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TIME FOR THE SOLDIERS OF INDUSTRY TO FIGHT

By JOHN J. McNAMARA.

In the past few days I have received several communications from various labor and progressive publicists requesting that I contribute a few lines that would be appropriate to Labor Day.

The first thought that presents itself is that I owe sincere and hearty expression of thanks to the labor press and to the rank and file of our great industrial army that supports not only our press but supports other sympathizers who uphold organized labor in its aims and aspirations.

I know of no more appropriate time to extend fraternal greeting to my valiant friends and sympathizers than their efforts in behalf of myself and my brother are appreciated beyond expression. Mere words fail to convey our feelings, and our friends will have to catch in the thought the inward feelings.

Labor Day—the day set aside for the toilers who produce all wealth and retain none—this holiday is set aside for the workers.

The thought of the day calls before our vision past celebrations, parades and renewed pledges to work honestly and faithfully in the interests of our common cause.

At first blush it would appear that one behind prison bars on the coming of Labor's holiday would be filled with bitterness, sorrow and despair. There is no bitterness, no despair, because they have not in the past, neither in the future, will efforts to crush down labor be fruitful of any permanent results.

Sorrow there is, of course, but it is because of the separation from relatives, friends, and tried and true companions, the possession of which is greater than all else on earth.

This sorrow is, of course, temporary; fortified by a clear conscience and, secure in the belief that ultimately right and justice will prevail.

We need have no fear of the artificial terrors created by our enemies.

A Labor Day, thought is that it should be more than a mere celebration or a backward glance at what has been achieved or left undone. While we profit by past errors we should also look on Labor Day as the starting point for an improved civilization that will eliminate industrial oppression and wrongs.

The soldier of industry has long suffered in silence. Since the American Revolution the loss of flesh and blood and manhood upon the battlefields of the nation and the attendant evils sink into utter insignificance when compared with similar sacrifices on the industrial field.

In spite of the value to the nation of the industrial soldiers their slaughter and oppression has continued year after year; their honors are unsung; no provision is made for their remaining dependents.

The concentration of capital and the practical elimination of competition have so altered the rules of the game whereby we struggle and compete with one another for existence that the industrial conflict is far more destructive than actual warfare.

Against the spirit of greed and avarice there is a genuine spirit of unrest throughout the civilized world, a feeling that no longer is to be understood that property rights are sacred and that the person of the toiler has no rights that cannot be invaded.

I know of no better time to unfurl the flag of man against mammon than on Labor Day. It would be a most fitting celebration, a battle auspiciously started and sure of victory.

Why not make our Labor Day celebrations meetings of protest against an industrial and political system that compels millions to suffer and starve that a few may swindle and squander.

HOW 2,500 MEN SAVED OVER \$15,000 ON CLOTHES

So far this year—from January first to September first—about 2,500 men have been fitted with suits at this store.

And every one of these 2,500 men have saved from \$2.50 to \$10 on his suit—an average of about \$6.25 saved by each man—on suits ranging in price from \$12.50 up to \$25.

To say nothing of what a host of other men saved on overcoats, trousers, hats, etc.

All Waste and Extravagance Cut Out

The big savings made by coming here are due to the fact that we have cut out all waste and extravagance.

Broadway stores and department stores, for instance, have to get—on exactly the same grade of clothes—fully 20 per cent higher prices than we do, simply because their expenses are much bigger than ours.

Our store is only a block from Broadway—easily reached from all parts of New York—but we're out of the sky-high rent district.

Then our store is flooded with daylight—we use very little electric light—another big saving.

And we buy for seven stores—buy in such large quantities, and always for spot cash, that manufacturers always give us special reductions from their regular wholesale prices.

We run no charge accounts—so we have no losses to make up.

And we are satisfied with about one-third the percentage of profit which most clothing houses aim for—we would rather sell three suits at 15 per cent profit on each than sell one suit at 40 per cent profit.

Other stores—which demand big profits, which pay big rents and other heavy expenses—can't hope to compete with us on prices.

Our New Co-operative Profit Sharing Plan Puts an Extra 5% Back Into Your Pocket

We have adopted a policy which, so far as we know, is a brand new thing in the selling of clothes.

All our customers—by the mere act of making a purchase here—are entitled to join the Rickards Co-operative Profit-Sharing Association. Simply fill out the application blank at the bottom of this ad and bring it in, or ask for a blank when you come to the store.

By becoming a member of this association, you get back a dividend of 5 per cent on the amount of your purchases here—dividends to be paid, in cash, every three months. This 5 per cent dividend is an extra saving in addition to the big amount our low prices save you.

Our object in giving this dividend is to get our customers to take an interest in the success of this store.

How to Secure This 5 Per Cent Dividend on All Your Purchases.

FILL THIS OUT AND MAIL OR BRING TO STORE.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.

I hereby apply for membership in THE RICKARDS CO-OPERATIVE PROFIT SHARING ASSOCIATION.

Name in full.....
Home address.....
Occupation.....
Married or single.....
Age.....

This application, if presented in person or mailed to RICKARDS, 430 Sixth Avenue, New York, will be exchanged for a certificate of membership which entitles the bearer to 5 per cent dividend on his purchases.

More Blanks will be furnished by applying at our office.



MAY AVERT STRIKE ON HARRIMAN LINES

Railroads Will Grant Separate Unions More Pay, but Not Federation.

GALVESTON, Tex., Sept. 3.—After a long conference with representatives of the various commercial clubs and other business organizations of the large cities in Texas with representatives of the employees of the Harriman line, it was announced that there are hopes of a settlement of the labor troubles without a strike.

The business representatives had a conference with the railroad officials, and had heard both sides of the proposition involving thousands of workmen. The question of wages and an increase was not touched upon. It was declared that the railroads would grant an increase by treating with the separate shop craft unions, but would not deal with them as a federation.

The commercial interests urged most strongly that the union men "reconsider" their action, at least in certain features of their demands upon the railroads. The commercial interests presented the following proposition, which the employees are seriously considering, it is said:

First—That as the Harriman system now enters into contractual relations with the several unions, the question of recognition of the unions is not at issue.

Second—That the union's joint proposition that relations of employees with the system be hereafter adjudicated by officers of a general federation of all unions is a proposition to which the officials of the system ought not to accede.

Third—That the demand that the system employ none but members of the federation ought not to be granted by the system.

Arguments were put forth by the commercial representatives that "waiting discussion of the economic ethics of the foregoing conclusions the fact remains that in existing conditions, the advantage, if a general strike shall be declared, is heavily on the side of the railroad system; that the men stand to lose more than they can possibly gain, even if at the end of a long strike their demands for recognition of the federation should be acceded to."

"FERNICIOUS FOREIGNERS."

Expelled From Cuba, Two Newspaper Men Arrive in Spain.

MADRID, Sept. 3.—Jose Maria Vilaverde, managing editor of the conservative organ, Cuba, and his nephew, Manuel Vilaverde, an editorial writer on that paper, who were deported from Cuba August 30 by presidential decree, in which they were denounced by General Gomez as "pernicious foreigners actively hostile to the Cuban government," arrived at Santander yesterday on board the steamer Alfonso XIII.

Various Madrid newspapers make the arrival of the two men the occasion of adverse comments on the administration of Cuba.

NEARLY SWIMS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL

LONDON, Sept. 3.—Four more attempts to swim the English Channel ended with failure today. William Stearns, of Manchester, who started from Dover at 9 o'clock on Saturday, gave up after ten hours in the water. He injured his knee by striking four miles from Calais.

Herr Meyer, a German, abandoned his attempt to swim the channel after five hours' effort. Montague Holbein, followed in a boat by Matthew Webb, son of the only man who ever accomplished the feat, surrendered early in the morning in mid channel because of the bad weather.

Jabez Wolfe, who started from Sanzette, France, after being in the water fourteen hours and seventeen minutes, gave up the attempt at 1:30 o'clock this morning, when only one mile from the English coast.

WHITE MAN SLAIN IN OKLAHOMA RACE WAR

DURANT, Okla., Sept. 3.—In a battle between negroes and masked white men at the home of a negro named Daniels, about a mile south of Caddo, Okla., last night, Horace Gribble, a white farmer, was shot through the heart and instantly killed.

Wild excitement prevails in Caddo today, as the result of the killing, and although the few remaining negroes are making hasty preparations to leave, another clash is feared.

MAY VOTE FOR "DEMON RUM."

Fair Chance That Maine Will Repudiate Prohibition This Month.

PORTLAND, Me., Sept. 3.—The possibility that Maine may repudiate prohibition grows stronger as election day, which comes on the 11th day of this month, draws nearer. Two months ago hardly a person at all familiar with public sentiment in the State believed that there was more than a ghost of a chance that the prohibitory amendment would be annulled when the people came to vote upon it. The temperance organizations, the churches and the granges, all of which are united for the law, got in their work early.

But within a few weeks all this has changed. Voters are talking more freely, and with this loosening up on their part, there came at first hope, then courage, and now what seems to be confidence on the part of the "antis," who have been conducting the campaign against the amendment.

GOV. DENEEN BREAKS LEG.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Sept. 3.—While trying to turn aside a team of horses into which his auto was backing, Governor Deneen, this afternoon, either jumped or was thrown from the running board of his machine, breaking both bones of the left leg one and a half inches above the ankle. The accident occurred one and a half miles east of Divernon in the presence of Mrs. Deneen, Miss Frances Deneen, Baby Bin, Otto Swanson, chauffeur for the Governor, and the baby's nurse.

WHITE SLAVERS CONVICTED.

RALEIGH, N. C., Sept. 2.—Mrs. Jennie West, who Saturday was sentenced to five years in the State penitentiary at Raleigh, has been brought to the prison, in company with her husband, who has fifteen years to serve, both for "white slavery." Their victims were young white girls of the cotton mills.

Fall and Winter Suits and Overcoats now ready—at about 20 per cent less than prices asked at most other stores.

The clothing we sell is all made by well known manufacturers—such as W. S. Peck & Co.—Makers whose names are guarantees of quality.

Your Money Back If You Want It

We don't want any man who buys anything here to keep it unless he is thoroughly satisfied.

If you find anything in any way wrong, simply bring the goods back and we will gladly return your money.

We would a lot rather lose the profits on a sale than lose your future patronage.

16 Years of Square Dealing

There's nothing of the fly-by-night sort about this store.

We're not the kind of people who open up with a job lot stock of odds and ends, hold a "Receiver's Sale," "Forced-to-Move Sale," "Dissolution-of-Partnership Sale," etc., and by similar hocus-pocus methods get all the money they can out of the neighborhood and then do it all over again in another location. This store was established in 1895—16 years ago—and all that time has remained in the same location.

Today we have many customers who have been getting all their clothes here ever since the year we first opened the store—there are hundreds of men who wouldn't think of trading anywhere else—men who come here year after year.

Which gives plenty of proof that you will get a fair and square deal here.

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Fall and Winter Suits and Over-
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Trousers at one half their former
prices.

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men's and youths' FALL
and WINTER suits, value
\$10.00 on sale at
both of our \$5.00
stores at .

Chas. Gomer's Sons'
men's and young men's
top coats in gray, brown
or black, some silk lined.
Value \$20, \$10.00
our price . .

Men's and young
men's rain coats, value
\$8.00, on sale at our
stores \$2.75
at

Your Money Refunded If Purchase Is Not Satisfactory
OPEN EVENINGS UNTIL 9 P. M.

A DAY FOR LABOR

By JOSEPH E. COHEN.

It is possible to make too little, as it is equally possible to make too much of Labor Day.
Top little is made of it by offering the sarcasm that but one day is labor's, while every other day is capitalist's.
Like every piece of sarcasm, it is only a squirt at the fact.
On the other hand, time was when Labor Day was looked forward to as a sort of jubilee, when it seemed to many in the labor organizations that labor could win all it needed by trade agreements with the employers and by making a political alliance with the capitalist class for protective legislation.

REFLECTIONS
By Laura S. Ellsworth.
The world hath seen in other days,
The millions toil to keep the few,
And minstrels sang for royal praise
While millions wept beneath the yew.
The rights of kings were well secured,
And millions bled that kings might reign.
The world for kings: earth's ill endured
With stifled sob—with hungry pain.
Today doth seek the rights of man,
The millions ask release from toil;
Not now for kings should wisdom plan,
Not for the few should millions toil.
The ancient "right" is present wrong;
Let earth begin her life anew,
While peaceful labor growing strong
Secures for man his rightful due.

CONSTRUCTION, NOT DESTRUCTION, OUR MOTTO

By LEONORA O'REILLY.

As Labor Day comes around each year, we once again leave machine, bench, desk and counter to celebrate. We leave off the garb of labor.
We go on our parade clothes.
We go on our several ways—to rest, to parade, to picnic, to dine, to listen to speeches, or to make them, to write articles, or perchance to read some.
When we go back to work the day after, what have we brought home from our holiday?
For it is true of the labor movement as of a tree, by its fruits it shall be known. We may judge of the aspiration of the working people by the way they keep this holiday dedicated to Labor.

MAKING THE LAWS

By JAMES H. MAURER, the Sole Representative of Labor in the Pennsylvania Legislature.

I doubt whether there is any subject upon which I could write that would interest your readers more than to give them a glimpse behind the scenes of the law-making stage of the State of Pennsylvania.
Most people look upon the law as they do upon their religion, as something sacred, something supernatural. If the people could see how the laws were made as I have, I fear it would take more than a pious hypocritical clergy, a dark-robed judiciary, or a murderous constabulary to make the people respect it.
When I was elected to the Pennsylvania Legislature last fall, the capitalist press quoted me as saying that: "I was going to Harrisburg to raise hell." This was a mistake. I DID NOT GO TO THE STATE CAPITOL TO RAISE HELL, I ONLY WENT THERE TO LOOK AT IT.

JOHN LYONS,
Principal.

S. A. KOENIG-BENEVY,
Vice Principal.

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Patronize Our Advertisers
In a short time the fall season in merchandizing will begin. Fall and winter goods will be placed on sale. This means that the fall will have a chance to secure several new advertisements. With the passing away of the hot months the advertising business always begins to pick up. Once the business begins to pick up, it will be easy to gain several new advertisers, and have our regular advertisers double the size of their ads. This task, however, of securing and increasing our advertising business cannot be successfully carried out unless we have the full co-operation of our readers. It is up to them to give always preference to the firms advertising their goods in The Call. Not only that, but our readers must get the habit of patronizing the advertisers who they tell them, them, buying without telling them, why they do so will not help the paper.

Fine Feathers Make Fine Birds
DO you want a better suit than the one you are wearing now, and less money than what you have been accustomed to pay?
If so, let us take your measure. Select from our extensive stock of high grade materials, according to your taste. Our expert union tailors and cutters will do the work in a manner that is sure to satisfy you.
Look for the Long Elocut Sign Above My Door.
Fall Suits or \$15 Overcoats \$15
To Measure
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New Telephone No., 4134
Cortland.
This is the age of gigantic combinations of capital and industry. An individual worker is unable to protect his economic interests against the tremendous odds. The impotency of the unions embracing only skilled workers in a single craft has been repeatedly demonstrated. The concentration of industry forces the concentration of the workers. Craft unions have failed because they divided the workers and must be succeeded by organizations, which will unite all the workers according to the industry in which they are engaged.
The Brotherhood of Machinists aims to organize all the workers in the metal industry, regardless of their trade, occupation, nationality, sex or sex, into ONE BIG UNION.
Its initiation fee is low and its dues reasonable, because it wants to do even the humblest worker in as well as the highest paid mechanic.

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THOUSANDS OF ACRES OF GOOD FRUIT ROT ON THE GROUND EVERY YEAR AND THE CITY CONSUMER PAYS THE PRICE FOR WHAT THE FOOD SPECULATOR CHOOSES TO ORDER



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and further announce the presentation of a souvenir of the occasion to all those who avail themselves of our anniversary offerings in fall and winter suitings and overcoatings during the month of September.

RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT

By JOHN N. LANDBERG.

In ancient times, when a triumphant chieftain of a band of highway robbers and midnight assassins constituted himself and his satellites the governing body of the vanquished nation, tribe, or clan, responsible government was beyond the range of human contemplation—absolutism, cruel despotism, such as still exists in Russia, was the hapless lot of the conquered.

When, however, in the course of weary, bloody centuries, the rays of light of knowledge and intelligence pierced through the dark clouds of ignorance and superstition that engulfed the human race for thousands of years, and science, inventions, and discoveries gradually elevated ever greater and greater masses of people above the level of savages and barbarians, the sway of tyrants was checked, and one nation after another threw off the yoke of despotism, and, at the cost of rivers of blood and millions of needlessly sacrificed brave sons of toil, won constitutional, responsive to the will of the people, legislative assemblies, parliaments.

It is obvious that in those countries where the electors, the sovereign voters, enjoy the great privilege of determining for themselves how and by whom they are to be governed, who are best fitted to perform the grave and responsible tasks of wise government, the dismal failures the electioneering with in the selection of their public servants is cogent proof that either the voters are as yet incompetent to exercise the franchise, or, else, the despotism of old has not yet disappeared, and that political dictatorship, fostered by economic oppression, has merely changed its form, and victimizes the people more subtly than before.

Conditions in Philadelphia justify a belief that the latter supposition is the more correct one, as it fully applies here. For there is no other city on the American continent where the voters are so ruthlessly browbeaten, blackjacked, and even shot at the very entrances of the polling places, intimidated and harassed by those selected to guard the ballot boxes and enforce the election laws. Here, at least, despotism buttressed by the dagger and the strong-armed assassin, terrorizes the community as of yore, and the vile corruption, immorality, and degradation of this city is but the natural sequence to the high-handed methods employed by political crooks in the furtherance of dishonest schemes of greedy contractors and labor-skinning corporation.

When we are confronted with such a state of affairs, when, as the writer has frequently been told by men close to the City Hall, that it "isn't the fellow who votes, but the fellow who counts that decides the election contests in Philadelphia"—there is but one alternative left to us, and that is to man the polling places by our own watchers and election officers, and by a mere preponderance of numbers, force the ballot stuffers to desist from their nefarious misdeeds, of despoiling the electorate.

As to the competency of a majority

of the electors to exercise their franchise rights with discretion, the experience of the American people for over a century demonstrates conclusively that, politically, the average American adult is as yet an infant wrapped up in swaddling clothes.

In the early days of the republic, our governing bodies were composed of either Northern aristocrats or Southern slave-holders.

When chattel slavery was abolished, the wage slavery substituted in its stead, those elected to guide the destinies of this nation always were, and are at the present time, agents of greedy corporations and pliant tools of Wall Street speculators and corrupt political rings, masquerading under the specious names of the Republican and Democratic party twin machines.

Picture to yourselves an army of 2,000,000 little children, 4,000,000 women, and some 20,000,000 male adults toiling day after day in the fields, mines, factories and shops, creating all the wealth this nation proudly boasts of, turning over to the private owners of the industries \$4 for every dollar received by the workers in wages. Think of the cruelty of exploiting little children from 6 years up, on day and night shifts, in the cotton mills of the "darkest" South, the glass factories and potteries of New Jersey, the coal breakers of Pennsylvania, the sweatshops of New York, Massachusetts and Illinois, denying them even rudimentary education, depriving them of a chance to develop and grow up strong, normal men and women. Think of 4,000,000 sisters, mothers and wives, competing for jobs with their brothers, children and husbands, robbed of home and womanhood—while, at the same time, there is a standing army of 1,000,000 unemployed men, able-bodied, ready and willing to work, but denied an opportunity to earn an honest living, because, forsooth, it is more profitable to exploit a child at one-fifth and a woman at one-third of a man's wage.

There is no wonder, then, that we have amidst us billionaires on one hand, and paupers on the other; a handful of men and women spending all their lives in idleness and riotous luxury, banqueting monkeys at Newport in summer, and loafing in Florida and on the Mediterranean coast in winter, while the great mass of working men, women and children toil all their lives and drag on a beastly existence, in hunger, squalor, ignorance and disease, due to poverty and degradation.

We Socialists, therefore, contend that when a majority of the people year after year vote into power agents of the exploiting capitalist class, those implacable enemies of the workers, it is a sad sign that they are still intellectual infants, and that it is imperatively necessary to open up their eyes and to bring these puerile adults to a realization that the interests of the useful toilers will never be conserved by representatives of the robber class clothed by the short-sighted electors with governmental authority, when they invariably exercise in the interest of the masters, and against the producers.

This is the supreme task the Socialists have set themselves to, and upon the herculean efforts of the millions of agitators ceaselessly preaching the

gospel of social brotherhood, depend the progress of this remarkable movement, which aims at the total abolition of the dishonest capitalist system, with its oppression and robbery of the workers, and the substitution, in its stead, of the co-operative republic, wherein the producers will be secured in the fruits of their toil, and where the social worth of every man and woman will be gauged by the amount of useful service they will render to society.

And as a means to that end, we urge upon the workers to make intelligent and discreet use of the ballot, to capture thereby the machinery of municipal, State and national government, and to exercise the powers thereof for and on behalf of the class that toils. Then, and not before, will we have responsible government, responsive to the needs of the producers, after the latter will have chosen men of their own class to administer the socialized and nationalized industries of the country for the benefit of all the people.

A LABOR DAY PRAYER

By Martin J. Connolly.

Churches and schools and libraries—and mills!

In the first worship the owner of the last:

And in the last toil the little wage slaves—

Twelve long hours a day, and at night twelve hours.

For a pittance they toil—a dime a day.

That their sordid masters may lol in ease.

And the church looks on and approval smiles:

"Servants, obey your masters." This the text.

The robbed and wretched little ones do hear.

They quake in fear as the wily priest graphically depicts the flames of hell, wherein shall burn for aye those noble souls

Who see the monstrous wrong and cry it down.

A hell? Good God! The most ingenious monster

That ever trod the aisles of this old earth

Could not a more exquisite hell devise

Than that in which these little ones are thrown

Even here and now:

Speed the day, O God, when this hell shall cease;

When children once again their rights shall have—

The joys of childhood, food, sleep and raiment;

A mother's loving care; a chance to grow,

To develop noble capacities

Of body, mind and soul. Haste that day, O God!

August 14, 1911

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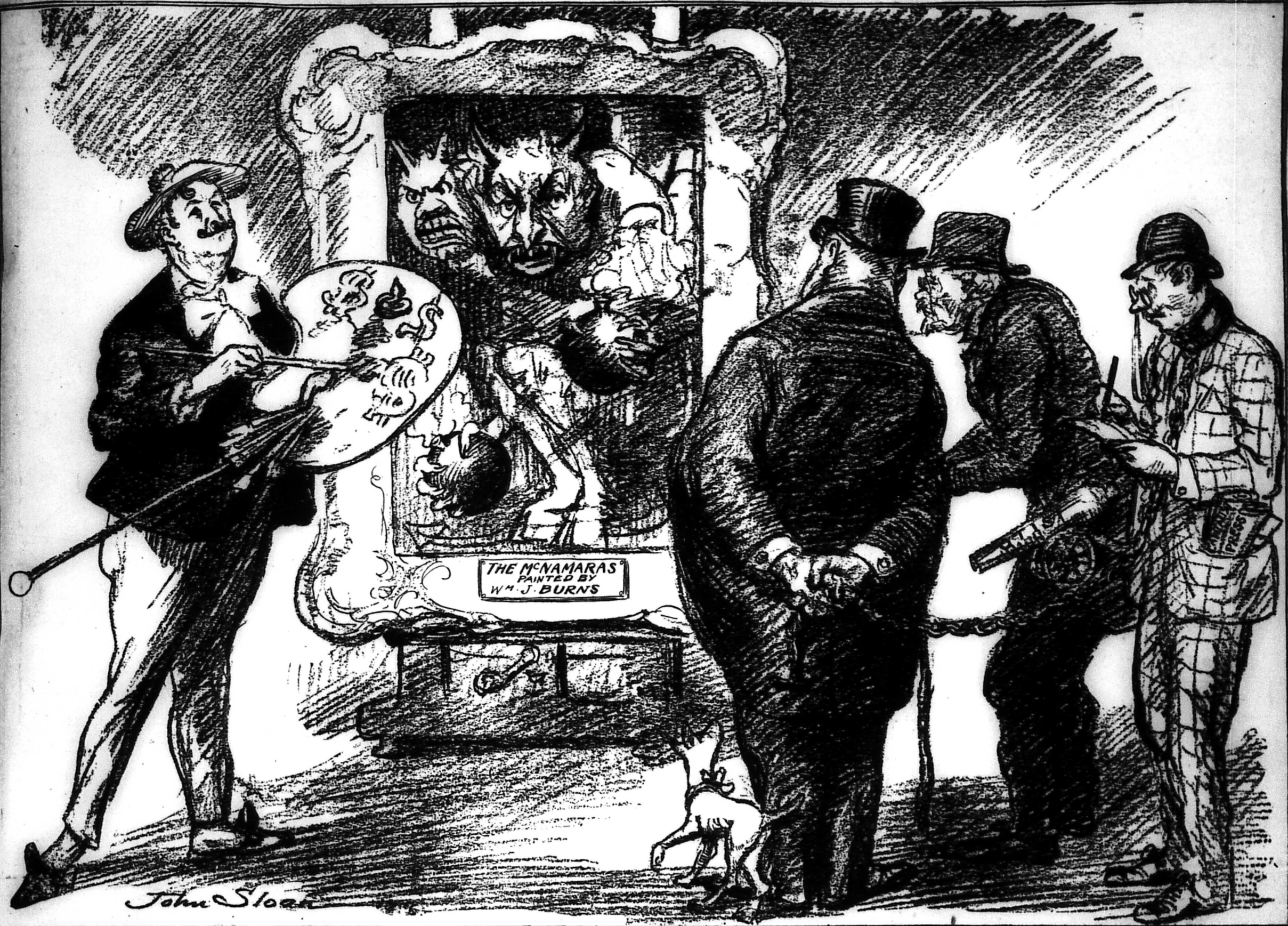
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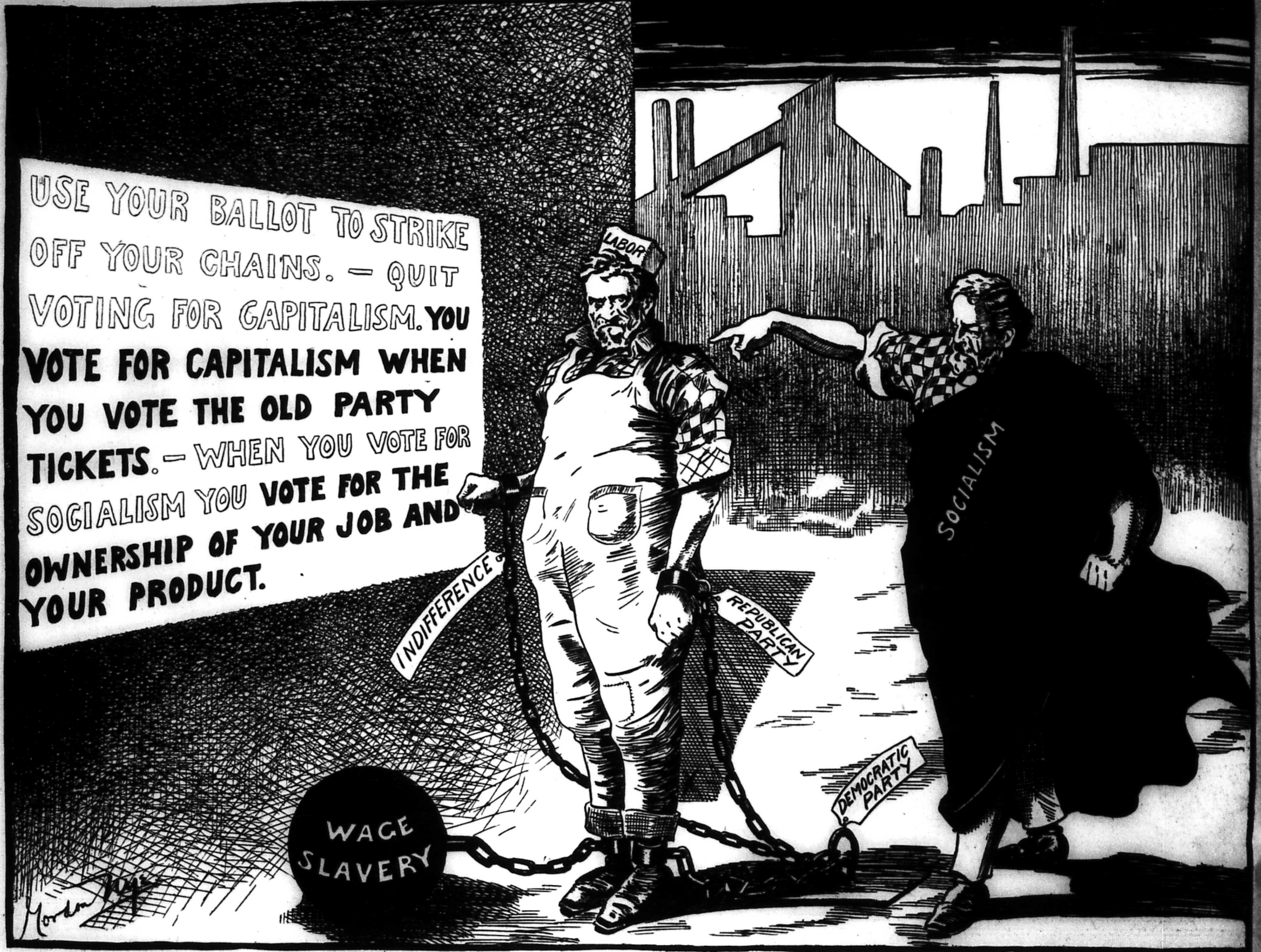
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THE CALL

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THE FUTURE "LABOR DAY."

A remarkable story is related of an unhappy prisoner, who for twenty years had been imprisoned in a horrible dungeon, where he was slowly perishing with hunger and despair. For twenty years he brooded on his miserable fate, when suddenly a happy thought struck him, and—

He opened the window and got out. Some time or other a similar happy thought will undoubtedly occur to the wretched working class prisoners now immured in the capitalist dungeon, and they will escape in a somewhat similar manner.

But the happy thought necessary to their freedom will never occur to their minds while they merely continue brooding over their present miserable condition, and turn their minds wholly to their sufferings and trials in the past. To get out of the dungeon, the prisoners must put the past behind them and look to the future alone.

This article was at first intended for a special Labor Day effort, which would, as is customary, begin with an account of how the day was set aside by the workers, and recite their trials and tribulations, their victories and defeats, since its institution, ending up with an assurance that "Labor Omnia Vincit," or some similar epigram usually considered appropriate because it expresses a half truth at most.

For it is not true that Labor conquers all, that is, it is not true now, though it will be true in the future—when Labor has conquered the one thing requisite—its own freedom.

And until that has been conquered, the victories of Labor are as nothing, and are not worthy of mention, even in comparison with what has yet to be won.

The real Day of Labor is not in the past, but in the future, and only now are the first

gray streaks of its dawning to be seen—by those who have eyes to see.

For Labor is as yet in the dungeon, and its hunger and wretchedness are in no way alleviated. It is still desperately fighting for life, and its petty victories count for little or nothing in even mitigating its evil conditions.

Labor has not manufactured its own shackles, but it has accepted them without resistance, and allowed itself to be fettered by its exploiters who made, and still make, the laws for that purpose. Now and then it has timidly filed at some particular bar or link, only to see it replaced by a still heavier bar or chain. It has begged and whined, pleaded and threatened, but all in vain. It has believed that freedom could be given by its exploiters, and under that delusion, it has again and again held out its hands to them and received not freedom, but more chains.

Year after year it has listened to their promises, and surrendered its strength and power to them by placing them in the seats of the mighty to rule over it. It has elected Presidents, Senates, Congresses and Judges by the thousands; it has supported soldiers, militia and police by hundreds of thousands, under the delusion that it was thus securing freedom, and never realizing that their real purpose and use was to keep it in subjection.

Its Presidents have in every instance approved of every law that would bind the shackles still more tightly upon labor, and vetoed every proposal that would give even apparent relief.

Its Senates and Congresses have never failed to enact laws in favor of the exploiters and against the exploited, for the natural reason that they were in most cases exploiters of Labor themselves or agents of such exploiters.

Its judges and Supreme Courts have invariably indorsed every measure which would still more solidly enslave Labor and have declared unconstitutional every proposed law, that even bore the semblance of giving the slightest relief to Labor. They have again and again declared that property interests were superior to any and every claim of humanity, and that they proposed to use their power to the utmost limit to protect those property interests, regardless of every other consideration.

And they have done so. Their courts, from the Supreme Court down to that of the police magistrate, invariably stand with the exploiting class as against Labor.

Against Labor, any evidence is potent with them. The forger, the perjurer, the kidnapper, the conspirator, the thug, strikebreaker and convict, all are found worthy of belief and credence when they can be utilized in the courts against Labor.

And the one gleam of hope for the enslaved laborers lies in the fact that they are beginning

to see these things and realize their meaning. That they are beginning to understand that their wretched condition is due to their own ignorance and has always been due to it.

And out of that knowledge comes power. Power to cast off the chains and shackles of economic slavery, burst open the capitalist dungeon, and walk out into freedom.

For the strength of their oppressors lies in the fact that they possess the earth; and all the things made therefrom necessary to the support and maintenance of the race. They are the masters of the bread, owners of the means of life, and, therefore, masters of those whose lives depend upon those necessary things.

And in every manifestation of the revolt of Labor, this tends to become more and more the objective and central point of their effort—to wrest from the master class the control of the means of life, which are not only essential to the very existence of society, but are actually produced by society itself.

The collective ownership of the means of production. Only when this has been realized will Labor be free.

Without it there can be no freedom. Without it as the central objective of the efforts of Labor, the "emancipation of labor" becomes a meaningless phrase. Either that or slavery—there is no alternative. And until Labor realizes that truth it will remain in slavery. There is no other road to freedom, no other way out of the capitalist prison.

The workingman who still listens to the plausible lying politicians of either party, all of whom are equally the servants of his jailers, is not only fastening the fetters still more tightly on his own limbs, but upon those of his wife and children and his fellows in bondage.

Democrat, Republican or so-called "Insurgent," they are one and all essentially the servants and henchmen of the exploiting class.

One party alone—a world-wide party—the party of the international working class of the world—the Socialist party—stands unalterably for this demand, and makes all other demands completely subservient to it. It points out how the workers acquiesce in their own slavery, by electing to power the exploiting class or its servants, and insists that none can achieve freedom for them but themselves, and that freedom can only be achieved in this way.

In the political field its adherents number millions, and are constantly increasing in numbers and power. In some lands, it is almost laying its hands upon the pillars of the capitalist state, to the fear and terror of kings and kaisers and czars, and the upholders and beneficiaries of the slavery of the workers.

Its representatives are gradually filling the Legislatures and assemblies of the exploiting

classes, despite all opposition. Steadily, inexorably and irresistibly it presses onward, never losing sight of its ultimate object, the control and ownership of the means of life by the workers.

Steadily day by day its press grows in numbers, power and circulation. Day by day, year in and year out, its writers cover the world broadcast with its literature, and from a million stands the voices of its speakers are heard urging the workers on the road to freedom and pointing out the path to them. While the exploiters sleep in fancied security or concoct vain schemes of reform or repression, the undermining of the old slavery goes on steadily, the written and spoken word never ceases—the agitator never sleeps. While the deceivers of the working class rest from their labors after periodical elections, and enjoy the morsel thrown to them by the exploiters as the reward of their duplicity, the education needed to undo their work goes on continuously without intermission. The Socialist agitator cannot rest with any partial victory that may be won—these things but spur him to greater effort, for until the final victory has been gained, all other triumphs are at most incidental to it.

And on the economic field, in the factory, the mill, the mine and the workshop, where the worker has been and still is, cruelly handicapped in the unequal struggle, the expression of the revolt of Labor, more and more takes on the Socialist objective—the collective ownership of the means of life. Closer and closer the workers draw together in solidarity, more and more the old weaknesses based on craft division tend to disappear, and more and more the united ranks of Labor tend to close up and display a solid front to the exploiters. The labor unionism that at one period accepted the capitalist system and organized itself to live thereby, is slowly but steadily changing its form and methods, as the final objective is gradually recognized—the same objective as in the political field—the collective ownership of the means of life and the abolition of capitalistic private property therein.

And in vain does the old order seek to maintain itself against the encroachments of the new. Just as the capitalist representative in the National Legislatures is forced to yield his seat to the champion of the collective order, so in like manner the old conservative labor leader—who has been tried and found wanting—is being supplanted by the Socialist, the modern thinker, who discards the worn-out theories of harmony between exploiter and exploited, and takes his ground openly on the class struggle, using whatever power he may be endowed with, ever and always to bring the day of collective ownership still nearer.

And outside both the economic and political organizations of the workers, where the re-

volt appears spontaneous and is superficially regarded as a blind and unsystematic uprising, the same tendency appears. The attempt to realize better conditions through the general strike now finds invariably at its head the directing mind of the Socialist—with the same object always rising more clearly in view—the same collective ownership of the means of life that is fast becoming the slogan of the awakening working class of the world.

The real Labor Day is the day of the future, not of the past. A movement that draws its inspiration from, and rests its hopes on, the past is doomed. There is no looking back. The past is behind us and must remain forever behind us. There is hope only in turning our faces to the future, and working for the freedom it contains for us.

Leave the past to our exploiters and oppressors. Leave it to them to recall the happy days—for them—when Labor, though chained under their oppression, had no thought of breaking the walls of its prison. Leave it to them to mourn the passing of competition and the coming of the trust and lament that which was and which can never be again. Leave it to them to resurrect their defunct philosophers and theorists and statesmen, and attempt to hold back the forces of economic evolution by mumbling the platitudes of their foolish prophets, whose mouths are filled with the dust of past ages and different times. We can afford to observe them with indifference when they play with the bones of the dead, and strive vainly to breathe new life into them. For they are among those whom the cynic described as having a promising future behind them. With their faces turned to the past, their ideals and inspirations drawn from the past, there is no future before them.

The future is ours. The day that is breaking is the day of doom for economic despotism, exploitation and oppression, and the day of freedom for the workers. The day that is coming is the real LABOR DAY.

And not without struggle and conflict will we hasten its approach. Freedom never was won without suffering, without sacrifice. Thousands have gone down in the conflict, and thousands will yet go down, for as yet the majority have their faces turned to the past, and will oppose or can be used to oppose the coming of the new day, though their opposition will in the end be vain.

But the time is assuredly coming when further conflict will be hopeless, when even the most reactionary worshippers of the past will see the inevitable—when Labor awakened and intelligent, gaining power from knowledge, will shatter with one blow the walls of his capitalist dungeon and go forth to proclaim freedom, not only for Labor, but for all members of the entire human race.