

THE SOCIALIST

NEW YORK

VOL. XVIII.—NO. 36

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 5, 1908.

PRICE TWO CENTS.

THE CAUSE OF JERRY BUILDING.

Some guileless person—or perhaps guileful, after all—writing in the New York "Sun" under the nom de plume of "Justitia," asks why it is that houses put up nowadays are so much less well built than those erected sixty years ago. But "Justitia," like Pilate, "stays not for an answer." He promptly replies to his own question by noting the fact that labor unions are a great deal stronger now than they were in the middle of the last century, and jumps to the conclusion that the unions are responsible for the careless and dishonest work that is now done.

We might note a few other explanations, equally probable, and deduced by the same logical method. Sixty years ago chattel slavery flourished throughout a large part of the country and was bulwarked by the law and the Constitution; evidently the Emancipation Proclamation may have had something to do with the rise of jerry building. Sixty years ago there were but few telegraphs and no telephones; probably the increased use of these means of communication has had a demoralizing effect on the building trades. Sixty years ago woman suffrage was still but a dream of the future; is it not reasonable to suppose that the fact of women getting into politics in four states of the Union may be one of the causes for the use of poor materials and careless methods in erecting houses? Sixty years ago Theodore Roosevelt still had long years to wait for the stork express to bring him to this afflicted nation; has his advent and progress to dollar-a-word fame contributed to sharpen the wits and paralyze the consciences of builders.

Any one of these explanations is as conclusive, according to the "Post hoc, ergo propter hoc" method of reasoning, as that advanced by "Justitia." We believe each of them is equally true.

But there is one other explanation which, dropping all jokes, we seriously commend to the attention of "Justitia." Sixty years ago the contract system was very little used. Houses were generally built, not for sale in a speculative market, but for the use of the persons who had them built. If "Justitia" is really looking for causes, and will follow up the trail, he will find the development of capitalist methods at the root, not only of jerry building, but of dishonest work of every sort.

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DECISION AGAINST BRITISH UNIONS.

The decision of the British Appeal Court that labor unions have no right to levy dues or assessments upon their members for the support of Labor Members of Parliament is undoubtedly a serious blow at the Labor party which has made such remarkable progress in that country within the last three years and which, although far from being all that we could desire from the Socialist point of view, is, under the teaching of experience, developing in the direction of the Socialist ideal and tending to become a true representative of working-class interests on the political field.

Members of Parliament receive no salaries. This system is a heritage from the days when only members of the wealthier classes could sit in Parliament or could even take part in parliamentary elections. The franchise has been repeatedly extended during the last century, under the pressure of revolutionary tendencies in the working class, so that now something like manhood suffrage prevails. But the actual representation has still been largely restricted to members of the propertied classes by the maintenance of the system of non-payment of members, so that only persons having them-
dependent income and those who are provided for by the

capitalists and landlords could afford to stand for election. To overcome this difficulty and make it practicable for actual workingmen to be elected to Parliament and serve there, the unions and other workingmen's organizations affiliated with the Labor party have adopted the plan of levying a small regular assessment on their whole membership to provide a fund for paying salaries to Labor members.

The amount of the assessment is almost ridiculously small—a few pennies a year from each member of the affiliated unions. The plan has met with the practically unanimous approval of the membership. The only persons who had any reason to be displeased with it are the possessing and employing classes, whose monopoly of political power was threatened by anything which made it practicable for workingmen to sit in the House of Commons. Of course, among the hundreds of thousands of men in the unions, it was not difficult for the capitalist agents to find a few venal fellows who could be induced to refuse payment of the assessment and to carry the matter into the courts, claiming that they could retain all their rights and benefits as members of the union while withholding the equal contribution decided upon to be paid by all for the common good.

The court of first instance acted with common sense and good faith in its interpretation of the law and held that such assessments were collectable. But the highest court, true to the interests of the capitalist class, has overruled this decision and held that members of unions cannot be required to pay the assessment nor disciplined for refusing it. The Appeal Court has evidently taken a leaf out of the book of our American perverters of the law.

Fortunately, while the masses of the English people are perhaps as snobbish in their worship of the aristocracy as are the masses of Americans in their worship of the rich, they are not afflicted with that superstitious reverence for the judiciary which prevails in this country. When judges make a reactionary decision, the English people have a way of forcing Parliament to overrule it; and English judges do not think of setting themselves up as despots and declaring acts of Parliament unconstitutional. While this latest ruling of the Appeal Court is certainly a serious defeat for the Labor party on the judicial arena, there is every reason to hope that it will only spur the masses of the working people to renewed energy in the political struggle, that it will induce them to elect still more Labor men to Parliament, and that the result may be the speedy passage of an act legalizing what the court has declared illegal or, better still, of an act granting salaries to all Members of Parliament, in accordance with the system in force in the United States and in several countries of Continental Europe.

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BUTTERICK AND BAER.

For about three years the Butterick Company has held out in its fight against the establishment of the eight-hour day in the job and book printing trade. Great numbers of workingmen of other trades have lent their aid to the Typographical Union in its efforts for the improvement of conditions, and have systematically refrained and induced their wives to refrain from buying the patterns and magazines published by this anti-union house. In its legal proceedings against the union the company has admitted that the boycott has caused it enormous losses, that its business has fallen off to the amount of hundreds of thousands of dollars. Many persons have wondered how any company could afford to bear such losses. The most probable answer to the question is suggested by the evidence brought out in the proceedings of the government against the coal-carrying railroads in Pennsylvania. It has there been proven that, during the period of three successive years, four railroad companies contributed to the Temple Iron Company sums aggregating \$483,000

to help that company bear losses incurred in resisting the demands of the United Mine Workers. The Temple Iron Company, it may be noted, is the corporation presided over by Mr. Baer, who claims to be God's trustee in the anthracite business, and who is actually the trustee of the railroad and mining companies constituting the Anthracite Coal Trust.

We do not know that other printing houses are contributing to help the Buttericks in keeping up the fight against the Typographical Union. We only know that it would be good policy for them to do so, and that the hypothesis that they are doing so explains what otherwise seems almost incredible.

However that be, the Butterick Company in this fight actually represents all capitalist interests. The Typographical Union actually represents the interests of the whole working class. Every person who buys any Butterick publication before that company accepts the eight-hour rule and the other rules of the union is helping the capitalists to resist the shortening of the workday in every trade. Every person who helps to discourage the purchasing of Butterick products helps to shorten the workday in all trades and, by so doing, helps to distribute employment to a larger number of persons and to increase the chances of raising wages.

A CAPITALIST "MODEL MINE."

That mine in which one hundred and thirty-eight workmen were crushed and burned and suffocated was what the capitalists call a "model mine." The phrase is not inappropriate. It was, no doubt, a model of what mine-owners think a mine ought to be; perhaps it was a model of the best that can be expected so long as the control of the mines remains in the hands of a class of men who do not work in them, who never need go down into them, who simply own them and allow other men to do the work and face the danger, who get enormous profits as a reward for the "ability" they display in having possessed themselves of a public necessity created and operated by other men's labor, and whose first and ruling motive in dictating the management is the desire to increase that unearned income for themselves.

Some time, it is to be hoped, the men who dig coal and the masses of people who need coal will awaken to the fact that it is possible to have coal produced without murdering thousands of miners every year and without paying a tribute on every ton to men who do not a stroke of productive work of any sort in supplying coal.

A Joplin dispatch informs us that ministers of various denominations in twenty-five towns in the Kansas-Missouri mining district will unite in praying on Thanksgiving Day for the imposition of a high tariff on zinc ore. The same dispatch says that on the day before Thanksgiving representatives of the zinc-mine owners will appear before the Ways and Means Committee at Washington to argue for the imposition of such a tariff. We venture to predict that, if the mine-owners' "arguments" take the form of yellow-backed documents issued by the Treasury Department, or sizable blocks of stock certificates, we shall have another demonstration of the infallible power of prayer.

WHAT INDIAN LIBERTY WOULD MEAN.

It is much to be feared that the outbreaks against British rule in India are premature. Though there undoubtedly is intense and general discontent among practically all of the native populations, it is doubtful whether there is as yet any such clearly conscious and efficiently organized popular movement as would be necessary to turn these sporadic "outrages," as they are commonly called, into the beginnings of a genuine and formidable revolutionary uprising.

If this is the case, it is much to be regretted. That the downfall of the British power in Asia would be a benefit to humanity can be questioned only by those who are materially interested in its maintenance or those who have passively accepted all the misinformation systematically given out by the interested classes and their agents.

The benefit to the quarter of a billion of the Indian peoples is not the only thing, though it is enough to justify every effort which they may make for their emancipation. For two hundred years the history of India has been a history of conquest and spoliation, carried on first by the British East India Company with the sanction of the government, and later by the British government directly, for the benefit, and for the sole benefit, of the propertied classes of Great Britain.

Famine, which in the days before the conquest was an occasional scourge, has become a permanent institution under British rule—famine on a vast scale, involving myriads of people all the time, famine purely artificial, famine in the midst of plenty, starvation of

Indian peasants at the very moment when the wheat and other crops those peasants had raised was being shipped abroad to be sold for the profit of the well-fed masters of India and of England.

The development of native industries has been systematically stifled, in order that India might continue to be merely a source of raw materials to be worked up in British factories into products to be sold in Great Britain, in India, and all over the civilized world for the profit of those same owners of India and of England.

Native princes and other native parasites have been subsidized, at the expense of the Indian masses, in order to strengthen the hold of the conquering nation. The old racial and religious prejudices between different sections of the native population have been carefully kept alive. A certain sort of miseducation has been fostered for the purpose of training servile native tools for the British bureaucracy. But every attempt at independent education and self culture among the Indian masses has been discouraged and even sternly repressed.

And when, in recent years, in spite of all these precautions, the spirit of revolt has gathered strength, when aspirations toward civil and political liberty and economic justice and participation in the world's progress have sprung up in all parts of India, and when, best of all a feeling of solidarity has spread to all the many races and sects of the vast empire—then the British government has turned to St. Petersburg for advice and example, has introduced into India the same lawless and brutal policies by which the Romanoffs have so long stifled their subjects, and has even concluded an alliance with the Russian government for the maintenance of the status quo throughout Asia.

The success of the Indian people in their effort to rid themselves of the British yoke would mean a vast benefit, political, economic, and intellectual, to themselves. It would mean more. It would mean the breaking of the chains which fetter the development of China, Persia, Turkey, and the whole Asiatic world. It would mean the effective awakening of the East. And when the East is awakened, it will become the ally of progress in Europe and America, as it is now an obstacle to such progress. The independence of India, with the inspiration and the opportunity it would give to progress in the neighboring lands would hasten the downfall of the Russian Autocracy, which is still the bulwark of reaction in Europe. And, no less important than that, it would precipitate a readjustment of domestic affairs in England itself and would compel the British people to face the economic problems which triumphant colonialism has so long enabled them to evade.

"Mob insurance" is the latest thing in the business world in England. Great numbers of merchants are said to be insuring against the chance of their shops being broken into by crowds of the unemployed, who are hungry and ill-clothed, and for whom the government has only promises and policemen's clubs, neither of which serves to fill an empty stomach or warm a shivering body or satisfy a justly discontented mind. England may well take to heart the words of one of her boasted poets—"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey, where wealth accumulates and men decay." And the United States as well as the mother country might well heed that warning ere it be too late. The best insurance against mob violence is not the sort that corporations sell for a premium, but the sort that governments can give by adopting progressive and humane policies.

THE MASSACRE AT KEASBY.

Now that Taft and great capitalism have triumphed at the national election and the workingmen of the country, again allowing themselves to be divided on false issues and betrayed by false leaders, have given but a comparatively slightly increased vote for the party of their own class, the ruling powers are hastening to verify the prediction which we repeatedly made during the campaign—the prediction that, unless the Socialist party received at least a million votes, we might expect a reign of terror and reaction at the hands of the capitalist class and its political agents.

The Republican state authorities of New Jersey have taken up the labor question at Keasby in exactly the same way as the Democratic authorities of Alabama took it up with the coal miners last summer, as the Republican authorities of Colorado took it up in Victor and Telluride and Trinidad five years ago, as the Democratic authorities of Idaho took it up in the Coeur d'Alenes nine years ago, as the Republican authorities of Pennsylvania took it up at Hazleton eleven years ago, as the Democratic authorities of Pennsylvania took it up at Homestead sixteen years ago—as the state and national authorities of both old parties have always taken it up whenever they dared carry out the evil purposes of the capitalist class which finances and directs them both.

The events of Wednesday night at Keasby are inexcusable.

any point of view but that of the capitalist class—the class which measures all things by dollars and cents of profit. Sheriff Quackenboss has played the part of a wanton murderer—a paid and servile and cold-blooded murderer, exactly like the shameless creatures that do the bidding of the Russian Czar. And Governor Fort has hastened to blacken himself with the same disgrace, to stain his hands with the blood of workingmen, in order to prove to his capitalist masters that he is a tool upon whose houndlike fidelity they can safely rely.

But back of both these official commanders of massacre, and back of the contemptible fellows who hired themselves out as deputies or militiamen to do the foul work, stands the capitalist class and the capitalist system—a system always and everywhere reeking with corruption and dripping with the blood of the helpless.

And back of that capitalist system—forget it not, you workingmen who voted an old-party ticket—back of that corrupt and murderous system stand the men who cast their votes for its continuance. And they who ought most bitterly to reproach themselves for their complicity in this crime and the other like crimes that may be expected to follow it, are the men who said, Yes, the Socialists are right; yes, Socialism would be a good thing; yes, this existing system is bad; yes, we wish the Socialists could be sure of winning this year; but since they are not sure of winning without our support, we will not give them our support; we will vote against that which we know to be good; we will vote for what we know to be bad; we will vote for capitalism and for the class whose two parties have joined in oppressing and brutally maltreating our class—we will vote wrong, because we would rather be in a majority on the wrong side than in a minority on the side of right and freedom and progress and peace.

Recognize that fact, you men who almost voted the Socialist ticket, and then, at the last moment, lost your nerve and helped to keep the Socialist vote down and helped to encourage the capitalists to think that it is safe for them to work their will regardless of law and of humanity. Remember it, and hasten to atone, so far as you can.

It is worthy of note that Mr. Hearst's "American" has outdone the "Sun," the "Times," and the other dailies which make no pretense of radicalism, in its malicious misstatements of fact concerning the Keasby massacre. We know the Hearst papers well enough not to be surprised at this. But we commend it to the attention of those who have been simple enough to take his campaign talk at its face value.

The American Federation of Labor has been forbidden by the courts to "boycott" the products of the Bucks Stove and Range Company. That does not alter the fact that the company is a scab concern and that loyal workingmen and sympathizers with the labor movement should refrain from buying from it.

DR. BUTLER ON HUMAN NATURE.

"The human beings to be gathered into their collectivist system are precisely the human beings that are now in the world, and the children of these. Human nature is not going to change because a new form or economic organization is hit upon. All the old passions and desires and ambitions and weaknesses and sins which have dogged the path of humanity from its first recorded appearance on earth are going to pursue it into the collectivists' state."

Thus has Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia, dealt his deathblow to the Socialist movement.

To be sure, the Socialist movement has received many thousands of deathblows during the sixty years of its vigorous life, and unreasonably refused to die. Even this particular deathblow it has received over and over again, without yet having given up the ghost. But no doubt Dr. Butler thinks he has done the job this time.

No doubt he thinks his argument is as original as it is conclusive. And, for that matter, so it is. But that is not saying much for its originality.

It is an old, old, bewhiskered, blear-eyed, one-legged, decrepit veteran, that human-nature argument. But it is just as good now as it was in the days of its youth, for it never was any good at all.

It was used against the Abolitionists fifty years ago—it is human nature for some men to be slaves and others slave-holders, and you cannot change it by legislation. It was used against the advocates of universal free education eighty years ago—it is human nature for some men to be learned and others ignorant, and you cannot change it by building schools and hiring teachers. It was used against the advocates of political liberty in France in the eighteenth century and in England in the seventeenth—it is human nature for some men to be kings and lords and others to be obedient subjects, and you cannot change it by adopting a constitution. It was used against the Reformation in the sixteenth century—it is human nature for

men to accept their religious beliefs from above and not think for themselves, and you cannot change it by proclaiming religious liberty and abolishing the rack and the stake. It was used against Christianity itself almost two thousand years ago—it is human nature for men to worship hundreds of finite and fallible gods and goddesses, and you cannot change it by all your preaching. Nay, we can imagine how triumphantly the argument may have been dragged out by some sage medicine man in the days of savagery—it is human nature for men to eat each other, and anyone who thinks of putting an end to cannibalism is an idle dreamer or worse.

We really cannot congratulate Dr. Butler on the little ridiculous mouse of argument which his mountain brain has labored to bring forth. If it is not new, neither is it true.

We Socialists do not maintain that Socialism will make mankind into a race of angels. We do not suppose that all weaknesses and "sins" will disappear as soon as capitalist exploitation ceases. In fact, we do not concern ourselves very much about that question. We are interested in making this a better world for all who live in it; incidentally, we are of the opinion that a better world will breed better men and women.

But when Dr. Butler says that "Human nature is not going to change because a new form of economic organization has been hit upon," he commits a double error.

Human nature is not unchangeable. All through history it has been changing. At certain periods the change has been very rapid; most of the time it has been gradual—almost imperceptible in a single generation or a century. But if Dr. Butler will compare his own human nature with that of any possible ancestor of his in the days when all our ancestors were living in caves and shivering at the thought of ghosts and demons and occasionally feasting on the flesh of captured enemies, he will recognize that certain "old passions and desires and ambitions and weaknesses and sins" have long since pretty completely ceased to dog the path of humanity. Or if he will even compare the Highlanders of Walter Scott's novels with their descendants who now till Canadian farms or endow public libraries, or compare the French peasants whom Arthur Young described in the early eighteenth century with their great-grandchildren of the present day, or compare the Japanese of fifty years ago with the Japanese of 1908, he will be compelled to admit that many old characteristics of human nature have disappeared and new ones have taken their place—or, what is the same thing in other words, if Dr. Butler likes it better, that passions and desires which once worked woe to the human race have become agents for human weal, and vice versa.

That is one-half of Dr. Butler's error; human nature does change, and one of the most powerful forces in changing it is the changing of economic conditions.

And the other half of the error is just as bad. Socialism is not a new form of economic organization that somebody has "hit upon." The head of a great university in the twentieth century ought to know better than to imagine that such a persistent and world-wide social movement—a movement which has taken root in every land where capitalist system of industry has grown up, a movement which has survived two generations of sincere and thoughtful criticism as well as ignorant or wilful misrepresentation and strenuous attempts at forcible suppression, a movement which commands the admittedly intelligent devotion of many millions of men and women, which is gaining new adherents every day, and which has already overthrown ministries and shaken thrones—is not something "hit upon" by a schemer, is not something manufactured by theorists and conspirators and agitators, but is a part, and obviously a most important part of the social evolution of the age.

An added reason for the American capitalists to uphold the power of Diaz in Mexico and an added reason for American workingmen to oppose the extradition of any Mexican refugees whom Diaz may seek to get back into his clutches, is the fact that Edward H. Harriman, with a few associates, has just now acquired five thousand acres of oil land in the district south of Tampico. Every such purchase brings the American and the Mexican capitalists into closer alliance on the one side, and ought to bring the American and the Mexican workingmen into closer alliance on the other.

We have all heard remarks about the futility of advising that the stable door be locked after the horse has been stolen. But Mr. Carnegie's recommendation that steel be put on the free list is perhaps the first example of such advice coming from the horse-thief himself.

The only sure sign that a hat has been made by union workers and under union conditions is the presence of a United Hatters' label on the inner side of the sweatband. Workingmen and friends of the labor movement should refuse to buy hats that do not bear this label.

WHAT WILL TAFT DO ABOUT POLITICAL REFUGEES?

By A. C. VILLARREAL.

[The writer of this article is a Mexican, who has for some time been a resident of the United States and is familiar with political and economic conditions in both countries. He is a brother of Antonio I. Villarreal, who has for fourteen months been held a prisoner in Los Angeles on account of his political activity as an adherent of the Liberal party in his native country.—Ed.]

Mr. Roosevelt's administration has been conspicuously instrumental in strengthening the power of autocrats in the Old and New Worlds; so much so that to-day this country presents a disgraceful spectacle to all liberty loving people.

Here in the East we see Pouran, a Russian patriot, arrested, tried, freed and then rearrested on a mere technicality, subjected to all kinds of iniquities, all because he has raised his voice against the hideous figure occupying the throne of Russia and dared to fight for the freedom of his people.

In golden California, where people have asserted themselves by shaking off a corrupt political ring, where the workers are well organized and have proved that they can survive even an earthquake; they have been thrown into prison at Los Angeles three Mexicans, Ricardo Flores Magon, Antonio I. Villarreal and Librado Rivera, because these men denounced the dictatorship of Porfirio Diaz and advised their countrymen to organize and demand better conditions.

It can hardly be expected of Mr. Roosevelt to change his policies (of which he boasts so much) in the last months of his administration. For seven years he has sided trust magnates in this country and powerful potentates in foreign countries. How could it be otherwise when he keeps Elihu Root, a trust jackal, as his Secretary of State?

But now that election is over it is well to ask what is our next President, Mr. Taft, going to do about political refugees? He has gone on record during the entire campaign as being in favor of clinching Roosevelt's policies. Will he keep Elihu Root as Secretary of State? Will he follow his predecessor's footsteps and make of this land of freedom a country where foreign despots can wreak vengeance on their enemies through the courts of the United States?

It is a pathetic state of affairs in the case of the Mexican agitators. If the American people only knew what are the actual conditions in Mexico they would raise such a mighty protest that even a man of Roosevelt's impulsiveness would not be allowed to make such injustices possible. In Mexico President Diaz reigns supreme. He is surrounded by a selected ring of corrupt politicians, of which he is the chief. He practically appoints governors, judges, mayors and all important officials.

There is never but one ballot—the official ballot—and citizens are not allowed to vote for any other. There have been instances when the people tried to elect a ticket against the administration, but these movements have been invariably suppressed before election; by intimidation at first, by force of arms as a last resource.

In foreign countries Porfirio Diaz has the reputation of being a popular and beloved President. Nothing can be farther from the truth. He spends \$500,000 a year in advertising himself, and all foreigners of any standing are showered with favors and concessions to the detriment of the natives. Does anybody believe that a President can be kept in office for thirty years by a popular vote in Mexico or any other country? Does history show any similar case? No, it is sheer force that keeps Diaz President of Mexico.

Laborers in Mexico, as a class, are in far worse condition than the negroes were in this country before the Civil War. The capitalists pay farmers and unskilled labor 25 to 50 cents a day, and they are compelled to buy their food and clothing at the company's stores, at exorbitant prices. In some places they cannot subsist on their earnings and their employers charge them every month for what they spend in excess of their salaries, thus creating a debt which they are never able to pay because they cannot look for better employment elsewhere, as the government does not allow them to leave their employer without settling their accounts. When those who contracted the debt die, the burden passes to their sons. It is practical slavery.

There is no freedom of speech or press in our country. Nothing can be said or done against the government which does not bring severe punishment. Speakers have been killed for criticizing the government and its methods. Newspaper men

have been put behind the bars and then killed without trial and people by the hundreds have been shot while making demonstrations in favor of some leader who is not acceptable to the administration.

Bad as the trusts are here, they are nothing compared with the power exercised by Diaz and his official family. Diaz is a stockholder in most of the big corporations and owns millions of foreign securities. The governors follow his example. Creel, of Chihuahua, owns three-quarters of that state. He controls the banks, railroads and all important industries. He was named ambassador at Washington and retained as Governor of Chihuahua at the same time, strictly against the Mexican constitution.

The three Mexicans who are prisoners in Los Angeles have been fighting for many years against these revolting conditions. They started in Mexico, and after being thrown into prison several times they decided to come to this country and continue their labors from here.

All in vain. They found that in this country the influence of the Mexican government was nearly as great as in Mexico itself. Trumped up charges were made against them in several cities of United States, and to-day they are imprisoned in Los Angeles waiting for a decision of the Supreme Court. For fourteen months they have been in that jail, and at the present time they are not allowed to have visitors or even read newspapers.

I appeal to the American people, workmen in particular, to protest against this rank injustice and ask for signatures to make a petition to President Roosevelt to give these men a "square deal." If the prisoners are extradited to Mexico it would mean certain death, as Diaz would not lose any time to kill men who have made his despotism known in foreign countries and opened the eyes of the Mexican people to the fact that they are entitled to better conditions.

UP BROADWAY

By ROBERT d'HENRI.

Slowly the car moved up the crowded thoroughfare. The motorman made repeated attempts to increase speed, but traffic, winding in and out of the crossing streets, repeatedly checked him. Every sudden move threw the passengers against one another, and the grating sounds of the brakes and wheels plainly jarred them.

Close by me sat a woman, her arm around a young boy, who stood resting against her knee.

"Hello, Maria!" she suddenly exclaimed, looking up just as a woman passed in to join us as fellow passengers. "So glad to see you." Men and women made room for both friends to set together. "I hope all has been well with you since I saw you last." "Oh, fairly," was the quick retort. "I'm preparing to leave the city. But I am really at a loss to know where to go this summer. I am tired of Maine."

"Well, my husband intends to travel through France and Italy. But, oh dear, I have no choice. I must stay at Newport, as the health of the children requires it." And she pressed the boy close to her bosom, impressing a faint kiss on his head. "Of course, you know that they will never appreciate it when they are grown up, but we must, nevertheless, sacrifice ourselves for their welfare." Both women sighed, while the victim of their sympathy gazed with indifference out of the window of the car.

I heard no more of the exchange of questions and answers. I looked at hurrying humanity and bright shops and windows—to distract my mind, as I pondered over the critical self-sacrifice this solicitous mother is experiencing.

Within a few minutes' walk one could find, at any period of the year, other cases of self-sacrifice, and almost as pathetic. The widow plying the needle days and nights for the support of her babes. The emaciated, disease-ridden father at the machine, spurred on to his last endeavors by the cries of his dependent loved ones. The youngster, deprived of his school and his freedom, running the streets for a severe employer and bringing his meager earnings to provide food for the younger members of his household. The little girl, scantily dressed, with a few newspapers under her arm, trying to earn a few pennies for a helpless mother at home.

And more, and more! For a moment I studied the ladies, then left the car—lest my sympathy be too strongly aroused for these martyrs of society.

RADICALS, TAKE STOCK

By ROBERT HUNTER.

It is about time the radicals of the country took stock.

For over a quarter of a century they have been trying to make an impression upon the two old political machines, and it is about time that they began to figure out their gains and losses.

In 1847 a party was formed in California which denounced the doctrine of party fealty and the tyranny of party discipline.

Twenty years later the Populist party declared that the nation had been brought to the verge of moral and political ruin—by the corruption which dominates the ballot boxes, the legislatures, the Congress and the judiciary.

"We have witnessed," these radicals said, "for more than a quarter of a century the struggle of the two great political parties for power and plunder."

In 1896 there came into the political arena a Moses. He fired men's souls and led the Populists back into the machine for power and plunder.

For twelve long years they have fought behind "the nearer one."

They brought new life into the Democratic party. They gave to it superb devotion and service. They rescued the corrupt, discredited machine, and gave it a new birth. And Bryan took that machine—they that were set on to destroy political bosses—and led them back into the machine to be shepherded by political bosses.

For twelve years they have fought, and again and again during those twelve years they, their principles and their ideal candidate have been defeated.

BUT THEIR BOSSES HAVE WON! Tom Taggart, Roger Sullivan, Ryan and all the municipal corporation thieves have retained their hold on the cities and the states.

The political parties have grown more powerful, and inside the political parties the corrupt machines more dominant.

What, then, have the radicals succeeded in DOING during these twelve years?

They have succeeded in uniting honest men and thieves, and they have succeeded at every election in defeating the honest men and in electing the thieves.

Isn't that an enviable record for twelve years' hard labor in the Democratic party?

And who is weaker to-day than ever before? Is Ryan, Belmont or Roger Sullivan? Is Murphy, McCarren, or any of the other political bosses and electoral thieves?

Let the radicals answer.

And if the political and corporation thieves are stronger to-day than twelve years ago, who gave them this strength? Had they been left alone to do their dirty work, would they have succeeded in deceiving the people?

Let the radicals answer. How long would Tammany Hall live if it did not have some honest, clean, fool radical to head its ticket?

What would the Democratic political machine be without its Bryan, its Tom Johnson and its other men of principle?

Let the radicals answer. No, after all these long, weary years the radicals are discredited and the bosses flushed with power and plunder.

Let us listen to the wise words of one of the greatest—"Fingy" Conners, whom Bryan depended upon for delivering to him the vote of New York State.

And this philosopher says, "No, I don't believe many men is hunting for principles nowadays. Platforms is important to stand on, but its the men that stand that we elect to office, not the principles. What do parties name tickets for? Ain't it to get the offices and see that they are administered after the methods of the party which elects them? Ain't that what party government means?"

"Fingy" knows, for he, like many another man of his type, is the great boss of a great state.

And what a nice little funeral oration that is from the mouth of a Democratic victor over the Populist and Democratic warriors against power and plunder.

SNAILS ARE SCARCE.

Edible snails are becoming scarce in France. Most of them come from vineyards, and the chemical solution with which the vines are sprayed is as fatal to the snails as to the phylloxera. Small farms have been started and produce crops of 1,000,000 for every 200 square feet. But even this supply falls to fill the orders from Paris.

A PAIR OF TWINS.

By JOHN M. WORK.

To a capitalist, there must be something uncanny about the way in which the Socialist party in every country almost always bobs up at election time with an increased vote.

To a Socialist it is, of course, the most natural thing in the world. It knows that the minds of men are simply evolving in accord with the evolution of industry.

However, it would not have surprised some of us if we had come out of the recent election with a decreased vote.

Those comrades who seriously considered the fact that fully half of our votes in 1904 were the votes of anti-Parker Democrats, and who spread out before them the list of states, the list of 1904 votes, and the list of locals, and tried quietly and calmly to figure out how many votes we could expect to get, realized that if we merely held our own we would be doubling our strength. That is, we would be doubling the number of genuine Socialist votes.

If we have polled six hundred thousand votes, it follows that we have trebled our strength.

The result of the election, therefore, should be very gratifying to us. The thing for us to do now is to turn our faces confidently and courageously to the future.

There are many duties awaiting us. Of these, I want to emphasize the two that are most important.

We must push the circulation of the Socialist papers. How in the name of reason can you expect a man to vote the Socialist ticket if he is not taking the Socialist paper? Without under-estimating other powerful influences, the press is far and away the most influential factor in forming the opinions of the people.

If we can get every voter to take a Socialist paper, we can snap our fingers at all other influences.

One of the two supreme duties of every Socialist is therefore to get subscribers for the Socialist papers. I take it that you live in the field covered by The Call. If so, it is your duty to get subscribers for The Call. If you are one of those who are too timid to approach people on the subject, get another comrade to go along with you. You will stiffen up each other's backbone. Set aside certain evenings to solicit subscriptions for The Call. Go direct to the non-Socialists, at their alleged homes or elsewhere, and ask them to subscribe. Don't quarrel with them. If you do not get them, leave them thinking well of you and the cause. You will get a goodly proportion of them. In a few weeks go back again and see those who did not subscribe. Keep a list of all subscriptions taken and get their renewal when they expire.

This kind of work is not a bit spectacular.

But it brings results.

And it is results that we want. The other twin duty is to push the work of organization. If we had had a hundred thousand dues paying members during the recent campaign, we would have cast a million and a half votes in spite of all opposition, and we would have put several men in Congress. We would have accomplished these things because we could have done over twice as much effective, systematic work with a hundred thousand dues paying members as we could with thirty or forty thousand. It is safe to count on polling about fifteen times as many votes as we have dues paying members, even when the capitalist parties trot out their most radical candidates. When none of their most radical candidates are running, we can count on polling twenty times as many votes as we have dues paying members—sometimes even more than that.

The increasing of the size and quality of the organization is a part of your duty to the cause. Invite every Socialist to join the party. Attend the meetings. Help to make them interesting and attractive. Help to make the local activities effective. See that your branch or local urges the state and national organizations to shove the organizers out into the unorganized territory. And see that it also gives them its share of the wherewithal to do so.

From the national headquarters to the smallest branch, push the work of organization.

We can just as well as not go into the Congressional campaign of 1910 with a hundred thousand dues paying members, cast a million and a half votes, elect several Congressmen, and put a lot of Socialists into the state legislatures and the minor offices. Don't you think it is worth while?

THE REASON WAS SIMPLE.

"What's your objection to the farm, mister?"

"The land appears to be sunken." "But that's owing to the heavy crops."—Washington Herald.

HOW THE WISEACRES OPPOSED PROGRESS.

Is it possible that at this moment we are living in the dawn of the veritable Golden Age? The principal problems of aerial navigation seem to have been solved, and there is little doubt that before five years have elapsed swift and reliable airships will be as plentiful as swift and reliable automobiles are to-day. Christopher Columbus is honored, and rightly, because he discovered a hemisphere; but the maker of the perfect flying machine increases fourfold the area accessible to man, for there is every reason to believe that by means of this machine man will have access to every breathable portion of the earth's atmospheric envelope.

The jaded city dweller in mid-August will load his car with overcoats and rise to polar coolness a mile above the sizzling streets. Consumptive patients can be easily sustained above the clouds in a rare and highly oxygenized atmosphere more beneficial than any mountain climate on earth. Possibilities vast and dazzling crowd upon the imagination.

The extraction of oxygen from the air, already accomplished in the laboratory, though at high expense, will presently be effected at low cost, and thereby miracles shall be wrought in medicine and in the arts. Already the invention has made possible the fusing and welding of fractured steel, so restoring it that it will withstand more severe strains than ever before. By the use of it, too, "blow-holes," formerly the source of fatal weakness in the armor belt of battleships, can be eliminated at the low price of sixty cents per "blow-hole"—and the armor plate thus restored will be as strong as the very best.

Serious scientists are at work upon apparatus by means of which they confidently expect soon to telephone from New York to London through an Atlantic cable, and there is some hope, not without reasonable basis, that the feat may be accomplished by means of wireless instruments. It is conceivable that one may telephone from New York to-day to a friend spending to-morrow in Tokio.

Not the least of the marvels of to-day is the enlightenment of the public mind, which now welcomes projects that would have been denounced as frauds or insane delusions only a few years ago. By no means can the contrast between the old days and the new be more vividly realized than by a comparison of present-day faith with the incredulity of the last generation. M. Camille Flammarion in his book "The Unknown" ("L'Inconnu") gives many instances of the relentless hostility of scientists toward inventions, instances which at first sight seem almost incredible. Here are a few of the most striking examples:

"I was present one day at a meeting of the Academy of Science. It was a day to be remembered, for its proceedings were absurd. Du Moncel introduced Edison's phonograph to the learned assembly. When the presentation had been made, the proper person began quietly to recite the usual formula as he registered it upon his roll. Then a middle-aged Academician, whose mind was stored—nay, saturated—with traditions drawn from his culture in the classics, rose, and, nobly indignant at the audacity of the inventor, rushed towards the man who represented Edison, and seized him by the collar, crying, 'Wretch! we are not to be made dupes of by a ventriloquist!' This member of the Institute was Monsieur Bouillaud. The day was the 11th of March, 1878. The most curious thing about it was that six months later, on September 20, before a similar assembly, the same man considered himself bound in honor to declare that after a close examination he could find nothing in the invention but ventriloquism, and that it was impossible to admit that mere vile metal could perform the work of human phonation." The phonograph, according to his idea of it, was nothing but an acoustic illusion.

"I knew in Turin, about 1875, a very indigent descendant of the Marquis de Jouffroy, who, like myself, was a native of the Haute Marne. The marquis invented steamboats in 1776. It is known that he spent all his own and much of his friends' money in attempts to demonstrate the possibility of applying steam to the service of navigation. His first boat was launched on the Doubs, at Ponne-le-Dames, in 1776. Another, at Lyons, sailed up the Saone as far as Hébarbe in 1785. Jouffroy wanted to get up a company to carry out his scheme, but for this he required an official permit—a privilege. The government submitted the question of granting it to the Academy of Sciences, which, under the influence of Perier (who made the first fire

engine at Chailot), gave an unfavorable opinion. Besides this, everybody overwhelmed the poor marquis with jokes about his attempt 'to combine the services of fire and water, and he received the nickname of 'Jouffroy-le-Pompe.' The hapless inventor at length became discouraged. He emigrated during the Revolution, but returned to France during the Consulate, when he discovered that Fulton had had no better success with the First Consul than he had had with the old monarchy. Subsequently Fulton failed to convince the English government, in 1804, and it was not until 1807 that his first steamboat was launched successfully upon the Hudson.

"Such is the experience of almost all inventors. Another one (also a native of the Haute Marne), Philippe Lebon, discovered how to use gas for lighting purposes, in 1797. He died in 1804, on the day of the Emperor's coronation (murdered). It was thought, in the Champs-Élysées, without having seen his idea adopted by his country. The principal objection raised to it was that a lamp without a wick could not possibly burn. Gas was first used in England for street lighting in Birmingham in 1805. It was adopted in London in 1815, and in 1818 it was introduced in Paris.

"When railroads were first constructed, engineers predicted that they could never become practicable; and that the wheels of the locomotives would simply whirl round and round without moving forward. In the Chamber of Deputies, in 1828, Arago, hoping to throw cold water on the ardor of the partisans of the new invention, spoke of the inertia of matter, of the tenacity of metals, and of the resistance of the air. 'The speed of steam engines,' he said, 'may be great—very great; but it will not equal what has been predicted. Let us not put faith in mere words. They tell us it will bring an increase of travel. In 1836 the whole amount of money paid for traveling and transportation in France was 2,805,000 francs. In all the projected lines are built, if all transits were by means of railroads and locomotives, this 2,805,000 francs would be reduced to 1,052,000. This would mean a diminution of 1,753,000 francs per annum. The country would thus lose about two-thirds of the money now paid for transportation by carriages. Let us mistrust imagination. Imagination is the misleading fairy of our homes. Two parallel lines of iron will not give a new face to the Landes of Gascony.' And all the rest of his speech was in this vein—by which we may see that when new ideas have to be presented to the public the greatest minds may fall into error.

"M. Thiers said also: 'I admit that railroads would furnish some advantages for the transportation of travelers, provided their use was limited to a few short lines, with their terminals in great cities like Paris. But long lines are not wanted.'

"Hear also Proudhon: 'It is a vulgar and ridiculous notion to assert that railroads will increase the circulation of ideas.'

"In Bavaria the Royal College of Doctors, having been consulted, declared that railroads, if they were constructed, would cause the greatest deterioration in the health of the public, because such rapid movement would cause brain trouble among travelers and vertigo among those who looked at moving trains. For this last reason it was recommended that all tracks should be enclosed by high board fences."—Harper's Weekly.

THE DEMON OF SPEED.

Operatives in the various factories round about do not have the comfort, or the opportunities, they had ten years ago, and many who once found good work and pay in the mills have left in despair to seek other employments. The stress upon nerves and muscles has increased, and the pay has decreased, or remained stationary. It all comes about from the modern industrial demon called speed, and this demon grinds out both hope and life. Most of the great mills, at heavy expense, have within a few years installed new machinery calculated to speed up the work and to produce more rapidly than formerly. The operatives suddenly found themselves the weary victims of the "speeding-up" system, and some of them fell by the wayside while trying to keep up the terrific pace. "We rarely go out evenings," said two intelligent girl operatives a while ago. "We are too tired, and our heads ache. We go in at 7 and come out at 6, and we work harder than we used to, and we find it hard to make as much. It's all the 'speeding-up.' The demon speed grinds on, profits are increased, but few think of the tired workers."—Newark Evening News.

THE GRAND ARMY.

By BEN HANFORD.

Five hundred thousand men have voted the straight Socialist ticket this year. We all expected there would be more. In the heat of the battle we forgot how great was the cause for which the battle was fought. In looking for a million votes we forgot how much it takes to make a Socialist voter. We thought a million Socialists meant a million Socialist voters.

But there is a Grand Army of half a million Socialist voters in the United States.

Five hundred thousand voters who are unafraid of "Big Stick" Roosevelt. Five hundred thousand voters who are unawed by "Big Injunction Bill" Taft. Five hundred thousand voters who are unswayed by "Big Windy Billy" Bryan. Five hundred thousand voters who are undeceived by "Big Bunco Billy" Hearst. Five hundred thousand voters who are unmoved by "Big Bluff Sammy" Gompers. Truly, a Grand Army, if this world ever saw one.

Half a million voters in the United States who cannot be fooled by Big Booze, Big Booze Fighters, or Big Water Wagons. Half a million voters who cannot be enslaved by the Big Superstitions of the Big Stiffs under the graveyard's sod, or the more dead Big Stuffs who officer our great universities. Half a million voters who cannot be humbugged by the Big Lies of the Big Dallics. Half a million voters who cannot be bribed by Big Boodle nor be bought by Big Business. Half a million voters who cannot be cowed by the Big Bullies of the army nor the Big Bludgeons of the police.

Five hundred thousand men who stand erect and beard the Big Beast Capitalism in his own domain. Truly, a Grand Army, if this world has ever seen one.

FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND SOCIALIST VOTERS. And that is only half the story of the Grand Army. For more than half a million others would have voted the Socialist ticket had not capitalist laws deprived them of the ballot. Few of the two million men employed in the building trades and by the railroads are allowed to vote. The railway men cannot leave their work to go to the polls on election day. The men of the building and several other trades are always on the move—"following the job." They are unable to acquire a "voting residence." Then, millions of black working men are disfranchised and millions of their white brothers along with them throughout the South. Still other millions of the workers are shut off from exercise of all electoral rights by poll tax and other property qualifications. When I say the number of men in the United States who desired to vote the Socialist ticket, but were prevented by unfair election laws, is equal to the number who did vote the Socialist ticket, I am well within the mark. That means that the Grand Army of Socialist men in this country numbers 500,000 voters, to

which must be added 500,000 others who were legally robbed of the ballot. So the real Grand Army numbers a million men at this moment—not a man less than ONE MILLION. Truly, a Grand Army, if this world is ever to see one.

To this Grand Army of a million Socialists, half of whom voted the Socialist ticket and half of whom would have voted the Socialist ticket had they been allowed to vote at all, must be added not less than one million men who to-day are Socialists in every way but one. They have a fair understanding of Socialism, they believe in it and they agree with it. But they have not yet learned Socialist party tactics—they expect to "get something now," or in the hope of getting "half a loaf." This million of men who to-day are Socialists, but do not vote the Socialist ticket, constitute the first reserve of the Grand Army. Every day sees more and more of them enlightened, and as their hopes of better things from the old parties are doomed to disappointment, they will of necessity see the correctness of the Socialist party tactics and vote the Socialist ticket.

Some of these Socialists who are not Socialist voters can get their education only in the painful school of experience. Their lessons may come in the form of a strike or lock-out, or inflection. Or it may be that the Big Stick, the militia or the police are to be their teachers. Others will learn from hearing a Socialist speech or reading a Socialist leaflet or book. In any event their ultimate destination is the Socialist party.

To sum up, the present strength of the Socialist movement in the United States may be stated as follows:

Socialist voters.....	500,000
Socialists, but disfranchised	500,000
Socialists, but do not vote the Socialist ticket.....	1,000,000
Socialist women.....	—?

Total..... 2,000,000

This is a very conservative statement of the Socialist strength. Unquestionably it is greater, rather than less. It is difficult to make an estimate of the strength of Socialism among women. But it is considerable, is growing rapidly and I shall take the subject up at a later time.

To-day two million men in the United States are Socialists. They constitute the Grand Army. It is not an army of murder, rapine and destruction. It is a Grand Army of peace and progress, of enlightenment and brotherhood. It is an army that grows with every hour of the day. It is an army that has never known defeat and never will. It is an army that with the certainty of the rising and setting of the sun shall march with resistless force from one victory to another till every man, woman and child on earth shall be free.

Truly, a Grand Army, if this world ever is to see one. Do you belong to that Grand Army, reader? If not, why not? No man has ever been drafted into this army. But volunteers are always wanted. Better enlist, reader.

THE PARASITES OF OUR CIVILIZATION.

GEORGE D. HERRON, in "From Revolution to Revolution."

Strip possessing class institutions of their vestures of fraud and force, and you behold the stolid or cunning parasite. Take the standing armies of the world, with their millions of men taken from productive labor to be supported by the labor of others, and compelled to serve and revere a glorified criminality—for certainly nothing now is so low in the scale of human occupations, so loathsome and really cowardly, as the modern military, with its picnics of loot and murder. Take this military system and look at it and consider whence it comes. What are its guns and navies, its bespangled officers and bedizened ranks? They are the forcibly withheld and parasitically consumed labor of the laborer. That which glitters on the officer's shoulder straps is the unpaid labor of the consumptive girl in the sweatshop, or of the miner in the Virginia coal mines. The annual riot of capitalist lawlessness, the annual orgy and pandemonium of capitalist prostitution, that breaks out at Washington and yet solemnly commands the sacred respect of seventy millions of people—whence and what are its power, its disposal of the affairs of the nation, its billion dollar disbursements? They are all the unpaid and ravished labor of the labor-

er. It is unpaid labor that towers in the steeples of our churches, that sits in our legislatures, that builds palaces on our avenues, that blossoms in our shameless fashions, that drones in our academies and rituals, that produces our war novels and our insipid poetry, that raises our shameless ideals of "the strenuous life," or sings in Mr. Kipling's brute heroics. Our poisoned thoughts, our petty and servile motives of life, the very air we breathe, are but the color or movement of this unpaid labor. Our civilization and the civilizations that have been are but the institutionalized unpaid labor, organized and glorified for the purpose of keeping labor unpaid and submissive. As I have said, there are no words red and living enough in human experience to state this fact. There is no power in the human tongue, no dynamic in the human pen, that can portray the awfulness of a world that builds its glories and its gods, its temples of trade and law and religion, its forms of beauty and systems of good, upon an economic might that is but conventionalized robbery of the common labor of mankind. The history of the world is but the struggle between unpaid labor and those who possess its products. And the struggle must go on until the man who is down shall be purified and enlightened to get up; until the man who works shall have the whole results of his work; until every class but the working class has ceased to be, with every member of that class a creator and a poet, a philosopher and a dreamer, and a soul of endless beauty.

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.—Continued.

THE VANDERBILT FORTUNE INCREASES MANIFOLD.

III.

Vanderbilt now had a complete railroad system from New York to Chicago, with extensive offshoots. It is at this point that we have to deal with a singular commendation of his methods thrust forward glibly from that day to this. True, his eulogists admitted then as they admit now, Vanderbilt was not overscrupulous in getting property that he wanted. But consider, they urge, the improvements he brought about on the railroads that came into his possession; the renovation of the roadbed, the institution of new locomotives and cars, the tearing down of the old, worn-out stations. This has been the flowery praise showered upon him and his methods.

Inquiry, however, reveals that this appealing picture, like all others of its sort, has been ingeniously distorted. The fact was, in the first place, that these improvements were not made out of regard to public convenience, but for two radically different reasons. The first desideratum was that if the dividends were to be paid on the huge amount of fabricated stock, the road, of necessity, had to be put into a condition of fair efficiency to meet or surpass the competing facilities of other railroads running to Chicago. Second, the number of damage claims for accident or loss of life arising largely from improper appliances and insufficient safeguards was so great that it was held cheaper in the long run to spend millions for improvements. Note what happened now.

Public Funds for Private Use.

Instead of paying for these improvements with even a few millions of the proceeds of the watered stock, Vanderbilt (and all other railroad magnates in like cases did the same) forced the public treasury to defray a large part of the cost. A good illustration of his methods is his improvement of his passenger terminals in New York City. The entrances of the New York Central and the Harlem railroads is by way of Fourth avenue. This franchise, as we have seen, was obtained by bribery in 1832. But it was a qualified franchise. It reserved certain nominal restrictions in behalf of the people by inserting the right of the city to order the removal of the tracks at any time that they became an obstruction. These terms were objectionable to Vanderbilt; a perpetual franchise could be capitalized for far more than a limited or qualified one. A perpetual franchise was what he wanted.

The opportunity came in 1872. From the building of the railroad the tracks had been on the surface of Fourth avenue. Dozens of dangerous crossings had resulted in much injury to life and many deaths. The demand of public opinion that the tracks be depressed below the level of the street had been resisted.

Instead of longer ignoring this demand Vanderbilt now planned to make use of it; he saw how he could utilize it not only to feist a great part of the expense upon the city, but to get a perpetual franchise. Thus, upon the strength of the popular cry for reform, he would extort advantages calculated to save him millions and at the same time, extend his privileges. It was but another illustration of the principle in capitalist society to which we have referred before, and which there will be copious occasion to mention again and again, that after energetically contesting even those petty reforms for which the people have ever deftly turned about when they could no longer withstand the popular demands and as usual made those very reforms the basis for more spoliation and for a farther intrenchment of their power.

The first step was to get the New York City Common Council to pass, with an assumption of indignation, an ordinance requiring Vanderbilt to make the desired improvements and committing the city to bear one-half the expense and giving him a perpetual franchise. This was in Tweed's time when the Common Council was composed largely of the most corrupt ward heeled and when Tweed's puppet, Hall, was Mayor. Public opposition to this grab was so great as to frighten the politicians; at any rate, whatever his reasons, Mayor Hall vetoed the ordinance. Thereupon, in 1872, Vanderbilt went

to the Legislature—that Legislature whose members he had so often bought like so many cattle. This particular Legislature, however, was elected in 1871, following the revelations of the Tweed "ring" frauds. It was regarded as a "model reform body." As has already been remarked in this work, the pseudo "reform" officials or bodies which the American people elect in the vain hope of overthrowing corruption will often go to greater lengths in the disposition of the people's rights and interests than the most hardened politicians, because they are not suspected of being corrupt, and their measures have the appearance of being enacted for the public good. The Tweed clique had been broken up, but the capitalists who had assiduously bribed its members and profited so hugely from their political acts, were untouched and in greater power than ever before. The source of all this corruption had not been struck at in the slightest. Tweed, the politician, was sacrificed and went to prison and died there; the capitalists who had corrupted representative bodies everywhere in the United States, before and during his time, were safe and respected, and in a position to continue their work of corruption. Tweed made the classic, unforgivable blunder of going into politics as a business, instead of into commercialism.

"Reform" As It Works Out.

From the "reform" Legislature of 1872 Vanderbilt secured all that he sought. The act was so dexterously worded that while not nominally giving a perpetual franchise, it practically revoked the qualified parts of the charter of 1832. It also compassionately relieved him from the necessity of having to pay out about \$4,000,000 in replacing the dangerous roadway by imposing that cost upon New York City. Once these improvements were made, Vanderbilt bonded them as though they had been made with private money.

But these were not his only gifts from the "reform" Legislature. The Harlem Railroad owned, as we have seen, the Fourth avenue surface line of horse cars. Although until this time it extended to Seventy-ninth street only this line was then the second most profitable in New York City. In 1864, for instance, it carried nearly six million passengers, and its gross earnings were \$735,000. It did not pay, nor was required to pay, a single cent in taxation. By 1872 the city's population had grown to 950,000. Vanderbilt concluded that the time was fruitful to gather in a few more miles of the public streets.

The Legislature was acquiescent. Chapter 325 of the Laws of 1872 allowed him to extend the line from Seventy-ninth street to as far north as Madison avenue should thereafter be opened. "But see," said the Legislature in effect, "how mindful of the public interests we have been. We have imposed a tax of 5 per cent on all gross receipts above 79th street." When, however, the time came to collect, Vanderbilt innocently pretended that he had no means of knowing whether the fares were taken in on that section of the line, free of taxation, below Seventy-ninth street, or on the taxed portion above it. Behind that fraudulent subterfuge the city officials have never been inclined to go nor have they made any effort. As a consequence the only revenue that the city has since received from that line has been a meager few thousand dollars a year.

At the very time that he was watering stock, sliding through legislatures corrupt grants of perpetual franchises and swindling cities and states out of huge sums in taxes (11) Vanderbilt was forcing the drivers and conductors on the Fourth avenue surface line to work an average of fifteen hours out of twenty-four, and reducing their daily wages from \$2.25 to \$2.

Vanderbilt made the pretense that it was necessary to economize, and as was the invariable rule of the capitalists, the entire burden of the economizing process was thrown upon the already overloaded workers. This subtraction of 25 cents a day entailed

(11) Not alone he. In a tabulated report made public on February 1, 1872, the New York Council of Political Reform charged that in the single item of surface railroads New York City for a long period had been swindled annually out of at least a million dollars. This was an underestimate. Every other section of the capitalist class swindled likewise in taxes.

upon the drivers and conductors and their families many severe deprivations; working for such low wages every cent obviously counted in the management of household affairs. But the methods of the capitalist class in deliberately pyramiding its profits on the sufferings of the working class were evidenced in this case (as they had been, and since have been, in countless other instances) by the announcement in the Wall Street reports that this reduction in wages was followed by the instant rise in the price of the stock of the Fourth avenue surface line. The lower the wages the greater the dividends.

The further history of the Fourth avenue surface line cannot here be pursued in detail. Suffice to say that the Vanderbilts in 1894 leased this line for 999 years to the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, controlled by those eminent financiers, William C. Whitney, Thomas F. Ryan and others whose monumental briberies, thefts and praxes have frequently been uncovered in official investigations. For almost a thousand years, unless a radical change of conditions comes, the Vanderbilts will draw a princely revenue from the ownership of this one franchise alone.

It is not necessary to enter into a narrative of all the laws Vanderbilt bribed Legislature after Legislature and Common Council after Common Council into passing; laws giving him for nothing immensely valuable grants of land, shore rights and rights to land under water, more authorizations to make further consolidations and to issue more watered stock. Nor is it necessary to deal with the numerous bills he considered adverse to his interests, which he caused to be smothered in legislative committees by bribery.

Vanderbilt's Chief of Staff.

His chief instrument during all these years was a general utility lawyer, Chauncey M. Depew, whose speciality was to hoodwink the public by grandiloquent exhibitions of mellifluous spread-eagle oratory, while secretly bringing the "proper arguments" to bear upon legislators and other public officials. (12) Every one who could in any way be used, or whose influence required subsidizing, was in the phrase of the day, "taken care of." Great sums of money were distributed outright in bribes. Supplementing this an even more insidious system of bribery was carried on. Free passes for railroad travel were lavishly distributed; no politician was ever refused; newspaper and magazine editors, writers and reporters were always supplied with free transportation for the asking, thus insuring to a great measure their good will, and putting them under obligations not to criticize or expose plundering schemes or individuals. All railroad companies used this as well as other forms of bribery.

It was mainly by means of the free pass system that Depew, acting for the Vanderbilts, secured not only a general immunity from newspaper criticism, but continued to have himself and them portrayed in luridly favorable lights. Depending upon the newspapers for its sources of information, the public was constantly deceived and blinded, either by the suppression of certain news or by its being tampered with and grossly colored. This Depew continued as the wriggling tool of the Vanderbilt family for nearly half a century. Astonishing as it may seem, he managed to pass among the uninformed as a notable man; he was continuously eulogized; at one time he was boomed for the nomination for President of the United States, and in 1905 when the Vanderbilt family decided to have a direct representative in the United States Senate, they ordered the New York State Legislature, which they practically owned, to elect him to that body. It was while he was a United States Senator that the investigations in 1905 of a committee of the New York Legislature into the affairs of certain life insurance companies revealed that Depew had long since been an advisory party to the gigantic swindles and briberies carried on by Hyde, the founder and head of the Equitable Life Assurance Company.

The career of Depew is of no interest to posterity, excepting in so far as it shows anew how the magnates were able to use intermediaries to do their underground work for them, and to put those intermediaries into the highest official positions in the country. This fact alone was responsible for their elevation to such bodies as the United States Senate, the President's Cabinet and the courts. Their long service as lobbyists or as retainers was the surest passport to high political or judicial position; their express duty was to vote or decide as their masters' interest bid them. So it was (as it is now) that men who had bribed right

(12) Roscoe Conkling, a noted Republican politician, said of him: "Chauncey Depew? Oh, you mean the man that Vanderbilt sends to Albany every winter to say 'haw' and 'gee' to his cattle up there."

and left, and who had put their cunning or brains at the complete disposal of the magnates, filled Congress and the courts. These were, to a large extent, the officials by whose votes or decisions all measures of value to the working class were defeated; and reversely, all or nearly all bills demanded by the money interests were passed and sustained.

Here we are again forced to notice the truism which has thrust itself forward so often and conspicuously; that law was essentially made by the great criminals of society, and that, thus 'ar it has been a frightful instrument, based upon force, for legalizing theft on a large scale. By law the great criminals absolve themselves and at the same time declare drastic punishment for the petty criminals. The property obtained by theft is converted into a sacred vested institution; the men who commit the theft or their hirelings sit in high places and pass laws surrounding the proceeds of that theft with impregnable fortifications of statutes; should any poor devil, goaded on by the exasperations of poverty, venture to help himself to even the tiniest part of that property, the severest penalty, enacted by those same plunderers, is mercilessly visited upon him.

After having bribed legislatures to legalize his enormous issue of watered stock, what was Vanderbilt's next move? The usual fraudulent one of securing exemption from taxation. He and other railroad owners sneaked through law after law by which many of their issues of stock were made non-taxable.

(To be continued.)

NO RECONCILIATION BETWEEN CLASSES.

It is no answer to the cry of the world's disinherited to say that conditions or wages are now better than they once were. If they are, what of it? The answer is an impertinence; it is irrelevant and impudent, as well as stupid and evasive.

There comes a time when it is no longer an answer to the slave to tell him that he has corn bread and bacon now, whereas he once had only corn bread and gravy; to tell him that he has mud in the chinks of his cabin now, whereas the wind and the rain once blew between the logs of his cabin wall; to tell him that he is sometimes owned by good masters now, whereas he was once driven under the lash of bad masters.

There comes a time when no improved conditions of slavery are an answer to the slave's cry, or will any longer be listened to; a time when only the slave's uttermost freedom, the breaking of his every bond and shackle, will meet his demand or the human imperative.

Under the Socialist movement there is coming a time, and the time may be even now at hand, when improved conditions or adjusted wages will no longer be thought to be an answer to the cry of labor; yea, when these will be but an insult to the common intelligence. It is for better wages, improved capitalist conditions, or a share of capitalist profits that the Socialist movement is in the world; it is here for the abolition of wages and profits, and for the end of capitalism and the private capitalist. Reformed political institutions, board of arbitration between capital and labor, philanthropies and privileges that are but the capitalist's gifts—none of these can much longer answer the question that is making the temples, thrones and parliaments of the nations tremble.

There can be no peace between the man who is down and the man who builds on his back. There can be no reconciliation between classes; there can only be an end of classes. It is idle to talk of good will until there is first justice, and idle to talk of justice until the man who makes the world possesses the work of his own hands. The cry of the world's workers can be answered with nothing save the whole produce of their work.—George D. Herron, in "From Revolution to Revolution."

KEATS' LIKENESS TO MILTON.

Keats not only has the same largeness of horizon (as Milton), and the same touch of tenderness, but he also had the same public spirit and love of liberty. His letters are full of wise comment on affairs, always from an ideal democratic point of view. He saw humanity in the large, and sympathetically, and no one can doubt his sincerity in saying, in a letter to Reynolds: "I would jump down Etna for any great public good."—From "A Note on Milton and Keats," in the Christmas Century.

THE RIGHT OF ASYLUM.

From the Chicago Evening Post.

The case of Christian Rudowitz, now before United States Commissioner Foote to meet the demand for his extradition by the Russian government, lays stress once more upon the tenacious vitality of the ideals upon which this country is founded.

Rudowitz maintains that he is a political refugee. And here come up at once all the traditions, all the American pride in the precious "right of asylum." We are vividly faced with the issues that underlay the landing of the Pilgrims, the coming of the Huguenots and the immigration of our Irish citizens.

At such a time we must go back to the principles which we have laboriously established in the past. We need not and should not attempt to prejudice a special case now under judicial advisement, but we should assuredly take a new grasp of our old ideals in order to preserve and protect them.

We must remember, then, our ancient glory in the faith that in this country at least men shall be safe from the long arm of religious or political persecution. The very essence of freedom, as America has defined it, lies in this conviction. We have cherished the right of asylum as zealously as the right of free speech.

Legally we have tried to keep clear the distinction between extradition for criminal and for political offenses. It has been difficult, because the acts of revolutionists often fail to stand out in their true meaning. It is hard for an isolated refugee to prove that he acted from political motives; it is comparatively easy for his vengeful government to make out against him a prima facie case of criminal intent. Our courts have realized this. Indeed, an interesting excerpt quoted by the New York "Evening Post" from the de-

isions of a federal judge contains this recognition of it:

"I cannot help thinking that every body knows that there are many acts of a political character done without reason, done against all reason; but at the same time one cannot look too hardly and weigh in golden scales the acts of men not in their political excitement. An act of this description may be done for the purpose of furthering and in furtherance of a political rising, even though it is an act which may be deplored and lamented by those who calmly reflect upon it after the battle is over."

"Obviously," adds the Post, "the intention of the law is that every chance shall be given to the refugee who pleads his political opinions as a defense against extradition."

Considering present conditions in their general relation to the right of asylum, we have good reason to examine into the strange energy with which Russia has recently begun to reclaim "criminals" from our shores. We have had two such arrests in Chicago, and the Pouren and Alexandrovitch cases in the East are recently familiar. After many years of imperial indifference this burst of activity calls for some explanation. Can it be that Russia, after closing all Europe, saving England, against her revolutionary refugees, is now trying to close America, too? Such a result would give bureaucratic barbarism an even freer hand than it has to-day.

Whatever the outcome of the Rudowitz case, it may be well for our people to prepare for a reassertion of the right of asylum. We are willing to live up to our extradition treaties, but we may once more have to make a foreign government understand that freedom from political persecution in this country is a living fact, not a bloodless theory. We could do less important things than urge upon Ellihu Root the wisdom of following up his action upon the Pouren case with diplomatic action in general.

SOCIALISM IN CANADA.

By GORDON CASCADEN, of Toronto.

Socialist thought is spreading throughout Canada. Increasing discussion in the press, the church and the educational institutions and the returns of the recent Dominion elections, which are now complete, point to the fact that the workers are awakening. In the general elections the Socialist party of Canada polled the largest vote in its history and the work of propaganda is being followed up by the organization of several new locals and the increase in membership of many of those already in existence.

The Socialist vote was confined to a very small portion of the two hundred and more electoral districts. It is, therefore, impossible to estimate the actual growth of Socialist thought throughout the Dominion. The House of Commons is Canada's most representative legislative body, and Canadian members of Parliament are expected to perform the same duties as United States members of Congress.

Any number of candidates may enter an election (held every five years) provided the deposit is forfeited if the candidate fails to poll a large percentage of the votes cast for the successful candidate. Apologists for this restriction claim that it is necessary in order to keep out "freak" ideas. But the only reason for its existence is the desire to destroy free speech and check the growth of revolutionary, or even radical, thought. At the last session of the Canadian Parliament the politicians spent several weeks tinkering the election act. But, although they differed on every other section, they agreed on one thing—that the deposit clause was necessary in order to destroy the right of free selection.

Therefore, there were very few candidates (other than Liberal and Conservative) in the field at the recent elections, and naturally but a small number of Socialists. The Ontario Provincial Executive gave this advice to locals—"Don't contest districts, but write 'For Socialism' across your ballots." As a result over a thousand such ballots were marked in Toronto alone. Berlin local went one better. "For Socialism" labels were printed and many a ballot in that district had this label across it.

In Western Canada, where the air itself is revolutionary, several constituencies were contested, and in two districts east of Lake Superior candidates were placed in the field.

The Socialist Vote.

The vote of the Socialist party, in the constituencies contested, was:

Winnipeg, (Man.)	
J. D. Houston.....	1,998
Kootenay (B. C.)	
W. Davidson.....	1,373
Nanaimo (B. C.)	
J. H. Hawthornthwaite.....	1,302
Vancouver (B. C.)	
E. T. Kinsley.....	1,194
Calgary (Alberta)	
F. H. Sheiman.....	743
MacLeod (Alberta)	
J. Harrington.....	662
Yale-Cariboo (B. C.)	
C. Bunting.....	416
St. Lawrence division of Montreal (P. Q.)	
A. St. Martin.....	187
Total—8 districts; 7,875 votes.	

In Port Arthur (Ont.), over 600 votes were polled for a party member who ran as a Labor-Socialist. He has been suspended because he made a direct appeal for the trade union vote. In computation of the Socialist vote in various countries, Canada is usually credited with a vote of 8,000. When 7,875 votes are polled in less than 4 per cent of the electoral districts, it is easy to see that a free selection would increase Canada's vote many times over.

Winnipeg is the largest constituency, numerically, in the Dominion, and the task of organizing a contest is far too great for any party without capitalist backing, therefore, no real organization was attempted. Meetings were held and, unaffected by the fierce party warfare, nearly 2,000 voters went to the ballot box and cast their votes for a candidate who had no chance of election.

In Nanaimo, Ralph Smith, the Liberal-Labor member, was re-elected, although he was repudiated in the north end of the district—where he was best known. For many years Smith was secretary of the coal miners and was first elected as a Labor member. He is now an active member of the Liberal party. In Nanaimo town itself, where he was best known, the vote stood—Hawthornthwaite, 715; Smith, 370; Shepherd, 260. Many optimistic Socialists expected the party would be first, instead of third. But the capitalist parties received their vote in the farming and resi-

dential section of the district and Nanaimo is no longer the banner Socialist constituency of Western Canada.

In Vancouver, an independent candidate ran on the Asiatic Exclusion ticket, but the Socialist vote was increased, nevertheless. In the two contested Alberta districts the gospel of freedom was spread.

The vote in the St. Lawrence division of Montreal was small, yet it meant the entry of Socialism into Quebec province. This province is indirectly ruled from the Vatican, and it has long been the despair of advanced thinkers.

Good Organization Work.

The Socialists of Canada are not disappointed because of the returns. In every district contested the locals are in a better financial condition than before the election. The membership of Local Winnipeg is now many times greater than it was when Mr. Houston was nominated and the economic and speakers' classes are well attended. Vancouver and other locals of the Pacific coast province report increased activity.

In Ontario the active and revolutionary organizer, Wilfrid Gribble, has just returned from a tour of the Western peninsula. In London, once the stronghold of the S. L. P., a live local has been organized. Windsor and St. Thomas have also fallen into line. Ottawa organized some weeks ago and is now one of the largest locals East of Lake Superior.

Local Toronto has another branch. This time the French have organized and the local now includes five branches—Finnish, Jewish, English, Italian and French. Four choirs, one band, one speakers' class definitely devoted to training speakers, two economic classes and one woman's study club are all under the control of this local.

Ben Wilson, of Kansas, a native of Ontario, spoke in the Labor Temple on Sunday last, and in several outside towns during the week. He speaks again to-day in the Labor Temple and doubtless the attendance will be large, for his former address was eloquent and convincing. Local Toronto is holding meetings in the Labor Temple every Sunday and the literature sales are fast increasing.

There are now twenty-two locals in Ontario.

LET LABOR RESPECT ITSELF.

Why does the worker bow in subservience to the idler? Why does he cringe and shuffle in the presence of the class which fattens on him? It is because he has been made a coward by careful training. All the customs, all the laws, all the religions that have ever received the sanction of the ruling class have been those which were calculated to keep the worker in subjection. He has been trained to quake and cower at the garden his own hands have made. The whole force and influence of his education makes him give place to the man who assumes to be his better. But what is the basis of this assumption, save the arrogance of class? It is not a better man the worker is bowing to. Manhood does not reside in mere assumptions of superiority. The worker is bowing to a phantom; a creation of his own darkened mind. Franklin H. Wentworth.

WORST CRIME OF ALL.

"Call the jury for the next case," said the judge.

"May it please the court," said the prosecuting attorney, "the prisoner at bar is not entitled to a jury. He—"

"Why, even the orneriest chicken thief is entitled to a trial by jury," exclaimed the judge. "It is the inalienable right of every man charged with—"

"But, this is a union man charged with having violated your order not to approach a strikebreaker with intent to influence him."

"What? Prisoner, stand up! You have committed a crime which is so much worse than murder, rape, incest, arson, infanticide, homicide, patricide, matricide or fratricide that you have forfeited all right to a trial by jury. Solitary confinement for six months. Call the next case!"—Lincoln Wageworker.

A SCIENTIFIC PROBLEM.

Earnest Female—Professor, I hear you are a great ornithologist.

Professor—I am an ornithologist, madam.

Earnest Female—Then could you kindly tell me the botanical name for a whale?—Boston Transcript.

EXPRESS MONOPOLY SHOWN BY CENSUS.

Six companies do 90 per cent. of the express business of the United States, according to a report just issued by the Bureau of the Census, giving the results of the second census of the express business. The statistics presented cover the fiscal year ending June 30, 1907 (except in the case of a few reports which cover the calendar year), and relate to those express companies which forward freight and valuables over steam, electric, water, or stage line, and which do business in more than one town.

In 1907 there was thirty-four express companies, as compared with eighteen in 1890. Only ten of the companies reporting in 1890 were in existence under the same name in 1907; remaining eight companies have gone out of business, have been absorbed by other companies, or are operating under other names.

Increase of Mileage.

The total express mileage has increased from 174,059 miles to 235,903 miles, a gain of 35.5 per cent. Both the mileage operated over railroads and that operated over water lines show large gains, the former having increased from 150,122 to 216,973, or 35.5 per cent., and the latter from 10,882 to 17,796, or 63.5 per cent. A large part of the gain in steamboat mileage is attributable to the extension of the express business into Alaska. The company operating in Alaska and between Alaska and Seattle was unable to segregate its coastwise mileage from the ocean mileage operated. Ocean mileage is not included in the reports of the other companies. There has been a decrease from 3,055 to 1,134 in the mileage operated over stage lines, due to the abandonment of such lines upon the construction of railroads in territory hitherto accessible only by stage.

Ninety-one per cent. of the total mileage in 1907 is operated over steam railroads, 7.5 over steamboat lines, nine-tenths of 1 per cent. over electric roads, and five-tenths of 1 per cent. over stage lines. Fourteen companies report the use of electric roads for express transportation; and of these, 5, operating 205.30 miles, use such roads exclusively.

Six Companies Control.

Of the 34 express companies represented at the census of 1907, 16 are corporations, 12 are departments of railroads, 4 are unincorporated associations, 1 is owned by a partnership, and 1 by an individual.

Capital stock was reported by twelve of the incorporated companies, and shares of interest were reported by one incorporated company and by

the four unincorporated associations. On the basis of a nominal par value of \$100 for the shares of interest, the combined capitalization is \$68,853,200.

The total receipts of all the express companies amount to \$128,117,176, of which 97 per cent. is receipts from operation and 3 per cent. receipts from other sources. Over 90 per cent. of the total receipts represents the receipts of the 6 leading companies. The proportion of the total business transacted by these companies remains about the same, although the total number of companies in the express business and the total volume of business have about doubled.

WOMAN: THE WHITE CHINAMAN OF INDUSTRY.

"Woman," said a big trade union official last year, "is the white Chinaman of the industrial world. She wears a colled up queue, and wherever she goes she cheapens the worth of human labor."

An illustration follows: Miss Mary McDowell, of the University of Chicago Settlement, was observing a girl who was operating an unusually heavy and intricate machine in a large hardware factory in an Ohio city.

"Strong, clever girl," remarked Miss McDowell, or words to that effect.

"She's doubled the output of that machine," said the superintendent.

"How did she get such a good job?" asked Miss McDowell.

"Her father," said the superintendent, "had the machine before she got it. We just thought we'd try her."

"How much," said Miss McDowell, being Scotch and suspicious and not completely satisfied with this proof of the Advance of Woman, "how much do you pay her compared with what you paid her father?"

"Half," said the superintendent. This girl, therefore, since she was producing twice as much, and earning half as much, as her father had produced and earned, was selling her labor at one-quarter of the masculine market price. It doesn't seem exactly fair, from the standpoint of society. It doesn't seem exactly self-respecting, from the standpoint of the girl.—"The Woman's Invasion," by William Hard, in the December Everybody's.

THE ONLY WAY.

"Do you think that a man can be independent of bosses in politics?"

"He can," answered Senator Sorghum. "If he has enough nerve and pull to go in and be boss himself."—Washington Star.

PRACTICAL ETHICS.

ETHICS, by John Dewey, Professor of Philosophy in Columbia University, and James H. Tufts, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Chicago. (American Science Series.) Holt & Co., 8vo, xlii, 618 p., 1908.

It is very refreshing to find that college professors are coming more and more to repudiate the traditional notion that the academic or "scientific" value of a study is in inverse ratio to its practical applicability. In this text book of ethics we find such an encouraging sign of the times. In addition to the portion devoted to the analysis of various theories of morality, motive, character, duty, the virtues, etc., which is generally all that is found in most of the text books in ethics now in use, one-third of the book is given up to an historical treatment of morals and conduct calculated to impress the student with the relation between morality and the conditions under which it develops. And another third boldly faces the fact that all the theories in the world are worthless unless they can in some way be related to the life of action.

"When the whole civilized world is giving its energies to the meaning and value of justice and democracy, it is intolerably academic that those interested in ethics should have to be content with conceptions already worked out, which therefore relate to what is least doubtful in conduct rather than to questions now urgent. The advantages of considering theory and practice in direct relation to each other is mutual. . . . As against the a priori claims of both individualism and socialism, the need of the hour seems to be the application of methods of more deliberate analysis and experiment. The extreme conservative may depreciate any scrutiny of the present order; the ardent radical may be impatient of the critical and seemingly tardy process of the investigator; but those who have considered well the conquest which man is making of the world of nature cannot forbear the conviction that the cruder methods of trial and error and the time-honored method of prejudice and partisan controversy need not longer completely dominate the regulation of the life of society." This is a great advance over the methods of the institutionalists and the stand-patters.

Part III of the book accordingly contains instructive and stimulating analyses of such topics as Conflict between substantial and technical justice, Democracy and distribution, Divorce, Free contract and true freedom, Unearned increment, The open shop, Labor unions, Employer and employed, etc. These discussions are grouped in seven chapters under such comprehensive titles as Social Organization and the Individual; Civil Society and the Political State; The Ethics of the Economic Life; Some Principles in the Economic Order; The Family.

A general bibliography precedes each part, and there are special references with each chapter. Although the book is written primarily as a college text book, no person of fair intelligence need be afraid to undertake its study because of a lack of college training. The ethical problem is here made real and a study of this book must be of value to every person interested in questions of personal or public morality. If college professors, and especially professors of philosophy, will continue to put forth books like this "Ethics," the relations between the "common man" and the colleges will be immensely improved. G.

NOTES OF NEW BOOKS.

Reilly & Britton, the publishers of Joseph Medill Patterson's "A Little Brother of the Rich," say that the sales of this book have made a record seldom equaled in the publishing business. Up to October 24, sixty days after publication, 74,325 copies had been sold, and the demand still continues strong. They predict that before the end of the year the book will have had a larger sale than any other piece of American fiction ever put on the market. The novel has been dramatized and will have its first performance in January, either in New York or in Chicago.

A number of interesting books of travel and books about art are listed in Page & Company's holiday bulletin. Among them we note "Servia and the Servians," by M. Chedo Mijatovich, formerly Servian Minister of England; "In the Land of Mosques and Minarets," an account of rambles in Algeria and Tunisia, by Francis Miltoun, with illustrations by Blanche McManus; "In Viking Land," by Will S. Monroe; "The Art of the Netherlands Galleries," by David C. Preyer, illustrated with numerous reproductions of works of Rembrandt, Franz Hals, Steen and other Dutch masters, and Julia de Wolf Addison's "Arts and Crafts in the Middle Ages."

Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard, Jr., whose husband lost his life in the course of an exploring expedition in Labrador, and who took up the enterprise at the point where his efforts were cut off, has embodied the results of his work and hers in a volume published by the McClure Company under the title "A Woman's Way Through Unknown Labrador."

W. L. George's "France in the Twentieth Century" (published by the John Lane Company), which has just reached our desk, seems promising on cursory examination and will be more fully noticed in the near future.

Glan & Co. issue in a 400-page volume "The Texts of the Peace Conferences at The Hague, 1899 and 1907, with English Translation and Appendix of Related Documents." James Brown Scott, Professor of International Law in the George Washington University, has edited the work and written the introduction.

Shelley's translation of Plato's dialogue, "The Banquet," more generally known as "The Symposium," is issued in a limited edition by the Houghton-Mifflin Company.

Sir Howard Plunkett's "Ireland in the New Century" comes out this week in a new edition, with "An Epilogue in Answer to Some Critics."

"When Kailrachs Were New" is the title of a work in preparation by Charles Frederick Carter, which will probably appear in February.

There are few autobiographies of more lasting and general value than that of John Stuart Mill, a new edition of which is soon to be published.

Mitchell Kennerly has just published "Henrik Ibsen, the Man and His Plays," by Montrose J. Moses.

Edward A. Steiner's "Tolstoy, the Man and His Message," is issued in a new edition, with an added chapter on Tolstoy's present religious belief.

Appletons publish this week an unexpurgated edition of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass."

Charles Rann Kennedy's new play, "The Winterfeast," will be published in book form by the Harpers during the coming month, shortly after its presentation on the stage. The Houghton-Mifflin Company are about to issue two other important play-books, William Vaughn Moody's "The Great Divide," and his latest play, "The Faith Healer," which is to have its first production in one of the Boston theaters next week.

Piano players will undoubtedly welcome Josef Hofmann's "Piano Playing: A Little Book of Simple Suggestions," which has just been published by the McClure Company. Within a few days the same publishers will issue Ellen Terry's "Recollections and Reflections" and "The Reminiscences of Carl Schurz." The last named work which has run serially in "McClure's Magazine," is in three volumes.

Sumner W. Rose, of Biloxi, Miss., who has for years been one of the most active Socialists in his state and who made a speaking tour through eight of the Southern states last summer for the Socialist party, will soon issue a book entitled "The South for Socialism."

The Chicago Historical Society will soon publish the diary of President Polk, the manuscript of which it has recently acquired.

The Macmillan Company has just issued in this country Thomas Kirkup's "Primer of Socialism," which sells at 40 cents.

The Buffalo Historical Society has in press a volume of original papers relating to various phases of New York State's canals. The contributors include several of the men who have been most prominent in procuring legislation favorable to canal interests and in the creation of the barge canal. This volume will be followed by a second, largely devoted to the publication of the correspondence of Joseph Ellicott with De Witt Clinton and others in relation to canal matters, and other documents bearing on the same subject heretofore unpublished.

Doubleday, Page & Co. publish this week six volumes of "Little Masterpieces of Autobiography," selected and edited by George Iles. The list of autobiographers is a varied one, including Jefferson, the President and Jefferson, the actor, Nathaniel Hawthorne, George Washington, Richard Wagner, and others.

Moffat, Yard & Co. are about to publish "Personality in Education," by James P. Conover.

"The Spy: The Story of a Superfluous Man," by Maxim Gorky, will be published by Huebsch this week.

"The Adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment," by Dr. H. E. Flaek, is a new study in American history which will shortly come from the Johns Hopkins Press.

Among recent books of popular science are to be noted "How to Understand Electricity," by W. H. Oncken, Jr., and Joseph B. Baker, (Harpers); "How the World is Clothed," by Frank G. Carpenter, (American Book Co.); "The World's Gold," by L. DeLaunay (Putnam); and "The Story of Gold," by Edward S. Meade (Appleton's).

IN THE MAGAZINES.

The "International Socialist Review" for December contains a number of good articles, besides the usual valuable departments. Charles Lapworth, the newspaper correspondent who accompanied Debs on his remarkable campaign tour, contributes an article on "The Tour of the Red Special," which is vivid and interesting and is made still more attractive by the photographs which accompany it. Under the title "The Socialist Indictment" Joseph E. Cohen continues the study course in Socialism begun in the November number. Robert Rives La Monte, who has been an active party member for nearly ten years and who spent three of those years in New Zealand and Australia, presents the result of his observations there under the title "The New Zealand Myth." An article of very great importance is that by George D. Heron on "War and Peace Under Capitalism," which is an interpretation of the economic forces that govern international relations in the world today. Other articles worthy of mention are "The Revolutionist," by Thomas Sladden; "The Political Organization of the Proletariat," by Albert E. Averill, being an argument against political action, to which the editor appends a brief counter argument, and "Practical Work in Parliament," by Karl Kautsky, translated from the German.

In the December "American Magazine" Mr. Dooley discusses "A New Literary Light"—namely, Mr. Rockefeller, who has decided to give his autobiography to the world. The Standard Oil King's more trustworthy biographer, Ida M. Tarbell, writes of the Chicago traction war under the title "How Chicago is Finding Herself." It can hardly be said that Chicago is "finding herself" very well as yet, but she has hopes—or Miss Tarbell has hopes for her. Professor Thomas, of Chicago University, continues his study of feminine psychology. Among the other contributors are Ray Stannard Baker, Stewart Edward White, David Grayson, George Madden Martin, William J. Locke and W. G. Eggleston.

"A Layman," writing in the December number of the "Homiletic Review," gives some good advice to preachers about the things they should do and especially the things they should avoid. For instance: "I would have our minister quit when he is done with the subject of his sermon. The habit that many ministers have of telling stories, especially exaggerated stories, from the pulpit, and stories about themselves, is bad. A minister should never speak of his deceased wife from the pulpit, especially if he has a second or other subsequent wife." Among the other notable articles in the magazine is one by Dr. Josiah Strong on "The Increasing Oneness of the World."

"The Foundation of Prosperity," by Gifford Punch, in this month's "North American Review," is an able protest against the devastation of natural resources. "If any man handles his prosperity so as to damage his neighbor's he can be stopped," says the writer. "But if any one chooses to use his property in such a way as to destroy a part of the sum total of the wealth of the whole country, and therefore do harm to all the people, and to their descendants, that is supposed to be nobody's business." After proposing a measure of conservation the writer continues: "The interest of the people at large is greater than the interest of any single man or of any single body of men less than all the people. When Uncle Sam provides for the use of his natural resources, it is no more than fair that he who receives the right to use them should be required to do so in such a way as to do as much good and as little harm as possible."

Gustavus Myers has an article in "Van Norden's Magazine" on "Society and the Criminal." He gives a comprehensive account of crime and its relation to society and holds that nothing is done to lessen its spread, since nothing is done to remove the cause from which it springs. He insists that most crimes are but forms of disease and cannot be cured by the system of "punishment" which society to-day pursues. "The real question is, What produces crime?" says Mr. Myers, in conclusion. "The old cynical conviction that men and women are mostly selfish and wicked is now completely exploded. The foremost penologists and sociologists hold that by far the greatest eruptions of crime ensue from the competitive struggle for a livelihood and the injustice, inequities, and passions engen-

dered by that fierce struggle—if the means of livelihood were more thoroughly controlled, or else owned by the community, then there would be little cause for crime."

"The Vanderbilt Fortune" is an interesting article by Burton Hendrick in this month's "McClures." The fortune is estimated at about \$300,000,000, of which William Kissam Vanderbilt owns one-third. The article tells how Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, the founder of the fortune, managed to "earn" \$100,000,000 in the ten years between 1863 and 1873 by manipulations and by forcing adversaries to the wall, often in complete contempt of the law. The writer declares that once upon the witness stand (he had been there frequently), the old commodore repeatedly told a regularly authorized inquisitor to mind his own business. No information was given out by the New York Central after he took possession of it. "Law!" he once roared; "what do I care about the law? Haint I got the power?" Once, observing that a Central director had not voted for a certain proposition under consideration, he asked the reason why. "Why, don't you know, commodore," his friend replied, "that each and every one of those transactions is absolutely forbidden by the statutes of the state of New York?" "My God, John," said Vanderbilt, "you don't suppose you can run a railroad in accordance with the statutes of the state of New York?"

Those who read Yiddish will like this month's "Zukunft." It contains an article by Robert Hunter on "Virtue, Piety and Socialism;" an article by L. B. Boudin on "Hearst Campaigns;" a fable by Morris Winchevsky, and an excellent poem by "Ye-hoash." There are also articles by I. Adler, Ben Eliezer, M. Dantches, Dr. A. Ortman, and I. Slobin.

WOMEN DISPLACING MEN.

Woman is putting on her good clothes and coming downtown. Which is one of the epoch making events in her industrial history. For, while women are not gaining on men noticeably in factories, they are gaining on them every day, noticeably, strikingly, overwhelmingly, in salesrooms, correspondence rooms, auditing rooms and all the other places conveniently summarized as "stores and offices."

Nevertheless, while it is true in the factory trades as a whole that men and women seem to have reached, temporarily, at least, an equilibrium of relative numbers, it is also true that here and there occasionally in the constant give and take between the sexes, men are being displaced by women. When this happens, it is worth watching, because the industrial character of woman is then revealed in action.—"The Woman's Invasion," by William Hard, in the December Everybody's.

WOMAN A STEAMSHIP MANAGER.

Mrs. Richard A. Alley enjoys the distinction, writes our correspondent at Victoria, B. C., of being the only lady in the world who is the active manager of a line of steamships. Since the death of her husband, nearly a year ago, she has personally managed the Alley Line, comprising the 4,000-ton vessels Indravelli and Den of Ruthven, which make sailings every two months between Victoria and New Zealand.

One of her first acts upon taking up the management was to go to Canada from New Zealand, where she lives, and to interview the Dominion government with a view to obtaining a subsidy of £5,000 for her ships. The cabinet gave her assurances of help, provided New Zealand would give a similar subsidy, but the negotiations with the New Zealand government failed.—London Daily Mail.

SEEDS OF THOUGHT.

A society that has all its property at the top and all its discontent at the bottom will tumble over into ruins.—Bishop F. D. Huntington.

Under Socialism religion will conquer the globe, education will expand and science will dazzle the world with its glittering sheen.—Father Thomas McGrady.

Henry D. Lloyd preached Socialism, which means love.—Edwin D. Mead.

Anything that is for human rights is constitutional.—Sumner.

Men in earnest have no time to waste in patching fig leaves for the naked truth.—Lowell.

Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it.—Thomas Jefferson.

TEDDY PLUS RUDYARD.

By HORACE TRAUBEL.

Teddy plus Rudyard. Have you heard of it? Teddy is to annihilate Socialism. And Rudyard is to annihilate Socialism. Each one singly and both together. Roosevelt and Kipling. Two romances. They are the latest heralded saviors of property. They are the contemporary conclusive justifiers of competition. They are the reigning regal knights of plutocracy. Stand out of the way if you don't want to get hurt. Now for the explosion. Stand out of the way. You might get hit by one of the pieces.

Who is to come first? Teddy or Rudyard? Suppose Teddy came first. Wouldn't Rudyard then be wasted? Or the other way about. If Rudyard came first wouldn't Teddy be wasted? It seems like throwing genius away to devote two first-class men to Socialism. Why shouldn't Teddy and Rudyard have an understanding? Why shouldn't one of them get out of the way? Let either one have the job. But confine the job to him. Hold the other man for emergencies. Keep the other man for sweeping back some other sea.

I wonder what Teddy thinks about Rudyard or what Rudyard thinks about Teddy as a desolator of philosophies? Is there any latent jealousy existing in the two men? Or can they work amicably together? If Teddy applies the match will Rudyard be satisfied to sweep out the debris? If Rudyard applies the match will Teddy be satisfied to sweep out the debris?

I'm not sure either charmer will not wish the other charmer away. Will not wish to do the whole job himself. Would not rather be let alone. Two such very big men devoted to one such very little job seems prodigal and brutal.

Why not play one of the men as a substitute? If one gives out in the game whichever one—put in the other. I know I have no right to suggest that either can fall. Not either can be tackled or penalized or in any way be ejected or withdrawn from the game. It's heresy to intimate that either player can fall. But suppose Teddy should trip over his own tongue and go to the ground and smash his forehead. Then Rudyard could come along and be trumpeted into the melee. Or suppose Rudyard should fumble his logic and go head first into the goal post and be taken off the field to be trepanned. Then Teddy could be hurried in with a flourish to try his omniscient teeth on the stubborn reds.

I say, suppose. For I can see contingencies. But Teddy can see no contingencies. Nor can Rudyard. They only see Teddy and Rudyard. The rest is blank. The stars, the suns, the humanities, the ideals; they are blank. Teddy and Rudyard only see Teddy and Rudyard.

There have been other annihilators. They have run their course in every age and in every country. A young man returned to Emerson's Plato. He said to Emerson: "I'll write a reply to it." Emerson remarked: "That's all right, do so; but remember, that if you aim your dart at the King you must hit him."

When Teddy and Rudyard aim their darts at the King they must hit him. We are told that Teddy's onslaught is to be "profound"—to go to roots. Is he to do the turn with his Big Stick? And Rudyard; he is to be epigrammatic and final. Here is one of the announced epigrams: "I've a magnificent appetite and I don't like working." Do you think that toothless bite final, Rudyard? Do you feel yourself with the idea that investive is an efficient weapon with which to head off revolution?

There they are, lined up. Teddy with the Big Stick and Rudyard with the Big Pen. The formidable Opposition. Arrayed on the other side are only a few millions of Dreams. Only pretty nearly all the hopes and ideals and hungers and sacrifices of all the ages. Only these. The martyrs. The poets. Labor. Only these. Office symbolized in the Big Stick and Art symbolized in the Big Pen. These two, arrogant, going out to meet Love, humble, in mortal combat.

There's going to be a funeral. Do you know who is to be buried? I think I do. I think there's going to be a double funeral. And across one coffin we'll lay the Big Stick. And across the other coffin we'll lay the Big Pen. And we'll say good-bye to both forever. For we know that Sticks and Pens, large or small, are only dreaded and immortal when they are wielded for rather than against the crowd. That's all we know or need to know for one day. For this day of the annihilators. For this day of Teddy plus Rudyard.

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

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The Question of the Hour

"THE PEOPLE WANT TO BE AMUSED."

By ERNEST POOLE.

III.

"The American people don't want to think! They want to be amused!" In these muckraking days, this indignant cry comes from large classes of "wholesome" citizens, conservative panic promoters, politicians, editors, publishers and theatrical managers. And they are quite right. The average man hates to think and he loves to be amused. It is only when his amusements suddenly stop that he begins to wonder.

"Wanted—Twenty steel workers." This appeared, in extremely small print, in a New York paper last fall. At first glance, it does not appear like amusing reading. But thousands of men must have read it, because though the mills were located way out on Staten Island, over an hour's ride from New York by ferry boat and train, the man at the head of the mills told me that each morning that week there were over three hundred men in line at the gates. Two policemen were there to keep order. My friend learned that these two were accepting bribes of a few cents each, and in return were moving men out of their places up toward the head of the line. So he sent his private detective to watch the police, for he was fair-minded (according to his lights) and wanted to give every man an equal chance.

Twenty men were hired. The other three hundred wandered away to join the two hundred thousand tramping the streets of New York and its suburbs. Did they "want to be amused?" Decidedly, yes! When a man is out of work and starving hungry, a job and three square meals a day makes a prospect more amusing than any show on Broadway. If you don't believe it, watch him when he gets the job, follow him to his tenement home, watch his old mother and his wife, and the youngsters down to the baby—all as delighted as though they'd just heard the funniest joke under Heaven!

But suppose the job cannot be found. Last winter, in nine cases out of ten, it could not be found high or low. And with the thought of that old amusement of eating which he could no longer give to his children, he hit the pavement day after day, week after week.

He was almost ready to begin thinking.

On the benches in the parks and squares he picked up stray copies of newspapers. And he read to be amused, that is, to find some scheme for living. "News of the day." Two hundred thousand men, representing a million men, women and children, right here in the city, suffering from lack of work. That ought to be quite a news item. It meant even more disease and death than could come from a war with Spain. Was it here, in the newspaper? Nothing like it. Only a lurid account of a few hundred "burns" in a bread line. Even conservative "charity experts" put the number of idle at two hundred thousand, but was this fact printed here? Not a word. And not a word as to how to get out of the mess.

"The people don't want to think. They want to be amused." And here, in huge, glaring headlines, was the Thaw murder trial, a brand new divorce, a most amazing banquet at Sherry's, and last night's raid in the Tenderloin—to amuse them.

He stopped reading, wandered on. Down on the lower East Side a placard caught his eye. It was in Yiddish, but so many men and women were crowded around it that he grew curious, asked somebody to read it in English. The placard announced that just at this time the landlords had come together and had decided to raise the tenement rents again, as they had been raised the year before. "Why not resist? See what can be done!"

Then followed, in the next two weeks, a rent strike such as New York had never seen. But there was no violence. The newspaper reporters could find only one case where the law was broken, and that was when at an open air meeting in Seward Square the police arrested two speakers. The judge at once discharged them. "They had given you notice ahead of the meeting," he said to the police. "They were within their constitutional rights. When you arrested these two men you broke the law."

The tramp to find "amusement" went steadily on.

Our friend began to wonder.

He read another placard. "The papers refuse," it said, "to give any space to this news item of ours. Two hundred thousand out of work is not big enough news to print. Suppose we make them print it." It suggested an open air meeting, like the one on Seward Square, which the Judge had said was legal.

He went to Union Square. As in Seward Square meeting, so here, the

police were notified ahead. But again the law was broken. And when the Constitution had been clubbed aside, and tens of thousands of men and women had been driven out of the Square, although not even, the newspaper reporters could find so much as a sign of a riot—then an immigrant boy, "who had been an invalid half his life," a poverty invalid, half insane, who said he had once "been clubbed by a cop and wanted to get even"—he threw a bomb.

And in the newspapers that night, he looked like an armed revolution! Since then, in the cities and towns from coast to coast, the tramp of the hundreds of thousands has gone steadily on. The tramp in search of "amusement." Where will it end?

Shall we see riots this winter, riots this time that are real? If they come, they will fail. They are bound to fail—every time.

Or will the trampers, after all, get over their dislike of thinking things out? They have more than placards now to read. In New York there are three daily Socialist papers, in Yiddish, German and English. In Chicago, one. And these Socialist dailies, together with the weeklies and pamphlets by the millions, are being scattered broadcast through every state in the Union.

What do they suggest as a means of

getting your share of amusement?

Bloody riots? No! For there is another kind of open air meeting, by far the most "dangerous" kind of all. A gathering round the doors of the places where the ballots are cast. A gathering of men who have begun to think—think hard. Men who have brains enough to see that in this country bombs are only a waste of life. But men who do not propose to lie down!

Men who are hungry for their share of the fun in life for themselves and their tenement homes. Men who begin to see that the one sure way, the way most feared by the preservers of Wall street panics, is the peaceable way, the way that no policeman's club can block, the way that lies through the ballot.

Yes, the American people want to be amused! And year by year, in ever increasing numbers, they are beginning to show a willingness even to think—in order to get their amusement!

WISDOM OF EXPERIENCE.

Rastus—Ah done proposed t' Liza Coon erbout a yeah 'fore yo' married her.

Mose—Am dat so?
Rastus—Yassah; an' Ah had ma rabbit's foot on ma pusson at de time, but she done turn me down.

Mose (sighing)—Yo' all shore wuz lucky in havin' dat rabbit foot wid yo'.
—Chicago News.

NOT EXACTLY FLATTERING.

Solicitor—And I am sure you will find, madam, that this is the best course to adopt—in the event of your friendly letter failing to produce the effect we desire.

Client—Yes, I see, Mr. Jones; if I cannot get what I want by fair means, I must put the matter unreservedly into your hands.—Punch.

WHERE THEY SAW IT.

An exchange which is very punctilious about giving full credit for clippings, credits "The Brook" to A. Tennyson, in the New York "Tribune."
—Washington Herald.

Teacher (smallpox having been reported in the village)—Willie, why did you not come to school yesterday?

Willie—Please, ma'am, mother is sick.

Teacher (cautiously)—What is the matter? what did the doctor say it is?

Willie—Please, ma'am, he says its a girl.

Old Gent—What is your friend crying for?

Kid—Aw—he don't want to learn anything.

Old Gent—Why?

Kid—Because I took his candy away and showed him how to eat it.



PALS.

From speech by Secretary of State Root, delivered at Utica, November 1, 1906:

"I say to you with his (Roosevelt's) authority that he regards Mr. Hearst as wholly unfit to be Governor, as an insincere, self-seeking demagogue who is trying to deceive the workingmen of New York by false statements and false promises; I say to you with his authority that he considers that Mr. Hearst's election would be an injury and a discredit alike to honest labor and to honest capital and a serious injury to the work in which he is engaged of enforcing just and equal laws against corporation wrong doing.

"President Roosevelt and Mr. Hearst stand as far as the Poles asunder. Listen to what President Roosevelt himself has said of Mr. Hearst and his kind. In President Roosevelt's first message to Congress, in speaking of the assassin of McKinley, he spoke of him as inflamed "by the reckless utterances of those who, on the stump and in the public press, appeal to the dark and evil spirits of malice and greed, envy and sullen hatred. The wind is sowed by the men who preach such doctrines, and they cannot escape their share of responsibility for the whirlwind that is reaped. This applies alike to the deliberate demagogue, to the exploiter of sensationalism and to the crude and foolish visionary who for whatever reason apologizes for crime or excites aimless discontent."

"I say, by the President's authority, that in penning these words, with the horror of President McKinley's murder fresh before him, he had Mr. Hearst specifically in his mind.

"And I say, by his authority, that what he thought of Mr. Hearst then he thinks of Mr. Hearst now."

SOCIALISM IN THE NEWS OF THE DAY.

By LEONARD D. ABBOTT.

Despite the disappointing Socialist vote on November 3, there can be no room for doubt that Socialism in this country is in a more healthy and vital condition than ever before in its history. This statement applies not only in connection with the party membership, but also in connection with the general intellectual atmosphere. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that more discussion of Socialism has appeared in the magazines and old party papers during the last six months than during the six years preceding. The Socialistic spirit, vague as yet, and uncrystallized, is permeating both conservative and radical circles. It can be traced alike in the editorials of the Hearst papers and in leading articles in "The Atlantic Monthly."

Whenever a well known man speaks in public nowadays, he seems to feel it incumbent upon him to make an onslaught upon Socialism. This in itself speaks volumes for growing Socialist strength. President Roosevelt, Senator Lodge, Mayor McClellan have all taken a share in the process of demolition. And now President Butler, of Columbia, with all the dignity at his command, has been telling a Kansas City audience that Socialism "will dry up at their source the well springs of progress and will starve to death those splendid traits of benevolence, human kindness and charity which have marked the upward path of civilization since the religion of Christ became one of its most potent moving forces." Blind leaders of the blind.

The news from England these latter days is equally surcharged with Socialistic spirit. In spite of losses at the polls, Socialism more and more challenges the attention of the nation. A leading church paper, the London "Guardian," recently remarked that "more seems to be written about Socialism at the present time than about any other single topic whatever;" and the public interest in Socialism is on the increase.

The manifest suffering of the poor in the large centers, the demonstrations of the unemployed, and the fanatical crusade of the suffragettes, many of whom are Socialists, are all helping to awaken the public conscience.

Bernard Shaw has published in "The New Age" a masterly defense of Victor Grayson's action in preferring to walk out of the House of Commons and be suspended as a Member of Parliament, rather than acquiesce supinely in a policy of do nothingism in the matter of the unemployed. Shaw points out most forcibly that there are some questions in this world that cannot be settled by ordinary constitutional methods. At its present rate of transacting business the English Parliament will get around to the question of the unemployed about 2,500 A. D. Somebody had to make a dramatic and violent protest, and Grayson was the man who did it. Only two Labor members of Parliament supported his action. If the whole Labor group had seceded with him, something might have been done for the unemployed NOW. Grayson's action, while it has been censured by many, has the hearty support of Robert Blatchford, the author of "Merrie England," as well as of Bernard Shaw. "Grayson did not speak for himself alone, nor for the unemployed, solely," says Blatchford. "He voiced the common sense and humanity of millions of British citizens."

The London "Spectator" prints a long and eulogistic article on John Burns. This can only tend to give added force to the Socialist indictment of Burns, for the "Spectator" is, par excellence, the organ of bourgeois and capitalistic interests in Great Britain. One of the correspondents of the papers, in indorsing its tribute to Burns, declares: "You could not do a better service to the working-class than to open their eyes to the fact that, after all, the president of the local government board (i. e., John Burns), though seemingly not complying with all that they might wish him to do, has done so only for their good. His statement in Parliament that millions of pounds are yearly spent by working people alone on drink fills one with sorrow." When will this correspondent, and John Burns himself, come to a realization that drink is one of the chief symptoms of our social disease, NOT its cause?

Robert Blatchford is writing almost passionately in "The Clarion" regarding the present deplorable state of affairs in England. He sees in the demonstrations of the unemployed and

in the suffragette struggle movements that may precipitate a national crisis. As a provisional measure to allay immediate distress, he proposes that committees be formed to pay bakers to give away loaves of bread to all who may apply for them. "The times are too horrible," says Blatchford. "I cannot endure the strain. I feel like a thief when I eat my dinner; frugal though it be. I feel like a beast when I put on my thick coat and fill my pipe, and know that little children are dying of hunger and cold. I will not bear it any longer. I think I would prefer to be decently hanged." Blatchford is equally exercised in regard to the suffragette movement. "I ask myself," he declares, "Are we in England or in Russia? Have the nations lost their love of freedom? Is the old English spirit of liberty moribund? What is the matter with the authorities? Have they lost their nerve? Are we governed by cowards?" Then he adds impressively:

"There are signs and portents in the air that are disquieting. There is the ominous fact that a short time ago a peaceable crowd of Manchester citizens were attacked outside the town hall by a body of police, and that many of those citizens were batoned, and among those injured were women and girls. One girl of ten was taken to the infirmary.

"There is the ominous fact of the treatment of the suffragettes. You will remember that two of the 'prisoners' recently arrested outside the House of Commons, quite young and frail women, had blood on their faces.

"A mere girl, arrested and roughly dragged to the police office for crying out: 'Vote for Women!' was sentenced to a month's imprisonment. The things who threw stones at Mrs. Despard and tried to wreck her van were allowed to slink away scot free. I ask, are the English people asleep? Have we ceased to love liberty, to honor women, to respect ourselves? We are drifting—drifting into danger."

REGULARITY KILLED BRYAN.

By E. S. EGERTON.

In searching for the causes of his defeats, Mr. Bryan—among other queries—asks: "Is there a Democracy in New York, outside of Tammany that must be consulted?"

There was, and there still may be but a ghost of a Radical Democracy. The former has disintegrated and if there be the latter, it can be in process of disintegration.

And no one better than Mr. Bryan can reply to his question. No one better than he knows that from 1896 to 1902 he was importuned by the radical Democrats in New York to assume the leadership of a real Radical Democracy, but declined on the score of its "irregularity."

True, it would have been a reactionary movement. Nevertheless, its promoters were sincere, honest and deserving of respect. Their hearts were in the right place, if their reason was not. And had Mr. Bryan stood by them, not only in New York, but throughout the country, there would now be a formidable Democracy to confront the Republican party. A Democracy that would have further blocked the whole wheels of progress. And it is good that Mr. Bryan did not rise to the occasion, but remained regular and tried to unite irreconcilable elements. His devotion to Regularity killed Radical Democracy, and Mr. Bryan rode in the hearse of its funeral.

Hardly had the ink dried on the paper announcing McKinley's election in 1896, when the Progressive Democratic League was launched. Bryan was its god, and the Chicago platform of that year was its gospel. To further the venture his aid was sought, but not given. It was he who said: "Be regular."

Through manipulation, Tammany captured the League; there was a split resulting in the inauguration of its Democratic Alliance—the body that forced the nomination of Henry

George in 1897. Again Mr. Bryan's aid was sought, but not given. It was he who said: "Be regular."

In the same year the Bryan League was formed, and his aid was sought, but not given. It was he who said: "Be regular."

In 1898 the Chicago Platform Democracy was born, and it held a convention in Syracuse, while the so-called "regular Democracy" was also in convention. The convention that nominated Judge Augustus Van Wyck, of unsavory ill fame. Again Mr. Bryan's aid was sought, but not given. He told the Chicago Platform Democrats to "Be regular."

During the following four years the Radical Democrats were planning and plotting, ever having Mr. Bryan in view, and ever believing he would eventually become "irregular" and take the helm. They instituted the liberal Democracy in 1902—their last venture—nominated a full state ticket and for the last time sought their god's aid, but it was not given. He again said: "Be regular."

Regularity killed Mr. Bryan. In other states than New York there were similar movements. All of these had Bryan for a god and the Chicago platform for a gospel. Long and earnest were the prayers to God Bryan, but his ears were deaf to all pleadings. "Be regular, be regular," was his mandate. "Be regular." To prove his regularity, he once exclaimed in Cooper Union: "Great is Tammany, and Croker is its prophet!" He was regular when Parker ran in 1904, and has been regular since. His regularity was his great weakness. His variances may have been contributory, but they were not fatal. Regularity killed Bryan. Good-bye, Mr. Bryan.

A BAD ONE INDEED.

Miss Ascum—What do you consider his greatest fault, then?
Mr. Beiting—His claim that he hasn't any.



Taft Prosperity Comes Not Singly, but in Troops

THE NEW YORK SOCIALIST.

Published for the Socialist Party of the State of New York by the Workingmen's Co-operative Publishing Association, a New York corporation. Published every Saturday. Office and place of business, 442 Pearl St., New York. W. W. Passage, president; Frank M. Hill, treasurer; Julius Gerber, secretary.

Telephone, 2271 Worth.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single.	Bundles.	
One year.....50 cents	5 a week, one year.....	\$1.75
Six months.....25 cents	10 a week, one year.....	5.25
Three months.....15 cents	25 a week, one year.....	7.50
Single copy.....2 cents	50 a week, one year.....	12.50

Subscriptions, individual or for bundles, are payable in advance.

Canadian and foreign postage 1 cent per copy extra.

Make all checks payable to The New York Socialist.

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

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

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



SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1908.

"NO DEMAND FOR A REVOLUTIONARY SCHEME."

By CHARLES STOLLBERG.

"We want an opportunity to work. We desire the just rewards of our labor. We are desirous that men be treated justly and that the rights of the people should be enforced."

The foregoing statement voices the demands of the masses in the simplest and most direct manner. Is it an abstraction from the platform of the Socialist party? No, not exactly. Though not quoted directly from any revolutionary tract, the substance of the admirable paragraph is being agitated all over the civilized world. That is not surprising considering the conditions prevalent everywhere. What is most surprising is the fact that every word of the statement comes from no less a personage than Governor Charles E. Hughes. Yes, our fearless executive says this and more in a contemporary periodical. But stay; do not deceive yourself into believing that these demands will soon see enactment, for there is something less surprising in his further remarks. His revolutionary talk resolves itself into "loose talk" when you get his statement with the trimmings. Here it is:

"We sometimes hear it said that there is a wave of discontent passing over the country. It is sometimes called a wave of radicalism passing over the country. Now my judgment is that the American people are essentially conservative. We are all, in one way or another, with very few and negligible exceptions, at work. We want an opportunity to work. We desire the just rewards of our labor. We want any obstacles to enterprise of an honest and legitimate character removed. We are desirous that men be treated justly and that the rights of the people should be enforced, but there is a very little desire on the part of the people for any revolutionary scheme. They are satisfied with their government. They are satisfied with the institutions we have."

In other words we are in abject slavery and not only long for but demand deliverance from our enslavement. We are constantly being subjected to gross injustice, and insist that more righteousness prevail. Nevertheless, we are very well satisfied with those who are responsible for our slavery, yes, even to the extent of idolizing them. Moreover, we are content with merely groaning under the weight of the institutions that crush us and would not by any chance contemplate their removal. Such logic is typical of capitalists and their minions. We must not expect any other from them.

There is no demand for a revolutionary scheme. Yet there is a demand for conditions whose realization could not be brought about without a revolutionary change. Mr. Hughes tells us there is such a demand. The Socialists have been telling of this demand for years, but their word, it seems, goes for less than the word of so proper an "authority" as Governor Hughes.

But however much Mr. Hughes understands these needs of the masses, it is very evident that he knows of no way of meeting them. If he knows of a method, he does not dare apply it for fear of the consequences that his predatory masters would be sure to have visited upon him should he go contrary to their desires.

I agree with Governor Hughes' assertion that "we want an opportunity to work." Hundreds of thousands of unemployed—all of them only too willing to work had they the chance—attest to this fact, although Mr. Hughes does try to "shoo" this "boogy" of unemployment out of sight by saying "we are all in one way or another, with a very few negligible exceptions, at work." On the contrary, we are clamoring for an opportunity at honest toil. Satisfaction with the institutions that deprive us of this opportunity is not, however, going to put us to work. A revolutionary change is required!

The only change necessary is one such as the following:

A transference of the means of production and transportation—i. e., the mines, the mills, the manufactures, the railroad and telegraph systems, etc.—from the despotic ownership of a few conscienceless individuals called capitalists, to the collective ownership of all the people. That would not be paternalism. It would be Socialism, the same kind of Socialism that is in practical operation to-day in our post-office, public libraries, municipal water and lighting plants, and in some localities in traction systems.

It would simply mean that the mines, mills and manufactures would be turning out commodities for use instead of for profits, that the railroads would be conducted for the convenience of its patrons instead of for dividends. And the individual who would want work in these or other fields of human endeavor would be given the chance of applying himself to useful labor, mental or physical, even should it become necessary to reduce the working time of all the rest to make room for him.

Under the present conditions we cannot get employment unless we can make ourselves a means of profit and gain to our employer. Just now a great number of us are proving unprofitable to our employers. We have produced more than they can sell. That is the reason we are hunting for an opportunity to work. So you see that we cannot realize these demands of ours which Governor Hughes says are so just, unless we inaugurate a revolutionary change. I could dwell in great length upon the other propositions which Mr. Hughes says embody our desires, but I have said enough to show that there is a decided need for a revolutionary change despite the contradictory remarks of Governor Hughes to the contrary.

THEIR MASKS.

Mr. Victor Grayson's latest charge against the members of the House of Commons is one of the most surprising and, at the same time, one of the most serious of the many that have come from him. He said: "They wear large white shirts to conceal the fact that they have nothing behind their foreheads."—Westminster Gazette.

UNKIND.

Sillicus—I never send a man on a fool's errand.
Cynicus—No; it's a better plan to go yourself.—Philadelphia Record.

DOES IT PLEASE YOU?

This is one of the many appeals sent out by well meaning people who are trying to help the poor:

"Thanksgiving appeal of Home Industrial School, No. 12, one of the schools of the American Female Guardian Society and Home of the Friendless.

"Dear Friend:—The Thanksgiving season is almost here, and again we come to you with pleading hearts asking you to help us with a donation of any kind to give to our 800 poor neglected little ones of the East Side a Thanksgiving dinner.

"Our teachers visit the children in their cheerless homes, and the only kind word they receive is when they are in school. Many of them have no shoes or clothing, except what is given them by our school.

"The children are sent out to sell papers, pick coal, shine shoes after school hours, and many of them talk about the Thanksgiving dinner for weeks before. It would please you if you could see their happy little faces light up when they see the good things they have to eat on our Thanksgiving Dinner Day.

"Visit our school and see the good work we are trying to carry on. Nearly a hundred little tots in the kindergarten are taught and cared for while their mothers are working to support their families.

"To you, who have been so bountifully blessed, we appeal for assistance to help us carry on this good work.

"Everything will be thankfully received and most judiciously used."

There the whole miserable tale is told.

Notice: "Nearly a hundred little tots in the kindergarten are taught and cared for WHILE THEIR MOTHERS ARE WORKING TO SUPPORT THEIR FAMILIES." And yet the children are visited in their "cheerless homes," and "many of them have no shoes or clothing except what is given them by our school."

Is it any wonder, then, that "the children are sent out to sell papers, pick coal, shine shoes after school hours"?

"It would PLEASE you," says this circular, "to see their happy little faces light up when they see the good things they have to eat on our Thanksgiving Dinner Day."

"PLEASE," indeed! The sight would pierce the heart with pain unexpressable; aye, break it! to see these joyless little children of the workers of the world, upon whom we cast the entire awful burden of the world, gladden so wonderfully at the bare sight of good wholesome food.

Food, a necessity which by right of labor belongs to them and theirs, laid before them once or twice a year by the hands of crushing, degrading charity.

Well meaning charity, but crushing and degrading none the less.

How long would this condition last if the mothers of such children were given the franchise?

ROSE PASTOR STOKES.

BILL, A UNION MAN.

By WILLIAM MACKENZIE.

I am a wood worker. During one of my periodical searches for a boss, I ran across one who was willing to take me on for a short time. In his shop he had a machine which was seldom used in my line of work, called a sandpaper machine, or "sander." It consisted in the main of two upright iron rollers, eighteen inches apart, on which was stretched a belt of sandpaper, the inside, or smooth, side of which passed over a flat plate. These rollers revolved at several hundred revolutions each minute. Along the bottom on the outside, free from the paper, was a horizontal plate, upon which was placed, against the rapidly revolving sandpaper, a piece of rough-sawn wood, producing a fine, smooth and true surface.

It was a perfect type of a labor saving—or wage saving—machine. I immediately recognized it as my enemy, and decided not to use it; at least, until such time as I was "lipped off" to do so. The foreman, soon noting the lack of friendship between the iron slave and the wage slave, introduced us enthusiastically, explaining to me its wonders. I used it thereafter. Thereby hangs my tale.

Working on the next bench to mine was Bill. Bill and I worked together when I was a kid, or apprentice. Now, Bill was a practical, hard headed, "safe and sane" man, a member of my union; so practical that he had even held office. Before the whistle blew, after the whistle blew, yes, even during working hours, I handed Bill Socialism—on a silver salver. It was no use. Bill was obdurate. The Socialists were a gang of crooks, forgers, crazy, and all talked nonsense. What could I do? What tactics could I pursue? I would resort to strategy.

"Bill," said I, one forenoon, "do you see that machine?"

"Yes," said he.

"That machine is doing one man's work every day, isn't it?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Let us see!" I said. "There are eight men working in this shop. If that machine wasn't here, there would be nine men. One of those fellows looking for a job would be here. Now, the boss is having one man's work done for which he pays no wages. All that machine gets is a little oil, and rarely any repairs. Best of all, it never kicks or joins a union. In six weeks the wages saved pay for the machine; after which the wages are practically clear profit. The boss owns the machine and doesn't use it and gets all the benefits. We use it and it throws us out of work."

Bill was eyeing me narrowly, and gave me a hesitating and distrustful, "That's right, Bill."

"Very good!" I continued. "Now, Bill, mechanics in our business made that machine. Just now some poor fellow with a family is walking the streets because it is here. Why couldn't we own it? Just now we have eight men working nine hours a day. If we owned it we could give that fellow a job and have nine men working here eight hours a day. The machine is now doing nine hours' work—in other words, if we owned it, it would give each man one hour's less work each day at the same wages, and

giving the benefits of the improvement to nine men instead of the loss."

Bill's face was wreathed in smiles at the idea of shortened hours. He was delighted.

"That would be Socialism, Bill," I concluded.

It came like an explosion. He saw the trick. Did Bill become a Socialist?

Bah!

IN THE SHOP AND AT HOME.

By MORRIS ROSENFELD.

(Translated from the Yiddish by Rose Pastor Stokes.)

I bend o'er my wheel and my sewing, Youth spent, and a-hungered for rest, No cure on the master bestowing—o hell-fire within me is glowing—Pain only burns deep in my breast.

The unfinished garment with weeping I mar; yet the tears will not stay; A fever is over me sweeping, And all thru my veins it goes creeping And stealing my life blood away.

And now the old heart wounds ache anewly; And now the shop's gloom hems me in. The quilting time signal comes duly; Now freedom seems mine again, truly; Unhindered, I haste from the din.

And home again! ailing and shaking, Attended by warm tears alone, With bones that are creaking and breaking, Unstirred at the thought of rest—aching, I sink to my seat like a stone.

I gaze round me. None for a greeting! By problems of living unpressed, My poor wife—asleep! She is beating A lip-tune in dream false and feeble; My child mumbles close to her breast.

I gaze on them, weeping in sorrow, And think: "When the ending has come— When finds me no longer the morrow; What aid, then?—from whom will they borrow The crust of dry bread and the home?"

"What brings them that morrow," I wonder, "When he who sustained them is gone? When sudden as cometh the thunder, The bread-bond is wrenched asunder, And friend in the world there is none?"

A numbness my brain is o'ertaking— To sleep for a moment I drop; Then start! In the East light is breaking! I drag myself, ailing and aching, Again to the gloom of the shop.

ONE THEORY.

"Why was Sisyphus," asked the professor in mythology, "compelled to roll a stone up a hill?"

"I s'pose he had made a freak election bet," answered the student with the bulging brow.—Pittsburg Post.