

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the humble and the weak.
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

—James Russell Lowell.

Studies in Socialism.

We will speak out, we will be heard,
Though all earth's systems crack;
We will not bate a single word,
Or take a letter back.

—William Lloyd Garrison.

No. 47

ISSUED QUARTERLY
January, April, July and October.

J. A. WAYLAND

GIRARD, KANSAS, JANUARY, 1908.

FRED D. WARREN
Managing Editor.

Entered at Girard, Kansas, postoffice
as second class mail matter.

10 Cents a Year

ONE HOSS PHILOSOPHY.

BY J. A. WAYLAND.

UNDER the persistent hammer of the nimrod trust buster, Standard oil stocks have advanced from \$300 to \$710. Thus are the trusts being destroyed! Standard oil values have increased \$300,000,000 within a year! Does that look like trust busting? When a stock is high it is evidence that it has a cinch on the people to make much profit out of them; when it is low it is evidence that it cannot extort to such great extent. It is well for the people when stocks are low priced; it is well for the trust owners when they are high priced. If something would occur that people could get oil at the cost of production, Standard oil stock would not be worth one cent a \$100 share. Because if oil were sold at cost there would be nothing left to pay interest on the pieces of printed paper called stocks. It would be well for the people if they could get oil at cost, but it would be bad for the capitalists who could not get a rake-off from the people. It would not have required much argument or pressure to have freed the chattel slaves before the discovery of the cotton gin, for few masters made any profit off their labor, but when the cotton gin made cotton a great factor the price of negroes went up for they made more profit for the masters. Slaves were nearer freedom when the price was less. So with stocks and bonds—the cheaper they are the nearer the people are to freedom.

The production of pig iron last year was ten million tons less than the year before. It would have been just as easy to produce an increase as it was to produce less, but as there was no profit in producing what could not be sold the workers were turned out to starve or live on decreased rations. The production in 1907 was twenty-five million tons, and fifteen million tons in 1908. There is more need of iron than is produced. People are in need of things made of iron that they cannot buy because it is too high. Under a sane system of industry the public would own and operate the mines, and the public would build the railroads, ships, bridges and buildings. Do you think that the people, under public ownership, would discharge themselves to starve and do without the things they need? The people have to live, and would it not be better to have them produce things that are needed than to turn them out of employment and not have the things? Individual ownership cannot do this, but collective ownership not only could but it would. Do you think starving idle men are better than busy well-fed people?

One-third of the whole population is engaged, not in production, but in preventing production. How many thousands would be farming today if they were permitted the use of land? or would be mining if they were permitted? or would be making things if they were permitted? Can you not see that a system that prevents men and women from doing things that should be done, making things they are in need of, is all wrong? Why should the workers be put to being servants of the few you call rich, the few who won't work, the few who are reveling in luxury they have not helped to produce? If you had any sense you could see things are upside down. The useful people are at the bottom and the useless people are on top. Not only here, but everywhere on earth is this true. Look at Italy, at Spain, at Russia, at China, at Japan, at Mexico—everywhere you see the same condition. Wake up.

Foods and drinks are adulterated solely for the reason that the owners of the plants can thereby make more profits. If there were no profits in the poisoning and cheapening of the commodities, there would be no such deceptions and frauds and crimes. Will you not agree to that? Then how can you disagree with this trite statement that if the nation owned the plants and produced the goods that no one would gain by adulteration and therefore there would be no adulteration? Why spend millions in costs to prosecute, detectives, lawyers and court costs to watch and punish the owners of plants and still have vitiated goods? If you can trust your government to employ men to prevent fraud, why can you not trust your government to employ men to make the goods at cost and save the expense of the sentinel? Why remain stupid all your life? Why not do a little thinking?

From every city comes reports of diseased milk and unsanitary dairies. This is the cry year in and year out. Not only that, but the farmers are forced to sell milk cheap that the distributing monopoly of capitalists may make big profits. And that could be so easily remedied! All that is necessary to get good, wholesome milk at a reasonable price is for the city to own and operate the dairy business. It can then have any kind of milk it desires, at cost, and no one will make a profit by supplying cheap, nasty, adulterated or infected milk. So long as more money can be made by those handling milk by adulteration, so long will it be adulterated. You would do it, and you must expect others are much like yourself. Only by collective ownership will the incentive to cheat be abolished. Will you never grasp a statement as simple as that?

The wage earners of the United States produce in one year finished goods worth over \$14,000,000,000, or \$2-

115,881,414 more than all the capital invested in all the industries enumerated. This means that if the wage earners owned the tools of production, they could produce enough in one single year to buy all the buildings, all the land on which the buildings stand, all the machinery, all the accounts receivable, all the raw materials, all the stock in process of manufacture, and all the finished product on hand of all the manufacturing plants in the United States and have \$2,115,881,414 left. Think of it! In just one year if you owned the tools!

Jay Gould once said that he could hire one-half the people to shoot the other half. Jay was right. In Russia we see the czar hiring half the people to kill the other half; and find the same thing in every country. We see Americans hired as soldiers to shoot the miners—the strikers for justice. But there is another thing: Rulers have not been able to hire Socialists to shoot the people. Only ignorant or degraded people will hire themselves out to kill other people.

Six English noblemen own more land in this nation than the whole area of Indiana! Besides, there are more than 100 English noblemen owning great tracts, to say nothing of their partnership in corporations that own areas greater than many kingdoms. But of course the great, big, fat, free, liberty-loving American would not endure landlordism like the poor peasants of Europe do! Of course not! It might startle you to read an article in the Technical World Magazine, January issue, Chicago, on "Who Owns the Earth."

If you are engaged in a struggle to dethrone a king, would you select the generals and beneficiaries of the king to direct your operations? No? Then why do you expect the coming administration to dethrone the trusts, when the cabinet is composed of trust magnates, of men who are owners in trusts, of men who are attorneys for trusts? What is Taft giving you? Taft?

SOCIALISM comes as the friend of the home, to enable all men to have home and opportunity and all women to have pleasant surroundings of their own.

Socialism will be the realization of all that capitalism has deprived you of.

Socialism is the doctrine of good cheer. It is at once a promise and a prospect.

Socialism comes to enable all to have private property and plenty to give their luxuries.

Socialism does not propose to "give" you your full social product, but merely to see that you are enabled to retain it.

Socialism would destroy individuality of the devourers and reduce them to the dead level of having to make their own way.

Socialism is not what someone wants to provide for you, but a chance for you to provide the very good that you have dreamed.

Socialism is the way of success. It will provide a means whereby you may realize the good that capitalism has deprived you of.

Socialism will not take your farm or your home, but will end the burden of the mortgage and the weight of rent and profit that has kept you down.

Socialism does not come to take your hope and your possessions, but to give you hope and enable you and all others to be truly rich.

Socialism will give you a chance at the land and at the machinery with which wealth is made. Given this, if you do not have abundance of private property it will be your own fault.

THE SALE OF THE BOY.

BY EUGENE V. DEBS.

CONSIDER THE BARREREN prospect of the average boy who faces the world today. If he is the son of a working man his father is able to do but little in the way of giving him a start. He does not get to go to college nor even to the high school, but has to be satisfied with what he can get in the lower grades, for as soon as he has physical growth enough to work he must find something to do, so that he may help support the family. His father has no influence and can get no preferred employment for him at the expense of some other boy, so he thankfully accepts any kind of service that he may be allowed to perform.

How hard it is to find a place for that boy of yours! What shall we do with Johnnie and Nellie? is the question of the anxious mother long before they are ripe for the labor market. "The child is weak, you know," continues the nervous, loving little mother, "and can't do hard work, and I feel dreadfully worried about him."

What a picture! Yet so common that the multitude does not see it. This mother, numbered by thousands many times over, instinctively understands the capitalist system, feels its cruelty and dreads its approaching horrors which cast the shadows upon her tender, loving heart. Nothing can be sadder than to see a mother take the boy she bore by the hand and start to town with him to peddle him off as merchandise to some one who has use for a child slave. To know just how that feels

Under This System.

The men who make the fabrics wear rags.

The men who build houses live in rented hovels.

The men who make the automobiles walk.

The men who build the railroads tramp between the rails, seeking work.

The men who till the soil eat the refuse and sell the best so they may buy some soil.

The men who work the hardest have the least.

The men who have transformed the world have legally no right in the world.

Socialization a Success.

SOCIALIZING of government under what is termed popular rule is admittedly better than political monarchy.

The socializing of schools has resulted in decreasing illiteracy and diffusing knowledge.

The socializing of the roads has operated much more satisfactorily than the old toll roads and bridges did.

The socializing of the mail service has resulted in letters being carried all over the United States for two cents, where under private service it was often 25 cents for proper service.

The partial socialization of the courts, making the judges to some degree responsible to the people, has resulted in better conditions than prevailed when the judges inherited the office and did precisely as they pleased, without constitutions and without statutes.

The features about the present order that are unsatisfactory come, without exception, from the absolutism that yet prevails; and further socialization would effect a cure, even in the abuses of the courts.

The partial socialization of industry, whereby the work itself is classified, and all society is interdependent, is better than the old order, where every man was a jack at all trades, and made, indifferently, everything he used.

The full socialization of industry, whereby the people who use the tools will also own the tools, will free the workers from the rule of capitalists, and make them prosperous as they never were before. This full socialization of industry is the demand of Socialism, and is in direct line with every advance that has been made in politics and social life for the past three centuries.

CAPITALISM is wasteful, and has in half a century glutted mines, and felled forests in America. Socialism is the only order that has any true conception of political economy.

Capitalism is a great labor-saving machine—for the capitalists.

Capitalist want peace between capital and labor—the biggest piece.

Capitalism means opportunity for the sharper. Socialism means opportunity for everybody.

Capitalism has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Socialism could not possibly prove as bad in results as it has done.

Capitalism is competitive and voices itself in shot and shell. Socialism is co-operative and speaks of order and comradeship.

Capitalism has so corrupted religion that it does not protest at the robbery of profits. Socialism will make environment so moral that real religion will have a chance.

Under Socialism.

The men who work will get their full product.

Every man can afford to own a good home, clear of all indebtedness.

No man will be enabled to live by working others.

Every laborer will be enabled to travel and see the world.

The world will be transformed into a thing of beauty and will belong to those who made it.

The producer, the farmer, will have the best of everything, and will no longer be in debt for the land he works.

They Object.

"HUMANITY cannot be reduced to the dead level of equality," shrieks a contemporary in a terrific attack on Socialism; but it looks like the tramps and hoboes produced by the capitalist system are pretty well reduced to that plane.

Socialism, they tell you, will not be possible until human nature changes. Then they try to prevent human nature from changing by continuing its present brutal surroundings.

Socialism has been tried and proven a failure, about like the golden rule has been. John might even today call the commandment, that ye love one another, "new"—it has never been used enough to show wear.

"The original dream of the Socialists was a noble one; but it was only a dream," warbles the wise writer on a capitalistic organ; which reminds us that the nightmare of capitalism is a credit to the new capitalist nobility; but it is only a nightmare.

A pen pusher who thinks he is a prophet says that Socialism is not practical, and if adopted would lead to utter confusion. And how far would it have to lead, we wonder, to reach the graft, bribery, crime, prostitution degeneracy and general confusion that is here and now.

A capitalist writer thinks he gave Socialism a knockout blow when he said that every man who realizes his ambitions realizes it on the failure of others. That the man who climbs to success does so by stepping on the necks of others is conceded; but that fact of itself damns the present system and proves the need for Socialism.

WHEN VOTES shall have brought Socialism to earth, then Christendom may mean something besides dog-eat-dog and war.

When votes shall have brought Socialism, there will be no more dividing up with the non-producers.

When votes shall have brought Socialism, a sure idealism may be built on a sure material foundation.

When votes shall have brought Socialism, winter will no longer be a terror, because there will then be no poor.

When votes shall have brought Socialism, there will be freedom of action instead of dependence on bosses for the job and for "orders."

When votes shall have brought Socialism, there will be private property for all, instead of for the few only, as today.

When votes shall have brought Socialism, instead of the state controlling the worker, the worker will control the state.

Waste of the System.

ACCORDING to the Capital of Oklahoma City, the oil wells of Oklahoma pour out ten billion feet of crude oil per day, and only one tenth of this amount is saved. This is an example of the waste of capitalism that ought to impress one.

Half the energy of the people of the United States is expended in getting the products away from the producers of them. It is worse than wasted energy, because it is criminal in nature.

Private ownership has slaughtered the forests and gutted the mines. Nothing but collective ownership can truly conserve the public welfare.

From the statistical returns, showing that over 30,000 are killed in the industries every year and something near a million are injured, it would appear that there are more crippled victims of the system in the United States than there are people who have jobs.

The net income of all the railroads in the United States for 1907 was \$890,000,000. This figure \$11 for every inhabitant. The additional tax levied by the raise in freight rates will add two dollars to this sum—making \$13 in all. That's unlucky for you!

Capitalism is such a failure that it cannot provide plenty for all. Socialism will make it so that any who will work can have work and live in both comfort and luxury.

Labor is handed the lemon so often that it is time she made the lemon aid her in getting something more. It could be done by use of the ballot.

Politicians prate of palliative piffle. What is needed is to quit robbing the workers and make them masters of their own lives.

Capitalism is the upholder of the class struggle. Socialism, by ending classes, will forever end the class struggle.

It would not be so bad for people to believe all they hear if they did not also believe a lot of stuff they dream.

PROFITABLE ADVICE

From Wahre Jacob.



THE TRUST is capitalism in its final development. It means the death of the small concern. Nothing but the whole people in industrial organization is greater than it or can master it.

It is time that the language which crystallized the conditions into the words, lady and gentleman, should be humanized by the adoption of a system that would bring into general use the far better words, man and woman.

In 1907 Japan exported \$1,177,683 worth of machinery. Most of it went to China, and consisted of cotton gins and printing presses. Feudalism is passing in the east, and the yellow people are becoming capitalists. They will hereafter compete with America and Europe.

Already the United States has lost the bulk of its Philippine trade to Japan, and when these cotton gins get in operation in China we will find the yellow race, coolie labor, competing with the cotton industries of the southern states of America. Then the south will have a double race problem. And the yellow problem is likely to prove harder of solution than the black.

The south has entered on a period of capitalism, and she will be done to a frazzle, and very rapidly, too.

Defenders of the system that is, say they are opposed to Socialism because it means confiscation. But they are very busy these days in confiscating the property and business of the saloons, breweries, distilleries and wholesale liquor dealers. State after state is going prohibition and the capital invested in and in many instances is taken possession of by the officers and burned. We have had many instances of this in Kansas. This is not defending the liquor traffic—it is only showing you that the interests that cry "confiscation" are themselves engaged in confiscation. And all the profits that flow to capitalists is wealth confiscated from the workers.

A gold dredging company has been incorporated at San Francisco with a capital of \$50,000,000 for the purpose of dredging the rivers of the west and extracting the gold from the gravel. This means that the long ton and pan of the individual operator will be put out of business and his work will be done far better by machinery, operated by a rich syndicate. The same thing already prevails to a great extent in Alaska. It is but another evidence that the wealth of the country will belong hereafter to the people who own the machinery. If it is to be owned by a few individuals, then there will be a few rich and a many poor, but if the machinery is to be owned by the whole people, then there will be riches for all.

An item in the press said the cold snap had stimulated business, especially in the coal line. Just as if this were a good thing! It may help the coal producers, but it injures all the consumers, who are a hundred times as many as the coal producers. Under the present anarchy of industry, some have reason to rejoice at an injury to others. For instance, every destruction of property today serves to employ more people, giving them a chance to earn a living, while under public ownership all would lose by every fire or flood. Insane? Well, this system is nothing else.

The rich are envious of the well being of the poor. They desire to hire them for the least wages possible, which means that they want the workers to have little but want most themselves. You often hear thoughtless people saying that Socialism is merely envy of the rich. Just the reverse is true. We do not envy the rich, but we desire to have the workers live as well as they do. If there be any in want, let it be those who will not work.

In the old days a man moved into the forest, cut down a few trees, invited his neighbors to a "raising" and within a few weeks possessed a house of his own completely paid for. These days a man may labor and save for years and cannot get him a home. Why is it? Is it because the modern man does not want a home, or that he and his neighbors have not the ability to build homes? No, of course not. It is not even because the modern home is so much more elaborate than the old home was. If the average man was to be able to exchange labor with the carpenter, mason, plasterer, lumber jack and all others who do work in constructing a house, day for day, he could even now "make" him a splendid modern home in less than a year's labor. Yet he works for years and years and has no home. Why is it? Well, the capitalist system is at the bottom of it. Now, he must pay a profit on everything—sometimes half a dozen profits on the same thing. Besides, while waiting to get ahead so he can pay this tribute and procure a home, he must pay a constant tribute of rent. There are plenty of men who have paid in rent enough to buy them a good home even under capitalism. Besides all this, a man does not get the full value of his own labor. It is no wonder he cannot have a home under capitalism, which seems to be a system purposely designed for destroying the home. If we had Socialism, we would be neither profit, rent or exploitation of labor and any man who worked to that end might easily provide his family a comfortable home, as their own individual property, within a year.

A millionaire in Russia on his deathbed withdrew his fortune from the banks, and had the money burned, because he had found it a source of worry and wished to relieve the world of that much trouble. Silly as this was, it was no more silly than the idea held by most people that he really destroyed wealth. He did destroy a means whereby his heirs would have been able to secure wealth from others, but the world in general was no poorer after his burnt offering than it was before. There is not a particle of value in all the stocks and bonds and most of the money that constitute the so-called wealth of the millionaires. All that makes them of any value whatever is the power that lies in them to exploit others of real value. That value is there only because the people believe it is. If the people should change their minds, the millionaires might retain their stocks and bonds, so that nothing would be "confiscated," and yet they would have nothing. The whole system is a fake.

Between 30,000 and 35,000 deaths and 2,000,000 injured is the accident record in the United States during the last year among workmen, according to a bulletin on accidents issued by the bureau of labor. Of those employed in factories and workshops it is stated that probably the most exposed class are the workers in iron and steel. Fatal accidents among electricians and electric linemen and coal miners are declared to be excessive, while railway trainmen are killed in the proportion of 7.46 deaths per 1,000 employees. Think of it! It would indeed be a bloody war that would cripple a million a year. But the struggle for bread under capitalism is a real and bitter war. The captains of industry are not killed. They are not even exposed to danger. They get the profits of it, and the soldiers in the army or peace get—killed or crippled. Do you really like a system that is responsible for so much suffering, or are you ready to revolt and come to civilized living?

JUST FOR THE ASKING.

BY F. M. EASTWOOD.

1. Would the government under Socialism guarantee each individual a living? 2. Would all private property revert to the government? 3. What effect would Socialism have upon the inmates of prisons? 4. Would Socialism have a tendency to lessen the crime of stealing?—D. C. Readville, Mass.

IT IS NOT EXPECTED that Socialism would establish a government which would guarantee each individual a living. It is expected that Socialist society would guarantee each an opportunity to work and earn his living without being plucked as he now is by a capitalist employer.

Reversion of private property to the state has no place in the Socialist program with the exception of such payments as individuals would make in return for services rendered them by society. Your third question is too indefinite to answer with a definite reply.

Socialism would no doubt make stealing less frequent, and would tend to eliminate theft since it would make impracticable the vast amount of stealing that is now practiced with the approval and under the protection of law. Stealing is nothing more or less than getting something for nothing. If you work for wages producing each day a value of ten dollars for which you are paid five dollars, you are robbed of five dollars as effectively as if someone were to fish it from your pocket; and the man or men who get the values, which you produce but do not get, are thieves in fact though they may not be so regarded by capitalist-made laws.

By far the greater part of the stealing now going on is done by this legalized process which produces the misery of poverty and leads to other crimes.

The General Proposition.

You advocate giving each man what he produces. How would that be done?—F. S. M., Phillipsburg, Pa.

We certainly do advocate the proposition that each producer is entitled to the full value of what he produces. That result can be accomplished only through the application of the principles of Socialism. Socialism tells how this may be done, but not how it will be done.

The program of Socialism requires first that the working class shall organize all the workers into a class-conscious political party, and thereby capture the political power which has heretofore been and now is held and exercised by the capitalist class.

When the workers, conscious of their common interests as a class, have captured political power they can and should use it for the purpose of reorganizing society and industry in such a way that those who work will administer affairs in their own interest, collectively owning the means of production and democratically conducting them.

When the actual workers so own and administer the means by which they produce wealth they will no longer be under the necessity of submitting to a division of their product with the capitalists—they will no longer have to give part of what they produce to the capitalists as they now do in the form of profits. It is not for us to say how all the many petty problems involved may be solved—those things will be worked out in their time. The question now is: Are you in favor of the general proposition?

The Class Struggle.

Why do you Socialists lay so much stress on the so-called class struggle? Do not the workers struggle with each other for position and promotion, and do not the capitalists also struggle with each other for advantage as much or even more than they do with the workers?—L. M., Boise, Idaho.

Socialists lay so much stress on the class struggle because it is one great fundamental historical fact which the capitalists for the present system of production deny and strive to obscure by every means in their power. It is true that the workers struggle with each other and compete for the jobs that are not numerous enough to at all times supply the workers with the opportunity to earn a living. It is also true that the capitalists compete with each other to get the upper hand and get the wealth that each has accumulated. But that does not disprove the class struggle.

On all the vital questions that affect the welfare of the man who works you will find the capitalists and their retainers a unit. They act together for their own interest and in opposition to the aggressive demands of the workers. The capitalists are united in the desire and determination to pay the worker as little for his services and to get as much out of him as possible. Those workers who make any concerted effort in their own behalf are just as intent on getting the highest wages and the shortest working day possible. The struggle over wages and working conditions is ever present and comes up in many forms, but all the labor unions, manufacturers' associations, strikes, lockouts, boycotts, anti-labor injunctions, with all the phenomena that are incident to the relations of the modern employer and his employees have their roots in the inevitable quarrel over the division of what labor produces between the producers and the men who own the means of production.

The struggle between the economic classes is fundamental and exists not only under the present system but has existed under those systems which have preceded capitalism. Socialism would abolish the class struggle by giving the actual producer the full value of his product, thereby obliterating class lines by transforming all into workers at the same time that it eliminates the exploiter.

The lesser competitive struggles that go on between individuals of the same class are as real as the larger struggle between the social divisions; but they are not of such social significance as the latter. Capitalists may quarrel and fight among themselves as Fish and Harriman did for control of the Illinois Central railroad, but when their class interests are attacked they wisely get together to mutually protect their mutual privileges.

This suggests the wisdom of the workers getting together to make common cause in behalf of their common interests. The workers have not learned the lesson that they will in time, but they are getting together in their trade unions that their struggle may be productive of more desirable results; and they are beginning to get together politically. The strength and effectiveness of their united effort depends upon to what extent they become conscious of the class struggle; and it is for this reason that every public teacher under capitalist control persistently asserts that there is no such struggle. A class-conscious workingman is a tough proposition for a capitalist politician, and it is therefore natural that all the capitalist interests should denounce class consciousness as something very bad. From their viewpoint it is a bad thing because it is bad for them, but it is the one fact the realization of which will unite and solidify the workers of the world into an effective movement for industrial independence and real freedom.

Socialism, Utopian and Scientific.

What are the fundamental principles of Scientific Socialism? In what way do they differ from the principles of Utopian Socialism?—J. A. K., Los Angeles, Cal.

UTOPIAN SOCIALISM was founded principally upon an ideal state of society which the utopians invented and then sought to have adopted without consideration of the underlying social forces which determine the trend of social affairs according to the progress of economic evolution. They overlooked or failed to discover that society and its institutions is a growth, rather than a scheme to be arbitrarily devised and set up at will.

While the modern Socialist movement retains as its ideal the state of society which must inevitably follow the collapse of capitalism, it is scientific in its interpretation of history and its analysis of the present system. It adds to the ideal a foundation upon which to justify the movement and changes its character from that of a mere reform to that of a clearly defined and revolutionary effort for the political and economic supremacy of the producer.

The first principle of Scientific Socialism is the Class Struggle. Socialists interpret all history as essentially a series of class struggles between a ruling and owning class on the one hand, and a working and subject class on the other. In every historical epoch since primitive communism prevailed these two classes have struggled with each other; the masters to keep their slaves, serfs and wage workers in subjection, and the workers to win concessions from their masters.

All history is centered in this controversy between the propertyless laborer and the wealthy exploiter over the product of the workingman's labor; and the second principle of Scientific Socialism is closely related to the first in that it maintains that the means and methods by which the people of any historical period have made their living is the fundamental thing which determined the character of other social institutions peculiar to that epoch. This theory, called the Materialistic Conception of History, is in contradiction with the old idealistic conception which taught that history is made by great men who do the great things that result in progress.

Reform vs. Revolution.

Is it not a fact that if Socialism ever comes at all it will come a little at a time in the shape of one reform after another until all the abuses of present society are removed? Why do Socialists insist upon a revolution, when the safer and surer way is by means of a step at a time?—A. J. S., Tampa, Fla.

Your scheme of getting Socialism in installments is like that of the poultryman who went crazy trying to devise a scheme whereby he might hatch his chickens a little at a time and not break the shells.

As a matter of fact all chickens are hatched a little at a time up to a certain point, but when that point is reached a biological revolution takes place by which the egg disappears and a chick appears in its stead. A social system are the shells in which society grows a step at a time up to the point possible; but when the system is no longer fit for the growth within it must break away to permit the new birth. The multiplying and accumulating abuses which you admit are signs that society has about reached the limit of its present shell. Present institutions are no longer satisfactory to the people as a whole when the few live in riotous luxury and many are unable to obtain so much as a job whereby to gain the mere means of existence.

Every advance in civilization is a step toward Socialism. Socialism has already gained an enormous vitality within the shell that for the present limits it. When society decreed that a giant with a club would not be permitted to beat down weaker men at his pleasure there was a step toward Socialism. When one nation after another placed prohibition on chattel slavery the social consciousness asserted itself in footprints pointing toward the Co-operative Commonwealth. But with all the limitations that have been placed upon the gross avarice of the savage, and all the restrictions against the individual which form the total of civilization we are yet far from Socialism because the shell that confines is yet whole though weakening.

The old system which yet recognizes the right of one man to own what another man must use, and by such ownership exact a tribute from the producer, is yet here and must be abolished before the workers can successfully claim and obtain the total values they create.

We do not so much insist on the revolution as we recognize its inevitability. The revolution must come, not because Socialists talk and write about it, but because it is the only way to hatch the new social system. The social life must break the shell or cease to exist. We are not hammering the shell to hurry the natural process which is rapid enough; we are only preparing the evolving society within for the day when it must take on a new form.

SOCIALISM is American to the core. Our forefathers fought for the principle of popular rule in politics. Socialism is merely industrial democracy or popular rule in industry, an extension of the principles for which Washington fought. If it is an international movement, now, if it is in advance of what the patriots of 1776 sought, it is because the idea of popular rule has been growing and advancing because of its proven merits. Socialism is a friend of private property. It demands public ownership and control of the means of production and distribution only because that is the surest means of enabling all to secure private property. Socialism is the friend of the home. It wants to make conditions so everyone can afford to own a good home, free of incumbrance, so men and women can afford to marry, so no child will be compelled to dwarf itself, physically or intellectually by overwork, and so the higher ideals may have free scope for realization. Socialism is not a cut and dried scheme, but merely enlarged opportunity, a freeing of the people, so they may do for themselves. It does not propose a dividing up of things. It does not propose to take from anyone anything except the power to exploit others and he is better off without this. It is not destructive, but, in preventing waste, in giving all opportunity to do productive labor whenever they may desire, in fostering all that humanity has found to be good, it is the most conservative force in the universe. It is revolutionary, in the same sense a modern locomotive is revolutionary—it demands a change from old methods to new.

AS BETWEEN MAN AND MAN.

We are often told that the workers today have comforts and luxuries their grandfathers never dreamed of and that in many ways they are better off than workers ever were before. There is a grain of truth in this but only a grain. And this grain lies not so much in what the workers have as in what they might have under the present improved methods of production.

But these very improved methods which should guarantee economic security and a higher standard of living utterly fail of this purpose and make of the lives of millions a continuous battle for bread all the way from the cradle to the potterfield. The reason for this is clearly pointed out by Socialists. The improved methods are not used to benefit the workers but to increase the profit of the capitalists. It is this profit that is first taken into account and after this the worker's life and wife and babies. No factory is operated to give workers a chance to earn bread but only to make profit for its owner and if this can not be made the factory shuts down and the workers are forced into idleness and perhaps starvation.

The aboriginal tribes of the United States knew nothing about the industrial battle for bread. They could not have understood the bowery bread-line, the pinched and pallid faces, and the rags and tatters dangling from shivering bodies. They were savages, and bread-lines exist only among civilized peoples. They ground their maize, by very crude methods, to feed the tribe and not to enrich the chief, and there was usually enough to go around. Besides, the waters were alive with fish and the forests with game and all had equal access to the life-giving resources of nature.

It remained for capitalism to multiply by a thousand the means of making bread and in an inverse ratio increase the difficulties of getting bread. The savages suffered hunger only when the food supply failed, civilized peoples starve when the food supply is too great. The savage instinct would not have suggested the bread-line of beggars for crumbs and crumbs while granaries and ware-houses were bursting with an over-supply of food products.

The battle for bread in our modern life is at once a curse and a blessing. The suffering is frightful to contemplate but this very suffering will drive us with a lash its victims to action. Self-preservation will force them to move and in the right direction. Humanity in the aggregate has never moved in the direction of progress except through the compelling force of economic necessity.

The battle for bread rages fiercely all over the civilized world and millions are going down in poverty, misery, starvation, and suicide but there is consolation in the fact, as Socialists view it, that this world-wide battle for bread will drive the workers finally to the necessity of taking possession of the means of bread production and putting an end to the brutal battle among civilized peoples to feed themselves.

Can't You See?

THE markets of the world cannot buy the products of the industrial plants of the United States if they are run on full time. That is why there are so many closed and so many tens of thousands of workers idle. They never can be run at full time, and all the workers cannot have employment at once. The same is true of the plants in Europe. The world has a glut of goods, and the people cannot buy them because they have not enough wages or no wages at all.

You wouldn't run a plant when you could not sell the goods, would you? Nor will the other fellows. We have enough people to man all the industries, enough people cannot be employed because the masters cannot sell the goods. What are the people thus thrown out of employment to do? Be silent and starve? Do you think they will do that? This is the result of capitalism run to its logical end. Under a common ownership of the industries the wages of the workers would equal the selling price of the goods, and they could buy all they wanted, and then if they didn't need any more they could stop and play until the supply began to run down, and then they would start up

the plants again. Or they could lessen the hours of a day's toil and make the supply equal the demand, but without throwing any one out of employment.

Better machinery that is being made and improved every day is intensifying the present conditions. The future will be worse and worse. It is impossible for it to get better while the cause of it remains. Private ownership of industries is the cause, and public ownership is the cure. You can suffer as long as you like, but you cannot avoid suffering so long as the industries are owned and operated for private gain.

When enough of you get it in the neck you will open your eyes, or else you will close them in starvation. You are up against the real thing now. The rich cannot waste the products as fast as you can create them. But all the people, if they were permitted, could use all the goods the plants could produce. And the only reason they can't buy them is because their wages are not equal to the price put on the goods when they leave their hands. CAN you get that into your noggin?

Eating the Small Fish.

The increased difficulty of smaller roads making money under the prohibition of rate cutting is an argument in favor of the absorption of these shorter lines by the great trunk railroads, and this is now going on in all parts of the country.—Weekly Financial Review, Barbe & Co., New York, Dec. 25.

THE big fish are eating up the small fish; the days of competition are rapidly passing; wise men combine, foolish men try to compete; big capital makes great percentage in profits, small concerns make little or no profits; the rich laugh at the chumps who think they are free to go into business, and they lick them up and smack their lips as they conscientiously roll their piles. There is no competition in railroad rates. They are taking all the traffic will bear. They cover up their net earnings by watered stock and inside manipulations, and control the government, the courts and the conditions of the lives of the people. As well might you try to play the game of war against a Napoleon as to try to play the game of commerce against the Hills, Harrimans, Carnegies, Rockefellers and Morgans. But you who are the many can control them at the ballot box if you were wise enough to vote for the collective ownership of the industries of the nation. But you are doomed, as are your children, to an industrial servitude to the owners of the great trusts, if you continue to permit private ownership of industries. Only your ignorance permits the few to own and operate all the national wealth in the interest of that few.

Life Worth Living.

TO THE man whose life is spent in the struggle to preserve it there is nothing to tempt him to wish to live it over again. On the contrary, he contemplates with a sort of grim satisfaction the approach of the weary end. He is not gaily lived—not so much as tasted life, and the evidences of real life he beholds about him but serve to mock his own bitter fate.

This dumb resignation and despair is the melancholy destiny of millions of human beings to whom life means little or nothing that may properly be called worth the living. They are predestined to suffer poverty, ignorance and oppression; to be looked down upon, to be denied work and food and shelter; to be always on the edge of want, to feel old age creeping on and hope dying out of the heart.

It is possible to contemplate the widespread misery and hopelessness of the masses and still find any excuse to support the social system from which such cruel injustice flows?

Not because the earth does not yield in abundance for all are the millions doomed to poverty; not because of lack of tools or labor or any other preventable reason, but solely on account of human perversity in an outgrown system tolerated which is productive of nothing so abundantly as stunted intellects, atrophied hearts, blasted hopes and wasted lives.

A social system is fit to survive only to the extent that it conserves the commonweal and makes life worth living for the whole body of the people.

In Socialism the earth and its bounties will be for all, and society will see to it that every babe that comes into the world is an equal heir to all life's opportunities for physical, mental and moral development and that every life is enriched and made well worth the living.

develop private enterprise and pile up alpine fortunes which curse ever their possessors. The true function of wealth is perverted and its pernicious influence falls like a blight upon the whole community.

World-Wide Revolution.

POLITICAL REVOLUTIONS are taking place in every country on the face of the globe. The human race seems to be awakening out of a thousand-year sleep. Old things are passing away and the new is being born. Old despots die hard, but they are giving away before the pressure of the new. The world today is as unlike the world of last century as it was unlike the world at the time of the Christ. The world is mental; it is a new perception of human relations. Millions are able to see in the present that the ownership of the job is the ownership of men; that slavery consists not in any form, but in the essence of things; that wherever some live off others by reason of interest, rent or profit, such is slavery just as much as when men and women were bought and sold on the block for the purpose of later on getting the profit out of their work; that kingship consists in living off of others, and not in any title that is held or bestowed.

They see, now, as they never did before that kings without incomes would not be kings at all, and that real kingship lies in the power to take from others and when that power is held by a capitalist it has just the same effect upon those who do the paying as when it is collected by soldiers at the command of a king or czar. The people are tired of the strife between each other and long for a brotherhood, when men and women will work co-operatively to help each other, instead of competitively to take from each other. They are tired of monarchs, are tired of royalty, are tired of capitalists and trusts. And the impulse for a change, a sweeping change, that will wipe out the Old and bring in the New, is waking in every mind. Dull, indeed, is the intellect that does not perceive this change coming everywhere. Revolutionary ideals are reverberating around this old earth. All are effected by them, some consciously, some unconsciously. The Old is dying. The New is coming!

Waste in Mineral Products.

According to Senator Flint, of California, in a speech before the national conservation commission in Washington, the waste of mineral products in the United States amounts to \$1,000,000 per day in value. The waste in natural gas amounts to 100,000,000 cubic feet per day, or more than enough to light all the cities of the United States having more than 100,000 population. The waste in coal mining is equivalent to about half of the total product, or for the year 1907 about 240,000,000 tons. During 1907 there were 3,000 men killed and more than 7,000 injured in the coal mines alone. The number killed for each 1,000 men employed is from three to four times as great in America as in any other country in the world. The coal deposits of the United States occupy an area of 500,000 square miles and contain about 1,400,000,000 tons of coal available for mining under present conditions. In iron ore we have in sight, under present economic conditions, 3,843,000,000 tons, of high grade ore and 59,000,000,000 tons of low grade ore, of which nearly two-thirds of the high grade are located in the Lake Superior district. At the present rate of use it is estimated that the high grade ores will have been exhausted by the middle of this century. The supply of high-grade coal may be extended to the middle of the next century. As to copper, lead, zinc and the precious metals, it is estimated that the supply will not last beyond the present century, and the probability of the discovery of new supplies is lessening every year.

AHLI GRABITALL, FINANCIER.



AHLI GRABITALL was a Great Profit. He ranged the expanses of the Sahara Desert and counted his Camels and Shekels by the Hundreds of Thousands.

Beautifully the Fountains and make of them Attractive Places. They thanked the Good Ahli for his Success in Teaching them many Valuable Lessons.

At the Noon Hour

"Five Acres and Independence."

THE BOYS were chucking up from their dinner pails and paper bags when Dippy Dan began:

"I wish to the Lord I had sense enough to go on the farm. There is the independent life for you."

The gang gave him the horse laugh and gaped him as a hayseed. The Ringer suggested that he had dust in his attic and various others decided him to be dippy, nifty, nutty, prunny and bughouse. They always threw it into Dippy Dan that way. But finally, when Sport Williams gravely suggested that the unemployed would be a great deal better off if they would go to the country, Mike, the Socialist, remarked:

"If there is any class of people in the world that is in a bad shape it is the farmers. Roosevelt recognized that fact when he appointed a commission to find out why boys were leaving the farm."

"Possibly he only found out that he needed the farmers' votes," suggested the Ringer.

"You may be right about that," admitted Mike. "But how do you imagine a fellow down on his luck is going to get him a farm and be independent? Granted that he can beat his way to the west, how is he to buy land when he has no money? Suppose he rents land, he has to work scab hours to make a bare living and there would be mighty little hope of him ever getting ahead. But that isn't all. In these days, it requires some money to prepare for farming, even apart from securing the land. There are horses, wagons, harness, plows, hoes, lances, axes and various other tools and appliances to buy, to say nothing of machinery and stock that are necessary to make farming a success. The fact is, farming is now a factory proposition. If tools, machinery and stock is included as part of the farm equipment, there is more invested in farm equipment in the United States, than there is in all kinds of manufacture. It would be as easy, these days, for a man to engage in manufacture without money as to engage in farming."

"That's rot," replied Dippy Dan, vehemently. "Haven't I heard of working men who are making a living raising chickens and keeping bees?"

"That bears about the same relation to farming that Wall Street does to manufacture—it is the exploiting phase of it. But I have heard of men who were seeking the great opportunities that there are in the country, wandering from place to place where it had been advertised that there was plenty of work, and finding nothing to do. I have also read of tramps being taken from trains and compelled to work in the harvest fields at the figures the employing farmers chose to give and none of these appeared to think they were better off than in the city."

"The farm is exploited by the city," suggested Sport, "and so, naturally, the city ought to offer better opportunity, and does."

"Pooh! Did you ever hear of the bread line and soup house on the farm? Did you ever hear of the sweat shop and child slave on the farm?" "No. The city has the advantage of the farm in these respects. There are plenty of farmers who live on corn pone and sow belly or worse, but they have no free bread or soup. There are plenty of children on the farm who have to work so hard they get no education, and there are also farmers' wives who would be glad to do a little sweat shop work in preference to the drudgery they do, and it would pay them better, besides. I fear you are a city farmer, Sport."

And the gang laughed.

"For Who," they asked, "would give us employment as Takers of Toll, if the Great and Good Ahli was dispossessed of the Fountains of Water and these valuable sources of revenue turned again back to their wild and useless state?"

And the Howlers were Silenced.

As the Wealth of the Profit accumulated, he established institutions of Learning and endowed Many Mosques throughout the land. He built a Beautiful Monument to himself, and it gave much Work to the People for which they were glad. They spent the Wages they received for the Water from the Fountains of Ahli.

Agitators, however, appeared ever and anon to disturb the Dreams of Ahli, but with a little well directed Effort and a Few Shekels, these men were put out of the Way—employment was taken from them after the manner adopted by the Insurance Company of the Civilized City of Cincinnati. Men were Turned Adrift on the Great Desert because they had Spoken their minds freely and advocated a return to the people the things which Nature had given them for use. But the number of Protestors increased and they raised such a dust that steps were taken by the Government established by Ahli to Suppress all Speech which was not in Accordance with the established order.

A Press Censor was put on the payroll and he was so Assiduous in performing his duty that he increased the number of Howlers many thousandfold.

When the Murmuring of the Multitude had reached such pitch that go where he would there was no escape for the Rich and Husky Ahli, he decided that he would Leave the Country. So he packed his grip and all his Shekels and left. But the Oases continued Doing Business at the Old Stand, and the people were happy and contented and slaked their Thirst and used the Coin Saved to

the goods he gets do not cost one-fifth of what he pays, and he would thus, in effect, get five times as much, though he did not receive a cent more in cash for his products. But the farmers are waking up, here and there, and are looking into these things. You see the matter is just the way you look at it. Get at the bottom facts, and they appear different than from a superficial view, made in such a way as to purposely deceive. The farmers are a very poorly paid part of the nation.

Capitalist Tendency

BY KARL MARX.

WHAT does the primitive accumulation of capital—i.e., its historical genesis—resolve itself into? In so far as it is not immediate transformation of slaves and serfs into wage-laborers, and therefore a mere change of form, it only means the expropriation of the immediate producers—i.e., the dissolution of private property based on the labor of its owner. Private property, as the antithesis to social, collective property, exists only where the means of labor and the external conditions of labor belong to private individuals. But according as these private individuals are laborers or not laborers, private property has a different character. The numberless shades that it at first presents correspond to the intermediate stages lying between these two extremes.

The private property of the laborer in his means of production is the foundation of petty industry, whether agricultural, manufacturing, or both. Petty industry, again, is an essential condition for the development of social production and of the free individuality of the laborer himself. Of course, this petty mode of production exists also under slavery, serfdom, and other states of dependence. But it flourishes, it lets loose its whole energy, it attains its adequate classical form, only where the laborer is the private owner of his own means of labor set in action by himself—the peasant of the land which he cultivates, the artisan of the tool which he handles as a virtuoso. This mode of production presupposes parceling of the soil, and scattering of the other means of production. As it excludes the concentration of these means of production, so also it excludes cooperation, division of labor within each separate process of production, the control over, and the productive application of the forces of nature by society, and the free development of the social productive powers. It is compatible only with a system of production, and a society, moving within narrow and more or less primitive bounds. To perpetuate it would be, as Pecqueur rightly says, "to decree universal mediocrity." At a certain stage of development it brings forth the material agencies for its own dissolution.

From that moment new forces and new passions spring up in the bosom of society; but the old social organization fetters them and keeps them down. It must be annihilated. It is annihilated. Its annihilation, the transformation of the individualized and scattered means of production into socially concentrated ones, of the pigmy property of the many into the huge property of the few; the expropriation of the great mass of the people from the soil, from the means of subsistence, and from the means of labor; the further and painful expropriation of the mass of the people forms the prelude to the history of capital. It comprises a series of forcible methods, of which we have passed in review only those that have been epoch-making as methods of the primitive accumulation of capital. The expropriation of the immediate producers was accomplished with merciless vandalism, and under the stimulus of passions the most infamous, the most sordid, the pettiest, the most meanly odious. Seized private property, that is based, so to say, on the fusing together of the isolated, independent laboring individual with the conditions of his labor, is supplanted by capitalist private property, which rests on exploitation of the nominally free labor of others, i.e., on wage-labor.

As soon as this process of transformation has sufficiently decomposed the old society from top to bottom; as soon as the laborers are turned into proletarians, their means of labor into capital; as soon as the capitalist mode of production stands on its own feet; then the further socialization of labor and further transformation of the land and other means of production into socially exploited and, therefore, common means of production, the expropriation of all means of production by their users, the means of production of combined, socialized labor, the entanglement of all peoples in the net of the world-market, and with this, the international character of the capitalistic regime. Along with the constantly diminishing number of the magnates of capital, who usurp and monopolize all advantages of this process of transformation, grows the mass of misery, oppression, slavery, degradation, exploitation; but with this too grows the revolt of the working class, a class always increasing in numbers, and disciplined, united, organized by the very mechanism of the process of capitalist production itself. The monopoly of capital becomes a fetter upon the mode of production, which is springing up, and is burst asunder. The knell of capitalist private property sounds. The expropriators are expropriated.

The capitalist mode of appropriation, the result of the capitalist mode of production, produces capitalist private property. This is the first negation of individual private property, as founded on the labor of the proprietor. But capitalist production begets, with the inexorability of a law of Nature, its own negation. It is the negation of negation. This does not reestablish private property for the producer, but gives him individual property based on the acquisitions of the capitalist era; i.e., on co-operation and the possession in

Confiscating the Mills.

The big fish eat the little ones. A complaint against the transportation companies by northwestern millers, representing \$15,000,000 of investments, has been filed before the inter-state commission, alleging that rates are too high on flour, as against the rate on wheat, between the mills and the seaboard, because the railroads own the elevators and mills east and thus force the wheat east to be milled, to the virtual confiscation of the property of the complainants, one-half of whose plants are now idle. The big millers confiscated the smaller mills by favored rates and cheaper water power, and now in their turn they are being squeezed by the greater capitalists who own the railroads and lake steamers! It is a very pretty game. Concentration goes merrily on, and the smile of the fellow who eats up his little competitor today wears off into a despairing gasp tomorrow as he sees his accumulations being swiped by his more powerful neighbor. Do you think this can go on forever? What is to be the end? Do you believe you and your children will be able to slip through this net? Do you not know that your business, your farm, your property, is certain, to slide into the powerful jaws of some millionaire power as time rolls on? And then what? Do you not see that your farm or business is much more at the mercy of manipulations than the great millionaire miller interests are? And minus your property, what becomes of you and your children? Are you so stupid that you never bother your brains about such problems? There is no help for this future if capitalism is to continue. The big fellows can do you and me up whenever they set out to do it. Only by having all the industries of the nation owned and operated by all the people can you and I and our children be safe. My children cannot be safe unless all children are safe, and that saves your children as well as mine. I don't care for your children nor you, and you don't care for me or my children, but each cares for his own, and the only way we can make them safe is to make it impossible for any to have an advantage over others. That saves you and your children—but it I am a Socialist. If you will study this over for a few minutes I believe you can get the thought. Try it!

The Bread Line.



There is not enough to go 'round.

Industrial Freedom.

THERE can be no freedom in modern society until there is first industrial freedom. All other freedom must necessarily follow. In the concentrated form of industry today the great masses are in slavery and will so remain until they own and control these industries and operate them under democratic cooperation for the common good. Until this transformation has taken place it is vain to hope for any material change in existing conditions.

Industrial freedom is the basic, fundamental demand of the working class and this demand will increase as the workers break the shackles of ignorance and superstition and with a self reliance born of enlightenment, join the international working class movement and help hasten the day of its victory.

The great need of the working class is thorough organization on both the economic and political fields. Industrial unionism on the economic field and united political action will win the day, and to the extent that workers understand this and get together on a revolutionary basis they will promote their class interests and insure the triumph of industrial freedom.

Making "good" these days means making money.

Capitalism will not work. It makes others do that.

There can be no brotherhood among masters and slaves.

There were no unemployed people until capitalism came to hire them.

CHICAGO, a TYPE of CAPITALISM

BY BEN HANFORD.

A MAN who had long resided in Chicago (he had never lived) died, and as a matter of course, went to Hell. But when he got there he did not know the place. He thought it was Heaven—he found it so much pleasanter than Chicago.

Chicago—the place where all of Capital's dreams come true. Straight down from the first to the seventh hell. Then down, down to the bottom of the bottomless pit. There is Chicago: Chicago—an industrial penitentiary. Buildings and ground covering hundreds of square miles. Inmates and keepers numbering more than two thousand thousand souls—many of them dead, all others in fever and travail. Chicago—the penal city. Rolling mill prisons. Factory prisons. Department store prisons. Reaper works prisons. Stock yards prisons. Factory prisons full of children. Factory prisons full of women. Factory prisons full of men. Some of them trusties—but they cannot escape. Prisons for all who work. All must work in prisons. None can ever work himself out of prison—in Chicago. All and each serving a life sentence. Inmates and keepers, all must work—work and hurry—in Chicago. Hurry or die—hurry and die—hurry to death—the Capitalist devils can't wait—in Chicago. Primitive men utilized cliffs and caves for dwellings. Chicago people dwell in cliffs and caves. Not those made by nature. Nature's cliffs and caves are not high enough, not low enough, not dark enough. So the Chicago prisoners made their own caves and cliffs—and made them foul and dark and poisonous. Chicago—peopled by souls that are dead, with hearts of lead, in their rotting flesh, hung on brittle bones. Chicago—where the buildings tremble and the streets rock and the whole place quakes always—where they know no silence and hear no song—where there are noises ever and never music sounds. Chicago—where statues is not crime or vice is humbug—statues of plaster, pretense of marble; buildings of staff and sand, pretense of stone; steeple and paint, pretense of iron and steel; men who are devils, smug-faced, clerical-clothed, pretense of virtue; pallid women, rouged, pretense of health; bejeweled women, hearts of flint; perfumed women, fine ladies, disguising the stench of them. The hands on the clock say the hour is morning, but they work all night in the night time, and there is no day in Chicago. Hurry, hurry to work, prisoners and keepers—hurry all. Go faster, ever faster. Don't lose the step. If you lose the step, you fall. And if you fall you die—in Chicago. Work, little child; work, and hurry. Work, little girl; work faster. Wear crash and rag; do not mind your withering, bending frame; work, little girl and hurry. Your employer's little

What is the Matter With the Farm?

"I wish Roosevelt's commission would come to me," remarked Pop Weasel, who had been reading up. "I could mighty soon tell them what's the matter with the farm."

"Well, play I'm the commission," suggested Brother Ben. "Tell me."

"It's because the cities are milking us. In the old populist days we used to have a picture of a big cow, which was feeding in the west and being milked in New York. That's the idea exactly. The populists had it right, by gum. You know it, Brother Ben. The east, just a little patch around New York, runs the whole works. Why, they tell us who is to be president, and you don't nominate a man from the west, even you Socialists don't."

Brother Ben smiled. "Suppose I should agree with you, Pop."

"By gum, you know it's so. Why, then trust fellers in the east tell us they will pay us for our truck, and then fix the price of things we buy. They get us coming and going, and they own our land and the mortgages on our land, and the railroads on which we ship things, and play with us just exactly like we was mice and they was cats."

Pop was growing enthusiastic. Brother Ben smiled all the broader as he suggested:

"Of course the lonesomeness of the farm and the hard work and all that sort of thing which they talked about—"

Pop interrupted him: "Shucks," he said. "The hard work comes because them fellers gets us. And as for lonesomeness, I would as soon live in the country as not if I could make a goodish living. All them things is poppycock, as I heard the editor say out. We are exploited. I'll go with you that far. Them capitalist fellers has us in their grip, and the big west, like a great hulk of a man before a feller not knee high to him, is led around by the east, and the south is just fairly trampled on, and begs for the little feller to develop her. Lawsa massa, it makes me fairly bile to think of it."

"And why does the east dominate us?" asked Brother Ben.

"It's all on account of land, transportation and money."

"Is it? I thought it was on account of capitalist commercialism. If we had what you call a people's money could they not still exact profits from us, and we would still have to send our goods to the east for a market. We couldn't do this for nothing. If we owned the railroads under state capitalism you would be paying interest enough to swamp you; and as for the land, the farmer who could afford the best machinery and the best of appliances would be the one who would make the most. So you see it is a matter of capitalism after all. Capitalism may be entrenched in the east, but it would be just as bad if it were entrenched in the west or the south. It is not the location of the masters that counts, but the fact of mastery; not concentration of capitalism into trusts, but the exploitation that goes with all capitalism."

"But we could stop a hull lot of it," said Brother Ben.

"If you were stronger than the exploiters, you might. But they are now stronger than you are. Fifty years ago farming was the biggest industry in America. Now manufacturing is twice as big as it. The growth of capitalism is what has made the cities and the dominance of the east, and the supplanting of the farmer as a power is what makes him dissatisfied. Fifty years ago less than one in eleven of the people lived in the cities. Now one in every three do so. You can't go back to old conditions, and you cannot dictate to that which has grown to double your strength. The only way is to overthrow it completely and to destroy the system of exploitation. And if there was no exploitation—"

"By gum, there wouldn't be nothing the matter with the farm then."

POWER OF THE MACHINE.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN recently devoted considerable space to description of an automobile farming tool which it thinks may have a great bearing on agriculture in the future. It is a combination cultivator, suitable for the cultivation of almost any crop. The farmer is becoming more and more dependent on the machine. It requires a larger equipment than formerly to cultivate the soil, and even with the best of equipment many things the farmer formerly produced he now buys. In other words, the farm is becoming a factory proposition, a dependent on the machine. The farmer is in the same boat with the wage worker, and Socialism, in demanding the collective ownership of the tools of production and distribution, is the only proposition that can restore him to anything like his old-time independence.

THE WORKING MAN'S LIBERTIES.

Adapted from the French of Paul Lafargue.

"FELLOW WORKER, they tell us since the Revolution and the Declaration of Independence all men have been free. Are you yourself free?"

"I! I am sure that I am free!"

"Let us think a little; who grants you the right to work?"

"The employer."

"Who fixes the day upon which you shall work?"

"The employer."

"Who sells the produce of your toil, and pockets the profits?"

"The employer."

"Who grants you or refuses you a day of rest?"

"The employer."

"So then, to have no right to the produce of your labor, to submit to the will of your employer from morning to night, to be unable to work, that is to say to be unable to eat, yourself, your wife and children, without the permission of your employer, is what you call being free. What fine liberty the Revolution and the Declaration of Independence have given you! Let us continue. Who has the liberty to enrich himself by making the worker, with his wife and children, also toil?"

"The employer."

"Who has the liberty to impose upon the worker that kind of work that will bring him the largest profits?"

"The employer."

"Who has the liberty to show the worker the door when he no longer needs him?"

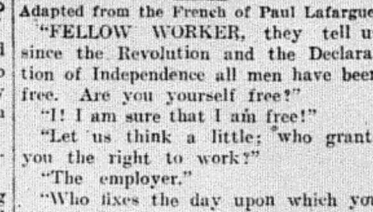
"The employer."

"Who has the liberty to send the old workers to die of hunger in the gutters, who, in their prime, built up his fortune?"

"The employer."

"Who has the liberty to starve the workers by locking them out when they ask for an increase in their wages?"

Succeeding by Work.



"Yes," said Mr. Dustin Stax, "I have succeeded in life and by the hardest kind of work."

"You don't look as if you had much personal experience with hard work."

"Of course not. I hired it done."

Washington Star.

Thistleburs.

Lang 'oors at the loom mak short days in the land o' the living.

Grand folk late grand ways and muckle gear, but pair Sandy that does the work day in and day 'oot, makes it a' and has naething.

It's an ill day when the bairn's at the loom and the mon o' the hoose, gangs frae door the door, huntin' wark and comes home wi'oot siller.

Our ain poet Burns tells, in yin o' his songs, that "we daur be poor for a' that." But I'm thinkin' o' a finer grit than that. I'm thinkin' o' a grit that will gar warkin' folk rise up and tak their rightful inheritance intae their ain hands.

Ye're aye tauid in the kirk that nan suld eat bread in the sweat o' his broo, and I dima find faut wi' that. But it's nae written in my Bible that he suld eat bread in the breakin' o' his hairt.

Kings hae lang hands and ce, hae the men they ce' the capitalist class, but when the coo's keeks out o' the maul-

GO WITH YOUR HEART.

Horace Trumble in Conservator.

GO with your heart. Reason can help. But the heart leads. Reason can look and report. But the heart, is the fire. Do not doubt the heart. Reason let alone holds you back. Reason gets so cautious caution takes the place of Reason. But the heart, is loyal. Goes toward the light. In no matter what terror of opposition declares for the divine result. Do you go with the heart or against the heart? Do you go with things as they are, or do you go with things as they must become? Do you stay with clothes or go with dreams? Do you stay with money or go with poverty? Do you stay with the robber or do you go with the brother? Do you stay with the lords who rule or do you go with the people who love? What do you propose to do for yourself? Jeopardize your soul with the degenerate or save your soul with the seer? Stake your welfare on the luxury of the few or on the comfort of all? For this crisis everything must retire. Your soul alone must be left with your soul alone. Everything else must be got out of sight. Your income. Your family. Your ambitions. Your prosperity. Your fame. Your food and drink. The common man, the crowd, knocks at your door. Will you ignore the knock and not appear? Will you open the door and order the world away? Will you extend both hands and invite the world in? Invite the future in? Invite the dreams in? Voices appeal to you. What does your own voice say?

After all, love is enough. But money is never enough. Success is never enough. Getting property whether or no, no matter who suffers, is never enough. Living in the sound of the hurrahs of the world is never enough. Doing wonderful things and being superior, and excelling all others and being crowned, is never enough. Indulgence is never enough. Praise and choruses and figuring as a great man is not enough. Being best anything is not enough. Nothing is enough until it passes out of its own hands. Any love which you hold on to ceases to be love. Any triumph which you hold on to ceases to be triumph. Any art which you hold on to ceases to be art. Though you acquired worlds that would not be enough. Though you were looked up to by universal consent that would not be enough. Only looking up would be enough. Though all people honored you that would not be enough. Only honoring all people would be enough.

A Fatal Defect of Socialism.

"I like Socialism fine," said the honest and apparently unromantic mechanic, "but I don't want to give up my Sunday paper."

Soul Expressions of Great Men

I think I could turn and live with the animals, they are so placid and self-contained.

I stand and look at them lone and long. They do not sweat and whine about their condition. They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins. They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God.

Not one is dissatisfied; not one is demented with the mania for owning things. Not one kneels to another, not to his kind that lived a thousand years ago. Not one is respectable or industrious over the whole earth.—Walt Whitman.

Art for art's sake may be very fine, but art for progress is finer still. To dream of castles in Spain is well; to dream of Utopia is better. . . . Some pure lovers of art . . . discard the formula, "Art for Progress," the Beautiful, Useful, fearing lest the useful should deform the beautiful. They tremble to see the drudge's hand attached to the muse's arm. According to them the ideal may become perverted by too much contact with reality. They are solicitous for the sublime if it descends as far as to humanity. Ah! they are in error. The useful, far from circumscribing the sublime, enlarges it. . . . Is Aurora less splendid, clad less in purple and emerald; suffers she any diminution of majesty and of radiant grace—because foreseeing an insect's thirst she carefully secretes in the flower the dewdrop needed by the bee?—Victor Hugo.

The effect of competition upon the health of a community is acknowledged to be bad. The strain, anxiety and uncertainty of life wears out the nervous system, and poisons many even of the few, leisure hours vouchsafed to the average man. The capitalist is, if anything, worse off than the laborer, in this particular, and frequently trades health for wealth—a poor bargain for a business man, since it sacrifices the greater value to obtain the less.—James Mackay.

Whenever a pioneer in Nebraska opens up a farm, he increases the price of Chicago real estate. When a missionary in Central Africa organizes a school and teaches the native children the arts of civilization he is swelling the ground rents in London and adding to the receipts of Broadway financiers.—John Turner White.

MISCONDUCT OF THE PEOPLE.

HERBERT SPENCER.

IT IS a pity that those who speak disparagingly of the masses have not wisdom enough to make due allowance for the unfavorable circumstances in which the masses are placed. Surely the lot of the hard-handed laborer is pitiable enough without having harsh judgments passed upon him. To be wholly sacrificed to other men's happiness; to be made a mere human tool; to have every faculty subordinated to the sole function of work—this, one would say, is alone a misfortune, needing all sympathy for its mitigation.

It is very easy for you, oh, respectable citizen, seated in your easy chair with your feet on the fender, to hold forth on the misconduct of the people, very easy for you to be a pattern of frugality, of rectitude, of sobriety. What else should you be?

Here you are surrounded by comforts, possessing multiplied sources of lawful happiness, with a reputation to maintain, an ambition to fulfill, and prospects of a competency for old age. If you do not contract dissipated habits where is the merit? How would these virtues of yours stand the wear and tear of poverty? Where would your prudence and self-denial be if you were deprived of all the hopes that now stimulate you; if you had no better prospect than that of the Dorsetshire farm servant with his seven shillings a week, or that of the perpetually straitened stocking weaver, or that of the mill hand with his periodical suspension of work?

Let us see you tied to an irksome employment from dawn to dusk; fed on meager food and scarcely enough of that; married to a factory girl ignorant of domestic management; deprived of the enjoyments which education opens up; with no place of education but the pot house; and then let us see if you would be as steady as you are. Suppose your savings had to be made, not, as now, out of the surplus income, but out of wages already insufficient for necessities, and then consider whether to be provident would be as easy as you at present find it. How offensive it is to hear some pert, self-proving personage, who thanks God that he is not as other men are, passing harsh sentences on the poor, hard-worked, heavily burdened fellow countrymen, including them all in one sweeping condemnation, because in their struggles for existence they do not maintain the same prim respectability as himself.

A Fatal Defect of Socialism.

"I like Socialism fine," said the honest and apparently unromantic mechanic, "but I don't want to give up my Sunday paper."

"Give up your Sunday paper," said the agitator. "I don't see how Socialism is going to effect your reading matter."

"Maybe it won't yours," replied the victim of capital, "but I've got so accustomed to reading 'Snappy' Doings in Smart Set; 'They Bump the Bumps in the Vanderlog Dining Room' and 'Mrs. Astorbill's Gems,' 'She Has Enough to Fill a Wash Basin,' and 'Life Histories of the Eighty Peersesses Who Were Members of the Original Florodora Sextet,' and all such like that I dunno what I'd do if you was to remove the paupered classes."—Puck.

We'll be auld and we'll be diede sune enough. Why for should we wear oot oor lives making gear for grand folk?

THE FORCES OF DESTRUCTION

BY CHARLES LINCOLN PHIFER

WORDS cannot flash, roar, shudder, sear, smother. Therefore words cannot tell it. But the solid earth arose in waves that flowed inland; rocks cracked and crumbled, trees splintered, and a deep rumbling ran along the ground.

Still the rumbling and trembling earth, still the shutting of walls, still the wail of the wounded and strange tones of unusual forces at work, growing worse momentarily. Dust flying from buildings that fell; smoke puffing from earth, gathering in clouds; and now the distant volcano sending its fumes and acres of ashes drifting down the sky.

Finally the great shock came, and a score of cities, raised on great furrows and then cast down, went to ruin, and a hundred thousand people perished as it were in a moment. Then from the volcano the ashes, coming in a great cloud like a living thing, showered hot over the ruins, choking those pined in the debris and covering the living who were fleeing blindly in search of safety.

Lastly came the tidal wave. The sea had receded, flowing back for miles and leaving exposed the place where commerce had ridden for thirty centuries and the ancient caves where the monsters of the deep had laid in wait for Ulysses when he was on his odyssey. Then it rushed back, a wall of water sixty feet in height. It struck the statues and the great hotel, the cathedrals and homes of commerce, swept over the walls that yet remained, crushing them like shells, took the living and the dead in its soft but sinewy arms, bearing them inland over the farms and crops and famous roads, until it broke against the feet of the volcano itself; then, back, back, white and hissing, with bodies and crops and wreckage in its furious clutch, leaving the land devastated and littered with horror. Two hundred thousand had perished. Scilla and Chabdaris, the pillars of Hercules renowned in story, were changed and gone. The greatest catastrophe of all time had come to Europe.

That was chapter one—nature's work. For long, hard hours the survivors lay under the debris or wandered from place to place distracted. Some of them who had lost all but their own lives really went insane. Others, hysterical from fear, followed the priests as they carried the chalice, crosses, and relics about the littered streets, seeking to charm away further disaster. Now and then there would be a low rumble and a slight tremor of the earth, and the people would go on their knees in abject fear, while perhaps a maniac would laugh and dance for apparent joy.

A day and a night passed. Then help from abroad began to arrive. The king and queen came, on a splendid yacht that lay in the harbor, and steamed back and forth that royalty might witness the unusual sight. It was something new and a great pageant for nobility. Press agents saw that it was telegraphed over the world that these personages were doing wonders for the relief of the sufferers; but in reality they did not land. Warships drew near and were given orders to assist the helpless; but there arose a quarrel as to precedence among the commanders and nothing was done for a day and a night. With nothing to eat and nothing to drink the survivors clambered over the ruins of the cities seeking friends and scarcely knowing what they did. It seemed to them that they were in the hell that Homer and Dante, of their land, had pictured, and they could not tell how long they had been there—whether it were only for a day or eternity.

Night came. Dogs, rendered wild by their suffering and the lack of master, roamed among the ruins and devoured the dead. Ghouls, slinking through the darkness, robbed the dying, sometimes severing fingers that they might obtain rich rinds. Soldiers from the warships had landed now, and ever and anon, as they patrolled the littered streets, there was the ping of a bullet, and one of the ghouls fell dead. It was not always so. Many of the wounded were robbed, and not a few women, pinioned under beams that rendered them helpless, were outraged. Finally the apaches, newly made by conditions, combined for strength, and arming themselves with clubs and anything they could obtain, attacked the stores. Citizens, before this orderly and respectable but pressed by the demands of hunger, joined them, and the mob charged bakeries and stores. The soldiers were ready and before their guns the suffering people were mowed down. Again and again, first here, then there, the attack was made. There was no relief for the suffering, because the protectors of the people were too busy keeping the people from securing relief that lay about them. All that long, hard night there was fighting. The rumble of earth was forgotten in the crack of the musket, the demands of the dead in the efforts of the living to secure food. It was a relief to the soldiers who were merely obeying commands, when at last the morning dawned. The commanders, now reconciled, had played cards on the ships till late and then slept soundly. But the common soldiers had it hard.

"Blow open the vaults of the banks and carry the treasures on board the ships," came the order then. All over the city the soldiery was set at this work. There was no time for them to aid the suffering people, as the money had to be secured first.

Explosion after explosion rang on the air. Till after till, box after box was taken aboard ship, and the contents put where the property would be protected. Then came another order: "Drive every one from the cities. The quickest way to bury the dead and prevent an epidemic is to bombard the ruins."

Men and women were forced to abandon their search for loved ones. They were, fainting from hunger and thirst, driven to the hills and fields out of range, at the point of the bayonets. Some fainted on the way from weariness. One poor mother, who knew her son was alive and pinioned under the ruins and who begged in vain that he might be rescued before the bombardment began, fainted to be resuscitated never more. A boy whose shoes had been burned from his feet by the hot ashes refused to go, and continued to search the ruins for lemons and oranges, while he sucked on one he carried. He was shot.

The king had landed with his nobles, and they and the queen wandered among the ruins until their love of sight-seeing had been satisfied. It was reported over the world that they had exhausted themselves caring for the suffering. Finally the king spoke: "Commodore, this will give you some splendid target practice. It will be a valuable thing for the navy. Get on board and reduce the ruins."

SUIT FOR THE EARTH.

From Farmers Journal, Abilene, Kan.

I am a great-lad; I mean to soo phor mi phull shair or adam's vast suit. I claim it is just—my relative hee dyed an made no will—what law kalls "intestant."

now eve an adam, so the bible sez, they owned the earth and thereof every an i, and true descendent or them 2, deamed mi proper shair in this mi sute. It matters not to me what men hav dug 'wards improvin this estate or mine, that jumped mi claim without my phull consent; I left them sho enny papers i did slae!

an thart iz whi thart i intend to soo phor a divison, an demand-ackount; i pher the trustees hav ben krooked, an perhaps embezzled quite a large amount. To a 9-Inch Gun. [This powerful poem was sent to the New York World office on a crumpled piece of soiled paper. It was signed "P. F. McCarthy," and the author's address was given as "Fourth Bench, City Hall Park."]

Freedom First of All. I honor the man who is willing to sink half his present repute for the freedom to speak. And when he has thought, by his cause strong or weak, Will risk forther half for the freedom to speak. — James Russell Lowell.

How They Help. "By heavens, 'twas a splendid sight to see For one who had no friend or brother there."

But many on the hills had relatives there—dear corpses which they knew were being shredded and roasted, and living friends, who were helpless to move in the hell of horror. It did not last long, but the sight caused some to become insane and turned hair of black to silvery grey.

As a practice the bombardment had been a success. The city was fully wrecked. But as a means of burying the dead expeditiously it was a failure. When the king and commodore and soldiers landed after the firing had ceased, they found shreds of human flesh littering everything. Here was a head dis severed with nothing else to be found. There was a furrow that had been plowed by a shell, and in it was planted the remains of men, women and children so plentifully that they resembled seed that had been dropped for cultivation. Until this hour it had not been known how many survivors of the earthquake there had been, for the plain reason that no effort had been made to find out, but the shells had uncovered the victims by the hundreds and thousands.

Those who had been slain by the upheaval of nature and the tidal wave that followed, instead of being buried, had been exposed. A hundred thousand of them, and perhaps twenty thousand others who were only wounded by this natural catastrophe and were afterward slain by the bombardment of the battle ships, littered the debris, the flesh emitting an awful stench. Intestines were stretched under foot everywhere. One could hardly step without treading on bits of human flesh. A human eye, by some fantastic accident, had been lodged in the crevice of a rock and stared out from that insensate thing. A baby's hand lay in a bare place in the street, dimpled and white, until a passing soldier stepped on it and crushed it out of human semblance. In all the city there seemed to be but one living thing. That was a man whom the earthquake had buried in a cellar. The shells had cleared a space above him, and while they had burst his eyeballs and rendered him deaf, he still lived, without a scratch on his body.

When the queen saw the horror of it, when the stench of newly cut flesh came into her nostrils, she fainted and was borne back to the vessel. Even the king turned pale. But he forgot not that he was king. "Keep the people away," he said. "Tell them there is danger of an epidemic if they come. Bury the place with quicklime and keep guard over it until the bodies are decomposed."

Then he went to his yacht, and the royal pair, with their servants, and service returned to the capital. The press agent remained on duty, however. He saw that it was reported to all the world how nobly the king and queen had acquitted themselves, and how the battleships had been transformed into messengers of mercy, proving their right to exist.

THE MARCH OF DESTINY.

BY JOHN M. WORK.

THE THING which strikes terror and dismay to the hearts of the capitalists is the fact that the Socialist movement keeps marching steadily, constantly and persistently onward. To them, this is a new and inexplicable phenomenon.

They have been accustomed to killing off radical political movements by shrewd political maneuvers. They confidently expected to lay the Socialist movement in its grave in the same manner. But, continuous events have rudely awakened them to the fact that the Socialist movement is a law unto itself.

The Socialist movement does not respond to the old tactics. Capitalist weapons, hurled against it, rebound with their points turned. The Socialist movement is not a loose organization of half-baked reformers who do not know what they want.

The Socialist movement is a compact organization of class conscious, definite, positive, aggressive men and women, who know just what they are after, and how to get it, and who keep right on following the direct path to their goal, utterly regardless of blandishments, flatteries, threats, invitations, and insults.

They understand the signs of the times. They are therefore able to forecast the future, in its general outlines. When they say that Socialism is the next step in industrial evolution, they are not merely guessing. Neither is the wish the father to the thought. They are simply giving voice to a conclusion to which the whole of human history points.

The capitalists are not only appalled by their inability to sidetrack the Socialist movement, but also by their inability to injure it by direct attack before the people. This is where we are invulnerable. You can kill a lie by vigorously attacking it and showing people that it is a lie.

Every attack upon the truth causes people to investigate it. And when they investigate it, they make the discovery that it is the truth. So to attack Socialism is merely one means of propagating it. This aggravating fact leaves the capitalists stranded. They do not know which way to turn. They will be condemned if they do and likewise if they don't.

YOU, MR. CAPITALIST. BY CLYDE J. WRIGHT. "AFTER ME the judgment," say you, Mr. Capitalist. And what of it? Nature combined its forces to produce you, the same as nature does for every other thing that struggles.

The working class cares little for you; the thing, their foe, has neither head, nor hands, nor hair—it is the thing that spews such as you out of its bowels. "After you the judgment," eh? Well, you might die tomorrow, as time and events go. You wouldn't be missed; your successor would thank you for it, and your widow could marry some other man's fortune. Don't get "stuck up," Mr. Capitalist.

We, the working class, don't expect anything from you; in fact, there is nothing that you can possibly do for us; your every kindness is a curse, your every curse a kindness. You can never feel as your victim feels, you can never know as your victim knows, you can never suffer as your victim suffers, slavery can never be understood by you.

It Was Hell All Right

WAS IN HELL last night. It has been a long time since Dante made the trip, and it is possible that some may suppose the road thither has been permanently closed, but I assure them they err.

It was a miserably hot night, and as I lay in the rooming house, near the wall where the sun had been beating all day, it seemed impossible to get a breath of air. I couldn't get a wink of sleep. That was Hell.

I must have been really, because I began to see things. To my surprise, what I saw was not at all like what Dante had described, though it was enough in its way. There were no flames, no demons with pitchforks grilling the wicked, and no devils smiling at the tortures of the damned. Instead of this, men were at work much as I had seen them on the earth. I couldn't understand it, and seeing a well groomed and smiling man lounging in the shade near by, I approached him with the intention of asking some questions. After conventional greetings had been exchanged I began:

"Is this Hell?" "Some folks say it is." "Well I see no flames or tortures. How does that come?" "Oh, that belongs to an old era, which has been entirely superseded by modern and more rational methods. Keeping up the fires was very wasteful of coal and sulphur, and almost exhausted the splendid deposits of those things that there are in this country. After the American millionaires began to arrive they reformed this and introduced order and economy. They seized on the natural resources, and were very soon able to direct governmental affairs. Satan has become a mere figurehead, so much so that on earth, his former stronghold, his very existence is questioned. Instead, a thoroughly business system has been inaugurated."

"A business system? I do not understand." "Well, the sulphur mines were abandoned so far as the keeping up of useless fires were concerned, and instead they were worked and the product was placed on the market. They have become sources of great revenue, and the sulphur millionaires are as powerful here as the oil people were on earth. There are also many other fine resources in Hell that are now being developed. Gold is quite plentiful, and there are unusual opportunities for men who are alive to the situation. It is an ideal place for manufacturing, because you can get your labor at your own price."

"How is that?" "Why, man alive! Think of it. Millions coming here every year for thousands of centuries. Why, the place is literally overrun with souls that want something to do." "I had no idea people in Hell had work." "They didn't used to. But that was because they were not alive to their opportunities in the old days. A soul can get along without much food, but it has to have some, and as there is such a competition for work to enable the toiling classes to get something to eat, wages are low, and the chance to make money is correspondingly great. Imagine paying only twelve cents a week for an able-bodied man."

"Twelve cents a week?" "And women and children can be had much lower. You see there are always plenty of people out of employment and they are glad to get that." "Don't they strike?" "I should say not. There are always so many out of employment even at these prices that they are glad to work and work hard to get these wages and the meal that goes with it every other day."

"How about the people who have no work?" "It is a trifle hard on them. Satan says their torture is much greater than it was under the old regime. And think of it, it is automatic and costs nothing. No demons kept busy shoveling coal and no waste of sulphur. Oh, things have been greatly improved since the old days."

"I suppose you must have some very rich men here." "All of them. You don't know what riches are on earth. The financiers of experience who have come over here have profited by their knowledge and are billionaires and trillionaires. They have some beautiful places and live ideal lives."

"In Hell?" "Why not?" "Why is it immoral?" "Oh, that idea is obsolete. Even on earth rewards and punishments have not gone to the good and bad for a long time now, but the man who has gets more and the one who has not loses all he had. It is the natural order, and being according to nature, it must be right. There are still mighty fine opportunities for geniuses of finance in Hell, and probably will be for all time to come. It is only the weak, the working class, who have a hard time of it. As it is that way on earth, why, it follows that this is right, and we ought to submit gratefully."

"But the fire—!" "Oh, it is hot enough for some, yet, and that without a waste of fuel." "Then I noticed that I was hot. I didn't see flames, yet it appeared I was suffocating and burning up. I turned over, mumbled, 'I ought to have at least twelve cents a day,' and then—I awoke.—Push.

Coming of Prosperity.



"You said last week, sir, that you would raise my salary." "So I did, and it was all I could do. I don't know where I'm to raise it this week."—New York Herald.

The Dissatisfied

BY CHARLES LINCOLN PHIFER.

Hail to the Dissatisfied! How they have stirred the world to action and to high attainment! Sorrow did not deter them, ridicule, Privation and distress but made them eager to do their work; they never seemed to know when they were beaten, but from stripes and failure Plucked victory and honors. They have made The shameful cross a glory, the dark dungeon A torch to light the ages, and the gallows An honor where the world deemed it were shame. They have been outcasts, but they never struck. They never faltered. In the catacombs They left among the dead the living record. They met in cemeteries and in secret. Preaching in fields, crafting in sand lots. Giving their message to unwilling ears. In the Trafalgars and the Nevski Prospekts, Hagmarkets, and in halls that turned historic In the wild world, among the heasts and men They were least like, their voices have rung out. From John the Baptist in the wilderness To the flower riders of the later days.

The Pioneer reformers in the clearing Spoke from the stumps and gave to history The term, stump speakers. Modern Socialists, Mounting the soap box on the village corner, Tell of their hope of economic freedom. And add a chapter to the infinite poem Of man's advancement, written out in deeds. Hail to the Dissatisfied! They are the people Who lashed a saggard world to ways of progress. And are responsible for all the good That has been gained. While never understood, Never appreciated till they died. They have through all the ages been the choice And the deserving people of their times. Perhaps they were not prophets, and perhaps They did not rise to the smooth dignity Of poets and philosophers, but they Were more than these things in that they were Lovers. Burning their hearts out that the flame might light And warm a world they loved. Hail, hail to them. The noble, brave, the greatest of successes. Yet always failures, the Dissatisfied!

Socialists at Work

"Almost unknown to the world outside of labor a movement wide as the universe grows and prospers. Its vitality is incredible, and its humanitarian ideals come to those who labor as drink to parched throats. Its creed and program call forth a passionate adherence its converts serve it with a daily devotion that knows no limit of sacrifice, and in the face of persecution, misrepresentation, and even martyrdom they remain loyal and true. In Russia its missionaries are exiled, imprisoned and massacred, but the progress of the movement is only quickened by persecution, proving once again that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church. In Germany and elsewhere it was forced into the night, its leaders were imprisoned and hunted throughout Europe; but underground the movement grew faster than ever. In England it was ignored, defeated it was thought by a conspiracy of silence, when suddenly the nation awoke to the fact that the whole underworld was aflame; and now lords, politicians, and newspapers, consternated and appalled, are rallying for a frontal attack. From Russia, across Europe and America to Japan, from Canada to Argentina, and from Norway and Finland to South Africa, and Australia, it crosses frontiers, breaking through the barriers of language, nationality, and religion, as it spreads from factory to factory, from mill to mill, from mine to mine, touching as it goes with the religion of life the millions of the underworld."

It converts work in every industrial nation, and hanlet, in the industrial nations, spreading the new gospel among the poor and lowly, who listen to their words with religious intensity. Tired workers pore over the literature which these missionaries leave behind them, and fall to sleep over open pages; and the youth, inspired by its lofty ideals and elevated thought, leave the factory with joyous anticipation to read through the night. Its influence reaches throughout all society, and here and there those of the faith are at work in science, literature and art, in churches and colleges. Millions are already embraced in its organization, and other millions begin to awaken. It has already captured some of the outposts of political power, and it moves on to higher centers of influence, and even now begins to alter the national policy of every European government. Its horizon is boundless, and it quietly works to group its national organizations into an international brotherhood that will abolish war and make as of one blood the nations of the earth."—Robert Hunter in "Socialists at Work."

Get Larger Homes.

"I heard you was on a strike, Pat." "Oh an' I shtruck for shorter hours." "An' did we get them?" "Oh did not. O'fm workin' the whole twenty-four hours now." "What at?" "Lookin' for work."—Slidner, N. S. W. Bulletin.

A Good Investment.

"Do you think this government is safe?" "One of the best investments I know of." answered the sordid politician. "Its possibilities for paying dividends haven't been scratched yet."—Washington Star.

At the Country Store.

The Farm as a Factory.

"The farmer is the most independent man in the world." Pop Weasel was saying as Brother Ben entered the country store Saturday last. "The most dependent you mean," suggested Brother Ben.

"I mean nothing of the kind. He raises everything he uses, and is always sure of a living." "Bosh! Did you never reflect that most of the families of the world, where they have families, are the most severe in the country?" "But we don't have families here." "Not yet. The manufacturer has not yet got us wholly in his power. But wait till capitalism completes its work." "Shucks! I can always make a living on my farm."

"Part of a living no doubt. But no man these days makes a tenth the things he uses. Pop, I want to read to you some figures that may interest you. They are compiled by L. G. Powers, of the census bureau at Washington, and were printed by him in the American Journal of Sociology. They relate to the year 1904. He estimates the value of manufacturing machinery in the United States at \$3,000,000,000 in round numbers. With this machinery there was a product of the value of fifteen billions. Perhaps you can realize how largely agriculture is becoming a factory proposition when you reflect that, according to Mr. Powers' figures, the agricultural machinery in the United States is worth \$2,000,000,000, or just two thirds as much as all the manufacturing machinery, proper. Yet, with this two billion dollars worth of machinery, the farmers produce value to an amount of only four billion; for it must be remembered that the live stock of the nation is estimated at three billions, and that must be subtracted from the products of the farm created by machinery. So you see, the farmer is not securing the results the manufacturer is, although he is out to within a third of as much for machinery. You can see why farming is even now a factory proposition. Add to this, the fact that the farmer is dependent on the manufacturer for his machinery, that he is dependent on him for his clothing and furniture, that he is dependent on others for many articles of diet, and on the railroads for transportation, and you can see that he is anything but independent. The manufacturer makes his own prices, but the farmer does not. The transportation companies make their own rates, but the farmer pays what he is asked and sells for what he can get. He is not independent. You hear much of the poverty of the cities, but there are more woe to do people in the cities and towns than there are on the farms, in comparison with the population of each. You hear much of the eight hour movement among factory workers in cities, but on the farm the hours are very much longer than that. You hear much of child workers in the mines and factories, but there are more child workers on the farm. The fact is, the farmer has already lost out in the race for supremacy. Fifty years ago farming was the most important industry in America, and the farmer was really independent in a way, but it is not so now."

"But they are putting farming on a scientific basis and are devising means of making farming more pleasant." "Scientific farming means only that overseers who understand will be at the head of things in the future. It will be a means of completing farming as a factory proposition. Then, the things that are being done for the farmer, such as giving him telephones, free delivery of mail and such things are meant more to tie him up to the cities, commercially than to do him good. They are not bad in themselves, just as the machine is not bad, but under this system the farmer is as certain to be a victim as any other worker is. It will require Socialism to make the farmer truly independent."

Socialist Fables

The Friend of Chickens.

Once there was a foxy individual who was a great Friend of Chickens. He used to tell them about it, and explain how he would like to see them all well fed and well sheltered. He would elucidate his many plans for bettering the condition of Chickens, until they began to think he was the best fellow going. The Roosters would get out and crow for him, and even the old hens were proud to be seen in his company. Now and then a Chicken would disappear, and all that would be left was a few feathers which showed how it had been plucked, but this did not seem to impress the Chickens much, and the foxy individual was too foxy to be caught. It is true the Chickens saw that he lived without working, but they did not consider it their business to make inquiries; and whenever any insinuations were thrown out by others, the Roosters promptly hushed up the scandal. This may not seem a proper ending place, but it is all there is to the story. The foxy individual is still living, even if some of the Chickens are not, and Chickens are not given to race suicide.

The Mule That Needed Riding.

"I would like the worst way to go to town today," remarked the Grey Mule to Blackey one morning. "Well, why don't you go?" inquired Blackey. "Because I have no one to ride me," returned the Grey. "Haven't you feet?" "Yes." "Do you mean to tell me that you can carry a rider and yet that your feet cannot carry you?" "It isn't that," said the Grey. "I know I can't go without a rider." "Why, that is nonsense," declared Blackey. "It isn't nonsense. Do you pretend to be smarter than Master?" "No, but I know that much." "You know nothing of the kind. I heard Master say the other day that the worker could not work without someone to employ him, and he is educated and ought to know. He does know. So I know I can't go to town without a rider, and I don't intend to fly in the face of providence and common sense by trying."

Job Printing Prices

Table listing various printing services and their prices, including 250 Xerox Heads, 250 Bond Letter Heads, 250 Wave Letter Heads, 250 Colored Bond Letter Heads, 250 White Envelopes, 500 Manila Envelopes, 250 Stickers, 250 RIB Heads, 250 Cards, 250 Cards, round at square corners, 250 Posters, and Large quantities at even lower prices proper.

Subscription Rates: Studies in Socialism, a year, \$.10 50 copies, each issue, a year, 1.00 100 copies, each issue, a year, 2.00 1,000 copies, each issue, a year, 20.00 Extra copies, a hundred, 50