commons. The streets of Haggerston were as if thronged with some vast and glad religious revival, and all London was excited as to the outcome, while capitalist money was poured out without stint to prevent Burrows' election. It is one of the things I shall never forget, that of seeing Hyndman and the old Socialist guard, surviving from the days of Marx and William Morris, speaking upon the same street corners and from the same platforms with women like Gertrude Toynebe and priests like Conrad Noel, all equally urgent for Burrows, and for the Socialist victory his election would mean. Worn and haggard men and women from the East London sweat shops spent their nights in the same service, and their earnings as well. It was one of the times when a Socialist works with elation in his soul, and with the light of the new earth in his eyes. If ever there was a time when any one pretending to sympathize with the

Socialist emancipation of the worker should be held forever inexcusable for his absence it was this time of opportunity, with such a man as Burrows to match it. Yet they of the Labor party, and they only, held critically aloof, contenting themselves with reference to the antiquity and futility of the Social Democratic appeal. I fear that at least part of the Independent Labor party's Socialistic professions are for foreign consumption, and have to do with the party's standing with International Socialism rather than with any sincere or definite propaganda at home.

Of course, it is not the business of a Socialist of one nation to interfere with the Socialist movement of another. Yet it is important that we American Socialists should know the truth about movements that are likely to influence us from abroad. No greater disaster could befall American Socialism than that it should be molded along the lines laid down by the Labor party of England. We can only be so influenced by ceasing to be Socialist. A continuous dilution of principle, a mixture of primitive Methodist pietism with middleclass political cunning, will not prepare labor or the Socialist movement to deal with the naked facts of the capitalist world in which we live. That world may yet be plunged into an abyssal catastrophe; which catastrophe will prove mankind's supreme opportunity, providing there is a supreme manhood to meet it. But it will not be a manhood made of the moonshine of benevolent evasion. To grapple with conditions of blood and iron will require men and movements of blood and iron. This does not mean that we shall be lacking in love, in that great day; it means that we shall for the first time have the intelligence that love begets; and the courage of love; for love is indeed the first and last word of the Social revolution. But it is only the Socialism that frankly declares itself, that neither bargains nor compromises, that gives no hostages, that goes to the roots of the human struggle, nor shrinks from the dirt and the blood and the sweat that it finds there—it is only such a Socialist spirit and movement that shall know the meaning of love, and fashion the world for the fellowship of man.

WOMEN UNDER CAPITALISM.

Consider for a moment the beastly debasement to which womanhood is subjected in capitalist society. She is simply the property of man to be governed by him as may suit his convenience. She does not vote, she has no voice and must bear silent witness to her legally ordained inferiority.

She has to compete with men in the factories and workrooms and stores, and her inferiority is taken advantage of to make her work at still lower wages than the male slave gets who works at her side.

As an economic dependent, she is compelled to sacrifice the innate refinement, the inherent purity and nobility of her sex, and for a pallet of straw marries the man she does not love.

The debauching effect of the capitalist system upon womanhood is accurately registered in the divorce court and the house of shame.

In Socialism, woman would stand forth the equal of man—all the avenues would be open to her and she would naturally find her fitting place and rise from the low plane of mental servility to the dignity of ideal womanhood.

Breathing the air of economic freedom, amply able to provide for herself in Socialist society, we may be certain that the cruel injustice that is now perpetrated upon her sex, and the degradation that results from it will disappear forever.—Eugene V. Debs, in "Unionism and Socialism."

UNEMPLOYED.

The builders build; but a voice out of the void taunts them, a-building. The insurgent main batters their buttress-blocks, its voice upbayed a challenge on a billowy vastness of unappeased sea pain. (O, sullen cunning of hearts employed in vain! O, heavy ground swell of hearts unemployed, dragging and dragging at those walls again!)

I am a ship, An ocean bride, But I carry builders' freight from lip to lip Of perilous main, 'utting out and in again. Going, I rise and dip. Yet move as a team on a hillside Solemnly breaking the ground for gain; All about me the waste, a w Unown, unharvested plain. I am a ship, I know the voices of the tide, And the unsatisfied sea pain.

Thus, when I come to port And hear the invested millions say How the world goes well to-day (Their world!)—though the waves smart.

The walls abide, Take tribute, pay, Subdue the waves' wild pride:—

However those walls may thwart, I can feel in timber, and stay Vibrating, the sway Of the waves that weigh Overhevy with passion long denied! And my whole sea world grows grey With the hostile hosts that ride Hither upon sea horses to where, at bay This proud foe stands amid the investing tide.

I am a ship, I feel How all that restless, that resistless void.

That weltering wild rain, That beautiful, unharvested, infinite Sea spirit, with its mystery and might, Sweeps unemployed— Or but employed in vain— About these builders and this little keel.

—Henry Bryan Binns, in The Iron Age.

YES, IT IS SIGNIFICANT.

The Socialist vote for President will be gathered somewhat slowly, compared with the returns for the two leading parties, and interest in Mr. Debs' strength will have time to gather volume. It would not be surprising if the Socialist total for the country showed some decline compared with four years ago, for the reason that the candidates of the more moderate parties ran on radical lines. The average voter could find various degrees of radicalism from Taft to Watson before coming to Debs. It will be very significant, consequently, if the Debs vote shows, under these conditions, an increase over the poll of 1904.—Editorial in Springfield Republican.

ONE OF THEM.

"He is always saying, 'What fools these mortals be.'"
"He not only says it, but he acts it."

DEMOCRATIC PARTY

DID YOU SEE THE BEAUTIFUL SUNSET THE OTHER DAY?

A. J. Hart

RENEGADE BURNS AND THE UNEMPLOYED.

The question of the unemployed is a very live one on both sides of the water. In England, where the situation is growing acute, that quondam labor leader and new serylle flunkey, Mr. John Burns, president of the Local Government Board, is doing his best to pay for the laurels the propertied classes have bestowed upon him to prevent anything from being done for the victims of unemployment, and to provide justification beforehand for any violent measures which the owning and ruling powers may see fit to take.

The service which John Burns is rendering is not only a service to the capitalists of England, but to the capitalists of the world. His words are being quoted on this side, and with approval, by the organs of reaction. Here, for instance, is an editorial in which the New York "Evening Post" extols him and cites him as an authority:

"In dealing with the difficult question of the unemployed the first requisite is accurate information. Careful investigation and thorough sifting of vague assertions are the beginning of wisdom in such a business. This was well shown in the debate in the Commons last week on the government's proposals for the relief of the unemployed. Keir Hardie produced some astounding figures of the number of men out of work. By a system of deduction from reports of trades unions he concluded that 750,000 skilled men were out of employment. But it could 'safely be set down,' he said, 'that the number of unskilled workmen was twice as great, namely, 1,500,000. Here we had at once 2,250,000 men out of a job; and making a 'very moderate estimate' of those dependent upon them we got the appalling total of 6,750,000 as the real number of people involved in the problem of the unemployed. But these figures were ridiculed in the reply made by John Burns. He showed that every test of statistics, or appeals for relief, left Mr. Hardie's swollen statement oozing gas, and contended that, to accede to the demands made in the name of humanity and the duty of the state would make for universal bankruptcy in the interest of universal loafers.' Mr. Balfour intervened in the debate to charge that the high percentage of the unemployed was 'largely due to the want of confidence inspired by the government.' But Mr. Asquith silenced him by showing that the figures were 'much higher' in 1873, under the Tory government of Lord Beaconsfield, and also in 1887 when Salisbury was Prime Minister."

Against this it is well to put on record what London "Justice," the ably edited organ of the British Federal Democratic party, has to say on Burn's slanders of the unemployed:

MR. JOHN BURNS FOUND OUT.

"Our opinion of Mr. John Burns is well known. Educated and pushed to the front by the S. D. P. as a representative of the people, he no sooner saw a chance of selling out to the capitalists than he took advantage of it, and from that time to this—fully fifteen years—he has been the bitterest, most treacherous, and most unscrupulous enemy of the workers in the House of Commons. He was bought by the Liberals, as he is now being flattered by the King, because he was thought to have great influence with the masses. For that, when treacherously used, they gladly forgave him his colossal vanity, his brutal manners, and his greasy rhetoric. This we proclaimed long ago, and for a time we stood alone. But now it is being discovered that he cannot deliver the goods, and has lost his popularity, so even his pet literary jackals are turning round upon him. Nobody did more to make Mr. Burns what he is than Mr. H. W. Massingham, and nobody knew better all through what a hopeless cowardly creature his lion really was than that hysterical penman. It is the nation, however, which is now remembering, amid a lot of the old miserable flummery with the Right Honorable Gentleman who has ceased to be useful. In spite, therefore, of Mr. Asquith's fulsome eulogy, dictated from on high, Mr. Burns may yet have another and less pleasant reward for his treachery. He has not a real friend in the world.

Unemployment and Drink.

"In his speech in the debate on unemployment Mr. John Burns quite excelled himself in extravagance of language—to give it no other name. He not only grossly misrepresented the case made out on behalf of the unemployed, but he made the most erroneous statements in other matters. Thus he stated that in Leeds £20,000 had been collected from the citizens on behalf of the unemployed, whereas

the amount was only £3,000; while the £10,000 which he said had been voted by the Leeds corporation out of the city funds was, as a matter of fact, refused by that body. Worst of all, however, was his repeated insult to the working class that their poverty and want of employment were due to drink. The average workman spends, he says, from five to seven shillings a week on drink. Well may the Labor member have shouted not true, when such an infamous statement was made. A very much more forcible repudiation would not have been out of place. Some workmen may spend considerably more than five shillings in drink in a week—after all that is much less than some of John's present pals would spend on drink at a single meal—but that the average workman spends anything like that amount is entirely untrue, and none knows better that it is untrue than the Right Honorable John Burns himself. When the average workman has given his wife the money for household expenses and paid his union and sick club contributions, he will have precious little left with which to buy drink. John points to what a workman may get from the A. S. E. for a shilling a week, but he should know that the contributions to the A. S. E. are considerably more than a shilling a week, and that many of its members, when they have paid their contributions, will have but five and twenty shillings left of their week's wages. This, with a wife and three children, only represents five shillings a week each to live upon—food, clothing and everything, not to spend in drink.

Exiled Reservists.

All the bottom was knocked out of Burns' argument from pauper statistics by his own statement that nearly ten thousand reservists had emigrated to the colonies, whereas, 'but for that simple change we should have had in our tramp and casual shelters an enormous number of army men.' In other words, the pauper returns show no evidence of increased want of employment, because some thousands who would have gone to swell the pauper returns have been hustled out of the country. Of course that is all old soldiers are fit for if they have the indecency to survive the fighting they have done for their country—to be shovelled out of it as so much rubbish—until such time as they may be wanted to fight again. And what an incentive that fact should be to the 24,000 young men whom the government are calling for to make up their Special Reserve! And what a satire on the blessings of Free Trade that ten thousand seasoned soldiers can find no room to live and no opportunity for employment in the Free Trade country in whose service they have fought, but are compelled to seek a livelihood in one or other of the colonies, all of which are, to all intents and purposes, protectionist states. Some of the Tories affected to be greatly alarmed—as they may well be—at this system of deporting reservists who may be required at any moment of national emergency. But Burns and his pal, Haldane, were at pains to assure them that there was really no risk: the reservists would come back whenever they were wanted. For ourselves, however, we hope that they will not be such fools as to rush to the aid of a country which has so callously thrown them out."

Pills for Earthquakes.

"In his speech at Molesey last week Mr. Burns propounded a delightfully simple way of coping with the unemployed question. It is astonishing it was never thought of before. We have only to regulate public works to coincide with the bad period of private trade and hey, presto, there you are! The great advantage of this arrangement of state and municipal work, in the words of the "Chronicle," is that 'its execution violates no economic canon.' (Violation of economic canons, we may explain, means disgorging the plunder taken from the producers.) Is it necessary to point out that even if the maximum of private and public employment occurred at the same time, still there would be unemployed men and women, and the mere shifting of public employment to slacker times will not put a single extra man or woman in work, because no extra work is made thereby? The government, through its megalomaniac Right Hon. John, is 'sparring for wind.' The workmen must see to it this winter that 'economic canons' are violated wholesale rather than that one little stomach should be short of the food that Nature has provided so bounteously."

The union has been a moral stimulus, as well as a material aid to the worker; it has appealed to him to develop his faculties and to think for himself; to cultivate self-reliance and learn to depend upon himself; to sympathize with and support his fellow-workers, and make their cause his own.—Eugene V. Debs.

STRIKE OFF THY CHAINS!

By FRED F. ROCKWELL.

(The ballot must be the ultimate weapon of the working class.)

Arouse, ye Sons of Labor, in factory, field, and city!
The morning breaks, the bugle shakes
Its clarion notes to wake ye from your rest, 'neath scorn and pity.
As lightning leaps from thunder, arouse in wrath and sunder
The chains that bind ye captive to the guarded Lords of Plunder.
Arouse, and strike to win your own in factory, field, and city;
Arouse, arouse, ye sons of toil, from every rank of Labor.
Not to a strife of leaping lead; of bayonet and sabre;
Ye are not murderers such as they who break ye, day and hour.
Arouse! unite! win back your world with a whirlwind stroke of Power.

Think of your wives who toil to death in factories of fever;
Your Sister's cry, a prayer to die
Unheeded amid ghastly mirth in the brothels where they leave her.
Look! from your ranks they take them, to bind and bruise and break them.
The fairest of your daughters pick, to wrong, abuse, forsake them.
Ye men defied, 'tis Woman cries, and will ye longer leave her?
Invisible the chains ye wear; but feel yet not their galling?
Can ye not hear, sore wrought with woe, your wives and daughters calling?
Shall these, your frail and fair, still die at the Masters' Profit-altar?
Arouse ye slaves of Work-and-wage—too long ye blindly falter!

Listen!—In the grey dusk of dawn, your driven children weeping!
In dust and gloom, by the whirling loom
With stunted forms and haggard eyes, watch o'er the spindles keeping!
Your children—they thus broken; and ye have only spoken—
Your wrath despoiled. Arise and strike! for the Masters' hearts are oaken.
They've wrung your women; chained your children; shall ye still stay sleeping?
Awake, ye guards of Human Right, from every rank of Labor.
Not to a strife of murderous lead; of bayonet and sabre;
Arouse, to rend these wage-slave chains; blood-rusted links to sunder.
Unite! and then resistless strike, like lightning through the thunder!

WERNER'S A SLAVE PEN.

The Werner joint at Akron is getting to be a proper slave pen. The latest is that 16 non-union girls were discharged because they refused to accept a pice system at which they were unable to make their board. It is not stated that when the girls walked out that Paul E. Werner once more hoisted the American flag over his shambles. It would be just like him, though.—Cleveland "Citizen."

THE BARGAIN.

Father—How do you like your new mamma, Else?
Else—Well, I won't complain this time, if you will let me choose the next one.—Fliegende Blaetter.

THE SENATE AND THE LOBBY.

The United States Senate, counterpart of the British House of Lords, monument of unfaith in the people, bears the mark of its designers in the very manner of its election. What influence can the working class have in the Senate so long as the seats in that body can be deliberately planned for and purchased with money? This method of securing them is not indicated solely by the dying statesmanship of his body. It is proven by the absence from Washington of the third house, the once powerful lobby. The lobby is a thing of the past. The great exploiting interests no longer send their bribers to Washington. They send their Senators.—Franklin H. Wentworth.

If We Could Put Them to Work.



PIERPONT WOULD PEDDLE ART, INSTEAD OF PATRONIZING IT.

CAPITALISM AND UNEMPLOYMENT.

By CLARA G. STILLMAN.

Sixty-seven prisoners waited to be sentenced in Part I. of the Court of General Sessions. They were a motley crowd, men and women, burglars and pickpockets, habitual criminals with long prison records, and those who were seeing the inside of a court room for the first time. For among those sixty-seven prisoners there were twenty men between thirty and fifty years of age, who bore upon their persons the unmistakable traces of a life of hard physical labor, and who had never been prisoners before. Not one of them had taken a large sum of money or used violence. They had become thieves from sheer necessity, because they could get no work, and must either steal or starve.

These men were none of them young; they were, not even in their prime, for the average life of a workman is thirty-five years, and at thirty, the age when the professional or the college-bred business man has barely begun his career with all the energy and enthusiasm of youth, the workman already feels the first faint indications of his slackening powers, and gets a tangible affirmation of his feelings in the increasing difficulty of finding work. They showed plainly the effect of long years of arduous toil, the number of which a very conservative estimate would place at twenty. But twenty-five would probably be nearer the truth. And yet the society which had used up the years and the power of their young manhood, left them upon the threshold of old age with this grim alternative—starvation or crime.

Surely, out of those long years of labor these men should have been able to save enough to tide themselves and their families over a single season of idleness. In fact, after twenty-five or twenty or even fifteen years of hard work it would seem that a man was entitled to a vacation. It would be reasonable to suppose that after twenty-five or twenty or even fifteen years of hard work he would be in a position to take one. But far from this being the case, very few workmen are able to save anything for their old age, and the most fortunate one of them, he who has managed to put aside something—and at best it is not much—is liable to see it disappear with a rapidity not at all proportionate to the time and toil it took to accumulate it, through illness, through injury, or during those periodic hard-times that punctuate our exclamation prosperity with such sinister question marks.

It might be enlightening to those workmen who are afraid of "throwing away their votes" by voting for Socialism to consider this magnificent result of twenty years of hard work under Republican and Democratic administration. These men were laboring when Grover Cleveland was in the White House, as well as during the Presidencies of McKinley and Roosevelt, and if the Republican party has preponderated in national politics, municipal government has given them the chance to see what the Democratic party offers them. And to-day when as the result of the misrule of both parties, the great specter of unemployment stalks through the land, bringing crime and ruin and death in its train, it has been met by our capitalist administrations with a more cynical and unconcealed indifference than ever before. But indifference is far too feeble a word. The cries of the starving thousands have resounded against a solid wall, not of ignorance, not of stupidity, not of anything so passive and so forgivable, but against the invincible battlements of conscious self-interest, and positive calculation.

Utter reports of prosperous conditions have been circulated, political and philanthropic organizations have ignored the cause of the unemployed, prominent men have not found time to address them, of the two old party candidates, Bryan preserves the silence of incapacity, and Taft handles the question in a manner so frivolous and insane that the arrant nonsense he dishes up as economic wisdom is an insult to working class common sense; and lastly, an incident which as an ironical commentary on capitalist methods has never been surpassed, an association is formed to proclaim prosperity and throw dust in the people's eyes, and while it is agreeably engaged in the dust raising process, necessarily accompanied by dining and winning, mutual admiration, general patting on the back of everybody concerned, and most speeches on such improving topics as "Whatever is, is right," and "All's well with the world," the starving hosts of the unemployed plead at the doors in vain for a chance to be heard; in vain, because their mere presence in that atmosphere of trumped up enthusiasm and artificial optimism would be a silent rebuke that could not be evaded, a mute protest that could not be answered, a sweeping refutation that would irrevocably give the lie to those false prophets.

There is always unemployment in a capitalist community, and there always will be. Whatever partial and fragmentary reforms capitalism may inaugurate, a complete and lasting solution of this problem, a thorough and permanent wiping out of this difficulty by it is an impossibility. A permanent class of unemployed is one of the most effective weapons which the capitalist wields to oppose the workers' demands for better conditions; to keep him in subjection. For every worker belongs potentially to this class, and if once the capitalist decides to punish some individual laborer for showing too much "pernicious activity" in his own interests, by denying him work, no amount of strength, will, industry, moral courage or intelligence—on the part of the latter can keep him out of it. It is for this reason that those twenty men who stood in a court room before a judge, criminals in the eyes of the law and of the society that abandoned them, have a far more forcible claim to our attention than their mere individual appeal to pity, poignant as that may be, for they represent the possible fate of every living workman under capitalism, be it Republican capitalism or Democratic capitalism. This does not mean that every workman to-day is destined either to steal or to starve, but in so far as he has protected himself against this possibility, just so far is he holding the natural and free workings of capitalism in check. No Republican or Democratic employer has ever of his own free will sought to pass any measure or attempted any reform to improve the condition of the working class as a whole. "Philanthropic" schemes in connection with wage-slavery are forced out of the employer by the fierce competition of other employers and the growing need of distracting the attention of the workers from their rights by granting them favors, deadening their independence by cultivating their gratitude, catering to the self-interest of individual workmen at the expense of the whole working class; putting a premium on ignorance and submission and a ban upon intelligence and independence. Such a philanthropist was that Chicago employer mentioned by Miss Jane Addams in "Social Ethics and Democracy," who, having provided his workers with model dwellings, a park and a fountain, felt his trust in human virtue sorely shaken when they struck him for higher wages. He considered, and no doubt quite correctly, that he had been a father to them and meditated bitterly on "how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child." He did not know—for since we are assured that he really meant very well, we must assume that he was merely ignorant and stupid—that he had no human right to be fatherly at the expense of being just, and that there is no value to the working class in a favor which the capitalist can bestow upon a few individuals with his right hand as a reward and withdraw with his left as a punishment, it being always understood that he is the sole judge of the advisability of either, and of what form it is to take. These favors which are granted in the name of such kindness and generosity as can only exist among equals are never such as to raise the status of the working class as a whole. Reduction in hours, increase in wages—both have ever known the amiable capitalist to shower these blessings upon his grateful dependents? There are only two agencies in existence which have ever been able to wring such concessions from the possessing class. They are the trade unions and the Socialist party.

Workingmen who have any claim to intelligence recognize that the union is their only weapon on the economic field, but how feeble a weapon it is against the hostile, highly organized combination of economic privilege and political privilege is shown by its frequent defeats and its slow advance, accomplished only with hardship and risk, with tremendous loss of money and life. On the economic field the working class is at a terrible disadvantage. On the political field it has a chance and a good chance, but it has not yet learned to take advantage of it. And we are constantly confronted with the astonishing contradiction of workers who devote their time, their strength, their money, their very lives to the interests of their class, only to turn against those interests on election day; who are engaged in a fierce struggle against the power that piles up the hours of labor to the breaking point, that crushes down the wages of labor to the starving point, that stunts, mutilates and murders labor with impunity—and then, in the one case where they could strike a really effective blow with immediate results, where they could place some

real power into their fellow workers' hands by electing one of them, a man of tried integrity and brilliant intellect, a man committed by every instinct and reason, by every word and deed to their cause—why, then, they vote into office the power which is sucking out their very life blood in the struggle for existence.

In the matter of unemployment even less relief is to be expected from Republican or Democratic sources than in any other working class problem, and just how much relief that is can easily be calculated. The capitalist knows too well that to do away with unemployment in such a way as to guarantee against its recurrence—and anything less than that is no solution at all—would be to sign his own death warrant, and so far he has shown no inclination to do away with himself. This necessity of unemployment for the maintenance of capitalist power has been clearly and forcibly pointed out by a well known writer:

"A bourgeois society can create only the most insufficient patchwork in this field," says Karl Kautsky in "The Social Revolution," "because it is in itself the bough from which unemployment hangs. Only the proletariat and the victorious proletariat can and will enact the measures which are capable of completely abolishing the necessity of unemployment, whether this be through sickness or otherwise. An actually effective maintenance of the unemployed must completely alter the relative strength of the proletariat and the capitalist. It will make the proletariat master in the factory. That the laborer of to-day is compelled to sell himself to the employer and that the latter can exploit and enslave him is due to the ghost of unemployment and the hunger whip that hangs above his head."

But that ghost of unemployment which hovers like an evil spirit in the background of every worker's life is the guardian angel of the capitalist.

That is why he will never solve the unemployment problem.

That is why he will never voluntarily recognize a union.

That is why he will never voluntarily increase the wages or diminish the hours of labor.

The gain of one class is always the loss of the other.

A vote for the Republican or the Democratic party is a vote against yourself and your employer, a vote for longer hours and shorter wages, for worn-out wives and dead babies, for overworked children and down-trodden girls, for dirt and disease and danger, for ignorance and vice, for hunger and destroying cold in winter and hunger and destroying heat in summer, for homelessness and the breaking of family ties, for a life shortened by nearly half and not worth living at that, for a life of toil without the fruits of toil, without gladness, without dignity, without leisure and without security from prison or workhouse, and the Potter's Field at the end.

A vote for the Socialist party is a vote for yourself and against your employer, a vote for a shorter work-day and the full product of your toil, a vote for happy wives and healthy babies, for strong, beautiful sons and daughters, for a cheerful home and plenty of good food, for cleanliness and health and protection from risk, for education and character, for a long life with beautiful work and pleasant recreation, for an honorable and peaceful old age.

Do you think these results doubtful? Well, there is nothing doubtful about Republican and Democratic results. Those twenty men in the court room are a proof of that, those haggard men in the long bread line are a proof of that, those daily suicides which you read of in the papers, those troops firing on women and children, those ghastly slums which fill your babies by the thousands and drive your boys and girls into the streets—those are the sure results of the vote you cast for the Republican or the Democratic party, because you did not want to throw it away.

But the Socialist party, the workman's party, which as yet has had very little chance to show you the practical things it stands for, because you were so afraid of wasting that precious vote of yours on a decent possibility (that you wasted it on a miserable certainty instead—the Socialist party has used the few tiny opportunities it has had for achieving working class victories such as neither of the wealthy, powerful, long established parties can point to. In Milwaukee it reduced the price of electric light, compelled one street car line to pay \$90,000 more in taxes, and on another established a three cent fare. In New York, where there are paying fifteen cents for a five cent ride.

In Milwaukee the Socialist party, although so greatly in the minority, brought about the conviction of over twenty men who had grown rich at the people's expense. In New York, where there are no Socialists in office,

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 INTL. UNION No. 90—Office and Employment Bureau, 241 E. 84th St. The following Districts meet every Saturday: Dist. I (Bohemian)—331 E. 71st St., 8 p. m.; Dist. II (German)—316 E. 6th St., 8 p. m.; Dist. III—Clubhouse, 243 E. 84th St., 7.30 p. m.; Dist. IV—342 W. 42d St., 8 p. m.; Dist. V—3309 Third Ave., 8 p. m.; Dist. VI—2059 Third Ave., 8 p. m.; Dist. VII—350 E. 75th St., 8 p. m. The Board of Supervision meets every Tuesday at Paulhaber's Hall, 1531 Second Ave., 8 p. m.

CARL SAHM CLUB (MUSICIANS' UNION), meets every Thursday, 10 a. m., at Clubhouse, 2-247 E. 98th St. Secretary, Hermann Wendler, address as above.

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

SOCIALIST WORKING WOMEN'S SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA—Branches in New York, Brooklyn, Paterson, Newark, Elizabeth, Scranton, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis. Central 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 678 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 SCHWARTZ, Bible House, Room 42, Astor Place, New York City.

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It is not possible to convict men of wealth or prominence. However conclusively their guilt may be proven, they always manage to escape on technicalities.

In the Wisconsin State Legislature there are six Socialists out of one hundred and thirty-three representatives of other parties. Those sixteen, in the face of the most shrewd and stubborn opposition, managed to pass over a dozen laws for the people's good. The eight-hour law for telegraphers, so fiercely opposed by the railroads, is due to their activity. They did not wait to be implored or threatened. They did not wait for a strike to call their attention to the matter. They were on the lookout for working class wrongs to right because they stand for working class interests and feel their responsibility to the people who elected them. The Socialist party has not a single act to be ashamed of; it has no corrupt officials and no graft. All its proceedings are open to public inspection. There is no other party that can say as much.

These things are certainties. Socialist possibilities become certainties as soon as Socialists are elected into office. So the choice is between certainties after all.
Which will you choose?

WHAT BIG JAN HAD SEEN

By ERNEST FOOLE.

Franz, the black-headed little Pole, was too excited even to eat. He had arrived in New York the night before, from a rude, sleepy hamlet in Poland, and had been met at the Battery landing by his own chum Jan, who had come to America two years before, and with whom he was going to live.

Big Jan had advised him to put in a day or two seeing the sights before going to work. And now on the second night, in Jan's narrow tenement room, he sat talking fast about all he had seen, sputtering, chuckling in his glee—while at the table, Jan, his hairy, massive face appearing all the more powerful in the lights and shadows, ate with a slow but seemingly endless hunger, only from time to time throwing a twinkling good humored glance at his friend, in much the same way as a Newfoundland dog looks down at a terrier pup.

Supper was only a thick cabbage soup, with a few tough chunks of beef thrown in, and half a loaf of coarse rye bread. The woman with the six children, whose tenement was next to his room, cooked and brought him this supper and his breakfast. He paid her two dollars a week. At Sherry's such food would have brought on a panic, but Jan had worked since seven o'clock down in the dripping rock and mud of the new tunnel under the Hudson. So it tasted fine. He had long ago finished the few chunks of meat, and was now dipping pieces of bread in the soup, eating slow to make it last longer.

All at once little Franz stopped talking. A staggering thought flashed into his mind. He pushed back his hat, plunged his hands in his pockets, settled down in his chair, cocked his head to one side, and regarded his chum with blank amazement.

It had come over him with a rush. Big Jan was a liar! A liar on a gigantic scale! But how? That was the amazing part. How could he? Where had he learned how to lie? Poor, honest old Jan, from the days when both were youngsters, had been too dull and open and slow to think up a lie, had never even learned how to read or write. It had taken him five solid years to make up his mind to come to America. And since then his letters to Franz, written for him once a month by a friend—they had been so slow and honest sounding. Just like Jan himself. Those letters! As Franz thought of them now his face became convulsed with mirth. Suddenly he chuckled—long and deep.

Jan looked up. He had just dipped the last hunk of bread in the soup, scraping the bowl. The bread stopped half way to his mouth.

"Well?" he asked, in a little surprise. The face of Franz the joker, grew solemn—mock solemn.

"It is a sin to lie," he remarked. "Yes," said Jan, goodhumoredly. "It is a sin." His eyes suddenly twinkled. "But there is more money in that sin than any sin I know," he added. He put the bread in his mouth.

Franz stared. "Mighty smart for Jan," he thought. Then he resumed the attack.

"This is a fine town," he said. "Some of it is," said Jan. "If your job isn't under the ground."

"Yes," said Franz, "it must be. I read it in your letters. There are hotels here like palaces, where a man can eat like a king—at midnight if he wants to."

"If he has money to pay," said Jan. "And there are wives he can have, wives like queens. There was one you wrote about. Her man bought her a string of pearls, he paid two hundred thousand dollars! And beside her, he had a ship of his own and a train of cars, two castles in the country and a house here as big as a railroad station—all full of things! That's what you said!"

"It's true," said Jan, who was slowly filling his pipe. "That man had the money. So he got her. She got a divorce from another man, they had a wedding that cost twenty thousand dollars. She was so happy that she had a little house built up in Harlem—just to help poor girls not to go wrong."

"I know," cried Franz, "your letter told all about it. And the man, you said he was a—what did you call him?"

"A grafter," said Jan. "A grafter! And you said that a man like him could grab almost anything and never go to jail!"

"If he has money to pay," Jan corrected.

Franz abruptly changed his tack. "A fine room here," he said, looking about him in mock admiration.

The only window was on an airshaft. "You can see a lot from here," Jan's puzzled expression returned. "What are you getting at?" he asked.

"That's a great job you have," continued Franz without heeding the question. "Down in the tunnel—you can see a lot from there."

"What do you mean?" asked Jan, with a scowl. "I can see nothing but mud and rocks. No," he went on, with a sudden thought. "I saw a man killed down there last week. But that is all. I can't see a lot. But what are you grinning at?"

Franz was indeed grinning hard, like a demon.

"If it is a sin to lie," he cried, triumphantly, "and if you can see nothing, nothing in your tunnel, nothing here, and on the streets you always have to hurry—then how in the name of all the Saints did you find out all you said in your letters? You—honest—devil! How did you? Or were all your letters lies?"

Big Jan puffed a few soft clouds of smoke. His eyes twinkled. He reached into his coat pocket, pulled out something white, and slowly spread it out on the table.

"I read it here," he said.

He looked up at his friend, who was staring now in wide-eyed surprise.

"You—yes," Franz stammered, "you can—read?"

"You bet I can," said Jan. "You'll have to learn yourself. Every fellow learns."

To prove it, he began.

And on and on, late into the night; stopping from time to time to put it into Polish slowly and laboriously, with one huge grimy finger moving down the column as he spelt out the words; carefully, missing nothing; thoughtfully—pausing again and again, thinking hard and scowling in the struggle to get the full meaning; passing from stories of graft to stories of lavish expense, from the Thaw murder trial to a tenement family put out on the street for non-payment of rent; with a groping but relentless, almost ominous deliberation—big Jan read the news!

Big Jan, these days, is slowly growing wide awake! Big Jan is one of millions!

THE PERFECT STATE.

Where is the perfect state?

'Tis where no palace stands Trembling on shifting sands, Morning and night; 'Tis where the soil is free, Where, far as eye may see, Scattered o'er hill and lea, Homesteads abound. Where clean and broad and sweet (Market, square, lane and street, Belted by league of wheat) Cities are found.

Where is the perfect state?

'Tis where no lives are seen Huddled in lanes unclean, Crying for food; 'Tis where the home is pure, 'Tis where the bread is sure, 'Tis where the wants are fewer, And each want fed; Where plenty and peace abide, Where health dwells heavenly eyed, Where, in nooks beautified, Slumber the dead.

—Robert Buchanan.

WAGES HIGHER, BUT BUY LESS.

According to Bulletin 77 of the Bureau of Labor of the Department of Commerce and Labor, an investigation of the principal wage working occupations in 4,169 establishments, representing the principal manufacturing and mechanical industries of the country, showed that the average wages per hour in 1907 were 37 per cent. higher than in 1906, and the regular hours of labor per week were 0.4 per cent. lower than in 1906. Investigations of the retail prices of thirty principal articles of food showed that they were 4.2 per cent. higher in 1907 than in 1906, thus making the purchasing power of an hour's wages, as measured by food, one-half of 1 per cent. less in 1907 than in 1906.

MILWAUKEE HONORS BURNS.

W. Grant Stevenson, the Edinburgh sculptor, has completed a statue in bronze of Robert Burns, which will be shipped to Milwaukee for erection in one of the public parks. The statue, which is twelve feet high in height, represents the poet standing with a notebook in one hand and a quill pen in the other. The granite bears an original design, ornamented with bronze panels of "The Cotter's Saturday Night" and "Burns at the Plough."

HE WOULD BE ALL RIGHT IF.

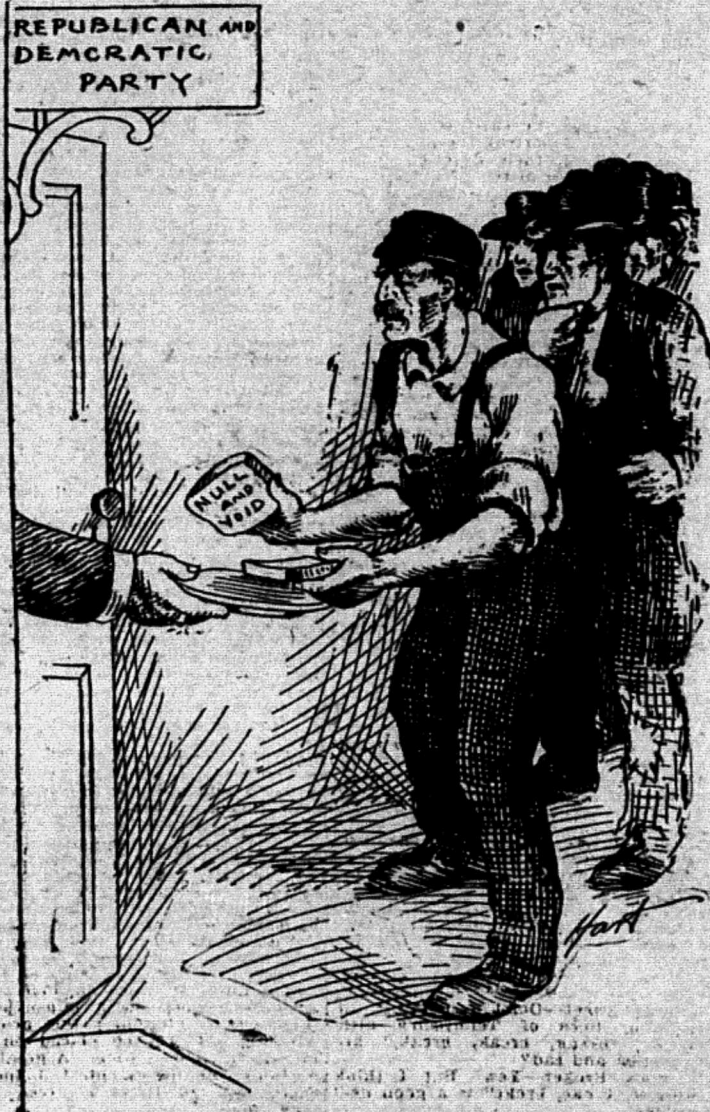
By HORACE TRAUBEL.

He would be all right. I often hear that. The Phillistine is always saying that of the rebel. I mean, of the rebel he otherwise respects. If the rebel would only be the conformist the rebel would be all right. A Judge heard Debs speak in Camden. The Judge said to me the next day: "He would be all right if you took out the Socialism." That sounded to me like saying: He would be all right if you took out the soul. Debs would be all right if you took out Debs. Whitman would be all right if you took out Leaves of Grass. Any man would be all right if you took out of any man his faith, his loyalty, his love. My Judge was a Judge of a court. He was not a judge of men. He was not a judge of hearts. It is hard for the conventionals to realize the character of our protest. That our protest is a root protest. That our protest is not an incident. That our protest is the main thing. That back of our contention stands life; not a piece of life. Not the whole of life. That if you take the revolution out of us you leave nothing but skeleton trifles. If the Judge of a court could look a man like Debs in the face and see no more than my Judge saw how little able he must be to look the guilt and innocence of law in the face and administer it among men. Debs would be all right with the Socialism left out. Yes, all right for the orthodoxes. That's it. But all wrong for the rebellion. All right for property. That's it. But all wrong for people. All right for rent and interest and profit. That's it. But all wrong for the commonwealth. I see, according to that, that a mother would be all right with her love left out. I see that the man who stands irremovably loyal to an idea would be all right with his courage left out. That thing has been so often said to me. I would be all right with my eccentricities left out. I would be all right if I was left out. That's what it means. I would be all right if the things that make me what I am, or prove me what I am, were left out. Why, we might as well say that the stars would be all right if only we could leave the gravi-

ties out. I might say to my Judge: Your court would be all right with you and the attorneys and the juries and the accused and the witnesses left out. What would my Judge say to that? He would say: Why, there would be no court! Exactly. There would be no court. And with his faith left out there would be no Debs. And no Whitman. And no Tennyson. And no anybody. It's just that precious great thing in all of us not left out that is to fertilize our adequate but alienated earth. I say to the Judge: You have loafed too long with the laws: come out and meet a few people. I say to my Judge and to all Judges: You can't have us with the revolution left out. I say to my Judge and to all Judges: You've got to have us with all the revolution left in. I say to my Judge and to all Judges: We would not be all right if but we are all right because.

ETHICAL POWER OF SOCIALISM.

The ethical ideals of Socialism have attracted to it generous souls and have enlisted in its ranks its best adherents. It is these ethical ideals which have inspired the rank and file of the Socialist army with fiery zeal and religious devotion. It may be said, indeed, that nothing in the present day is so likely to awaken the conscience of the ordinary man or woman, or to increase the sense of responsibility, as a thorough course in Socialism. The study of Socialism has proved the turning point in thousands of lives, and converted self-seeking men and women into self-sacrificing toilers for the masses. The impartial observer can scarcely claim that the Bible produces so marked an effect upon the daily habitual life of the average man and woman, who profess to guide their conduct by it, as Socialism does upon its adherents. The strength of Socialism in this respect is more like that of early Christianity as described in the New Testament.—Prof. Richard T. Ely, in "Socialism and Social Reform."



THE SANDWICH LINE. NOTHING IN IT!

SPARGO'S NEW BOOK.

Many who have heard John Spargo's lecture on "The Spiritual Significance of Modern Socialism" will be glad to know that he has enlarged it somewhat and made it into a little book, which is now published in very attractive form by B. W. Huebsch of New York. Without losing hold of the doctrine, which is the guiding clue in all historical and political thought, that material conditions form the basis upon which all institutions rest, the field upon which all social movements are enacted, the structure through and by which the intellectual and moral functions of mankind are exercised, Spargo sets out to combat the vulgar idea that Socialism is nothing more than a movement for the improvement of material conditions, that it condemns or even ignores what, for want of a term carrying less of theological intimation, we are forced to call the spiritual side of man's nature. "Nothing in life is more pathetic," he says, "more harrowing to the soul, than the helplessness of the individual in modern society." And the thesis which he seeks—and, we think, with success—to establish is that the realization of the Socialist ideal in our economic life will free the individual members of society from the now unescapable and irresistible domination of material interests, will liberate man from the rule of property, will make it impossible for individual character to develop in harmony with social order, and will promote a higher and better life for all than even the most fortunately situated members of the favored classes can now more than vainly dream of.

THE SCHLUSSELBURG.

"The Russian Bastille" is an attractive book by Simon O. Pollock (Kerr; 50 cents), giving the names and histories of about a hundred men and women who were most prominent in the battle for Russian freedom, especially those who had been confined in the Schlüsselburg Fortress, to which the name of "Bastille" is attributed. The position and part each took in the fight is clearly defined, the suffering and martyrdom is well described and the end—if death by torture and execution may be called the end for those who fight for freedom—is told with a painful vividness.

It is to be regretted that the author chooses to be brief—too brief for the immensity of the subject. What he tells is interesting and what he knows is important and the short treatment is disappointing to the reader. The few lines in which the characters of the early revolutionists are described portray the mettle they are made of, their devotion to the cause, and their disregard for pain and death, the sublimity of their nature is brought to the surface by their insistent refusal to accept clemency; by the "hunger strike," and by the revolutionary speeches made from the scaffold. One can almost see Hershkovitch ascend the gallows and hear his last speech to the surrounding officials; and see Konopliannikova place the noose around her own neck and hear her exclaim the immortal "ready" to the hangman.

The brevity with which the subject is treated is as unexplainable as it is disappointing. The author certainly knows more of the subject than he chooses to tell. However, to one interested in the study of Russia's battle for freedom the book will be valuable for reference on the subject. It contains photographs of many prominent revolutionists.

GREAT NEEDS AND SMALL MEN.

I do not see how any man with any humor or sense of proportion can fail to exclaim at the grotesque and impossible pass to which the dominant political life of America has arrived. The nation finds itself to-day without a single personality of any commanding stature in the official life of the Capital. And why should this be so? It is because the capitalist class of America does not want men of commanding stature at Washington. It wants the small man, the man who will do its bidding, the man who will stifle his conscience and assert his self-respect to administer the government machinery in the interest of private monopoly. This nation never faced the future in circumstances where it needed bigger men; but where there were at the helm such small and mediocre intelligence as to-day degrade the halls of Congress.—Franklin H. Wentworth.

SO SAD.

Miss Sweet—Don't you think the opening lines of Tennyson's little poem, "Break, break, break," are plaintive and sad?
Stock Broker—Yes. But I think "Broke, broke, broke" is a good deal sadder.

NOTES OF NEW BOOKS.

Charles Scribner's Sons have just brought out in this country the first volume of an "Encyclopedia of Ethics and Religion," edited by Dr. James Hastings and published in Edinburgh by Clark. The work is to be completed in ten volumes. What makes the work a really valuable addition to reference literature on the subject is the fact that the treatment is intended to be thoroughly objective and free from any theological bias, and that the editor and contributors have so far adhered to this intention.

That Dickens still lives in the hearts of the masses of the reading people, despite the funeral sermons which some critics have preached over him, is proved not only by the continuous sale of his books, but also by the frequent appearance of books about him and his work. The latest of these is a collection of seven essays by Dr. Henry Leffmann, of Philadelphia, published under the title "About Dickens."

"Tolstoy, the Man and His Message," by Prof. E. A. Steiner, has been published in a new and enlarged edition by the Fleming H. Revell Company.

B. W. Huebsch has brought out this week's new book by John Spargo, entitled "The Spiritual Significance of Modern Socialism."

Count Okuma's history of Japan during the last fifty years is about to be issued in English by a London publisher. While it cannot be expected that a man who has taken such an active part in the making of recent Japanese history as has Count Okuma will be able to treat it with entire impartiality, his presentation of it cannot but be worth having.

Drysdale, Page & Co. have published a translation by Mary Steegmann of Isidore Del Luig's "Women of Florence," which is a valuable contribution to the literature picturing the actual life of past times.

William Winter, the veteran dramatic critic, has gathered together his memories and impressions of matters concerning the stage in a volume entitled "Other Days; Being Chronicles and Memories of the Stage," which is published by Moffat, Yard & Co. Other new books of interest to lovers of the theater are "Impressions of Henry Irving," by Walter Herrick Pollock, and Austin Erereton's "The Life of Henry Irving," both published by Longmans, Green & Co.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have published a work on "Lorenzo the Magnificent and Florence in Her Golden Age," by E. L. G. Hershburgh. However much one may dissent from the view that the age of the Medici is to be considered as the "Golden Age" of Florence in the truest sense, that period yet remains one of intense historic and humanistic interest and the new life of Il Magnifico is to be welcomed.

Mr. W. H. Mallock, who has published a great deal of sensational, if not exactly inspiring fiction under the guise of books on economic science, has now turned frankly to romancing. Harpers publish his new novel, "The Immortal Soul," which is a story of double personality. If Mr. Mallock's knowledge of nervous and cerebral pathology is no clearer than his conceptions of economics, a great success is hardly to be predicted for the book.

Morris Rosenfeld, the "poet of the Ghetto," appeared last month before the Society for the Collection and Preservation of Historical Monuments of Vienna and read, says the "Noue Freie Presse," before an enthusiastic audience some of his wierd productions, descriptive of the sufferings, the woes and the fortitude of the inhabitants of the crowded district. "We saw before us," says the writer, "through his words, the pale faces, hollow cheeks, burning eyes, folded hands and tears of his companions, and easily recognized the folksong. In appearance he did not disappoint his audience, for the tragic muse had left a stamp on his haggard face, and his deep, sunken eyes seemed to express only sorrow and melancholy."

THE BRUTE.

Wife.—Why won't you go to Jack's wedding?
Husband.—I don't want to gloat over a chap's misfortunes.

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THE FLAG IS STILL THERE.

HOORAY FOR BUNK!

By BEN BLUMENBERG.

A horn-handed son of toil made his way home at a very late hour. He had been attending a political meeting and was full of spirits. Overflowing with enthusiasm, he awakened the partner of his joys and sorrows. 'M-Marie, wake up! Shay, it wuz g-great!' 'What was great,' his spouse drowsily inquired, and without waiting for an answer, 'Did you get a job?' 'Nope. But jus' the shame 'Onor-Me Justice Bunk made a g-great eech. Hic—hooray fer Bunk!' 'Did he say when the factories

would reopen, John?' Mrs. Hornyhand clutched her husbands arm—'John, did he say when you would get back your place in the mill. Was anything said about the hard times. Did he say anything about the working people? Campaign speakers usually do?' 'You bet. Shed—hic—'Merican workin' men g-greatest on earth.' 'He said that?' queried the political inferior of the voting sovereign. 'Betcher life.' 'And you believe him?' 'S-sure—ain't it so?' Mrs. H. slept but little that night. A couple of days later the daily paper stated that application had been made to have John Hornyhand committed to an institution the inmates of which are on a political equality with women.

A TRUE LOVE.

Once there was a Rose growing in the field and it could talk. And there was a little girl called Rose with the Rose, and Rose said to the Rose: 'I love you. Wouldn't you like to come into my house?' But the Rose said: 'No, I am not the kind of Rose that comes in the house.' Rose said: 'I can't live without you; do come in and sleep with me and get warm.' And the Rose said: 'No, I should wither; if you took me in with you you would lose me.' Rose said: 'I love you so, that I will keep you with me by letting you alone.' 'Now I know that you do love me,' said the Rose.—Bolton Hall, in The Conservator.

SOCIAL SELF-DELUSIONS.

To this day men give themselves up to wounds and death in the struggle for foreign markets under the belief that they are impelled by patriotism or religion. Ministers, under the delusion that they are interpreting the ethics of Jesus, but actually prompted by the direct economic pressure of conformity to the views of their rich parishioners, preach a doctrine of sanction to predatory wealth, and urge acquiescence upon protesting labor. Teachers, economists, in their search for truth, too often find it only within the narrow limits which are prescribed by endowments; while judges, in their labor of interpreting the constitution, are not infrequently brought instead to an interpretation of the wish and will of the dominant economic class.—W. J. Ghent, in Mass and Class.

WHY DO MEN OUT OF WORK KILL THEMSELVES? "GOD KNOWS"—SO DO WE

As the old women in Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities" kept count of the heads which fell from the guillotine into the blood drenched baskets, so a reader of The Call has made notes for a few months past of some of the lives offered up in this modern Babylon on the altars of Capitalism. His observations do not deal with the hundreds crushed and mangled to death in the performance of their duties as wage slaves, but with the helpless victims of the most cruel and inhuman system of torture ever devised; a system which arrogates to itself the employment of the workers and then deliberately starves and drives them to suicide when it suits its purpose. And all this under the plea that it is unavoidable when every scoundrel whose hands are dyed red for profit knows better.

Died with His Pockets Empty.

Every item in the following record is from the files of capitalist newspapers and the language quoted is their own, so that we cannot be accused of garbling or distorting the facts.

On the morning of July 4 "a poorly dressed man" was seen kneeling in prayer on the pier at the foot of Beach street. A few moments later a splash was heard, and the North River had another tenant.

Next day an unidentified man jumped from High Bridge over the Harlem River and was instantly killed. "His pockets were empty," we are told.

Old Man Saves His Keep.

Later in the month, on July 28, this heading appeared: "Too old to work, a suicide. Nobody would hire William Patten because he was sixty-seven." Neither would anybody think of voting him an old-age pension. It was better to send him to his death and save the money for our plutocrats.

"Despondent because of his inability to find employment Henry Michaels, of 259 Ellery street, Brooklyn, attempted to end his life by inhaling illuminating gas," on July 30. He was hurried to the hospital, and the newspapers did not think it worth while to say next day whether he had recovered or whether he had found the chance which he craved—to earn an honest living.

"Broken hearted because she saw her once wealthy parents almost penniless," Mrs. Charles Shimer, of Collingwood, N. J., shot herself through the heart. This was the report on July 30.

"Services No Longer Required."

Mute Charles Gaudau, arrested for theft, pleaded, "I have been out of work for a long time," and Harry Bergman, "starving man," "invaded Waldorf and was arrested," and Mrs. Lang, "nearly starved herself," yet protested while her "infant is taken to the hospital to die." An unknown man took matters still more strongly to heart and hanged himself on the bridge over Pocahontas cut, at 142d street. In his coat was found this message: "Your services are no longer required."

In Brooklyn a policeman found "a desolate family huddled under a band stand in a park. The father, a ship-builer, had been out of work for a long time. His wife and children has fasted for days." And this was not in heathen Africa, but in Christian, capitalistic Brooklyn.

Belmont Got His.

"Patrick O'Lane, a homeless youth," lost his job as a subway guard when the hard times came, and was found in a lot in the Bronx "so weak from starvation that he was unable to brush off the insects which were devouring him." Among these insects, although he did not know it was August Belmont.

Charles Horton, with true capitalist enterprise, although but a peddler himself, got in the papers about this time (August 12) as "the meanest man in Brooklyn," because he stole the scanty furniture of a poor washer-woman who had been dispossessed." No one seemed ready to buy the woman new furniture, but great was the indignation over Horton's deed.

August Schafer, a cook, who "had been out of work," drank poison with suicidal intent on August 16.

From Poughkeepsia, next day, came the news that "discouraged by poverty," Mrs. Ida Spooner sent a bullet into her brain, "after poisoning her four children." She "had lost heart in life's battle."

How Bude!

At Coney Island, on August 21, John Maitland, "a man of fifty-one, penniless and homeless," had the in-

hotel and "slashed his throat with a long knife, in plain view of a dozen men and women." It was a painful sight for the merry-makers, whose turn may come later.

At sixty-five years of age this man is dying of old age and starvation," said Dr. Steele, of Bellevue Hospital upon examining James Maloney, a laborer who had tottered into the 5th Street Police Station. "James Maloney," said the "Evening World," in recording his immolation on the altar of the system which he had served, "was a laborer all his life. He never knew a vacation or an easy job. He toiled from sunrise to night and wore himself out." In other words, he committed slow suicide under the pitiless lash of the masters.

"A Good, Hearty Laugh."

About this same time John D. Rockefeller was congratulating the "American Press Humorists" as "true specialists for dyspepsia," and, adding, "Charity is born of a good, hearty laugh." Yet poor Maloney didn't laugh. Neither did he accept charity. He just worked and worked and died.

The papers were unusually busy with want and misery on August 26. Mrs. Mary Gilligan, after "selling every stick of furniture for food," and sleeping out in the rain, was at last obliged to appeal to the police. She was ill with a tumor, too. "Despair over the spending of her last dollar," caused Mrs. Annie Bryld, a widow, to kill herself with gas over in Brooklyn. In a Mills' Hotel, at 36th street and 7th avenue, Rev. Albert H. Trick shot himself dead. He "was becoming blind and facing poverty in his old age." In a letter the despairing man said: "America's Trinity is success, pleasure and gold."

Consolations of Patriotism.

He should have stayed his hand a few days to read, on August 26, that "Harry Lehr's social career was climaxed on Wednesday night, when he had the ineffable honor of stretching his legs under the dinner table with King Edward." As another sidelight, the "Sun" had this heading the same morning "Made crooks by hard-finders. Plea of twenty-nine first offenders."

"Because he could not support his parents and himself, twelve-year-old Samuel Swiegenbaum attempted suicide" early in September. What made him the guardian of his parents at that early age deponent saith not.

Almost crazed by despondency Mrs. Alice E. Brooks wrote her husband, "Cheer up; I will soon be dead." He had informed her he couldn't find anything to do and had to sleep outdoors and was not getting much to eat. When he received her letter, it affected him differently from what she thought. He attempted to take his life with a razor.

Old Man Solves Unemployment Problem.

Jules Clement, sixty-four years of age, an engraver, closed his career in a clump of bushes in Bronx Park, on September 11. He had written that he was unable to pay his board bill and unable to find work." The Government would have found it for him, if he and all other such men would vote for Socialism instead of killing themselves.

"Man and wife commit suicide. Elderly pair in poverty," was the announcement concerning Victor and Louise Troesch, on September 15. On September 17 "Joseph Eisenstatt, a cloakmaker, out of work," was found with the gas turned on, dying; and two days later came the news that Charles Seibert, seventy years old, a cigarmaker, committed suicide in the Bronx because he was "despondent over his failure to get work." Mr. Seibert was too selfish, trying to crowd younger men out of work. The Government properly frustrated his attempts by denying him an old-age pension.

Near Carnegie's Mansion.

"Found fainting from hunger" near one of the homes of Andrew Carnegie on 5th avenue, Philip Mehler was taken to the hospital. "He was worn out by lack of food." "He had been seeking work in vain." As he was but twenty-three he was probably trying to crowd men out, and was justly punished.

Quite a sensation was caused when Edwin Soden, and his mother committed suicide, following the death of the young man's invalid sister. "It was learned that the son had been out of work for some time; also that the daughter's health had broken down under the strain of her work." She should have taken courage by admiring Anna Held's \$25,000 Russian sable coat," illustrated in the papers about the same time.

"Three copper cents, a knife and a

rusty key" was all the treasure found in the pockets of a drowned man who was fished out of the water at the foot of 86th street on September 26. Could he have died of over eating and accidentally fallen in?

The news of the drowned man's discovery was offset, however, by that of another purchase of land by John D. Rockefeller for his proposed 10,000 acre park at Pocantico Hills. Also by the fact that Mr. Edward Becket was preparing to go to Florida in his houseboat "Naima," the most splendidly equipped and costliest craft of its kind."

Couldn't Wait.

In spite of this good news, Milton Cahill, electrician, aged fifty-five, "believing that there is practically no place in the industrial world of New York City for a man who has passed fifty years of age," killed himself. That a man who had worked hard and faithfully all his life might reasonably vote himself a pension probably never occurred to Mr. Cahill. If it did he could not wait for enough others to come to his way of thinking. So, too, August Woelfling, "a veteran of German wars, wearing medals for bravery," found industrial war too much for him. He shot himself because "he was getting old, his health was bad and he could not obtain work."

The case of Jacob Messing must have impressed the city editor of the "Evening World" as specially "good copy," for in the issue of October 9 a startling display of black letters announced: "Kills himself in park; wife and babe beside him. Jacob Messing, out of work and hopeless, ends life with bullet while sitting on a bench. Wanted wife to shoot herself and little one. Made proposition to her after month of fruitless search for employment." Why did he do it, Mr. Taft? "God knows."

Only Good for a Paragraph.

"Mammy, a washerwoman, home somewhere near Orchard and Hester streets, "died of starvation" on the sidewalk on October 12. This is the way the capitalistic press plainly put it, as they do in the case of hundreds of others equally unfortunate. The press, like the surgeon with his knife, gets used to it.

"Penniless, tries to die," reads a heading on October 20, telling of the attempted suicide of Adam P. Everett. Mr. Everett was not a bloated, besotted millionaire who found life a bore after going the rounds of dissipation. He was only an electrician vainly seeking employment. It did him no good to read in the Hearst newspapers of October 16 that "Rockefeller plays a new \$100,000 organ."

There are many other suicides, or attempts at self-destruction which happened in New York and which we have not included in this hurried, cursory glance at the awful situation which the dominant parties refuse to remedy. One of the most recent and most sensational was the attempt of a Joseph Kratz, who climbed the tower of the Williamsburg Bridge and tried to plunge over, but was prevented by the police, whom he fought desperately. He reminded us for all the world of the racing ostrich at the Mineola fair grounds last September which, refusing to longer perform for the amusement of the crowd, got on a rampage and was promptly lassoed and hauled back. In this predicament the poor bird "threshed its head from side to side" until it knocked out its eyes. Thus rendered useless for further sport, it had to be killed.

The Two Solutions.

This suggests a thought for Mr. Taft and all the "God knows" fraternity of capitalists: If you cannot tell what the willing workers shall do when they are out of work and starving, why not provide lethal chambers for them in all our industrial centers and put them painlessly out of existence?

AUTUMN.

By MARY UPDEGROVE.

The spirit of autumn came
And whispered in my ear:
"Now is the dying time—the year—
And all things beautiful and fleet,
Are flying now with winged feet,
Will you not come too, dear?"

THE CANDIDATES.

Congressman Sherwood of Ohio in a recent political meeting in Toledo, said:
Bryan is the Peerless candidate.
Clyfin is the Beerless candidate.
Dobs is the Fearless candidate.
Taft (if Teddy dies) is the Steerless candidate.

"TRADE IS TRADE."

Yea, what avail the endless tale
Of gain by cunning and plus by sale?
Look up the land, look down the land,
The poor, the poor, the poor, they stand

Wedge in by the pressing of Trade's hand

Against an inward-opening door
That pressure tightens evermore;
They sigh a monstrous foul-air sigh
For the outside leagues of liberty,
Where Art, sweet lark, translates the sky

Into a heavenly melody.

"Each day, all day," these poor folk say,

"In the same old year-long, drear-long" way,

"We weave in the mills and heave in the kilns,

"We sieve mine-meshes under the hills

"And thieve much gold from the Devil's bank tills,

"To relieve,—O God, what manner of ills?—

"The beasts, they hunger and eat and die;

"And so do we, and the world's a sty;

"Hush, fellow-swine; why nuzzle and cry?

"Swinehood hath no remedy,"

"Sny many man, and hasten by,

"Clasping the nose and blinking the eye.

"But who said once, in the lordly tone,

"Men shall not live by bread alone,

"But all that cometh from the Throne?"

"Hath God said so?"

"But Trade saith 'No,'

"And the kilns and the curt-tongued mills say: 'Go;

"There's plenty that can if you can't; we know.

"Move out, if you think you're underpaid,

"Trade is trade."

And oh, if man might some time see
How piteous-false the poor decree
That trade no more than trade must be!

Does business mean, "Die, you—live, I?"

Then "Trade is trade," but sings a lie
This only war grown miserly.

If business is battle, name it so;
War-crimes less will shame it so,
And widows less will blame it so.

—Sidney Lanier.

PLUTOCRATIC PATERNALISM.

For a dozen years the United States Senate has really been held in public contempt, ridiculed by the comic press, and distrusted by all honest men, until the type of man now in the upper chamber shames the commonest traditions of that body. A Louisiana Democrat whines for a sugar bounty to please his economic masters, and an Ohio Republican whines for a ship subsidy to keep faith with the men who helped to buy his seat; but where is the Senator who would vote a dollar to the wheat grower or loan a penny to carry the mortgage on the workers' wretched homes. And yet the Treasury Department deposits millions of dollars in certain private banks to be used by them for loans; the money loaned to the farmer at 6 per cent. is loaned to the banks by the government for nothing, and it is the farmers' own money they are borrowing, paid in by them in taxation.—Franklin H. Wentworth.

SOCIALISM AND ANARCHISM.

The conflict between Socialism and anarchism is susceptible of no truce. The history of the Socialist movement is in large part the history of a struggle with anarchism. The result is seen to-day in the fact that wherever Socialism is strong, as in Germany, for example, anarchism is a negligible force, and wherever, as in Spain, Socialism is weak, anarchism prevails. Socialism is not only the greatest force in the world opposed to anarchism, it is the only remedy for the conditions which makes anarchism. To sweep away the hideous anomaly of extreme misery side by side with wanton extravagance and colossal wealth is to only effectual means of staying the perilous tide of anarchism. Neither repressive measures nor tinkering with the immigration laws will accomplish that end, which is part of the purpose and mission of Socialism.—John Spargo in "The Socialists."

She—You say several mosquitoes have bitten you?
He—Yes; I presume they know I'm going home to-morrow and bit me good-bye.

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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 14, 1908.

Socialist Vote.

The increase of the Socialist vote cast on November 3 over that of four years ago seems, in general, to have been much greater in the smaller cities and towns than in the large centers of population, and much larger in the West than in the East. One thing that has probably contributed to keep down the increase of the vote in the large cities and industrial centers is the fact that the hard times have sent hundreds of thousands of workmen from place to place in search of employment, with the result that they have lost their legal residence and could not vote at all.

The official count in New Hampshire shows 1,228 votes for Debs and Hanford, an increase of 138 over the vote cast for them in 1904.

Massachusetts is slightly over 10,000. This indicates a revival from the depression into which the Socialist movement had fallen since the last Presidential election. The State ticket ran ahead of the national.

The vote of the Socialist party in the State of New York will total about 42,000, which is an increase of 16 per cent. of that cast four years ago. New York City has completely regained all that was lost to the Hearst movement in 1905 and 1906, and has made a net increase of about 1,000 votes over the record of 1904.

New Jersey will probably show a net loss, though it is not yet possible to say how great.

Pennsylvania has gained largely. The Socialist vote in that State may reach 30,000—a gain of more than 40 per cent.

Ohio reports both gains and losses, and it is hardly likely that the State as a whole will come up to the high record of 1904.

Returns from Indiana indicate general gains.

Illinois, which cast an abnormally high Socialist vote four years ago, has lost heavily.

In Kentucky it is estimated that our party has polled 5,000, being an increase of about 10 per cent.

West Virginia and Georgia reported large local gains.

The Arkansas vote is about 7,200, as against less than 1,900 four years ago—a gain of nearly 300 per cent.

Texas correspondents estimate the Socialist vote in that State at from 20,000 to 25,000. If the official count verifies these estimates, it will show an increase of 500 per cent. or more.

Complete and semi-official figures from Oklahoma are 20,616. This is a gain of 384 per cent. over the vote cast for the Socialist territorial ticket in 1904.

Oregon gives about 6,800 votes. This is 400 less than we had four years ago. It is not certain, however, that the official report will not show a better result.

Practically complete reports from Montana put the Socialist vote there at 6,000—an increase of 20 per cent.

Very scattering returns from other points in the West and South make it appear probable that the final figures for the whole country will show an increase of not less than 25 per cent. and probably not more than 50 per cent.

LETTERS TO A CYNIC.

By S. A. DE WITT.

You laughed at me and mocked my earnestness, my cynic, when I told you so enthusiastically that I was a Socialist. Nor did your ridicule surprise me to any extent, for you, being a man of the world, only existing in it, and judging it externally, and being comfortably situated in the way of worldly wealth, you could well afford to be cynical and disparaging of what you could not or would not conceive. You told me that to you matters as they were at present were as pleasing and as ideal as you could wish them to be, nor do I blame you; to you they most assuredly are so.

You have very seldom seen the sun rise, but I am sure you have seen the early dawning of the day as I have, but under totally different conditions—you have seen the beauties of Aurora, before going to sleep, while I have seen and appreciated that splendor of nature after four or five hours of much needed rest. You know no hour of rising to work, nor do you watch very anxiously for the hour hands to move to the six or seven-hour mark in the evening, which announces the end of my day's work. No one cuts your meal time to any extent—while I have to cram my food down in huge undigested chunks, within twenty minutes, to a hungry stomach, which naturally resents this sudden influx of "raw material," to use the commercial expression. You never count or figure out the money you have earned during the day, subtracting hours absent, and adding hours overtime, or the expenses you must meet. You have no fear of anyone cutting your wages down, raising your rent, lengthening your hours of toil; you have never been "sacked" on account of lack of occupation. Always amidst serene indolence or whirling gaiety, you no more think of the wretched ones who languish in the tenements, sweatshops and disease breeding gutters than a healthy man thinks of counting his heartbeats, unless through mere curiosity.

Sometimes, while slumming, you pass by an East Side park, and you see sitting upon the benches or standing in small crowds, pale faced, hungry looking, ill-clad men, and sometimes women. Do you know them? Does your analysis direct itself against the prevailing power and regime, for causing such conditions. No, you don't bother about them. If you did you would never mock me when I speak of Socialism. They are but a mere squadron, in the great, but powerless army of the unemployed. I doubt if you would continue in your mocking gallery of me, if I were but to detail to you the abject misery of these human beings. To you they are like the leaves that must necessarily fall with the autumn, but to me they are the most vivid exponents, as yet unrealized, of that great maxim: Truth crushed to earth will rise again.

In fact, they are a part of the truth—a terrible, naked truth. There is nothing hidden in their lives; it is all one constant nightmare of hideous truth. And they will rise again, like trampled flowers that lie crushed under the unheeding heels of such men as you, my cynic, and the merciless feet of the grasping, all devouring rich, who would pocket the earth it-

THE MILITARY PROFESSION,

By BERNARD SHAW.

Just as the most incorrigible criminal is always, we are told, the best behaved convict, so the man with the least conscience and initiative makes the best behaved soldier, and that not wholly through mere fear of punishment, but through a genuine fitness for and consequent happiness in the childlike military life. Such men dread freedom and responsibility as a weak man dreads a risk or a heavy burden; and the objection to the military system is that it tends to produce such men by a weakening disuse of the moral muscles. No doubt this weakness is just what the military system aims at, its soldier being, not a complete man, but a docile unit of cannonfodder which can be trusted to respond promptly and certainly to the external stimulus of a shouted order, and is intimidated to the pitch of being afraid to run away from a battle.

It may be doubted whether even in the Prussian heyday of the system, when floggings of hundreds and even thousands of lashes were matters of ordinary routine, this detestable ideal was ever realized; but your court-martial are not practical enough to take that into account; it is characteristic of the military mind continually to ignore human nature and cry for the moon instead of facing modern social facts and accepting modern democratic conditions.

And when I say the military mind, I repeat that I am not forgetting the patent fact that the military mind and the human mind can exist in the same person; so that an officer who will take all the civilian risks, from city traffic to fox hunting, without uneasiness, and who will manage all

the civil employees on his estate and in his house and stables without the aid of a Mutiny-Act, will also, in his military capacity, frantically declare that he dare not walk about in a foreign country unless every crime of violence against an Englishman in uniform is punished by the bombardment and destruction of a whole village, or the wholesale flogging and execution of every native in the neighborhood, and also that unless he and his fellow officers have power, without the intervention of a jury, to punish the slightest self assertion or hesitation to obey orders, however grossly insulting or disastrous those orders may be, with sentences which are reversed in civil life for the worst crimes, he cannot secure the obedience and respect of his men, and the country will accordingly lose all its colonies and dependencies, and be helplessly conquered in the German invasion which he confidently expects to occur in the course of a fortnight or so. That is to say, in so far as he is an ordinary gentleman he behaves sensibly and courageously; and in so far as he is a military man he gives way without shame to the grossest folly, cruelty and poltroonery.

If any other profession in the world had been stained by these vices, and by false witness, forgery, swindling, torture, compulsion of men's families to attend their executions, digging up and mutilating dead enemies, all wantonly added to the devastation proper to its own business, as the military profession has been within recent memory in England, France, and the United States of America (to mention no other countries), it would be very difficult to induce men of capacity and character to enter it.

PRINCIPLES OF CONVENIENCE.

By W. W. PASSAGE.

In view of the cheerful acquiescence of Mr. Hearst in the result of the late election, his fulsome praise of Mr. Taft and his flamboyant "prosperity" bombast, it becomes evident that his only purpose in creating the Independence party was personal revenge upon the Democratic party. No sooner had it served this purpose than its so-called principles were cast aside, and the day following election Mr. Hearst salutes his readers with the following sentiment:

"Shall the people rule?" was asked in mid-vigor of the campaign. The people have answered the query, and The American subscribes to and will support that reply. The need of the hour is confidence and this can only be secured by the people coming together as one and giving Mr. Taft their compact support.

How lovely! Sounds like the conclusion of a marriage ceremony. We can almost see with our mind's eye candidate Hisgen, after many lovers'

quarrels, standing under the orange blossoms, the happy bride of the aged but vigorous Rockefeller. Soon they will march down the aisle of the church of the holy petroleum amid the congratulations of their work-people, who will later pledge themselves cheerfully work any kind of hours, under any kind of conditions, for any kind of wages to the end that the "oneness" of this blissful union may not be disturbed. And if there be a million or two who cannot join in the wedding festivities and other millions who can get only crumbs, let them console themselves that they afford so interesting a contrast and make such an appropriate background for the picture, for life without this would be so monotonous, "don't you know?"

Then away with "that foul thing called 'class consciousness'!" Hail to compactness and "oneness" under Taft and to the once anarchitic but now regenerated and very respectable William Randolph Hearst!

self and walk away with it, were it only small enough.

Yes, they will rise and be men again, when once the spirit of Socialism is infused into their souls and its doctrines fire them with its undeniable truth and simplicity. Years of endless toil have hardened their muscles, perhaps dulled their brains. Months of enforced idleness and misery have robbed them of their strength, but have made them think, and they shall see the truth.

You sneered, my cynic, before you knew. When you know a little, I am sure you will laugh less at the Socialist who wants each man to receive an equal share of life, happiness or woe, and who wants the world to recognize, in fact, as in theory, that all men are created free and equal, and should in all cases, whether powerful or weak, receive life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

ABSURD!

With the beginning of railroad construction in this country, a very crude, cheap and quick method was adopted and used by all the different roads. . . . The principal reason why there are so few wrecks in England and other foreign countries is because these countries have adopted better methods of rail fastening—Scientific American.

Of course there is no reason why we should go to this extra expense. We may be the richest thing on land, but then we cannot afford to lay our tracks in such a manner that no lives are going to be destroyed. Destroying lives by defective methods of railroad construction is one of our most popular industries. Nailing the rails down to the ties with spikes is good enough for the N. Y. N. H. & H. R. R. the road which keeps us pretty well supplied with accidents. Why, then, should we change?—Life.

SING A SONG OF SOCIALISM

By SARDONICUS.

Sing a song of Socialism,
Skies are all ablaze
With the wondrous, welcome message:
New and better days.

Sing a song of Socialism,
Brothers, all rejoice;
Hear the gladsome tidings humming—
Labor's found its voice.

Sing a song of Socialism,
Workers shall be heard;
Groping, blind and mute no longer—
"Ballot" is the word.

Sing a song of Socialism,
Each shall have his share;
What his brain and brawn produces:
What is just and fair.

Sing a song of Socialism,
Drones will have to work,
For no longer will the harvest
Go to those who shirk.

THE PROSTITUTION OF LIBERTY.

It is here, where the lamp of liberty has shed her holiest light; here, where after the groaning of the centuries every man has been given the ballot for the ballot; here in this nation to which the trustful eyes of the little people have been turned in confidence and hope for a hundred years; it is here that liberty is now being translated into a bawd and men and women and children whom the world calls free are being ground beneath the heels of an economic tyranny that is all the more hideous because we have had a dream of liberty.—Franklin H. Wentworth.