

THE SOCIALIST

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RECRUIT AND ORGANIZE.

By ROBERT HUNTER.

Now is the time for organization!

A great battle has been fought. There were many armies, but two only have come out of battle stronger than they went in.

The Republicans won! Their powerful, disciplined forces, united in theory and in action, have achieved an easy victory.

The Democrats, disorganized, warring among themselves, representing antagonistic tendencies and factions, out of accord in theory and in practice, have been routed. Dismay pervades their camp; hope is gone, and, except among those quartermasters who stole the Commissary Department, there is only disgust and despair.

About the field ride three excited captains, armyless and dazed—Hearst, Watson and Daniel.

A body of men, with white ribbons in their coats, sit quietly on a hillside singing hymns.

Face to face with the victors, stand 600,000 men, well drilled, united in theory and in practice, clean, clear headed and determined. They alone fought the opposition face to face, and, the day over, they stand ready for a new trial of strength, hopeful, buoyant, confident.

For the moment their work is done; for the moment the trial of strength is over; but only for the moment.

A greater battle is soon to be fought, and every preparation must be made for that.

The other armies are disbanding. Some of the warriors realize that they have been fighting under treacherous leaders. Others know that among their own ranks there have been pirates and thieves. Still others are awakening to the fact that they have been fighting each other, firing upon their own comrades and giving all help to the enemy. And a multitude sees that the time has come for organization and unity among ALL the exploited and dispossessed.

And this multitude is looking for guidance, for leadership, for organization.

And who must organize them?

Is there need to ask? The opportunity of a lifetime lies now before us! We must not wait until the eve of another election. We must recruit NOW!

Recruit now! Get subscriptions now!

Organize and educate now!

Countless multitudes await the call. Countless multitudes must be joined to the great international army. Countless multitudes, misled by false principles and defeated by treachery and false leadership, look NOW to Socialism for organization, for education and FOR HOPE.

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THE "TRIBUNE" ON GOMPERS AND THE SOCIALIST VOTE.

his appeal fell on deaf ears. There is nothing in the result to show that the ranks of union workingmen were conscious of any interests as such that they could serve only by voting as a unit. They voted as citizens, not as members of a class. They revealed no 'class consciousness.'

So says the New York "Tribune," in a tone that strongly suggests the efforts of the boy going past the cemetery on a dark night and whistling merrily because he is so horribly afraid. And then the "Tribune" goes on to draw from its false premises the logical and false conclusion that the advocates of Socialism have little ground for hope and its opponents little reason to fear its future growth in this country.

It would be hard to pack more misstatement of fact into so short a paragraph as the "Tribune" editor has managed to condense in those hundred words. Most Socialists did not expect a million votes, though the "Tribune," as well as other Republican and Democratic papers, persistently predicted such a result. There has been no evidence that the Socialists are seriously "disconcerted" by their failure to get such an abnormal increase. Mr. Gompers did not attempt "to induce labor to vote as a class," but strained all his energies to induce workingmen to vote with the bankrupt middle class, the Southern plantation owners, the corruptionists of the Northern cities, and some of the worst of the industrial trust magnates in favor of a party which repudiates the idea of being a party of the working class. He did not "use the accepted tactics of the Socialist party"—except in so far as he badly imitated them on a few minor points; on the contrary, as against the Socialist weapon of argument he used the capitalist weapon of impudent slander and as against the Socialist method of democratic self-government in the party he used the method of bossing from above so familiar in old-party politics. He did not "appeal to class consciousness," but vehemently inveigled against it. He did not "ask labor to cease voting for parties," but asked workingmen to vote for the Democratic party of the labor-skinners, and, on the other hand, we Socialists do not ask labor to cease voting for parties, but advise workingmen to join and vote for the party of their own class.

As for the result, it is hard to say to what extent Mr. Gompers' appeal "fell on deaf ears." It seems to us probable that he did succeed in saving for the Democratic party a few hundred thousand votes which would otherwise have gone into the Socialist column. This cannot be proved, of course; we frankly express it only as an opinion. Even if it could be proved, it would not be much for Mr. Gompers to boast of, since his policy was to stake everything on getting a majority for his political patrons at this election, not to build strongly for the future; but, if it be true, as we think it is, the capitalist enemies of Socialism ought to have the grace to soothe his wounded pride, not to mock his disappointment.

But how about the other half of the result? With the Republican party making such a pose of hostility to the trusts as it never made before; with the Democratic party making such promises to labor as it never made before; with the heads of the greatest labor organization enlisted as a "puller-in" for the Democracy; with an Independence party using all the power of the Hearst dailies, with their gigantic circulation, to halt those who had newly become socialistically inclined on the plea of "practicality"; and with some hundreds of thousands of workingmen disfranchised through the loss of their jobs during the hard times, and among them especially those who had been most steadily active as workers for Socialism—with all those handicaps, in comparison with the exceptionally favorable conditions which confronted us in 1904, to increase the Socialist vote twenty-five per cent. and perhaps thirty or forty per cent.; to cast five or six times as many votes as we cast eight years ago, fourteen or perhaps sixteen times as many as we cast twelve years ago, and twenty-five or thirty times as many as we cast sixteen years ago; and along with that to have more than twice as many organized party members as we had in 1904, and to have two daily papers in English, where we had none in 1904—is that such a result as should "disconcert" the Socialists, or is there much in it to reassure those who have reason to dread the ultimate triumph of Socialism?

Mr. Rockefeller's conduct on the witness stand again puts before the capitalist class and its apologists this dilemma: Are the capitalists parasites upon industry or are they lawless and conscienceless perjurers? If Rockefeller tells the truth or anything like the truth in all his "I don't know" answers, then it is evident that he knows less of the oil industry than any seven-dollar clerk in his employ; and in that case it must be admitted that the tens of millions of profit that he pockets every year cannot be earned by his "managing ability" or anything of the sort. If it is still claimed that Rockefeller does know enough about the oil business really to earn a thousandth part of his present income, then it must be admitted that he is a monumental liar. For our own part, we are confident that he is not only one nor only the other, but that he is actually both a perjurer and a parasite.

Mr. Taft is heir to President Roosevelt's policies. Of course, he will inherit them in the form and condition they have assumed when he succeeds to the throne, not as they were, or were represented to be, in campaign time. And now comes the announcement that it is no longer a part of "My Policies" to send law-breaking trust magnates to jail.

The repeated remission of the Standard Oil Company's \$29,000,000 fine (which was never intended to be anything but a piece of campaign capital) interests and shocks us less than the action of Judge Hough and Attorney-General Bonaparte in whitewashing the capitalists who have been decoying and kidnapping laborers and holding them under peonage in the Southern states. Doubtless this is one of the means by which President Roosevelt counts on breaking up the Solid South and winning the ruling class there over to Republicanism.

THE CONVENTION SHARES GOMPERS' SHAME.

Murphy, and the rest of the Democratic wing of the capitalist army, thought it necessary, in order to save his own face, to throw Eugene V. Debs and the Socialist party all the mud he could lay his hands on. In the course of this attempt, he charged that the Socialist campaign funds, and especially the fund for the Red Special, were supplied by the capitalist enemies of the labor movement, by the same element which was supporting Taft and of which Van Cleave is a mouth-piece.

At the time when Gompers wrote this, there had already been published by the National Secretary of the Socialist party an itemized acknowledgment of the first month's receipts for this fund. Gompers knew this. But he counted that, with the help of the old-party press, his slander would reach more readers than would the Socialist party's statement of the truth. The itemized acknowledgment of receipts was continued by the Socialist party, in accordance with its long established custom of giving full publicity to all its affairs.

The National Secretary of the Socialist party invited Gompers to make a personal inspection of the books and accounts of the party or to appoint whomsoever he chose to make such an examination, in order to prove whether his accusation contained the slightest particle of truth.

Gompers ignored the invitation, and reiterated his slanders. And he was not mistaken in assuming that the Republican papers, as well as the Democratic papers, would aid him in disseminating this malicious lie.

And now, at the national convention, he has demanded and his partisans have adopted a whitewashing resolution, sanctioning his utterance of the lie and his repetition of it without an attempt at investigation after the opportunity had been offered him. And his majority in the Federation convention has again refused to take up the investigation and has assumed responsibility for the lie.

The attitude of Mr. Gompers' friends is exactly like that of Mr. Hennessey about Captain Dreyfus—"I don't know anything about it, but I think he's guilty; he's a Jew." So these capitalist-minded politicians of the trade-union movement say by their deeds: "We don't know anything about it; but we are ready to bring in a verdict of 'Guilty' against anyone who is a Socialist; and we don't want to know anything, because that might interfere with our snap judgment and defeat our crooked purposes."

The Socialist movement has endured misrepresentation and slander from many quarters for many years. It can endure still more. In spite of all the efforts of the liars, Socialism grows, because its

principles are true, and gradually, slowly but surely, the honest masses of the working class learn to discriminate between falsehood and truth.

We do not like to be lied about. But we can stand it, if necessary.

The question is, Can Gompers and his associates stand it to be branded, by their own words and their own deeds, not only as wilful falsifiers, but as cowardly falsifiers, who dare not face an open investigation of the accusations they so glibly make?

We cheerfully face them on this issue before the rank and file of the labor movement.

While we are not ourselves much surprised at the facts brought out in the communication from Frank Bohn, which we print in another column of this paper, we commend them to the attention of all those who have thought Daniel DeLeon to be sincere in his devotion to the cause of Socialism but only mistaken in his ideas of tactics.

The Butterick patterns, the "Delineator" magazine, and all the other publications of the Butterick Company are still on the list of things that loyal working men and working women refuse to buy, because to buy them is to aid and encourage the bitter enemies of the labor movement.

Prosperity has returned, say the Republican papers. The evidence of this is that the number of business failures in the United States last week was greater than in the week before and greater than in the corresponding week in any of the four previous years.

"What's the Constitution between friends?" asked a famous New York Democrat a few years ago. "To Hell with the Constitution!" and "Habeas corpus be damned! We'll give them post-mortems instead," were the utterances of two Republican public officials in Colorado during a recent strike, when the strikers plead their constitutional rights as against the arbitrary orders of militia officers. And still more recently a high officer of the New York City police force summed up the political philosophy of capitalism in the classic phrase "The club is mightier than the Constitution."

Not only do Republican and Democratic military officers, executive officials, and grafting legislators normally feel and sometimes, in moments of unguarded frankness, rashly express their contempt for any limitation of their powers and privileges by law or constitution. Judges and public attorneys give the public lessons every week in the year of the way in which laws can be nullified and constitutions can be interpreted to mean anything and everything which their framers did not intend them to mean, **WHENEVER IT SUITS THE INTEREST OF PROFIT-MAKING BUSINESS TO HAVE THEM SO INTERPRETED.**

The practise of old-party jurists and politicians incessantly confirms the theory proclaimed by the Socialists, that constitutions are but so much waste paper **UNLESS THEY ARE BACKED BY A CLASS WITH THE POWER AND THE WILL TO MAINTAIN THEM,** and that the law means whatever the public attorneys and judges make it mean, and that **THE WAY FOR THE MASSES TO MAKE THE LAW MEAN JUSTICE AND FREEDOM FOR THEM IS TO TAKE THE POWER OF LAW-INTERPRETATION, AS WELL AS THE POWERS OF LAW-MAKING AND LAW-ENFORCEMENT, INTO THE HANDS OF THEIR OWN CLASS.**

It is a common saying that a rule is proved by its exceptions. We have an illustration of this in the opinion handed down by the Corporation Counsel of New York City on the question of allowing the recreation piers to be fitted up and used this winter as places of shelter for the homeless unemployed men and women who throng the streets of the city and to whom the coming of winter means a time of unimaginable horror.

About the middle of October, the Shelter Committee for the Unemployed applied to the Dock Commissioner to have the recreation piers used for this purpose. The Dock Commissioner could not think of taking such action on his own responsibility. It might be illegal to give homeless unemployed workers a place to sleep. No Dock Commissioner could think of taking on his conscience the chance of doing a humane and illegal thing.

So he passed the question up to the Corporation Counsel. That learned functionary saw at once that it was an extremely doubtful proposition. The purpose of the law, as he well knows, is to promote business interests. Now what business interests could be furth-

ered by providing shelter for the unemployed? The unemployed have no business interests to be promoted—they have no business at all, indeed—no business to live and suffer and annoy respectable members of society by the sight of their misery. To be sure, the capitalists may need more workers next spring or summer than they do now; but there is not likely to be a lack of willing hands, even then. It was obviously very doubtful whether keeping these unemployed men and women from dying of hunger and cold was really worth while, from the exalted point of view of business interests.

So the Corporation Counsel scratched his head, looked wise, and resolved not to do anything rash, **LEST HE MIGHT PERCHANCE STRETCH THE LAW IN THE WRONG DIRECTION—IN THE DIRECTION OF RELIEVING HUMAN MISERY INSTEAD OF PROMOTING CAPITALIST PROFIT.**

He let the matter rest for thirty days. The days grew shorter and the nights longer and colder. The fall rains came, dismal and chilly rains. The first snow came, and the first frost. The Corporation Counsel put on his winter clothing and bought a warmer overcoat and ordered his servants to make better fires. Election Day came and went. It is never prudent to decide such weighty questions as this during the excitement of a campaign. Two weeks after Election Day, the country having been saved, the forces of law and order and property and profit having triumphed, the Corporation Counsel came to a decision—of a sort.

HE DECIDED THAT HE COULDN'T DECIDE THE QUESTION AT ALL, AS COMING FROM THE DOCK DEPARTMENT. The application must be dismissed, and a new application made to the Department of Charities. Then the Department of Charities must submit the question anew to the Corporation Counsel, and the legal brain of the municipality will again take it under advisement. To be sure, by the middle of January the legal brain may discover that some other department has to be consulted—the Police Department, for instance, or the Health Department, or the Finance Department, or all of them.

"You see," says the Corporation Counsel, "it is a very complicated question. There are so many things to be considered." By the first of June all the departments may possibly be consulted and a final decision arrived at. To be sure, the winter will be over and with it the need for shelter. But what happier solution could be desired than that? Some of the unemployed will have died from hunger and exposure to the wintry blasts. Well, they will be out of their misery and restfully interred in the Potter's Field. Some will have survived. Well, that will prove that the proposed relief was not necessary, after all. And, best of all, **NO TAMMANY OFFICIAL CAN BE ACCUSED OF HAVING TAKEN ANY CHANCE OF VIOLATING THE LAW IN THE INTEREST OF THE POOR AND HELPLESS.**

Praised be the majesty of the law! Praised be the prudence of the Circumlocution Office!

Although Mr. Roosevelt still holds the Big Stick, and although Mr. Roosevelt's successor is pledged to continue My Policies, the process of trustification goes merrily on. The latest news is that sixty or seventy of the formerly independent fertilizer, acid, and chemical companies, mostly in the South, are being merged into a single corporation, capitalized at fifty million dollars, which will be controlled by interests identical with those which control the Tennessee Copper Company and closely connected, also, with the Armour and Swift meat interests. As Socialists, we are not sorry to see the concentration of capital progressing without interruption. The sooner the trustification of industry is completed, the sooner will industry be ready for the people to step in and take control—the consummation to which the whole economic evolution of modern times tends and for which the Socialist movement of the world is working.

The American Railway Association officially approves of the substitution of the telephone for the telegraph for the blocking and dispatching of trains. It is known by all railway men that the telephone is much less reliable, but this fact is completely outweighed in the minds of the railway owners by the fact that the telephone is cheaper and can be operated by low-paid, unorganized, and comparatively unskilled girls, instead of requiring trained men who must be paid higher wages and who have a way of organizing for their own protection against the companies' impositions.

The United States has a system of protective tariffs, and the free traders hold that this is the chief reason for the growth of the trusts in this country. But Great Britain has virtual free trade, and yet trusts grow there as well as here. The latest news in this direction is that the twenty-eight steamships of the Bucknall Lines will pass under the control of Sir John Ellerman, who already owns the Eller-

man, City, and Hall Lines, with a total of eighty-four steamships. The fact is, that protection stimulates trustification under some conditions and free trade stimulates it under other conditions, but that it does not anywhere depend absolutely or chiefly on either of these fiscal policies. Trustification is a normal tendency of the capitalist system; it may be somewhat hastened or retarded by tariff laws and other devices of the sort; but sooner or later it is bound to prevail, no matter which fiscal policy is adopted.

THE LAW IS CONSISTENT.

The courts hold that a tenant has no redress as against a landlord who fails to supply heat in what he calls a heated flat or apartment. The tenant must stay and shiver and pay, or he must get out. The decision is outrageous, of course, and the flat-dwellers are perfectly justified in raising an outcry against it. Yet it is perfectly consistent with general principles of law which, when applied to workingmen, most of these flat-dwellers never think of criticizing.

A workingman, for instance, who finds that the conditions in the shop where he is employed are injurious to health or that the machinery he works with is in such shape as to put him in danger or injury or death, has virtually no legal redress as against the proprietor and employer. He is free to quit and hunt for another job, just as the tenant is free to move out and hunt for another flat. But if he stays, and if his health becomes impaired or he loses a hand or a leg or an eye at his work, as a result of the conditions which the employer has seen fit to maintain, the workman has no claim for damages.

The law says that he was a party to a free contract, that by staying on the dangerous job he voluntarily accepted the conditions, voluntarily assumed the risk, and the injury he sustained is therefore legally construed as being the result of his own act.

Mr. Bumble considered the law "a hass." We are often tempted to agree with him, when we consider how deviously it works and how shockingly its results contrast with the high-sounding phrases about public security, inalienable rights, eternal justice, and the like, which judges so love to mouth.

But, on closer examination, we find that the law is consistent—fearfully and wonderfully consistent. Its consistency lies in this—that it is throughout based and molded upon a system of capitalist property rights, that every human interest is systematically subordinated to the interests of profit-making property, and that a whole false theory of freedom of contract has been evolved in order to give an appearance of impartiality to a system of legal theory and practice which is actually nothing more than a set of rules worked out by the propertied class for the maintenance of their economic control.

It is only by going to the root and remodeling the whole system that we shall ever get rid of the horrible consistent enormities of the law.

Superintendent Maxwell's statement that in a large proportion of the cases of boys developing criminal tendencies as they grow up the cause is not a lack of moral training, but a purely physical defect—the growth of adenoids in the throat and nasal passages, impeding respiration, preventing the proper oxygenation of the blood, and so poisoning the whole body and causing a degeneration of the brain and nervous system—is worthy of the most respectful attention. It is not possible to have the "mens sana" without the "corpus sanum." Crime and vice are everywhere closely connected with disease, and much oftener as results than as causes. The surgeon, the physician, and the hygienic expert, if given a fair opportunity to do their work, will do more to moralize the world than ten times their number of preachers backed up by an army of policemen, judges, turnkeys, and hangmen.

A DILEMMA FOR CAPITALISTS.

We have heard a great deal about the wonderful ability, the insight, the foresight, the organizing capacity, the executive genius, the power of "doing things," exhibited by John D. Rockefeller, J. Pierpont Morgan, Andrew Carnegie, Henry H. Rogers, P. A. B. Widener, and a long list of the trust magnates of this country. We have never believed in this theory that the millionaires are men of vastly more than the average ability. We are convinced that, just like the emperors and kings and dukes of old, they owe their wealth and power and fame much more to the system in which birth or accident has given them a place than to any extraordinary qualities of their own.

That may be a matter of opinion.

But one thing is not a matter of opinion: If the trust magnates are men of such extraordinary ability, if they actually control the system by which they profit, instead of being cogs in a great machine, then they must be monsters of iniquity. They and their defenders and apologists may take their choice.

Every day brings us evidence of the multiple horrors that exist under the capitalist system and as a part of it.

Here, for instance, is the report of the so-called Pittsburg Survey, an investigation into industrial conditions in the greatest manufacturing center in the United States, carried on under the auspices of the Russell Sage Foundation. The name of the founder and the personnel of the directors of that fund are a sufficient guarantee that its findings are not likely to be unduly colored against the capitalist system. If its report paints conditions in the great Steel City as truly infernal, no one need doubt that such they are. And that is just what it does.

Here are a few of the facts: Over half of the men killed at their work were found to be men getting less than fifteen dollars a week when they worked. In other words, the men who do the most dangerous work are just the men who have to work for the lowest wages, and whose families accordingly are left penniless and helpless when the breadwinners lose their lives. Poverty compels a large proportion of the laborers to live five or six families together in houses built for one family and having such defective ventilation, plumbing, and water supply that typhoid, diarrhoea, pneumonia, bronchitis, and other serious diseases are chronically epidemic. In a typical working-class ward one-third of the children born die before they are two years old and another third die before they reach the age of six. As for the places of employment, the furnaces and foundries and iron and steel mills, they are veritable shambles. The killing of men at their work is so common that it attracts practically no attention except in a few spectacular cases; it is taken for granted that men must be crushed or burned to death every day, in order that steel rails and armor plate may be turned out.

That summary gives but a faint idea of the horrors that this investigation has brought to light. The reader's imagination may partly supply the hideous details.

Now it is well understood that Pittsburg is ruled by the Steel Trust. The housing conditions and sanitation of the city, as well as the conditions in the mills themselves, are under the control of the group of great capitalists, including Rockefeller, Morgan, Carnegie, Rogers, and Widener, and a few others, who dominate the steel industry of this country and appropriate its enormous profits.

Scientific discovery and inventive genius and expert knowledge are ready and waiting to be applied to the curing of the evils that we have briefly outlined. These murderous conditions are not necessary. The Steel Trust loses no opportunity to introduce improvements that will save expense or facilitate production. Only when it is a question of saving life and promoting health and comfort for the workers does it lag behind.

We leave it to the capitalists and their apologists. Either they are the great men they claim to be—the real managers and active directors of industry; and in that case they must be written down as deliberately guilty of systematic and wholesale murder. Or, if they would escape the stigma of such guilt, they must plead that they are powerless to run their business in any other way, that they are but products and accidental beneficiaries of the system, that they cannot run their business without sacrificing other people's lives—and then we must say to them and to the people at large and particularly to the working people, the industry of the country can and must be taken out of the power of these men who serve no useful purpose and who admit their incapacity to manage it in the interest of humanity; they must be deposed, as useless and pernicious parasites, and industrial democracy must take the place of the industrial despotism we now have.

The old-party press of New York City is mightily concerned over the proposed demolition of Madison Square Garden. It is even proposed that the city appropriate a sufficient sum of money to keep the big hall going. It is very characteristic of these "molders of public opinion" that they should be willing to have public moneys spent lavishly for such a purpose as this, while they bitterly oppose any plan for using the city's funds to feed and clothe the tens of thousands of honest working people who are going hungry and cold as a result of the periodic break-down of the capitalist system.

The New York "Times," in an extraordinarily stupid editorial—even for that paper, whose editorials are generally as stupid as its news pages are good—says that "Debs was ignored even in his own precinct." He was—by the Republican and Democratic election officials, who calmly agreed not to count the Socialists' vote cast. The Socialists of that precinct and of Terre Haute as a whole, however, are not ignoring those election officials. The hundreds of men in that city who voted the Socialist ticket and did not get their votes counted may not succeed this time in sending any of the malefactors to jail; but reports indicate that they will at least give them a very considerable degree of discomfort and prevent their trying that trick again in the near future.

Every victory for the working people in any country or in any industry is a benefit to the working people in other occupations and in other lands. When the revolutionists in Russia succeed in overthrowing the Autocracy, establishing civil and political rights, and make it possible for the Russian working people to organize and win an increase of wages and a reduction of hours, the working people of this country will share in the benefit; for the stream of Russian, Polish, Lithuanian, Lettish, and Finnish immigration to this country will be reduced, the immigrants who do come will have a higher standard of living, and consequently the American labor market will be less glutted and competition for employment here will be less keen.

MR. BARBOUR HAS A GREAT SCHEME.

Mr. Edmund D. Barbour, a retired merchant of Boston, has evolved a great scheme for "checking the dangerous growth of Socialism." His observation, as he explains it to the press, is that there is a general tendency of educated men and women to flock to the cities; there they become impregnated with the doctrines of Socialism; and the union of their education and training with the numbers, the discontent, and the awakening class consciousness of the working people makes an alliance that threatens to undermine the existing order of society and bring in Socialism.

Mr. Barbour is going to put a stop to all this. His scheme is simple as can be.

He is going to establish thirty colleges in the smaller cities and towns of Massachusetts. These will all be under the control of one central administration—carefully selected, of course, by the financial backers. Professors from Harvard and other existing universities and colleges will be employed—those of them that the central administration finds perfectly "safe" and immune to modern ideas—to give their spare time to conducting the work of instruction in the syndicated local colleges.

By this scheme Mr. Barbour expects to protect the aspiring youth from the atmosphere of the big cities, laden as it is with the germs of Socialist thought, to keep them isolated in their narrow local environments, and, in his own words, to "develop the type of country gentleman as it exists in England and France"—the type of man who thinks he is "cultured," but who has no breadth of view, no interest in the great social movements of the day, and is superstitiously devoted to the worship of caste.

We hope no one will disillusion Mr. Barbour prematurely. Let him, by all means, carry out his ingenious plan; at the worst, he will spend his money and escape dying disgraced; at the best, he will simply extend the educational opportunities of many dwellers in the smaller places and the rural districts; and by extending their educational opportunities he will, spite of his own intention, help to broaden their views, to awaken their interest in the world's progress, and to render them more susceptible to the Socialist propaganda.

The union label pasted on a loaf of bread isn't good to eat. But a loyal workingman can eat his bread with a better conscience and a better appetite if he knows the loaf bore that label when it was bought, because it means that the bakers who prepared the loaf were getting higher wages, working fewer hours, and enjoying better conditions in the shop than unorganized bakers do.

The man who calls himself a Socialist and yet opposes or deprecates the demand for woman suffrage is violating the principles of the party and does not deserve to be trusted as a comrade. There are not many such, we believe; but those few are an injury to the movement.

Richard Croker looks forward with pleasure to a reunion with his dear friends in this country. Wonder if he is going to visit Lincoln, or will Mr. Bryan take a trip to New York?

So long as Mexico remains subject to the despotic rule of Diaz and his gang, Mexican workingmen will be even poorer and less organized than those of the United States, and will, accordingly, be dangerous competitors in the labor market and effective tools in the hands of the capitalists to break the strikes of American workingmen. For that reason, if for no other, the working class of this country should give moral and material aid to the revolutionists who are striving to establish a real republic in Mexico instead of the dictatorship that now masquerades under that name.

Every time a purchaser insists on the union label and refuses to buy non-union goods, he helps to make it easier for other men and women of the working class to organize and compel their employers to grant them higher wages and better treatment.

DOES SOCIALISM BREAK UP THE HOME?

By DR. ANTOINETTE F. KONIKOW.

Socialists are accused of having the sinister intention of breaking up our homes. Many a loving mother or bright girl may shudder at such a thought, for everyone associates with the word "home" the comfort of our beloved ones in the little, quiet corner where we find privacy and rest. Such at least is the conventional idea of home; such ought to be our home.

In reality such homes are exceptions; the homes of the majority of working people consist of unhealthy, ill smelling tenement houses with dark, crooked, dirty staircases, with poor water supply and little air. It is difficult to feel comfortable and happy in those stuffy little rooms; but add to this that the father's income is very small and mother has to work also, or to keep several boarders, and privacy and comfort seem to be still more questionable. Mother and father, have but little time for their children, who at a tender age are exposed to all the influences of the street if they are not forced by circumstances to help their parents to make a living.

Thousands of young girls leave their country homes to cluster in the factory centers to help their people at home to pay off mortgages on the farm. How much of a home life do such girls enjoy living in the cheap lodging houses of large cities? Who is responsible for such homes, for woman's work, for child labor and neglected education—all factors undiminishing the happiness of a home? Who has brought about circumstances to create such conditions? Who tries to uphold these conditions? Certainly not the Socialists. All ugly features of home life mentioned above are direct results of our way of living, of the system where the owners of shops and factories—the capitalists—are looking for cheaper labor. First they open the gates of their factories to women who, compelled by low wages of their husbands and fathers, unconsciously compete with them and help the employers to bring wages down still lower. But this is not enough. "Let the children come unto me," says the heartless profit maker, and two million of American children are sacrificing their lives upon the altar of private greed.

Every year there are thousands of divorces in the United States. The last census shows 80,000 for one year! Among that number of divorces there might be ten or twenty Socialist ones, but no one will for a moment doubt that the bulk of divorces is distributed among men and women of all creeds, nationalities and political faiths. The large number of divorces is only a symptom that something is wrong in family life.

Let us search for the explanation. The first conditions of a happy home is a secure and steady income. Without

proper food and clothing, without a decent place to live in—comfort is impossible. Insecurity, worry and overwork naturally bring about dissatisfaction and unhappiness. The second condition of happy family life is a union based upon love and respect. Unfortunately marriages to-day are very often consummated as business propositions. Girls look upon marriage as a way of providing for themselves; men choose their wives for money or social position. A few days ago the papers told us that a woman in the West got 500 proposals from men who had never seen her. Her popularity among the stronger sex was due to the fact that she might be the happy possessor of a few acres of land. Such facts are too numerous to mention. It is a well established axiom that people who marry for love are considered unpractical, while those who marry for money or position are respected and approved.

As long as the dread of poverty exists, marriage will not be based upon love.

Poverty, insecurity, worry, overwork, lack of education—these ghastly specters who hold humanity in their clutches are the real causes of unhappy marriages! But who is responsible for their existence? Who opened the powder box of misfortune to expose humanity to all those sufferings? Not the Socialists, you know well. The Socialists strive their best to relieve humanity of slavery of those furies. The powder box is opened by the capitalist system of to-day, against which we Socialists work with all our might. Had the Socialists the least idea of breaking up our homes little would be left for men to do. The system of living to-day is doing that work. The Socialists will not undermine the home, they will create all conditions necessary for a happy home life.

Socialism will give every man a chance to work and assure him the full amount of his labor—and thus do away with insecurity, poverty and overwork. It will prohibit child labor and give every man enough income to support his family, so that mothers will not be compelled to neglect their children. How will Socialists bring this about? We must discuss this in another article.

Socialism will free humanity from its economic chains. Humanity cannot be full spiritually as long as it is not full economically, as long as the making of a living consumes all energy and strength.

No happy family life without secure income.

No happy home while women and children are working.

No happy marriage unless based upon love.

Only Socialism will bring the real basis of happy marriage, family life and home.

THE SPIRIT OF FREEDOM.

By JAMES H. COTTON.

I am the unbound spirit that dwells in the heart of men;
I am the star of the morning—by me lives hope again;
Before the eternal ages, when sons of the morning sang,
My spirit stood in th' heavenly courts, through which their praises rang.
For I am heaven's herald, to lighten the darkened soul,
To comfort the heavy-laden as long as the ages roll.
I am the inspiration unto ev'ry son of toil—
To break the yves that bind him, the chains that round him coil.
Through ages of oppression my light has shown afar,
As, in the midnight heavens, has shone the Polar Star.
When Asshur was an empire, I cheered the fainting slaves
Who toiled in her loathsome brick-kilns on the banks the Tigris laves;
When Egypt lashed her captives on the desert sands,
To get a name for Pharaoh, where the Cheops stands.
I sang to them in the desert winds, upon old Nilus' shore,
Sang of Egypt's overthrow, her rule to be no more;
And when the heaven-sent Moses, by a mighty hand,
Brought forth Israel's children, from Mizraim's hated band—
Upon that host of toilers my unbound spirit gazed,
At one with the cloudy pillar, the fire that nightly blazed;
I moved the host, escaping to chant the song of the brave,
"Pharaoh and his horsemen are drown'd in the wave."
I made the pride of Rome decline, I set her captives free;
I broke the chains of priestcraft, that dungeoned liberty;
My light dispelled the darkness of the

medieval age,
And thrones and powers were overturned before my tempest rage;
I scourged the mighty from their seats, and ushered in the day,
When ev'ry spell of darkness fled, before me in dismay;
For I am the son of the morning, the hope of the sons of toil—
Of they who work in mine and mill, of they who till the soil;
And I swear by the hallowed past, the blood of heroes shed,
That the cause shall surely triumph, for which they fought and bled.
Till ev'ry foot of soil be free—and ev'ry dale and hill—
From the barons of the mine, from the robbers of the mill,
The Moloch god of profit shall no longer feed his fires
With the lives of helpless children, immolate to his desires;
The golden image that men worship shall be overthrown,
And truth and righteousness shall sit upon his vacant throne;
No waters shall be able to quench my burning flame,
And no flood may turn the battle that I urge in freedom's name;
For my day star heralds forth the morning in the sky,
And the hope of all the ages now is drawing nigh.

PROTECTOR OF ALL

THAT IS GOOD.

The Socialist party arises as the logical and necessary protector of everything of value to the American people. It rises sternly to challenge the present political and industrial infamies that are undermining every safeguard of the common man in America. It brings into being the first real manly criticism of a social system that is based upon a lie; and it fearlessly points to the usurpation of an exploiting class of every function of government upon which the people have relied for their liberties.—Franklin H. Wentworth.

MOTHERS, HELP!

By MIRIAM FINN SCOTT.

Mothers: I think most of you will agree with me that the time is passed or is passing away rapidly when your only work in life is mending papa's socks, preparing dinner and minding the baby. That the time is passed when you can accept the drudgery of your household without complaint; that the time is passed when you can attribute the paleness and thinness of your child, the hollow cough of your husband and the untimely gray hair on your own head to "God knows" why. The time is when you baldly demand, as you have a right to demand, as you should demand, "Why all this suffering, this poverty, the humiliation for all our hard work, for all our sacrifices?"

If you could spare a few minutes from your washboard or from your needle or from the sick bed of your child or husband, you yourselves could answer these questions from your own earlier experience—for most of you, I am certain, have merely changed the drudgery of the shop, the store, the office for the drudgery of your home—and you can still remember the conditions under which you worked—the long hours, the little pay and your being constantly at the mercy of your "boss." Well, under these same conditions, your husbands, your sons and your brothers are working. Conditions which are created by our present system. A system of graft, of corruption, of perverted morals. So long as this system, the source of all evil, exists, just so long will you and your children suffer want and agony of all descriptions.

The time has come when you can no longer be too busy with your household cares and neglect all this. You must step into the fight; you must help to do away with all this injustice. You must demand the right to live, both for yourself and children.

"How can you do it?" you ask. In many ways. But of the many ways, I will tell you some other time. At the present moment there is at least one big way. Help your husbands, your sons, your brothers to see and understand that the only salvation to all your miseries and their miseries is to unite with their brother workmen and work to establish the system which will give them the fruit of their labor, which will give them life, not merely existence; which will give them a chance to care for their children, and not let them become objects of charity—the consolation of the philanthropists' soul (the very rubber of your bread). Help your husbands, sons and brothers understand that only by joining their voices and their votes to the Socialist movement will they help to establish this new system, for which the Socialists alone stand. Then we shall have a government by the people and for the people, and not by the few and for the few.

Mothers, help!

I AM GREAT AND YOU ARE SMALL

A sparrow swinging on a branch
Once caught a passing fly;
"Oh, let me live!" the insect prayed,
With trembling, piteous cry.
"No," said the sparrow, "you must fall,
For I am great and you are small."
The bird had scarce begun his feast
Before a hawk came by;
The game was caught. "Pray let me live."
Was now the sparrow's cry.
"No," said the hawk, "you must fall,
For I am great and you are small."
An eagle saw the rogue and swooped
Upon him from on high;
"Pray let me live. Why should you kill
So small a bird as I?"
"Oh," said the eagle, "you must fall,
For I am great and you are small."
But while he ate, the hunter came;
He let his arrow fly.
"Tyrant!" the eagle shrieked, "you have
No right to make me die!"
"Ah!" said the hunter, "you must fall,
For I am great and you are small."
—Pfeffel.

SHOCKED THE GODLY.

Once, so the story goes, an old Indian chieflain was shown the ways and wonders of New York. He saw the cathedrals, the skyscrapers, the bleak tenements, the blaring mansions, the crowded circus, the airy span of Brooklyn Bridge. "What is the most surprising thing you have seen?" asked several comfortable Christian gentlemen of this benighted pagan, whose worship was a "bowing down to stocks and stones." The savage shifted his red blanket, and answered in three low words, "Little children working."—Selected.

THE SPOILERS.

By K. D.

The Socialist party does not disguise the fact that its ultimate aim is the entire abolition of rent, interest and profit. The Socialist campaign book says that "Socialism will not prevent the people from owning private property." But what is property worth when rent, interest and profit are abolished?
—Editorial, New York Times, October 22, 1905.

A warning, Friends! The Socialists Declare they'd do away With profit, rent and interest— With all the things that pay. Now, do not let them fool you When they tell you that you may Own all the private property You make to come your way.

For, what's the use of owning homes If no one will pay rent; And what's the use of spending cash If all is gone when spent; And what's the use of lending cash Without the cent-per-cent; And what's the use of anything— If profit isn't meant?

For who will buy a loaf of bread, A biscuit or a cake, A pair of pants or shoes or gloves, A shovel or a rake— Unless the law gives him the right— His property to take And sell to any stranger and Thereby a profit make?

For who would care to own a book, A watch or fountain pen, A Morris chair, a cello, Or pipe-rack for his den, A camera or Winchester For hunting in a glen— Unless these yielded profits Through the toil of other men?

Take warning, Friends! The Socialists Would seek to drive away All profit, rent and interest— All things that really pay— And make us thrifty Owners earn Our living day by day— Through ordinary labor—just As vulgar people may!

HOMES OF THE FREE.

Of all the people in Greater New York, less than 5 per cent. own (free of mortgage) the homes where they live—and those who do are mostly of the sort of people who do not build houses or do any other useful work. In Philadelphia barely more than one-tenth of the people own their homes free. In San Francisco the figure is 15 per cent.; in Boston, it is only 8 per cent.; in Chicago, 11 per cent.; in Milwaukee, 18 per cent.; in St. Louis, 13 per cent.; in Denver, 16 per cent.; in Buffalo, 13 per cent.; in Pittsburgh, 15 per cent.; in Cleveland, 19 per cent., and so on all over the land. Of all the sixteen million families in the United States, city and county together, less than one-third own their homes free, about one-seventh own them subject to mortgage, and a clear majority are tenants. And what is worse, the population of mortgage homes and of tenants is increasing.

A THEOLOGIAN.

We go to heaven, so people say,
Mamma says I shall go some day.
So I want very much to know
What it is like, before I go.
Mamma said, when I asked to-day,
"It is a place where boys will play."
I asked papa, who said it would
Be where "all little boys were good."
I also asked my nurse, who said
"There no one works, but sings instead."
I've thought about it all the day,
How we'll be good, and sing, and play.
Then "Heaven must be a funny place!"
I said, and now I'm in disgrace!
HELEN SHARPSTEIN.

VACATION FOR HORSES.

Several days ago officials of the Post Office Department decided that every horse owned and used by the department in this city would receive hereafter thirty day vacation and be sent to a fine pasture. Nearby rural carriers are making applications requesting that their horses be allowed thirty days' annual leave, the same as the Washington horses. There are 33,600 rural carriers, and each one has a horse.
N. B.—This is not the only instance that tells how much better care we take of our animals than of our workmen.

HISTORY OF THE GREAT AMERICAN FORTUNES.

BY GUSTAVUS MYERS.

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

PART III.

The Great Fortunes from Railroads.

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CHAPTER V.

THE VANDERBILT FORTUNE INCREASES MANIFOLD.

I.—Continued.

A Legalized Theft of \$44,000,000.

One act after another was slipped through the Legislature by Vanderbilt in 1868 and 1869. On May 20, 1869, Vanderbilt secured by one bill alone the right to consolidate railroads, a free grant of franchises, and other rights worth hundreds of millions of dollars, and the right to water stocks and bonds to an enormous extent. The printing presses were worked overtime in issuing more than \$44,000,000 of watered stock. The capital stock of the two roads was thus doubled. Pretending that the railroads embraced in the consolidation had a great surplus on hand, Vanderbilt, instead of distributing this alleged surplus, apportioned the watered stock among the stockholders as a premium. The story of the surplus was, of course, only a pretense. Each holder of a \$100 share received a certificate for \$180—that is to say, \$80 in plunder for every \$100 share that he held. (6) "Thus," reported the "Hepburn Committee" (the popular name for the New York State Assembly investigating committee of 1879), "as calculated by this expert, \$53,507,050 were wrongfully added to the capital stock of these roads." Of this sum \$44,000,000 was issued in 1869; the remainder in previous years. "The only answer made by the roads was that the Legislature authorized it," the committee went on. "It is proper to remark that the people are quite as much indebted to the venality of the men elected to represent them in the Legislature as to the rapacity of the railroad managers for this state of affairs. (7)

Despite the fact that the report of the committee recorded that the transaction was piracy, the euphemistic wording of the committee's statement was characteristic of the reverence shown to the rich and influential, and the sparing of their feelings by the avoidance of harsh language. "Wrongfully added" would have been quickly changed into such inconsiderate terms as theft and robbery had the case been even a trivial one of some ordinary citizen lacking wealth and power. The facts would have immediately been presented to the proper officials for criminal prosecution. But not a suggestion was forthcoming of hailing Vanderbilt to the criminal bar; had it been made, nothing except a farce would have resulted, for the reason that the criminal machinery, while extraordinarily active in hurrying petty lawbreakers to prison, was a part of the political mechanism financed by the big criminals and subservient to them.

"The \$44,000,000," says Simon Sterne, a noted lawyer who, as counsel for various commercial organizations unraveled the whole matter before the "Hepburn Committee" in 1879, "represented no more labor than it took to print the script." It was notorious, he adds, "that the cost of the consolidated railroads was less than \$44,000,000." (8) In increasing the stock to \$86,000,000 Vanderbilt and his confederates therefore stole the difference between the cost and the maximum of the stock issue. So great were the profits, both open and concealed, of the consolidated railroads that notwithstanding, as Charles Francis Adams computed, "\$50,000 of absolute water had been poured out for each mile of road between New York and Buffalo," the market price of the stock at once shot up in 1869 from \$75 a share to \$120 and then to \$200.

And what was Vanderbilt's share of the \$44,000,000? His inveterate lickspittle, Croft, in smoothly defending the transaction gives this illuminating depiction of the joyous event: "One night, at midnight, he (Cornelius Vanderbilt) carried away from the office of Horace F. Clark, his son-in-law, \$6,000,000 in greenbacks as a part of his share of the profits, and he had \$20,000,000 more in new stock." (9)

(6) Report of Assembly Committee on Railroads, testimony of Alexander Robertson, an expert accountant, 1879. Vol. 1: 994-99.

(7) Ibid. Vol. 1: 21.

(8) Life of Simon Sterne, by John Ford, 1903: 179-181.

(9) The Vanderbilts: 103. Croft, in a foot note, takes an unconscious left-handed swing at Vanderbilt by telling this anecdote:

"When the Commodore's portrait

II.

By this coup Vanderbilt about doubled his previous wealth. Scarcely had the mercantile interests recovered from their utter bewilderment at being routed than Vanderbilt, flushed with triumph, swept more railroads into his inventory of possessions.

His process of acquisition was now working with almost automatic ease. First, as we have narrated, he extorted millions of dollars in blackmail. With these millions he bought, or rather manipulated into his control, one railroad after another, amid an onslaught of bribery and glaring violations of the laws. Each new million that he seized was an additional resource by which he could bribe and manipulate; progressively his power advanced; and it became ridiculously easier to get possession of more and more property. His very name became a terror to those of lesser capital, and the mere threat of pitting his enormous wealth against competitors whom he sought to destroy was generally a sufficient warrant for their surrender. After his consummation of the \$44,000,000 theft in 1869 there was little withstanding of him. By the most favorable account—that of Croft—his own allotment of the plunder amounted to \$26,000,000. This sum, immense, and in fact of almost inconceivable power in that day, was enough of itself, independent of Vanderbilt's other wealth, to force through almost any plan involving a seizing of competing property.

He Scoops Up More Railroads.

Vanderbilt did not wait long. The ink on the \$44,000,000 had barely dried before he used part of the proceeds to buy a controlling interest in the Lake Shore Railroad, a competing line. Then rapidly, by the same methods, he took hold of the Canada Southern and Michigan Central.

The commercial interests looked dumbfounded. Under their very eyes a process of centralization was going on, of which they but dimly, stupidly, grasped the purport. That competition which they had so long shouted for as the only sensible, true and moral system, and which they had sought to buttress by enacting law after law, was being irreverently ground to pieces.

Out of their own ranks were rising men, trained in their own methods, who were amplifying and intensifying those methods to shatter the class from which they had sprung. The different grades of the propertied class, from the merchant with his fortune of \$250,000 to the retail tradesman, felt very comfortable in being able to look down with a conscious superiority upon the working class from whom their money was wrung. Scoffing at equality they delighted in setting themselves up as a class infinitely above the toilers of the shop and factory; let him who disputes this consult the phrases that went the rounds—phrases some of which are still current—as, for instance, the preaching that the moderately well-to-do class is the solid, substantial element of any country.

Now when this mercantile class saw itself being far overtopped and outclassed in the only measurement to which it attached any value—that of property—by men with vast riches and power, it began to feel its relegation. Although its ideal was money, and although it set up the acquisition of wealth as the all-stimulating incentive and goal of human effort, it viewed sullenly and enviously the development of an established magnate class which could look haughtily and dictatorially down upon it even as it constantly looked down upon the working class. The factory owner and the shopkeeper had for decades commanded the passage of summary legislation by which they were enabled to fleece the worker and render him incapable of resistance. To keep the worker in subjection and in their power they considered a justifiable proceeding. But when they saw the railroad magnates applying those same methods to themselves in first wiping out competition, and then by

first appeared on the bonds of the Central, a holder of some called one day and said: "Commodore, glad to see your face on them bonds. It's worth 10 per cent. It gives everybody confidence." The Commodore smiled grimly, the only recognition he ever made of a compliment. "Cause," explained the visitor, "when we see that fine, noble brow, it reminds us that you'll never let anybody else steal anything."

enforcing edicts regardless of their interests, they burst out in furious rage.

Vanderbilt and His Critics.

They denounced Vanderbilt as a bandit whose methods were a menace to the community. To the onlooker this campaign of virulent assault was extremely suggestive. If there was any one line of business in which fraud was not rampant, the many official reports and court proceedings of the time do not show it. Everywhere was fraud; even the little storekeepers, with their smug pretensions to homely honesty, were profiting by some of the vilest, basest form of fraud, such as robbing the poor by the light weight and short weight trick, or selling skim milk, or shoddy material. (10) If any administration had dared seriously to stop these forms of theft the trading classes would have resisted and struck back in political action. Yet these were the men—these traders—who vociferously came forth with their homiletic tirades upon Vanderbilt's criminal transactions, demanding that the power of him and his kind be curbed.

It was not at all singular that they put their protests on moral grounds. In a form of society where each man is compelled to fight every other man in a wild, demoralizing struggle for self-preservation, self-interest naturally usurps the supreme functions, and this self-interest becomes transposed by a comprehensible process into moralities. That which is profitable is perverted into a moral code; the laws passed, the customs introduced, and persisted in, and the weight of the dominant classes all conspire to put the stamp of morality on practices arising from the lowest and most sordid aims. Thus did the trading class make a moral profession of its methods of exploitation; it congratulated and sanctified itself on its purity of life and its saving stability.

From this class—a class interpenetrated in every direction with commercial frauds—was largely empaneled the men who sat on those grand juries and petit juries which solemnly passed verdict on the poor wretches of criminals whom environment or poverty had driven into crime. They were the arbiters of justice, but it was a justice which was never allowed to act against themselves. Examine all the penal codes of the period; note the laws proscribing long sentences in prison for thefts of property; the larceny of even a suit of clothes was severely punishable, and begging for alms was a misdemeanor. Then contrast these asperities of law with the entire absence of adequate protection for the buyer of merchandise. Following the old dictum of Roman jurisprudence, "Let the buyer beware," the factory owner could at will oppress his workers and compel them for the scantiest wages to make for his profit goods unfit for consumption. These articles the retailer sold without scruple over his counter; when the buyer was cheated or overcharged, as happened with great frequency, he had practically no redress in law. If the merchant were robbed of even ever so little he could retaliate by sending the guilty one to prison. But the merchant himself could invidiously and continuously rob the customer without fear of any law. All of this was converted into a code of moralities; and any bold spirit who exposed its cant and sham was denounced as an agitator and as an enemy of law and order.

The Wisdom of Grand Larceny.

Vanderbilt did better than expose it; he improved and enlarged upon it and made it a thing of magnitude; he and others of his quality discarded petty larceny and ascended into a sphere of superlative grand larceny. They knew with a cynical perception that society, with all its pompous pretensions to morality, had evolved a rule which worked with almost

(10) These forms of cheating exist at present to a greater extent than ever before. It is estimated that manufacturers and shopkeepers cheat the people of the United States out of \$200,000,000 a year by the light weight and short weight frauds. In 1907 the New York State Sealer of Weights and Measures asserted that in that State alone \$20,000,000 was robbed from the consumers annually by these methods. Recent investigations of the Bureau of Standards of the United States Department of Commerce and Labor have shown that immense numbers of "crooked" scales are in use. It has been conclusively established by the investigations of Federal, State and municipal inspectors of weights and measures that there is hardly an article put up in bottled or canned form which is not short of the weight for which it is sold, nor is there scarcely a retail dealer who does not swindle his customers by the light weight fraud. There are manufacturers who make a specific business of turning out fraudulent scales and who freely advertise the cheating merits of these scales.

mathematical certainty. This rule was the paradoxical but nevertheless true one that the greater the theft the less corresponding danger there was of punishment. Now it was that one could see with greater clearness than ever before how the mercenary ideal of the ruling class was working out to its inevitable conclusion. Society had made money its god and property its yardstick; even in its administration of justice, theoretically supposed to be equal it had made justice an expensive luxury available, in actual practice, to the rich only. The defrauder of large sums could, if prosecuted, use a part of that plunder, easily engage a corps of shrewd, experienced lawyers, get evidence manufactured, fight out the case on technicalities, drag it along for years, call in political and social influence and almost invariably escape in the end.

But beyond this power of money to make a mockery of justice was a still greater, though more subtle, factor, which was ever an invaluable aid to the great thief. Every section of the trading class was permeated with a profound admiration, often laudably expressed, for the craft that got away with an impressive pile of loot. The contempt felt for the pickpocket was the antithesis of the general mercantile admiring view of the man who stole in grand style, especially when he was one of their own class. In speaking of the piratical operations of this or that magnate it was common to hear many business men interject, even while denouncing him, "Well, I wish I were as smart as he." These same men when serving on juries were harsh in their verdicts on poor criminals, and unctuously flattered themselves with being, and were represented as, the upholders and conservers of law and moral conduct.

Departing from the main facts as this philosophical digression may seem, it is essential for a number of reasons. One of these is the continual necessity for keeping in mind a clear, balanced perspective. Another lies in the need of presenting aright the conditions in which Vanderbilt and magnates of his type were produced. Their methods at basis were not a growth independent of those of the business world and isolated from them. They were simply a development, and not merely one of the standards as applied to morals, but of the mechanism of the social and industrial organization itself. Finally it is advisable to give flashlight glimpses into the modes and views of the time, inasmuch as it was in Vanderbilt's day that the great struggle between the old principle of competition, as upheld by the small capitalists and the superceding one of consolidation, as incarnated in him and others, took on vigorous headway.

Continues the Buying of Laws.

Protest as they did against Vanderbilt's merging of railroads, they found themselves helpless. In rapid succession within a short time he put through one combination after another, and caused theft after theft to be legalized, utterly disdainful of criticism or opposition. In State after State he bought the repeal of old laws or the passage of new laws, until he was vested with authority to connect various railroads he had secured between Buffalo and Chicago into one line with nearly 1,300 miles of road. The commercial classes were scared at the sight of such a great stretch of railroad—then considered an immense line—in the hands of one man, audacious, all conquering, with power to enforce tribute at will. Again Vanderbilt patronized the printing presses, and many more millions of stock, all fictitious capital, were added to the already flooded capital of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad Company. Of the total of \$62,000,000 of capital stock in 1871, fully one-half was based on nothing but the certainty of making it valuable as a dividend payer by the exaction of high freight and passenger rates. A little later the amount was run up to \$73,000,000, and this was increased subsequently.

(To be continued.)

JACK FROST.

Rustly creak the crickets; Jack Frost came down last night. He slid to the earth on a star-beam, keen and sparkling and bright; He sought in the grass for crickets with delicate icy spear, So sharp and fine and fatal, and he stabbed them far and near.

—Celia Thaxter.

SOCIALIST ALPHABET.

Q is for Question. With fair, open mind Through life we must go if the truth we would find. And "Why are we poor?" is the question we'll ask Till to give us an answer the world is at task.

A WISE JUDGE.

By ROBERT HUNTER.

When Lincoln Steffens' article on Debs was published in "Everybody's" it created much discussion. Our capitalist friends were much disturbed over one point. Mr. Steffens asked Mr. Debs how the Socialists were going to get possession of the trusts, and Mr. Debs answered: "Take them."

Of course, that stirred up the drones mightily.

But I have discovered a better way. I have run across a precedent handed down by a wise judge.

Now all lawyers and judges abide by precedents, and when they want to do anything, they always find a precedent and throw the moral responsibility on the precedent.

Well, I've got a precedent. It settles the whole matter, and all we Socialists have to do is to elect a President, appoint our own judge, hand him this precedent and tell him to do likewise.

And this is the precedent; you will find it in Aesop.

A parcel of drones got into a hive among the bees, and disputed the title with them, swearing that the honey and the combs were their goods. The bees were obliged to go to law with them, and the wasp happened to be judge of the cause, one who was well acquainted with the nature of each, and, therefore, the better qualified to decide the controversy between them. Accordingly, "Gentlemen," says he (speaking to both plaintiff and defendant), "the usual method of proceeding in these courts is pretty chargeable, and slow withal; therefore, as you are both my friends, and I wish you well, I desire you would refer the matter to me, and I will decide between you instantly." They were both pleased with the offer, and returned him thanks. "Why, then," says he, "that it may appear who is the just proprietor of these honey combs (for being both so nearly alike as you are in color, I must needs own the point is somewhat dubious), do you," addressing himself to the bees, "take one hive; you," speaking to the drones, "another; go to making honey as fast as you can, that we may know by the taste and color of it who has the best title to the dispute." The bees readily accepted the proposal, but the drones would not stand for it. And so Judge Wasp, without any further ceremony, declared in favor of the former.

"SAVE HIM FOR 1912!"

By BEN HANFORD.

[This article was written before election, but did not reach us in time to be printed then. It is, we believe, still "live" and important.—Ed.]

The Chicago "Examiner" is owned by William R. Hearst. It is the Chicago edition of his New York Evening "Journal." In the Chicago "Examiner" of July 28 last I find reported the proceedings of a caucus of the New York delegates to the Independence party national convention, held in the breakfast room of the Palmer House at Chicago. The delegates were considering Independence party nominees for the Presidency, and several wanted Mr. Hearst to be the candidate. One delegate declared that Mr. Hearst was a Moses, and that if he was nominated he would surely be elected President of the United States. Another declared Mr. Hearst to be a second Jefferson and a second Lincoln—why "second," he did not state. Then Clarence J. Shearn, Mr. Hearst's lawyer and hired man of all work, arose and spoke. All the above facts I state on the authority of Mr. Hearst's own paper, the Chicago "Examiner," of July 28 last, page 3, column 1. In the same paper I find that Mr. Shearn, in speaking of his Moses-Second, Jefferson-Second Lincoln master, Mr. Hearst, said:

"Mr. Hearst does not need any vote of confidence from us. He knows how we feel. Now, are we going to put Mr. Hearst in a false position? Are we going to impugn his sincerity when he declares unequivocally that he is not a candidate and will not accept if nominated? This is not a one-man party. (Sic.) It is a party of principles and not of men. We have no right to place Mr. Hearst in a false position before the country. I have just left him and he says his mind is made up. He had given his word, and Mr. Hearst never broke his word to any man living or dead. (Sic.) We must not sacrifice Mr. Hearst or impugn his sincerity. WE MUST SAVE HIM FOR THE VICTORIOUS BATTLE OF 1912."

Mr. Hearst's convention obeyed Mr. Hearst's orders. The Independence party did not nominate its Moses, nor its Second Jefferson, nor its Second Lincoln. For President Mr. Hearst's Independence party nominated Mr. Hisgen, Mr. Hearst's personal, political and business associate. For Vice President Mr. Hearst's Independence party nominated Mr. Graves, Mr. Hearst's editor. And in New York State Mr. Hearst's Independence party's nominee for Governor is Clarence J. Shearn, Mr. Hearst's lawyer.

ence J. Shearn, Mr. Hearst's lawyer. This by no means exhausts the list of Mr. Hearst's employes who are candidates for office on the ticket of Mr. Hearst's Independence party. Up to date Mr. Hearst's "Yellow Kid" and "Happy Hooligan" have not been honored with places on Mr. Hearst's Independence party ticket, but there is still time, and we yet may see those worthies in company where they will be peers—if not indeed superiors.

"No fusion!" say the Hearst newspapers supporting the Independence party nominees in 1908. Why? Mr. Hearst has never opposed fusion when himself a candidate. He was glad to accept a nomination from the wicked but regular Democratic party of New York State when he ran for Governor in 1906. Why his frantic opposition to fusion in 1908? The reason is not hard to find. Mr. Hearst's own lawyer, Clarence G. Shearn, lets us into the secret.

"WE MUST SAVE HIM (HEARST) FOR THE VICTORIOUS BATTLE OF 1912!"

In other words, no fusion this year because the Independence party cannot win this year, and because Mr. Hearst is not a candidate when he sees no chance to win.

But wait till 1912. Then you will see Independence party fusion with any old thing—if all goes well meantime.

Briefly, Mr. Hearst's program is to demonstrate that the Democratic party cannot win without his assistance. Then, four years hence, armed with an early nomination for the Presidency by the Independence party, Mr. Hearst will go to the Democratic convention and with bludgeon and blackjack and burglar's jimmy force his name upon their ticket.

If all goes well. Strong arm men sometimes do slip up, sad to relate. If that old hag of politics, the Democratic party, can't win without Mr. Hearst, it is quite possible that it couldn't win with him. In 1906 Mr. Hearst was the Independence League and regular Democratic nominee for Governor of New York—and lost. This notwithstanding Mr. Hearst had the support of "Fingy" Connors, Bourke Cochran, Senator (G.), and "Stripes" Murphy.

"We must save him (Hearst) for the victorious battle of 1912!"

Yes, certainly. But will he keep? If ever in this wicked, wicked old world there is to be such a thing as a "lost vote," it will be the vote cast for Hisgen and Hearst and the privately owned Independence League.

THE LAW OF WAGES.

Under the present system of production the average wages are limited to the necessary means of subsistence. This has been disputed by certain political economists. In opposition they assert that the price of labor is regulated by the demand for it as compared with the supply of it. The people who assert this look upon labor as they do upon any other kind of merchandise, and they do this quite rightly, for it is with labor as with merchandise or wares, its price is determined by demand and supply. But what is it that regulates, that determines the market price between demand and supply? As we have already seen, this is determined by the cost of production. There is only one measure for everything that comes on the market, whether it be Chinese porcelain, American cotton, assafoetida, Circassian slave girls or European workers; that measure is to be found in the demand for and the supply of the article, and the average relation of demand and supply is ultimately determined by the cost of production.

How much, then, does it cost to produce a worker? Evidently just so much as is required to enable another worker to obtain the absolutely necessary means of subsistence for himself and his family. Give him this and he will provide the youngster fast enough, though not solely, perhaps, for the capitalist's sake, and will not even require to be tempted by a profit as do the producers of other wares. In short, wages under free competition, or the cost of production of labor, consist solely of the cost of producing workers.

Where it is customary to employ children in the factories then a fresh calculation is made. It is very soon found that the father does not require the means of subsistence, say, for a family of average number, but can do with less, as the children themselves contribute toward their own support.

It requires no explanation to show that of all producers the seller of labor is most unfavorably situated under the system of competition. Where would the sellers of other wares be if they could not keep their produce back when the demand was slack? The seller of labor cannot do this. He must sell. Hunger compels him. Further, when the price of labor rises, it only makes the lot of the workers ultimately worse, for it brings about an increase in the number of the workers. Neither need we explain how it is that no charitable employer can alter this. Whoever attempts to do so is struck down by the dagger of competition.—Ferdinand Lassalle, in "What is Capital."

THE SLAVERY OF THE MIND.

A man's mind is enslaved so long as he is content with a mere increase in wages under a precarious wage system. A man's mind is enslaved until he rises in his manhood's might to overturn the entire system by which one man can live upon the toil of other men. The workers must come to see that the man who does not work is deserving of neither admiration nor respect. The world is getting its eyes too wide open to much longer support the loafer and the tramp; whether he loafs in a bar-room or in a fashionable club; whether he tramps the railroad ties or the veranda of a fashionable hotel. The working class must quit its cringing supplication for a few cents more a day; it must stand erect and demand the entire product of its labor; it must refuse to support a single normal man in idleness.—Franklin H. Wentworth.

POLITICIAN AND STATESMAN.

"He's quite a prominent politician here, is he not?" inquired the visiting Briton.

"Oh, no; he's a statesman," replied the native.

"Well, what's the difference?"

"A statesman, my dear sir, is one who is in politics because he has money. A politician is one who has money because he is in politics."—Philadelphia Press.

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LABOR DIRECTORY.

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

CIGARMAKERS' PROGRESSIVE INT. UNION No. 90—Office and Employment Bureau, 241 E. 84th St. The following Districts meet every Saturday: Dist. I (Bohemian)—331 E. 71st St., 8 p. m.; Dist. II (German)—318 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—325 E. 75th St., 8 p. m. The Board of Supervision meets every Tuesday at Faulhaber's Hall, 1551 Second Ave., 8 p. m.

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

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

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

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

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

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GREAT OIL ACTIVITY.

The Los Angeles "Examiner" prints the following dispatch, dated November 9: Twenty-five thousand dollars is to be spent by the SEABOARD OIL COMPANY in prospecting and drilling for oil in and around Carbon Canyon, in the Santa Monica Mountains, according to a statement by A. W. Marsh, president of the company. Marsh came to Santa Monica to-day from the scene of operations to buy supplies and machinery for the men working under J. U. Henry in Carbon Canyon. The company is raising the necessary funds, and the work is to be resumed at once.

That's good news, for WE helped raise the money by selling stock to the readers of this paper. Of the lot given us to sell we have disposed of four-fifths, and have but one-fifth left for YOU to get your share of, if you want it.

When you deal with us you deal with Socialists who are with you all the time, looking after your interests. We don't forget you when you are through buying, as some brokers do. We keep busy selling stocks, of course, but WE KEEP YOU INFORMED OF ALL NEWS REGARDING YOUR INVESTMENT and in other ways stick to you till you see results.

Our refusal to play FALSE to the best interests of our customers cost us \$80.00 in October, \$35.00 last week and good money right along. BUT OUR BUSINESS GROWS FAST because our folks learn to like us on account of our business principles, and they buy again and again. Come and get acquainted with us. Easy terms to the man short on money—best treatment to all. Our motto: "We're here to help." Our aim: To make money for our customers. Our intentions: To stand by you and SEE THAT YOU GET A SQUARE DEAL. Investments of TEN DOLLARS up invited; get particulars.

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FADING STATISTICS.

Statistics—Of the 1,001 young women who fainted last year, 987 fell into the arms of men, who fell on the floor, and one into a water-but. —Life

H. G. WELLS' CONFESSION OF FAITH.

First and Last Things; a Confession of Faith and a Rule of Life, by H. G. Wells. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1908. vi, 307, p. Cr. 80. \$1.50.

A number of friends get together to open their hearts and to clear their minds about their religious feelings and about their ideas of right and wrong. One of them notes down what he is going to say when his turn comes, and the notes grow into a volume; and here it is. The book is divided into four unequal parts, treating respectively of "Metaphysics," of "Belief," of "General Conduct" and of "Some Personal Things."

All who have attempted to discuss religious or political questions with those who did not agree with them will appreciate the need for the "metaphysics" as a preparation for all discussion. Not only are most of our troubles due to misunderstandings, but most of our misunderstandings grow out of our modes of expression and modes of thinking. We do not start with the same assumptions, and presently we find each other talking foolishness. It is therefore important to preface all our serious discussions with a statement of first principles. It is interesting to note, in passing, that a number of recent books have attempted to forestall misunderstanding by this very method. The plan is a good one, though it may at times smack of pedantry, or lead to the elaboration of special terminology. With Mr. Wells, however, the metaphysics is so lucid that many may wonder at the end of the sixty pages why he gave it such a big name.

Our author is a pragmatist, and the sum of his metaphysics leads to a recognition of the inadequacy of formal logic in dealing with dynamic problems of life and to a patience with the weakness of the antagonist's utterance. "We have to remember that the spirit of an utterance may be better than the phrase. We have to discourage the cheap tricks of controversy, the retort, the search for inconsistency. We have to realize that these things are as foolish and ill-bred and anti-social as shouting in conversation or making puns; and we have to work out habits of thought purged from the sin of assurance."

Notwithstanding the metaphysics, however, many readers will do exactly the same mental gymnastics in reading the book on "Beliefs" as they would without the preliminary warning. Few of us are able to discuss free will and God and immortality and motives on the basis of a new set of definitions offered by the other fellow. As a student of science, and especially as an evolutionist, Mr. Wells naturally finds himself holding many beliefs in common with other thoughtful men of the early twentieth century. He is not worried about his personal immortality, he has no use for a personal God, and he sees clearly many of the things that he believes he cannot prove, but accepts because they help him in his living and thinking. He states frankly that he does in the matter of belief what all free minded people do—he makes his belief as he needs it; and when any of the beliefs fail to work he exchanges them for others.

Beliefs are of importance only as they are related to conduct, and it is the conduct that is really important in a human being. This third part of the book occupies about one-half of the whole, and deals with such varied themes as war, occupations, hate and love, democracy and aristocracy, justice, sex, debts of honor (spelled "honour," of course), Socialism, marriage, prayer, and the possibility of a new etiquette.

From the belief that the purpose of things lies in the "awakening and development of the consciousness and will of the species" (of which the individual is but an episode, an interlude), and from the belief that personal salvation lies only in subordinating the self and all its motives to this idea, there follows the conclusion that the good life "is the life that most richly gathers and winnows and prepares experience and renders it available for the race that contributes most effectively to its collective growth. . . . We are all engaged in the collective synthesis; whatever one can best do, one must do that, in whatever manner one can best help the synthesis, one must exert oneself; the setting apart of oneself, seceding, the service of secret and personal ends, is the waste of life and the essential quality of sin." This view of good, naturally leads on to the acceptance of some form of "Socialism." It may be well to remind ourselves that, as Pearson has pointed out, the term "Socialism" may be used in contrast to a broader concept of "humanism;" though in their rejection of narrower ideas of patriotism and Socialists are humanists. It is

in this broader sense that Mr. Wells uses the term Socialism, in which, he insists, there is an essential element notwithstanding the many brands of "Socialism." It cannot be expressed in a formula, but "its common quality, from nearly every point of view, is the subordination of the will of the self seeking individual to the idea of racial will being embodied in an organized state, organized for every end that can be obtained collectively." He is obliged to reject on the one hand the philanthropic administrative "Socialism of commiseration" offered by the ruling classes as an insult to the humanity in every individual; and on the other hand he disavows the Marxian Socialism with its fatalistic economics and class struggle; but most of all he opposes to the "Furtive Socialism" of the Fabian Society, which he characterizes as the effort of a specialist to save the people without taking them into his confidence. "It is better for a man to die of his disease than to be cured unwittingly. That is to cheat him of life, and to cheat life of the contribution his consciousness might have given it."

The ideal way of life for ordinary people in a truly civilized state would be in public employment, or in private employment aiming at public recognition. But to-day only a very small portion of the population may have this direct relation to the public service, since most of the important business of the community is done in the roundabout way of the private ownership system: Those who have useful work to do must work only indirectly for the community and directly for some private profit. It is the duty of every person to earn a living, and that in a way that is not socially disadvantageous, but as far as possible by work that contributes to the general welfare and progress. Not only must each earn his living in some way related to the interests of the race, but the author's ethics, the implications of his philosophy, require that his leisure, and his private activities, his surplus energies, must be utilized for improving himself and accumulating experience for the race, assisting in its development. This view then condemns "living in idleness or on unproductive sport, on the income derived from private property, . . . trading that is merely speculative, and in fact all trading and manufacture that is not a positive social service. . . . living by gambling or by playing games for either stakes or pay. Much more do we condemn dishonest or fraudulent trading and every act of advertisement that is not punctiliously truthful."

Love and hate are both necessary for carrying out the purpose of things, but in the nature of the case, hate must be subordinated to love. But these two things pass insensibly into one another, and we get curious perversions. An "edifying instance" of this transition is furnished by the methods of the anti-vivisectionists in England, who drawn together by "their common pity for animal suffering, by love of the most disinterested sort, had so far forgotten their initial spirit as to erect a monument with an inscription at once rocklessly untruthful, spiteful in spirit and particularly vexatious to one great medical school of London. They have provoked riots . . . and misrepresented the spirit of medical research," etc. The function of hate is to help eliminate the things that have to go, ugliness, baseness, insufficiency, unreality; we are individuals in order that we may love and experiment and strive for the things that collectively we seek—power and beauty. It is for these reasons that Mr. Wells disavows the socialism of the class war, with its doctrine of hate and "its envious assault upon the leisure and freedom of the wealthy. Without leisure and freedom and the experience of life they give," he goes on to say, "the ideas of Socialism could never have been born. The true mission of Socialism is against darkness, vanity and cowardice; that darkness which hides from the property owner the intense beauty, the potentialities of interest, the splendid possibilities of life; that vanity and cowardice that makes him clutch his precious holdings and fear the shadow of change. It has to teach the collective organization of society; and to that class consciousness and intense class prejudices of the workers need to bow quite as much as those of the property owner." With these sentiments many who call themselves Marxians will no doubt agree; perhaps the apparent disharmony is but another misunderstanding rising out of the words we are perforce obliged to use: when we speak of class war some of us feel it incumbent upon us to assume the belligerent air and to marshal the sentiment appropriate to an enterprise in the remotest way resembling a "war;" while others will be driven to voice their abhorrence and disapproval of the methods and sentiments of savages in the midst of a civilized community. And both par-

ties are of course right, as happens in many a conflict.

The double sin of prostitution, the sin against the self and the sin against the race is described so neatly that those who think of Socialism as the new slavery, or as the regimentation of individuality out of our lives (especially some of our journalists and artist and teachers who are very keen to combat Socialism, might get from these pages a new light on their own lives.

If we recognize the prevalence of what the scientist understands by "individuality" and take account of the fact that some men are more capable and vigorous in utilizing whatever is available for the general good, we are prepared to admire and to follow these natural superiors. "This is natural and inevitable aristocracy," says Mr. Wells, and needs therefore not to be organized; the aristocracy that is organized is spurious, a figure of pride and claims, calculated to "mask natural aristocracy, to bolster up weak and ineffectual persons in false positions and to hamper strong and vigorous persons." But there is also a false democracy, "a swaggering, aggressive disposition of the vulgar soul that admits neither superiors nor leaders. . . . It resents rules and refinements, delicacies, differences and organization." But in the end true aristocracy and true democracy meet on the plane of frank fellowship.

With the appearance of this book the publishers announce that hereafter the author will devote himself exclusively to fiction. We realize that his first duty, as society is organized to-day, is to the material interests of his family; but we trust that there has been some misunderstanding; for very few of those who attempt to edify us can write seriously without being solemn. We need more of Mr. Wells' serious books.

NOTES OF NEW BOOKS.

A new volume of stories by O. Henry is always welcome to those who have once made the acquaintance of his effervescent wit and his genial and sympathetic humor. The latest is "The Gentle Graftor," which has just been issued by the McClure Company.

Another humorist whose work has made him a wide circle of friends is Jerome K. Jerome. His latest book, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" (published by Dodd, Mead & Co.) is in a new vein, dealing with supernatural incidents.

In "The Other Sara" (John Long) Curtis Yorke tries to demolish the Socialists and suffragettes, but with very moderate success, and at the cost of spoiling his story.

"The Tether," by Ezra S. Brudno (Lippincott), is a story of the broadening of Jewish life in America and of the tragedy resulting from mutual prejudices between Jews and Gentiles.

"Kincald's Battery" (Scribner's) adds one more to the already long list of George W. Cable's novels dealing with life in Louisiana in the period just before and during the Civil War.

Myra Kelly has left, at least for the time, her "little citizens" of the East Side, and gives her first novel, "Rosmah" (Appleton) on an Irish theme.

"Old Chinatown," from the pen of Will Irwin and the camera of Arnold Genthe, gives a lively impression of the Chinese quarter of San Francisco as it existed before the earthquake and fire. The forty-eight illustrations are from photographs which Mr. Genthe had made during the fifteen years that he practised his art in that curious locality.

Scribner's have brought out under the title "Poem Outlines by Sidney Lanier" a body of posthumous fragments from the notes of the South's greatest poet—and one of the greatest of American poets—which are well worth rescuing from oblivion.

H. G. Wells' story, "The War in the Air," which has just been issued in book form by Macmillan, is a vivid and interesting romance of the days when the airship shall take the place of murder machines floating on the seas and shall be armed with powers of destruction far surpassing anything that the ingenuity of man has yet devised for making the world miserable.

"Robinson Crusoe" in Esperanto is the latest for those who wish to perfect themselves in the artificial universal language by reading translations of familiar classics. We somehow have our misgivings about the joy to be derived from "Robinson Crusoe, La Vivo Kaj Strangaj Mirindaĵoj de Daniele Defo." It doesn't bring back our boyhood.

MOLNAR'S PLAY IN BOOK FORM

The Devil. By Ferenc Molnar and A. S. van Westrum. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. Price, \$1.50.

It is fairly safe to say that those who have seen Harrison Grey Fiske's production of "The Devil" and admired George Arliss' remarkable portrayal of the title role will not be entirely satisfied with the novelization of that version of Molnar's play done by Adrian Schade van Westrum, though he has probably done as well as anyone could. The novel gives the impression of being padded. The conversations seem long drawn out and the descriptive scenes are unconvincing. As a result the climaxes are not emphatic, the characterization indefinite, and the book fails to convey the clear and distinct idea that one carries away with him from the play.

The Devil of the novel is especially lacking in the qualities with which Mr. Arliss imbues his impersonation. The subtle devilry, the insinuating wicked suggestions, the intellectual alertness which give Mr. Arliss' devil conviction are not there. There is a terrible fascination about Mr. Arliss' devil which is very hard to define; one can feel his power to ingratiate himself into the minds and souls of those whom he seeks to conquer and ruin. The Dr. Nicholas of the novel is a gentleman, but he is no devil. The sense of power to enthral and dominate and destroy which distinguishes Mr. Arliss' performance and makes it a notable one is missing from the devil of the book. Certain passages, it is true, do suggest this power, but it is not sustained throughout the whole book.

At the same time the novel is not an uninteresting one, but it will be of greater interest to those who have not yet seen the play, and it will assist toward a greater appreciation of the play when seen. Of the characters other than the Devil himself, Fanny, the model, remains the most human and sympathetic, for it has the touch of real life which is missing from the others, who are mere puppets of the dramatist and novelist.

Also, it must be said, that the central idea one gets from the play is not projected by the book. In the latter the Devil is merely one human being plotting and designing the ruin of other human beings, a typical "villain," in short; in the play he is a symbol, the concrete embodiment of what one thinks is evil rather than evil itself, a symbol reflecting the unhappy mental processes of men and women who create evil by permitting convention and tradition to make sin of what would, under rational conditions, be a normal and noble human relationship. W. M.

ONE BRAND OF ORATORY.

The statesman gravely clears his throat, as gravely takes the floor, To tell us common folk who vote that two and two make four. It hadn't struck us in that light, but since he makes it clear, We must admit that he is right, and consequently cheer.

It does a mortal lot of good, the grandeur of the youth, To have such matters understood and get right at the truth. So let us praise the statesman's tact; he's tactful with his lore, And modestly imparts the fact that two and two make four. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE MILLIONAIRE.

The gold that with the sunlight lies In burring heaps at dawn, The silver spilling from the skies At night to walk upon, The diamonds gleaming in the dew, He never saw, he never knew.

He got some gold, dug from the mud, Some silver, crushed from stones; But the gold was red with dead men's blood.

The silver black with groans; And when he died he moaned aloud, "They'll make no pocket in my shroud." —Joaquin Miller.

THE BETTER WAY.

Child—Suppose I called you a mean old pig, what would happen? Governess—I should tell your father, and he would punish you. Child—And if I only thought it? Governess—No harm so long as you don't say it. Child—Then I only think it.—Life.

A new book of decided value to the public speaker, the actor and the elocutionist is Katherine Jewell Everts' "The Speaking Voice," published by Harpers.

"THE PEOPLE WANT TO BE AMUSED."

By ERNEST POOLE.

II.

"The people want to be amused." This is the good old comfortable cry with which large classes of editors, publishers, politicians, high and low, greet the ignorant, rash young man who believes that the people are willing to think. "Bosh!" cry the preservers of order and panics. "They ain't! The people want only to be amused!"

And this is true. And I can prove it. Just four years ago, in the big strike out at the stockyards, I lived for six weeks in a tenement only two doors from union headquarters. I had come as a magazine correspondent, but having soon finished that part of my work, I stayed for some weeks as a kind of press agent for the union, helping in the job of getting out statements for the press.

These statements at first were printed by papers all over the country. And in all the cities and towns millions of workmen read them. Any hot August night on city street corners, round tenement doorsteps, up in stifling tenement rooms or in the shanties of mining towns—in fact, wherever workmen lived—you might have seen faces by millions bending over the papers. And from the first glance at these faces you would not have said they were reading to be amused.

But think again. What were they reading? One simple question: Should the trust be allowed to reduce the wages of unskilled labor from eight to seven dollars a week, and so force over a hundred thousand men, women and children to a still lower standard of living? Why were they reading—so closely, with such interested scowls? Because almost every man of the millions knew that he was in the same boat, that this strike was only one step in the long, slow struggle of millions of workers all over the land. A struggle for what? For the money they had earned, the money that of right belonged to them, the money which meant life, real life, with its share of happiness, rest, health, love, friendship—and amusement.

Yes, the good old conservative bosses and editors were quite right. These millions of people were reading with the fixed idea that sooner or later they or their children might get their share of fun-out of life. They were reading to be amused.

Where I was this kind of reading went on day and night. Men, women and even children read, those who had not yet learned to read English gathering close around those who had.

And they read strange things. In the placards from union headquarters they read, "Abstain from all violence." And in the newspapers, "Union agitators strive to incite the crowd!" They stood on quiet, empty streets or sat on the doorsteps of their homes and read of their "Bloody Riots"—"Brutal Sluggings"—"Infuriated Mobs."

I used to meet the reporters those days, used to hear them chuckle over the "riots" they were describing. There was one reporter in particular who said he knew "what kind of goods the editor wanted"—and he delivered the goods. It was tough on his chum, "Bill," the stenographer. "Bill" used to wipe the sweat from his unconsciously proletarian brow, as he hustled up and down Packingtown hunting for "brutal sluggings" and "infuriated mobs." For the kodak is like George Washington. It cannot tell a lie.

The people in Packingtown read on and on in their desperate search for amusement. And day by day they saw every paper turn against them. Even the sheet which had long been known as "the workmen's friend" now printed in red and blue ink such lurid lies about riot and blood that the tiniest newsboys, sons of strikers, got mad and called the newsdealers "nuts!"

The other papers soon refused even to publish the signed statements sent out from union headquarters. They published only the packer's side.

And little by little the people of Packingtown gave up their reading. What was the use?

"There ain't a paper in town to stand by us," said one old striker.

So it seemed. And with hundreds of papers against them, employers all over the country uniting to down them, their money gone, their wives and children beginning to starve—the people gave in. The strike was lost.

As one paper said, it had "taught them a lesson they needed."

Had it? Not quite. It took another paper to drive the lesson home.

One night soon after, as the forty yards in the hot, murky haze Sherm Packingtown "twilight," they got into a pleasant night. Wary judicial c from the rush of the day "I can't see the pace has again been body knows their union buttons under

their coats, for they were forbidden to wear them on pain of—having nothing to eat.

But at each gate stood a man with a bundle of papers, papers of a new kind, which claimed to appeal to the reason. And across the front page, in huge letters, was this:

"YOU HAVE LOST YOUR STRIKE. WHAT NEXT?"

That evening, secretly in their rooms, thousands of hopeless workers, men and women, boys and girls, began to read again, to think again, to reason in a way they had never thought of before.

And some weeks later, in the Presidential election of 1904, Packingtown voted the Socialist ticket almost to a man.

That was four years ago. The Socialist vote in the stockyards has fallen off since then. Why? Largely because that strange, new kind of reading was not kept up. They went back to their old daily papers.

But times are changing now. All through the cities and towns, the Socialist papers, weekly and daily, are spreading fast, their readers increasing at the rate of tens of thousands every month.

These papers are taking the good advice of the genial old conservatives—that the people want amusement. Night and day they are holding up to the voters the picture of the life which of right is theirs, the life they have earned, the life with its full share of happiness, health and fun—for themselves, their wives, their children and the children still to be born.

As a means of reaching this life, they point not to "infuriated mobs" but to long lines of citizens at the polls.

And year by year as the Socialist vote rolls up toward the millions, we should give thanks to our good old conservative friends for the advice which they have given. For they are right, so completely right that the truth they have told may in time even amaze them. They have hit the nail square on the head! The people want to be amused!

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

By GERALD MASSEY.

High hopes that burn like stars sublimed
Go down in the heaven of freedom.
And true hearts perish in the time
We bitterlest need 'em;
But never sit we down and say
There's nothing left but sorrow;
We walk the Wilderness to-day,
The Promised Land to-morrow.

Our birds of song are silent now;
Few are the flowers blooming;
Yet life is in the frozen bough,
And Freedom's Spring is coming;
And Freedom's tide creeps up alway,
Though we may strand in sorrow;
And our good Bark, aground to-day
Shall float again to-morrow.

'Tis weary watching wave by wave,
And yet the tide heaves onward;
We climb, like corals, grave by grave,
That pave a pathway sunward;
We are driven back, for our next fray
A newer strength to borrow,
And where the Vanguard camps to-day,
The Rear shall rest to-morrow.

Through all the long, dark nights of years
The people's cry ascended,
And earth is wet with blood and tears,
But our meek suffering endeth,
The few shall not forever sway,
The many mull in sorrow;
The Powers of Hell are strong to-day,
Our Kingdom comes to-morrow.

O youth, flame—earnest, still aspire,
With energies immortal;
To many a heaven of desire
Our yearning opens a portal,
And though Age wearies by the way,
And hearts break in the furrow,
Youth sows the golden grain to-day,
The Harvest comes to-morrow.

Build up heroic lives, and all
Be like a sheathen saber,
Ready to flash out at God's call—
O Chivalry of Labor!
Triumph and Toil are twins, though they
Be singly born in Sorrow;
And 'tis the Martyrdom to-day
Brings Victory to-morrow!

EVENING CALLERS.

Miss Smith—Did anybody call this evening?
Bridget—Yes, miss; Mike O'Shamus and Tim Blarney.
Miss Smith—Who? I don't know them!
Bridget—They called on me, miss.

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DOWN IN A COAL MINE.

By ROSE PASTOR STOKES.

(Continued from last Saturday.)

At this point we arose; we were to go down to a lower grade in the mine, and in the car as we were descending the little superintendent remarked, "But Mr. T. is also a charitable man. I read a whole lot about his charities. He gives money to all kinds of charity societies—fresh air funds and boys' camps and other things like that."

"Well," I remarked, "that is no virtue in itself. He is crippling and making old before their time the workers in these mines. He gives them long hours and short pay and out of the very life blood of these people he thinks to do charity, but he cannot. He takes the meat of life from these poor workers, uses a good part of it for his own sustenance and rejuvenation, and puts a skimpy piece into the cauldron to make thin soup for some rump kitchen charity and the world applauds that. Some day we shall see what a farce such giving is."

"In actual fact your Mr. T. is a pauper himself, but instead of living on a soup kitchen charity as some of our poor paupers do, who afterwards die and are buried in Potter's Field, he is living in idleness on the finest and best that the working community creates, and when he dies will have the mockery of a fine marble monument over his head. Funny, funny world, isn't it?" and I smiled.

"Yes, it is funny," he said. And I replied, "It will be funny only so long as the working people want it so."

The car stopped and we got out and after walking down a dark passage we stopped before two folding doors. These the superintendent threw open and asked us to step in.

"Well, how do these mules come here?" I asked in surprise, for there were about a dozen stalls and in eight of these there were mules. The place was clean and fresh and straw was strewn in each stall. The mules were slick and round and looked happy and contented. A man was in attendance and when we entered was rubbing down one of the animals that had taken sick.

"We keep them to work on this grade," informed our guide. We cannot run steam cars here and we use the mules."

"They look pretty well, don't they? They seem so happy here?"

"Oh yes. You see we've got to keep them down here and they cost the company quite a good sum, and if we want to get the work out of them that we need to have done, we've got to keep them in good condition."

"They look happier and better fed and better cared for than the men that I have seen down here," I remarked.

This seemed to him a new idea. "Well, you see," he said, "the company owns these mules."

That was just the point of difference. The old slave owner who owned the slave had to take good care of his property in order to sustain no losses; but the modern slave owner does not own his slave bodily, he owns his slave's labor power; so unlike the chattel slave the wage slave is not cared for by his master. There is no need. There is plenty of labor power waiting outside of the factory gates, waiting there ready to be had for the asking. So we grind the slaves down, crush the vitality out of them as quickly as possible, and when they are no longer able to work "up to the standard" set by their capitalist masters, they are told that they are not wanted. They are cast out into the streets—our husbands, our father, our brothers, without man or state or God even, it would seem, to care what becomes of them. If Mr. T. were so to turn his mules out into the street, after he had used the strength and life out of them for his private gain, the whole community would rise in protest and even the mules would "kick," but men are so turned out of industry every day, and no one is responsible, and no one cares.

This is your modern slave system, that crushes the lives of men as chattel slave holders, for the very sake of their own interests, never dared to crush men.

We came up from the mine and went across to the breakers. It was then that I understood why the group of miners' shanties was held by dead silence, and why there was no sound of children's laughter at play. In the deafening roar of the breakers sat two hundred little children swaying to the terrible music of the rattling coal—two hundred little bodies bending to and fro, their little feet in cold water, their little hands thrust in and then snatched out of the cold streams, sorting the coal, separating the stone and the slate from the dusky diamonds. Their faces were pale and thin. Only here and there could I observe a ruddy face, round and fresh as a cherub's, but always it was that of a newcomer. Some of these little ones I am sure were no older than ten years, but when I asked one, after shouting and shout-

ing till he heard what I said to him, he shouted back in the din, his thin, pale little lips close to my ear. "No, I am fourteen!"

I stood for a while in the midst of that thundering roar, looking upon the two hundred children. The three of us could not speak to one another, but I could not have spoken any way. Something seemed to grip my heart-strings and wrench them apart, and I wept bitterly. No one could look upon such a thing unmoved excepting Mr. T. and those who are with him in the struggle for dollars against divine destiny.

Once outside, the superintendent remarked that Mr. T. insisted upon employing children because they are worth two men a piece!—think of it working men, you fathers of these children, especially you who stand outside at the gates waiting for a chance to earn your bread. The fresh young lives are crushed, distorted and mangled out of all resemblance of human kind because in certain industries there are twice as many dollars in the labor of the children as in the labor of a man. Think of it! and say if you will be silent!

We came to the superintendent's office. Outside stood a line of men, gaunt, and pale and despairing, hopelessly waiting for a chance to work.

"They are Poles," said the superintendent.

"Our Polish brothers," said Con Foley, and I pressed his hand, and thought when these brothers who stand outside the factory gates and those who work within the gates shall wake up!

WE MUST CHOOSE THE DAY.

This has been the tactic of the possessing class in all history—to precipitate premature revolt on the part of the disinherited or enslaved class when sheer brute conservatism no longer answered, and when compromise could no longer put off inevitable revolution. Whenever a great initiative begins to grow into a menacing movement toward liberty, its defeat or deflection often comes from the precipitation of conflicts for which it is not ready. The oppressed are prone to let their oppressors fix the day and the hours when the yoke shall be broken. The world's rulers have always been instinct with the evil wisdom of how and when to incite the disinherited to premature and futile revolt, in order that the revolt that is final and fruitful might be postponed or destroyed. Millions of workers, through many red centuries, have fruitlessly died in the very revolts against their masters which the masters themselves had secretly arranged or inspired. And this will continue to be so, until the workers shall consciously, intelligently and deliberately choose the day and hour and method of their own deliverance.—George D. Herron.

CABBAGES AND CHILDREN BARRED.

Owners of some apartment houses in St. Louis have added a clause to their leases which reads as follows: "And it is further agreed by and between both parties that shall the lessee cook or permit to be cooked in the said premises any onions, cabbage or other odoriferous vegetables or anything which shall penetrate the common halls of the premises, either in odor or smoke, this lease shall be void."

This looks like an attempt to deprive the family of the natural right to enjoy what they like at their own table, but it has been decided that it is good law. One of the legal opinions says: "The restrictions are in the mutual interest of the tenants. They prohibit certain things which would tend to disturb the dwellers in the apartments."

In several apartment houses in that city the "no children" clause is in force. It aroused some opposition when first adopted, but it has been upheld by the courts.

WOMAN ELECTED NIGHT TEACHER.

Dr. Elizabeth Athman, of Gottheimer, is the first woman to be elected teacher in a night school in the German Empire. She entered upon her duties at the beginning of the present school season in Frankfurt. Fraulein Athman is well known in Germany on account of her original investigations upon sociological subjects. She has written and lectured extensively upon the condition of the workingwomen, especially those employed in the factories and shops of Germany. As she has lived among the women about whom she lectures and writes and know thoroughly their condition, she is looked upon as the leading authority on the subject and especially well fitted to act as their teacher in night school.

THE STRUGGLE FOR BREAD.

By GEORGE D. HERRON.

History has been the struggle on the part of those who made bread but did not have it against those who had bread, but did not make it—the word "bread" here symbolizing all the things that go to make up opportunity and privilege. Bread to eat means opportunity to live, and means power in one's hand. To be certain of one's bread is to have the ground of liberty beneath one's feet. And to have power over another's bread, power to give it or take it away as may serve one's interest, is to have the power of life and death over another. And this is the one and only blasphemy, the supreme and desecrating sacrilege, from which all blasphemies and sacrileges and human wrongs spring, that some people should control the lives of other people, their thoughts and deeds and aspirations, their judgments of right and wrong, the labor of their hands, the uplifting or the prostrating of their souls. And the basis of this ancient and universal wrong doing, making history seem but a flood for the destroying of the human spawn, is the ownership of bread. This is why history is the struggle of those who produce bread against those who possess it—the struggle of the bread makers against the bread owners for increasing scraps of power which the ownership of bread puts into the hands of the world's masters. The struggle for bread is the struggle for life in all its expression—the struggle for equality of power and opportunity to be and to blossom. Until bread and all that bread means are communized and equalized and made as certain and free as the air we breathe, liberty cannot be said to have begun its real work. This is not to say that man lives by bread alone; it is to say, as I have elsewhere and often said, that until all men have free and equal bread, no man may freely and completely live.

WHAT HARD WORK IS LIKE.

Of Pablo Sarasate, the famous violinist, who died at Biarritz, a New York musician said the other day:

"I dined with Sarasate during his last American tour. We talked of success, and he declared that success was due in the main to excessively hard work."

"To become a great violinist or a great pianist," he declared, "one must have the exaggerated ideas of work

that prevail among Scottish farmers."

"He said that a young boy got a job with a Scottish farmer once."

"'Ye'll sleep in 'the barn,' the farmer said, 'and I'll expect ye out in the field ilka morn at four o'clock.'"

"'Very well, sir,' said the boy."

"'But the first morning he overslept a little and it was half-past four when he reached the field.'"

"'The farmer, leaning on his hoe, gave him a black look.'"

"'Where have ye been all the forenoon?' he growled.'"—Washington Star.

If We Could Put Them to Work.



TOM RYAN WOULD LEARN HOW IT FEELS TO BE CONDUCTOR.

to the and the Jewell dice, pub-

POUREN AND THE RIGHT OF ASYLUM.

Editorial from the New York "Evening Post" of November 18.

While waiting for the Federal authorities to decide whether Jan Pouden, the young Lettish peasant whom the Russian government is so anxious to have restored to its paternal arms, is a political refugee or an ordinary criminal, we may call attention to the extraordinary zeal with which the government of Nicholas II has suddenly set to work to vindicate the majesty of the law among us. Since the beginning of Russian emigration to this country thirty years ago, some two million subjects of the Romanoffs have landed in this country. Among them there must have been hundreds, at least, who were fugitives from justice. Yet, strangely enough, Russia was content to let us enjoy her brigands, forgers, horse thieves and assassins in undisturbed peace, until their ranks began to be swelled by the members of a new criminal class who call themselves revolutionists. Only then did the Czar's government recollect that that there were Federal courts in the United States, and that a treaty of extradition gave it the right to demand the surrender of runaway "criminals."

Pouden's case was only a beginning. Apollinaris Alexandrovitch, a youth of eighteen, was recently haled back to Russia for the heaven-criying offense of forging an academic certificate in order to gain advanced scholastic standing. Two arrests, at the instigation of the Russian authorities, are reported from Chicago. If the world at large has been led to think that several hundred executions per week were enough to keep Russian justice reasonably employed, it was mistaken. Appetite notoriously grows by feeding, and the Russian government, having established the reign of law within its borders, by means of drum-head courts, military courts, states of major, siege, states of minor, siege, states of extraordinary security, and states of merely reinforced security, is evidently sighing for new worlds to conquer.

The true object of the Russian authorities in their present campaign of extradition is not hard to guess. In reality, the Russian government is interested not in the situation here, but within its own borders. There the authorities wish to create the impression that America can no longer be looked to as a place of asylum for the enemies of the established order. In Continental Europe, the places of refuge are being steadily circumscribed. Germany has long been surrendering political prisoners to the Russian government; Switzerland is beginning to do so. The task before the Russian government seems simple. At home it has stamped out revolution, or driven it underground. The main preparations for a new revolutionary campaign must be carried on abroad, just as were the preparations for the upheaval of 1905-1907. If the world can be closed to the revolutionists, with anything like the effectiveness attained within the Czar's dominions, the Russian autocracy will have reduced the chances of further revolutionary opposition to a minimum. England and the United States are the only two great nations which still offer generous rights of asylum to the opponents of political misrule. England, however, is now the close diplomatic friend of Russia and may soon begin to find strong reasons for obliging a friend now and then in a little matter like a refugee or two. All the more reason why this country should be careful not to withdraw a privilege and a duty which, by the very nature of our institutions and our history, we owe to the champions of political progress the world over.

To draw the line between the ordinary criminal and the political refugee accused of acts of violence, is often very difficult. Revolutions are not fought and won by armies composed exclusively of Mazzinis or Jose Rizals. Not every workman who mounted the Moscow barricades in December, 1905, could have drawn up a convincing brief for constitutional government as against autocracy. Not every Lettish peasant who waged guerrilla warfare against the Russian government and the German feudal landowners in the Baltic provinces kept his hand to the precise measures of justifiable revolutionary warfare. Peasants are no Bayards in war; nor, for that matter, are men in general. The principles of political asylum obtaining in this country and in Great Britain make explicit recognition of the inevitably irregular nature of revolutionary warfare. In 1897, Secretary of State Sherman, in the course of certain negotiations with Mexico, quoted from a judicial decision in the Federal courts: "I cannot help thinking that every-body knows that there are many acts

of a political character done without reason, done against all reason; but at the same time one cannot look too hardly and weigh in golden scales the acts of men hot in their political excitement. . . . An act of this description may be done for the purpose of furthering and in furtherance of a political rising, even though it is an act which may be deplored and lamented . . . by those who calmly reflect upon it after the battle is over."

Obviously, the intention of the law is that every chance shall be given to the refugee who pleads his political opinions as a defence against extradition.

Even then the case of the defendant is sufficiently hard. Victorious governments may produce documentary evidence in profusion; a fugitive revolutionist is not apt to carry with him irrefutable testimonials of his identity. The question arises whether the accused was a member of an organized revolutionary party, and witnesses testify to his presence at this or that secret meeting of a revolutionary junta. "Were minutes of the proceedings kept?" "Yes." "Where are they?" "Where, in the natural course of events, would the records of a party be whose members have been shot, hanged, imprisoned, or sent into flight abroad? The revolutionary records are gone, and counsel for the prosecuting government thereupon moves that verbal evidence as to their existence has no weight against his client. Often a refugee will refuse to answer questions which may endanger those who are still within the power of the accusing government. At every step the prisoner is handicapped.

Not to recognize that such disadvantages rest upon the ordinary political fugitive, is to deny him in fact the right of asylum which we grant him in word. The world is stirring with the forces of political betterment. Turkey, Persia, China—who knows, Germany, perhaps—may any day be sending us supplicants for protection, whose greatest guilt will be that they wished well to their country. The open door should not be closed to them, an open door far more important to the general welfare of humanity than one admitting thousands of bales of American cotton into Manchuria. To-day, the Russian government calls for the surrender of a Pouden, who may or may not be an ordinary criminal. To-morrow, it may call for the surrender of a Tchalkovsky.

WORKING CLASS YOUTH OF GERMANY.

The Association of the Organization of the Youth of Germany held its second conference in Berlin on the 6th and 7th of September, 1908. Twenty-five branches were represented by thirty delegates and numerous guests were present. For lack of money many branches were unable to send representatives.

The business report of Comrade Peters, of Berlin, showed that at the end of June, 1908, there were thirty-six branches, with 5,431 members. Since then the membership has increased to 6,000 by the joining of some South Germany branches which belonged to the previous League of Young Workers. As the remaining South Germany branches will soon follow suit, there will be only one organization in Germany and the number of members will amount to 10,000.

Then followed a report by Comrade Peters concerning the working class movement and independent organization of young people, who said: "We must not say to young men, 'We want to train you, but you have nothing to say in the matter;' we must, on the other hand, recognize the independence of our youth and stand at their side as councillors. The organization of the youth will not be a separate organization, but only a special branch of the working class movement."

A resolution to this effect was unanimously passed. In the course of a discussion on organization the following statements were adopted: The name of the organization is to be "League of the Working Class Youth of Germany." The headquarters are to be in Berlin. Its aim is to protect and promote the industrial and intellectual interests of its members. This is to be attained by lectures, courses of instruction and social entertainments. Committees protecting the young shall be established in different places and shall furnish statistics concerning the condition of the young workers. Libraries, reading and entertainment

COMMUNAL GUILT.

By JAMES ONEAL.

I saw a starving woman last night. An old woman with gray matted hair and the wolf stare in her eyes and the agony of physical suffering written on her care worn and pleading face. She gazed up at me as I started to ascend the elevated stairs. One skinny hand clutched an iron support, the tops of the fingers encircling it and meeting the palm of the hand. In the other she held out a battered tin cup and I fancied I saw her suffering bubbling over the brim. Each ebb and flow was a pain for her that was communicated to me. The hand that held the cup trembled as though afflicted with palsy and a penny jingled inside. The wasted frame seemed hardly capable of supporting the head that maintained a constant quiver which told of age and ebbing strength. A proletarian mother, she stood there gazing at me. That look was an accusation and I felt like crying out: "I am not guilty!" I did, but the cry was no more articulate than her relentless accusation. It surged through every fiber of my being.

Accused me of what? Of murder, of prolonged murder of body, hopes, pleasure, joys and life. Others ascended the stairway and were accused in turn, but they were not aware of what the trembling figure said. She was crying while she accused. No tears moistened her eyes. She merely choked spasmodically as each one she accused passed on, some laughing, some gazing in curiosity and most of them not seeing her at all. Communal guilt was foreign to them. I dropped a coin in the cup. I felt it was the pay of the executioner. It would only assist in prolonging the death that she was dying.

Then I thought of the thousands of others in a similar plight and wished I could gather them all in an open space. I wished I could do this and invite the learned men of the world, the statesmen, warriors, philosophers, presidents and kings to be present. I would ask them to face these mothers of the poor and tell them of the greatness and glory of a country that could produce such fruit as this. I would ask the statesman, who has legislated for, the warrior who has fought for and the philosopher who has thought for, I would ask them what all the lawmaking, all the fighting, all the thinking has done for such as these. I would ask them to select from the laws made, the battles fought and the philosophies constructed, something of consolation for these prisoners of want.

Then I would ask the mothers to speak, to tell the story of their wrongs that have accumulated while these well fed men and their kind fought for place and power. I would have these men see the hunger glitter in the eyes of these mothers as I saw it in the eyes of one that night. I would have them look without flinching or without a blush of shame—if they could. I would have them answer whether the material resources of a country cannot be better employed than in building penitentiaries, jails, scaffolds, battleships and cannon, be employed—let us say—for the unusual purpose of insuring old age immunity from want and guaranteeing that its close will be without public shame.

UNDOUBTEDLY.

"Do you play any instrument, Mr. Jimp?"
 "Yes, I'm a cornetist."
 "And your sister?"
 "Shes' a pianist."
 "Does your mother play?"
 "She's a zitherist."
 "And your father?"
 "He's a pessimist."—Tit-Bits.

rooms shall be provided as well as provision for a youth's periodical and the publishing of propaganda pamphlets. Solidarity among the members shall be insisted upon.

Of the other resolutions the most important are, one affirming the danger of the use of alcohol and enjoining an energetic fight against the same, and another protesting against the issuing of literature like that of "Nick Carter," "Sherlock Holmes," etc., and still another recommending that young men who wish to take part in athletics, join only working class Turner associations.

It was decided to pay the president of the league, \$375 dollars per year. Max Peters was chosen president, Mr. Roede, treasurer, and Mr. Maschke, secretary. The conference then closed with a cheer for the free international movement of the youth of the working class.

BRENO WAGNER.

A WORKINGMAN'S VIEW

By L. CUSHMAN.

I am a plain working man. My parents did not have the means to send me to a college where I might get some education. But, like so many others in my class, nature has given me a little gift of observation instead. When one must make a living by the labor of his hands he has often no time to bother his head about things, but still once in a while you have to start thinking. And when you start to think then you see how occasions for observation offer themselves plentifully every day.

I learned in my school days how to read, write and figure. In later days I have learned more. The most important thing I have learned outside the schoolroom is that I am only a nothing among nothings as far as my position in human society is concerned. I belong to the working class, and, therefore, I have no claim in society.

Naturally us working men, with our primitive education, cannot see certain things so far ahead as our college bred brothers can. Every little pebble that comes rolling down in the water we can't see, but when a big pebble comes along we can see that all right. I confess that I am not intelligent enough to enter a political controversy with any of our leading politicians, but I believe that some of those politicians would have trouble in answering some of my questions.

In the recent panic I heard so much talk of over production, high tariff or low tariff, municipal ownership, etc. I asked myself: "What is over production?" When I walk the streets in winter time to look for work I am freezing and uncomfortable because I have worn my overcoat for years and it is not fit to protect my shivering body from the icy winds. My shoes are worn out from walking the streets looking for my right to live. In the show windows I see fine shoes, coats and socks. These articles of clothing were made by people of my own class. Us working men, we are the producers of the so-called "over production," but yet we can't have them. Now, I ask myself, where is the "over production" when I walk around freezing without good clothing, while there is warm clothing in the show windows. There are enough good coats, shoes and socks being produced so that a man or woman should not need to go without them in cold weather.

Consumption and production should be more parallel. The man who produces must consume. If every man had to produce more or less what he consumes we would have no artificial "over production." But we have thousands of men that do not produce, but still consume. Is that right? When us working men have no work we can't produce, but still we must consume. The rich man's sons need not work and still consume. Us working men are willing to produce what we consume, but why should we produce for our own needs and the needs of thousands of parasites, and allow them to get our products and store them up and fix their own price for these goods, so that we must go freezing and look at our own products in the show windows where we can't get them? Is that right?

As I said above, I have no good education, and this is only my view on the over production point as I can see it. If anybody can correct me I am willing to learn. I have to get all my knowledge by experience. As long as the laboring man has no show to educate himself, but wants to get a look-in and become educated and familiar with all needs of life, he has the best chance when he reads The Call after his supper.

THE OLD REVOLUTION AND THE NEW.

The developments we are now noting in this country are not the manifestations of any new principle. It is no new thing in history to see on the one hand a class living in debasing luxury, and on the other hand a class crawling on its belly in subjection, with only here and there one or two with intelligence enough to rebel. The same careless waste that characterized society in France under Louis XV.; the same fool-feeling of "after-us-the-deluge," which precipitated the great revolution of '89, sits flirting with destiny above the social boilers to-day. But unlike the masses in France, there is in America to-day a leaven of intelligence in the working class which may substitute the ballot for the bullet. The hand of the class-conscious worker is reaching up to grasp the lever; his fingers are clasping themselves about the throttle valve; he is learning the secret of forced draught, and the great social engines are throbbing a dithyrambic hymn of freedom.—Franklin H. Wentworth.

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MISS NESTOR, UNION LEADER.

Miss Agnes Nestor, among women trade union leaders, is an exceptionally striking figure because she leads not only women but men, says William Hard, in the December number of "Everybody's Magazine." She is secretary-treasurer (which means active executive official) of the International Glove Workers' Union of America, a union which comprises both men and women; and her office in Chicago is the headquarters of the whole organization for both sexes. In this respect, as in some others, Miss Nestor is the most highly developed representative of that absolutely new feminine type, the genuine, spontaneous working-woman leader of workingwomen.

Workingwomen have always had things done for them by philanthropist and legislatures. They are now beginning to do things for themselves.

"You never saw Miss Nestor?" said a Chicago lawyer. "You ought to see her. Got a mind like a trip hammer. No. Not much high school. She's been in the factory since she was sixteen. I saw her, first time, at a conference between the employers and the union. Kind of treaty making affair. Everybody sitting around a big directors' table. Miss Nestor was at one corner with a pile of papers. She's Irish all the way through, but she doesn't particularly look it. You wouldn't call her any nationality. Just American."

"Well, it was extraordinary the way they treated her. When the employers (and they were big ones), would get through making an argument, they'd turn and look at her. And the men representatives from the union would turn and look at her, too. And then she'd speak for the whole crowd. No. Nothing sensational at all. Just a plain, straight-away, tedious grind. Here's the point:

"Miss Nestor had all the details of the glove business down pat, so far as they affected the employes, and her job was to drive a bargain with the employers and get those details fixed just a little bit better for her people for the next year. And she did it. She knew her job. That's what I liked about her. She knew just how many minutes it took a girl to do this thing and that thing and the other thing on her machine to a dozen gloves of this style and that style and the other style, and she knew just where and how troubles and disputes might happen, and she wanted to get everything settled in advance so that there wouldn't be any trouble during the next year and both sides would be satisfied.

"It wasn't a case of just saying 'we want our wages' and 'we want shorter hours.' It was a case of going over all the features of an intricate manufacturing business and finding out just which concessions and arrangements were financially and technically feasible and which weren't, in view of market prices, glove styles, and shop efficiency. When they got through, the employers and Miss Nestor, they signed an annual treaty forty pages long.

"No. I don't remember much about the technical part. I was there just for the legal part. Miss Nestor doesn't want any of her contracts to be declared invalid by the courts. She has grasped the first principle of business—get your legal advice from a lawyer beforehand and not from a judge afterwards."

IN THE ARENA.

By ADDIE DAVIS FRIES.

From tier above tier of seats, I see
Thousands of eyes gazing up at me;
There costly jewels on unglowed
hands,
Flash in the moments of mad ap-
plause.

The crowd knows not I am here be-
cause
Of a loving woman that I have wed,
And our helpless children, who must
be fed;

The wife and the wee ones who must
have bread.

Backward and forward, from swing-
ing bars,
While the bright lights flash like
gleaming stars,

I leap out that way, and drop down
this,
Tempting grim death if a chance I
miss—

Over and under, and out and in.
Would death mean suicide? That
means sin;
And it cannot be sin to risk my life
For bread for the little ones, and the
wife

I vowed to shield from the world's
rude strife.

Look at the animals of our show,
As sleek as satin—well fed, you
know.

Deprived of freedom? They, and
not I?
Yes, I have freedom to live or die
Daily or nightly, before a throng.
With music, laughter, snatches of
song;

Not as a suicide! If I were dead
How would my wife and our children
get bread?

Would those I live for hunger, unfed?
Through the air like a swallow I fly!
A little thing it would be to die,
But not to think that when all is
o'er,

And one's mortal hands can do no
more,

To think that after one's life has fled
And the last rites for the dead are
said,

That one's wife and children may go
unfed;
That one's little children may cry for
bread!

These are the thoughts that fill me
with dread.

As back and forth from the bars I
swing,

Or to the ropes like a spider cling.
What do the hearts of the gazers
care,

While I revolve like a ball in air,
That living souls must such chances
take,

Day after day, for their loved one's
sake!

That one springs, and elings, and
swings overhead

That wife and children may not go
unfed;

To buy them shelter, and clothes, and
bread!

AND THAT'S NO JOKE.

Man with the Bulging Brow.—Any-
way, the average Congressman is no
saint.

Man with the Bulbous Nose.—May-
be not; but he can't stay in Washing-
ton long without being Cannonized.—
Chicago Tribune.

"THIEVES AND HOGS"

By SARDONICUS.

Charles Francis Adams, of Boston, former president of the Union Pa-
cific Railroad, has written a letter denouncing the men who appear before
the Ways and Means Committee with demands for increased duties. Mr.
Adams divides them into two classes—thieves and hogs. "I myself belong
to the former class," he says.—From a Washington dispatch to the New
York Sun, November 19.

Up! mount this pedestal, oh, Plutocrat marvellous.
Let the populace see and hear and admire,
For, lo! the statue of Memnon is with us reincarnate—
A vocal colossus walking among men;
Soul-weary of lies, and lies, and lies;
Responsive to the sigh-laden winds of the desert,
Winnowers of God's own truth.

Therefore, I, Sardonicus, would bid thee mount this pedestal:
Let the new Memnon be heard and seen in the Forum—
Let him strike terror to the crouching brotherhood,
To the rolling ball of deceit and hypocrisy,
Which rolleth and rolleth down the sides of eternity,
Upon a helpless earth.

And yet, what thrusts itself into the center of our vision.

Oh, Memnon, thou art not for the pedestal;
Not for the applause of the multitude;
Not for the overawing of the robbers.
Nay, rather shalt thou be a thief glorified,
Rather shalt thou be a thief self-crucified;
Thou shalt climb up, upon thine own Golgotha;
Thou shalt expiate in company celestial, invisible.

For, see, already thy fellow thieves are throwing dice for the
garment of the Righteous One;
Already thy fellow hogs are digging a long, narrow grave for
Humanity.

They have left their troughs momentarily,
They are uprooting the soil between debauches.

And shall the clarion voice of one repentant thief avail,
Even upon the cross self-crucified?
Shall it evoke more than a few passing grunts?
Shall it disconcert the dicers who are dicing for the garment on
Golgotha?

UNIONS FOR WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

During the summer the following
trade unions in Massachusetts have
passed resolutions in favor of woman
Suffrage:

Springfield Steam Engineers, No. 88;
Springfield Painters, Decorators and
Paperhangers, No. 257; Springfield
Horsehoers, No. 16; Springfield Coal
Handlers, 7,425; Springfield Carpen-
ters and Joiners; Springfield Beer Bot-
tlers and Drivers, No. 443; Springfield
Amalgamated Association of Street
and Electric Railway Employees, 448;
Salem Carpenters' Union, 883; Spring-
field Amalgamated Sheet Metal
Workers, No. 27; Fitchburg Central
Labor Union; Chicopee Metal Polish-
ers and buffers, No. 27; Gloucester
Carpenters, No. 910; Gloucester
Teamsters, No. 266; Holyoke Central
Labor Union; Holyoke Molders
Union, No. 115; Pittsfield Central La-
bor Union; Pittsfield Machinists,
Pittsfield Garment Workers, No. 165;
Fall River Brewery Workmen, No. 137;
Fall River Card Room Protec-
tive, No. 32; Boston Journeymen Tail-
ors, No. 12; Boston Bookbinders, No.
55; International Quarry Workers,
No. 30; Railroad Telegraphers, Bos-
ton division, No. 89; Atlantic Coast
Marine Firemen; Cigarmakers' Inter-
national Union, No. 97.

NO ROOM FOR DOUBT.

The elderly lady who was looking
through the shop of a dealer in knick-
knacks picked up a small handbag.
"Are you sure," she inquired, "that
this is a real crocodile skin?"

"Absolutely certain, madam," re-
plied the dealer. "I shot that croc-
dile myself."

"It looks rather soiled," observed
his customer.

"Naturally, madam," explained the
salesman. "That is where it struck
the ground when it tumbled off the
tree."—Philadelphia Ledger

APT ADULTERATION'S AID.

Once chicory composed a half
Of the morning cup we're wont to
quaff.

But now in coffee, whole or ground,
Small traces of chicory is found.

Have coffee sellers changed their ways
In these uncertain latter days?

Alas, no! they are just the same!
But the chicory chaps are in the
game.

Which, being here translated, means
That chicory's now half peas and
beans.

The coffee dealers all complain
Pure chicory they can't obtain.

And now—it need not cause surprise—
The bean men, too, are growing wise.

Crushed peas and beans of late, we're
told
Fifty per cent of sawdust hold.

The chicory vendors loudly cry
Pure beans and peas they cannot buy.

When sawdust profits shall decline
The sawdust men will get in line;

And we shall see the fact disclosed
Sawdust of clay is half composed.

The bean men then will sadly own
Pure sawdust is no longer known.

Then will the clay men take a hand,
And mix their wares, perhaps, with
sand.

Whereat the sawdust folks will say:
"Alack, there is no more pure clay!"

Nor will the sand men lag behind—
Some cheaper stuff they'll surely
find.

And so on back, ad infinitum;
There isn't further space to cite 'em.

At breakfast, then, let's not look glum!
Of comfort there's at least one crumb,
To wit: The worst is yet to come.
—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post