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PEACEABLE PERSUASION PENALIZED. We did not venture, during the campaign, to predict the number of men who would be wise enough to vote for Socialism, knowing the strength of the typical American's so-called "practicalness," which prompts him always to vote for what he doesn't want, because he has a good chance of getting it, rather than vote for what he wants and take the risk of not getting it at once. But we did predict that, if the Socialist vote fell below a million, the capitalists and their courts and all their other servants in public authority would soon get busy in taking away from the working people whatever rights and liberties they still enjoy.

It is with sincere regret that we now say that this prediction is being fulfilled even more promptly and more completely than we had feared.

It is the workingmen of New Jersey that are just now getting what the majority of them did not want and voted for. Maybe some of them will remember the lesson till 1912.

For six years there has been pending in the New Jersey courts a case growing out of an injunction issued at the request of the George Jonas Glass Company of Minatola to restrain its employees then on strike, from "interfering with the business" of the company.

The union appealed from the original court order and resolved to carry the matter up to the highest court in the hope of getting a decision that would prevent the future issuance of such arbitrary decrees.

The strike is over, long ago. But the appeal was dragged along in the courts until this week, when a final decision was finally handed down. And it is a decision that fully confirms Mr. Dooley's dictum that the Supreme Court follows the election returns.

Not only does the Court of Errors and Appeals of the State of New Jersey uphold the injunction in general terms. It goes farther. **IT SPECIFICALLY DECLARES THAT IT IS WITHIN THE FUNCTION OF A JUDGE TO ISSUE AN INJUNCTION FORBIDDING WORKINGMEN TO USE PEACEABLE PERSUASION TO INDUCE OTHER WORKINGMEN NOT TO TAKE THEIR PLACES WHEN THEY ARE ON STRIKE, AND THAT ANY WORKINGMAN WHO VIOLATES SUCH AN ORDER MAY BE FINED OR IMPRISONED BY THE JUDGE FOR CONTEMPT OF COURT.**

Comment upon such a decision seems superfluous. It plainly gives the lie to Mr. Taft, who alleges that the injunction is a necessary means to preserve public order and that it violates no man's rights and restrains no man from the commission of any but unlawful acts. It simply wipes out the clauses of the national and state constitutions which guarantee to every man the right of free speech. It paralyzes the unions, by depriving them of the opportunity legally to carry on a peaceful and orderly strike, and puts before them the choice of submitting to the employers' will or defying the law and resorting to violent measures to win their strikes. It undermines the very foundations of republican government by investing each and every one of the numerous judges with full legislative, judicial, and executive power, authorizing him to make special penal laws for special cases and persons, regardless of the general laws regularly enacted by the elected legislators, and even in contradiction to those laws, to interpret his own special laws as he sees fit, and to put them into effect by punishing anyone who has respect enough for real law and order to refuse to obey the arbitrary edicts of a petty judicial despot.

That is what the workingmen of New Jersey get for voting for capitalism.

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Mr. Hisgen says he is out of politics. We knew that long ago.

SAMUEL GOMPERS' DEEDS AND WORDS.

The declaration made by President Gompers at the Convention of the American Federation of Labor, that he will go to jail for contempt of court rather than pay any fine that may be imposed upon him for the exercise of his rights as a citizen and his duties as an officer of the organization would command our hearty respect, were it not that we have our irrepressible doubts whether it is anything more than stage thunder. More than once have the capitalists discovered that President Gompers' bark is much worse than his bite. It was demonstrated especially during the recent campaign, when he gave his active support to a party in whose principles, according to his own statement, he does not believe, and whose whole record is one of political perfidy and of bitter opposition to the labor movement.

Speaking before the platform committee of the Republican convention at Chicago last June, President Gompers held up the threat of riot and violent revolution. The Republican convention laughed him to scorn. The Republican politicians and the capitalists back of them knew that it was a bluff, and when they called the bluff he had nothing to show.

Failing to frighten the Republicans, he went and begged from the Democrats—from a party no less dominated by capitalist interests and no less guilty of crimes against the rights of citizens and the interests of labor than is the Republican party. He got what every other man in the country knew (even if he did not) to be empty words—promises which would mean practically nothing even if fulfilled and which everyone knew that a triumphant Democracy would never fulfill—even if the Democracy had had the slightest chance for triumph at the polls, which it never had.

And then, abandoning his own long cherished policy, he went on the stump for that capitalist party and devoted his energies particularly to a bitter and mendacious attack upon the only party that, without even being asked or advised, had come out boldly in support of labor's right to organize and strike and boycott for the improvement of its conditions.

He accomplished two or three things.

He probably kept a good many votes away from the Socialist party, and thus weakened the only effective movement of opposition to capitalistic tyranny and judicial usurpation.

He demonstrated to the Democracy his utter uselessness as an ally, and thus strengthened the hold of the most reactionary elements upon the Democratic party organization.

And he made organized labor the laughing-stock of the whole capitalist class and the whole body of their politicians in both the old parties.

In the course of the campaign he spat out the slime of his abusive falsehood against a man whose greatest crime in the eyes of Gompers' Democratic friends and patrons was the fact that he had gone to jail rather than obey an injunction commanding him to desert his fellow workingmen in the hour of their need. Gompers' attack did not hurt Debs. But the memory of it is enough to make us doubt the sincerity of Gompers' present long-distance defiance of the courts.

As we have said before, we want to be shown.

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"Now you see it and now you don't," is the pretty game that is being played by the New York Traction Trust and the State and Federal courts, in the matter of transfers, with the Public Service Commission as a decoy and the whole traveling public as victims. The surest guess is that the dear public will not see the restoration of transfers until it gets over its habit of voting for the very men who have an interest in robbing it under the forms of law every day in the year.

Elihu Root in the United States Senate would be eminently satisfactory to the great capitalistic interests of this country. He would also be eminently satisfactory to the Russian Czar. What further argument is needed to justify the choice.

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It pays better to be President than to be Kaiser. Roosevelt can get a dollar a word for stuff that the magazines print. Wilhelm has to pay about twenty dollars a word for the stuff that the magazines consent not to print.

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A SYMPTOM AND A PROMISE

The fund raised by the national organization of the Socialist party to send the "Red Special" on its mission of enlightenment across the country and back again amounted, up to October 31, to \$37,894.94; and more has come in since that day. All expenses connected with the tour of the "Red Special"

have been covered, all loans repaid, and a handsome balance remains to be used in other ways for the same purpose of carrying the Socialist message to the working class.

The itemized statement of the receipts for the "Red Special" fund, published in three numbers of the "Official Bulletin," shows over five thousand separate contributions from individuals and organizations, ranging all the way from five cents up into the hundreds of dollars, but the large majority of them below the five-dollar mark. It is a moderate estimate to say that a hundred thousand men and women contributed, directly or through the party locals, labor unions, and other societies to which they belong, to this record-breaking fund.

That is not only a splendid achievement in itself. It is a symptom of the democratic health and energy of the Socialist movement, especially when taken in conjunction with the fact that the organized party membership has been increased by forty per cent within the last year. And it is a promise of what the movement will be able to do between now and the next national campaign to accomplish a still greater work than that of the "Red Special"—to put our party press upon a sound basis and to develop its efficiency to the highest point.

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The majority of the voters of the State of New York, by voting for the National and State ticket of the Republican party, endorsed government by and for the great capitalistic class. This verdict having been given, nothing could be more appropriate than that Elihu Root, one of the ablest and least scrupulous of corporation lawyers, should be sent to the United States Senate to succeed Mr. Platt, whose venality and the exposure of whose private scandals have impaired his usefulness as a representative of capitalist interests. Those who voted for the whole hog should have the consistency not to complain about the odor, the squeal, or any of the other minor unpleasant features.

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The workingmen who voted the old-party tickets on November 3 are getting what they voted for even more promptly than was to be expected. Here, for instance, comes the report, printed even by a number of the capitalist papers in New York City, of the shameful treatment of the laborers on city aqueduct work in Westchester and Putnam Counties. The men are nominally paid \$1.25 a day. Even if they got this much in cash, it would be virtually a starvation wage; it would be a disgrace for any municipality to take advantage of the helplessness of the masses of unorganized laborers to compel them to do hard and often dangerous work for such a beggarly stipend. But they do not actually get their dollar and a quarter a day, their miserable \$7.50 a week. Instead, they must live in shacks owned by the contractors and eat in a place called by courtesy a boarding house, also owned by the contractors. Then they must be attended by a doctor in the contractors' employ if they fall sick; and if they do not fall sick, they get charged with doctors' fees just the same. They must have brass identification checks in order to draw their pay; and they must pay a quarter each for these checks, which are returned to the contractors and sold over and over again. With all these deductions, made if they never miss a day's work and never make any mistakes nor offend the foreman, and thus escape docking and fines, they get the munificent sum of \$3 a week in good legal tender of the United States, upon which sum they are expected to maintain their wives and children.

The Socialist party has always and everywhere put among its imperative demands, among the things which it calls upon the public officials to do and which it pledges its own nominees to do if they are elected to office in city, state, or nation, the complete abolition of the

contract system and the substitution on all public works of direct employment by the municipality, the state, or the national government, as the case may be, with a scale of hours and wages for the workers at least as good as that established by the unions in their relations with private employers.

The adoption of that system would mean an immense saving to the public, considered as an employer. The additional amount paid out in wages would be much more than made up by the better work which would be done by men treated like human beings and by the cutting off of the enormous profits now absorbed by the contractors and a whole host of parasites, grafters, and middlemen connected with the contracting system. Even from the purely economic point of view, then, the city, state, and nation would be the gainers. They would be able to get more work done and get it done better, with the same expenditure of money.

But still more emphatically is the measure demanded for the material benefit of the most oppressed and suffering part of the population and as a measure of common honesty on the part of the community.

There is a municipal campaign approaching in New York and in many other cities. This is one of the many measures for the moral and material benefit of the masses that the Socialist party will seek to carry through in the realm of municipal administration. It is for the workingmen, organized and unorganized, to consider now whether it would not be wise for them to sever their old-party affiliations and throw themselves into the task of building up the Socialist party organization so that it may score a striking victory and bring relief to the victims of the present iniquitous system.

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Secretary Root says he "is not interested" in the plan to make him Senator from New York. His attitude seems to be that of Barkis—just "willin'." But however passive Mr. Root himself may (or may not) be in the matter, there is a shrewd suspicion that Thomas F. Ryan is very actively interested.

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Mr. Roosevelt says it's nobody's business but his own whether an ex-president works for the Standard Oil Company or not. We admit that we are much more interested in the question whom he works for while he is President.

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The fairy tales about the return of prosperity which capitalist papers of every political shade in all parts of the United States are printing every day since election are not intended only for domestic consumption. They have their direct purpose here at home, to allay the general discontent and induce the people to wait patiently through the winter by convincing the sufferers everywhere that the trouble is only local, that good times have actually come in the next state or the next county and will soon become universal.

But these stories have also an export value. The American capitalists know that, although good times have not yet come and are not likely to come this winter, a gradual return to normal industrial conditions may be expected to begin next spring or in the early summer, and would probably come at that time no matter which party might be in power, simply because the crisis would have run its course. They wish to provide against any possibility of the workingmen taking advantage of this revival of production, when it comes, to compel the restoration of the higher wage rates paid before the hard times began. In order to do that, it is necessary for the employers to tempt back to this country the hundreds of thousands of immigrants who have returned to their European homes during the last year and to attract still more to come with them, so that the labor market may be flooded with applicants for jobs before the mines and mills and factories start up in earnest next May or June.

The same deceptive reports are, of course, being cabled by the various news agencies to the European papers. But it is essential to the success of the capitalists' plans that the European workingmen still in this country should also be deceived, so that they will write to their relatives and friends in the old country in a tone confirming the stories that will appear in the press throughout Europe.

This is a game as old as it is crooked and cruel. But there are always new victims to be caught; and even those who have been deceived and have suffered before may often be deceived again, for, fortunately for the capitalists, hope springs eternal in the proletarian breast and the sufferers are prone to believe what they wish to be true and to trust that this time the facts may correspond with the promises held out to them.

It is a difficult thing for the labor movement to combat this

LIES INTENDED FOR THE EXPORT TRADE.

capitalist manoeuvre. We have not yet a strong enough press at our command, here or even in the Old World, fully to counteract the effect of the false statements so industriously circulated by the organs of the exploiting class. But what can be done, through the Socialist and labor papers, through the International Socialist Bureau, and through personal correspondence by Europeans living in this country to their friends across the sea and to the European papers which they can reach—all this should and must be done to prevent masses of poor laborers and mechanics in Europe from giving up their last pennies to the steamship companies for passage to this country at a time when this country has nothing but unemployment and misery to offer them.

The much discussed problem, What shall we do with our ex-presidents? has received a happy solution: Syndicate them to turn out "copy" for the profit of the Standard Oil Company. It is much more businesslike than letting them take refuge in the African jungle, where they really have no commercial value.

MACHINE GUNS.

Secretary of War Wright announced some time ago that he was in favor of increasing the standing army of the United States. Now, in his annual report to Congress, he is to make the recommendation official and definite. The nature of the proposed increase fully justifies our supposition that the measure is intended, not so much to strengthen the United States for possible war with other nations, as to strengthen the powers of capitalist "law and order" for coping with any popular disturbances that may result from the poverty of the workers, the tyranny of the possessing classes, and the abuse of judicial and other governmental powers in the interest of the capitalists. The proposition is, in brief, that a machine-gun company, with six rapid-firing guns of the Maxim or some similar type, be added to each of the thirty regiments of infantry and fifteen regiments of cavalry now constituting the army. This would mean one hundred and thirty additional officers and 2,500 additional men, operating two hundred and seventy of the most ingenious and effective murdering machines ever invented.

No one who is not willing to be deceived can for a moment be in doubt as to what this means. These hundreds of machine guns are not meant to repel foreign invaders. They are not even meant for service in expeditions of conquest and plunder in Mexico or Venezuela or China. It is in the streets of New York and Pittsburg and Chicago and San Francisco that these slaughter engines are intended to be used. Wealth and power for the owners, poverty and dependence and despair for the workers—and then the "whiff of grape-shot" to "preserve tranquility"—that is the program the masters of bread dream of, now that the masses have again signified at the polls their lack of confidence in themselves and their readiness to bow the neck to the capitalist yoke so long as it is at all bearable.

It has been suggested to us that the New York "Tribune" probably has a theory of its own about "orderly mobs," though it perhaps would not dare to expound it in plain terms. A mob of chivalric gentlemen that lynches a negro in the South, a mob of organized employers that deports striking miners from Colorado or striking cigar makers from Florida, a mob of Tammany heelers in New York or of Republican thugs in Philadelphia that devotes its attention to breaking up Socialist meetings—these are orderly mobs. But a gathering of unemployed workingmen who gather to demand action by the city and the state to give them a chance to work and live is a disorderly, unlawful, and criminal mob.

GAG LAW CHECKED.

It is naturally with much satisfaction that we note the defeat of the resolution proposed in the New York City Board of Education, providing that: "No member of the teaching or supervising staff shall individually or otherwise by any means or method publicly advocate the election or defeat of any candidate for public office or instigate or take part in any movement to elect or defeat such candidate by reason of such candidate's attitude toward legislation affecting the salaries of members of the teaching or supervising staff."

The adoption of the resolution would have been but the beginning of a policy which, if persisted in, would have deprived the thousands of public school teachers of all freedom of speech or action and would have reduced them to the level of humble and trembling servants of the school bureaucracy. It would have been a serious blow at political liberty, would have still further undermined the honesty of

the municipal service, and would have had a demoralizing effect upon the educational system by stiffing the dignity and self-respect of the teachers.

But let no one rejoice too confidently in the defeat of this first attempt. "We have but scotched the snake, not killed it." The proposed gag rule received twenty votes in the Board of Education against sixteen, and was defeated only because twenty-four votes, constituting a two-thirds majority, were required for its passage. In all probability the attempt will be repeated. The language used by some of the gag rule advocates leaves little room for doubt on this point. The teachers must be on their guard, and other lovers of liberty should stand ready to assist them.

It is rumored that Mr. Taft will appoint John Hays Hammond to be Secretary of Commerce and Labor. That would be a pointed recognition of the working class, for which Mr. Taft professes so much affection. Mr. Hammond is a wage-worker. That doesn't have to be proved; he admits it himself—as used to be said about the smartest lawyer in Southern Illinois. Mr. Hammond is a wage-worker, with wages of \$500,000 a year. The superficial thinker might suppose it would be too great a sacrifice for him to take a \$12,000 Cabinet position. But that would be a mistake. A \$500,000 wage-worker doesn't jeopardize his job or forfeit salary by accepting a political place. Mr. Hammond's half-million a year would go right on, for it is his name that does the "work," not his muscle nor his brain.

SHALL MR. RYAN HAVE A SENATOR?

"Shall Ryan have a Senator?" asks the New York "World," in tones of holy horror. Well, why not? If it is all right for Ryan to own and control a transit system which other men built, which other people paid for at the start and have paid for many times over since, and which is a necessity to the life of the largest city in the world—if it is all right for Ryan to own and control that, why shouldn't he own and control a United States Senator if he wants to? Just why are Senators more sacred than Subways or "statesmanship" more exalted than street railroads? To consent to capitalism and yet object to capitalist control of the government is straining at gnats and swallowing camels, with a vengeance.

For our part, we object to both; and we seek working-class control of the government in order to bring about working-class control of industry. Our position is consistent. The position of the capitalist apologists who at the same time pose as political purists is inconsistent to the point of being either imbecile or hypocritical.

We Socialists are not much given to singing the praises of old-party politicians, even of those who stand somewhat above the general low level of their class. Once in a while, however, there is a case where a certain acknowledgment should be made. It is not to be forgotten that the late Senator Carmack was the only man in the Upper House at Washington who would consent to introduce there the petition on behalf of Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone, the victims of the Western mine owners' conspiracy, and so help to call public attention to the atrocity which was being attempted by the organized capitalists against organized labor. We must place Senator Carmack along with Governor Altgeld, Congressman Baker, and General Sherwood among the few old-party representatives whom we can except from the general well merited condemnation.

Colonel Watterson has discovered that there is still hope for his party. The Democracy is not yet dead, he announces. If only it will purge itself of all progressive or apparently progressive tendencies and come out openly as the party of Bourbon conservatism, it may still have a part to play. Which is quite true. The part, indeed, will not be a large one, but it will at least be consistent with the historic character of the party. More power to Watterson, say we, in his efforts to bring the Democracy back to its true function as the exponent of the most reactionary tendencies in the most backward portion of the country.

One fortunate thing for the world's progress is that rulers and ruling classes always lose their sense of proportion, get a false view of the world they rule, miscalculate the forces which they wield and those which oppose them, overestimate their own power and importance, and do just the things which tend eventually to destroy the foundation upon which their authority rests. The Kaiser's recent faux pas in the matter of the "Daily Telegraph" interview is but one of many cases in point.

WHOM THE GODS WOULD DESTROY.

By FRANKLIN H. WENTWORTH.

Ben Butler, one time Governor of Massachusetts, was once sternly asked by a judge of the Circuit Court whether he was attempting to show contempt of that court.

"No, your honor," replied Mr. Butler. "I am attempting to hide it!"

If any one can hide his contempt for a recent decision of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts he must be without a sense of humor.

The court in making permanent an injunction against several labor unions at Boston ruled, in a decision attending the decree, that labor unions cannot impose fines on their members in order to force them to go out on a strike. The decision was rendered on a petition brought by L. D. Willcutt Sons & Co., of Boston, asking for an injunction against the bricklayers' and stone masons' benevolent unions restraining them from imposing a fine of \$100 each on two members of the union who had refused to go out on a strike.

Now a trade union is legal, or it is not. If it is legal then the rules made to govern its own members, to which rules the members assent, are legal so long as such rules are necessary to the maintenance of the union. If the members of a union cannot make rules for the government of themselves and their relations to the union then there is no union.

The wonderful labyrinthine reasoning of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts by which it justifies, or attempts to justify, its interference—not between the unions and the public, but between the union and its own members—is as follows:

"So long as the by-laws of a union relate to matters in which no one is interested except the association and its members, and violate no right of a third party or no rule of public policy, they are valid. Fines may be imposed, for instance, for tardiness, absence, failure to pay dues or misconduct affecting the organization or any of its members, and for numerous other acts."

What is the refusal to strike but the worst possible "misconduct affecting the organization?" If it is an

unlawful attempt at intimidation to fine a member for strike breaking, why not for any other cause?

Why does not this decision practically put the trade union out of business?

In order that the public may know the humane and worthy reason for its getting into a union and helping its traitorous members to wreck it, the court goes on to say:

"If it be said that the member fined may take his choice either to leave the organization or abide by its rules, to which he has before assented, and that where there is a choice there can be no coercion, the answer is that, in almost every conceivable case of coercion short of an actual overpowering of the physical forces of the victim, there is a choice.

"Is it difficult to realize what that choice is in these days of organized labor? Is it too much to say that many times it is very difficult, indeed practically impossible, for a workman to get bread for himself and his family by working at his trade unless he is a member of a union? Is it true he has a choice between paying his fine and not paying it, but is it not frequently a hard one? May not the coercion upon him sometimes be most severe and effective? Such is not a free choice. And a market filled with such men is not a reasonably free market."

A "reasonably free market"—that explains the unconscionable prejudice behind the whole matter! A market of flesh and blood. A market of helpless human beings bidding against one another for the chance to live. This is the only "free" market—free for the ravages of the wolves of capitalism. Every trade union organization has as its supreme object the abolition of this hideous "free" shambles. And now this absurd aggregation of capitalist lawyers rules that the unions must be restrained by injunction for doing the very thing they are designed to do!

Now this same court concedes that the union may fine its members as much as it pleases in order to maintain and perfect what may at any time lawfully become a strike organization; but when it does become a strike organization it is rendered powerless by a court injunction!

Is not the same quality of duress upon the fined member in the one case as in the other—before the strike as during the strike? If this duress

is strong enough during the strike to give the fine the character of unlawful intimidation, may not all other labor union fines be similarly stamped as illegitimate acts of intimidation? What then is to protect trades unionism in Massachusetts so long as this injunction is effective?

The capitalist press has given wide commendation and publicity to this stupid and illogical decision, but as usual it has ignored the minority opinion.

The minority opinion is as clear in its reasoning as was the dissenting opinion of Justice McKenna in the Moyer-Haywood case. Here is the minority opinion; its logic is irrefutable:

"The law does not do so vain a thing as to allow the formation of labor unions and to declare their right to initiate and by lawful means to carry on a justifiable strike and then refuse them the use of the only practical means by which their acknowledged rights may be secured."

The above sane and logical opinion proves that there are still men on the bench who are unwilling to unite with a subservient majority in prostituting their intellects to class-conscious prejudice.

If there is anything sacred in human life it should be the integrity of the human mind. The service of capitalism has almost destroyed it in the highest courts of the United States. The Supreme Court of the United States could not see the absurdity of its ruling in the Moyer-Haywood case. The Supreme Court of Massachusetts cannot see the absurdity of its ruling in this Willcutt-Driscoll case.

When men trained in logical analysis and deduction have lost the faculty of detecting absurdities in reasoning which are clear to the man in the street they are no longer mentally responsible, and for the safety of the republic they should be retired.

The members of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts who subscribed to the majority ruling in this Willcutt-Driscoll injunction case should be firmly and kindly segregated in a comfortable hospital for the feeble minded and given marbles to play with.

They should not be employed in an occupation in which their mental incompetence plays ducks and drakes with the aspirations of the people for human liberty and brings the courts of the country into public contempt.

THE ECONOMIC ROOT.

It is all one to the capitalist, in the last analysis, what names or terms you have, so long as you leave with him the sources of industrial control. It is all one to the capitalist whether you have a Republican or a Democratic party, whether you have a Protestant or a Catholic faith, whether you are a Jew or a Mohammedan or a Buddhist or an Agnostic, whether you have a republican or a monarchial form of government, whether you have public or private schools, whether you have educated or illiterate ignorance, he will use them all for his own power and increase.

Just so long as you have a capitalist class employing a workingclass, just that long will capitalism reap not only the fruits of the world's labor, but the fruits of its ideals and aspirations as well, and shape its arts and literatures, and give voice to its pulpits and universities.

You may have any kind and number of reforms you please, any kind and number of revolutions or revivals you please, any kind and number of new ways of doing good you please, it will not matter to capitalism, so long as it remains at the root of things; the result of all your plans and pains will be gathered into the capitalist granary.

There is nothing growing out of the human soil, nothing growing out of the human soul, nothing springing from the human heart, nothing coming from the human hand, not a prayer of sorrow or hope, not a joy that leaps in the blood, not a noble renunciation of an uplifted martyrdom, not a communion of mighty lovers, not a tear of the sweatshop mother over the coffin of her child, that will not add to the capitalist grist, so long as labor is so directed as to drive the capitalist mill. There is no way of preventing or averting the fact that the whole output of the world's thought, the totality of its life and action, the fruit and fragrance of its blossoming, will but add to the power of the few to despoil the many, so long as the private ownership of the tools and sources of the common labor continues; so long as the toll of humanity is but for the profit of the capitalist instead of for humanity's common good and beauty; so long as life remains what it now is for the bulk of mankind—a bitter and uncertain struggle for existence, an exhausting and deadening game of chance, a pitched battle from childhood to the grave for the chance to earn or keep one's bread.

So long as the sources and means of the people's bread are privately owned, just that long will the minds and bodies of the people be owned. There can never be such a thing as self-ownership of the individual, with the freedom and fellowship that inhere in self-ownership, until there is a common ownership of the world's bread supply. It is upon this socialized, economic ownership that the spiritual blossoming of man depends.—George D. Herron, in "From Revolution to Revolution."

"THE DEVIL'S NOTE BOOK."

"The Devil's Note Book," by Oliver Bainbridge (Cochrane Publishing Company; price, \$1), is a sort of inverted "If Christ Came to Chicago," with whatever small literary merit that book had quite left out. The Devil takes it into his head to inspect the earth and the peoples thereof, and keeps a diary of his observations in company with the Czar, King Leopold, the Sultan, the so-called "smart set" of London and New York, the leaders of Tammany Hall and others of his faithful disciples. The entries consist of a bald statement of real and alleged atrocities and debaucheries, mostly culled from the newspapers and "enlivened" as the author probably thinks, by a liberal sprinkling of profanity. There is nothing new in the book; much of it is true, but is told in "very cheap and unimpressive manner. As Lincoln used to say, "For those that like that sort of thing, it is just about the sort of thing they like." We don't.

WHAT WE WANT.

Mankind want no clemency schemes, says Lester F. Ward, the famous American sociologist, no private nor public benefactions, no fatherly oversight of the privileged classes, nor any other form of patronizing hypocrisy. They only want power—the power that is theirs of right and which lies within their grasp. They have only to reach out and take it. The victims of private ethics are in the immense majority. They constitute society. They are the heirs of all the ages. They have only to rouse and enter on their patrimony that the genius of all lands and of all time has generously bequeathed to them.

THE REWARD OF ABILITY.

But the capitalists say that the profit of capital is really the recompense of the brain-work of the capitalist, the reward for his management. In reality, however, only a very small portion of the income of the capitalist can come under this head; and the English economists have always treated the profits of the employers as the premium of capital, and have left unnoticed the reward for brain work on account of its smallness. If you want to know how small it is, look at the salaries paid to stewards of estates, to managers of factories, etc., etc., who do the brain work, while the principals travel for pleasure or attend to other matters! Only the amount so paid for management can be regarded as the recompense for such work when the employer or capitalist does this work himself. This feature is still more strongly marked in the case of railways, joint stock banks, and industrial companies. Here, those who possess the capital are many and they live on their dividends, whilst the "brain work" of the business is being done by salaried officials. Of course, some of these salaries are absurdly high; but take them all together and compare the total with the amount paid away in dividends and then you will have some idea of the smallness of the amount paid for brain work and management.

Say that the total amount of the produce of labor during one year is £100,000, and that the cost of the subsistence of the workers—in other words, their wages—is £20,000. Now whether the employers are sharp or stupid, idle or industrious, the remaining £80,000 will fall to the share of the employers, as a class, and how much each individual employer will receive will depend upon his personal qualities.

Economics can only deal with the question of how much of the produce of labor the employers as a class can obtain for themselves, how much the

workers as a class can obtain for themselves, and what quantity of the products of labor the individual worker can obtain. The question as to how one individual employer can get more for himself than other individual employers is really a part of practical business and in no way comes under economics.—Ferdinand Lassalle in "What Is Capital?"

THE SOCIALIST INSPIRATION OF THE WORKING CLASS.

Nothing is more calculated to impress upon a class a worthy and moral character than the consciousness that it is destined to become the ruling class, that it is called upon to raise the principle of its class to the principle of the entire age, to convert its idea into the leading idea of the whole of society, and thus to form this society by impressing upon it its own character.

The high and world-wide honor of this destiny must occupy all your thoughts. Neither the load of the oppressed, nor the idle dissipation of the thoughtless, nor even the harmless frivolity of the insignificant is henceforth becoming to you. You are the rock on which the church of the present is to be built.

It is the lofty moral earnestness of this thought which must with devouring exclusiveness possess your spirits, fill your minds and shape your whole lives, so as to make them conformable to it, and always related to it. It is the moral of greatness of this thought which must never leave you, but must be present to your heart in your workshops during the hours of labor, in your leisure hours, during your walks, at your meetings, and even when you stretch your limbs to rest upon your hard couches, it is this thought which must fill and occupy your minds till they lose themselves in dreams.—Lassalle, in "The Workingmen's Program."

DUSK IN THE BARREN GROUNDS.

The hills lie black and low against the West,
Far northward stretch the valleys of the dead—
Here where life weary grew and sighed for rest
And God put all His worn-out world to bed.

For this the Silence is where some last word

Was whispered and Earth's twilight tale was told,
And Emptiness and Sorrow only heard
The ghostly cry of ashen things and old.

And through the pallid light three dead pines crown
The plain that lies so like a yellowed page;
And wide and dark the blood-red sun burns down
Beyond each iron hill that aches with age.

—Arthur Stringer, in the October Everybody's.

POSITION OF RULING CLASSES.

Political convulsions work in a groove, the direction of which varies little in any age or country. Institutions once sufficient and salutary become unadapted to a change of circumstances. The traditional holders of power see their interests threatened. They are jealous of innovations. They look on agitators for reform as felonious persons desiring to appropriate what does not belong to them.

The one idea of the conservatives is to part with nothing, pretending that the stability of the state depends on adherence to the principles which have placed them in the position which they hold; and as various interests are threatened, and as various necessities arise, those who are one day enemies are frightened the next into unnatural coalitions, and the next after into more embittered discussions.—James Anthony Froude, in "Caesar."

"THE PEOPLE WANT TO BE AMUSED."

ERNEST POOLE.

I.
If you ever try to write books, short stories or plays, the kind that make people sit up and think, as you go the rounds of the publishers, editors, managers, you will soon become used to a certain genial smile on their faces. "My young friend," they will tell you, "you mean well, but you're too infernally serious. The main thing for you to keep in mind every minute while you write is this: The great American people want to be amused!"

Or if you go into politics and try to mould your ideas into concrete measures of economic and social reform some ripe old political boss will lay a soft hand on your shoulder (if your coat isn't too shabby, and with the same wise experienced smile he will say, "Easy, my son. Don't go an' melt your own collar with your emotions. What's the use? You ain't a millionaire, are you? An' you ain't even annoyed by millionaires rammin' campaign funds down your throat. Not yet. The dough is all comin' our way. Why? Because we keep cool an' don't lose our heads over all this Socialist mush. An' what's the result? Are we scared to death by the names we are called every soap box Socialist orator? Not on your life. What can they do? Have they jobs to give out—or anythin' else—to the voters? Have they got funds to hire big halls an' bands an' 'the glorious Stars an' Stripes'—an' all the rest of the fireworks? Not so you could notice it! An' without 'em they're weak as so many yowling cats an' dogs! Because, my young friend, the noble, deep thinkin' people of this grand country of ours wants one thing—first an' last! They wants to be amused!"

So much for the wisdom of ages. Things are moving fast these days; and now that the aforesaid, "yowling cats an' dogs" are spreading their daily papers, their magazines, and book publishing houses all over the States, and all finding readers, somehow or other, to an extent that would surprise you—why shouldn't the rash youngster who has ideas of his own stop taking the editor's word for it or the word of the boss? Why shouldn't he get out and dig for himself? Let him have a long curious searching look at this same American people, this strange jumble of all the world's races, descendants of Shakespeare and Dante and Goethe, of Rousseau and Darwin, of a man little known whose name was Marx of Garibaldi, Patrick Henry, Abraham Lincoln and other amusement lovers. It will take him some time to make up his mind, but in the end he will be surprised to find that the editor and the boss were both entirely—right.

Only, as I said before, it takes some time to see it.

For instance, a woman friend of mine, who works in a public library down in a tenement section of Greater New York, told me that one morning about 10 o'clock a most

ignorant looking young woman, most shabbily dressed, came in and asked for a book on the care of young babies. She took the book, sat down and read. She read slowly, scowling in the effort to spell out the words. At 4 o'clock she was still reading. The librarian came behind her, glanced over her shoulder. The woman had reached only page 55.

"Haven't you read enough?" asked my friend. The woman turned slowly, still scowling. Her face was drawn and tense.

"Can't I stay here?"
"Of course. But—you ought to be home."

"Oh, no, I oughtn't. A friend of mine has the baby."
"But—you've had no lunch! It's nearly night!"

The woman glanced up at the clock. She drew a long nervous breath.

"If you don't mind," she said, "I'll stay till it's time to go home an' git supper. You see," she explained, "me an' my husband we haven't much money. An' the baby's milk don't seem to be right. An' there's so many of 'em dyin' this summer, I got kind of nervous. I ain't never had a baby before."

Now the first time you look at this story it doesn't seem to show a deep passion for being amused. But if you will read it more slowly and sit up and think between the lines you will suddenly remember that the common every-day mother is never so vastly amused and delighted as when the baby on her knee is a regular little bundle of health and high spirits, of chuckles and gurgles and kicks and o'er queer antics. Watch her. You can see it in her eyes, especially if she's a young mother. She has a way of dreaming things.

Then go further in your thinking, this strange new thinking of yours, read books filled with cold facts, from government statistics, etc. And when you have found, with something of a shiver, that in our hot, sizzling cities this summer alone tens of thousands of babies are going to die, when a wise outlay of only a few dollars each might have saved nine out of ten—then you can put this close to the story just read. And the thing is simple.

The woman was reading to be amused.

There are many sizzling summers to come, and freezing winters, too. And millions of mothers are going to fight day and night to keep this amusement of theirs alive. And hundreds of thousands are going to fail.

And then, as the years go on and the lesson is learned, and the strange new hope is planted deep—then who knows? These women, perhaps, may even vote, vote with their husbands and the sons who did not die—vote for a different way of life—vote to be amused!

A HISTORICAL PARALLEL.

When some shallow jingo taunts you with the fact that Socialism in this country began among the foreign-born population, remind him that this was true likewise of the century-long fight for the abolition of chattel slavery. It is recorded that the first religious body in the United States to adopt a declaration against slavery was a congregation of German Quakers in Pennsylvania.

A TALE OF TWO DONKEYS: A PATHETIC PARALLEL.

By SARDONICUS.

Peter Bell, the hero of Wordsworth's famous poem of that name was a wandering tinker whose wicked heart, we are told, was melted "by the touching fidelity of an ass to its dead master."

Striking historical events frequently find their parallels. The Democratic party is politically cartooned as a donkey, or, in plainer language, an ass. Mr. Bryan himself officially recognized this when, in September last, he accepted a mule "as a mascot for this campaign," from the Minnesota Agricultural Society. A mule is very closely related to a donkey or ass.

In view of the recent election the Democratic mule, or donkey, or ass (or all three combined), may be said to be in the same extremely agonizing and dramatic situation as that in which Wordsworth's poetical ass found himself when discovered by the brutal mender of pots and kettles. It may therefore not be entirely un-instructive for us to dip into the poem of "Peter Bell" and quote some very humorous description, which, by the way, was penned in sober earnest by as sweet and noble a poet as ever lived, but who was entirely devoid of a sense of humor.

It appears that "one beautiful November night (quite the appropriate time of year), when the full moon was shining upon the rapid river," Peter Bell was trudging along its banks, bent upon a marauding expedition of some kind, when suddenly he spied "a solitary ass," which was standing motionless, its head "hanging out over the silent stream."
"A prize," quoth Peter, as he looked cautiously round to guard against possible surprise from an enemy, and then he seized the animal's halter. Next he leaped
"Upon the creature's back and plied

With ready heels his shaggy side; But still the ass his station kept."

This queer conduct on the part of his quarry again aroused Peter's suspicion. He dismounted and looked around for a possible plot, but found none. There was no one near:
"Only the ass, with motion dull, Upon the pivot of his skull Turns round his long left ear. Thought Peter, what can mean all this?"

Some ugly witchcraft must be here—Once more the ass, with motion dull, Upon the pivot of his skull Turned round his long left ear."

Just as the Democratic donkey sometimes does in the cartoons, when he sees the Republican elephant dismounting disappearing down some imaginary abyss. But not to digress:

Peter Bell was a man of violent temper, as we have already intimated, and the moonlight exercised no tender or romantic influence over his horse thief or mule thief nature. He up and dealt the poor ass a frazzling blow, so that the beast "dropped down upon his knees." We are then told:
"As gently on his side he fell, And by the river's brink did lie; And while he lay like one that mourned,

The patient beast on Peter turned His shining hazel eye.

'Twas but one mizel, reproachful look, And straight in sorrow, not in dread, He turned the eyeballs in his head Towards the smooth river deep and clear."

Peter had no more patience with this pantomime than had King Theodore with Samuel Gompers. He belabored the ass some more, until the latter "gave three miserable groans," and this infuriated the tinker so that he threatened to throw his lean and bony carcass into the river, whereat, with a whole brainstorm of intelligence, "the ass sent forth a long and clamorous bray."

This outcry must have seemed almost as intelligible as the language of another more ancient ass which once opened its mouth under Balaam's cudgelling. Wordsworth tells us "the outcry seemed like a note of joy." But the fat-witted Peter, unlearned in Assinine language, thought it simply too much and started to seize the bawky one by the neck when, looking down into the moonlit water, a startling sight met his eyes.

"Is it the moon's distorted face? The ghostlike image of a cloud?"

Unable to solve this on the spur of the moment, the tinker topples over in a swoon. When he revives he summons all his courage and thrusts his staff down into the stream to sound its depths. Thereupon the ass "suddenly doth rise—

"His staring bones all shake with joy, And close to Peter's side he stands; While Peter o'er the river bends, The little ass his neck extends And fondly licks his hands.

Peter was too busy digging in Salt River with the Big Stick to notice this demonstration of gratitude, and we read further:

"The Ass looks on and to his work Is Peter quietly resigned; He touches here, he touches there— And now among the dead man's hair His sapling Peter has entwined. He pulls—and looks—and pulls again; And he whom the poor ass had lost— (Alas, poor Bryan!)

"The man who had been four days' dead,

Head foremost from the river bed Uprises like a ghost. And Peter draws him to dry land, And through the brain of Peter pass Some poignant twitches, faster and faster;

"No doubt," quoth he, "he is the master Of this poor miserable ass."

And so it proved. And the ass, no doubt rejoiced when they gave his former owner decent burial. And they say Mr. Bryan is to be elected to the United States Senate.

A TRAMP'S STORY.

"There ain't no tramps under forty years old, sergeant, you can take that as a tip from me," was the comment made yesterday to Sergeant McGarry, in the Montclair Police Court, by one of the raggedest and dirtiest hoboes ever rounded up by the police of the suburban town.

The fellow was arrested by Policeman Mulligan at Bellevue and Mountain avenues for loitering. He admitted that he was a professional tramp and had not voluntarily done a day's work in ten years. He apparently had not taken a wash in that time either, but he proved himself such an entertaining talker that the sergeant dismissed him with a warning to get out of Montclair and stay out.

John Huffledinger was the name the hobo gave. He said that the genuine tramp was always a man between forty and sixty years of age.

"It always takes years of knocking about to make a tramp," Huffledinger continued. "And the first start toward trampdom is, hard times. A young feller gits out of work and starts for some other place to git it, but he don't and he gets lower an' lower. By an' by his clothes git worn out an' he finds nearly every man's hand agin him, but he'll still work if he can get it to do. Why, there's lots of honest fellers paddin' the roads, what you folks calls tramps, that don't know the first thing about business. Them fellers would always work for a few days at least. Their trouble is when they git ovrk they don't usually stick long, because they think they can do better somewhere else.

"Usually when a man takes a 'tip' pass over some railroad, working a few days in a brickyard or a section gang or maybe on some farm and that - alkfso, e taoin shrdl shrdl lm then goes on again and jest keeps up that life for eight or ten years, he learns he can live a good deal easier and not work at all. By the time that feller's forty he'd starve 'fore he'd work a day, and it ain't 'til he reaches that age that he really becomes an out-an'-outer. Most on 'em dies before they're sixty, but there's always a new crop comin' on. These hard times jest now is startin' a good many on the road."

"I think you must have studied law before you began trampin', didn't you?" questioned the sergeant when he got a chance to get in a word.

"No, but I've seen the inside of a good many lawmills in my time since I went on the road," was Huffledinger's reply. "Thank you, sergoant, for lettin' me off. I usually finds I can talk myself out when I gets in ood-bye."

IMPURE AIR A HUGE MENACE.

Six tons of soot are deposited every year in an acre of ground at Michigan avenue and Park Row, Chicago, by Illinois Central locomotives, according to Dr. W. A. Evans, Commissioner of Public Health. He made this statement in a talk to University of Chicago students in Kent Theater. "The impurity of air in Chicago is a huge menace," he said. "Each year twelve thousand pounds of soot are deposited in an acre tract at Michigan avenue and Park Row by the Illinois Central. The people of Chicago will do better to divert the energy now expending in boiling the lake water to securing better ventilation of the home. Consumption in Chicago is increasing at the rate of 20 per cent. a year, while other diseases are decreasing."



HOW THEY DO IT IN RUSSIA.

"Your Majesty, I have distributed a thousand icons, stopped the newspapers, and made the people riot

against the college students. What further measures shall we take against the cholera?"—Jugend (Munich).

HISTORY OF THE GREAT AMERICAN FORTUNES.

BY GUSTAVUS MYERS.

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

PART III.

The Great Fortunes from Railroads.
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CHAPTER V.

THE VANDERBILT FORTUNE INCREASES MANIFOLD.

I.

Vanderbilt's ambition was to become the richest man in America. With three railroads in his possession he now aggressively set out to grasp a fourth—the Erie Railroad. This was another of the railroads built largely with public money. The State of New York had contributed \$3,000,000, and other valuable donations had been given. At the very inception of the railroad corruption began. (1) The traders, landowners and bankers who composed the company bribed the Legislature to relinquish the State's claim, and then looted it with such consummate thoroughness that in order to avert the railroad's bankruptcy they were obliged to borrow funds from Daniel Drew. This man was an imposing financial personage in his day. Illiterate, unscrupulous, picturesque in his very iniquities, he had once been a drover, and had gone into the steamboat business with Vanderbilt. He had scraped in wealth partly from that line of traffic and in part from a succession of buccaneering operations. His loan remaining unpaid, Drew indemnified himself by taking over in 1857, by foreclosure, the control of the Erie Railroad.

For the next nine years Drew manipulated the stock at will, sending the price up or down as suited his gambling schemes. The railroad degenerated until travel upon it became a menace; one disaster followed another. Drew imperturbably continued his manipulation of the stock market, careless of the condition of the road. At no time was he put to the inconvenience of even being questioned by the public authorities. On the contrary, the more millions he made the greater grew his prestige and power, the higher his standing in the community. Ruling society, influenced solely by money standards, saluted him as a successful man who had his millions, and made no fastidious inquiries as to how he got them. He was a potent man; his villainies passed as great astuteness, his devious cunning as marvellous sagacity.

Gould Overreaches Vanderbilt.

Vanderbilt resolved to wrest the Erie Railroad out of Drew's hands. By secretly buying its stock he was in a position in 1866 to carry out his designs. He threw Drew and his directors out, but subsequently realizing Drew's usefulness, reinstated him upon condition that he be fully pliable to the Vanderbilt interests. Thereupon Drew brought in as fellow directors two young men, then obscure but of whom the world was to hear much—James Fisk, Jr., and Jay Gould. The narrative of how these three men formed a coalition against Vanderbilt, and how they betrayed and then out-generated him at every turn, proved themselves of a superior cunning, sold him large quantities of spurious stock, excelled him in corruption defrauded more than \$50,000,000, and succeeded—Gould, at any rate—in keeping most of the plunder—this will be found in detail where it more properly belongs—in the chapter of the Gould fortune describing that part of Gould's career connected with the Erie Railroad.

Baffled in his frantic contest to keep hold of that railroad—a hold that he would have turned into many millions of dollars of immediate loot by fraudulently watering the stock, and then bribing the Legislature to legalize it as Gould did—Vanderbilt at once set in motion a fraudulent plan of his own by which he extorted about \$44,000,000 in plunder, the greater portion of which went to swell his fortune.

The year 1868 proved a particularly busy one for Vanderbilt. On the one hand he was engaged in a desperately devious struggle with Gould. In vain did his agents and lobbyists pour out stacks of money to buy legislative votes enough to defeat the bill legalizing Gould's fraudulent issue of stock. Members of the Legislature impudently took money from both parties. Gould personally appeared at Albany with a satchel containing \$500,000 in greenbacks which were rapidly distributed. One Senator, as was disclosed by an investigating committee, accepted \$75,000 from Vanderbilt and then \$100,000 from Gould, kept both

sums and voted with the dominant Gould forces. It was only by means of the numerous civil and criminal writs issued by Vanderbilt's judges that the old man contrived to force Gould and his accomplices into paying for the stock fraudulently unloaded upon him. The best terms that he could get was an unsatisfactory settlement which still left him to bear a loss of about two millions. The veteran trickster had never before been overreached; all his life, except on one occasion (2); he had been the successful sharper; but he was no match for the more agile and equally sly, corrupt and resourceful Gould.

A New Consolidation Planned.

However, he quickly and multitudinously recouped himself for the losses encountered in his Erie assault. Why not, he argued, combine the New York Central and the Hudson River companies into one corporation, and on the strength of it issue a vast amount of additional stock?

The time was ripe for a new mortgage on the labor of that generation and of the generations to follow. Population was wondrously increasing, and with it trade. For years the New York Central had been paying a dividend of 8 per cent. But this was only part of the profits. A law had been passed in 1850 authorizing the Legislature to step in whenever the dividends rose above 10 per cent, on the railroad's actual cost and to declare what should be done with the surplus. This law was nothing more or less than a blind to conciliate the people of the State and let them believe that they would get some returns for the large outlay of public funds advanced to the New York Central. No returns ever came. Vanderbilt and the different groups before him in control of the road had easily evaded it, just as in every direction the whole capitalist class pushed aside law whenever law conflicted with its aims and interests. It was the propertyless only for whom the execution of law was intended. Profits from the New York Central were far above 8 per cent; by perjury and frauds the directors retained sums that should have gone to the State. Every year they prepared a false account of their revenues and expenditures which they submitted to the State officials; they pretended that they annually spent millions of dollars in construction work on the road—work which, in reality, was never done. (3) The money was pocketed by them under this device—a device which has since become a favorite one of many railroad and public utility corporations.

Unenforced as it was, this law was nevertheless an obstacle in the way of Vanderbilt's plans. Likewise was another, a statute prohibiting both the New York Central Railroad and the Hudson River Railroad from increasing their stock. To understand why this latter law was passed it is necessary to remember that the middle class—the factory owners, jobbers, retail tradesmen and employing farmers—were everywhere seeking by the power of law to prevent the too great development of corporations. These they apprehended, and with reason, would ultimately engulf them and their fortunes and importance. They knew that each new output of watered stock meant either that the prevailing high freight rates would remain unchanged or would be increased; and while all the charges had to be borne finally by the working class, the middle class sought to have an unrestricted market on its own terms.

Alarm of the Trading Classes.

It was the opposition of the various groups of this class that Vanderbilt expected and provided against. He was fully aware that the moment he revealed his plan of consolidation boards of trade everywhere would rise in their wrath, denounce him, call together mass meetings, insist upon railroad competition and send pretentious, fire breathing delegates to the State Capitol. Let them thunder, said Vanderbilt placidly. While they were exploding in eruptions of talk he would concentrate at Albany a mass of silent arguments in the form of money and get the necessary legislative votes, which was all he cared about.

(2) In 1837 when he had advanced funds to a contractor carrying the mails between Washington and Richmond, and had taken security which proved to be worthless.

(3) See Report of New York Special Assembly Committee on Railroads, 1879, Vol. IV: 3,794.

Then ensued one of the many comedies familiar to observers of legislative proceedings. It was amusing to the sophisticated to see delegations indignantly betake themselves to Albany, submit voluminous briefs which legislators never read, and with immense gravity argue away on points for hours to committees which had already been bought. The era was that of the Tweed regime, when the public funds of New York City and State were being looted on a huge scale by the politicians in power, and far more so by the less vulgar but more crafty business classes who spurred Tweed and his confederates on to fresh schemes of spoliation.

Laws were sold at Albany to the highest bidder. "It was impossible," Tweed testified after his downfall, "to do anything there without paying for it; money had to be raised for the passing of bills." (4) Decades before this legislators had been so thoroughly taught by the landowners and bankers, how to exchange their votes for cash that now, not only at Albany and Washington, but everywhere in the United States, both legislative and administrative officials haggled in real astute business style for the highest price that they could get. One noted lobbyist stated in 1868 that for a favorable report on a certain bill before the New York Senate, \$5,000 apiece was paid to four members of the committee having it in charge. On the passage of the bill a further \$5,000 apiece with contingent expenses was added. In another instance, where but a solitary vote was needed to put a bill through, three Republicans put their figures up to \$25,000 each; one of them was bought. About thirty Republicans and Democrats in the New York Legislature organized themselves into a clique (long styled the "Black Horse Cavalry"), under the leadership of an energetic lobbyist, with a mutual pledge to vote as directed. (5) "Any corporation, however extensive and comprehensive the privileges it asked"—to quote from "This History of Tammany Hall"—"and however much oppression it sought to impose upon the people in the line of unjust grants, extortionate rates or monopoly, could convince the Legislature of the righteousness of its request upon 'producing' the proper sum."

(4) Statement of William M. Tweed before a Special Investigating Committee of the New York Board of Aldermen. Documents of the Board of Aldermen, 1877, Part II. Document No. 8, 15-16.

(5) Ibid. 212-13.

(To be continued.)

"WHAT'S SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE."

Every time an account appears in the press of marital infelicity among Socialists the event is hailed as another "proof" that "Socialism will destroy the family and the home," notwithstanding that the causes of the troubles may be entirely dissociated from Socialism, and that there are millions of Socialist homes in which love reigns supreme. If such arguments may be used against Socialists, why may they not be used by Socialists against their opponent? If some one should compile a list of, say, a thousand divorcees, the parties to which were all Christians of more or less prominence, would it justify the conclusion that Christianity is an attack on the marriage relation and on the family? Could the same rule be applied to Republicans and Democrats? This is, of course, the reductio ad absurdum of the methods of attack adopted by the opponents of Socialism.—John Spargo.

THE UNION'S SHORTCOMINGS.

Trades unions work well as centers of resistance against the encroachments of capital. They fall partially from an injudicious use of their power. They fall generally from limiting themselves to a guerilla war against the effects of the existing system, instead of simultaneously trying to change it, instead of using their organized forces as a lever for the final emancipation of the working class; that is to say, the ultimate abolition of the wages system.—Karl Marx, in "Value, Price, and Profit."

MAKE YOUR INDEPENDENCE REAL.

By voting for Socialism you can do more than sign the Declaration of Independence. You can put it into practice.

The Declaration of Independence says that if the government fails to give you "right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," it is your duty to "provide new guards for your future security."

Then in the name of justice, for the sake of yourself, your family, and all your fellow citizens, vote to change the present capitalistic government into the co-operative commonwealth.—William R. Fox.

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

By SAM WALTER FOSS.

("He was a friend to man, and he lived in a house by the side of the road."—Homer.)
There are hermit souls that live withdrawn

In the place of their self content;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart,

In a flawless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths

Where highways never ran—
But let me live by the side of the road

And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,

As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorners' seat,
Or hurt the cynic's ban—

Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,

The men who are faint with the strife.
But I turn not away from their smiles
Nor their tears—

Both parts of an infinite plan—
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead
And mountains of wearisome height;

That the road passes on through the long afternoon
And stretches away to the night.
But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice,
And weep with the strangers that moan,

Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish—so am I.

Then why should I sit in the scorners' seat,
Or hurt the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

TOO LATE FOR PATCHWORK.

The method of Senatorial elections cannot be changed without an amendment to the Constitution, and it is too late to amend the Constitution in any essential particular. Private monopoly has now grown too great in the United States, and can command corruption funds too great in magnitude ever to permit a change in the Constitution until the whole governmental machinery is wrested from its control. The Senate will never be elected by popular vote. When the people are aroused enough to control it, the people will abolish it. The Constitution and its legal interpreters will hold these men secure in their chamber as the protectors of privilege until this takes place.—Franklin H. Wentworth.

MEN NOT NATURALLY EVIL.

Every man has some good in his heart. Man of himself is not hopelessly wrong. It is the system that controls men that is wrong. How can man do right under a system that breeds murder, envy, war, hatred, and struggle? All this only abnormalizes the man, making him vicious and criminal. He is vicious and criminal just in proportion as he becomes perverted and abnormalized (selfish) legally or illegally. The legally vicious have an advantage over the illegally vicious, because they are greater in numbers. Those who rule are always the "supposed" betters of the two mentioned classes.—J. E. Rullison.

SHAW ANSWERS WELLS.

In a recent lecture on "The Fabian Basis," discussing H. G. Wells' resignation from the executive of the Fabian Society, George Bernard Shaw asserted that the question of the family was not really a part of Socialism, as Mr. Wells has declared. He also criticized adversely Sir Christopher Furness' proposal for a workingman's copartnership in the shipbuilding trade on the ground that success in shipbuilding depended largely on the employer's power to dismiss men when his yards were not busy.

(1) Report of the New York and Erie Railroad Company, New York State Assembly Document No. 50, 1842.

DON'T BE A TRAILER.

By HORACE TRAUBEL.

Don't be a trailer. If you see anything that you know to be true go as directly towards it as you can. If you see the social commonwealth go towards that. Don't take excursions into hell. Go straight towards heaven. Don't dally with episodes, divisions, sub-plots. They are compromises. They are surrenders.

If a man has a Republican mind let him go with Republicanism. And let the man with a Democratic mind go with Democracy. But why should you with a Revolutionary mind consort with anything not Revolutionary?

I said to an old German Socialist, who told me he was going to vote for Bryan:

"Men like you are our worst enemies. We never know where to find you. You stab us in the back. We know where the Taft man will turn up. And we know where the honest Bryan man will turn up. But we never know where you will turn up."

It's an awful thing for a man to have this said to him. It's a still more awful thing for a man to have to say this to himself. Do you ever have to say it to yourself? Have your ambitions that have stood crooked in the way of your standing straight? That turned you into a trailer? That made you talk one life and live another? Have you ever gone off from your soul after gifts instead of staying with your soul empty handed?

How fine it is in a man to trail after himself instead of trailing after someone else. To always try to go where his dream goes. To stay on the road. To not turn back or to the right or to the left. How fine that is in a man. To not be afraid to stand alone. To not be afraid to stand with a few. To be willing to stand anywhere with justice. All by himself or in a crowd. To be indifferent about everything else so he is with justice. To not be a trailer. To be a first man wherever he is. A first man isolated. A first man among comrades. A first man whether as sentinel or within the lines. We more and more need first men. The men who are not led off, hurrying after every new temptation. Who are clear about what they are after and firm about what they must neglect.

There were millions of trailers in the election the other day. Millions of men who voted for what they didn't believe or only half believed or were found to say they believed. And

these millions not being avowedly for us as inferredly against us.

How do you like that, you millions? You who fawned or hid or sophisticated or were driven. How do you like that? Your hearts were with us. Your heads were with us. What pressure was it on you that set the rest of you against us? For that thing in you which was against us was also against yourself. Was against justice and the future. That perverse thing in you was in favor of tenements and the landlord and the money lord and the profit lord. That thing in you, whatever it was, was the anchor and salvation of plutocracy.

Nothing could be more sacred than the thing you held in trust. Nothing could be more tragic than the near-chance with which you gave it away. Suppose you do get a job? You? You? Suppose you get a job and justice is not done? (Maybe you don't get the job; maybe the job gets you.) Suppose the job you get stands in the way of justice, then what have you to say? How can you think or plan or have success and prosperity for yourself if you neglect or refuse to think or plan or have success and prosperity for your brother?

Nothing can separate you and your brother in the nature of things. Though you let go must come between. You let greed come between. You let your private interest come between. You let your wife and children come between. And ambition. Maybe your trivial little shop down the street. Or your trivial little hire at the factory or in the store.

All this time your brother waits for his brother. Waits to have justice done. Do you quite like that? You go trailing off after the little benefit while the vast blessing is ignored. Is that quite like the thing you thought you were reaching for? When you so lightly parted with your vote—was that what you were reaching for?

You thought you were a man. You were only a trailer. You didn't go ahead, your eye fixed on the light. You got confused and uncertain about yourself. Your eye got off the light and on your income. Got off the light and on your profits and wages. Do you like to think of that now? Wouldn't you rather think you had been loyal to the light?

The road is still there, brother. You can always get back, brother. We don't hold your truancy against you. But we hope you hold it sternly against yourself. That's the way you will steady yourself for future crises. The road is still there, brother. You can always get back, brother. Don't be a trailer.

"THE ALAMEDA CITIZEN."

By ARTHUR McEWEN.

Over the bay from San Francisco lies the city of Alameda. It is one of the bedrooms of the metropolis of the Pacific, where an army of San Francisco toilers of the clerk class go from their daily work for refreshment and sleep.

Many of these clerks own little homes, more or less mortgaged, which gives them an invigorating consciousness of having a stake in the country. Nor is this the only stimulating fact in their lives. As their days are spent at work in the midst of great commercial and financial affairs laboring with their coats on, and not for "wages" but for "salaries," they have a feeling, shared even by such of their class who do not own homes, either mortgaged or free, that they are strictly in the swim with the business interests of the nation in general and of the coast in particular.

They are, therefore, not workmen, but business men. Toward workmen, even toward those whose wages are double their own salaries, they are deliciously supercilious. The workman belongs in a lower social class, you see. And they take no interest in labor problems beyond the vital questions of how to get labor cheap, whereas in business problems their interest is active and profound.

After each round of business duties "over in the city" the clerical denizen of Alameda is said to retire to his more or less mortgaged domicile across the bay, there to enjoy a few hours of hard earned surcease from respectable toil.

Entering his home he surveys with satisfaction an interior modeled upon that of the luxurious house of the old man—the millionaire who he assists in business—as closely as a narrow salary and a little cottage upon a contracted building plot permit. His evening dinner over, a function also remotely modeled after the corresponding function at the old man's, our Alameda friend withdraws to his study; like the old man, except on club nights, and dons his smoking

jacket. A tawdry and ancient thing, that smoking jacket, threadbare and frayed, perhaps, but undeniably it is a smoking jacket, what remains of it, and a thrill of pleasure follows the thought that, broadly speaking, this is the distinguishable part of the sartorial array of the old man when he settles down to a sociable smoke with himself at home.

Thus properly garbed the complacent Alamedan takes his meerschaum from its case with a loving caress and tenderly fills the capacious bowl with Bull Durham. Cigars would be preferred, but good cigars are dear, while poor ones are in bad form, in addition to being otherwise objectionable; and next to cigars, aye, even along with cigars, a meerschaum pipe is correct. Indeed, a meerschaum pipe may even supersede cigars as a better class indulgence, if it develops rich color, which the owner may laboriously conserve and progressively admire. To be sure, the pipe ought to be loaded with Turkish instead of Bull Durham, but that is a detail which, in the privacy of home, cuts no figure. Besides, there is in the use of the fragrant but plebeian Durham a suggestion of sturdy indifference to style, which distinguishes the denizen of Alameda from the mexa dude.

With his pipe alight the Alamedan smokes and dreams—dreams as the Turk dreamed—of a future when suppliant knees will bend before him, even as his own now bend before the old man. Maybe his wife sits by him, and they dream together, he swelling out with a delightful sense of headship within the walls of his more or less mortgaged castle, and she blooming with pathetic confidence in his latent powers of business.

That is the daily routine, with immaterial variations, induced chiefly by social obligations and changes of season, of the Alameda habitant in his leisure hours. In his business hours, over in San Francisco, he strives to copy the manner and manners of the old man with all fidelity. And to his credit it must be said that, comical as he often appears, he is, as a rule,

as diligent in business as the best type of "good nigger" in slavery days.

It is in political times, however, when questions affecting business are at issue, that he becomes most interesting. For then our Alameda habitant blossoms out into the Alameda citizen—comical, diligent and dangerous.

In political issues in general his interest is only properly languid—like the old man's. Whether government be centralized or localized, he cares little, provided the government is good, because that is the way the old man looks at it. Whether the suffrage be general or limited makes no difference to him, provided it is sufficiently limited to exclude the unfit, which is also the old man's idea. Excessive taxation doesn't trouble him, if it is indirect; though he is sensitive to direct taxation, partly because the old man objects to it, and partly because it is prejudicial to real estate interests, in which he is concerned. For inherent human rights, except his own, he does not care a fig; and is rather inclined to agree with the old man, who approves the conclusion of modern college professors, that the theory of inherent human rights has been exploded. If he knew that Socialists also inculcate the doctrine that there are no inherent rights, he might recoil; for the old man abhors Socialism, whatever that may be, and, of course, he abhors it, too. Once in a while he becomes indignant about bad government, just like the old man; but he is no more a theorist than the old man is, and if you turn the rascals out and put good officials in he is quite content. But when politics meddles with business questions, so as to excite the old man, the Alameda citizen is indeed on fire.

He is not on fire, however, with the fuel of his own independent thoughts. He never thinks independently. He does not consider it good business form for a subordinate in business to do so. The old man thinks for him at the office, and does it well; why not at the polls?

So the Alameda citizen votes the old man's ticket and holds in supreme contempt everybody in the establishment who does not. When a subordinate is "fired" for not taking a delicate hint at election time, he gets no sympathy from the Alameda citizen. How can he expect to eat the old man's bread, even if he does give the old man his time and sweat in exchange, and then vote against the old man's interests without being "fired"? Besides, doesn't the old man know, better than any inside subordinate or outside agitator, what is good for the whole force? Isn't he a millionaire because he knows how? Very well, then. If he says protection, protection goes, just the same as when he says buy or sell, or mark up or mark down. If he says "sound money," then sound money it is and ought to be with every voter in the place. If he says "leave well enough alone," then the party in power must be kept in power. If he says "give us a change," then the party in power must be turned out.

There is your "Alameda citizen" as Arthur McEwen, a journalist distinguished on both coasts, described him. But the "Alameda citizen" works in many places besides San Francisco and lives in many places besides Alameda, though elsewhere he might be better distinguished by the name "a worker with a capitalist mind." Wherever you find a ten-dollar clerk who glances down at a pinnace upon twenty-dollar mechanics, the chances are more than even that you are in the presence of an "Alameda citizen." Sound him on politics and you are almost certain to get an echo of the plutocratic sentiments in the midst of which he humbly works.

DEMANDED A REHEARSAL.

"Yes, what is it?" demanded the manager of the pale man standing before his desk. The caller shifted his weight to the other leg and said:

"I'm going to blow my head off, because I'm tired of life, and I called to see if you wouldn't make me an offer to do the deed on the stage, paying the money to my family."

"Well," the manager replied, "that might prove an attraction. Suppose we give the act a try-out this evening? Then, if the audience takes to it, I'll be in a position to make you a definite offer for the season."—Harper's Weekly.

NEW TIMES.

New times demand new measures and new men;
The world advances and in time out-grows
The laws that in our fathers' days were best;
And doubtless, after us, some purer scheme
Will be shaped by wiser men than we,
Made wiser by the steady growth of truth.

—James Russell Lowell.

LABOR DIRECTORY.

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

CIGARMAKERS' PROGRESSIVE INT. UNION No. 90—Office and Employment Bureau, 241 E. 84th St. The following Districts meet every Saturday: Dist. I (Bohemian)—331 E. 71st St., 8 p. m.; Dist. II (German)—316 E. 64th St., 8 p. m.; Dist. III—Clubhouse, 248 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—2069 Third Ave., 8 p. m.; Dist. VII—325 E. 78th St., 8 p. m. The Board of Supervisors meets every Tuesday at Faulhaber's Hall, 1551 Second Ave., 8 p. m.

CARL SAHM CLUB (MUSICIANS' UNION), meets every Thursday of the month, 10 a. m., at Clubhouse, 243-245 E. 84th St. Secretary, Hermann Wendler, address as above.

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BOURGEOIS STATESMANSHIP.

"What is your idea of a statesman?"
"Well," answered Senator Sewnham, "in my opinion, the successful statesman is the man who finds out what is going to be done and then lifts up his voice and shouts for it."—Washington Star.

DOWN IN A COAL MINE.

By ROSE PASTOR STOKES.

Some time ago while on a speaking tour I stopped in a little town in Pennsylvania. There I met a very enthusiastic comrade, who insisted upon my going with him to visit one of the coal mines a few miles from where he lived. He himself was a barber, but those times have passed when a workman belonging to one trade takes no interest or is out of sympathy with his fellow workmen in other trades.

"You ought to see the inside of a coal mine," he said, "to realize what heroic work the coal miners are doing for society, and what a miserable living they receive in return." We took the train in the morning and stopped a little way from the mine. On our way from the station we passed a group of cottages. The owner called these "cottages," but in fact they were nothing more than miserable shanties, ancient and rotted, hiding their decay under the gay mask of bright hued paints. This group of gaudy misery was a sordid one. The laughter of children, the patter of little feet, the various rounds of children at play was not heard there. I did not see one child, although it was the morning hour and summer time. The sound of children at play there would have given the place a less miserable and mocking look, but as it was, there stood the "village," grim and lifeless as though death had taken all human activity out of it. No doubt within the houses were careworn wives and mothers moving silently and sorrowfully about their tasks of making both ends meet, but we could not see nor hear them.

"Are there no children here?" I asked of my companion.

"Plenty of them," replied Con Foley, comrade. "Wait, you'll see," and his eyes lighted up strangely, and I saw him clench his hands as if he were on the point of striking a bully who had struck a child in his presence.

We came to the mine; at the entrance we found the superintendent, a kind-faced, genial little man with iron gray hair and furrowed face. He knew Con Foley and smiled his welcome. He was just about to go down himself so he was glad that we "did not come a few minutes later," as he would then have missed us, and "missed the pleasure" of showing us through the mine. A very pleasant little man he was and chatted all the way down.

We stopped on one of the grades, as he had orders to leave with some of the men, and rested in a little box of a cave that they called the "hospital" room, and there I got a chance to ask a few questions.

"Who owns this mine?" I inquired of him.

"Mr. T. of New York."

"Does Mr. T. stay here then?" I said.

"Oh no, indeed," replied the superintendent.

"How does he manage his industry?"

"He doesn't manage it," was the reply.

"Doesn't manage it?" I asked, "who does, then?"

"Oh, I do," he said.

"And he," I said, "what does he do?"

"Oh, he comes around about once or twice a year to see that things are going all right."

"All right?" I asked, "all right for whom?"

The little man looked up with a twinkle in his eye. He was just "catching on." He smiled and said, "Oh, all right for the business, I suppose, for himself and his stockholders."

"So he doesn't do anything for you and the other workers," I remarked. "Doesn't it seem to you that there is something wrong somewhere that Mr. T. who does nothing for your industry, who did not create the coal in the mine, who did not help the good God in heaping up this little hill here, and who only comes once or twice a year, and then merely to see that he gets as much free profit out of the mine as he can—does it not seem to you, I say, that there is something wrong somewhere that this Mr. T. should own the mine and get so much of the wealth, while you who direct the work, and the other men who do their simpler share, but who work as hard as you do, should receive the insufficient portion that he leaves for you all?"

"Does it not seem to you not merely unjust but also unnecessary that Mr. T. should hold the destinies of so many men in his hands, that he should be able to say to you men, 'You may support yourselves but poorly at best, or not at all according to my pleasure.' Supposing Mr. T. was eliminated from this business of 'producing coal' for the nation, supposing instead of his being Mr. T. the 'owner' he were Mr. T. the 'worker,' getting an equal chance with the rest of you to produce wealth from this

mine, and with no greater right to the product, don't you think you would be infinitely better off?"

This little speech of mine almost took the kindly man's breath away, and for a moment the loyalty of the slave to the master asserted itself.

"But Mr. T. supplies the capital. Should he not be entitled to a return?"

"But does he supply the capital?" I insisted. "Did he create this capital which he is using to enslave the lot of you? There is only one class of people who create capital, and that is the working class. Is not capital the wealth created by labor, which is set aside and used again to create more wealth? And if Mr. T. has not produced anything how can he in any true sense supply the capital?"

"How did he get it if he did not create it?" was the next query.

"Get it? First some shrewd unprincipled men made laws for themselves which gave them the right to the ownership of the land and the fullness thereof; and now your Mr. T. and his class are maintaining the system of laws that gave them this right, and they make new laws and even better ones to further entrench them in power. He makes laws—nice little laws for himself—that's how he gets your product; and when you again need wealth with which to further produce wealth you must go to him for it and pay any price he may ask of you for the loan of what you workers have created. If you made nice little laws for yourself—laws that would enable you to keep all that you produce, putting aside capital for your further need in industry, the man with the capital even if he earned every dollar of it would not be the necessity he appears to be to-day."

"It's very funny, isn't it? It is all because they make the laws. If you were to make the laws for yourself—you working people—your Mr. T. would have to apply for work in the public factory; and he would get as children do (or are supposed to) who apply for education to-day in the public schools."

"Now look here," said the superintendent, "aren't we making our own laws, and just see the mess we make of it?"

"You think you are making your own laws," I said, "but you are not. The big capitalists come to you through the Republican party which they own; and ask you to put them into power and let them make the laws for you. You place them in power, and they make the laws not for you but for themselves."

"The small capitalists come to you through the Democratic party; (there are even a few big capitalists in the Democratic party now) and they say to you 'vote the Democratic ticket, put us in power, we are the people, we will make the laws for the nation, and your interests will be looked after.' But they make the laws for themselves. Every economic class in society is represented by a political party whether it be in America or elsewhere. Here the richest class is represented by the Republican party, and the Republican party most logically looks after the interests of the richest class, which are not the interests of the poorest, the working class. The Democratic party represented, and is struggling now to represent the middle class—just the well-to-do class, and I say it is "struggling" because that middle class is rapidly disappearing, part of it being pressed into the upper class, finding its interests with the 'trusts' and the great combines in industry, and the greater portion of it is being rapidly pressed into the ranks of the working class through the eliminating process of trust formation."

"Then what is left for the working class to do?" he said. "They've got to vote for the Republican party or for the Democratic party?"

"Got to!" I exclaimed in surprise. "When they have a party of their own, when they have the Socialist party, the party that is struggling for supremacy that it might return to the workers the land and the great industries that should belong and be open to all!"

"Well," he said in confusion (he seemed to be one of those who balk at the word Socialism, having had their minds poisoned against it by the capitalist press), "but Socialism is a long way off, isn't it?"

"It is only so far off as the working people will have it."

"But the Socialists are not practical," he replied. "It would not do to throw votes away on those who have no chance of election, and those who would be elected would probably be able to do nothing."

"Nothing! Look at Germany, Belgium, Switzerland, France and various other of the countries of Europe, where the working people have waked up. Are they not doing it? Are they not successfully making laws which are giving great and ever greater advantage to the workers? Are they

not helping to unfetter the hold of the moneyed autocracy upon the disinherited workers of their respective countries? And see in our own country where Socialists have been entrusted with office; the State of Wisconsin, for instance—are they not making it pretty warm for the exploiting class there? In the city of Milwaukee, for instance, there is not a big boss who does not whine to the public for delivery from these awful Socialists. They are being more pressed, these oppressors of the people, whenever the people give Socialists the power to act, and this is because the Socialist party is the party that represents the economic interests of the working people."

"But isn't it just as wrong," he said, "for us to try to be on top and put them down, as for them to strive to be on top, and oppress us?"

I liked his use of the word "us" because so often I know superintendents or foremen forget that they are members of the working class, and he remembered.

"We are not to get on top and place the other class in a position of servitude. Our aim is to make the great industries and land accessible to all, those who are rich to-day and those who are poor alike, so that all may work and produce wealth, and get the full social value thereof."

"And all divide evenly?" he asked.

"No, that is not the intention," I replied. "To-day there is the law of supply and demand, and when we own our industries as we own our schools and postoffice to-day, the same law of supply and demand will hold good. If you are to be a superintendent you will be one, and since there are not so many men available for superintendents as there are for coal diggers, the industry will probably have to offer larger compensation to secure you to superintend the industry than it has to pay to get as many coal diggers as are required; but please remember that though you are earning a good deal to-day, the chances are that not only you but also the coal diggers will get very highly increased wages under Socialism, because you and they will not have Mr. T., and the whole set of parasitic dividend takers to divert from you the greater part of what you produce. It will not mean equality of pay, but equality of opportunity, and only those who work shall eat, unless they eat by the charity and good will of individuals who will not have them starve; but I cannot see how normal people will be unwilling to work for a living when there is opportunity to work amid the best conditions and for a just compensation."

(To be continued.)

LAW AND ORDER IN ENGLAND.

To a crowd of 12,000 at Tower Hill on Wednesday, Victor Grayson, freed from his duties at the House of Commons, delivered one of his vigorous speeches. A large contingent of police was on the spot, and a large force was understood to be kept in reserve. They were really not required, as the crowd, though enormous, has not reached the pitch of being violent or even excited. The possibility of bread riots may be dependent, more or less on the weather—a sharp snap of biting frost may make men or even women desperate. All the precautions of law and order would then be of no avail. Ever since the troublesome days of 1886 the London police authorities have shown themselves apprehensive and extremely careful not to permit a crowd to assemble without careful shepherding. The case of Bradford, shows, however, that in order to secure speech for a member of the government, the bludgeon is liable to be supplemented by the bullet. The Tories are bad enough for relying on armed force, but for nervous appeals to it on every possible occasion, the Liberals stand an easy first.—London Justice.

BETRAYED THE REVOLUTION.

The echoes of the guns of Lexington had not died away before the small, privileged classes of America that had flourished under George III began to plot to capture the continental government in case the revolutionists were successful. And they did capture it. The men who wrote the Declaration of Independence in 1776, the men who starred at Valley Forge, were not the men who made the Constitution in 1787. In these eleven years the proletarian fighters of the Revolution had gone back to their farms and workshops, while the privileged classes, their mouths full of large words to allay the suspicions of the fighters and workers, deliberately set to work to defeat the ends and aims of the Revolution. They were a majority in the Constitutional convention and they did it. The American republic was a compromise; and among those who were conspicuous at its foundations were men who ridiculed and secretly laughed at it.—Franklin H. Wentworth.

If We Could Put Them to Work.



ANDY COULD HAVE A JOB IN ONE OF HIS OWN LIBRARIES.

THE ORIGIN OF FREE SCHOOLS.

By A. M. SIMONS.

Of few things is the average patriot-American prouder than of our free educational system. Probably the majority of such patriots if asked to what we owe this institution would somehow relate it to the Declaration of Independence. Nearly all imagine that it was established by those who formulated the Constitution of the United States and laid the foundation of our present governmental institutions.

The historian knows that at the close of the second war with Great Britain there was nothing that could be called an educational system. Massachusetts was expending less per capita for education in 1830 than the most backward state of the South is expending to-day. Nearly everywhere the system of private schools was the only thing offered for general education.

The writers on the history of education in America, while recognizing the facts so far as stated, generally account for what they call the "Educational Revival" of the late '30s and early '40s on the "Great Man" theory. They assure us that it was to the lucky chance that placed Horace Mann upon this continent during those years that we owe the establishment of a general system of free education.

In most fields of historical thought this theory has nearly passed away. Historians have learned that "great men" do not make great movements, but are made by them. The fact that a great educator appeared in America at this time was due to certain social phenomena that created a condition which the appearance of such an educator was inevitable.

The years immediately following the war of 1812 formed the period of the American industrial revolution. It was in these years that the hand loom and the cottage spinning wheel gave way to the great factory. This change in the industrial foundation of society produced the first "great labor movement" on this continent. It was a great movement. Organized labor had its own daily paper in New York—something it did not have again until a few months ago. There were nearly sixty trade union journals—a number that compares favorably with the present situation. One workman had been sent to the New York Legislature and several into the city councils of different states—a condition that puts the present to shame.

It is to this labor movement that we owe the first great impulse to popular education. It has always been characteristic of the labor movement that throughout its history it has sought to get understanding. Some day the story of the educational side of the labor movement will be written and it will be seen how widespread has been its influence in training and informing the great masses of the population.

This early American labor movement came in a century almost without educational institutions for the benefit of the workers. Before it left the scene it had started a revolution that placed this nation well up toward the front rank in educational matters.

How do we know that this labor movement did the work? Because its voice was the first, and for a long time almost the only voice raised in favor of free popular education, and because, as we have seen, its voice was sufficiently powerful to produce results.

The center of this movement was in New York, so it is here that we look first for expressions on this subject.

At a meeting of the working men and women of that city held November 7, 1829, a set of resolutions setting forth the principles and program of the organized workers was adopted. From that the following is taken:

"Resolved, That the most grievous species of inequality is that produced by inequality of education, and that a national system of education and guardianship which shall furnish to all children of the land equal food, clothing and instruction at the public expense is the only effectual remedy for this and for almost every other species of injustice."

"Resolved, That in the opinion of this meeting . . . that it behooves us, before attempting any minor reforms, to unite our efforts and our votes to carry through our state legislatures the great regenerating measures of a national education, which shall secure equality to every child which is born to the republic an enlightened, practical and systematic course of instruction, including the knowledge of at least one trade or useful occupation and a comfortable maintenance during that course of instruction at the public expense."

There is the outline of a system of education, a working program for political action that nearly a century of

progress has failed to completely attain, and a portion of which is just being actively discussed at the present time.

If it be urged that this program was written by Robert Owen, the great English Socialist, who chanced to be at the meeting, it may be replied, first, that he could not force upon the meeting, which included over a thousand persons, a set of resolutions with which they were not in sympathy, and, secondly, there is ample evidence that these resolutions were in no way an expression of an isolated sentiment.

Three years later, with Owen nowhere in evidence, we find another mass meeting, with three thousand working men in attendance, in the same city, which "Resolved that next to life and liberty, we consider education the greatest blessing bestowed upon mankind," and reiterated much of the progress of the previous meeting. In September, 1832, at another workmen's meeting in Boston, one of the things demanded was "the improvement of the present system of education among the people, with special reference to the internal economy of factories."

The Philadelphia working men, who were also organizing both in unions and politically, spoke in the same manner. From the "Mechanics' Free Press," of that city, we learn of a meeting of working men for political purposes in 1829, in which the following resolution was adopted as part of their political principles:

"Therefore, believing as we do that the happiness or misery, the freedom or slavery of our posterity depends on the adoption of a GENERAL AND UNIVERSAL SYSTEM OF EDUCATION (capitals in original), and having waited in vain for our legislators to enact one answerable to our just expectations, leads us to the unalterable determination to give our suffrage to no candidate for the State Legislature who is not ardently devoted to the attainment of this most important measure."

The Philadelphia working class had a particularly vicious educational situation to meet. John Rach McMaster, in his "History of the People of the United States," describes it as follows:

"The ruling idea was pauperism. State aid was confined exclusively to the children of the poor. Many a one, in consequence, went without an education because their parents were too self-respecting to make them the objects of public charity."

Consequently the working men of Philadelphia elected a committee to investigate and report on this subject, and their report is one of the most complete surveys of the whole educational field at that period that is known.

It would be possible to go on to almost any length to show how the great labor movement that reached into all the Atlantic coast cities and as far into the Interior as Galena, Ill., had as its fundamental demand a free and equal system of public education. An examination of the literature of that movement shows a familiarity with the work of Pestalozzi and Froebel such as could be found nowhere else in America.

Here, then, we have an adequate cause for the great "educational revival" which immediately followed the events we have just considered. Moreover, there was no other class in society that was working for a system of free public schools. Yale and Harvard and Dartmouth and other great institutions of learning had already reached considerable strength. But no call for common schools came from within their walls. The growing class of manufacturers had become of sufficient strength to bend the national government to its purpose. But its organ, "Niles' Weekly," has been carefully searched in vain for any recognition of this great movement from which the American common school sprang.

The conclusion becomes irresistible in face of these facts that to this early labor movement, more than to any other single cause, at least, is due the fact that to-day we have a system of education open to every child. In view of these facts, is it not too much to say that these early representatives of the working class ought to have a prominent place in any discussion of the "Fathers of Our Country?"—Progressive Journal of Education.

CONSTITUTIONALITY.

Anything for human rights is constitutional. No learning in books, no skill acquired in courts, no sharpness in forensic dealings, no cunning in splitting hairs, can impair the vigor thereof. This is the supreme law of the land, anything in the constitution or laws of any state to the contrary notwithstanding.—Charles Sumner.

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RIGHT.

Professor (at chemistry examination)—Under what condition is gold released most quickly?
Student—Marriage.—Filegende Blatter.

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

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WOMEN UNDER ENGLISH LAWS.

In view of the agitation for woman suffrage now being conducted so vigorously in England, some of the English laws affecting women are interesting, as revealing their medieval character.

"Two wills proved during August of this year," says the London 'Illustrated News,' "have reminded us of one of the rights that a British husband possesses in excess of those enjoyed by the less fortunate married men of most other countries, the right of leaving the partner of his life penniless at his own discretion.

"One of the testators in question had a grim sense of humor. He commands his widow to enter a convent and spend the rest of her life in prayer, in which case he pays for her board with a legacy of £1,000 to the superior of said convent, but if the widow refuses this disposition of her future existence then she is to have no provision at all, but is to face the world with only her wardrobe and jewelry."

"The other husband certainly utterly lacked humor, for his wife died before him, and yet we are informed he resisted the entreaties of his friends to erase from his will a clause leaving his poor spouse, who now wanted no more in this world full of wants, one single shilling out of his fortune.

"It is surely doubtful if the law ought to sanction the enormity of a woman who has given up in her married life all other prospect of providing for her old age being left at last destitute by her husband's will. This possibility is the more cruel because it is further the case that under English law a wife may not save the merest pittance for herself out of money received by her from her husband; all such savings belong to the husband's estate.

"In France, Belgium and some other countries a testator is compelled in the first place to leave a certain provision to wife and children before disposing of the balance as his own whim or reason may suggest; and surely this is just, under the circumstances in which marriage places a woman."

But a man—an Englishman—does not have to wait until he is dead for the privilege of pauperizing his wife. Another English publication, the 'Gentlewoman,' contains some interesting information about what a man can do to his wife while he is alive.

"Not only may a man refuse his wife any money at all to put in her pocket and use as she chooses," it says, "but he may legally keep her in a most meager fashion as regards food and clothing, without reference to his means.

"The Magistrate at the Southwestern London police court stated the law to be (in a case heard as recently as July, 1908), that a man who had an income of five pounds a week might allow his wife to only one shilling a day to provide her own food.

"If the husband took exception to his wife having meat more than two days out of the seven," said this exponent of the laws of to-day, "that was not a matter in which the court could interfere."

"It is only a year since the workmen's wives were thrown into consternation by a county judge ordering some £40 that a woman had laboriously saved during many years of thrifty housekeeping out of the money allowed her by her husband for the household expenses to be paid out of the savings bank of the husband.

"The judge explained to the astonished woman, and thereby to all other married household workers, that if a wife had had no other source of income except money handed to her by her husband not a fathoming of that even belongs to her as her earnings or returns for her work in the home or for her child tending, it was all still her husband's absolute property, and therefore anything that she had saved out of it was also his, not her own.

"This home maker, therefore, was stripped of her little provision for a rainy day, and all the other hard working women who have little investments in co-operative stores, or what not, were thus made to understand that as wives they were held by the laws of the land to earn and own not a shilling and that any little hard saved treasure they have stored can be spent at any time by their husbands when and as they choose.

"Another case followed still more recently to emphasize the position of a wife and her home tasks from the economic standpoint. In this case the man had been abroad for some years and had sent his wife for the family support such sums as he thought fit. The wife, choosing to devote her energy and ability to the economical conduct of her home rather than—as she had been doing—to earning an income in a profession, saved some of the allowance.

"As in this case, at any rate, the husband being out of the

could not have been deprived of any home comforts the county court judge was rather doubtful if the law deprived the wife of her small savings. But the High Court of Justice, when appealed to, put the matter beyond all doubt. The judge repeated that the law is that if a wife has no outside source of income she can own nothing.

"A lady had a dozen photographs taken at a cost of a guinea and had paid for them out of her housekeeping allowance. The husband claimed that he could suppress the negative, as it was paid for with his money, and this case (so trivial in one point of view, but so dreadfully important to women in another point of view) was settled in the husband's favor on the ground just recounted, namely, that a wife has absolutely no rights to any money at all as earned by home making and child tending labors.

"Finally, not only does a wife not earn a single penny by her household work; but she may be left by will absolutely a pauper on her husband's death, though he may have quite a fortune to leave behind him, and she have been a faithful wife during the whole of her days of strength and earning capacity. Even if a husband die intestate the law does not give his widow his property—though it does give a widower all the property of a wife who dies intestate.

"It was represented as a great act of grace when the House of Commons quite recently ordained that the widow might have what was left by an intestate up to £500 in cash. In landed property also a wife has certain rights in intestacy, but she has none in case her husband makes a will and chooses to leave her penniless in her later days after a life spent in the service of his home.

"It is the laws that are unjust in the way the position is regarded of women who could have, if they trained in youth and kept to work, made good professional incomes, but who have accepted wifehood, motherhood and home making for their occupation in life's heyday.

"I urge that these women actually do earn their living—that a husband has no more right to refuse a wife an independent income, in proportion to his means, than the office partner in a manufacturing business who actually gets the money in hand has to refuse the proper share of it to the partner who overlooks the internal arrangements of the factory—and that a wife has a just right to spend or to save as she pleases from her portion her wages for her home making work."

TO ANY SPENDTHRIFT.

Thou mayst not live unto thyself alone. To waste or spend, Their voices sound forever in thine own. "Brother and Friend," Thier voices sound forever in thine ears. Canst thou deny them when their arms are thrown About thee, heedless unthrift? Thou art none Thine own possession, all thou art is theirs. Still are they calling, calling. "Brother and Friend!" Still art thou these—or nothing—to the end. Thou mayst not live unto thyself alone. —Roosevelt Pruyn Walker in The Outlook.

THE BASIS OF POLITICAL ACTION

However much it might flatter us to think so, a political party is never born out of an ideal. A political party has its rise in the economic interest of a class that finds itself suffering for political neglect. It is because the American working class and its economic interest has been wholly ignored and trodden upon in the United States for the past forty years that the Socialist party is to-day a fact.—Franklin H. Wentworth.

TO A SHOPMATE.

Thou like a flower pure and white, Breakest the desert's gloom; Casting a ray of heavenly light; Into this darkening room. Here in the midst of toll and care, Where man's a mere machine; Thy presence purifies the air, And lends me joy serene. D. IRVING DOBSON.

JOHN BURNS, TRAITOR

By GEORGE FINGER.

He, whom I have seen standing upon the pedestal of Nelson's column, Trafalgar square, London, surrounded by thousands of the unemployed, who were ragged, hungry, barefoot and homeless, appealing to them to rise in their might.

He, who sacrificed his liberty for the right of free speech, alongside of Cunningham Graham.

He, who has seen thousands of unemployed—men, women and children—sleeping upon the bare, cold stones of Trafalgar square and the Thames Embankment, protected from the snows and frosts of the bitter cold winter nights with nothing more than a potato sack doled out by the Salvation Army—a sight to which the bread line in New York is nothing in comparison.

He, who aroused the London workmen from their apathy to such an extent that the government ordered out the Grenadier Guards to quell the hungry mob, and whereby one life was bayoneted out.

He, who has many times, in my hearing, stated to the unemployed, "Demand work! It is your right; being deprived of it you are a slave."

and "It is better to die of a bullet than like a cur, in the gutter, from hunger"—and now:

He, John Burns, exalted by this same unemployed and placed by the glutton capitalists of England beyond all fear of unemployment or want, petted, bought, owned and controlled by the Moniedocracy, has forgotten those who believed in him, those who trusted him implicitly, who placed all their confidence in him; who, when in employment even as I did—gave their little sixpence per week so that he could hold his seat in Parliament; and now:

He, John Burns, denounces these unemployed; renounces them for making him; renounces those who stood by him when he was also one of those despised unemployed; and,

He, John Burns, has become the Judas Iscariot of modern times. Shame! The word "shame" is too mild; the English language is lacking for an appropriate word. John Burns of 1886 is dead—dead; and in his stead lives a fiend incarnate; bought like a cheap bauble, to be the plaything—the toy of a king and his courtiers.

Let us write his epitaph: Here lies John Burns, who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage.

THE PAINTER OF THE PEOPLE.

Speaking of Jean Francois Millet's pictures, Walt Whitman says:

"Never before have I been so penetrated by this kind of expression. I stood long and long before 'The Sower.' There is something in this that could hardly be caught again—a sublime murkiness and original pent fury. Besides this masterpiece, there were many others, all inimitable, all perfect as pictures, works of mere art; and then it seemed to me, with that last impalpable ethic purpose from the artist (most likely unconscious to himself) which I am always looking for. To me all of them told the full story of what went before and necessitated the great French Revolution—the long precedent crushing of the masses of a heroic people into the earth, in abject poverty, hunger—every right denied, humanity attempted to be put back for generations. Yet Nature's force, Titanic here, the stronger and harder for that expression—waiting terrible to break forth, revengeful—the pressure on the Dykes, and the bursting at last—the storming of the Bastille—the execution of the king and queen—the tempest of massacres and blood. Yet who can wonder? * * * The true France, base of all the rest is certainly in these pictures. * * * Will America ever have such an artist out of her own gestation, body, soul?"

THOSE GONE.

Named and nameless all live in us; One and all they lead us yet; Every pain to count for nothing, Every sorrow to forget.

Fair the crown the cause hath for you, Well to die or well to live Through the battle, through the tangle, Peace to gain, or peace to give.

Mourn not, therefore, nor lament it, That the world outlives their life; Voice and vision yet they give us, Making strong our hands for strife.

There amidst the world new builded Shall our earthly deeds abide, Though our names be all forgotten, And the tale of how we died.

Life or death, then, who shall heed it, What we gain or what we lose? Fair flies life amid the struggle, And the cause for each shall choose. —William Morris.

TEDDY'S PET.

By HELEN VAIL WALLACE. Humpty Dumpty's on a high wall; If Humpty Dumpty takes the great fall, Not all the Big Sticks and "My Pollies" then Can put Humpty Dumpty back up there again.

MEN OF GENIUS AND THE PEOPLE.

By VICTOR HUGO.

"To whom belong men of genius if not to thee, O people? They do belong to thee; they are thy sons and thy fathers, thou givest birth to them, and they teach thee. They open in thy chaos vistas of light. As children they have drunk at thy breasts. They have leaped in the universal matrix of humanity. Each of thy phases, O people, is an avatar. The deep action of life—it is in thee that it must be sought. Thou art the great mother. From thee issue the mysterious company of intelligence; to thee, therefore, let them return. "To thee, O people, they are dedicated by their author, God."

THE SWEATSHOP.

Low ceilings, mildewed with the reeking damp. The walls hung thick with ill-assorted clothes; Small window-panes with frames that vex and cramp. Small, sputtering gas lights, bracketed in rows. The noisy whirl of wheels and leathern bands That turn incessantly. The snap of shears. Welded by large, rough-knuckled, grimy hands, And through the door, to straining, eager ears, The hum of traffic and the huckster's cry— And all about, packed almost back to back, Bent forms and brows, and pallid lips that sigh From wretched torture of the daily rack. —LURANA W. SHELDON in New York Times.

A MEMORABLE MESSAGE.

"I can remember," said Senator Sorghum, "when I sent the telegram that practically decided by political future." "Indeed. Was it addressed to a convention?" "No. To a man who was seeing about a campaign fund. It read: 'Terms accepted. Draw on me at sight.'"—Washington Star.

HOW SUCCESS IS WON.

"Yes," said Mr. Dustin Stax, "I have succeeded in life and by the hardest kind of work." "You don't look as if you had much personal experience with hard work." "Of course not. I hired it done."—Washington Star.

NOT A CAPITALIST.

"That Mr. Galley must be very poor." "Why?" "I asked him how he made his money, and he said he saved it."—New Yorker.

IN THE MAGAZINES.

The "Reminiscences" by John D. Rockefeller in "The World's Work" for this month are very amusing. The money sage speaks on friendship and personal relations, and declares that it is "wicked to accumulate wealth. In large, red type on the cover is this famous inscription, taken from his article: "I know of nothing more despicable and pathetic than a man who devotes all the waking hours of the day to making money for money sake."

The writer speaks with great reverence of his friends. "I shall never forget my first meeting with Mr. John D. Archibald, who is now vice president of the Standard Oil Company," he writes.

The reverence for this noble personage is well deserved. One of the great things he had done was to sign his name "John Archibald, \$4.00 a bbl." Nor is this all, there are other virtues that entitle "the other John" to profound admiration and respect. When on a witness stand (he had been there many times) he was asked by the opposing lawyer:

"Mr. Archibald, are you a director in the company?"

"I am."

"What is your occupation in the company?" the lawyer asked.

"To clamor for dividends," Archibald answered promptly.

Rockefeller mentions other friends equally dear to him though not equally great. "Only recently," says he, "I counted up the names of sixty or more friends. They were all faithful and earnest friends, we worked together through many difficulties and had gone through many severe trials together."

The article continues on the value of friends and advises that "they should be held close at any cost." Why? one is tempted to ask. In it because they are faithful in "trials"?

The progress that Socialism is making strikes terror to the heart of the property owner who realizes that sooner or later the nation will be divided on the issue of "confiscation." With characteristic forethought they have already handed in an itemized bill of what they own. Mr. L. G. Powers, of the Bureau of Census, Washington, did the compiling, based on the appraisal of the year 1904, and had it published in "The American Journal of Sociology." Here are the items:

Real property and improvement	\$55,510,247,564
Real property and improved, exempt	6,831,244,570
Railroads and other equipments	11,244,752,000
Street railways	2,219,966,000
Telegraph system	237,400,000
Telephone system	555,840,000
Pullman and private cars	123,000,000
Shipping and Canals	846,489,804
Privately owned water works	275,000,000
Privately owned central electric light and power stations	562,851,105
Live stock	4,073,791,736
Farms, implements and machinery	844,989,863
Agricultural products	1,899,379,652
Manufacturing machinery, tools, &c.	3,297,754,180
Manufactured products	7,409,291,668
Imported merchandise	495,543,685
Mining products	408,066,787
Gold, silver, coin in bullion	1,998,603,303
Clothing and personal adornment	2,500,000,000
Furniture, carriages and kindred property	5,750,000,000
Total	\$107,104,211,417

It is somewhat of a relief to think, however, that the last three items may include the working class, for it cannot be said that they have no clothing, bullion and property. Very often the clothing is of that kind that attracts attention and the furniture is many times very evident on the sidewalk. As to silver and gold coins—did not the workmen show much interest in the "sound banking system" advocated by Bryan?

"The Theatre World" is a new Yiddish monthly. It is rich in illustrations and contains many interesting articles by writers who are prominent on the East Side. David Pinsky, Jacob Gordin, Z. Libin, Dr. Solataroff and the well-known Yiddish poet, Yehosh are among the contributors. The publication is in a clear literary Yiddish and fills a long felt need.

Senator Beveridge is coming to the business men. In this

month's "Appleton's" he writes that "Unjust Attacks on Business Must Cease." Like all of his class he reverses the situation and, instead of saying that the business man ought to be grateful of indulging in commercial activity, he holds that the people should be thankful to the "promoters of industry" who "supply work" to the toilers. He touches on the meat business and, forgetting to mention the exorbitant prices it commands, speaks at length on the rise in stock. He then attacks the "franchise plan," which proposes that no concern should control more than 25 per cent of the product of which it deals. He points out the impossibility of finding out the exact amount of business. "Suppose a business concern deals exclusively in eggs," says he, "how could the government tell whether that concern was buying and selling more than 25 per cent of all the eggs laid by the hens in the country. Fifty thousand government egg agents, constantly at work questioning all the farmers' wives as to how many eggs their hens laid each day, could not tell the President whether an egg franchise should be granted." This is a pretty strong blow at those who think that trusts can be either "smashed" or "controlled." But the Senator points to no other remedy. Instead, he grows sentimental and tells us: "America is the throne of the world. On her east is the greatest ocean of the present; on her south is the greatest of gulfs; on her north the greatest of lakes," etc. Having surrounded himself and his country with plenty of water he sails forth into the region of poetic eloquence, leaving the real question unanswered.

"Do We Want Unsentimental Plays?" is a clever article by Alan Dale in this month's "Cosmopolitan." The writer combats the prevailing idea that love is too old a theme for the drama of to-day. "It is urged that this sluggish adherence to old themes has become a mania. Playwrights busy themselves with 'new versions.' One has a fling at 'Camille' and offers it with a heroine who is chaste and does nothing worse than flirt. Somebody else adapts and improves (with modern improvements) 'The Bride of Lammemoor.' 'Faust' is played with a clean shaven Mephistopheles and amended manner. But the real trouble, according to our pessimist, lies in the undeniable fact that love, and nothing but love, is at the root of all drama. Perhaps he is quite right in his assertions that a playwright cannot invent a new love story. But he overlooks the fact that there is no indication to show that anybody wants a new love story. There may be no possible new love story, but there are plenty of old ones, the theme of which is in our blood. Theatergoers are divided between the two sexes, each sex thinking perpetually of the other. The thought of the average human being is largely concerned with love in one form or another."

"The Recent Congress of the International Council of Women" is an interesting article by Ida Husted Harper in the "North American Review," which tells of the growth of woman organizations for the last forty years, since the time when the first club, "Sorosis," was founded. The International Council is made up of organizations of women in twenty-three countries, each nation being entitled to the same number of delegates, no matter how widely the membership may differ. The United States Council represents many hundred thousand women; that of Great Britain is composed of 426 organizations; France has about 75,000 members and Sweden 25,000. Switzerland has sixty-four organizations; the Netherlands thirty-five, and Austria fifty.

An article which is neither fair in its views nor gentle in its frankness appears in this month's "American Magazine" about the sex which is considered both fair and gentle. The article is by Professor Thomas, of Chicago University, and is entitled "The Psychology of Woman's Dress." Among other things it contains the following unflattering remarks:

"While woman's demands occupy so large a place in the industrial world, it is noticeable that she is herself only a pawn in the industrial game played by man. Her individual possessor uses her as a symbol of his wealth, and the captains of industry make her and her changeable and expensive fashions the occasion of a market for the costly and expensive objects which fashionable habits force her to accept. New fashions are not always beautiful; they are even often ugly, and women know it; but they embrace changes as frequent and as radical as the ingenuity of the mode makers can devise. Women do not wear what they want, but what the manufacturers and trades people want them to wear. The people who supply them also control them."

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"The Complete Works of William Butler Yeats," in eight volumes, are to be brought out in the near future. The edition is to be a very expensive one and limited to a thousand copies. A limited edition de luxe during the author's lifetime is hardly the thing to convince the skeptic that the literary movement which Mr. Yeats represents is more than a pleasant fad. But perhaps we should not give this author too large a place in estimating the real value of the so-called Celtic revival.

Aylmer Maude, the author of "The Life of Tolstoy; First Fifty Years," expects to publish another volume to be entitled "The Life of Tolstoy; Last Three Decades," covering the period for 1876 to 1908.

In his recently published autobiographical book, "My Story," Hall Caine does some curious telling of tales out of school. Mr. Caine was intimate with Wilkie Collins at the time when the latter was living a hermit life in a large dingy house in Gloucester Square, and it was there that the former related this incident. Shortly after the publication of "The Woman in White" a lady came to him and said: "The great failure of your book is your villain. Excuse me if I say you do not really know a villain. Your Count Fosco is a very poor one, and when next you want a character of that description I trust that you will not disdain to come to me. I know a villain . . . the man is alive and constantly under my gaze. In fact, he is my own husband." The lady adds Mr. Caine, was the wife of Edward Bulwer Lytton!

Admirers of Balzac who come to Paris will hereafter have an opportunity of visiting a museum specially devoted to souvenirs of the writer. It consists of the quaint old house and garden in the Rue Raynourard at No. 47, which he inhabited many years and where he wrote a number of his best works. Curiously enough, the house recalls one of the most difficult periods of his life, when, it is said, he was hunted and persecuted by debtors to an alarming extent. He selected the house, it is stated, purposely as a sort of harbor of refuge from duns. It has no direct entrance from the Rue Raynourard, and one has first to pass through the hall of another house and go down two flights of stairs to a courtyard below. The house, which is a small building and which the French would only call a "pavillon," is entered from this courtyard, and has a little garden at the back. At one side of the garden there is a steep wall down the side of the hill, giving the place the appearance of a little fortress.

The recent death of Miss Julia Gaskell, daughter of the author of "Mary Barton" and of "The Life of Charlotte Bronte," has called up anecdotes concerning the subject of the last named book. In her childhood Julia Gaskell was the pet of Miss Bronte. Mrs. Gaskell has told of the strong attraction that existed between them. "The child would steal her little hand into Miss Bronte's scarcely larger one, and took pleasure in this apparently unobserved caress." In the elder friend's letters the name of "that dear but dangerous little person Julia" repeatedly appears. "She surreptitiously possessed herself," we read in one place, "of a minute fraction of my heart, which has been missing ever since I saw her"; and again, "In my reminiscences she is a person of a certain distinction. I think hers a fine little nature, frank and of genuine promise. . . . I believe in J's future; I like what she speaks in her movements and what is written upon her face."

The Macmillan Company has issued under the title "Realities and Ideals," a fourth volume of collected essays by Frederic Harrison. The contents are of a miscellaneous character, including some chapters of personal reminiscences and papers on a great variety of subjects of public interest, international politics, the labor movement, woman suffrage, etc. The sturdy radical of the later nineteenth century, andor adjusts his ways of thinking and feeling to an age in which women seek equality of rights and opportunities in dead earnest, as the suffragists are now doing in England and elsewhere. He is sadly shocked at the unladylike conduct of the champions of equal rights who are now forcing the woman question upon the attention of Parliament and Cabinet, instead of being content to wait until it shall please the lords of creation to hand down some favors to them. However, this is hardly to be held against Mr. Harrison. He has done yeoman service for the cause of progress in his time; the remembrance of his brave attitude in the Commune days should win him forgiveness for now lagging behind the march of

events. Few men can live to his present age and still be ahead of the times.

Some indication of the hold that the works of Dickens still maintain upon the English reader is to be found in the fact that the Caxton Publishing Company alone has sold 130,000 volumes of his novels within the last year, and reports the demand as continuous and increasing. As the novels are out of copyright, a multitude of editions are produced by other publishers.

Louisa May Alcott, the author of "Little Women" and "Little Men," is held in affectionate remembrance by thousands of readers, and every year is taken into the hearts of new boys and girls. Little, Brown & Company have just reprinted four of her books—"Silver Pitchers," "Proverb Stories," "Spinning Wheel Stories" and "A Garland of Girls." All these volumes contain good illustrations, are well printed, and they have just the decorative bindings which should appeal to the youngsters.

Gertrude Atherton, the historical novelist, announces that she will write no more fiction for some time, but will devote herself to strictly historical work.

Israel Zangwill's play, "The Melting Pot," is soon to be published in book form.

George Fisher has expanded and amplified his earlier work, "The True History of the American Revolution," and the larger work is now published by Lippincott's under the title, "The Struggle for American Independence."

The novels of Rene Bazin are having a considerable vogue both in the United States and in England. Bazin is the leader of a new movement in French literature, a sort of Puritan revival, which avoids the sort of subjects which for many years have been supposed to be the only ones French novelists care to treat, and which devotes its attention to the depicting of simple types and incidents of French rural life.

FOR THE MUNICIPAL THEATER.

If a theater were organized as a branch of local government you would organize theatrical taste—not all, but the best of it, on a high plane. So vast has been the progress of the last forty years, I will venture to say, that in a lesser time you will have in this great city a municipal theater, built and endowed for the common good—for the enlightenment and cultivation of the people, for the formation and preserving of a standard of taste to encourage thought and respect for conscious and organized effort for the cultivation of imagination. You would maintain a body of actors who would have a real and continuous opportunity of learning their profession. Some despairing people complain that the stage now gets the wrong kind of recruits. I don't think there is so much the matter with the recruits as with the training that is given to them. I know that when I was a young recruit in Manchester, I had more chance of learning my business in a single season than most young men and women have of learning now on the stage in the course of years.—Henry Irving, speaking at Liverpool shortly before his death.

20,000 CHILD SLAVES.

Louise Fiske Bryson says: "In this city of New York 20,000 children, too tender to know what work means, are at work, and stunted and diseased bodies are to be their heritage. They are old at seventeen, their lives are over at forty." Let it also be remembered that, wherever child labor prevails, the competition of the children cuts down the wages of the father or reduces their opportunity for employment. Taken altogether, the wages of father, mother and child, where all work, will be little if at all more, the year round, than the wages of the men alone where women are free to keep the homes and children to go to school. The only effective way for the workmen to fight this terrible evil is with the Socialist ballot.

EXPERT ADVICE.

Butler—Pardoe this interruption, but there is a deputation of unemployed waiting for you at the door.

His Excellency—Tell the people to go home quietly. (Drains a glass of champagne.) People in this world can get on very well without work—at least I find it so.—Wahre Jacob.

RECIPE FOR SUCCESS.

To one part of common sagacity
Take one part commercial capacity,
Mix with water to taste,
And eliminate waste;
Add ninety-eight parts of rapacity.
W. E. F. FRENCH, U. S. A.

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EUGENE VICTOR DEBS.

By E. L. TUCKER.

One of a Series of Articles in the "Machinists' Journal" on "Men Who Have Blazed the Way."

Newspaper criticism or a newspaper estimate of a man's character is not always to be relied upon, particularly if the man and the newspaper differ politically and a political campaign is in progress. Some of our greatest men have been assailed by newspaper critics, denounced as scoundrels of the deepest dye, called everything that the most fertile of imaginations could suggest and traduced most shamefully, so that public opinion was led against them and a false estimate of their real character given to the world. Take Abraham Lincoln, for instance; there was a time when the newspaper which represented the powerful influences that he had set out to destroy could not find epithets strong enough or foul enough to hurl at him and all that he advocated. Every base purpose that malice could conceive was attributed to him, the lowest of motives were imputed to him, while in appearance he was declared to be more baboon-like than man. Newspapers in New York before his Cooper Union speech, in February, 1860, denounced him as an object of derision, a "nigger lover," a "clown," a "subverter of the constitution and the law," and above all a "blatant fool who would destroy that indestructible system of labor which had existed of old," which was upheld by the supreme court and the lynch law court, the church, the army, the press and the capitalist, as also by Congress—both houses.

Abused Like Lincoln.

Although the newspapers commented with all the virulence in their power upon Abraham Lincoln and the cause he championed, bespattering him with mud and all the filthy venom their malice could invent, his friends and neighbors were staunch and true, for they knew him as he really was, and it is their opinion and not that of the newspapers that is now accepted as a true estimate of the man. Many another man has suffered from newspaper calumny and the false position in which it has placed him since the days of Lincoln, and many a man is doomed to a similar fate, but like the Great President, he will emerge grander than ever, the true metal in him purified by the fire. Experience of this kind are far from uncommon in every sphere of life, but it is in the ranks of labor where it is most marked. It is there where its rarity would indeed be rare. Many a labor leader has suffered in this way, some more and some less, all to a greater or lesser degree, yet among all who have thus suffered there is not one who has had to bear as much as Eugene V. Debs. Perhaps of all men since the days of Lincoln, there is not one who has been so bitterly and so unjustly assailed as he, none have been so unmercifully traduced, so wickedly and so cruelly attacked. Through it all his friends have been loyal and true and his neighbors and those who knew him best are still as unswerving

in their attachment for him as they always were, despite the malignity of newspaper criticism. They know him as he really is and their estimate of his qualities, his disposition and the geniality of his nature is the true estimate of him and stamps him as a remarkable character and a leader of men. His old friend and neighbor, James Whitcomb Riley, the poet, speaks lovingly of him in his quaintly sweet and altogether pleasing poem entitled, "Regarding Terry Hut." This is what he says:

A Poet's Tribute.

Take, even, state-manship and wit,
And general git-up-and-git—
Ole Terry Hut is sound clean through!
Turn ole Dick Thompson loose er Dan
Vorehees—and where's they any man
Kin even hold a candle to
Their eloquence? And where's as
clean
A f-n-an-seer as Rile' McKeen—
Er puorer in his daily walk,
In railroad er in racein' stock?
And there's 'Gene Debs—a man 'at
stands
And jest holds out in his two hands
As warm a heart as ever beat
Betwixt here and the Judgment Seat!
All these is reasons why I put
Sich bulk o' faith in Terry Hut.

Not only does the poet in his quaint way speak lovingly of his friend and neighbor, 'Gene Debs, but he places him in excellent company, along with men of national reputation, whose names will endure as long as the history of our country. Riley knew Debs, both man and boy, and his estimate of him is certainly worth something and can not be thrown lightly aside, despite what the newspapers have said and are saying about him. When the last analysis is made it will be found that the tribute paid by the Hoosier poet to his friend and neighbor will carry more weight than all the vituperative assaults made by the newspapers.

Against Religious Prejudice.

It must be somewhere between fifteen and twenty years ago that I first became acquainted with Eugene V. Debs. He was then editor of the "Locomotive Fireman's Magazine," and I only got acquainted with him at long range, so to speak, by reading an editorial he had written in which he had shown the folly of workmen quarreling among themselves and sacrificing their organizations because of religious belief. At the time of which I write, what was then known as A.-P.-A.-ism was at its height and causing a great deal of dissatisfaction and dissension within the ranks of organized labor, getting so bad in some sections that it disintegrated unions and knocked them out of existence. In his editorial Debs showed and proved conclusively that the whole thing was a capitalistic scheme, engineered with no other purpose in view than the destruction of the labor unions. Later developments showed how correct was his judgment, and his denunciation and exposure of the scheme did much to bring a clearer understanding among the workers and to show them that religious prejudice

could be made into a very formidable weapon and used to their detriment. Except among the most illiterate, among the unthinking and those of ill-developed minds, any appeal to religious prejudice now will arouse nothing greater than a smile of contempt or jeers of derision. In an immeasurable degree Brother Debs is deserving of thanks for bringing about this newer and better understanding among workmen who differ religiously. They now realize that a man's religion, or the form of his belief, has little or nothing to do with his economic development, and absolutely nothing to do with his standing as a union man. He does not permit his religious affiliations to interfere with his union's advancement, for he realizes that what he believes or what he does not believe does not effect his ability to combine for a higher wage and better shop conditions. He is still frightened by political bogies, but he will get rid of them by-and-by as he got rid of the religious ones.

Achievements As an Organizer.

Eugene Victor Debs was born in Terre Haute, Ind., in the fall of 1855, of French parentage. He attended the public schools and later the business college of that town, from which he graduated in his fifteenth year, afterward going to work in the Vandalla shops. He went firing eventually and became a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen as soon as he was eligible and very soon after the organization of that body. He represented the Terre Haute Division of the Vandalla at several conventions of the B. of L. F., and was elected editor of the "Fireman's Magazine," the official organ of the brotherhood. He held this position for many years and the force of his genius as a clear and fearless writer soon placed the magazine in the front rank of labor publications. In 1892 he resigned as editor of the "Fireman's Magazine," and proceeded to organize the American Railway Union, a form of organization which he thought necessary to cement all railway employees into a concrete whole. There were at the time five old organizations of railroad employees, but these bodies had failed to act harmoniously and had scarcely ever been able to co-operate. He thought this could be accomplished in the A. R. U., as it took in every railway employee from the section hand and engine wiper to the conductor, the engineer, the train dispatcher, the yardmaster, and every employee of all branches of the mechanical department. This organization spread like wildfire and its presence was soon felt on every railroad on the continent. Early in its existence it measured strength with the Great Northern Railroad, declaring a strike from which it emerged victoriously.

Strike Broken Only by Jail.

In July, 1894, the A. R. U. declared a strike against the Pullman Company, which developed into the greatest and most far-reaching event of its kind that had ever taken place upon this continent. Every wheel stood still between the Mississippi and the Pacific coast, and in a few days the entire railroad systems of the country were completely paralyzed. How it terminated is too well known to need repetition here. Suffice to say that the Federal government interfered and the strike was broken. Debs and his colleagues of the directorate of the A. R. U. were sent to jail for contempt of court, and during the six months that Debs was imprisoned the organization, of which he was the head, missed his fostering care and fell into a state of weakness from which it never recovered.

Eugene Debs is one of the best organizers that ever entered the field of organized labor, a man of universal good will, of perfect trustfulness toward all people, possessing a humanity that makes him an earnest advocate of freedom. He has helped to blaze the way and the ringing notes of his pioneer axe, as he swings it fearlessly among the unwholesome growth that retards labor's progress will be heard as long as his heart throbs and beats warmly for the welfare of his fellows.

SINCERITY OF CLASS BELIEFS.

The beliefs which a class holds, as a result of its economic relations, are generally sincere beliefs, and are held, in the main, unconsciously of their determining cause. There is a spiritual alchemy which transmutes the base metal of self-interest into the gold of conscience; the transmutation is real, and the resulting frame of mind is not hypocrisy, but conscience. It is a class conscience, and therefore partial and imperfect, having little to do with absolute ethics. But partial and imperfect as it is, it is generally sincere. It is most obviously so among those of the two extreme classes who battle for advantage from such opposite bases. For the code of each is based upon things more fundamental than ideas or sentiments. It is based upon the economic life.—W. J. Ghent in "Mass and Class."

I TOLD YOU SO.

By ROBERT HUNTER.

One of the sights of the world is election night on Broadway. Hundreds of thousands of people march up and down, throwing confetti, tickling each other with feathers, singing songs and dancing. When the returns begin to indicate the result of election, little white cards are put in the hats, which announce, "I told you so."

That's a joke; but, honest, I DID TELL YOU SO.

On August 31 last in this column I told you so. I said the machine politicians did not want Bryan to be President. I said they would defeat Bryan in ALL of the pivotal states. I said that Tammany Hall would put the old gray wolves back into the Legislature, and Bryan would be defeated; that the Democratic machine in Pennsylvania would win a few seats, and Bryan would be defeated; that in Illinois, Indiana and Ohio the Democratic machine would send its men into power, and Bryan would be defeated.

It was simply impossible for Bryan to win.

Even had he won the support of two or three million more voters, he could not have been elected.

His own machine was there to see that he was not elected.

In New York we heard nothing of Bryan. Tammany and all the machine Democrats talked of Chanler, the Democratic candidate for Governor, and THEY WORKED FOR TAFT and Chanler.

In Ohio the machine elected a Democratic Governor, a tool of the corporate interests, whose nomination Tom Johnson fought. He was elected and Bryan was defeated.

In other words, Bryan was used merely as a decoy by the corruptest and vilest crooks that ever afflicted a country to catch votes and to elect their own corrupt state candidates, and BRYAN WAS DEFEATED.

Well, I told you so.

But there are some decent men in the Democratic party.

There are a whole lot of sincere radicals in the Democratic party, and I want to ask them how long they are going to keep company with Tom Taggart, Roger Sullivan, Jim Guffey, Belmont and Ryan, and how much longer they are going to allow their good names to be used by electoral crooks like Murphy, McCarren and Connors, Johnnie Powers and "Hinky Dink" to enable them to control our states and municipalities in the interest of traction thieves and other public robbers?

Have Ex-Senator Pettigrew, Tom Johnson, Senator Howe and Brand Whitlock got enough of these electoral thieves and corporation crooks?

Bryan wants the people to rule. Well, has he decided now to begin by smashing the Political Trust, called the Democratic party?

Have Sam Gompers and Raymond Robins and Lewis Post come to the conclusion that if they want to fight the battle of the people, they had better begin by putting most of THEIR POLITICAL FRIENDS into the penitentiary or by stranging them up to some convenient lamp post?

The sum total of their political gain up to the present is that they have filled our municipalities and state legislatures with crooks, upon whose backs they had hoped Bryan would climb into power.

But the crooks are too smooth for these distinguished gentlemen, and I want to repeat, "I told you so."

But was there ever such a spectacle under the sun?

In truth, "Democracy" is a wonderful thing.

Saloon keepers, brothel keepers, electoral crooks, traction magnates, nigger haters, laborites, anti-laborites, political prostitutes and this galaxy of political Sir Galahads arm and arm in the holy cause of social regeneration.

EVIDENCE.

An Irish soldier on sentry duty had orders to allow no one to smoke near his post. An officer with a lighted cigar approached, whereupon Pat boldly challenged him and ordered him to put it out at once.

The officer, with a gesture of disgust, threw away his cigar, but no sooner was his back turned than Pat picked it up and quietly retired to the sentry box.

The officer, happening to look around, observed a beautiful cloud of smoke issuing from the box. He at once challenged Pat for smoking on duty.

"Smoking, is it, sir? Bedad, and I'm only keeping it lit to show to the corporal when he comes as evidence agin you."—Tit-Bits.