

# THE SOCIALIST

NEW YORK

VOL. XVIII.—NO. 24.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 12, 1908.

PRICE TWO CENTS.

## BRYAN AND GOMPERS SHOULD HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY.

servant of the mine owners.

Governor Comer ordered out the troops and put them at the mine owners' disposal. The mine owners imported professional strike-breakers and thugs. A reign of terror began. The life of a strike leader was not safe for a day.

President Lewis, of the United Mine Workers, went down to Alabama and investigated. As a result, he called off the strike. The men were eager to go on with the struggle, but he ordered them to go back into the mines at the bosses' terms.

The reason he assigned was this: Under the conditions which Governor Comer and his colleagues have established, it is impossible to carry on a strike without violence and bloodshed; therefore, we surrender.

Perhaps President Lewis was right in doing this. We cannot see it so; but let the mine workers judge.

But, if so, he is wrong in not going on and doing something to prevent Governor Comer from continuing his dastardly work and other governors from following his example.

Unless President Lewis goes farther, his act says to the mine owners: Go on, gentlemen, cut down our wages, blacklist our leaders, treat us like dogs; for you are safe in doing so. And to the official tools of the capitalists it says: All you have to do in order to defeat our strikes and break up our unions and reduce us to helpless subjection, is just to disregard law and justice and decency and humanity, and behave as Governor Comer has behaved in Alabama: go on, gentlemen; hit us harder, knock us down, trample on us, and we will not resist.

Is that what President Lewis wishes to say to the capitalists and the officials? If not, let him speak quickly and emphatically.

Let him put the question up to Bryan: What do you think of the conduct of your friend and supporter, Governor Comer? If you approve it, say so like a man, and let us know you for an enemy. If you disapprove it, go down into Alabama and say so, that the Democrats there may know that Comer misrepresents you.

Let him put the question to Gompers: What do you think of the conduct of Governor Comer, your colleague in the Democratic campaign? If you disapprove it, come out like a man and join in forcing Bryan to show his hand.

And lest President Lewis may neglect to ask those questions and press them home, we hereby ask them of Mr. Bryan and of President Gompers, and we demand an answer.

A republic that makes it hard for any man living within its borders to become a citizen is doing what it can to weaken itself by creating enemies in its own territory. And a labor union that makes it hard for any man working or capable of working at the trade to get a union card is doing what it can to weaken itself by forcing men to become scabs.

Hearst's latest attack on Bryan is quite in character. In the first place, it is a lie—and that is the sort of commodity that the Hearst papers always have in stock. In the second place, it is a foolish lie; for the reader will naturally ask, if Mr. Bryan really said such a thing as that about the American workingmen, why did Mr.

The Alabama coal miners went on strike. They had abundant reason. No one has yet dared to deny that.

Alabama is governed by Democrats. Governor Comer is an enthusiastic Bryanite—and a faithful

Hearst, the self-appointed friend and champion of labor, wait until he had an axe to grind before making it public? What Bryan really said was innocent enough and could not fairly be construed as a reflection upon the working class, though it did justly enough reflect upon his present friend and supporter, Mr. Gompers, who has for years advised the workingmen to beg for favors instead of voting for rights.

Another Hearst lie that is worthy of passing mention is the statement that the so-called Independence party is the only one that had the union label put on its primary ballots. In fact, the Socialist party did this before Mr. Hearst's organization ever thought of it. We Socialists did not think it was such a very wonderful thing to do. We have the union label on all our printing, as a matter of course. But Mr. Hearst wants to be praised and thanked every time he does an act of ordinary decency. And if no one else will praise him, then his editors are paid to do it.

## WHO PRODUCED THESE MILLIONS?

"You can't eat your cake and have it, too," says the old proverb. But that proverb was made before the day of capitalism. Our captains of industry have changed all that. Nowadays, if you can put your cake into the form of capital, operated by other people for daily wages, you can eat your cake every year and yet have it remain in your hands as big at the end of the year as it was at the beginning.

Observe, for instance, the thrifty gentlemen of the Calumet and Hecla Mining Company. In 1871 they had a cake that they valued at \$2,500,000. That was the capital that they invested. They did not "overcapitalize." That \$2,500,000 represented actual properties, actual capital, actual mining lands and machinery for working them, and labor-power bought to operate the machinery. During the thirty-seven years since that beginning the stockholders of the Calumet and Hecla have taken out dividends to the amount of \$107,000,000. That is, on an average, they have got back dividends of \$2,891,391 every year, and stand a chance of continuing to eat their cake at that rate for the rest of their lives, if the workers stand for it. And yet their original cake remains intact; and not only does it remain intact, but it is worth several times as much now as it was when they began.

These men have produced nothing. They have only permitted other men to do the work of production at so much a day—a living wage.

They have not managed and superintended production. They have hired experts to do that for them.

They have not risked anything. Any insurance company would have taken their chances at a nominal premium at any time in the existence of the company.

Nor have they practised abstinence and frugality, as the bourgeois moralists recommend. They have not needed to abstain from anything they desired, for that \$2,891,391 was automatically pouring in upon them every year, no matter what they did, and their only care was how to spend it.

Where did that \$107,000,000 come from? Did it grow spontaneously from the earth? Did it come down from heaven, like the manna to the Jews in the wilderness?

Not much. It came from the labor of workingmen—of the men who went down into the bowels of the earth and dug out the copper ore and the men who worked amid the poisonous fumes of the smelter and prepared it for the market. These workingmen it was who produced that \$107,000,000, over and above the wages they got for their work. And that surplus of \$107,000,000 went to the stockholders of the company, not because they performed any useful service—for



they didn't—but just because they owned the things that other men had to use in order to get a living for themselves and produce copper for the world to use.

"You can't eat your cake and have it, too"—unless you are a capitalist and can make other men reproduce your cake for you as fast as you eat it up.

Some day the other men—the propertiless workers—will discover that it is unnecessary for them to ask a capitalist for permission to work, that it is quite practicable for them to own the means of production which they have themselves created or which were here before they or the capitalists were born, that they can control their own opportunities of employment, be their own masters, own their whole product, and live in double their present comfort for half the labor they now perform—and in that day the stockholders of the Calumet and Hecla and the rest of the parasitic class will have to begin to do some useful work in the world.

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#### HOW THEY WORK IT DOWN IN VICKSBURG.

Down in Vicksburg, Miss., the capitalists have evolved a great scheme for breaking workingmen's strikes. The dock workers and boat hands employed on river traffic went on strike. They refused to

work for the capitalists who have control of the shipping at Vicksburg unless those capitalists would grant some kind of decent conditions of employment.

But Vicksburg has a vagrant law, ostensibly for application to men who are unwilling to work under any decent conditions, but actually framed very skilfully by the capitalists' lawyers to provide for just such an emergency as this. This law provides that men who "have no visible means of support" and who refuse to take such jobs as are offered to them, shall be accounted "vagrants" and put in the chain gang and compelled to work on the streets under the lash of a Bourbon taskmaster.

This law was applied to the striking boat and dock hands. They said they would not work at such terms as the steamboat companies offered. They were not able to show bank accounts or deeds to city lots, and accordingly, they were adjudged to be vagrants within the meaning of the law. The city magistrate gave them the option of scabbing or going into the chain gang. Those of them who were real men chose the chain gang, with all its horrors. Those who were lacking in backbone went back at the company's terms and helped to break the strike.

That is the way they do it down in Vicksburg, which is a staunch Democratic town. When Bryan visits Vicksburg, he will get a great ovation. All the leading citizens will turn out to do him honor. He will make a speech about the woes of the "great common people," and he will not say a word about the riverside workers who have been given the option of scabbing or going into the chain gang.

For Mr. Bryan loves the "great common people." But he does not love workingmen who strike against capitalist exploitation.

It would be a good idea, when Mr. Bryan visits New York and Charley Murphy arranges a great reception for him, for some representative of the organized workingmen to rise and ask him what he thinks of the Vicksburg plan for breaking strikes.

It might be embarrassing to Mr. Bryan, who wants the votes of Northern workingmen as well as the votes and influence of Southern slavedrivers; but it would be enlightening to many still undecided voters if he could be compelled to give an answer to this plain question.

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Parry says Bryan and Kern are not enemies of business interests as he understands them. He will vote the Republican ticket, but whichever old party wins, he will feel that his class interests are safe. And this is the man who, along with Post and Van Cleave, is doing all in his power to organize the capitalist forces for a destructive assault on the labor movement. When he says both the old parties are all right for him, workingmen ought to know that both are bad for them.

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#### EVEN MILITIAMEN MAY THINK FOR THEMSELVES.

National Secretary Barnes transmits to us the news of an interesting incident in connection with the use of the state troops to break the coal miners' strike in Alabama, which the

correspondents of the Associated Press did not see fit to send out—or, if they did, the class-conscious capitalist editors discreetly kept it out of print.

This is the report as Secretary Barnes gives it to us:

"When the soldiers were called out for strike duty against the

miners in Alabama, one lieutenant promptly sent in his resignation, with the statement that he had not enlisted to shoot down American workmen!"

Mr. Barnes' reason for not giving the name of the lieutenant will readily be guessed by all who know the persecution which the capitalist class is capable of inflicting upon any man, and especially any man coming from its own ranks, who asserts his manhood and declines to play his part as a capitalist tool.

We find immense encouragement in that little item. It shows that even in the ranks of the militia there are men—**MEN WHO ARE MEN BEFORE THEY ARE SOLDIERS**—who are not just so many automata to act according to the masters' commands, but **WHO THINK AND FEEL FOR THEIR FELLOW MEN.**

This incident is but one of several which give us reason to hope that it will be impossible for the capitalists, even with their Dick' Militia Law passed and signed and with all the prestige of Mr. Roosevelt's military record, to establish a really effective system of militarism in the United States.

During the anthracite coal strike of 1902 a certain company of the Pennsylvania militia was quartered in the strike field. The militiamen had a chance to listen to the speeches of Socialist "agitators" and to read the literature distributed by the Socialist party. This particular company was kept on duty until the middle of November, and a special polling booth was established for its members to participate in the state and congressional elections. To the horror of the authorities and the "respectable" citizens, it was found, when the votes were counted, that a majority of them had voted the straight Socialist ticket.

About the same time, there was a strike of coal miners in a certain district of West Virginia. The striking miners were evicted from the company houses and camped in the woods. The railroad companies held up the carloads of provisions shipped to them by the national organization of the United Mine Workers. A company of militia was quartered in the region. A few days after the militia were sent to the scene of the strike an Associated Press dispatch came over the wires, which only one New York daily had the courage to print. This dispatch told that the militiamen, instead of terrorizing the strikers, as they were intended to do, were fraternizing with them and actually giving up a part of their rations to the striking miners, so that the mine-owning company found it necessary to telegraph the Governor please to recall his troops, who were helping the strikers instead of helping to break the strike, as was their legitimate function.

A year or so later there was a trolley strike in Waterbury, Conn. A certain Colonel Burpee was the president of the trolley company and also the commander of the militia for the district. The troops were called out. After a few days they were sent home. The capitalist press gave no explanation of their recall. The Socialist press was able to discover the reason. Colonel Burpee had discovered that his militiamen, instead of persecuting the strikers, were on the most friendly terms with them and were making trouble for the scabs whenever an opportunity presented itself.

Such incidents as these encourage us to believe that our capitalist rulers will not succeed in building up an army of "unthinking bayonets" to impose their will upon the toiling masses of this country. **ALL HAIL TO THE MAN WHO WILL NOT SHOOT UNLESS HE KNOWS WHAT HE IS SHOOTING FOR, AND WHO WILL NOT SHOOT AGAINST THE MEN OF HIS OWN CLASS.**

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We have often seen it stated in the capitalist press, and even in conservative labor journals, within the last year or two, that British unionism is being ruined by the "pernicious activity" of the Socialists in the ranks of the unions. Well, the Trades Union Congress, which met in Bath a year ago, represented 1,700,000 organized men and women. Two large unions, numbering 106,000 members, have withdrawn since then. And yet the Congress which meet this week at Nottingham, represents 1,738,000 affiliated workers. At that rate, our own American Federation could stand a little Socialistic "ruination."

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"In no calling is a higher moral standard maintained than in the army," says Col. H. O. S. Heistand, writing in the New York Times, "and few professions offer a nobler ambition to their followers." The newspapers have had occasion during the last month to chronicle several incidents which reflect little credit on the moral standard of the military, but Col. Heistand discreetly overlooks these. We can understand that a soldier must pretend to believe his profession an honorable one. But will workingmen be fooled by the pretense and consider the deliberate killing of their fellowman a noble ambition?

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"Politics makes strange bedfellows" is an old proverb. It makes strange heritors and legatees, too. Here is Democrat Bryan claiming to be the only legitimate heir to the political fortunes of Republi-



can Roosevelt. And here, in the same week, comes to light the last will and testament of Democrat Cleveland, giving and bequeathing all his political goods and chattels to Republican Taft. For ourselves, we are of the opinion that if the assets of the two old parties were to be thrown together in a heap, without any labels on them, not a Democrat nor a Republican in the country could sort them out.

### GROVER CLEVELAND ON THE UNION LABOR VOTE.

Grover Cleveland's article on the present campaign and the political prospects contained some words upon the question of the union labor vote which are worthy of serious consideration, in view of the attempt of President Gompers to "round up" this vote for the reactionary Democratic party. He says:

The union labor vote is an indeterminate quantity and never will be more in America. In the first place, the causes that make for a union are usually local and conflict with broader interests, as is quickly found when an effort is made to treat them as general. The mere fact of being federated on the basis of a single interest, that of common employment as skilled laborers for wages, can never force the mass of union men to act politically with anything like soli-

darity. We have seen the labor vote of a district crush a Congressman, or the labor men of a State make a Governor or control a Legislature, but never will it be possible for the national labor vote to be anything more than a myth, except when the workmen, no matter whether union or non-union, individually determine that a vote for a national candidate and his party platform means a continuance of their prosperous estate or an improvement in one that is bad.

"Never is a long time," as the proverb says. Mr. Cleveland was a practical politician, and we would put much confidence in his frank prediction of the result of a pending election. But he was not a statesman, and his long-term prophecies are to be taken with a liberal allowance of salt. His general declaration that "the union labor vote in America will never be more than an indeterminate quantity" is worth as much as Mr. Gompers' general declarations to the contrary effect—and no more.

But in his closing sentence Mr. Cleveland qualifies his "never," and indicates the conditions under which the labor vote can and will become a serious factor in national politics. And in that sentence he talks sound sense. He hopes that the time will never come when those conditions will be fulfilled. But he sees clearly enough the possibility of such conditions arising.

The labor vote, according to Mr. Cleveland, will be a factor in national politics "when the workmen, no matter whether union or non-union, individually determine that a vote for a national candidate and his party platform means a continuance of their prosperous estate or an improvement in one that is bad."

That sentence reveals at once the weakness of Mr. Gompers' sort of labor politics and the strength of the Socialist policy.

Mr. Gompers appeals ONLY to the vote of the ORGANIZED workingmen. Even if ALL the organized workingmen should follow his advice, their votes would constitute but a small minority of the whole, not enough to control the political destinies of the nation, but only enough to determine the balance of power between the two old parties. Knowing this, he does not dare to declare for independent political action, but only to try to make a good bargain with one or the other of the capitalist parties. Because it is to a minority of the voters, even to a minority of the working class voters, that he can possibly appeal, he is compelled to adopt A POLICY OF COMPROMISE AND POLITICAL BARTER. If he can make the old-party politicians believe that he has the power to deliver the labor vote, he can induce them to promise such a price as they think it worth while to pay. (As to compelling them to pay the price after he has delivered the goods, that is another question.) But his price must be moderate. He must not ask more than a capitalist party can afford to pay. Let him ask anything like half justice for the workingmen, and each of the old parties (both trustees for the capitalist class) will tell him that IT WOULD RATHER TAKE ITS CHANCE OF BEING DEFEATED AND HAVING CAPITALISM MAINTAINED BY THE OTHER PARTY THAN TO PURCHASE POLITICAL VICTORY AT THE PRICE OF BETRAYING THE INTERESTS OF ITS CAPITALIST MASTERS.

The Socialist party APPEALS TO THE WHOLE BODY OF WORKING PEOPLE, whether organized in unions or not. It advises all of them to join the unions, because it knows they can fight for their common interests more effectively if organized on both the political and the industrial field than if organized on only the one or the other. It stands by the unions in their struggles over questions of wages and hours of labor, because their success in such struggles will help to bring more workingmen into their ranks and to raise the standard of life for the whole working class. But it does not CONFINE its appeal to the ORGANIZED workingmen. It does not treat them as a separate class from the workingmen who are not yet organized. It speaks to and for the whole body of the working peo-

ple; and on their behalf, it speaks also to all men who stand for liberty and justice and social peace and progress.

Speaking thus to and for the majority of the people, it can afford to be independent. And it cannot afford to be anything else. It can afford to set forth the whole of its rightful demands. And it cannot afford to do less. It cannot afford to conceal anything or to compromise or to make bargains with the enemy. It can afford to grow slowly and steadily. It does not have to stake everything on the result of a single campaign.

In a word, the Socialist party does not deal with interests that are local or confined to a part of the working people. ITS BASIS IS AS BROAD AS THE WAGE SYSTEM ITSELF, AND ITS PURPOSE AS HIGH AS THE HIGHEST IDEALS OF MANKIND. And it does not seek to win an election by getting certain people, organized in a special way, to pledge themselves to vote for its candidates. It seeks, by an intelligent discussion of facts and principles, to lead each workman individually to determine that a vote for its candidates and its platform means an improvement in a condition which is unquestionably bad for him and his class. AND THE CONDUCT OF THE CAPITALIST CLASS GIVES IT DAILY ASSISTANCE IN THE TASK OF SO CONVINCING THEM.

That is the reason why Mr. Gompers' public auction method of labor politics is bound to turn out a humiliating fiasco, while the policy of the Socialist party is bound to lead it to ultimate victory and the working class to emancipation.

The man who is too much afraid of his boss is very likely to have additional reason to be afraid of him. The way to make your boss respect you is to show your own self-respect and independence.

If a million men vote for Debs and Hanford this fall, before spring we shall have another million who came pretty near doing so going around claiming the credit.

The first step toward making good citizens out of immigrant population is to make it easy for them to become citizens. The goodness will follow.

Judge Taft's speeches are amusing. They are also instructive—in a left-handed sort of a way. Especially is this so when he discusses the labor question. He is so school-boyishly ignorant of the real life of the workingman and the problems that actually confront him in his daily struggle. He so naively takes it for granted that the workingmen are as credulous as they were a quarter of a century ago, that all that is necessary is to give them some "taffy" and talk to them in the style of a Sunday school superintendent addressing the infant class.

Read this, for instance, from one of his recent speeches:

We really have no classes in this old country in the country sense. We have a lot of millionaires and multimillionaires, and we are apt to consider them a class. As a matter of fact their children and their children's children may be without any money

at all. The truth is that we are all in the same boat. When the country is prosperous we are all in a comfortable condition; when the country is not prosperous wage-earners and business men and farmers are likely to suffer.

Does Mr. Taft imagine that it is any comfort to the workingman, when he is overworked and underpaid and tyrannized over by the boss, when he is in constant danger of injury or death at his work, when he finds wages going down and rent and food prices going up, when he goes on strike and a judge issues an injunction against him, when he gets blacklisted and the courts tell him he has no redress, when he goes on picket duty and the policeman breaks his head, when the factory gates are closed against him and the grocer cuts off his credit and the city marshal comes around with a dispossess warrant—does Mr. Taft imagine that it is any comfort to the workingman to consider that perhaps the grandchildren of his masters may some time come to poverty?

If so, Mr. Taft much misconceives the psychology of the working people. The workingmen want justice and economic freedom now and for all, not a system that keeps a few in luxury and the many in misery and occasionally shuffles the cards so as to raise some of the poor to riches and throw down some of the wealthy into the abyss.

Besides which, Mr. Taft is wrong on his facts. There is not the slightest probability that Rockefeller's grandchildren will have to work for a living, nor that the grandchild of any workingman now in the shop will ever rise to Rockefeller's imperial splendor.

And again, does Mr. Taft really think that the working people are so stupid as to believe him when he says "we are all in the same boat"? When the country is prosperous, says Mr. Taft, we are all



comfortable, capitalists and workingmen alike; and when hard times come upon us, workingmen and capitalists suffer alike.

Mr. Taft, who never worked for wages, who never suffered from hunger nor even had to worry about to-morrow's dinner, may even believe that what he says is true. It is quite possible for a judge to be so ignorant of "how the other half lives." But anyone so ill-informed ought to be warned by his kind friends not to make speeches on the labor question.

In times of prosperity most of the workingmen have a chance to work most of the time. When the boss requires it, they must work overtime, whether they will or not. They must rush to keep up with the speeding of the machinery. And in return for long and hard and dangerous work they get enough to provide some kind of a decent living for their families—no more. But the masters, while they build palaces and buy automobiles and yachts, while they spend their summers at Newport and their winters in Florida or Italy, while they indulge themselves in every luxury that they can imagine, yet find their millions pouring in faster than they can spend them, and the only cause for anxiety to them is the question how they shall invest the surplus so that it shall bring in still more millions through all the years to come.

What does Mr. Taft mean by saying that even in prosperous times, the workingmen and the capitalists are in the same boat?

And then comes the ebbing of the tide, then come the hard times. The masters' profits are reduced—reduced, mind you, not wiped out. They discharge a few of their servants, they postpone an intended European trip, they buy fewer diamonds and possibly retrench a little on fast horses and fast women—and they complain that the country is going to ruin because they cannot gratify absolutely every desire as soon as it arises in their breasts.

But what do hard times mean to the workingman? They mean no meat on the table. They mean no coal in winter and no ice in summer. They mean furniture and clothing going to the pawnshop—and thankful if the broker will lend a tenth of their value. They mean eviction. They mean the breadline. They mean the breaking up of the poor little home, and dependence on insulting charity for the wife and babies, while the man tramps the city streets and the country roads begging for a chance to work. For thousands and tens of thousands of working people in the last year they have meant beggary, theft, insanity, or suicide.

And Mr. Taft tells us that, in good times and bad, the capitalists and the workingmen are "in the same boat"! If we did not give him the benefit of the doubt and charitably suppose that he really does not know any better, we should call his speech the acme of impudence.

Mr. Taft, your speeches on the labor question would be immensely amusing if the labor question were not such a serious matter, if it were not actually a question of life and death for myriads of men and women and children, every one of them more useful to society than you and your kind. Your speeches also are highly instructive because they show us how little the men of your class either know or care about the problems that actually confront the masses of the people at this day. You are giving us a striking exhibition of the political imbecility, as well as the moral callousness of our rulers.

We are not silly children, Mr. Taft. We have eyes to see and brains to think, and we do not swallow everything that is told us—even though it be a Federal judge, with the mighty Roosevelt's endorsement upon him, that seeks to cajole us.

Speaking of "voting for a party that has a chance to win"—if we may judge by the election returns of the last twelve years the Socialist party has a decidedly better chance than the Democratic party; for the Democratic vote has been dwindling away all that time, while the Socialist vote has been growing; besides, there is the Independence ticket, which will admittedly draw votes away from Bryan, while Socialist votes are going for the Socialist ticket regardless of Hearst and all his papers. The really practical man who is against capitalist-misrule will decline to throw his vote away on a decadent middle-class party and will cast it boldly for Socialism.

President Eliot of Harvard has a scheme for reforming the municipal government of Boston. The scheme includes granting the suffrage to women property holders residing in Boston and to all holders of Boston property who do not live in the city. By this means, President Eliot thinks, the "ignorant vote" would be counterbalanced and our American Athens would be assured of a good administration. Evidently the learned professor considers "ignorant" we should like to have him convince us that "rich" and "honest" are "poor" as synonymous terms. But before accepting his scheme, we should like to have him convince us that "rich" and "honest" are "poor" as synonymous terms. But before accepting his scheme, we should like to have him convince us that "rich" and "honest" are "poor" as synonymous terms.

The Pittsburgh Assessors have unearthed the fact that fashionable women in the city own a million dollars' worth of stocks and

bonds which they have heretofore concealed in order to avoid paying taxes. It is safe to say that they could dig up a few million more if they tried hard enough, and that the assessors in every large city in the United States could do the same. And these "lady" thieves will not even blush—unless at their clumsiness in allowing themselves to get found out; they will still talk of honest workingmen as belonging to "the lower classes," and of themselves and their husbands and fathers as "respectable citizens."

## ROOSEVELT'S GLORY IS OVERSHADOWED.

—has again covered itself with glory and won the enduring gratitude of our most respectable citizens.

At Dunmore, near Scranton, the Cossacks put the crowning touch to their reputation as brave defenders of law and order, by shooting three poor women, wives of striking miners. One of the women was standing in the doorway of the wretched shanty which served her as a home, and was holding her baby in her arms, when she was shot down. Another was a neighbor who was standing with her. Third was shot in the back as she fled from the Cossacks' onslaught.

A record is broken. Theodore Roosevelt can no longer boast of his exploit in Cuba. He shot a Spanish soldier in the back, and America was proud of him. But now his glory is overshadowed. A Pennsylvania Cossack has surpassed his splendid achievement by shooting a woman in the back.

Hurry up, your custodians of the Carnegie Fund; search out the man who fired that shot and give him a golden medal. And if you cannot identify him, give medals to all the Cossacks in the detachment and see that their names are graven in the Hall of Fame. They all deserve recognition. They were all willing to shoot women in the back, only there were not enough women in sight.

"The rights and interests of the working people will be cared for, not by irresponsible agitators, but by the Christian men to whom God, in His infinite wisdom, has given control of the property interests of this country," said George M. Baer, six years ago.

We see it now, more clearly than ever before. Cowardly violence has ever gone hand in hand with the claim of Divine Right. Shooting women in the back is quite in keeping with the claim that God has given the land and mines and mills and railroads to the capitalists and has decreed that the working people shall forever be their wage slaves.

Workingmen, bow to the Divine mandate! Vote for Mr. Taft, whose party can claim the credit for this glorious deed of the Pennsylvania Cossacks. Or vote for Mr. Bryan, whose party has caused the state militia to do the same sort of thing in Alabama. Put your faith in the Christian men to whom God, in His infinite wisdom, has entrusted the property interests of this country, and divide your votes between the twin parties of capitalism. But whatever you do, don't vote for those wicked Socialists, who have a perverse prejudice against the government hiring men to shoot working women in the back.

"I am a Socialist, too. Nothing would please me more than to see a big Socialist vote. I would vote the Socialist ticket myself this year if I thought you had a chance to win!" If all the men who talk in this strain would have the courage of their convictions and vote the Socialist ticket, they would be astonished at their own numbers when the polls were closed and the news flashed over the wires of several million Socialist votes cast, a score or so of Socialist Congressmen elected, and strong Socialist delegations sent to half the legislatures in the land. But we do not count on these invertebrates. They will come when enough real men have prepared the way for them.

The defeat of the coal miners' strike in Alabama—a righteous strike, if there ever was one—is directly due to the violent and tyrannical methods employed by Governor Comer at the dictation of the mine owners. Comer exactly paralleled the conduct of Governor Peabody, of Colorado, in the eight-hour strike there four years ago. Peabody was a Roosevelt Republican, and Comer is a Bryan Democrat. Have the workingmen a choice to make between them and their parties?

"Washing" stocks is contrary to the ethics of the Stock Exchange. The layman may find it a little difficult to understand just what the phrase means, but we all know enough of the dirty work done in Wall Street to recognize that washing is taboo there.



**SOCIALISM FOR PRACTICAL UNION MEN.**

By JOHN R. McMAHON.

I like union men because they are practical. They want concrete things and they want them right away. They have no use for dreams and theories. A millenium after they are dead is of no interest to them. Better pay now, shorter hours to-day, tolerable conditions in the present are what they seek. They would like to be relieved of the blacklist, the injunction, the uniformed thug and the spy. The right to own themselves and their jobs at least a part of the time is their desire.

Because I agree thoroughly with union men in their practical views, I am a Socialist. I expect to get some tangible good out of the Socialist movement and get it soon. I cannot afford the luxury of a sentiment. I haven't the price to pose as a philanthropist. If there are no practical benefits coming my way, I will be tempted to turn Prohibitionist or something else. But I see immediate benefits, the dollars and cents kind, right ahead. A million and a half votes for Debs this November and the election of several Socialist Congressmen will improve business conditions quicker than anything else. The national, State and city governments will be compelled to give work to the unemployed. My trade will certainly profit from this revival of industry. There will be jobs for me and for my relatives. Next the frightened Supreme Court of the United States will be compelled to get off its high horse of injunctions and boycotts, so that the unions will have a chance for life. When the unions are strong, the entire working class is better off. I expect that the election of several Socialists to the State Legislature and in the municipal government will relieve me of the poor service and outrageous charges of the railroads, the street cars, the gas

trust, the ice-trust and a few other trusts within easy reach. The constitutional right of free speech and assemblage will be re-established, which is a rather valuable right at times.

Within a year I see my financial condition considerably improved on account of Socialism.

Within five years, because of Socialism, I will be enjoying the benefits of a job guaranteed by the United States government, an income and inheritance tax laying the burden of administration on the rich, sufficient school facilities for my child and free meals if she needs them, free transportation on publicly owned street cars, a big reduction in rent, a cut to the cost of production in the commodities of the publicly owned oil, gas, meat, coal, sugar, bread, milk, steel and other trusts, free telephones and free postage, guaranteed banks for my savings, the abolition of Wall street and the Senate, productive employment of soldiers and sailors, a liberal government pension for sickness and old age, security for my child and all children against factory exploitation, civilized independence and equal rights for all women, free access to unused land, the right to recall public servants at any time, trials by juries and not by judges, public industries controlled by the workers in them and a six hour work day.

These are only a few of the practical benefits which the practical working class of other countries is already enjoying in part. Is it impracticable for an American Socialist to expect these things within five years and the complete ownership of his labor product within a period a little longer? Is it not impracticable for a workingman to continue to beg, wheedle and cajole his capitalist master for the gold brick he has been getting these fifty years?

**THE DOCTRINE OF FELLOW SERVANT.**

By WILLIAM HARD.

(From an article in Everybody's Magazine for September.)

When a cinder-snapper enters the employ of the United States Steel Corporation, he not only assumes—under the Doctrine of Assumed Risk—all the consequences of all the gigantic, incalculable caprices of the blast furnace near which he labors, but he likewise assumes—under the Doctrine of Fellow Servant—all the consequences of all the acts of carelessness and stupidity of which his fellow workmen may be capable.

There was once a man named Coffey who worked for the United States Steel Corporation in South Chicago. And there was also a man named Swick who worked for that same corporation in that same place.

Swick worked only during the day. Coffey worked only during the night. When Coffey came on Swick went home. One day Swick plugged up an open-hearth furnace carelessly and imperfectly. Coffey did not know

about this. He could not prevent it. He was asleep. Swick did his careless, imperfect work and went home.

That same night, Dec. 29, 1899, in consequence of what Swick had done, there was an outburst of several tons of white-hot metal. Coffey was terribly burned, and his hearing was permanently impaired.

Now Swick was just 18 years old. He had held his job for just one week. He and Coffey had spoken to each other just once. When, after four years, Coffey's case reached the Illinois Supreme Court, the judges decided that Coffey and Swick were fellow servants and that therefore Coffey had no legal claim for compensation for his accident.

"These men," said the court, "the safety of each of whom depended so much upon the care and diligence of the other, had ample opportunity to exercise upon each other an influence promotive of care and prudence in the matter of the performing of their work."

**OUR TERMS OR GO!**

We are the bosses of labor, we,  
And you are the sons of toil;  
We tell you what your wages shall be,  
And then what shall be our spoil;  
You see if you have that which you earn,  
It won't give us any show,  
And so we propose that you shall learn  
To accept our terms or go!

What right have you who do the work,  
To give it a price at our loss?  
That is the right of us who think,  
And who play the game of "boss;"  
We allow that you may have enough  
To keep up the struggle and strain,  
But all above must support the bluff,  
And go to your bosses' gain.

We have you hard, for you see, good slaves,  
We own all lands and all tools,  
All metals and coals, us jolly knaves,  
And can play you for our fools.  
It's nothing to us if you have naught,

While our piles forever grow;  
You are the cattle our gold has bought,  
And so take our terms or go!  
—Brisbane Worker.

**PAINT AND WHITEWASH.**

"If a coat of paint is applied to a man's body," said the scientific boarder, "he will die within a few hours." "It doesn't seem plausible," rejoined the cheerful idiot, "when you take into consideration that an occasional coat of whitewash is necessary to keep some politicians from becoming dead ones."—Chicago Daily News.

**TRUST INVESTIGATION.**

"You favor an investigation of trusts?" "Certainly," answered Senator Sorghum. "I have investigated several. I always make it a rule to determine the responsibility of a firm before I consent to do business with it."—Washington Star.

**TWO DOGS.**

By MIRIAM FINN SCOTT.

The more I learn to understand present conditions the more do I feel how well the famous Russian author Kryloff has portrayed them in the fable of "Two Dogs."

Two dogs that were born in the same town and played together in their youth lost track of each other for many years. One day, when both had reached middle age, they met and recognized each other. One was lean and thin and worn out with hard work, and the other was fat and sleek, full of energy and spirits, full of life and happiness.

On meeting his old friend the prosperous one asked the other: "Well, friend, how has time been treating you?"

The worn dog answered, "Oh, I cannot tell you what a hard life I have had! Nothing but work, work, work all day and all night. And what did I have for it? To eat, what I could find in the back yard; there I slept without shelter in rain and storm. Constantly I was scolded by my master, and when I was sometimes weary and worn he would catch me napping, then I would get the stick, too."

And so this poor old dog went on telling of hardship and of woe, and when he got through he asked his more fortunate friend: "And how was it with you?"

"With me?" the sleek one laughed. "Well, to complain of good luck is a sin: Since I saw you last I had it pretty easy. All is being done for me; I eat of the best, and to my heart's content; I sleep on the soft silk carpets of my master's parlor, and take daily walks with him in the park. Everybody pets me and cuddles me, I am always made much of—and so it goes—"

"And what do you do for all this?" the poor dog asked eagerly.

"What?" the prosperous one smiled. "Why, I just walk on my hind legs."

How many workingmen and women whose life has meant nothing but the hardest toil, have for their recompense nothing but disease, starvation, suffering and want of all kinds—and why? Because they had to provide the food, shelter, luxury and leisure for the grafters, for the politicians, for all those whose only occupation is to walk on their hind legs.

But that is not all; the same worn hands and worn bodies have also to provide all these comforts of life for those who do not even have to go to the trouble of performing the slight trick.

I know a young woman who is working in one of the most fashionable department stores. She stands behind the counter dressed in a certain uniform of black which pleases the manager of the store; her hair, too, is fixed according to his preference. She hands out daily costly silks and satins to ladies who arrive in automobiles or carriages, to order their gowns.

She has been working there for more than half her life, and she is only 25 years old. She found her first job in that store right after she left school at the death of both her parents. For a few years she was errand girl. She lost no moments of her ten hours running in the store. She was faithful, punctual, neat, intelligent, qualities which could not but attract the business eye of her employer. She was gradually promoted to higher posts, and to-day she has earned the distinction of being one of the ablest saleswomen in that store.

During her thirteen years of service in the store she was helping to bring up her younger sister and brother. She kept house for them, she clothed them with her own sewing. Her only recreation was a book or an occasional lecture. She craved for knowledge. But all she has attained is the glory of handing over things of high art, of high human skill to women, none of whom have lifted one finger to help produce one thread of that costly material which they use up.

I simply wonder if you, fair lady, unaware perhaps of the accident that

**THE STRIKER.**

By IDA CROUCH HAZLETT.

He stands within the mill. Its glowing forge  
Is cold, and silenced is its mighty roar.  
Its clanging steel is voiceless and the wheels  
Of labor still. Knotted his furrowed brows,  
And set the pale, stern lips. The muscles stand  
Like iron rods upon his idle arms.  
Without, the mutterings of men like him,  
His comrades, fill the air with sullen gloom.  
And through the fierceness of that discontent  
There swells a solemn undertone of woe—  
The voices of sad women with the joy  
Of youth and hope crushed out; the stifled cries  
Of new-born babes, unbidden ushered in  
To crime and ignorance and brutal want;  
The groans of helpless childhood crushed beneath  
The iron monster of the vast machine;  
The prayers of maidens, doomed to render  
Fair and virgin bodies to eke out their wage;  
The death-dirge of ambitions; cherished hopes  
Trailed in the mire of the gold man's lust;  
The sweet song of the poet; music's strain  
Of harmony divine; art's beautiful  
And undimmed glory of expression rare;  
Deep buried in the grave of hopeless toil  
And gnawing care and dread anxiety.

All this the Striker hears, and through his brain  
It vibrates with a mad'ning memory.  
Grim resolution lifts his brow on high,  
And squares his shoulders to heroic deed.  
"The earth is ours. We've conquered it," he said.  
"Its glory, beauty, triumph, all are ours.  
No more the tyrant master's heartless greed  
Shall take our all and leave us with the beasts.  
Aye, let them come. We're ready. Court and gun  
And armed battalions, blacklist, bull pen, curse,  
What are they all beside this death in life  
That crushes manhood, bars the doors of fate?"  
He turns upon his heel—the die is cast—  
And goes to lead the horror of the strike.

**THE HERO OF MODERN ROMANCE**

"Alas," cries the hero of the modern novel, "I cannot with honor ask Irene to marry me. My family fortune has been swept away, and I have only what I can earn. But I will work like a slave." Whereupon, following a tip whispered to him by a friend, he gathers up his remaining ten thousand and betakes himself to Wall street, emerging therefrom a week later with a couple of millions. "Thank Heaven," he cries, "I have earned the right to look the world in the face once more! Now I can honorably ask Irene to be my wife."

**AUTHORITY AND REASON.**

I accept unreservedly the views of no man, living or dead. "The master has said it" was never conclusive with me. Even though I have found him right nine times, I do not take the tenth proposition on trust. Unless that also be proved sound and rational, I reject it.—Horace Greeley.

brought you these riches, ever stop to think that your education, your pleasures, your luxuries, your happiness are bought at the cost of one other human being who, according to all laws of nature, is made in the same image that you are, and according to all human justice is entitled to the same share in the world's goods as you are.



## HISTORY OF THE GREAT AMERICAN FORTUNES

BY GUSTAVUS MYERS.

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

### PART III.

#### The Great Fortunes from Railroads.

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#### CHAPTER II (Continued).

##### A NECESSARY CONTRAST.

##### II (Continued).

##### Growth of Pauperism.

At this time, that is to say, in 1845, the distress of the working class was appalling, and at this time also, legislatures throughout the country and Congress were industriously continuing the granting away of public funds, public domain and perpetual lordship rights. The debates of the various State constitutional conventions showed, as we have noted, how widespread was the corruption in these legislative bodies. The men who did the "corrupting" were precisely that class which fattened on the arduous labor and the sacrifice of men, women and children, and which denied the right of the worker to organize or to plead for a shorter workday or more wages. In this class merchants, manufacturers, bankers and lawyers all were included. The agony, debasement and blood of a host of toilers were transmuted into profits; with a part of these profits legislative bodies were increasingly debauched into granting more and more public resources and privileges, until the capitalists of one generation became, with these vested interests in their possession, the multimillionaires of either that time or a succeeding generation.

But nowhere were the functions of government employed to succor the starving numbers of the workers. A call for a workingmen's meeting at Croton Hall, New York City, on July 16, 1845, stated that there were sixty-five thousand paupers in New York City alone; that one-sixth of the entire population of New York State was in a condition of pauperism; that the wages of labor were steadily sinking until thousands were reduced to starvation; that the white labor of the North was in a worse condition than the slave of the South.

The government owned stupendous areas of public domain which could have been put at the disposal of many of these destitute workers. Large numbers of them had been brought up in industrial trades and either could not have applied themselves to agriculture or were physically unfit for it. But there were undoubtedly many tens of thousands who would have been glad to become possessed of a homestead. Did the government arrange an easy way for them? Did it offer to throw the land open gratuitously, or make the price one of gradual payment, or extend credit? No. Far from it; laws were passed which made it extraordinarily easy for the capitalist to appropriate large areas, and extremely difficult for the poor to get anything. Even the Eastern farmer, driven by his worn-out soil and inclement climate to seeking of better agricultural land, found it hard to get public domain.

##### The Fixing of Laws.

That the laws were so devised as to favor capitalists may be illustrated by one of many acts of government—that of 1835 and 1836. In these years vast numbers of workers were thrown out of jobs by the pressure of oncoming "hard times," yet the government instead of giving them public land outright, or loaning them public funds at a low rate of interest, did this: It deposited its money in the banks. These banks paid the government two per cent. interest, and then loaned the government funds at ten and twelve per cent. interest to private individuals. With this borrowed money capitalist speculators bought immense tracts of public land, much of which they later sold to small farmers at inordinately high prices. It is estimated that nearly \$25,000,000 of the sales of these years were to speculators and not agricultural purchasers. (4)

Every previous act of government had demonstrated, as every succeeding

act revealed, that government was organized as an agency for promoting the interests of the capitalist class. The working class, numerically by far the larger, was neither consulted nor considered; the government did not represent the workers; it was the specific utensil of class interests hostile to his. If, as the high-flown orators were accustomed to saying, the United States government was the incarnation of democracy, then some, if not full and immediate, attention would have been given to the alarming growth of destitution and pauperism shown by the resolutions of the New England Workingmen's Association. These resolutions did not find even an echo in official circles, or if they were read, were regarded decisively as the emanation of an unimportant group whose followers would be easily gulled by politician and capitalist at election time.

The government, or to put it in concrete form, the capitalists, mercenaries and retainers who constituted the government, went on with their plundering. In 1849 and 1850 the so-called Swamp acts were passed. Ostensibly these lands were swamps, and as such Congress agreed to give them to the various States for reclamation. In reality large tracts fraudulently entered as swamp lands were fine agricultural or rich timber and mineral lands. About 60,000,000 acres of these lands were transferred to private ownership. It is generally admitted," says Phillips, "that the fraudulent practices connected with swamp land locations have been quite as great as any mode of disposing of public lands." (5)

##### Great Estates Held by Aliens.

Out of this expropriating process arose some strikingly peculiar conditions. Not alone did American capitalists become possessed of great areas of land, but European descendants of predatory barons hastened to participate in this theft of the public domain. While in the panics of 1837, 1857 and 1873 millions of workers were despairingly out of work, and while constantly the American producing population was being reduced to the position of a dispossessed, homeless and subjugated class, these European aristocrats became large landholders in the United States. The Duke of Sutherland, the largest landholder in Great Britain, scooped in 425,000 acres in the United States. Similarly the Marquis of Tweedale became possessed of 1,750,000 acres; Sir Edward Reid & Co. got about 2,000,000 acres in Florida; a Scotch company, composed of titled aliens, obtained half a million acres in Florida, and Lady Gordon and the Marquis of Dalhousie, 2,000,000 acres; the Texas Land Syndicate, in which the Duke of Rutland and Lord Beresford are largely interested, own about 3,000,000 acres in Texas and the British Land Company 3,000,000 acres in Kansas. Other titled European aristocrats and European bankers and capitalists own large holdings of land in Illinois and many other States. Apart from the many millions of acres of public land fraudulently transferred to themselves by the railroads, it is estimated that fully 150,000,000 acres of the public domain have been stolen in the last few decades by the large land syndicates—an area equal to thirty States of the size of Massachusetts.

##### Shaping of Public Opinion.

The apologists and the uninformed often seek to extenuate these huge frauds and thefts by saying that all of this was in accordance with the public opinion of the time, and that these methods were then considered legitimate. This is the usual puerile explanation put forth to cover up the origin of many of the great fortunes of to-day.

If by public opinion is meant the

expressions of what were looked upon as the superior classes—the bankers, manufacturers, capitalists in general, and of their associates, mouthpieces or advocates, the politicians and newspaper owners, then the point is well taken. It is not astonishing that many well-meaning folk are misled and blinded by that manufactured product called public opinion. The so-called public opinion of those times, as it is of these, was precisely what interests of the ruling classes shaped and demanded. It was profitable to them to drag the worker through fourteen or sixteen weary hours a day; it was profitable to grind the minds and bodies of little children into dollars; it was profitable to pay the meagerest wages and break down labor organizations, the aim of which was to get shorter hours, more wages and better laws; it was profitable to avoid equipping factories, mines and railroads with life-preserving equipment; it was profitable to exploit the public deposits of funds and have laws enacted which made the thefts of public domain on a large scale easy; it was profitable for many of the corporations to open up their own stores and compel their workers to buy merchandise there at exacting prices.

These were a few of the multitude of profitable methods. And being profitable, the ruling commercial and financial classes lost no time in setting about shaping a public opinion and creating laws favorable to the perpetuation and amplification of these methods. But they did not place their arguments on the ground of self-interest. With that turpitude and hypocrisy which, it may not be unjustly said, is characteristic of possessing classes, they calmly assumed the lofty position of being the guardians of the public morals and the conservers of the worker's welfare.

What heart-rending solicitude they showed for the working class! How eager they were to prevent the worker from getting a ten-hour day not because it would be less profitable to employers, but because if the worker had more leisure time he would become idle and intemperate. How tender was their consideration for the child laborer. With solemn concern they commiserated upon the fate of the child if it were not put to work—how it would grow up shiftless and wayward. These arguments were taken up by politicians, clergy and newspapers, elaborated upon and disseminated.

But they were not the only arguments. The labor unions were represented as sinister conspiracies against the peace of the community and the stability of its institutions. No sooner did a body of workers go on a strike than the newspapers, whose advertising and revenue came from these self-same commercial and financial classes would, in a series of carefully colored articles and editorials, portray the strikers as irresponsible set whose poverty came from their own intemperance, lack of thrift and general folly. On the other hand, while these same capitalists were filling the halls of legislation with their mercenaries and were bribing right and left, their thefts were transformed in the newspapers, as a rule, into wise legislation for the "proper encouragement of capital and the development of the resources of the country." Thus was a powerful public opinion created extremely prejudiced to the obscure, uninfluential, repressed working class, and highly favorable to the capitalists.

##### Working Class Protests.

Yet it was from the working class and that alone that the only protests of the day against oppression came. Now and then a public man such as Cassius M. Clay or a newspaper owner such as Horace Greeley, would champion the cause of the worker. But these examples were rare.

Those who may be inclined to palliate as an excusable condition of the times, the creation by government power, of an immensely rich landed, trading, public utility and banking class, will do well to consult the numerous resolutions passed by the workingmen's bodies. Comparing the sincerity, earnestness and the deep moral and ethical sentiment of these resolutions with the callousness of

the rich as a class to human suffering, it is evident that the only sympathy with the oppressed and the only manifestation of a moral code proceeded from the despised, poorly dressed, inelegant, uncultured workers.

The first Industrial Congress in New York, October 13, 1845, demanded the right of the soil to all; called upon by the government to stop further traffic in land and make the public lands free to the actual settlers, so that every man, woman and child in the nation could have a home. The Industrial Congress denounced the existing system of factory labor, which it set forth as withering the energies of men and women, and even tender children. "It is a well-known fact," read the preamble, "that rich men, capitalists and non-producers associate to devise means for securing to themselves the fruit of other men's labor, and that schemes for this purpose are invented and accomplished by combinations." "What was the remedy proposed by this Industrial Congress? That of organization of farmers, mechanics and workingmen for a common purpose, although it was not stated that this purpose was to be political. The second Industrial Congress, two years later, denounced the apathy and animosity of the clergy toward the worker. "They sustain the blood-stained banner of capital and fraud in their crusade against labor," read one of the resolutions, "and have become the fiercest of the vampire brood that gorge upon the veins of honest industry and justice."

##### The Combatants Compared.

Such language seemed violent, but it was all notoriously true. Alone, single-handed the working class fought its battle for humanity. On the one side was the government, with all the prestige and power it commanded, backed by the whole propertied class with immense resources, and sustained by the clergy and the public press. All of these as a force were leagued against the worker. On the other was the abused, brow-beaten, half-starved working class, overworked when it could get work, in destitution when it could get none. In law it had few rights, and in so far as the customary opinion of the propertied class was concerned, it was considered of a menial, inferior order. Yet, with all the odds against it, the working class refused to abide by the prevailing methods and standards; it fought them at every turn; it suffered want and wretchedness; many times it was starved into temporary submission; but ever again and again the unconquerable spirit of revolt broke out afresh, and again and again was its cause held up to scorn, its leaders jailed and its ranks broken by the corrupting arts of the contesting capitalist class.

Dimayed for a time, it always became revitalized and again carried on its undying warfare. Many of these industrial conflicts will be described later on. So it won the ten-hour day and then the eight-hour day. Notwithstanding these dearly bought victories, it found itself in the twentieth century still in a condition of servitude and fighting for its very right to organize. While combating the capitalist it had neglected to capture the capitalist's most powerful weapon—governmental power. This remained entrenched in the hands of the capitalist; and while a few sops were thrown to appease the workers occasionally, the government continued a pliable tool in the hands of the capitalist class, and power of the capitalist class. (To be continued.)

##### SQUARING THE CIRCLE.

"A rounder," said the rounder's wife, "Goes round the town and blows his self; One round of pleasure is his life— And then he tries to square himself!"

(4) History of the Surplus Revenue, 139.

(5) Labor, Land and Law, 324.



**THE SACRED SAPPERS AND MINERS.**

By **ROBERT HUNTER.**

In a letter to James W. Van Cléave, our friend Bryan, violently protests against the accusation that the Democratic injunction plank is an assault upon the courts.

Bryan declares an attempt has been made to raise a false issue in regard to the courts.

Mr. Gompers has also said that he, as the representative of organized labor, has no desire to make an assault upon the courts.

Mr. Taft, of course, does not intend to make an assault upon the courts.

Mr. Hearst some time ago publicly rebuked his editor, Mr. Brisbane, for making an assault upon the courts.

It appears that the only people who desire to assault the courts are the Socialists.

Most men seem to consider assaults upon the courts very much as people in England consider assaults upon the monarchy. One can assault anything else and find approval SOMEWHERE, but there are certain things which one dare not assault.

With us, it is the courts; in England it is the monarchy.

Most people seem filled with a superstitious awe when they think about the courts. The courts may have feet of clay, but they are IDOLS, and anyone who dares to criticize them utters an unforgivable blasphemy. Let Roosevelt say a word against the courts and he is attacked from all sides as a person bordering upon insanity. Well, let us look into this matter a minute.

No one questions that Abraham Lincoln attacked the courts. And Thomas Jefferson, whose name is still used by unscrupulous persons to win political power, saw during the last years of his life that the courts had a power in this country little short of despotic.

He said: "The judiciary of the United States is the subtle corps of SAPPERS AND MINERS constantly working underground to undermine the foundations of our confederated fabric."

He said: "A judiciary independent of a king or executive alone is a good thing, but independent of the will of the nation is a soleism at least in a Republican government."

At another time he said it is "the great object of my fear that body like gravity ever acting with noiseless foot

and unalarming advance, gaining ground step by step, and holding what it gains."

As an old man of eighty, after nearly half a century of fighting for Republican institutions, Thomas Jefferson tried to rally his friends to AN ASSAULT upon the courts. Some one wrote him that against the growing power of the courts "every man should raise his VOICE," and Jefferson answered him, "Yes, and more; he should uplift his ARM."

He asserted that to consider the judges "as the ultimate arbiters of all constitutional doctrines was a very dangerous doctrine indeed, and one that would place us UNDER THE DESPOTISM OF AN OLIGARCHY."

Those were his words eighty-eight years ago. But where are the leaders to-day who dare utter such revolutionary sentiments? Our political leaders have appetites that crave political power, but they seem absolutely devoid of political principles.

They would no more dare affront the capitalistic press of this country than they would dare to eat peas in public with a knife.

Thomas Jefferson was right. He saw that the growing power of the courts meant despotism, and now WE HAVE despotism.

Upon every bench in this country sits a little Czar. He makes and un-makes law by his decisions. He interprets the word and spirit of our law. He often goes "hat in hand" to the Bosses of the political machines and to Wall street, but the sacred words, written by Thomas Jefferson and others for the purpose of establishing a republic in this country, this judge INTERPRETS—and naturally—in such a manner as to destroy our republic and to give us an oligarchy.

I marvel at our intrepid friends, Bryan, Taft, Gompers and Hearst, who bow down before their little oligarchs and hastily declare they never intended to make "any assault upon the courts." Heaven forbid they should ever touch this beloved idol!

These men quote piously the words of Abraham Lincoln and Thomas Jefferson—whose names, by the way, we would not now remember if they had not assaulted false idols.

Well, the Socialists ARE assaulting the courts and shall continue to assault the courts until their sacredness shall have departed from them, and they, like other political institutions, shall become subjected to "the will of the nation."

**WHAT IS "FIT" OPPORTUNITY?**

The social philosophy of President Eliot of Harvard is full of surprises. Having turned the doctrine of personal equality into confusion and rejected it, he seems now to have made ducks and drakes of the doctrine of equality of opportunity. To those who are not over-learned, personal equality means equality with reference to rights under the law; and equality of opportunity is a corollary, which demands that opportunities to use one's own powers without depriving others of like liberty shall be maintained. But President Eliot discovers that equality of opportunity—whatever he may mean by it—is neither obtainable nor desirable. What he demands is "fit opportunity." But really there is no essential difference between equal opportunity and fit opportunity. When men are free to exert their powers as they choose, within the limits of non-injury to others, they have equal opportunity and also fit opportunity. But the two things while essentially the same, may be made widely different in practice. It depends upon who decides as to fitness. Under equal opportunity each decides for himself; but under "fit opportunity" some one else may decide arbitrarily for him. Consequently the doctrine of fit opportunity may turn into a euphemism for servitude. The old cotton planters, by their own accounts, furnished their slaves with "fit opportunity."—The Public.

**TWO BORES.**

Towne—I'd rather associate with Natch than Kedley. Kedley's just a society man; I can't imagine anything worse than a man who is always indulging in small talk.  
 Browne—Oh, I don't know; he can't be worse than a fellow who's always talking big.—Philadelphia Press.

**RAISE THE TORCH!**

By **JOHN SPARGO.**

Raise the torch of Liberty!  
 Grasp it with a firmer hand;  
 Let your tyrant masters see  
 And its meaning understand:  
 Labor's hosts have sworn to be  
 From the yoke of bondage free!

Raise the torch! Uplift it high!  
 And with loyal hearts and brave  
 Shout the Revolution's cry,  
 To each Master, to each Slave:  
 "Freedom comes, and Slavery  
 Banish'd from the earth shall be!"

Raise the torch! O, may its flame  
 Set the nations' hearts aglow!  
 Bear it high in Freedom's name,  
 Singing ever as you go:  
 "Workers of the world, unite!  
 This is Freedom's holy fight!"

Raise the torch of Liberty!  
 Bear it onward through the gloom  
 Of the night of Tyranny;  
 Shout aloud the tyrants' doom.  
 Onward, till the world shall be  
 From the yoke of bondage free!

**SEES IT COMING.**

The News a couple of days ago, editorially commenting upon campaign funds, noted that every member of the Socialist party, whether poor or rich, contributed to the campaign. The vote cast by the Socialist party, in some States this fall, may possibly hold the balance of power and swing the electoral vote either to the Republican or Democratic candidate, according to which party the Socialist may have withdrawn his vote. One thing is certain, Socialism is spreading, and the probabilities are that not far from a million Socialist votes will be cast for the party's Presidential nominee.—Paterson Evening News.

**SHAME TO AMERICA.**

"America can feed the world," is the proud boast of its citizens. So much the more shame to America. What stronger indictment of the profit system does anyone want than the fact that this country's productive capacity is sufficient to feed the whole world, and yet not only does it not do it, but it allows thousands of its own people to starve and millions to barely exist.—Progressive Worker.

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**ORGANIZER WANTED.**—Westchester County Committee invites applications for position of Special Organizer from Sept. 1 to election day. Wages \$20 weekly, inclusive. Must be a hustler; able to hold open-air meetings; good literature seller; willing to do house to house visiting. No one afraid of hard work of this kind need apply. Address, stating all particulars of experience, etc., L. A. Maiktel, 49 Cornell avenue, Yonkers.

**LABOR DIRECTORY.**

Advertisements of trade unions and other societies will be inserted under this heading at the rate of \$1 per line per annum.  
**CIGARMAKERS' PROGRESSIVE INT.**  
 UNION No. 90—Office and Employment Bureau, 241 E. 84th St. The following Districts meet every Saturday: Dist. I (Bohemian)—331 E. 1st St., 8 p. m.; Dist. II (German)—316 E. 6th St., 8 p. m.; Dist. III—Clubhouse, 243 E. 84th St., 7.30 p. m.; Dist. IV—342 W. 42d St., 8 p. m.; Dist. V—3309 Third Ave., 8 p. m.; Dist. VI—2059 Third Ave., 8 p. m.; Dist. VII—325 E. 75th St., 8 p. m.; The Board of Superintention meets every Tuesday at Fauthhaber's Hall, 1551 Second Ave., 8 p. m.

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

**UNITED JOURNEMEN TAILORS' UNION** meets second and fourth Mondays in Link's Assembly Rooms, 281-283 East Thirty-eighth St.

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

**BROOKLYN, 224 A. D. Br. 1 (American)** meets the second and fourth Friday at 675 Glenmore Ave.; Br. 3 (German), meets the second Monday of the month at 675 Glenmore Ave.

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

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SEEN IN PASSING.

By ANITA C. BLOCK.

My path took me through that section of the city devoted to the sale of automobiles and of all the luxurious paraphernalia pertaining to the pursuit of motoring. No statistics could have given a more convincing proof of the amount of wealth in our land than that array of shops extending block after block on both sides of the wide avenue, filled with nothing save the trappings of expensive pleasure. I had just finished reading that frightful indictment of existing society—the newspaper article telling how a mother had killed her own little ones outright rather than see them live a life-in-death of suffering and starvation—and my heart was full of bitterness. It seemed to me that the powerful machines on either side of me with their hard glittering brass and hard, brilliant polish were constantly and insolently taunting the masses of the disinherited as they hurried by.

Perhaps it was because the vision of those dead little children would not leave me, that my attention was attracted by a miniature automobile exhibited in one of the stores. Here was one of the toys of the children of the rich—something to amuse them in their private park during the long summer days. It could be purchased for the modest sum of \$600—a mere bagatelle, to be sure; besides it would give the youngster excellent training, so that he would easily be able to escape the speed laws in his \$6,000 car when he grew up; \$600 for a child's single plaything, and the average yearly income of a working man, which must supply himself and wife and children with food, clothing and shelter is \$450! Thus it costs to-day \$150 more to give a suitable gift to a young plutocrat than to keep a proletarian family alive for a whole year. It just keeps them alive, this \$450, just holds them this side of the starvation line, just keeps them in such condition that their labor-power remains fit to sell. It does not suffice, however, for the purchase of a toy automobile, not even the small tin variety sold for a quarter on Fourteenth street. And then there are those yearly incomes below the average, and lastly there is the no-income at all. That dead mother could have told all about life with no-income-at-all. At the thought of her, the children rose up before me again, and looking at the toy automobile, I understood the wrath that hurled itself against and tears to pieces inanimate things that seem to outrage all the human dignity of the expropriated. Sick at heart, I turned away and went on.

But I was to carry home with me still another picture, one suggestive, an even more degrading contrast than the first had done; that had sharpened my interest in the things about me, and it was not long before I caught sight of something in the centre of a shop window. It was the stuffed figure of a dog, wearing a pair of most elaborate automobile goggles. These were fastened over the head and under the jaw to the collar, thus being very secure and comfortable. In front of the dog was placed this placard:

"PROTECT YOUR PET."

Latest Parisian Novelty! Only \$8!

A single incident, a single phrase will often epitomize an entire character, a big event, or an historic epoch. All we need to know about Roosevelt's attitude on labor we got from the two words: "Undesirable citizens," and Taft's "God Knows," gave us the measure of his capacity as the leader of a nation; to know the story of Thermopylae is to understand all the strength and the weakness in the iron ideals of Sparta; while one description of a Roman feast under the empire sums up the foul decay of that mighty power. And so this little figure of the dog, thus adorned, grotesquely summed up for me all the criminal perversion of the capitalist system. A dog wears goggles to protect him from the dust on his motoring trips, and a mother, convinced of the futility of striving against the proletarian's lot, kills her children rather than let them grow up to crawl through life as wage slaves. It was our good Comrade Eugene V.

Debs who said: "I will fight to the finish a society that takes better care of the dogs of the rich than of the children of our poor." And, thanks to the ever-growing warmth and light in the hearts and minds of men, there are more and more every day, uttering a fervent: "I, too, comrade!" and swelling the battle lines to join him in that fight.

ON BROADWAY.

By ROSE PASTOR STOKES.

I am at lunch in one of the Childs' restaurants on lower Broadway. I sit by the window and watch the crowds passing to and fro: business men, men out of work, workingmen, office girls, messenger boys and people of all descriptions.

On the edge of the curbstone, facing me, stands a man with a satchel hanging from his neck. There are shoestrings and laces in the satchel; in his hand he holds a picnic plate—one of those wooden affairs—with things laid out in it that, from where I sit, resemble a lot of pennies and nickels. I am wondering what they are; but I am wondering most about the man who is vending these things. Who and what is he? An immigrant, I'm sure; who came to seek his fortune in "Golden" America; one of the army of unemployed, maybe, who managed to scrape together enough to buy these shoe laces and things in his attempt to keep from starvation.

I see his thin, drawn, swarthy face and his dull, pitiful look past the passing crowds, and the edge of my hunger is dulled as I look upon him, and wonder about him.

Is he hungry? Has he a hungry family waiting at home, and is the pang that comes from the thought of them sharper than the pangs of hunger? Is he despairing, or is he perhaps dulled by the constant blows that a human fate has showered upon him?

I see him opening and closing his lips; he is crying out his wares—feebly, I know, although I cannot hear him at all from where I am.

No one heeds him.

I have almost finished my lunch, and still no one has heeded him.

But, there! look at the wickedness and the cruelty of that! A messenger boy passes, and in the passing thrusts his hand in and out of the picnic plate! The man turns, bewildered, when another, the youth somewhat older than the first, encouraged by the first one's boldness, thrusts his hand also into the plate and rushes past him—and it appears to me they have robbed the man of his meagre store and I start up out of my chair. But I sit down again reassured; for the street vendor looks reassured, too, as he counts and rearranges his pennies and nickels (for pennies and nickels they look to me still).

Now the man moves a few steps further down the curb. I watch his every step and I long for some one to stop and buy. But no one stops. I think of that man standing there from early morning till late at night, and I almost feel the weariness in my own bones.

Now he moves a little further on. Now he is standing before two beautiful horses, sleek and shining. The carriage is a handsome one, and the lady who steps into it is handsome, too. I can see from here the sparkle of diamonds as her hand rests for a moment on the door of the carriage.

"One bauble, like that is the cost of peace and hops in a life like that"—and again I look at the man. How his misery stands out against the background of those sleek, well-fed horses.

Why, to have a conscience and to look at those horses belonging to one lady and at the man belonging to nobody, and to keep on looking from horse to man, and from man to horse, means to hurl oneself at the throat of this monster capitalist system and with all one's strength to throttle the very life out of it!

The carriage is gone, now; Milady did not even dream that a hungry-looking, beaten-in-the-mad-race man was near her sleek horses; least of all did she see him. I have just given the man a little

PARTY DIRECTORY.

National Secretary—J. Mahlon Barnes, 180 Washington street, Chicago. Secretary to International Bureau—Morris Hillquit, 320 Broadway, New York.

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REASSUMED IT.

"When she got her divorce did she take back her maiden name?" "I should say that she did take back her maiden name; she's angling for another husband already."

booklet with red covers. He took it. He can read, he told me in foreign accent:

He WILL read a message of hope in it, and HE WILL LEARN HOW TO FLY AT THE THROAT OF THE MONSTER SYSTEM WITH US—the system that keeps him, an able-bodied, willing worker on the curbstone, begging the passing crowd to buy of him a shoestring or a white or yellow rubber band, and compels him to eke out a miserable and hopeless existence. And I am putting this down on paper after my interview with the man and I am hoping that Milady of the carriage and the diamonds and the sleek horses will see the man before he has fastened his fingers on the throat of the creature that gives her sustenance; for if she waits until that last day to get a close look at him—God pity her in her despair, as now He must pity the man.

QUITE AN ESTATE.

The Gorilla—Did you hear about the demise of poor Mr. Ostrich? The Hippo—Why, no. Did he leave his wife anything? The Gorilla—Yes, she took all the articles found in his stomach and opened a department store.

RESULT OF EXPERIMENT.

Aunt Ann—You think John no longer loves you? New Wife (sobbing)—I—I know it, auntie! I p-put on an ug-ugly old hat this morning, and he never noticed the dif-difference.

EVEN.

He—You married me for my money! She—Well, what if I did? I didn't get it! Isn't that punishment enough?

Arbeiter - Kranken - Sterbe - Kasse fuer die Ver. Staaten von America.

WORKMEN'S Sick and Death Benefit Fund of the United States of America.

The above society was founded in the year 1884 by workmen imbued with the spirit of solidarity and Socialist thought. Its numerical strength (at present composed of 253 local branches with 31,597 male and 6,408 female members) is rapidly increasing among workmen who believe in the principles of the modern labor movement. Workmen between 18 and 45 years of age may be admitted to membership in any of the branches upon payment of an initiation fee of \$4.00 for the first class and \$3.00 for the second class. Members belonging to the first class are entitled to a sick benefit of \$3.00 for 40 weeks and of \$4.50 for another 40 weeks, whether continuous or with interruptions. Members belonging to the second class receive under the same circumstances and length of time \$3.00 and \$3.00 respectively. \$250 death benefit guaranteed to the heirs of every member, and the wives and unmarried daughters of members between 18 and 45 years of age may be admitted to the third class upon payment of an initiation fee of \$1.00. Monthly assessments are levied upon the three different classes of members of \$1, 75 cents and 25 cents respectively. Members at large are not accepted, but all candidates have to join existing branches. In cities and towns where no branch exists, a new branch can be formed by 15 workmen in good health, and men adhering to the above principles are invited to do so. Address all communications to William Meyer, Financial Secretary, 1-3 Third avenue, Room 2, New York City.

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**THE TIME TO STRIKE.**

By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND.

I overheard a couple of our spool-mill operatives discussing the strike question a few days ago.

"Winter—that's the best time to strike," one was saying. "Biz is good then, lots of orders an' all; th' boss would be a sight more willin' to grant an increase in winter than he would in summer when things is dull."

"Mobbe," admitted the other, "but think o' what it means to be out of a job in winter! Jest got t' have grub an' coal an' clothes in winter! Now, spring or summer's diff'rent. A feller can rub along then, some way or nother. Summer's my choice fer a strike—that or spring!"

Worker Number One came back with his side of the argument again. I walked on and left the disputants earnestly urging their respective claims. I couldn't help laughing a little at the puerile futility of it all. What folly, this childish weighing of trivial advantages, while at the same time the one GREAT advantage—the ballot—never even entered those pin-headed intellects (?) of theirs!

The time to strike! Let me tell you, you workers, whether union men or still unorganized. Let me tell you, for I, too, have labored in factories, "under the machine," and I know right well the labor question from bitter personal experience, an experience which I now bless for having educated me out of any ideas about "identity of interest" and all that folderol. Let me tell you the time to strike!

NOVEMBER! NOVEMBER 3. THAT'S THE MONTH AND DAY! For on that day you, all of you, or nearly all, hold in your hands a weapon the like of which, no section of the working class anywhere in the world can rival for efficiency.

On that day you come into possession of a tool which has the magic property of breaking chains, opening locks, freeing men's minds and bodies to just the extent they WANT to be free!

On that day you find at your disposal an instrument so powerful that the puny strike, the futile boycott, sink into insignificance beside it.

On that day you have the BALLOT, the open sesame of your prison-pen, the philosopher's stone of your base metal of existence, endowed with almost magic power to change that metal into the precious one of FREEDOM!

On that day, just that one day out of the whole three hundred and sixty-five, you meet your masters on a plane of equity and in vastly superior force at the polls.

And on that day, alas! most of you still meekly and stupidly hand over this tool, this weapon, this magic force of yours to those same masters of, the capitalist class, and meekly, stupidly do you bow your necks and stretch forth your wrists for those masters once more to rivet on your chains, more tightly than before.

The time to strike, election day, the way to strike, with the ballot, as yet means nothing to the vast majority of you.

You still prefer to strike on the industrial field; to starve yourselves, to freeze yourselves; to lay yourselves and your dependents open to all sorts of "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," rather than to THINK! Rather than to ASSERT YOUR MANHOOD! Rather than to STRIKE AT THE BALLOT BOX! Ah, fools that you are, who are you that you should expect pity, nay, even consideration or any other thing than just the scorn and abuse which your masters heap upon you and which you so richly deserve?

You have only yourselves to blame, you workmen. You have no right to whine, to complain, to do any other thing than just SUBMIT, so long as you scab at the polls!

In your unions, you organized workers, would you elect your boss to the presidency of your organization? "Of course not!" you indignantly declare. And yet in the political machinery which controls you and your bread-and-butter, you persistently, unthinkingly, elect to mastership members of the master class! Fools! Fools that you are! Ask no pity, no sympathy from me, you stiff-necked and abysmally ignorant slaves! You are right in this world to com-

plain, so long as you refuse to strike on election day. Only the Socialist has a right to complain. Nobody but he!

For nobody but the Socialist understands the game; nobody but he knows how to strike where the master class is weak and the working class strong. Nobody but he can answer the question "WHEN SHALL WE STRIKE?" And never in this world, you workmen, shall you ever loose the shackles of servitude from your chafed necks and bruised wrists till you, too, learn this lesson that the only truly effective strike, the only infallibly winning strike can be made ON ELECTION DAY!

When shall you be free? Never, never in this world till you have learned that lesson.

WORKERS! WILL YOU LEARN IT THIS FALL? Will you once more scab at the polls, you men, or will you now and forever forswear allegiance to your oppressors?

WILL YOU STRIKE AT THE BALLOT BOX?

There's the question, plain and clear. IT'S UP TO YOU!

**THE LEISURE CLASS.**

By EDWARD CARPENTER.

This whole Gentility business is corrupt throughout, and will not bear looking into for a moment. It is incompatible with Christianity as Christ taught it; it gives a constant lie to the doctrine of human brotherhood.

Civilization's Ideal to live dependent on others, consuming much and creating next to nothing—for there is no question that this is the Ideal of today, to occupy a spacious house, have servants ministering to your dividends converging from various parts of the world toward you, workmen handing you the best part of their labor as profits, tenants obequiously bowing as they disgorge their rent, and a good balance at the bank; to be a kind of human sink into which much flows but out of which nothing ever comes—except an occasional putrid whiff of Charity and Patronage—this, is it not the thing, which we have before us, which if we have not been fortunate enough to attain to, we are doing our best to reach?

The wretched man who has got into the toils of Gentility must surrender that most precious of all things—the human relation to the mass of mankind. He feels a sentimental sympathy certainly for his "poorer brethren;" but he finds that he lives in a house into which it would be simply an insult to ask one of them. He wears clothes in which it is impossible for him to do any work of ordinary usefulness. If he sees an old woman burn down by her burden in the street, he can run to the charity organization perhaps and get an officer to inquire into her case—but he cannot go straight up to hear like a man, and take it from her onto his own shoulders, for he is a gentleman, and might soil his clothes! It is doubtful even whether—clothes or no clothes, old woman or no old woman—he could face the streets where he is known with a bundle on his shoulders; his dress is a barrier to all human relations with simple people, and his words of sympathy with the poor and suffering are wasted on the wide air while the flash of his jewelry is in their eyes.

He finds himself among people whose constipated manners and frozen speech are a continual denial of all natural affection—where human dignity is at such a low ebb that to have an obvious patch upon your coat would be considered fatal to it; where manners have reached the very lowest pitch of littleness; where human wants and the sacred facts, sexual and other, on which human life is founded, are systematically ignored.

It is by means of this general system of the appropriation of balances that a very curious phenomenon is kept up—an enormous class, to wit: living in idleness and luxury, they and their children and their children's children, till they became quite incapable of doing anything for themselves or even of thinking rightly about most things, tormented with incurable ennui and general imbecility and futility; all art and literature, which were the appendage of this class, being affected by a kind of St. Vitus' dance; and the whole thing breaking out finally for want of any other occupation into a cuff and collar cult, called respectability!

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THE SUBORDINATE WHO SAW A GREAT LIGHT.

From George Ade's "Breaking Into Society."

Once there was an Employee who was getting the Nub End of the Deal. He kicked on the long Hours and the small Salary, and helped to organize a Clerks' Protective Association. He was for the Toller as against the Man's Squeeze.

In order to keep him simmered down, the Owners gave him an Interest. After that he began to persevere when he looked at the Pay-Roll, and it did seem to him that a lot of big, lazy Lummixes were standing around the Shop doing the Soldier act. He learned to snap his Fingers every time the Office Boy giggled. As for the faithful old Book-Keeper who wanted an increase to \$9 and a week's vacation in the Summer, the best he got was a little Talk about Contentment being a Jewel.

The Associate Partner played Simon Legree, all except the make-up. The saddest moment of the Day for him was when the whole Bunch knocked off at six o'clock in the Evening. It

seemed a Shame to call Ten Hours a Full Day. As for the Saturday Half-Holiday Movement, that was little better than Highway Robbery. Those who formerly slayed alongside of him in the Gallies had to address him as Mister, and he had them numbered the same as Convicts.

One day an Underling ventured to remind the Slave-Driver that once he had been the Friend of the Salaried Minion.

"Right you are," said the Boss, "But when I plugged for the lowly Wage-Earner, I had never been in the Directors' Office to see that beautiful tableaux entitled 'Virtue copping out the Annual Dividend.' I don't know that I can make the Situation clear to you, so I will merely remark, that all those who get on Our side of the Fence are enabled to catch a new Angle on this Salary Question."

Moral:—For Educational Purposes, every Employee should be taken into the Firm.

MR. RUSSELL'S LATEST BOOK

Charles Edward Russell has earned his fame as a "muck raker" with his volume on the Beef Trust and his later one entitled "Lawless Wealth," in which sundry of the ingenious practises by which they that have get more without working for it. Now he has turned his attention from the predatory few to the plundered many, who are beginning to think together and devise plans for putting an end to the system of plunder. "The Uprising of the Many," which Doubleday, Page & Co. have just brought out, is a thoroughly revised and somewhat enlarged reproduction of the series of articles which Mr. Russell contributed to Everybody's Magazine under the title "Soldiers of the Common Good." In the same interesting style which gave so much popularity to his dissection of the methods of the beef barons and the franchise magnates, he tells what he has seen and learned of voluntary co-operation, municipal and government ownership, and attempts toward political and economic democracy in the United States, Great Britain, Germany, France, Switzerland, Italy, Australia and New Zealand, with some chapters besides on conditions in India and Japan, where it can hardly be said that the uprising of the many has yet had much success, but where ominous movements in the lower strata of society are in these latter years disturbing the serenity of the ruling powers.

Mr. Russell pays less attention to the organized Socialist movement than it deserves, and we cannot fully share his faith in the effectiveness of co-operative societies and of bourgeois municipal ownership as means toward the real democratization of industry. But we may agree with him in seeing in them so many signs that "the whole world moves on toward a determination that greed must not prey upon need, that these people at the bottom of the pile must be dragged out of their state of misery, that some way must be found to prevent mankind from falling into these frightful caverns of despair from the edges of which the kind-hearted drop down relief in capsules." From this point of view the book is very welcome.

The numerous and well executed illustrations deserve special mention.

THE GHOST SEER.

See ye not that woman pale? There are bloodhounds on her trail! Bloodhounds two, all gaunt and lean, (For the soul their scent is keen), Want and Sin, and Sin is last, They have followed far and fast; Want gave tongue, and at her howl Sin awakened with a growl. Ah, poor girl. She had a right To a blessing from the light; Title deeds to sky and earth God gave her at her birth; But, before they were enjoyed, Poverty had made them void, And had drunk the sunshine up From all nature's ample cup, Leaving her a first-born's share. In the dregs of darkness there. Haik! that rustle of a dress Stiff with lavish costliness! Here comes one whose cheek would flush

But to have her garments brush 'Gainst the girl, whose fingers thin Wove the weary broderoy in, Bending backward from her toil, Lest her tears the silk might soil, And, in midnight's chill and murk, Stitched her life into the work. Shaping from her bitter thoughts Heart's-case and forget-me-nots, Satirizing her despair With the emblems woven there, Little doth the wearer heed Of the heart-break in the brede; A hyena by her side Skulks, down-looking—It is Pride. —James Russell Lowell.

GOOD SOCIALIST PAMPHLETS.

Charles H. Kerr & Company of Chicago have done well in getting out in cheap and convenient form the "Communist Manifesto," which was written by Marx and Engels sixty years ago and which still remains an invaluable work for whoever wishes to begin a really careful study of Socialist principles and purposes, and also Frederick Engels' "Socialism, Utopian and Scientific," one of the most wonderful little books ever written, one which will well repay a dozen readings in as many years. These are well printed in little red-covered booklets of pocket size, so as to be convenient for the man who must do his reading at odd times and likes to have his book always with him. The price is ten cents for each. In the same form and at the same price Kerr has published an edition of John Spargo's "The Socialists, Who They Are and What They Stand For." This is an excellent booklet for popular propaganda and should have a large sale at our street meetings, where there are always people eager to buy anything that will give them a good introduction to the Socialist movement. Marx's "Value, Price and Profit" and A. M. Simons' "Class Struggles in America" are other valuable ten-cent pamphlets issued by the same house.

A VALUABLE PROPERTY.

Barber—What is the greatest patent ever invented? Customer—Greatest patent? Barber—Yes, sir. Customer—Give it up. Barber—Purgatory.—The Catholic World.

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Name..... Address..... Town..... State..... Gentlemen: Enclosed find \$..... as per above ad., for which send..... copy of "Silence."..... Sign. This offer expires October 1, 1908. Date. CONNOISSEUR'S PRESS, Box 50, Dept. "S1," Jersey City, N. J.

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OH, RIGHTEOUS JUDGE!

Judge Toulmin, of the United States District Court of Mobile, Ala., has handed down a decision legalizing the issuing of brass checks in place of money, by the lumber companies of that State, and using these checks to pay their employees. These checks can only be used at the company stores, and everybody knows that means robbing the employee. To take exception to such an unjust de-

cision would be treason. Our modern courts, like the Lord's anointed kings of old, "can do no wrong."—International Musician.

NOT GOD'S WISDOM, BUT THE WORKERS' FOLLY.

One thing that God in His infinite wisdom didn't give the capitalists is the votes of the working class. That they get them is due wholly to the infinite stupidity of the givers.—Eric Beesh.

CAN YOU make the other man see just why it is that he can not get all he produces under the wage system? If not, read Value, Price and Profit, and then try again! Marx is easier reading and better reading than most of his interpreters. Study him for yourself. Cloth 50c., paper 10c., post paid. Socialist Book Bulletin free. Special Offer! Mention this paper and for 65c. we will send the International Socialist Review 4 months and a paper copy each of Value, Price and Profit, the Communist Manifesto, Engels' Socialism, Utopian and Scientific, Spargo's The Socialists, and Simons' Class Struggles in America. If you prefer, we will substitute 1 of these in cloth for the 4 in paper. Address Charles H. Kerr & Company 163 East Kinzie St., Chicago



**THE EMANCIPATION OF WOMEN.**

By **THERESA MALKIEL.**

In granting girls and women equal educational opportunities with those of men, the German government gave the following reasons for its action: "Modern life develops an increasing disinclination on the part of the upper and middle classes to marry, and many girls are thus prevented from becoming wives and mothers. It is desirable, therefore, that the surplus young women should have a chance of preparing themselves for professional callings."

The granting of this decree marks a great change in German life. Until recently the German woman was constrained to look upon matrimony as the only means of support open to her. The model "Hausfrau" was the German ideal of womanhood, but the developments of modern society are sweeping that ideal off its feet. The world at large is beginning to realize that the saying, "Woman's place is at home," has become an empty phrase, and that it is confronted by millions who have lost hold of the old form of existence and are unable to embark on the new.

Prevented by modern conditions from entering on her God-allotted position as mother and wife, woman in her struggle for existence rushes into every phase of economic, scientific and professional activity. She becomes the serious rival of man who, being the stronger, tries to crush her without mercy. In her struggle woman realizes that political disfranchisement and her lack of training make it hard for her to wrestle with man for her daily bread. She understands that her first impediment will disappear after

long experience only, but that the second can be overcome, if she insists upon it speedily. And like the sinner before the garden of Eden, she beats against the closed gates demanding admittance.

She claims that man is her superior only because he has the strength to convert his view into laws for her to obey, while the fully emancipated woman will become man's equal, his helpmate, instead of being his inferior and competitor.

She claims that if, as a child, the girl should have equal advantages with the boy and like him should be prepared for a self-supporting career, material considerations will no longer enter into the contracting of marriage and she will not be compelled to sell herself for a pittance. She will not have to obey man-made laws, but human-made laws; then and not until then can society hope for its regeneration.

Even the conservative German government is realizing those facts and gradually grants woman one privilege after another. It was only a short while ago when women in Germany were given the right to belong to and take an interest in the different political parties; this was followed by the permission to pursue higher studies in co-educational institutions. Who knows what will come next?

If our free-born American citizens do not make haste to grant women the suffrage, conservative Germany may take the initiative. Will the proud American women, who have been known the world over for their independence, stand for it?

**A PREVIOUS ENGAGEMENT.**

"Would any of you little girls like to go to heaven?" asked the Sunday school teacher.  
"No'm, not this summer. We're going to the seashore," answered Ethel promptly.—Lippincott's.

**AGAINST POUREN EXTRADITION.**

The New York Evening Post, a paper which, however thoroughly capitalistic, at least deserves respect for the consistent way in which it stands for the maintenance of free speech and free press, and upholds the best traditions of political democracy, editorially declares against the proposed surrender of Jan Janoff Pouden to the Russian authorities. The Post says:

"To hand the man over to the Russian authorities would be opening the way for a systematic attempt on the part of the Russian government to eliminate the rights of asylum which this country has offered to political refugees. The charge is made that Pouden is a common criminal, and that he has been guilty of highway robbery, arson and murder. But it is not denied that the accused was actively concerned in the revolutionary upheaval which, during the winter of 1905-06, completely shattered Russia's authority in the Baltic rural districts; and surely it is not the government that has tortured, knouted, violated and hanged—and still continues to count its daily score of political executions—that can come with clean hands into the court of international justice. Were the evidence in behalf of Pouden weaker than it is, were there only one chance in a thousand that the acts he is charged with were those of a patriot, and not of a common felon, the issues at stake are of such vital importance to the cause of human freedom the world over, that a precedent ought not to be made in the present instance."

**HUSBANDS-IN-LAW.**

"Are you going to sue that millionaire for running away with your wife?"  
"Thunderation, no! I'm going to get a divorce so he can marry her before he finds her out."

**THE ROBBERS.**

By **WM. R. FOX.**

Gone from the groves is the bandit bold;  
The pirate from the foam;  
And baron fierce from feudal hold—  
Our thieves are nearer home.

No lance or broadsword in their hands,  
No blunderbuss they bear;  
They seize the waters and the lands;  
They're reaching for the air!

With bribes and bonds and penned deceipts,  
With charters and with codes,  
They grab the crowded city streets,  
They grab the country roads.

In factory hive and field of wheat,  
In mart and thoroughfare,  
Their toils and profits wear and eat  
Through all we eat and wear.

The toiler's pay they shave and clip;  
The price to all they quote,  
They have the merchant on the hip;  
The wage slave by the throat.

Down and deliver, luckless wights!  
They will not be denied,  
Those robbers, armed with vested rights,  
And statute fortified.

When nations feel their human worth,  
And loathe their craven awe,  
Those law made spoilers of the earth  
Will perish by the law.

**HISTORY.**

"You don't seem to care what history may say of you?"  
"Yes, I do," answered Senator Sorghum. "But the judgment of history is not always convincing. History usually compromises by saying a man wasn't as bad as represented by his enemies nor as good as advertised by his friends."—Washington Star.

**A SOCIALIST CREED.**

By **JOSEPH FITZPATRICK.**

In other breasts while greed and strife  
All earthly joy is killing  
We claim for all the rights of life,  
Our comrade-love instilling.  
We bar no race, no sect, or name;  
Our creed's no bigot's story;  
Our altar shrine the undying flame  
Of freemen's sacred glory.

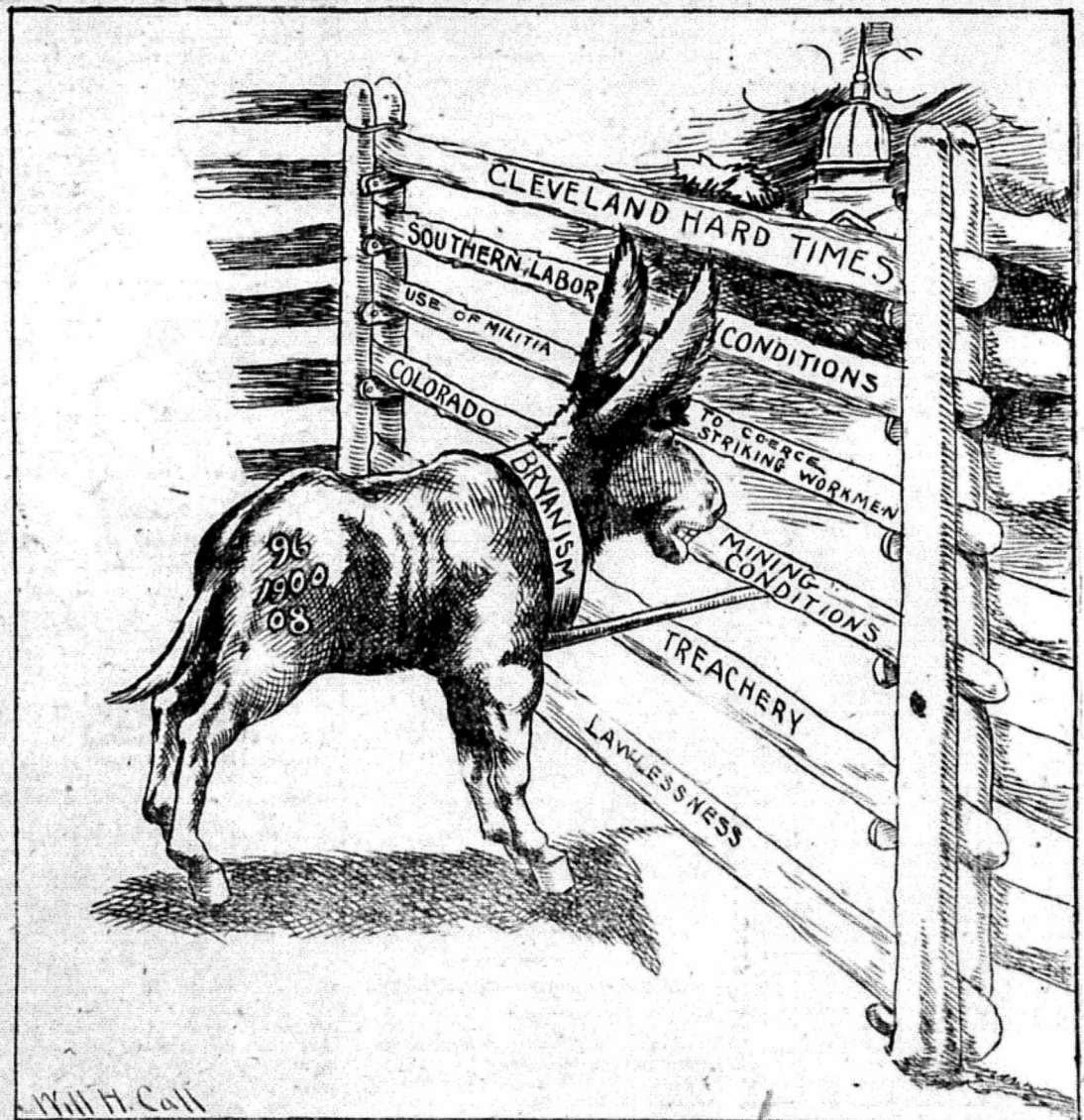
Our God is the Creative Force,  
True Manhood's His reflection;  
An omnipresent, bounteous source—  
Which favors no election—  
Which gave free sunlight, air and earth  
To bless man's mortal dwelling;  
The force that gives the rebel birth  
For Tyranny's repelling.

This is our faith, a faith supreme  
In man's sublime uplifting;  
Our goal is no Utopian dream,  
Our bark's not idly drifting—  
We know no hell save that which springs  
From greed's entrenched spoilers;  
Our heaven's the active truth which brings  
New hope to famished toilers.

We fear no superstitious ban  
(The Tyrant's chief aggressor),  
But build the individual man  
By thwarting his oppressor.  
Though rogues may lie and threat and sneer,  
We fling Truth's standards waving,  
No honest man has cause to fear,  
'Tis living souls we're saving.

Thus runs our creed and thus we'll stand  
Till Freedom's god-like power  
Shall move the slaves of every land  
To claim their stolen dower;  
To build a church of truth and right  
On brotherhood unshaking,  
A church whose sons shall crush the might  
Of earthly hell prevailing.

Short is the time of Labor's span;  
So, Youth, be up and doing,  
The blessed Brotherhood of Man  
Your noblest efforts wooing.  
Then in the vale of older years,  
You'll share that social beauty;  
And need to spend no useless tears,  
For youth's neglected duty.



UP AGAINST ITS OWN RECORD.



# THE NEW YORK SOCIALIST.

Published for the Socialist Party of the State of New York by the Workingmen's Co-operative Publishing Association, a New York corporation. Published every Saturday. Office and place of business, 6 Park Place, New York. W. W. Passage, president; Frank M. Hill, treasurer; Julius Gerber, secretary.

Telephones 2947 and 2948 Cortlandt.

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

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

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



NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 12, 1908.

## Marriage in Socialistic Society.

The Independent of August 22 contained an article on marriage in Socialistic society, written by Jean Jaures, the famous Socialist and member of the French Chamber of Deputies. M. Jaures discusses the question of the family in France, and after touching upon the divorce problem as dealt with by M. Bataille and M. Paul Bourget, the celebrated French dramatists, he draws the following conclusions:

"In the relations of the sexes, as in economic relations, real individual liberty exists only when each party enjoys certain guarantees against the encroachments or abuses of the other. Upper class individualism is as evil in its exploitation of woman as woman, as it is in its exploitation of the workman as a workman. When the new Socialism gives the young girl and the young woman a real and thorough education and enables them to support themselves by labor proportionate to their strength and talents, then will the "weaker sex" be guarded against surprises and traps, then will the married woman cease to be a dependent being held in servitude through the fear of want and wretchedness, then will she be safe from the worst effects of cowardly desertion. The education and the laws of Socialism will not allow a father to escape his duties toward his children by simply turning out into the street their unmarried mother, as can be done to-day in this beautiful land of France.

"But when Socialism shall have taken all these precautions in the interest of the individual of both sexes, when it shall have guaranteed the rights of all human beings, and especially the rights of the so-called weaker sex, it will not, at the same time, be guilty of rendering marriage a restraining contract of any kind. Each one of the contracting parties will be free to continue to lead the joint life or will be free to break a bond which may have become galling; for it will be held by society and the laws that where there is no longer any accord or affections or a desire to prolong the common existence, this existence becomes but a lie and should end. At the same time the Socialist code will teach that no idle fancy must play a part in this decision. This would degrade the party guilty thereof. It will never cease to teach that the noblest act of two beings is to give an eternal impulse to their love, and, at the same time, to declare that, when those who have sworn everlasting affection become involved in fatal misunderstandings and are animated only by deadly hate, it would be a crime to try and curb two such souls by any legal chain. Socialistic society will hold that it would be hypocrisy or hardness of heart to show any sign of approval if two such beings sought happiness in another union. However, they will be expected to confess to one another that they have failed and

missed the highest ideal of human life, which is to mingle the heart and the senses in a single and unchangeable affection. When the young woman weds under the Socialistic regime, as under the present one, she will believe that she is taking a lasting step. But in the new world, as in the old, she will surely sometimes make a terrible mistake, and will find that the human affections cannot be real, bound by laws. The ideal dream of eternal love will be dissipated. But our Socialistic code, which will strive to bring man to the highest point of perfection and happiness, will combat a too easy admission of failure in this soul life. It will make man ashamed of all the lies and commonplace adventures which render monogamy a most cynical falsehood.

### TWIN ROOTS OF EVIL.

We also affirm that poverty is the principal cause which makes men vile, deceitful, fraudulent, thieves, intriguers, vagabonds, vicious, false witnesses, etc., and that riches are the cause of pride, of ignorance, of treachery, of presumption, of deceit, of vain glory, of egotism, etc., and that it is contrary to the good of the community that there should be rich and poor. Men will be rich when they have what they really want, and this state of things can easily be attained. Labor must be distributed in such a way that work will not injure men, but will contribute to make them better and healthy.—Thomas Campanella, 1612.

### A MEAN MAN.

"These are my first biscuits, dear," said the young married woman.  
"Are they, indeed?" he answered, looking critically at one. "Go get me my pistol, love."  
"What do you want your pistol for?"  
"I'm going to see if they are bullet proof."

### ONE MOURNER LEFT.

Her—I suppose Mrs. Wedagain has ceased to mourn the loss of her first husband.  
Him—Yes, I suppose so, but I understand her second husband hasn't.

### THE MAKING OF "GENTLEMEN."

"It takes three generations to make a gentleman, they say."  
"Yes; the first makes the dough, the second makes high connections and the third makes an ass of itself."—Puck.

# THE SOCIALIST PARTY.

National Secretary, J. Mahlon Barnes, 180 Washington Street, Chicago.

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For President . . . . . EUGENE V. DEBS  
For Vice-President . . . . . BENJAMIN HANFORD  
For Governor of New York, . . . . . JOSHUA WANHOPE

### GROWTH OF THE SOCIALIST VOTE.

1888 . . . . .	2,038	1896 . . . . .	26,564
1892 . . . . .	21,157	1900 . . . . .	96,961
	1904 . . . . .		408,230

## TORTURE IN RIGA.

Words cannot express the horror with which one reads the account given of "The Torture at Riga," by one of the fugitives, in the columns of the "Daily News" last Monday and Tuesday. Nothing more sickening or appalling has surely ever been done in the name of a professedly civilized government than the awful deeds of torment upon human flesh and soul perpetrated in the Riga Secret Prison. Peasants were so grievously tortured that they prayed on their knees that God might free them from their terrible sufferings by death. A railway employee, with his wife and daughter—arrested because a Socialist leaflet had been found in their house—each in turn put upon the torture table, the girl having to witness the agony of her parents, the mother having to witness the fearful sufferings of her poor little girl. A little girl of eight years, accused of having carried food to her father, a farm laborer, in his hiding place in a forest, taken to the cells and fogged, so that her heart-rending screams were heard through the thick walls by other prisoners who themselves were suffering from terrible wounds. These and other "unspeakable barbarities" fill the narrative.

What can we say? What can we do? If only we could fall on our knees and pray, believing that God would send his avenging lightnings down! If only we could stretch forth our human arms in some way to shelter and save! But we seem utterly paralyzed. Our government will not act. The voice of Tolstoi appeals in vain and is mocked in the name of England by the pro-militarist apostate, Stead. We are not for war, and it would take much to compel us to raise rifle or sword against a fellow man; but if we knew any means by which the fiendish power of Russian despotism could be blotted out of the world, we would not, we hope, spare our own lives to accomplish it.—London Labour World.

And the United States government proposes to send the political refugee, Pourcen, back to a country where "justice" is administered in such fashion as this!

### FROM KRAAL TO SLUM.

Commenting on our articles on "Native Locations," the Labor Leader, organ of the Independent Labor party, observes that: "With the South African native the change from barbarism to civilization appears to have been a descent from the kraal to the slum." This puts the matter in a nutshell, and the descent from the freedom of the veldt and the undoubtedly healthy life of the kraal to unhealthy and degenerating confinement in slums, called locations, is discreditable to civilization and Christianity.—Izwi Labantu, East London, South Africa.

### THE RIGHT TO WORK.

Workingmen have an inalienable right to work for what and for whom they please, say the various Citizens' Alliances. Good. The signs are then that the "whom" will ultimately be themselves and the "what" the entire value of their labor. That is what they will "please," but whether it will please the Citizens' Alliances or not is another matter.—Joshua Wanhope.

# RED TRAIN NEEDS FUEL

## General Call to Meet Grave Emergency at Once.

Comrades.—We have just received the following from Comrade Barnes, national secretary: "We have gone carefully over the financial resources of the national office and taken into consideration the prospects, and can arrive at no other conclusion than that the train will have to stop upon its arrival in Chicago and the Eastern trip of the special be abandoned."

We appeal to you for quick action to prevent this calamity. The money must be raised to finish the trip. It can be done and must be done.

The "Red Special" is doing the grandest work that has ever been done in the Socialist propaganda. It is shaking the country it traverses as nothing else could. All along the line the people cheer it in its flight across the continent.

The meetings all along the line have been tremendous. The largest auditoriums do not hold half the people. The daylight meetings are attended by people who come from miles around. Socialism never would have been brought before the great masses of the people in any other way. To break down at this time would be an appalling disaster. It must not be. It shall not be. The "Red Special" must complete the trip and continue the grand work it is doing for the movement.

Comrades, please rush the word to your locals as swiftly as possible and have them renew their efforts to raise money and speed it to headquarters with the least possible delay. This is the last call.

Shall the "Red Special" live or die?

- EUGENE V. DEBS,
- A. M. SIMONS,
- S. M. REYNOLDS,
- A. H. FLOATEN,
- H. C. PARKER,
- THEODORE DEBS,
- CHAS. LAPWORTH,
- OTTO M'FEELY.

On board "Red Special," en route to Leadville, September 5.

COMPLIMENTS OF BROTHER BARNES & COMPANY DET.—1908

