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HELP TO FRUSTRATE THIS FOUL ATTEMPT.

There are probably many readers of the New York Socialist who have not yet signed the petition for the liberation of Jan Janoff Pouden, the political refugee from Russia whom the Czar's government is seeking to get back into its clutches. Every such person should clip out the form of petition which we print on another page of this paper, sign it, get a number of his neighbors and friends to sign it, and then send it without delay to Dr. Paul S. Kaplan, at 230 East Broadway, New York City, who has charge of the work of gathering signatures and transmitting the petition to the President.

The case is one of very great importance. It is not only the life of the individual Pouden that is at stake, though even that should be enough to interest all who have watched with sympathy the heroic struggles of the people for representative government. Even in a single case, it is horrible to think that this republic should send a political refugee back to Russia, where judicial proceedings are the merest farce, where the trial of a political offender means his summary conviction, without any regard to the law or the evidence, and where, as has been officially demonstrated, torture is systematically used in the prisons both to gratify the vengeful and cruel instincts of the degenerates whom the Czar employs in official positions and also for the purpose of extorting confessions to incriminate others who aspire for liberty. That would be bad enough, even in a single case. But the Pouden case will set a precedent. If Commissioner Shields' infamous decision is carried out, not one of the thousands of brave workers for freedom and progress who have sought refuge in this country from the persecutions of the autocracy will be safe for a day. The surrender of Pouden would mean that the United States bargains to act as bloodhound for the Czar and send back all whom he may accuse and demand.

Such a disgrace to America must be averted. Such a treason to the cause of political liberty must be prevented. There can be little doubt that the President will act if the demand is made forcible enough. The petition ought to be signed, not by thousands only, but by hundreds of thousands or millions. Everyone to whom the facts are explained, unless he be an actual partizan of despotic government, will be glad to add his name to the roll of those who ask that the United States maintain its most glorious tradition—the tradition of being an asylum for the oppressed of all lands, a friend of liberty in all countries.

Let there be no delay. Begin the very day you read this to collect signatures and send them in before the week is ended.

We do not know, nor do we care very much, whether the alleged Cleveland article in the New York "Times" was genuine or a forgery. One view is as probable as the other. Anything in which Broughton Brandenburg has a hand inspires doubt in the minds of the judicious. But, on the other hand, nothing is more probable than that Grover Cleveland was ready to support the Republican party. Why shouldn't he? Our conclusion is that, if Mr. Cleveland did not write the article, he ought to have done so.

We had earnestly hoped that at least one of the old-party candidates might get through the campaign in unsullied obscurity. But our fond dream is shattered. Not even Mr. Kern escapes. He rides on a pass from a railway corporation. Of course, as he explains, he has a perfect right to do so; he earned the pass by hard work as a corporation lawyer; besides, he didn't know he was using a pass—honest Injun, he didn't—until he got found out and some malicious reporter called his attention to it through the medium of the daily press. Mr. Kern is sincerely repentant. He will never use a pass

again—until after election. He didn't mean any harm by it—wouldn't have done it, in fact, if he had thought anyone would find it out and object to it. Nevertheless, it pains us. We had hoped that at least one righteous man might have been found in the Democratic Sodom.

WE ALONE HAVE SOMETHING TO VOTE FOR.

Never has there been in this country a campaign which was so largely negative as this. With the solitary exception of the Socialists, everyone is thinking of voting AGAINST something or somebody, and no one is inclined to vote heartily FOR anybody or anything. The only argument that the supporters of Taft can give in favor of voting the Republican ticket is that, whatever fault may be found with the Republican administration and its results, anyhow it is not so bad as Democratic administrations, and the election of Taft would be less dangerous than the election of Bryan. The great mass of the Democrats are thoroughly discontented with the leadership of their party and even with their candidate in view of his repudiation of the radicalism that he formerly advocated; but anyhow, they say, he is not so bad as Taft, and we must vote the Democratic ticket in order to turn the worse rascals out. The so-called Independence party has little or nothing to say for itself, but is voluble (and to a great extent right) in its denunciation of both the Democratic candidates and machines. The Populist ticket is put in the field to fight Bryan in certain of his strongholds. The Socialist Labor party does nothing but oppose the Socialist party and the trade unions. As for the Prohibitionists, they hardly call for serious consideration.

Not only is it a fact that all these parties are on the defensive as regards their leaders and their candidates, and have to make up by the bitterness of their attack on the other fellows for the lack of any enthusiasm for their own tickets and party organizations. The same is true with regard to their platforms. It is almost impossible to get hold of a Democratic platform. The Republican platform is obtainable, if one knows where to ask for it, but no attempt is made to bring it to the attention of the public. And though the Independence party has a platform, no one thinks much about it; the practical platform of that organization consists of a collection of letters abstracted from the files of the Standard Oil Company and addressed to Republican and Democratic politicians.

The fact is, not one of these parties actually stands for anything that it can safely avow standing for. The two old parties stand for the perpetuation of capitalism; they differ only in wishing to give special favor to this or to that group of capitalists and in wishing to entrust the service of capitalist interests to this or to that group of politicians. The Independence party likewise stands for the perpetuation of capitalism, with just some little patching-up, in the hope of making it last a little longer—and, incidentally, for the promotion of the business interests and political ambitions of its millionaire leader. All three are tarred with the same capitalist stick; and so general is becoming the revolt against the conditions of capitalism that it is absolutely necessary for every capitalist party to excite public sentiment in opposition to some other party in order to save itself from universal opprobrium.

So it is that, instead of a discussion of principles and policies, we have practically nothing but an exchange of personal recriminations. So far as the three capitalist parties are concerned, the "issues of the campaign" are the personal character or lack of character of Messrs. Roosevelt, Taft, Bryan, Foraker, Haskell, et al.

The Socialist party stands alone in having a positive program in view; in having serious principles which it seeks by all means to

bring to the voters' attention; in having a Declaration of Principles and a Platform which it wants everybody to read and think about; in seeking even to subordinate the splendid personalities of its own candidates, and discuss instead certain great purposes and certain immediately practicable measures which touch the daily life of the great masses of the people.

Practically the only people who vote FOR anything next November will be those who cast their votes for Debs and Hanford—not merely as two good men and true, but as the chosen representatives of a great and growing organization and the devoted advocates of a vital principle.

We want that positive vote to be as large as possible this year. We want as many as possible to vote FOR LIBERTY AND PROGRESS, instead of simply trying in a vague and confused way to vote AGAINST SOME PARTICULAR PERSONALITIES TAINTED WITH CORRUPTION AND INJUSTICE.

The Pipe Calkers' Union of New York is agitating for an amendment of the constitution of the American Federation of Labor to provide for the election of the officers by a general vote of the affiliated unions, instead of having them elected as now, by the convention, the delegate to which, in their turn, are largely chosen by indirect election. The proposition is deserving of serious consideration. At present, the Federation means very little to the rank and file of the unions. They do not feel that it has anything particular to do with them nor that they have anything particular to do with it. Anything which would bring it into closer touch with the membership of the various unions would undoubtedly tend to strengthen it and to increase the solidarity of the labor movement as a whole.

As an examiner for the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia is now busy taking testimony in the injunction case of the Bucks Stove and Range Company against Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, it is timely to remind our readers that the stoves and ranges bearing the name of that company are products of scab labor, that the company is notably hostile to the labor movement, and that, accordingly, loyal workingmen and persons in sympathy with the labor movement should not patronize it.

WHAT IS YOUR VOTE GOOD FOR?

Politicians of the type of Tim Sullivan, Bill Devery and Fingy Conners, just because they are shamelessly corrupt and cynical, often speak with enlightening frankness. The distinguished slugger, saloon owner, scab contractor and statesman of Buffalo, who has become the right-hand man of William J. Bryan, in a few striking words explains the source of the people's weakness and of the capitalists' and the corruptionists' strength on the political field. In an interview given out Friday evening, State Chairman Conners said:

"Platforms don't cut any ice, any way. What you want to do is to make people believe you're going to win, and then you get 'em with you. There's a few here and there who are willing to waste their votes, but most the voters just want to be with the

winners. Make 'em think you're going to win, and you've got 'em.

"When a fellow goes into a booth he thinks nothing about platforms. Most of 'em couldn't tell one from the other, and, anyway, they feel pretty sure they're voting for the winners, and that's what they want to do."

Unfortunately, what Fingy says is true of a great part of the voting population of this country. If it were not so, the Socialist party would now have ten times the voting strength it has, and the reign of Standard Oil would be doomed.

It is to be wished that every man in the United States would, between now and Election Day, devote just a few hours of serious thought to such questions as these: What is the purpose of elections? What is my vote good for? Why should I vote at all? What good is it going to do me? Am I going to vote just for the fun of the thing? Or is there some more serious purpose to be served?

Probably not one man in a hundred, if he could once be got to think those questions out for himself, would ever again talk of not wanting to "throw his vote away," as the majority now do.

Leaving out of account those who vote the Republican ticket because their fathers voted it or who vote the Democratic ticket because their grandfathers did so; and leaving out of account the comparatively few who actually sell their votes, we have left two considerable classes of voters.

There are those who go to the polling place as they go to the pool room, in the spirit of the gambler, with no thought but to "pick the winner. They are many, we regret to say. We believe, however, that they are becoming fewer, that in the hard school of experience they are learning that such a game is a good deal more costly to them than playing the races.

It is certainly a foolish game—a good deal more foolish than any ordinary form of gambling. The man who stakes his money on the horses or the dice or the cards does not, at any rate, stand to lose any more than the money he has to stake; and, on the other hand, he stands a chance to win something once in a while.

The man who gambles with his vote, who makes it his rule to try to vote for a winner, stakes much more than any sum of money he is likely to have in his pocket. He stakes his future chance to work and live; he stakes the conditions under which he and his family and his fellow workers and all his fellow citizens shall live during the years to come; he stakes their opportunities for comfort, leisure, freedom and justice. And he stakes them all to lose. For in this game the cards are marked, the dice are loaded, the horses are fixed beforehand, by the men who run the game. The Conners and Murphys and Macks and Haskells, and back of them the Rockefellers and Morgans and Carnegies, are the men who win the stakes. Into their hands the thoughtless voter puts the power of making the laws by which he must be ruled; into their hands he puts the power of the policeman's club and the soldier's bayonet; into their hands he puts the power of the judiciary; into their hands he puts all the power needed to control the lives of the masses, to let them work or forbid them to work, to dictate the terms on which they may work, to manipulate the prices of the food and clothing they must buy. And against all this which the thoughtless voter puts into the hands of the capitalists and the politicians, what can he possibly win? If he "picks the winner," he may have the satisfaction of joining in a jollification after election and yelling himself hoarse for the man he has put into power over him and boasting that he guessed right—and then he may go home and rejoice in that for the rest of the year, for the politician will have no further use for him till the profitable game is to be played again.

Most of the voters who thus throw their votes away are not clearly conscious of the fact. Few politicians are so brutally frank as Fingy Conners. Most of them flatter the "intelligent voters" and make them think they are really doing a sensible thing in trying to vote on the winning side.

It is time that these men begin to think for themselves. It is time that they quit staking their most precious possession in a game in which they are sure to lose. It is time that they joined that small but growing minority who use their votes.

No Supreme Court can compel a workingman to buy a hat without the label of the United Hatters under the sweatband or a suit of clothes without the label of the United Garment Workers sewed into the inside breast pocket of the coat or a cigar out of a box that does not bear the blue label of the Cigarmakers' International Union.

PUBLICATION OF CAMPAIGN FUNDS.

"A little frankness is a dangerous thing," to paraphrase Mr. Pope's famous line. He who tries to ride two horses at once is very likely to fall between them with a dull sickening thud. The line that separates honest from dishonest methods may be of only a hair's breadth; but it is prudent, anyhow, to get on either one side of that line or the other, and stay there. One who tries to keep a foot in each camp runs a great risk of suffering the inconveniences of each policy and getting the benefit of neither.

All of which observations are suggested to us by a consideration of the question of campaign-fund publicity in the present campaign.

That is a question which has never bothered the Socialist party. We have always, from the beginning of our party's existence, taken it for granted that we must have full and regular publication of all the financial transactions of the party and its subordinate organizations. We have never had to debate the wisdom and propriety of this policy, for no one in the Socialist movement has ever questioned it. Any departure from it would be considered by the whole body of Socialists as a grave violation of a fundamental principle of Socialist policy.

After the Socialist party had worked on this plan for many years, the old-party politicians, a year or two ago, under the pressure of public indignation aroused by the insurance exposures and other revelations of corruption in capitalist business and capitalist politics, suddenly "discovered" the principle of publicity and took great credit to themselves for it.

Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan both posed before an admiring public as the inaugurators of a new era in American politics. No more would the great parties be corrupted by the receipt of contributions from great moneyed interests. Everybody would know where

the funds came from, and the muddy stream of old-party politics would soon become as pure as a mountain rill.

But then came the actual campaign, and with it the question of putting into practise the plan so self-righteously advocated by the two statesmen. And then each of them began to say, with urgent iteration, "You first, my dear Gaston" and "After you, my dear Alphonse." The campaign opened with the two candidates—and the Republican candidate, of course, is only the phonograph through which Mr. Roosevelt speaks, as everyone knows—politely but firmly inviting each other to make the first move in the publicity game. As the campaign progressed, they became less polite and more insistent. The campaign is now far along toward the end, and neither of them has begun.

Mr. Taft pledges himself (whether he can pledge his party remains to be seen) to cause all contributions of more than \$100 to be published AFTER ELECTION. Mr. Bryan pledges himself (and we are pretty sure he cannot pledge his party) to cause all such contributions to be published before election, IF THE REPUBLICANS WILL DO THE SAME AND DO IT FIRST. And no one expects that either of the old parties will get any farther than this. Each of the candidates will go on making conditional promises and abusing the other for not acting; and the finance committee of each old party will go on accepting contributions from whatever interest is willing to pay for future service and immunity. And then, if the voters put either of the old parties in power, the Republican and Democratic machinists and the capitalists who own both machines will get together and indulge in a hearty laugh at the gullibility of the "great common people."

Incidentally, while Mr. Hearst's papers are accusing Foraker and Haskell of being agents of their respective parties in hiring them out to the trusts, we wait with interest, if not exactly with expectation, to see Mr. Hearst's own party adopt the plan of complete and systematic publicity which the Socialist party has always practised.

The fact is, no non-Socialist party can afford to follow this policy. The Socialist party represents the interests and aspirations of the producing and exploited class, the fundamentally honest class of society. In accordance with its principles and purposes, it is naturally a democratically governed party, financed by its rank and file and directly controlled by them. All three of the other considerable parties stand for the continuance of the economic system which divides society into a producing and exploited class and a non-producing and exploiting class; stand, therefore, for the interest of that exploiting class or some part of it; and, since they must get the votes of large numbers of the producers in order to win, cannot be frank, but must pretend to be something that they are not, and must conceal the machinery by which they seek to accomplish their purposes.

The Socialist party could not afford to abandon the publicity plan, even if it wished to. The other parties could not afford to adopt it, even if they desired to do so.

We are confident of the result, in the long run. The masses of the people learn slowly, but they do learn. It would have been more lament for the old-party leaders not to talk so freely about a plan which they would never dare to put into practise. By so doing, they have only called attention to the contrast between the open honesty of the Socialist party and the crooked ways peculiar to every party which stands for the capitalist system.

GOOD FOR WORKERS, THEREFORE UNCONSTITUTIONAL.

If the purpose of the framers of our constitution was to put obstacles in the way of progress, it must be admitted that they did their work well. The division of functions between the national government and those of the several states and the authority given to the judges to veto legislative acts of state or nation by declaring them unconstitutional fortify old abuses in the United States more effectively than they are fortified in any other country.

An illustration of this is presented in the decision of an Arkansas judge, wiping off the statute book of that state a law providing that telegraph operators employed by railway companies should not be required to work more than eight hours a day.

The law was obviously beneficial to the whole traveling public and to all railway workers, as well as to the telegraphers themselves. After eight hours of work any ordinary man's powers of attention begin to flag; and when the slightest neglect or delay or inaccuracy on the part of a workman is likely to result in a disaster in which many human lives may be lost, as is the case with the railway telegraphers' work, it is nothing less than murderous for any company to require their dispatchers to work longer hours or for any state that pretends to be civilized to permit them to do so.

The law was violently opposed by the railway corporations, who would rather take the chance of occasional loss from accidents than bear the expense of employing the larger number of telegraphers required under the eight-hour rule. But at last, in response to the urgent solicitation of the railway workers, and with the manifest approval of the mass of the voters, the bill was passed by the Legislature and signed by the Governor. The railway companies at once resolved to ignore it and resist its enforcement. A violation was prosecuted, the defendant company set up the defense that the law was unconstitutional, and THE COURT HAS UPHELD THIS CONTENTION AND OVERTHROWN THE LAW, ON THE GROUND THAT THE LAW SEEKS TO REGULATE INTERSTATE COMMERCE, WHICH, UNDER THE CONSTITUTION, CAN BE DONE ONLY BY AN ACT OF THE FEDERAL CONGRESS, NOT BY THE STATES SEVERALLY.

In order to appreciate this, it is necessary to remember that last winter the Supreme Court of the United States declared unconstitutional the law passed by Congress and signed by the President making railway companies liable for damages in the case of employees killed or injured at their work. THE COURT HELD THAT SUCH LEGISLATION WAS NOT A REGULATION OF INTERSTATE COMMERCE, AND THAT, ACCORDINGLY, THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT HAD NO CONSTITUTIONAL AUTHORITY TO ENACT AND ENFORCE IT. It is evident that, in harmony with this decision, the United States Court may, and probably will, after election, wipe out the national law limiting the working hours of railway telegraphers, as exceeding the Federal jurisdiction.

For eighty years past, the Democratic party has stood for the principle of "states' rights," holding that the Constitution should be so interpreted as to narrow the jurisdiction of the Federal government and extend the field of activity of the several states. The Republican party, from its beginning fifty years ago, has upheld the opposite theory, which it inherited from the Whigs, and has sought to interpret the Constitution in such a way as to extend the functions of the Federal government. Yet here we have the spectacle of A REPUBLICAN FEDERAL COURT RENDERING A VERITABLE "STATES' RIGHTS" DECISION IN ORDER TO INVALIDATE A FEDERAL LABOR LAW, AND A DEMOCRATIC STATE COURT RENDERING A VERITABLE "FEDERALIST" DECISION IN ORDER TO INVALIDATE A STATE LABOR LAW.

Which goes to show that it is not political theories that count, so much as economic interests, in determining the interpretation of constitutions and the enforcement of laws. The capitalists, dominating both old parties, are able to make Republicans and Democrats exchange theories and compel learned judges to upset their constitutional principles, whenever the interests of private profit demand.

The evil of capitalist exploitation of labor is fundamental; as its branches spread far, bearing everywhere the fruits of leisure and luxury for the non-producing owners and of overwork and poverty and danger to life and limb for the propertiless producers, so do its roots strike deep into the soil, and it draws sustenance and support from every stratum of our economic, social and political life. IN ORDER TO DO AWAY WITH THE EVIL, IT IS NECESSARY TO STRIKE AT THE ROOT, AND TO STRIKE STRAIGHT AND HARD, AND TO STRIKE AGAIN AND AGAIN TILL EVERY ROOT IS SEVERED AND TORN OUT..

This only the Socialist party proposes to do. Confident in the intelligence and energy and organizing power of the working class, once it is thoroughly aroused, the Socialist party calls upon the workers and upon all who feel with them to act as a unit on the political, as well as the industrial field, to combat both the old parties and drive them into one camp and at last to conquer them and gain full control of the powers of government in state and nation, and use them for the destruction of the capitalist system and the building up of a co-operative commonwealth.

And if the phrases of an eighteenth-century constitution are quoted against us, if the musty decisions of dead-and-gone judges are cited in opposition to our well-founded demands, then we will take our stand with Charles Sumner and answer: "ANYTHING FOR HUMAN RIGHTS IS CONSTITUTIONAL." If the constitution stands in the way of progress, so much the worse for the constitution. Constitutions actually mean whatever judges make them mean. And, therefore, we say to the working class, We must capture the courts as well as the legislative and executive bodies, if we are to make the government serve the needs of the producing masses; and the way to do that is not to make fusions and alliances and split tickets and cater to that most unpractical thing commonly called practicality, but to vote straight and in mass for all that we rightly demand, for Socialism and nothing less.

OPEN LETTERS TO EVERYBODY.

The House of Have,
No. 1 Easy St., Comfortville,
To Ten Million Farmers, the United
States, North America:

Dear Fellow Capitalists and Tillers
of the Soil:—This is not an anonymous
letter, for the Editor knows me
and fully understands my reasons for
writing under a pen name. Who I am
concerns no one. What I am you
have a perfect right to know.

I am a man over fifty, American
born and reared, an aristocrat by
birth and breeding, an inheritor of
both lands and money, an officeholder,
a beneficiary of protection and special
privilege, an employer of labor,
one of the leisure class, a student of
sociology and economics, and a "gentle-
man farmer." My "farm" does not
support me—I support it; and its
value, with the capital back of my
rather large income, would buy the
average holdings of several hundred
of you. I have a very handsome
home, every luxury and convenience,
many servants, and abundance of
ready cash. When tired of home I
can go to one of my half-dozen clubs.

What are my motives in writing to
you? I must want something. I do.
But, first, let me tell you this: I don't
want your money, your votes, or any
material thing you own or ever will
own. I want your attention, your
honest thought; and I want you to
lay aside your prejudice, your apathy,
and (excuse me) your indolence, while
you summon your common sense, your
patriotism, and your true self-interest.

You are two-thirds of the electo-
rate, and you have the absolute power,
through your ballots, to dictate what
kind of a government these United
States shall have, whether a democ-
racy or a plutocracy. We have a
plutocracy at present—a government
of the rich, for the rich and by the
rich—and you know it, and it is your
fault, for you put the parties in power
that have nearly wrecked our country.
What have the Republicans or Democ-
rats ever done for you, that you
should let them continue to misrep-
resent the people, misgovern the com-
monwealth, and create a menacing
crop of multi-millionaires and pau-
pers? The man that votes for cor-
ruption, graft, dishonesty, dishonor
and national decay is a traitor to his
country.

You are robbed by the tariff, by
the banks, by the railroads, by the
elevators, by the beef trust, by the
farm-machinery corporations, by the
express companies, by the insurance
grifters, by the middlemen, by the
wholesalers, by all the special, vested,
protected interests. You feed Amer-
ica, and a large part of the world
besides; you pay exorbitant taxes
which are the main support of the
government, the army, navy, and civil
service; yet you have not, and
have not had in forty years, real
representation. You have vainly
implored congress to give you what
almost all other nations have—the
right to buy in the cheapest market,
postal savings-banks, a parcel-post,
reasonable passenger and freight rates
on nationalized railways, the postal
telegraph, a decent and responsible
banking system, governmental aid in
moving your crops, and a few other
things that would make your hard
lives easier and safer and save the
Union from her plunderers. Did you
ever get any of them under a Republi-
can or Democratic administration?
Do you dream you ever will? "Can
the leopard change his spots?" You
have voted to be trampled on by an
elephant, or kicked by a donkey, since
1888. Quit fooling, and think!

Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan are nice,
fat, kindly persons, and quite honest,
as politicians go; but they are the
mere political puppets of two very
corrupt and unscrupulous party ma-
chines whose real owners are a dozen
criminally rich men with headquar-
ters in Wall Street—you know all this
as well as I do, unless it is true, as I
have heard many a politician and
plutocrat say, that farmer and fool
are the same thing. Right here, let
me remark that, in my opinion, a
farmer who votes the Democratic ticket
is a fool (the "deed" kind); but the
farmer who votes for the Republican
party, which has shamelessly sold the
United States to the money-power
(throwing in the farmers for good
measure), is both fool and rascal;
nay, more, he is a traitor to the Rep-
ublic. I can understand a capitalist,
a franchise holder, a railroad or in-
dustrial magnate, a banker, a broker,

or any man in big business voting to
keep their tools in power (though it
is neither honest nor patriotic); but
I cannot comprehend why farmers,
clerks, wage-workers or small salaried
men waste their votes on the two old
parties that exploit them and the
whole country.

I am not a member of the Socialist
party, but I humbly thank God that
I have never voted for a greed-mad
elephant, a stupid, kicking, braying
donkey, an empty demijohn, a yellow
kid, a paper doll (green!), or puppy
populism. I have voted twice for the
American party and a clean, honest,
able, progressive man of the great
common people (the nine-tenths en-
titled to representation, if you
please); and if I can get to the polls
this November I shall cast my third
ballot for Socialism, common sense,
and a square deal, and for Debs,
decency and democracy.

Socialism offers you these things.
Mr. Farmer: Your present holdings
and as much more as you can use,
free of taxes on improvements, tools
and stock. Government banks, abso-
lutely guaranteeing your savings,
backed by the cash and credit of a
nation, and loaning to you at lower
and lower rates of interest. Govern-
ment railroads, which will transport
you and your produce at a fraction
of present rates. A Parcel Post, with
rural free delivery, that will put you
cheaply in touch with your customers
and supply houses. Telegraph and
telephone service at about a third of
present charges. Coal, oil, power,
light and heat at great reductions
from what you now pay monopoly.
Higher education for your children
(free). Insurance of all kinds at
practical cost. The right to initiate
legislation for your own benefit, to have
laws that injure you referred to you
for your veto, to demand the instant
resignation of a public servant that
fails to carry out your will, and to
representation according to your num-
bers. Skilled labor, through govern-
ment agencies, to aid you in plow-
time, weed-time, seed-time and har-
vest. Sure market and just prices
from an employed community that
can afford to buy proper and sufficient
food and pay liberally for it. The
same rights, privileges and immuni-
ties for your women folks. And old-
age pension, if you need it—you
wouldn't under Socialism, for it would
give you a white man's chance.

Why not vote for Socialism, co-
operation and the farmer, and against

plutocracy, graft, treason in high
places, the enemies of our country,
and your own despoilers? Why not
vote against poverty? Why not?
Think it over, and, for God's sake,
cease being a "farmer" (you know the
kind of "farmer" that I mean), and
help the nation to own the trusts be-
fore the trusts destroy the nation.

Hoping that heaven may help you
if you refuse to help yourselves, I
am, yours sincerely,

"CAMARADO."

HOW TO MAKE
CRIMINALS

The making of criminals is a very
important American industry. Pro-
ceed as follows:

Find out something that a large
number of people desire to do and
then make a law against it. The law
should be sufficiently elastic to admit
of exceptions when the public good
or the offender's purse seems to de-
mand it.

After the law is made hire a few
good policemen to lie in wait for of-
fenders. It is necessary to catch a
criminal before you make him. Many
men have remained good all his life by
not being caught. After you get hold
of one he will probably tell you that
he did not know the law. If he does,
tell him that ignorance of the law
excuses no one. If he insists, tell
him that even the lawyers don't know
the law, as, otherwise, there would
not be so many of them. If he in-
sists further, crack him over the head
tell him to shut up. If the man has
no money at all, crack him in the
head in the first place.

Next, publish his name in all the
newspapers. This is for two reasons:
First, to make him more of a criminal,
and second to show that the
police department is doing its duty.

Next, chuck him into as unpleasant
a place as can be devised. At night
surround him with a choice collection
of vermin. For this purpose an entom-
ologist should be consulted. In the
daytime make him work like a dog,
but do not give him anything for it.
Give it to some one else. Perhaps the
best way to dispose of the surplus
product is by the contract system, al-
though there are other forms of graft
nearly as good.

After a few years of this he is prob-
ably a full-fledged criminal. In order
to test your work, turn him loose
without any money or any friends. If
he comes back in a short time you
have succeeded. If not, you have
failed; but it usually works.

—Ellis O. Jones, in Life.

"TRADE IS TRADE."

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

Wedged in by the pressing of Trade's
hand

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

Into a heavenly melody.
"Each day, all day," these poor folk
say,

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

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

"We sieve mine-meshes under the
hills

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

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

"The beasts, they hunger and eat and
die;

"And so do we, and the world's a sty;
"Hush, fellow-swine; why nuzzle and
cry?

"Swinehood hath no remedy,
"Say many man, and hasten by,
"Clasping the nose and blinking the
eye.

"But who said once, in the lordly
tone,

"Men shall not live by bread alone,
"But all that cometh from the
Throne?"

"Hath God said so?
"But Trade saith 'No,'
"And the kilns and the curt-tongued
mills say: 'Go;

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

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

"Trade is trade."

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

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

Then "Trade is trade," but sings a lie;
'Tis only war grown miserly.

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

—Sidney Lanier.



THEY ALL LOVE HIM—BEFORE ELECTION.

BEGGARS: A RHAPSODY.

(Dedicated to the Author of "The Man with the Hoe.")

By SARDONICUS.

"Beggars! beggars!! beggars!!!"
Thus the great man insulted us:
In an uncontrollable outburst from
his agitated interior
He berated us as beggars.

Let us commune, let us take counsel,
Let us see, what is a beggar:
One who asks alms,
One who asks favors,
One who supplicates,
One who fawns,
One who entreats humbly,
One who bows low and invites kicks,
One who humbles himself before his
masters,
One who prostrates himself for a
crust,
One who crawls upon his belly for
the husks wherewith to fill it:
Lazarus at Dives' table:
Homer, aged and blind, holding out
his hand:
Belisarius asking alms:
Blind ones and maimed ones in all
ages,
Placarded in the surging streets,
Mute, expectant, patient, marvellous.

Whoof! what a resounding whack
from the Great One.
Even as these lowly outcasts are we
in his estimation,
And Solomon in all his glory was not
arrayed as we are now by the
Peerless One.
Beggars! How shall we hurl back
this contemptuous epithet—
How effervesce the viats of our
wrath?
And yet—shadows of eternal verities!
If, peradventure, this thing should
be true?
Suppose we were, suppose we are,
beggars?

Oh, deathless song, freighted with
limpid waters from the fountain
of Truth,
Become impregnated with my mean-
ing—
Become pellucid and clear to the
understanding.

Beggars! Have we not all been beg-
gars—we, the toilers and the
mollers?
From the day when we were first en-
slaved by the mightier and more
cunning ones?
The great man spoke of us slight-
ingly, sneeringly,
And a fool in motley (a very useful
fool) uncovers his words
And would place him in the pillory.
Nevertheless, the great man, spoke
truly,
Even though it was in a moment of
political eberration.
For we have been beggars, oh, my
brothers,
We are beggars at this moment which
dieth in the hour-glass.

Oh, Fool in Motley, cannot you see
the hollowness of your reproach?
For the Exalted One but followed the
unconscious cerebration of his
brain:
Unguardedly his tongue spake wis-
dom,
Ye reverberating years, justified each
other against the wheels of
Time,
Bear witness, he spake truly.

Beggars and robbers—into these was
the world divided from the be-
ginning:
Beggars and robbers—into these is
humanity moulded to-day.
The blessed green all-abundant earth
is ready to nurse her children,
Yet countless millions are torn from
her dugs to perish wretchedly.

Beggars! Hollow and doleful, like
the howl of the lone dog on his
death-watch,
Hollow and doleful, echoeth the word
against the crags of the ages.
When Esau bartered his birth-right,
that he might live, we were
beggars:
When Israel sighed in the wilderness
for the flesh pots of Egypt, we
were beggars:
When India laid her tawny millions
upon the altars of Famine, we
were beggars:
When the black slaves first felt the
lash of pitiless masters, we were
beggars!
Even unto the days of industrial
slavery, we are beggars.

We, the toilers, have begged en-

treated, humbly petitioned,
And occasionally we have ceased beg-
ging:
Occasionally a blind, desperate fury
hath seized us—
Do you remember, oh, my brothers,
when the Bastille fell?

Beggars! The great Church em-
brothers her garments with
them—
The nether hem of her purple
robes—
As she sweeps majestically by,
They fringe her princely edifices of
worahip:
They crowd the approaches, hat in
hand, with staves, with bandages,
with sores unhealed and eloquent.
It is grandiose, oh, Church, to drop
pennies to the festering multi-
tude:
Thy charity and piety shall be duly
advertised:
Oh, how profitable are these beggars.

And like unto them even are we,
Doth not the rich man also ease his
conscience with us?
With hero medals (not for the starv-
ing), with libraries, with hospi-
tals,
Even with universities to teach the
things most useful to themselves,
They would appease the beggars—
With largess from the King, the in-
dustrial lord of all—
The slicher of marrow from our
bones.
Behold him smug in his stolen power
of giving—
This giving of our substance, oh,
toilers,
He even prates of the desirableness
of dying poor,
Of envying the end of the proletariat.
Sacredly, however, he guardeth his
principal

Which, with the aid of other robbers,
he primarily wrested from us,
Shooting some of us, murdering some
of us, to gain possession.
And shall the largess of the King
wipe out the crimson stains, oh,
my brothers?
Shall we be deceived by his giving
and our begging?
By the giving of others like unto
him?
Vultures who purchase immunity
with holy bribes?
Hyenas who dedicate altars for ready
absolution?

Let us arid' like men and not
slaves—
Let us say: we, the beggars, here
abjure beggary forever.
Let us declare: we have foolishly
cried for crusts
When we should have demanded our
rights,
And not having received our rights,
we shall take them now—
Not as robbers, but as the robbed,
coming into their own.

Tremble, oh, robbers, that we, the
beggars, refuse longer to beg;
That we refuse longer to live in
blindness, ignorance, in ox-like
vacuity,
Content with the husks while ye de-
vour the substance,
Content with rags while ye flaunt the
fine-spun purple in the faces of
our loved ones, the spinners.
Even as King Cophetua excited the
beggar maid,
So shall these spinners be exalted, but
not by you, oh, robbers,
There is a greater and a juster, even
than King Cophetua:
He shall hear their prayers and lift
up the despoiled and lowly.

It is enough, oh, kings of the earth,
We have built your Pyramids, and
begged;
We have fought your battles and
begged;
We have conquered the elements for
you, and begged;
We have tilled your fields, like beasts
of burden—
Brothers to the ox, as beloved Mark-
ham tells in words imperishable,
We have slaved and begged, but it is
enough!

Glorify not to us, fat priests, now
longer the delights of poverty—
Thunder not how necessary it is to
use the hand which feeds us,
We know the hand which feeds all,
And it is not fat and swollen with
softness;
It is not lined with lines of luxury

DEBS PAYS HIS RESPECTS TO GOMPERS.

The following is a personal state-
ment given out by Eugene V. Debs,
Presidential candidate of the Social-
ist party, in response to the attack
made upon him by Samuel Gompers,
Mr. Haskell's special representative
in the labor field:

"A few weeks ago I ventured the
opinion that the so-called anti-injun-
ction plank of the Democratic party
was a false pretense to catch the
votes of the ignorant, and in effect
meaningless. This seems to have
given a fit to Mr. Gompers, president
of the American Federation of Labor.
In the September issue of his per-
sonal organ, the American Federa-
tionist, he has covered several pages
with a tirade of misrepresentations
and falsehoods. I have but little time
to waste on Mr. Gompers, but what I
have to say will be to the point.

"After twenty-five years of his bril-
liant leadership the trades union
movement is stripped of its power, by
court decisions and otherwise, and is
practically paralyzed and helpless.

"In the state of Alabama 6,000
miners who have been helping to pay
his salary have just been crushed by
the iron heel of the Democratic ad-
ministration to which he has pledged
his support in the present campaign.

"In all his official career Gompers
has not only never won a victory, but
has never been in a fight worth men-
tioning except at a safe distance from
the battlefield.

"During all this time he has been
violently opposed to any political ac-
tivity on the part of the trade unions
and when he was finally forced from

his attitude of 'pure and simple'
unionism, it was to negotiate with
capitalist parties for the support of
his benighted followers. In other
words, when he was at last driven
into politics he used all his influence
to steer union men into the shambles
of a capitalist party.

"It was only a short time after
August Belmont, the agent of the
Rothschilds, had crushed the strike
of the subway employees in New York
with the aid of Farley and his army
of strike-breakers, that Belmont and
Gompers sat together as boon com-
panions at the same sumptuous festal
board.

"Every essential statement respect-
ing me in his tirade is either a flag-
rant misrepresentation or an unqual-
ified falsehood, and Gompers, the
labor leader, who has always led
backward, knows it.

"To test his sincerity I challenge
him to meet me before his own fol-
lowers and the general public any-
where in the United States—Washing-
ton, the headquarters of the Federa-
tion, preferred. I know the gentle-
man's record. He has charged me
with being a failure, but I will ven-
ture the opinion that if he will meet
me—which he will not, for he will
have to "catch a train"—he will agree
that I am not a failure at exposing a
cowardly falsifier and in making his
own deluded followers repudiate him
with indignation and contempt.

"The statement is not made by me
as a Socialist candidate, and the So-
cialist party is in no wise responsible
for it. The attack of Gompers was
upon my labor record, for which I
alone am responsible.

"EUGENE V. DEBS."

THE IDEAL FOR COMPENSATION.

By WILLIAM HARD.

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

There ought to be, and there can
be, a system under which the injured
employee will know exactly how much
he deserves because of his accident,
and will know also that he will re-
ceive exactly that amount promptly,
automatically, in the ordinary course
of business administration, without an
appeal to the courts, without an ap-
peal to the employer, without becom-
ing a pirate and without becoming a
beggar.

Mr. Francis H. McLean has recently
presented to the New York Confer-

ence of Charities and Correction a re-
port on 241 accident cases coming
consecutively under the observation
of himself and his friends. It was an
official report, laboriously compiled.

In 47 cases out of the 241 there was
a certain amount of compensation
paid by the employer to the injured
workman. In the other 194 cases out
of the 241 there was no compensa-
tion.

Our present law of employer's li-
ability deprives the employee of justice
without relieving the employer of ex-
pense. It is hideously cruel from one
standpoint and frightfully expensive
from the other. It cannot endure.

Every other important country in
the world has put it away in its museum
of antiquities.

Every other important country in
the world has made compensation for
accidents an adjunct of business in-
stead of a department of law. In
every other important country in the
world the burden of the accident,
whether due to the fault of the em-
ployer, the fault of the employee, or
the fault of nobody, is placed on the
shoulders of the industry in which it
happened.

Carelessness of employer and of
employee is inevitable. Both these
things, both imperfection of machin-
ery and carelessness of human beings,
may be diminished by wise laws, but
they cannot be eradicated. Accidents
must happen. And therefore the com-
pensation for the accident ought to be
inevitable and automatic, like the
accident itself.

Why shouldn't every industry carry
the burden of its own killed and
wounded? Why shouldn't compensa-
tion for disability be just as much a
part of the cost of business as it is
of the cost of war? Why shouldn't
the workman who goes into his daily
fight with modern machinery be as-
sured that his injury will be regarded
as an honorable wound, entitling him
to decent consideration? Why should
not the industrial soldier, meeting his
death in forms as terrible as those of
any battlefield, die knowing that he
will leave, if not glory, at least a few
years' food for his family?

"But remember, my dear, that you
and I are one.
She looked at him scornfully.
"One!" she echoed. "Nonsense.
We are 10. I'm the one and you are
the cipher."—Cleveland Plain Dealer

and lechery:
It is gnarled and fissured and hard and
torn and bleeding—
That is the hand which feeds all—
That is the hand which shall cease
to beg—
That is the hand which shall surely
come into its own.
For tremulous with light in the east
is the new dawn:
Let us arise, oh, my brothers, as it
breaks and floods us with beatific
glory.
Human beggars shall see it and shake
off their chains;
Human cattle shall see it and burst
their mate bondage.
Come to the glory-feast, oh, Edwin
Markham.
You who first seared the world with
the fire of our dumb agony;
You who loved us, and pitied us, and
warned our oppressors,
You shall be first upon the Mountain
of Joy:
For the glorious day is not afar off—
It is breaking,
Its soft, luminous red light is burst-
ing into flame over the hill tops,
Over the huts and the quarries,
The mines and the factories,
The hospitals and the graves of the
martyrs.
And in the beneficent light of this
new day
We shall be new men and women
and children;
Beggars and robbers shall melt away,
Like iridescent icicles from the social
fable.
Then shall the great man's words
come to naught,
Then shall the fool in motley, too,
become speechless with astonish-
ment.
For, lo! there shall be a new heaven
upon a new earth,
Robberless and beggarless

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.
(Copyright, 1908, by Gustavus Myers).

CHAPTER III (Continued).

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE VANDERBILT FORTUNE.

Kingly power at best is shadowy, indefinite, depending mostly upon traditional custom and audacious assumption backed by armed force. If it fall back upon a certain alleged divine right it cannot produce documents to prove its authority. The industrial monarchs of the United States are fortified with both power and proofs of possession. Those bonds and stocks are the tangible titles to tangible property; whose holds them is vested with the ownership of the necessities of tens of millions of subjected people. Great stretches of railroad traverse the country; here are coal mines to whose products some ninety million people look for warmth; yonder are factories; there in the cities are street car lines and electric light and power supply and gas plants; on every hand are lands and forests and waterways—all owned, you find, by this or that dominant man or family.

The mind wanders back in amazement to the times when, if a king conquered territory, he had to erect a fortress or castle and station a garrison to hold it. They that then disputed the king's title could challenge, if they chose, at peril of death, the provisions of that title, which same provisions were swords and spears, arrows and muskets. But nowhere throughout the large extent of the Vanderbilt's possessions or those of other ruling families are found warlike garrisons as evidence of ownership. Those uncouth barbarian methods are grossly antiquated; the part once played by armed battalions is now performed by bits of paper. A wondrously convenient change has it been; the owners of the remotest of nations can disport themselves thousands of miles away from the scene of their ownership; they need never bestir themselves to provide measures for the retention of their property. Government, with its array of officials, prisons, armies and navies, undertakes all of this protection for them. So long as they hold these bits of paper in their name, government recognizes them as the incontestable owners and safeguards their property accordingly.

They Decree Taxes at Will.

But these batches of stocks and bonds betoken as much more again. A pretty fiction subsists that government, the creator of the modern private corporation, is necessarily more powerful than its creature. This theoretical doctrine, so widely taught by university professors and at the same time so greatly at variance with the palpable facts, will survive to bring dismay in the near future to the very classes who would have the people believe it so. Instead of now being the superior of the corporation the government has long since definitely surrendered to private corporations a tremendous taxing power amounting virtually to a decree authorizing enslavement. Upon every form of private corporation—railroad, industrial, mining, public utility—is conferred a peculiarly sweeping and insidious power of taxation the indirectness of which often obscures its frightful nature and effects.

Where, however, the industrial corporation has but one form of taxation the railroad has many forms. The trust in oil or any other commodity can tax the whole nation at its pleasure, but inherently only on the one product it controls. That single taxation is of itself confiscating enough, as is seen in the \$912,000,000 of profits gathered in by the Standard Oil Company since its inception. The trust tax is in the form of its selling price to the public. But the railroad puts its tax upon every product transported or every person who travels. Not a useful plant grows or an article

is made but what, if shipped, a heavy tax must be paid on it. This tax comes in the guise of freight or passenger rates.

The labor of hundreds of millions of people contributes incessantly to the colossal revenues enriching the railroad owners. For their producing capacity the workers are paid the meagerest wages, and the products which they make they are compelled to buy back at exorbitant prices after they pass through the hands of the various great capitalist middlemen, such as the trusts and the railroads. How enormous the revenues of the railroads are may be seen in the fact that in the ten years from 1898 to 1908 the dividends declared by thirty-five of the leading railroads in the United States reached the sum of about \$1,800,000,000. This railroad taxation is a grinding, oppressive one, from which there is no appeal. If the government taxes too heavily the people can have a say; but the people have absolutely no voice in altering the taxation of corporations. Pseudo attempts have been made to regulate railroad charges, but their futility was soon evident, for the reason that, owning the instruments of business the railroads and the allied trusts are in actual possession of the government, viewing it as a working whole.

Power Unrestrained.

Visualizing this power one begins to get a vivid perception of the comprehensive sway of the Vanderbilts and other railroad magnates. They levy tribute without restraint—a tribute so vast that the exactions of classic conquerors become dwarfed beside it. If this levying entailed only the seizing of money, that cold, unbreathing, lifeless substance, then human emotion might not start in horror at the consequences. But beneath it all are the tugging and tearing of human muscles and minds, the toll and sweat of an unnumbered multitude, the rending of homes, the infliction of sorrow, suffering and death.

The magnates, as we have said, hold the power of decreeing life and death; and time never was since the railroads were first built when this power was not arbitrarily exercised. Millions have gone hungry or lived on an attenuated diet while elsewhere harvests rotted in the ground; between their needs and nature's fertility lay the railroads. Organized and maintained for profit and for profit alone, the railroads carry produce and products at their fixed rates and not a whit less; if these rates are not paid the transportation is refused. And as in these times transportation is necessary in the world's intercourse, the men who control it have the power to stand as an inflexible barrier between individuals, groups of individuals, nations and international peoples. The very agencies which should under a rational form of civilization be devoted to promoting the interests of mankind, are used as their capricious self-interest incline them by the few who have been allowed to obtain control of them. What if helpless people are swept off by starvation or by diseases superinduced by lack of proper food? What if in the great cities an increasing sacrifice of innocents goes on because their parents cannot afford the price of good milk—a price determined to a large extent by railroad tariff? All of this slaughter and more makes no impress upon the unimpressionable surfaces of these stocks and bonds, and leaves no record save in the hospitals and graveyards.

The railroad magnates have other powers. Government itself has no power to blot a town out of existence. It cannot strew desolation at will. But the railroad owners can do it and do not hesitate if sufficient profits be involved. One man sitting in a palace in New York can give an order declaring a secret discriminative tariff against the products of a place, whereupon its industries, no longer able to compete with formidable competitors enjoying better rates, close down and the life of the place flickers and sometimes goes out.

These are but a very few of the immensity of extravagant powers conferred by the ownership of these railroad bonds and stocks. Bonds they assuredly are, incomparably more so than the clumsy yokes of olden days. Society has improved its outward forms in these passing centuries. Clanking chains are no longer necessary to keep slaves in subjection. Far more effective than chains and balls and iron collars are the ownership of the means whereby men must live. Whoever controls them in large degree is a potentate by whatever name he be called, and those who depend upon the owner of them for their sustenance are slaves by whatever flattering name they choose to go.

High and Mighty Potentates.

The Vanderbilts are potentates. Their power is bounded by no law; they are among the handful of fellow potentates who say what law shall be and how it shall be enforced. No stern, masterful men and women are they as some future moonstruck novelist or historian bent upon creating legendary lore may portray them. Voluptuaries are most of them, sunk in a surfeit of gorgeous living and riotous pleasure. Weak, without distinction of mind or heart, they have the money to hire brains to plan, plot, scheme, advocate, supervise and work for them. Suddenly deprived of their stocks and bonds they would find themselves adrift in the sheerest helplessness. With these stocks and bonds they are the direct absolute masters of an army of employees. On the New York Central Railroad alone the Vanderbilt payroll embraces fifty thousand workers. This is but one of their railroad systems. As many more or nearly as many men work directly for them on their other railroad lines.

One hundred thousand men signify, let us say, as many families. Accepting the average of five to a family, here are five hundred thousand souls whose livelihood is absolutely dependent upon the will of the Vanderbilt family. To that will there is no check. To-day it may be expansively benevolent; to-morrow, after a fit of indigestion or a night of demoralizing revelry, it may fit to an extreme of parsimonious retaliation. As the will fluctuates, so must be the fate of the hundred thousand workers. If the will decides that the pay of the men must go down, curtailed it is, irrespective of their protests that the lopping off of their already slender wages means still keener hardship. Apparently free and independent citizens, this army of workers belong for all essential purposes to the Vanderbilt family. Their jobs are the hostages held by the Vanderbilts. The interests and decisions of one family are supreme.

The germination and establishment of this immense power began with the activities of the first Cornelius Vanderbilt, the founder of this pile of wealth. He was born in 1794. His parents lived on Staten Island; his father conveyed passengers in a boat to and from New York—an industrious, dull man who did his plodding part and allowed his wife to manage household expenses. Regularly and obediently he turned his earnings over to her. She carefully hoarded every available cent, using an old clock as a depository.

The Founder's Start.

Vanderbilt was a rugged, headstrong, untamable, illiterate youth. At twelve years of age he could scarcely write his own name. But he knew the ways of the water; when still a youth he commenced ferrying passengers and freight between Staten Island and New York City. For books he cared nothing; the refinements of life he scorned. His one passion was money. He was grasping and enterprising, coarse and domineering. Of the real details of his early life little is known except what has been written by laudatory writers. We are informed that as he gradually made and saved money he built his own schooners and went in for the coasting trade. The invention and success of the steamboat, it is further related, convinced him that the day of the sailing vessel would soon be over. He, therefore, sold his interest in his schooners and was engaged as captain of a steamboat plying between New York and points on the New Jersey coast. His wife at the same time enlarged the family revenues by running a wayside tavern at New Brunswick, N. J., whither Vanderbilt had moved.

In 1829, when his resources reached \$30,000, he quit as an employee and began building his own steamboats. Little by little he drove many of his competitors out of business. This he was able to do by his harsh, unscrupulous and strategic measures. He was severe with the men who worked for him, compelling them to work long hours for little pay. He showed a singular ability in undermining competitors. They could not pay low wages but what he would pay lower; as rapidly as they set about reducing passenger and freight rates he would anticipate them. His policy at this time was to bankrupt competitors and then having obtained a monopoly to charge exorbitant rates. The public which welcomed him as a benefactor in declaring cheaper rates and which flocked to patronize his line, soon had to pay dearly for their premature and short-sighted joy. For the first five years his profits, according to Croft, reached \$30,000 a year, doubling in successive years. By the time he was forty years old he ran steamboats to many cities on the coast and had amassed a fortune of half a million dollars.

Driving Out Competitors.

Judging from the records of the times, one of his most effective means for harassing and driving out competitors was in bribing the New York Common Council to give him and refuse them dock privileges. As the city owned the docks the Common Council had the exclusive right of determining to whom they should be leased. Not a year passed but what the ship, ferry and steamboat owners, the great landlords and other capitalists bribed the Aldermen to lease or give them valuable city property. Many scandals resulted, culminating in the great scandal of 1853, when the Grand Jury, on February 26, handed up a presentment showing in detail how certain Aldermen had received bribes for disposal of the city's water rights, pier privileges and other property and how enormous sums had been expended in bribes to get railroad grants in the city. (3) Vanderbilt was not openly implicated in these frauds, but more than were the Astors, the Rhinelanders, the Goelens and other very rich men who prudently kept in the background and who managed to loot the city by operating through go-betweens.

Vanderbilt's eulogists take great pains to elaborate upon his tremendous energy, sagacity and constructive enterprise, as though these were the exclusive qualities by which he got his fortune. Such a glittering picture, common in all of the usual biographies of rich men, discredits itself and is overthrown by the actual facts. The times in which Vanderbilt lived and thrived were not calculated to inspire the masses of people with respect for the trader's methods, although none could deny that the outcropping capitalists of the period showed a fierce vigor in overcoming obstacles of man and of nature and in extending their conquests toward the outposts of the habitable globe. If indomitable enterprise assured permanency of wealth then many of Vanderbilt's competitors would have become and remained multi-millionaires. Vanderbilt, by no means, possessed a monopoly of acquisitive enterprise; on every hand and in every line were men fully as active and unprincipled as he. Nearly all of these men and scores of competitors in his own sphere—dominant capitalists in their day—have become well-nigh lost in the records of time; their descendants are in the slough of poverty, gentility or otherwise. Those times were marked by the intensest commercial competition; business was a labyrinth of sharp tricks and low cunning; the man who managed to project his head far above the rest not only had to practice the methods of his competitors but to overreach and outdo them. It was in this regard that Vanderbilt showed superior ability.

(3) Proceedings of the New York Board of Aldermen, XLVIII: 423-431.

(To be continued.)

GOOD REASON WHY.

"You never give credit for the jokes you print."

"Well," responded the editor of The Plunkville Palladium, "I don't know whom to give credit to. Noah failed to carry those records into the ark."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

TAFT'S "DOPE" FOR UNION VOTERS.

By GEORGE G. CUTTING.

Workers, get your pipes ready; the Taft Campaign Committee have the "dope" all prepared for those who live to dream that "there are no classes in this country," that "all are free and equal before the law," etc. Those who fill their pipes will dream on Election Day that "Injunction Bill" is the only judge that ever wished to "do the right thing by Labor."

But they will awaken, as usual, after election with that political headache and that bad taste, and swear that they can never be persuaded to take the stuff again.

Remember where the chicken got the axe, and don't try it this time, is the advice of the Socialist.

A Souvenir Advertisement.

The Fifty-fourth Convention Souvenir of the International Typographical Union, issued by a committee of Boston Typographical Union, No. 13, contains an advertisement which was paid for by the Taft Campaign Committee. The "ad" covers six full pages of the Souvenir, and includes the full-page half-tone of the "union defender," Judge Taft.

Here are a few quotations:

"No class of citizens is more deeply interested in the records of presidential candidates than union workmen."

It may be that Judge Taft has hit the nail on the head in this particular case, and he seems conscious of the fact that the workers are getting suspicious of "campaign friends," and he goes on to say:

"Actions may not be more eloquent than words, but they are more convincing."

"Trade unionists, like other people, will never know their friends until they put them on trial."

"The union workers have fought the battle, carried the burdens, and made the sacrifice, and society as a whole has been benefited."

"They (the unions) have made mistakes, but the man or institution that does not make mistakes does not make anything."

The advertisement goes on to tell of the injustice wrought by the trade unionists through unjustly believing the trade union and Socialist press have said about him; then it volunteers some political advice:

"Probably no judge has been more misquoted and unjustly judged by trade unionists than Judge Taft. His many decisions in favor of labor organizations have been minimized to such an extent that one is prompted to inquire if those who have exploited his record before labor organizations were not more interested in the welfare of some political party than in the interest of their labor organizations. Trade unionists should get together, without regard to party, in contending for everything that could legitimately advance their principles, and should credit an honest judge with doing his duty, even though his decisions be adverse to them."

This means that the workers should be thankful for the injunction, because Judge Taft says so. If you get your head broken by a policeman's club, it is good for you; if the militia puts you in the "bull pen" they do it only because it is good for you; if the capitalists conspire to commit judicial murder, and kidnap you, the Supreme Court will agree with Judge Taft that they only do it to be kind and just. Workers, just think of the friends you have in the high places.

Taft Explains the Lennon Case.

In the case of Engineer Lennon, who was sentenced by Judge Taft for refusing to run his engine after being served with an injunction, Judge Taft offers this defense:

"The labor decisions of Judge Taft while on the Federal bench related to the Federal character of such controversies, involving the power of the Federal government to protect interstate commerce. There were only two cases decided by him. The first of these was decided April 3, 1893, and was in the matter of the strike of the engineers of the Toledo & Ann Arbor Railroad. The engineers of the company had no grievance of their own; and their refusal to handle the freight of the complainant's company was in no sense a strike for the betterment of their own conditions of service." Judge

Taft's decision was accepted by the Railroad Brotherhood as a fair statement of the law under the peculiar conditions of the railroad service."

Taft Hits the Socialists.

The next case on the docket is the one where Judge Taft seeks to arouse the prejudice of the trade unionist against the Socialist:

"In the following year, 1894, came the great railroad strike, inspired by the American Railroad Union, growing out of the strike of the Pullman employees at Pullman, Ill. The officials of the union demanded that all railroads boycott Pullman cars, and threatened to declare a strike of employees on any railroad on their refusal to declare such. The Cincinnati Southern, an interstate railroad, was in the hands of a receiver, and he applied to the court for PROTECTION AGAINST PHELAN (A SOCIALIST), an official of the American Railway Union, who was engaged in inciting a strike among employees of the road. There was no complaint by the employees of the road. The demand was that all traffic should be suspended and BUSINESS PARALYZED, UNION SHOPS CLOSED AND UNION INDUSTRIES DESTROYED, if necessary, until the road should consent not to carry Pullman cars. THE PURPOSE WAS TO STARVE THE PUBLIC into compelling the Pullman company to do something which the public had no right to compel it to do, and in doing this to inflict irreparable injury upon many industries EMPLOYING UNION MEN AND WORKING UNION HOURS. If the unions had won this strike, would not the price have been too great for the objects obtained? Phelan had used language defying the court. After hearing he was adjudged guilty of contempt in an opinion by Judge Taft, who at the same time emphasized the fact that employees had the right to quit their employment. BUT THEY HAD NO RIGHT TO COMBINE TO INJURE THEIR EMPLOYER IN ORDER TO COMPEL HIM TO WITHDRAW FROM A MUTUALLY PROFITABLE RELATION WITH A THIRD PARTY FOR THE PURPOSE OF INJURING THE THIRD PARTY, when the relation thus sought to be broken had no effect upon the character or reward of their services. . . . Thus if Phelan had urged a strike for higher wages he would not have been liable for contempt, but he had no right to incite men to quit when they had no grievance of their own to redress, but it was then essentially a boycott and not a strike."

"Stands Pat."

Thus it can be inferred that Judge Taft still "stands pat" that the boycott is an illegal act and would decide to enforce against the union all the powers should he become President. He continues:

" . . . Do these facts, combined with what is more generally known with regard to his good achievements as a jurist and a public official, appeal to every man of right reasoning in such a manner as to convince him that as President of the United States Mr. Taft's great intellect and power would be found valiantly contending for the rights of LABORING, PRODUCING PEOPLE, and in favor of everything that would help society from the bottom rather than from the top; for the welfare of this nation depends not upon the high cultivation of the sons and daughters of the rich, desirable as they may be, nor upon the great aggregations of WEALTH IN THE HANDS OF THE FEW, but rather upon the high average intelligence and prosperity of those who really do the Nation's work."

Taft in 1895—Now (?)

In an address before the American Bar Association at Detroit, Mich., August 28, 1895, "Brother Shovelman Taft" very clearly states his opinion on the trade union question when he said:

"THE CHIEF WRONGS COMMITTED BY THE LABOR UNIONS ARE THE OPEN, DEFIANT TRESPASS UPON PROPERTY RIGHTS AND VIOLATION OF PUBLIC ORDER, WHICH THE COURTS ARE WELL ADAPTED TO PUNISH AND PREVENT."

Mr. Taft holds the same opinions in 1906 as he did in 1895, the difference now being that HE MUST GET THE VOTES OF THESE "DEFIANT TRESPASSERS UPON PROPERTY RIGHTS" in order to become President, and therefore he seeks to make the union men respect the courts for their outrages against the interest of the working class, and, by the giving of their votes, endorse the action of the courts in issuing injunctions.

Will they bless Judge Taft by giving him their votes or will they make their "contempt" effective by voting the Socialist ticket—for Debs and Hanford, the men who are pledged against the injunction in labor disputes?

Time will tell.

ESTABLISHED 1884.

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LABOR DIRECTORY.

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

CIGARMAKERS' PROGRESSIVE INT. UNION No. 00—Office and Employment Bureau, 241 E. 84th St. The following Districts meet every Saturday: Dist. I (Bohemian)—331 E. 71st St., 8 p. m.; Dist. II (German)—31 E. 6th St., 8 p. m.; Dist. III—Clubhouse, 243 E. 84th St., 7:30 p. m.; Dist. IV—342 W. 42d St., 8 p. m.; Dist. V—3309 Third Ave., 8 p. m.; Dist. VI—2059 Third Ave., 8 p. m.; Dist. VII—325 E. 75th St., 8 p. m. The Board of Supervision meets every Tuesday at Faulhaber's Hall, 1351 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, 231-233 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. Control Committee meets second Thursday in the month at 11 a. m. in the Labor Temple, 243 E. 84th St., New York City.

BROOKLYN, 226 A. D., Br. 1 (American), meets the second and fourth Friday at 675 Glenmore Ave.; Br. 3 (German), meets the second Monday of the month at 675 Glenmore Ave.

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

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OUR DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES.

Adopted by the National Committee of the Socialist Party at Chicago, May, 1908.

Human life depends upon food, clothing and shelter. Only with these assured are freedom, culture and higher human development possible.

To-day the machinery and the land used for industrial purposes are owned by a rapidly decreasing minority. So long as machinery is simple and easily handled by one man, its owner cannot dominate the sources of life of others.

In proportion as the number of such machine-owners compared to all other classes decreases, their power in the nation and in the world increases.

As the economic power of the ruling power grows it becomes less useful in the life of the nation. All the useful work of the nation falls upon the shoulders whose only property is its manual and mental labor power—the wage worker—or of the class who have but little land and little effective machinery outside of their labor power—the small traders and small farmers.

A bitter struggle over the division of the products of labor is waged between the exploiting propertied classes on the one hand and the exploited propertyless class on the other. In this struggle the wage-working class cannot expect adequate relief from any reform of the present order at the hands of the dominant class.

The wage workers are therefore the most determined and irreconcilable antagonists of the ruling class. They suffer most from the curse of class rule. The fact that a few capitalists are permitted to control all the country's industrial resources and social tools for their individual profit, and to make the production of the necessities of life the object of competitive private enterprise and speculation is at the bottom of all the social evils of our time.

In spite of the organization of trusts, pools and combinations, the capitalists are powerless to regulate production for social ends. Industries are largely conducted in a planless manner. Through periods of feverish activity the strength and health of the workers are mercilessly used up, and during periods of enforced idleness the workers are frequently reduced to starvation.

The climax of this system of production are the regularly recurring industrial depressions and crises which paralyze the nation every fifteen or twenty years.

The capitalist class, in its mad race for profits, is bound to exploit the workers to the very limit of their endurance and to sacrifice their physical, moral and mental welfare to its own insatiable greed. Capitalism keeps the masses of workmen in poverty, destitution, physical exhaustion and ignorance. It drags their wives from their homes to the mill and factory. It snatches their children from the playgrounds and schools and grinds their slender bodies and unformed minds into cold dollars. It disfigures, maims and kills hundreds of thousands of workmen annually in mines, on railroads and in factories. It drives millions of workers into the ranks of the unemployed and forces large numbers of them into beggary, vagrancy and all forms of crime and vice.

To maintain their rule over their fellow men, the capitalists must keep in their pay all organs of the public

powers, public mind and public conscience. They control the dominant parties and, through them, the elected public officials. They select the executives, bribe the legislatures and corrupt the courts of justice. They own and censor the press. They dominate the educational institutions. They own the nation politically and intellectually just as they own it industrially.

The struggle between wage workers and capitalists grows ever fiercer, and has now become the only vital issue before the American people. The wage-working class, therefore, has the most direct interest in abolishing the capitalist system. But in abolishing the present system, the workmen will free not only their own class, but also all other classes of modern society: The small farmer, who is to-day exploited by large capital more indirectly but not less effectively than is the wage laborer; the small manufacturer and trader, who is engaged in a desperate and losing struggle for economic independence in the face of the all-conquering power of concentrated capital; and even the capitalist himself, who is the slave of his wealth rather than its master. The struggle of the working class against the capitalist class, while it is a class struggle, is thus at the same time a struggle for the abolition of all classes and class privileges.

The private ownership of the land and means of production used for exploitation, is the rock upon which class rule is built, political government is its indispensable instrument. The wage-workers cannot be freed from exploitation without conquering the political power and substituting collective for private ownership of the land and means of production used for exploitation.

The basis for such transformation is rapidly developing within present capitalist society. The factory system, with its complex machinery and minute division of labor, is rapidly destroying all vestiges of individual production in manufacture. Modern production is already very largely a collective and social process. The great trusts and monopolies which have sprung up in recent years have organized the work and management of the principal industries on a national scale, and have fitted them for collective use and operation.

The Socialist party is primarily an economic and political movement. It is not concerned with matters of religious belief.

In the struggle for freedom the interests of all modern workers are identical. The struggle is not only national but international. It embraces the world and will be carried to ultimate victory, by the united workers of the world.

To unite the workers of the nation and their allies and sympathizers of all other classes to this end, is the mission of the Socialist party. In this battle for freedom the Socialist party does not strive to substitute working class rule for capitalist class rule, but by working class victory to free all humanity from class rule and to realize the international brotherhood of man.

A LIGHT THAT MUST PREVAIL.

Socialism is to me a very great thing indeed, the firm and substance of my ideal life and all the religion I possess. I am, by a sort of predestination, a Socialist. I perceive I cannot help talking and writing about Socialism, and shaping and forwarding Socialism. I am one of a succession—one of a growing multitude of witnesses, who will continue. It does not—in the larger sense—matter how many generations of us must toil and testify. It does not matter, except as our individual concern, how individually we succeed or fail, what blunders we make, what thwartings we encounter, what follies and inadequacies darken our private hopes and level our personal imaginations to the dust. We have the light. We know what we are for, and that the light that now glimmers so dimly through us must in the end prevail.—H. C. Wells, in the Independent, Nov. 25, 1906.

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

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HOW THEY WERE FREED.

When the trolley cars first appeared down south, the nigger said: "Dey's great people, dese Yanks; fust dey comes down here and frees de nigger; den dey comes down here and frees de mule."

A lean old mule was grazing by the roadside, and he opened his mouth and said: "They didn't free the mule; they only put him out of a job."

The coon scratched his head and said: "Boss, dat's the same way with me."—Bolton Hall, in "The Game of Life."

THE MILL WHISTLE.

Across the flats, at dawn, the monster screams; Its bulk blots the low sun. Ah, God of truth! To wake from night's swift mockery of dreams And hear that hoarse throat clamor-out for my youth. —John McIntyre, in McClure's Magazine.

"LABOR AND CAPITAL ARE ONE."

"Times are hard," said the Picked Chicken. "Why," said the Rat, "this is an era of prosperity; see how I have feathered my nest." "But," said the Picked Chicken, "you have gotten my feathers." "You must not think," said the Rat, "that because I get more comfort you get poorer." "But," said the chicken, "you produce no feathers, and I keep none—" "If you would use your teeth—" interrupted the Rat. "I—" said the Picked Chicken. "Without consumers like me," said the Rat, "there would be no demand for the feathers which you would produce." "I will vote for a change," said the Picked Chicken. "Only those who have feathers should have the suffrage," remarked the Rat.—Life.

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 233 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 \$9.00 for 40 weeks and of \$4.50 for another 40 weeks, whether continuous or with interruption. Members belonging to the second class receive under the same circumstances and length of time \$6.00 and \$3.00 respectively, 250 death benefit guaranteed to the beneficiaries 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 invite to do so. Address all communications to William Meyer, Financial Secretary, 1-3 Third avenue, Room 2, New York City.

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ROBIN HOOD AND THE POOR.

By ROBERT HUNTER.

If you want to spend a joyful hour read some time the merry adventures of Robin Hood. You will find in them many a pretty tale and not a little food for thought. Robin was a good man with a big, generous heart.

Having killed a man in a moment of passion he was forced to take to the woods and live the life of an outlaw. He hated the oppressors of the poor, and he never failed to accept any opportunity offered to rob fat priests, monopolists and usurers, and then to distribute his stealings among the poor.

About him was many a sturdy rogue, and they lived the merriest of lives, eating and drinking in Sherwood Forest.

Robin was very much the sort of man that many a ward boss is to-day. If you go into the headquarters of a Tammany politician or into Michael Kennas's or Johnny Powers's saloons in Chicago you will find a great crew of men living a merry life upon money taken from rich corporations.

Not a few widows and orphans, not a few hard-pushed criminals, and not a few hopeless out-of-works find their sole sustenance in the generosity of the ward politician.

"Big Tim" Sullivan is a kind of modern edition of Robin Hood. When winter comes and he hoboos begin to flock into the Bowery, they know that "Big Tim" will see that they have warm woollen socks, a bed to sleep in, a mug of ale, and a free lunch.

When funds get low he starts out on a foraging expedition, and many a flinty capitalist hands over to him the funds to care for Tim's boys.

Once when the funds of Robin were low he turned beggar, and went out on the highway to replenish his coffers. He met a corn engrosser, that is to say, a man who had bought up all the corn, obtained a monopoly of it, and sold it back to the people at his own price.

He was a thin, weazened old miser, such as men of a similar occupation are likely to be. Robin first asked his help as any ordinary beggar would, and the corn engrosser snarled at him: "Now, out upon thee. Such sturdy rogues as thou art are better safe in prison, or dancing upon nothing with a hempen collar about thy neck."

"Tut," quoth Robin. "How thou talkest. Thou and I are brothers, man. Do we not both take from the people that which they can ill spare? Do we not make our livings by doing naught of any good? Do we not both live without touching palm to honest work? Have we either of us ever rubbed thumbs over honestly-gained farthings?"

After some parley Robin relieved the corn engrosser of a hundred bright golden pounds, and after a word of warning let him free to go his way.

Such is the story of Robin Hood, and a thousand stories very similar might be told of nearly every ward politician in this country. They are good fellows, radical enough in their way, despising the rich, befriending the poor.

Yet Robin let the corn engrosser GO ON HIS WAY to continue robbing the people with his little monopolies. And the ward politician lets the modern monopolists go on robbing the people.

In the hands of these politicians there is immense power. They could destroy monopoly, and create a condition of affairs in this country by which every man, woman and child could have plenty. If they exercised their political power wisely there need be no man out of work, no suffering, no poverty, no slums.

A system which consists of robbing the poor day in and day out these politicians SUPPORT, and even help to fasten upon us. Generous but stupid, kindly but thick-skulled, nearly all of these politicians actually believe they are serving the poor friends about them by demanding of rich corporations a small percent. of their stealings to give alms to those who have been robbed.

They say to Wall

the great trust magnates: "We will let you alone, we will even aid you in your robberies; but we demand that out of every hundred dollars of your stealings you give us one to distribute among the poor."

But after all, merry Robin is not to blame nor is the open-handed politician. It is the people themselves, and until they gain wisdom and learn to use their strength they will continue to be robbed; in one age by Robin Hood and the corn engrosser, in another age by the ward politician and the trust magnate, in still another age by some other combination.

So long as people do not know that they are robbed, or are too stupid to devise means by which they can prevent robbery, just so long will there be men ready and willing to rob them.

ALL ARE TO BLAME.

The magnificence of private wealth is a magnificence which is only made possible by the drudgery of a multitude of weary workers, by their practical slavery. When one criticises a tyranny, one must condemn both parties to it, both the tyrant who tyrannizes and the masses who submit. When one criticises a plutocracy one must be equally impartial, for a plutocracy is possible only where both rich and poor consent to the idea.

In America, the unsuccessful man cannot plume himself upon being more righteous than the successful one, for both consented to the idea; and we did this, partly because the operation had never with any very loud voice been called in question, and still more perhaps because the chances of gain were so great and so alluring that they blinded us to the real significance of what we were doing.

We had a virgin continent to explore, field and forest and mine to be had for the taking, and we had, the more the pity, the captive black man of Africa and the disinherited white man of Europe to do the work, and yield us the profit. And this work of double exploitation, the exploitation of a continent and of a people, has gone on so unflinchingly that now, instead of the democracy which we started out to realize, we have a country with two classes in it, those who have and those who have not. And we glory in our work, in this conquest of a continent, and this piling up of great wealth; but when the story of the last century comes to be written by a later and more moral hand, it will picture a century of black and white slavery quite as genuine as the slavery of the medieval centuries which we affect to discredit.

And for this state of affairs, shocking as it undoubtedly is, no one class is to blame, neither the rich nor the poor. We started out somewhat even, at least we natives. We gambled, for the most part honestly. Some won, some lost; but the sin of winning was no greater than the sin of losing. The sin was in the gambling. We are all to blame, for we all consented to the idea, to this insatiable itching palm, to this profit-taking at a human cost.

I must regard the present individualistic administration of our resources as distinctly anti-social, since it is defeating the process of education, a process whose defeat is crime, and so defeating that social purpose which gives to this process its high compulsion. It is as an educator with a turn for the practical that I want to see such a social administration of these bountiful resources as will make education general and coextensive with life. This can never be so long as we pull down our neighbors' stockade in order to keep the wolf out of our own garden. The practical method would be to make common cause against the wolf. The administration of common justice has been found to be infinitely better than the operation of private revenge.—Hanford Henderson in "Education and the Larger Life."

Dogged! Jailed! Ruined!

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SOCIAL ETHICS.

We are learning that a standard of social ethics is not attained by traveling a sequestered byway, but by mixing on the thronged and common road where all must turn out for one another's burdens. . . . We realize, too, that social prospective and sanity of judgment come only from contact with social experience; that such contact is the surest corrective of opinions concerning the social order, and concerning efforts, however humble, for its improvement. . . . We have learned as common knowledge that much of the insensibility and harshness of the world is due to the lack of imagination which prevents a realization of the experiences of other people. Already there is a conviction that we are under a moral obligation in choosing our experiences, since the result of those experiences must ultimately determine our understanding of life. We know instinctively that if we grow contemptuous of our fellows, and consciously limit our intercourse to certain kinds of people whom we

have previously decided to respect, we not only tremendously circumscribe our range of life, but limit the scope of our ethics.—Jane Addams in "Democracy and Ethics."

A SMALL CATECHISM.

See the Man. What does the Man want?
The Man wants work.
Why does the Man want work? Is it because he is un-u-su-ai-ly in-dus-tri-ous?
No. It is because he needs the mon-ey.
Why does he want mon-ey? Does he wish to take a trip to Eu-rope?
No. He wants it to buy bread and pay the rent.
Why does the Man want to pay the rent?
The Man does not want to pay the rent. It is a mat-ter of ne-ces-si-ty with him.
Is there no work for the Man?
No. That is, none out of which any one can make a prof-it.
What then, do you suppose, will be-come of the Man?
God know.—Ellis O. Jones, in the Independent.

HOW AUSTRALIAN SOCIALISTS WELCOME THE AMERICAN FLEET

Tell Sailors and Marines That the Workers of the World Stand for Peace and Only Capitalist Interests Cause Wars Between Nations—"The World Is Our Country" the Socialist Maxim.

MELBOURNE, Australia, Sept. 3.—A novel reception has been accorded the officers and men of the visiting American fleet by the Melbourne Socialists. No sooner had permission to visit the ships been granted than scores of Socialists swarmed on board and distributed thousands of copies of a circular welcoming the sailors in the name of the Victorian Socialist party and reminding them that the Australian Socialists know that there are many of their fellow workers among the sailors of the American fleet.

These visitors were well received by the Americans, and since shore leave was granted hundreds of sailors have visited the Socialist Hall and signified their approval of the sentiments expressed in the circular, which reads in part as follows:

SOCIALIST WELCOME to the AMERICAN FLEET.

Comrades and Brothers of the United States:

We, the members of the Victorian Socialist party, greet you in all sincerity. We shall be right glad to shake hands with you, and delighted to interchange opinion with you.

But we hasten to say our welcome is extended to you as men, and not as members of the United States Navy. We regard you as men whose economic, social and political interests are identical with our own, and with those of our fellow workers in Europe, and we know that these interests are not identical with the capitalist class of any country!

We know, and are fully confident that you also know, that the armies and navies of the world are utterly inimical to the true interests of the workers, and exist exclusively in the interests of the dominant plutocracy. For ourselves, we are compelled to know by a lengthy and bitter experience that the admittedly powerful British Navy in no way secures to the workers of British origin the results of their labor as wealth producers. In the United Kingdom, at the present time, there are fully ten million people existing below the poverty line, children are dying of starvation, women are in death agonies owing to the horrible poverty, a million of men are seeking work and cannot get it! The powerful British Navy helps none of these!

In this State of Victoria, with a total population of one million and a quarter, there are fully 10,000 unemployed! The conditions are similar throughout Australia and New Zealand. The fighting forces of Britain in no way minimize these evils.

We are satisfied that the American navy is an efficient fighting machine, but in whose interest? Assuredly not in the interest of the 6,000,000 persons authoritatively declared to be now in enforced idleness in the United States! Assuredly not in the interest of the little industrial slaves in America, who by a vicious environment are compelled to work ten hours a day when they ought to be at school, nor yet in the interests of the slum tenement dwellers of New York, Chicago and the other cities and towns of your great country.

Comrades—Great as your navy is, we belong to a far greater fighting body! We are members of the great class-conscious fighting proletariat of the world, determinedly opposed to the continued domination of the plutocracy; at war, therefore, with the capitalist system, opposed to plutocratic dominance, as we are also opposed to "Constitutional" Monarchies.

Brothers of America, our hearts go out to you as men; and our blood thrills with increased animation to

know that among you are many straight-out Socialists. It was with very great pleasure we learned from "The World," of Oakland, Calif., that "every battleship of the Pacific fleet carries on it a band of devoted Socialists, who are spreading the propaganda;" and again, "there is a Socialist group on every battleship in the fleet which came around the Horn, and the agitation is carried on continuously." We hope to have the good fortune to meet each of the comrades.

We are at one with you as workers, believing in what grand old Tom Paine popularized in America and Europe—"The World Is My Country." With you, comrades, we are prepared to fight the real oppressors of the world's workers; therefore we view with exceeding great pleasure the rapid march of International Socialism. This alone can bring the conditions of real prosperity in America, Europe, or Australia. Once again, in conclusion, be assured of our utmost good will. Do not forget, we properly appreciate the many excellent qualities we know you possess and remember that we, too, are ready to take whatever action may be necessary when the hour arrives for the workers to throw off their oppressors and establish the Socialist Commonwealth throughout the world!

Yours for the Social Revolution,
THE MEMBERS OF THE VICTORIAN SOCIALIST PARTY.

RED SPECIAL A BIG SUCCESS

Comrades of America—The "Red Special" is no longer an experiment. It has demonstrated beyond peradventure its great power as a propaganda machine. From the hour that it started, it has made good a hundredfold every inch of the way, and I am sure that not a comrade who has seen the train in action regrets having contributed to make it possible.

The enthusiasm it inspires everywhere is a marvel to me. If it did nothing else it would be worth ten times its cost to the movement. It can be seen at a glance that when comrades have been aboard the "Red Special," or have attended one of its meetings, they go forth with a new baptism to work for the cause as they have never worked before.

The Eastern trip, and to election day, MUST BE MAD. And that's all there is about it. It would be nothing less than humiliation to the party and its members to confess to the world that it had started the train and could not carry it to its destination.

A few pennies each from the average members of the party, and a few dollars each from those who can afford it will settle this question without doubt. That there should be any hesitation about it in the light of what the "Red Special" has already accomplished is not easy to understand.

One thing is certain, and that is that if my colleagues and I are of any value at all as campaigners and propagandists, the special train multiplies that value twenty times over.

There will be no chance to make any further appeal. It is up to you, comrades. If the train is to continue till the close of the campaign, the money will have to come quick. IT WILL HAVE TO COME NOW.

EUGENE V. DEBS.
With the "Red Special,"
Grant's Pass, Oregon.

BLUNTING HIS POINT.

"Madam," said the master of the house, authoritatively, "when I put my foot down it stays there."

But the little tack on which he brought it down took all the point out of his illustration.

A SCIENTIST FOR SOCIALISM.

I was so much influenced by the individualistic teachings of Mill and Spencer, and the loudly proclaimed dogma, that without the constant spur of individual competition men would inevitably become idle and fall back into universal poverty, that I did not bestow much attention upon Socialism, having, in fact, as much literary work on hand as I could manage. But at length, in 1889, my views were changed once for all, and I have ever since been absolutely convinced, not only that Socialism is thoroughly practicable, but that it is the only form of society worthy of civilized beings, and that it, alone, can secure for mankind continuous mental and moral advancement, together with that true happiness which arises from the full exercise of all their faculties for the purpose of satisfying all their rational needs, desires and aspirations.—Alfred Russel Wallace, "May Life," Vol. 2, p. 285.

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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. Malkiel, 49 Cornell Avenue, Yonkers.

MISCELLANEOUS.
Christmas Presents—Elegant buggy whips with name on. First ten inquirers get a \$1 whip free, and free library plan. No conditions whatever. Don't doubt, comrades; write. H. Brigham, Westfield Mass.

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POLITICAL WISDOM.
Czar and Shah—We must keep some of our dear subjects alive, or we shall have nothing to live on ourselves.
—Der Wahre Jacob.

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THE WORKINGMAN'S LIBERTIES.

(Adapted from the French of Paul Lafargue.)

"Fellow worker, they tell us since the Revolution and the Declaration of Independence all men have been free. Are you yourself free?"
 "I am sure that I am free!"
 "Let us think a little; who grants you the right to work?"
 "The employer."
 "Who fixes the day upon which you shall work?"
 "The employer."
 "Who fixes your wage?"
 "The employer."
 "Who sells the produce of your toil, and pockets the profits?"
 "The employer."
 "Who grants you or refuses you a day of rest?"
 "The employer."
 "So, then, to have no right to the produce of your labor, to submit to the will of your employer from morning to night, to be unable to work, that is to say to be unable to eat, yourself, your wife and children, without the permission of your employer, is what you call being free. What fine liberty the Revolution and the Declaration of Independence have given you! Let us continue. Who has the liberty to enrich himself by

making the worker, with his wife and children, also toil?"
 "The employer."
 "Who has the liberty to impose upon the worker that kind of work that will bring him the largest profits?"
 "The employer."
 "Who has the liberty to show the worker the door when he no longer needs him?"
 "The employer."
 "Who has the liberty to send the old workers to die of hunger in the gutters, who, in their prime, built up his fortune?"
 "The employer."
 "Who has the liberty to starve the workers by locking them out when they ask for an increase in their wages?"
 "The employer."
 "Who has the liberty to use the police, the soldiers, and the judges to subdue the strikers he has driven from his workshops?"
 "The employer."
 "Friend, the Revolution and the Declaration of Independence have given all the liberties to the employer and slavery to the workman."

MADNESS BRED OF PRIVILEGE AND POWER.

In a speech in the House of Commons on the great Reform Bill, Lord Macaulay commented on the advice of the Conservatives of his day in a famous passage describing the effects of the French Revolution. Had those men, he inquired, never heard what effect counsels like their own had produced when too faithfully followed? And he continued:
 "Have they never walked by those stately mansions, now sinking into decay and partitioned out into lodging rooms, which line the silent streets of the Faubourg St. Germain? Have they never seen the ruins of those castles whose terraces and gardens overhang the Loire? Have they never heard that from those magnificent hotels, from those ancient castles, an aristocracy as splendid, as brave, as accomplished as ever Europe saw, was driven forth to exile and beggary, to implore the charity of hostile governments, to cut wood in the back settlements of America, or to teach French in the schoolrooms of

London? And why were those haughty nobles destroyed with that utter destruction? Why were their titles abolished, their escutcheons defaced, their parks wasted, their palaces dismantled, their heritage given to strangers? Because they had no sympathy with the people; no discernment of the signs of their time; because, in the pride and narrowness of their hearts, they called those whose warnings might have saved them 'theorists and speculators'; because they refused all concession, till the time had arrived when no concession could avail."
 Macaulay's warning might well be repeated in our own House of Representatives in these days, when the masters, mad with privilege and power, boast that they are the divinely appointed trustees of other men's fortunes, cry "Let us alone!" in response to every project of reform, and have no answer but "God knows" to the poor man's agonized query how he shall find means to live.

THE SOLIDARITY OF LABOR.

It is only when the working class understands that by its own solidarity, by its universal co-operation for its own emancipation, it becomes physically resistless and spiritually omnipotent—it is only then that the co-operative dawn will break. The working class of all nations must support and enforce the working class of each nation. The working class of the world must be the right arm of every

worker. So long as there remains a single spot upon the earth where a master can have a hireling, so long as from a single man is withheld the equivalent of the whole product of his labor, just so long will liberty be impossible for any man, for any part of the world. There is no extrication or emancipation for the individual except through universal emancipation and extrication. No man can be free until all men are free.—George D. Herron, in "From Revolution to Revolution."

THE SOCIALIST PARTY.

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

OUR CANDIDATES:

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	1894	24,504
1892	21,157	1900	96,961
1904	406,230		

THE BLOODHOUNDS.

By WILLIAM R. FOX.

A wage slave to his master said:
 "I am a man like you.
 I want more raiment, want more bread,
 And time for pleasure, too."

"Base-born and knave!" the master cried,
 "Never shall you have more!"
 "Then I toil no more," the slave replied,
 And he passed from the factory door.

Up rises the master in wrath's excess;
 He calls to his bloodhounds three:
 "Ho! Hunger, and Cold and Nakedness!
 Bring the rebel back to me!"

Upon the track of the wage slave bold
 Leap the bloodhounds three
 straightway:
 Grim Hunger and Nakedness and Cold,
 With their jaws set wide for prey.

He hears their swift and stealthy tread;
 Their growls reply to his groans;
 They pull the shelter from over his head,
 And the flesh from off his bones.

He flies, but ever on his track
 The bloodhounds fierce come faster,
 They worry and wind him back and back
 To the hands of his cruel master.

The slave sinks down in sore distress;
 The master cries in glee:
 "Good Cold and Hunger and Nakedness!
 Well done, my bloodhounds three."

"To your task, vile slave, or feel the lash!
 Watch him, my bloodhounds true!
 If ever rebellion makes him rash,
 His flesh shall be your due!"

And the slave with anguish never told
 Feels their breath as he toils away,
 For Hunger and Nakedness and Cold
 Are watching him each day!

TAFT LIKE CLEVELAND.

BRYAN LIKE MCKINLEY.

"One thing is certain," says a writer in the American Magazine, "and that is that whether Mr. Taft or Mr. Bryan is elected we will have a conservative President for the next four years. I should say on the whole that Bryan is naturally more conservative than Taft. Taft is like Cleveland, and Bryan bears a striking resemblance to McKinley. I have known both Bryan and McKinley, and I can assure you that, mentally, they might be brothers. The same caution, the same methodical geniality of disposition, the same prudence, the same indifference to the social forces at work underneath our system, the same disposition to tinker with the roof of the government and not bother about the foundation, the same indisposition to grapple with any really vital question; all these qualities and lacks, coupled with great natural powers, honesty and a sincere if emotional love of country, characterized the two men."

The Only Thing Possible.—"My wife insisted upon my attending her pink tea yesterday afternoon, and I simply had to swear under my breath."
 "Why, how was that?"
 "What else could I do? There were ladies present."

FROM NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

The Eastern route for the "Red Special" contains more than twice as many scheduled stops as did the Western route. Still more stops than those scheduled will be made, if the comrades will wire their requests in time to Comrade Debs on the advancing train.

Not enough has yet been collected to provide for the second half of the Eastern trip. The reports from every place visited show that the "Red Special" is a great success. Besides giving our candidate a chance to speak to many more people and at many more places than would have been possible by any other plan, the fact of the Socialist party having such a special train gives the movement abundant advertising in the daily press all over the country. It is of the utmost importance that the trip should be finished according to schedule. Party members and sympathizers who have not yet contributed for the "Red Special" should do so without delay, and those who have contributed should do so again if they can possibly afford it. Contributions should be sent to J. Mahlon Barnes, National Secretary, 180 Washington street, Chicago.

The National Office has issued a campaign booklet entitled "The Socialist Program." It contains the platform adopted at the Chicago convention, with a number of brief and clear articles by A. M. Simons, commenting upon the various demands. This booklet should be given the widest circulation between now and Election Day. The National Secretary will promptly fill all orders; a single copy costs five cents; one hundred copies, \$2.50.

State Secretary Beardsley of Connecticut reports the expulsion of James H. Smith and John Albright from Local Bridgeport for political activity along capitalist lines.

Comrade A. S. Headingly, of London, England, now visiting America and in attendance at the Tuberculosis Congress being held in Philadelphia, Pa., will be available for lecture dates beginning about October 12. Comrade Headingly, owing to limited time, can only speak in large cities. Terms, \$15. Comrade Headingly has served as translator at several of the International Socialist Congresses and can deliver addresses in either English or French. Locals should take advantage of the visit of this scholarly English Comrade and file application at once.

GROWTH OF THE PARTY.

The National Secretary's financial report for August showed \$2,390.15 paid for national dues in that month, indicating a membership of 46,790. This is an increase of 3,573; in 1906 it was 26,793; in 1905 it was 23,327, and in 1904, the year of the last Presidential election, it was 20,765. The states having the largest membership, according to the August report, are California, which paid for 4,000; Pennsylvania, 3,215; New York, 3,000; Minnesota, 2,810; Illinois, 2,760; Missouri, 2,500; Ohio, 2,100; Massachusetts, 2,035; and New Jersey, 2,000.

MOVING DAY.

"What, are you going to move again?" said Mr. Jones to his brother.
 "I thought you liked your little flat."
 "So we did when we moved in, but my wife has gained ten pounds, and we need more room."