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ROOSEVELT'S MESSAGE AND TAFT'S SPEECH

It is very significant that the last annual message of President Roosevelt, with its plethora of promises which he has no longer the power, even if he had the will, to carry into effect, should be given to the world on the same day with the speech of Mr. Taft before the North Carolina Society, in which the President-elect, speaking for the dominant party and the incoming administration, gives his sanction to the most reactionary tendencies of the most reactionary element in the land. It is more than an accidental coincidence that the promises of progress should be made by the man who is soon to lay down his power, while the benediction on class rule is pronounced by the man about to take up the scepter.

Talking for buncombe is nothing new with Mr. Roosevelt. Perhaps no American politician ever did it so profusely and with such apparent recklessness as has he through all the years of his public life. But in fact he has never been reckless, at least so far as concerned the promising or the doing of things beneficial to the working class. On this subject, from the day of his first inauguration to the present time, he has shown the caution as well as the daring of a skillful tight-rope walker. He has used phrases which have scandalized the Morgan and Belmont papers and have roused hope in the breasts of workingmen. But he has always hitherto stopped just short of definite recommendations on any important matters of labor legislation, which he might be required to use the Big Stick to force through. Never before have his promises taken the concrete form which they assume in the present message.

But it would be a mistake, just because the President has at last interspersed his flood of rhetoric and moralizing with some specific recommendations of really progressive labor measures, to infer that he has ceased to be a tight-rope walker or a dealer in buncombe. Had this message come four years ago, after his own triumphant re-election, when his personal and official influence was at its zenith, when the Big Stick was still actually in his hand, it would have meant something worth considering. But now, within three months of the end of his term, with a Congress about to expire and neither fearing him nor hoping anything from him, it is a very different proposition. Mr. Roosevelt is still the rope-walker, and no less prudent, in all his seeming audacity, than ever before. But he has now come to the end of the rope, where a soft landing-place is prepared for him; he can afford to throw away the balancing-pole and make a wild leap into the air. Neither he nor his trainers have anything to lose by it, and the audience will shout itself hoarse, and forget that the next performer is to begin, not where Mr. Roosevelt leaves off, but where he began seven years ago.

We do not for a moment believe that the program of labor legislation laid down in the message is intended for performance. We do not expect it to be enacted into law by the present Congress, nor to be forced through the next Congress by Mr. Roosevelt's successor.

It is worthy of serious attention only as an evidence of the trend of the times. Notwithstanding the fact that the Republican party won an easy victory last month, notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Gompers' entry into politics proved a ridiculous fiasco, notwithstanding the still more important and regrettable fact that the increase of the Socialist vote was less than the Socialists expected and much less than anyone else expected, yet the President is compelled, for buncombe's sake to take serious note of the socialistic tendencies of the day, to take up the cudgels against class consciousness, and to recommend and impotently promise a program of reform which the gullible near-Socialists now hesitating on the verge of real Socialist activity may take to be the future program of the Republican party, and which may help to keep them in line for the existing order.

That is more than could have expected, under the circum-

stances. It is enough to reassure us and stimulate us to new endeavor in the work of educating the masses of the working people, organizing the sympathetic, building up our party membership and press, and preparing to bring yet more pressure to bear upon the capitalists and the capitalist parties in campaigns yet to come.

Let no one, however, allow his hopes for immediate relief be raised too high. We are not going to get just now the concessions that the President proposes. What kind of a national administration we are going to have during the next four years is clearly enough foreshadowed by Mr. Taft's address in the Hotel Astor. When a Republican President-elect, immediately after a striking Republican victory at the polls, thinks it wise to bid for support from the Bourbon South by commending the restrictions of the suffrage by which the plantation owners, mill owners, and peon exploiters have excluded the workingmen from participation in political power—that is a sufficient indication that his administration is not going to look to the future but to the past, that he is going to be a capitalists' President, that he is not going to push his party forward, but is going to labor with all his strength to make it safe for that party hereafter to stand more frankly against progress than it has in past years.

SHALL RUDOWITZ BE RETURNED?

The decision of United States Commissioner Foote, of Chicago, to grant the demand of the Russian Government for the extradition of Christian Rudowitz is one that should rouse, not only every Socialist, not only every trade unionist, but every American who sincerely loves this republic, to instant and emphatic protest.

It cannot for a moment be pretended that Rudowitz is a criminal in any ordinary sense of the word. He is wanted by the Russian authorities simply because of acts committed by him in the revolutionary warfare carried on by the people of the Baltic Provinces in their brave attempt, three years ago, to shake off the yoke of the Autocracy and establish a republic in its stead. In Russian law he is a criminal of the blackest dye; for Russian law regards robbery, assault, murder, and rape, as mere trifles in comparison with the heinous guilt of denying the divine right of the Czar to misgovern the land. But neither under the accepted rules of international law nor under the common and statute law of the United States is such a man to be regarded as a criminal. No principle of the law of nations is more firmly established than this, that political offenses are not extraditable. And in the United States, of all countries, this principle ought to be vigorously upheld.

This nation had its birth in a revolutionary conflict quite like that of the Baltic Provinces, with but one important difference—that the American revolutionists were helped to victory by the money and arms of other nations, while the Baltic revolutionists were left to fight their battle alone and to be defeated. If the United States is to send back Rudowitz, it ought first to order the Declaration of Independence burned by the public hangman, decree that the Fourth of July shall henceforth be observed as a day of national penitence for the crimes of 1776, and command the demolition of every statue or monument that has ever been erected to George Washington, John or Samuel Adams, Patrick Henry, John Hancock, Ethan Allen, Benjamin Franklin, or any of the men whom our forefathers acclaimed as patriots and whom the British rulers branded as criminals.

Until now, it has been the proudest boast of this republic, born in rebellion and pledged from its birth to enmity to tyrants, that no friend of freedom need fear that the arm of a despot could reach him once he took shelter under the Stars and Stripes. We have not only protected, but we have welcomed and honored a Garibaldi, whom the rulers of Italy declared to be a criminal, an enemy of public order, and a fugitive from justice. We have welcomed and honored a

Kossuth, whom the rulers of Hungary sought to punish because he had fought as well as spoken for Hungarian freedom. We have welcomed and honored a Sigel and a Schurz, whom the rulers of Germany would have brought to the gallows could they have got them into their clutches. We have welcomed and honored John Boyle O'Reilly and many another brave Irishman who had held that resistance to British tyranny was not a crime but a sacred duty and who had acted like a man in that belief.

Shall this splendid record now be stained by the surrender of even a single fugitive to a despotism more reactionary than that of the Bourbons, more ruthless than that of the Hapsburgs, more greedy and cruel than were ever those of Potsdam and Westminster?

That national disgrace is now contemplated. It is even officially decreed, so far as the decision of a United States Commissioner can go. The crime will be perpetrated, unless the masses of the people, who still hate tyranny and side with progress, raise an emphatic voice against it. And if the crime is successfully perpetrated against Rudowitz, let no man imagine that it will stop there. The appetite of tyrants grows by what it feeds on. Russian spies have already their long list of men and women, Jews, Poles, Letts, Finns, Armenians, and Russian workmen, to be extradited and haled back to torture and death. Nor will only these be the sufferers. The Mexican usurper Diaz has his bloodhounds on the scent of Mexican labor unionists who have taken refuge here from his bloody rule. England but waits for the outcome of this case before claiming Irish and Indian refugees. The return of Rudowitz would be but the entering wedge for the destruction of the citadel which has thus far been maintained here for the defense of those who have risked their lives and all for the sake of freedom.

The crime can be prevented. But action must be prompt.

Considering the good service that the United States Government has done for the Sugar Trust, it would really be playing it pretty low down for that corporation to use "fixed" scales to cheat the Government out of a fraction of a cent on every pound of raw sugar it imports. There ought to be some honor among thieves, but there seems not to be, when they are of the capitalist species.

THE INCENTIVE OF GAIN.

"Prof. Metchnikoff's announcement that he will devote his Nobel prize, amounting to \$19,000, to further his experiments in the prolongation of life, excites no surprise," says the New York "World." The editorial continues: "The anomaly would be the use by a man of science of his new-found fortune for any other purpose than the prosecution of his life work."

That is very true, and we congratulate our contemporary on its clearness of vision, within a certain very limited range. But we regret to say that we shall not be a bit surprised if the same editor within a week gravely informs his readers that Socialism is utterly impracticable, and would be very pernicious if it were practicable, because, by denying to the few the opportunity to pile up immense fortunes and assuring the many against the danger of starvation, it would "rob humanity of the only incentive to high and persevering endeavor—the great incentive of gain."

The fact is that the best work has never been done with the hope of wealth or the fear of poverty as an incentive. This is true of scientific work. It is true of artistic and literary work. It is true of the work of inventors and discoverers. It is true of statesmen, reformers, philanthropists, leaders of men in every field—those of them whose work has been of lasting benefit to mankind. In all these fields, the whole history of human thought and action shows that the men who have done great things and whose names have lived in the memories and in the affections of the race have not worked for gold, have not even worked for fame, have often deliberately chosen poverty and obloquy and even persecution, rather than be false to themselves and sacrifice their life work for riches or for glory.

But it is not only in the work of those whom we commonly call great that this principle holds good. It is just as true in the every-day work of the masses of men and women. Most of us are compelled to work for pay. But our best work is not done for the sake of the pay. There is not a good workman in the world, it is safe to say, who has not sometimes put the thought of pay behind him and set himself to do a good job and actually suffered a money loss through doing it, and yet been proud of the work he had done. And there is not a workman in the world who has not often been prompted by the money incentive to scamp his work, and yielded to the temptation, even though he was ashamed of his weakness.

Most of us are haunted by the fear of want. But that fear does not lead us on to noble endeavor. It renders us less courageous, less faithful, less intelligent, less efficient to do good work.

Some of us are dazed with the glamor of gold. But that infatuation does not lead us on to truly great achievement. It perverts our vision, lowers our ideals, corrupts our feelings, renders us greedy and cruel and false.

The incentive of gain gives us adulterated foods and substituted medicines and shoddy clothes and jerry buildings and quack doctors and shyster lawyers and yellow journalists and fraudulent stock promoters and firetrap tenements and disease-breeding sweatshops and hungry children in the schools and untaught children in the factories. But it does not give us, it never has given us, and it never will give us the most faithful and efficient effort for the common good.

As soon as one inventor turns out an airship capable of sailing over an enemy's camp, high out of the reach of any shot, and dropping bombs into its midst, another inventor sets to work and shortly turns out a gun capable of shooting up in the air and demolishing the airship. Thus we have beginning again the same cycle of contradictions that has so long been carried on, in the making of armor-plate to resist any known projectile and the making of cannon to drive projectiles through any known armor-plate. And there are still many who cannot see the absurdity of such a waste of inventive genius, when war could be ended once and forever by doing away with capitalism, its universal cause.

THE FIGHT AGAINST CONSUMPTION.

The great lesson which the managers of the Tuberculosis Exhibition wish to impress upon the public mind is summed up by them in one sentence: "Consumption is communicable, curable, and preventable."

It is communicable, and therefore the campaign against it is not only a campaign for the benefit of those who already suffer from the dread disease, but a campaign for the protection of all the millions who are in danger of infection. It is curable, and therefore the campaign is one which can be waged with confidence, even on behalf of those who are already affected. It is preventable, and therefore every additional case—and the disease is spreading with frightful rapidity—is a reproach to the community that does not take the necessary steps to check its growth and to stamp it out.

But the full force of that triple lesson will not be felt unless it is realized that tuberculosis is directly traceable to bad conditions of housing and of employment, insufficient nutrition, excessive work and especially excessive worry—that is, to conditions necessarily accompanying the existence of poverty among the working people. All the hospitals and sanatoria that may be endowed, all the doctors and nurses that may be set to work, and all the instruction that may be given to individuals as to how they ought to live, will be nothing but comparatively ineffective palliative measures, saving here and there a possible victim, but leaving the main stronghold of the plague intact—unless, along with all this, radical measures are taken to procure better lighting and ventilation and less crowding in the factories, shops, and stores and in the tenements, sufficient food for all the people and especially for the children, and shorter hours of labor, higher wages, and more security of employment for the workingmen.

Mr. Bryan is to be congratulated on his recognition—tardy and incomplete though it is—of the fact that capitalism, as represented by the Republican party, faces "a more formidable opponent" than the Democracy—that the Socialist movement embodies the "irresistible forces of society" and that it is bound to keep on growing. If only Mr. Bryan could make up the time he has lost in side-stepping and retreating and marking time since 1896, there might still be hope for him to play a part in a really effective forward movement. But it is to be feared that he has got the candidatorial mania and the obsession of "regularity" in too confirmed a form ever to recover.

HOW CAPITALISTS RESPECT THE LAW.

There is a law on the statute books of the United States requiring all railway companies engaged in interstate commerce to equip their cars and engines with automatic coupling devices of types approved by the Interstate Commerce Commission. It took many years of investigation, petitioning, argument, and agitation to force this act through the two houses of Congress. The great railway corporations, through their lobbyists and through the many Senators and Representatives who belong to them body and soul, fought it to the last ditch. They knew that the result of its enforcement would be to save many human lives every year. But they knew also that these would be mostly the lives of brakemen, and brakemen are cheap, from the employers' point of view; and they knew that the enforcement of the law would somewhat increase the expenses and

reduce the profits of the men who own railways and do none of the work of operating them.

At last, however, the law was passed and signed. It allowed several years for the companies to comply with its provisions. When that time had passed, most of the companies had hardly begun to put in the required equipment. They resisted the enforcement of the law and fought it in the courts as long as they could. Again and again the Interstate Commerce Commission extended the time of grace allowed to the lawbreakers. But finally, more than twenty years after the agitation was begun, the statute actually went into effect, and the railway magnates made great capital out of their noble resolution to obey the law.

But if anyone thought the fight was over, he has another guess coming. A case is coming before the United States Supreme Court which opens up the whole question in a new and interesting aspect.

Years ago, an employee of the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad was injured at his work. He sued the company for damages, and proved that his injury was due to the fact that the automatic couplers put on in compliance with the law had not been repaired and kept in working order. The trial court granted damages to the plaintiff. The company appealed, and the Court of Appeals for the Sixth Circuit reversed the decision of the District Court. Two or three days ago the Supreme Court granted a writ of certiorari on which the case will be brought before the highest tribunal for final adjudication.

The contention of the railway company is characteristic of the attitude of that class whose spokesmen are always lecturing workmen on the duty of obeying the law in letter and spirit, that class which on its own part makes mock of the law whenever the law does not serve its own material interests. The company maintains that, although the statute requires it to equip its rolling stock with automatic couplers, it does not require it to keep them in good repair; they may be bent or broken or worn out, so that they do not work automatically, and so that the brakeman or yardman has to go between the cars and adjust the coupling by hand, just as he did in the old days, and at even greater risk to his life. That is no concern of the company. It has complied with the letter of the law; as for its spirit and purpose, the railway magnates care no more for that than they do for the Sermon on the Mount.

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An Ohio state's attorney has made something of a name for himself by entering a nolle prosequi on every indictment against the Standard Oil Company within his jurisdiction. Perhaps he has made something more than a name for himself. His reasons are amusing: First, the United States is prosecuting the Standard Oil Company for violation of federal laws, so it should not be simultaneously prosecuted for violating state laws; second, it isn't violating any laws, anyhow. Which reminds us of the famous case of the borrowed kettle. Mrs. A sued Mrs. B, alleging that she borrowed a kettle and broke it. Mrs. B's defense was: First, she borrowed the kettle; second, the kettle was broken when she borrowed it; third, the kettle was whole when she returned it.

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Even as a sanitary measure, to say nothing of class solidarity or humanitarian sentiment, it is worth while for every man to refuse to buy a suit of clothes that does not have the union label sewn into the inside pocket of the coat and the hip pocket of the trousers; for clothes not bearing that label are presumably made in a non-union shop, and a non-union shop is generally a dark, dirty, unventilated, overcrowded den, where the germs of consumption and other diseases multiply and from which they are spread abroad in the garments that are made there.

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Official denial was made in Chicago a day or two ago of the report that Armour & Co., Swift & Co., and Nelson, Morris & Co. were planning to form a holding company for the purpose of consolidating the close agreement that already exists among them. In such cases an official denial is always understood by the wise to be virtually a confirmation of the report.

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THE PRAISES OF JERSEY JUSTICE.

We read and hear much nowadays in praise of what is called "Jersey justice." But we cannot join in the chorus of laudation.

"Jersey justice" is the sort of legal procedure which impanels a jury, tries a man for murder, convicts him, sentences him, and hustles him off to the prison where he is to be hanged, all within the space of thirty-five minutes.

Now granting that there is any sense in hanging men, and assuming that the person thus expeditiously disposed of is really guilty, the speed with which all the processes of the law are executed might be

very praiseworthy—if only such expedition were the universal rule, not a special rule applying to poor and friendless victims.

As it happens, this is not the case.

Jersey justice is not only very quick in dealing with common murderers, or men suspected of being such. It is equally slow in dealing with uncommon robbers, perjurers, and all-round defiers of law and parasites upon society, such as the magnates of the Standard Oil Company.

Jersey justice gives sure asylum to the trusts, in consideration of certain license fees paid to the state and, presumably, of certain backsheesh paid to the state officials and judges.

Jersey justice wipes labor laws off the statute books, and replaces them with judge-made laws forbidding workmen to do anything to raise their wages, reduce their hours of labor.

Jersey justice, as expounded by the Court of Appeals, forbids workmen who are on strike to tell other workmen about their strike or try to persuade them to keep away from a strike shop. But it does not forbid employers to use any species of concealment or positive deceit to delude workmen and entrap them into a position where they must either scab or be turned out penniless and far from their homes, "without visible means of support," to be persecuted by Jersey justice as vagrants and hoboes.

Jersey justice, as expounded by a Supreme Court justice a few years ago, declares that the value of a workman's child to his parents is not more than one dollar—that one little dollar is all a railway company ought to be made to pay for killing him on a profitable grade crossing maintained in violation of law. But that same Jersey justice recognizes that little children are immensely valuable to the owners of silk mills and glass works and impedes the execution of any law which might protect the children from labor and exploitation for the mill owners' profit.

Jersey justice takes the erring daughters of the poor and ignorant and shuts them up in little hells called "reformatories," there to be tormented and subjected to humiliating chastisement for the delectation of depraved old women and beastly men, so as to crush out any native modesty they may possess and turn them out into the world without hope, without self-respect, without pride or shame, fit only to work like dumb animals or to sell in the profitable houses of prostitution the bodies that the officials of the state have first profaned in the name of Jersey justice.

Jersey justice is no doubt a very fine thing for the men who own New Jersey, who imagine that the men and women and children of New Jersey exist for the satisfaction of their greed and lust. For the masses of the people who live and work in New Jersey it is a hideous curse.

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Agents of the Administration are going through Northern California and other parts of the West inducing farmers to hold meetings and adopt resolutions asking the Government to relax the provisions of the Chinese Exclusion Law and admit from 10,000 to 50,000 Chinese laborers each year. This, we presume, is part of Roosevelt's scheme for "uplifting the farmer"—by intensifying competition among the men seeking employment and so enabling the large landowners to get more work done for them at lower wages. Incidentally, once the coolies are admitted, they cannot be restricted to farm labor (which, it is pretended, American workmen are unwilling to undertake), but will naturally be employed in railroad construction, mining, and other work in competition with the masses of workmen already here.

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Keefe, of the Longshoremens, has got his price for giving his support to Taft and the Republican wing of the labor-skinners. When it was reported during the summer that Keefe would be rewarded for his services by being appointed Commissioner of Immigration, Roosevelt promptly and emphatically denied it; Keefe also promptly and emphatically denied it. Now the appointment is made by Roosevelt and accepted by Keefe, and the quality of the truthfulness of the President of the United States and of the "safe and sane labor leader" is very clearly shown up.

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President Roosevelt is a great civil service reformer. That doesn't need to be proven. He admits it, and has done so for twenty-five years past. But, really, we cannot help noting the fact that he had as good an opportunity to extend the protection of the Civil Service Law to the fourth-class postmasters seven years ago as now; that he did not do it then, but waited till almost the last possible moment, till he had filled all the places with his own personal henchmen, and that now he assumes a virtuous pose in the issuance of an order which has no other obvious motive but to tie the hands of his successor and keep his own machine intact against the time when he may again need its services in running a steam-roller over a Republican national convention.

RUSSIAN LAW IN CHICAGO.

The decision of United States Commissioner Foote to give up the political refugee, Christian Rudowitz, to the emissaries of the Czar's government becomes particularly infamous in view of one of the rulings upon which it was based.

In the United States and in all other civilized countries it is a well established principle of law that no man is to be held to answer to any accusation based upon mere suspicion or vague statements, that evidence regularly presented and sworn to must be offered as a basis for depriving him of his liberty and holding him for trial. Even in Russia, though that can hardly claim to be a civilized nation so long as the Autocracy survives, this rule is nominally in force. The Russian penal code provides the forms under which evidence must be presented, and, among other things, provides that the documents upon which the trial is to be based must be sworn to before certain officers legally authorized to administer judicial oaths. In Russia, however, this, as well as all the other slight safeguards which the law provides for the safety of the individual, is set aside whenever the government chooses, by declaring martial law or "state of siege," giving military or administrative officers power to override all legal provisions and to try and punish men by arbitrary process.

Now in the Rudowitz case it was conclusively shown that the accusations against the fugitive were not sworn to, that they were not made in accord with the provisions even of Russian law, that the prisoner had not even been identified as being the same man named in the unsworn statements presented as evidence, that in this country a man could not be held for trial for petty larceny on such flimsy evidence as that on which the Russian government had the audacity to demand the return of Rudowitz to face accusations of capital crime.

Commissioner Foote swept aside the objections with the simple ruling that "In this case we must act under the Russian law rather than under the American."

Never before has a judicial magistrate in this country perpetrated so monstrous a perversion of justice and of common sense. What clause does he find in his commission that authorizes him to administer Russian law? What clause does he find in the laws of the United States, under which he holds his office and which he is sworn to maintain, that instructs him or permits him to proceed under the laws of any country but the United States itself—not to say under the laws of a semi-barbarous despotism where civil rights as well as political liberty are virtually unknown? If such a ruling is to be upheld, what sense is there in holding any investigation at all, or any formality like a hearing, when a Russian police spy demands the extradition of a man whom he alleges to be a criminal escaped from Russian justice? If we are to proceed under Russian law, the only reasonable thing is to let the spy take his man to Russia, where he can be identified and arraigned and tried before a Russian judge who knows Russian law, presumably, better than Foote knows the laws and Constitution of the United States.

Commissioner Foote's ruling is a shade worse even than the rulings delivered by doughface judges at the North in the days before the war, who, when a colored man was claimed as a runaway slave, sent him back to the residence of his alleged owner, there to be "identified" and doomed to slavery by judges who were predetermined that no black man had a right to call himself free. We cannot believe that the higher courts of the United States, low as they have unquestionably fallen in these latter years, will ever stultify themselves by upholding Foote's shameful decision. But we do not wish to rest in that hope. The only way to make sure that the honor of the American people shall not be polluted by the return of a political refugee to be tormented and executed by the agents of Czarism, is to raise an emphatic popular protest which both the courts and the national officials at Washington cannot fail to hear.

THE HABIT OF PERJURY.

"Perjury is becoming more and more a habit in the civil courts," exclaimed Justice Hendrick of the New York Supreme Court the other day. We have no doubt that the general public will agree with him, as we do, in the statement of fact.

A man named Moss was before Justice Hendrick as plaintiff, accusing one Goldsmith, his former employer, of slander and demanding damages. The Justice, after hearing the evidence, gave a new turn to the case. "I am convinced," he said, "that Moss has shamefully perjured himself. We must stop perjury in our courts. It is only by punishing such men as Moss that we can notify all persons who come into these courts as witnesses and principals that if they commit perjury they run the same risks as this man has done." And

thereupon he ordered the arrest of Moss and held him in heavy bail to be tried for perjury.

This is all very well, so far as it goes. We do not know anything about the guilt of this Moss. It would not be surprising if he should turn out to be a perjurer, for it is true that perjury has become a habit in the courts.

But we cannot agree that it is only by punishing such men as Moss that the evil habit is to be stopped.

John D. Rockefeller sits in the witness chair, takes solemn oath to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help him God; and then he proceeds to deny any knowledge of any of the affairs of the business over which he presides, from which he draws his enormous income, and for the active direction of which he claims the chief credit as a "captain of industry."

John D. Archbold, Rockefeller's right-hand man, takes the same solemn oath and in the same brazen way avers his complete ignorance of the business.

Henry M. Tilford, another of the most active men in the Standard Oil Company, insults the intelligence of the public and practises on the leniency of the court in the same way.

The other Rockefellers and Henry H. Rogers, Henry M. Flagler, and all the other heads of this great industrial and financial system take the same oath and trifle with it in the same way.

The insurance magnates, the railway magnates, the lords of the Steel Trust, the Copper Trust, the Sugar Trust, the Tobacco Trust, and all the other trusts, the traction monopolists, and big capitalists of every description have done the same thing, time and again. It has come to the point where no one expects a capitalist to tell the truth upon the witness stand.

The art of evading questions, of giving ambiguous or meaningless answers, of pretending to forget what everyone knows could not have been forgotten, has come to be recognized as the principal demonstration of the "business ability" of the great masters of the country's wealth. It never really deceived any but the judges and prosecuting attorneys who were willing to be deceived. Long years ago it had become so common that it ceased to shock any but the most simple. By this time it is no longer even a good joke, it has been kept up so long.

If "perjury has become a habit" among witnesses and principals in cases involving only members of the "lower classes," it is because perjury has been raised to the level of an art, developed into a science, established as an institution, by the classes that actually rule the land and dictate its laws and the method and measure of their enforcement.

We commend to Justice Hendrick this modification of his own words: "We must stop perjury in our courts. It is not by punishing only poor devils like Moss that we can do this. The first step, the absolutely necessary step, the only step which will tend to convince the people that the judges themselves are honest men and will give notice to all men that the oath taken in court means what it says and that it must be held in respect, is by punishing such men as Rockefeller, Archbold, Tilford, and their accomplices."

Let a few such men as these be arrested by order of the courts they outrage, let them be lectured in the same virtuous tone that Justice Hendrick assumed toward Moss, let them be held in bail proportionate to their wealth and to the heinousness of their long continued offending—and then we shall begin to believe that the courts really wish to put a stop to perjury.

The number of persons "relieved" by public charity in the city of New York during the last fiscal year was greater than in any previous year of the city's history and twice as great as in the year just preceding. And yet a lot of smug politicians, philanthropists, and preachers, in and out of holy orders, have the nerve to tell us that all is well, that we are enjoying a remarkable degree of prosperity, that we ought to frown down all agitation for change and join in offering thanks to the capitalists and the Republican party for the benefits they have conferred upon us. These gentlemen understand the hypnotic power of sheer impudence.

A Massachusetts judge has decided that a labor union has no right to impose a fine upon a member for violating a rule which has been adopted by the union as a whole and subject to which the member joined the organization. On the other hand, no court has ever questioned the right of an employer to impose fines upon employees for disregard of rules which they have no voice in making. Let no one say the courts are inconsistent, however. They are frightfully consistent. But their consistency becomes evident only when one realizes that the right of drawing profit from property, not the right of working and living, is the fundamental right recognized by the existing system of law.

SOCIETY AND THE CRIMINAL.

From an Article by Gustavus Myers in "The Van Norden Magazine" for November.

After transgressors are sent to prison, does immurement have the corrective effect society thinks that it does? This is the problem the second section of the Congress occupies itself with. The consensus of opinion is that the whole prison system is a crass failure.

The construction of prisons is such as to make them places of perennial gloom and dangerous to health. Following the old barbarous idea of dooming its erring not only to close confinement but to various special tortures, modern nations have built their dismal prisons with the specific purpose of punishing by crushing out all spirit and every sentiment of manliness. To make its edict all the more severe, society has devised its prisons so that its prisoners not only are forced to undergo a total deprivation of all contact with the world, but are encompassed by the most racking environment. They are scarcely considered human beings. Not content with forbidding them freedom, society denies them even proper nourishment and air.

Where Tuberculosis Breeds.

Nearly all prisons are modeled in such a way that instead of the cells looking outward so that the prisoners can have fresh air, the cells open upon interior tiers. In many prisons two convicts are forced to live in a cell. The foul air and unfit food produce a condition whereby disease has a fertile harvest. Dr. S. A. Knopf, one of the delegates of the United States, and one of the most eminent authorities in this country on tuberculosis, points out:

"In some of our prisons in the United States 50 per cent. of the prisoners die of tuberculosis. The chief cause of this large number of deaths is the lack of air and light, of insufficient ventilation in the cells and shops, poor diet, overwork, mental depression, and finally, that which is of not least importance, living with those who have a predisposition to tuberculosis without any measure being taken to prevent the spread of the bacillus of tuberculosis from expectoration upon the walls, the floors, and the corridors of the prison."

A large proportion of these deaths are really murders. There is no necessity for them under an enlightened regime. In many European countries this fact is better understood than in the United States. In France, Italy, Germany and Belgium prisons have recently been built which are consistent with more civilized principles of penal legislation. The laws require that each cell must be provided with a certain stated allowance of air, and so arranged as to permit the direct entrance of the sun.

The dungeon-like hideousness of most prisons is considered vile enough, but the treatment of the prisoners is even worse. Penologists look upon the question of the moral classification of the prisoners as one of the greatest importance. Official reports are usually of the extenuating kind, and seldom reflect upon the management of the prisons. If a visitor goes to a prison on inspection he is suavely shown about and care is taken to impress him with the orderly discipline kept. Beneath this attractive picture, however, is a very different state of affairs. As a rule the wardens and keepers are petty despots, more often uitate things as they please. If they wrangle than not, who capriciously regulate a dislike to a prisoner they can slowly torture him to death by various effective means without the outside world ever knowing anything about it.

Graft in Our Prisons.

Investigations have shown that a large number of prisoners in the United States are hotbeds of graft. The officials in charge graft on the supplies; they graft in having the prisoners make costly articles for them at State expense; they graft on the prisoners direct in a hundred ways. Should a prisoner venture to send out a letter making the least complaint, he is summarily dealt with. He is entered on the books as obstinate and refractory. Cases have been known where such prisoners have been placed in solitary confinement for nine months or a year; they have been given the cold water torture; have been brutally maltreated, and some have been as much as wantonly murdered.

Massachusetts is supposed to have some of the best prisons in the country. Yet in a memorial to the legislature not long since, Dr. George W. Galvin, one of the most prominent American surgeons, and one of the most public spirited and progressive of Boston's citizens, presented specific charge after specific charge of the maltreatment of prisoners and demanded investigation.

In the hands of these wardens and keepers, many of them corrupt, and nearly all callous and brutalized, is placed the care of prisoners. No at-

tempt is made to separate prisoners into moral grades. All are legally subjected to the same inflexible, harsh discipline. In varying degrees this is so in every country. "The saddest consequences," says Dr. Leon Barthes, superintendent of the prisons of Fresnes, France, "result from such a promiscuous conglomeration of prisoners of different moral grades."

Professor Ottolenghi, the distinguished head of the department of medicine of the Royal University of Rome, is one of the many penologists who exorcise this system. "It is painful," he says, "to see those who have an almost normal moral sense and those who are drawn into crime for the first time condemned to associate with habitual criminals, submitted to the same treatment, and forced to undergo this moral contagion. In this way the prison, instead of making them better, only corrupts them."

To replace this demoralizing system various substitutes are proposed. One is the classification of prisoners by age and antecedents. Another is a moral classification based upon the age and intellectual ability of offenders, and on the nature of their offense and its causes. Thus prisoners convicted of minor offenses would be entirely separated from hardened criminals, and those showing marked perversity would be isolated from those in whom it was absent. By this plan the worst prisoners would be submitted to a course of individual treatment, and provision would be made by which prisoners, after a period of trial, could be transferred from one class to another.

Penalties Ineffective.

Is the death penalty effective? Does it decrease crime? Has society the right to take life? This is another grave question to come up. Although altered in some ways, modern law is but an outgrowth of the old idea that the rights of property were paramount to those of human life.

Up to a century ago there were more than two hundred crimes in England punishable with death. The stealing of sheep, for instance, was a capital crime; hence the saying: "One might as well be hung for a sheep as for a lamb." Sheep raising was a profitable industry of the aristocracy; and as the propertied classes hitherto have made laws everywhere they have had no scruples in preferring to take life rather than have their property interests endangered.

In many countries the death penalty has been abolished; in others changes have been made in the manner of inflicting it. Have those changes proved successful? It is charged by eminent physicians that the electrocution never kills the condemned criminal; that were it not for the autopsy which dismember him he could be resuscitated in every case. If this is true it is a horrible commentary upon the cruelties of the death sentence.

The Real Question.

All of the remedies, however, are recognized as makeshifts at best. The real question is: What produces crime? The old cynical conviction that men and women are innately selfish and wicked is now completely exploded. The foremost penologists and sociologists hold that by far the greatest eruption of crime ensues from the competitive struggle for a livelihood and the injustice, iniquities, and passions engendered by that fierce struggle. Census reports everywhere prove that the great proportion of crimes are those committed not against the person, but against property. Sociologists insist that if the institution of private property were abolished; if the means of livelihood, more thoroughly controlled or else owned by the community, were open to all, in other words, if there were no unemployed; if our present false standards were swept away to make place for more rational ones—then there would be little cause for crime or inducements leading to it, and education and culture might have a freer rein as a preventive.

Alfred Russell Wallace, the illustrious scientist, arraigns society as the real criminal; and no other scientific investigator of crime dissents from that conclusion. Evidently the only permanent solution which will obliterate, or at best minimize, crime is, in the opinion of the world's leading thinkers, a complete reorganization of our social and industrial system, which, of course, can come only by evolutionary growth.

IN THE UPPER STRATUM.

First Society Woman—Has the business panic affected you any?
Second Society Woman—Dreadfully. We're on the verge of starvation. Do come and have dinner with us.—Life.

I SAW IT ALL IN ONE DAY'S WORLD.

BY HORACE TRAUBEL.

I saw it all in one day's World. The bouffe and the tragedy. The fool claim and the wise retort. The master dream and the slave fact. The statesman's bluff called. The political commonplace confronted by the blazing and withering accusations of the soul. The President-elect face to face with the conditions elect. Taft glory dissipated by the general shame. Two pictures in immediate contrast. An answer hurrying to meet a question. I saw it all in one day's World.

I saw that Taft had a message of Thanksgiving comfort for the people. A supplementary prosperity admonition. Prosperity was on its way, but we must not try to hurry its arrival. I suppose he meant that if it came at once we might not know what to do with it. So he said: "I hope that we shall not rush upon this prosperity." I saw in the World that Taft said that.

Taft didn't talk about prosperity in that style before election. Before election we were told that prosperity was going to rush upon us. Indeed, that the mere prospect of Republican victory had started the rush. Now we are headed off because we are supposed to be rushing upon prosperity. Before the election they were afraid that we were going to hold prosperity back. Now they are afraid that we are going to hurry it on.

They want the people to get ready for prosperity. So the people may know how to behave when it comes. Suppose the people's manners were bad when prosperity came. Maybe prosperity would crawl back in its hole again. Maybe prosperity would refuse the people her gifts. Maybe prosperity would turn us back on the people and pass its gifts over to the elect. The elect always know how to behave. They don't know how to work. But they know how to behave. Knowing how to behave is better any day than knowing how to work. So that if anything happens to prosperity on its way to the people the people cannot complain that their President select didn't fairly warn them. I saw that in the World.

I saw that in the World. And then I saw some other things in the World. Right in the same days' paper, saw some other things. I saw that seven strikers were shot in a riot at Perth Amboy. I saw two women were found "staring as others plan holiday feasts." I saw that a man in Detroit was sent to jail for thirty days for using a cancelled postage stamp. I saw that a boy was arrested for stealing a turkey. I saw that New York was to charitably "feed its army of poor." I saw that a hundred homeless men waiting for dinner tickets on a rickety platform "nearly fell a hundred and fifty feet. I saw that "fifty-three aliens were ordered deported." I saw that a jail was "emptied to house fair culprit." That "eight weary hoboes were put out in the rain to give Mrs. Scho-

field a cell." I saw that Mrs. Mackay and her fellow superiors had a Thanksgiving bazaar at Roslyn for the benefit of the needy. I saw that the livery stable men were getting ready to strike. I saw that Carnegie now admits that the duty on steel is legal burglary. I saw such things and other such things in the World. Just think of it. In one day's World. And that only an average day, too. Not one of the bad days or worst days. Not one of the suicide days. The days on which discouraged men and women resort to the only refuge that seems left to them. It might be called just a mild Taft day. A day on which the Taft philosophy is only temperately illustrated and emphasized.

After seeing all that in the World I saw something supplementally interesting side by side with it. I saw that the President select had an ally. A preacher select. He was the ally. The Reverend Thomas R. Slicer. The R in his name probably stands for Right. These are the words with which the Reverend select abetted the President select: "Let us thank God that we live in a land in which each human being has a chance to be his best self." A chance? Yes. But what chance? There are millions of possible and conclusive replies to Slicer. Every man out of work is a reply. Every child in a factory is a reply. And so forth. Why should I detail them? There are chances enough to go round and to spare. But the chances are not distributed. They are monopolized. They are stolen. One man has a million chances. Another man has no chance at all. The chances of one man take him to Europe in a yacht. The chances of another man send him and his children to the gutter. That's the trouble with your chances, Mister Slicer. But as long as you chipped in that day I'll let you go on Mister Taft's side. Your felicitation is as impertinently pertinent as his. And he needs help. So your cipher may be added to his. And if anybody chooses to add the two ciphers up he's welcome to the total. I saw you in the World that day. So you deserve to be included.

I saw all that in the World. I did not need to go outside of the World for the answer to the challenge. The denials are infinite. The denials of statistics. Not to count the denials of the heart. Not to count the denials of our dreams. Not to count the denials of the martyrs and the prophets and the poets. Not to count the denials of those whose devotion is remaking our outraged earth. Not to count these. I am willing to let that single issue of a single daily paper provoke its own inspirations. Many thousands of related things happened that day of which the World took no account. The unostentatious charities and tragedies. I don't insist on them. I only intimate them. I stick close to the World. To the Taft I found there. To the Slicer I found there. To the confuting incidents of wrong I found there. Leave the matter there. With its mass of rebellious reality, leave it there. All that I saw in one day's World.

CAPITALISM HAS DONE ITS WORK.

However necessary both the capitalist system and its foundations were once upon a time, they are no longer necessary to-day. The functions of the capitalist class devolve ever more upon paid employees; the large majority of capitalists have now nothing else but to consume what others produce; the capitalist is to-day as superfluous a being as the feudal lord had become a hundred years ago.

Nay, more. The same as the feudal lord, a hundred years ago, so has the capitalist of to-day become a hindrance to the further development of mankind. Private ownership in the implements of labor has long ceased to secure to each producer the product of his labor, and to guarantee him his freedom. To-day, on the contrary, society is rapidly drifting to the point where the whole population of capitalist nations will be deprived of both property and freedom. Thus, what was once the foundation of society itself, the means, originally intended to stimulate the development of the productive powers that were latent in society, have now turned into a master key that forces society, in an ever increasing degree, to squander and waste its productive powers. Thus, the system of private property in the instruments of production has wholly lost its original character; it has become a curse, not only to the small producer, but to the whole of society; instead of being a spur to social development, it has become the cause of social decline and impending bankruptcy.

To-day there is no longer any question as to whether or not the system of private ownership in the means of production shall be maintained. Its

downfall is certain. The only question to be answered is this: Shall the system of private ownership in the means of production be allowed to pull society with itself down into the abyss; or shall society shake off that baneful burden, place the land and the implements of production in the hands of the people, to be operated collectively, for use and not for profit, and then, free and refreshed, resume the path of progress which the evolutionary law prescribes to it?

Such is the question and such is the alternative. Our generation stands where the roads fork. One path leads through ruin, back to barbarism; the other, that of Socialism, leads onward to the co-operative commonwealth.—Karl Kautsky, in "The Capitalist Class."

WHAT THE SHAH'S RULE MEANS.

The revolutionary party in Persia is circulating on postcards and in larger form a picture descriptive of "Persian justice," which shows three bandits hanging by their feet from the city gate of Tauris. The men, almost naked, are shown suspended from an opening in the wall, the ropes binding their feet being fastened to a pillar, next to which a military guard stands at "attention." "For hours," runs the legend under the picture, "these wretches, the robber Ago and his companions, hung in their badly wounded condition, before death relieved their agony. Thousands of people of all ages and classes looked mournfully upon these victims of 'Persian justice.'"

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.

IV.

So now old shaggy Vanderbilt loomed up the richest magnate in the United States. His ambition was consummated; what mattered it to him that his fortune was begot in blackmail and extortion, bribery and theft? Now that he had his hundred millions he had the means to demand adulation and the semblance of respect, if not respect itself. The commercial world admired even while it opposed him; in his methods it saw at bottom the abler application and extension of its own, and while it felt aggrieved at its own declining importance and power, it rendered homage in the awed, reverential manner in which it viewed his huge fortune.

Over and over again, even to the point of wearisome repetition, must it be shown, both for the sake of true historical understanding and in justice to the founders of the great fortunes, that all mercantile society was permeated with fraud and subsisted by fraud. But the prevalence of this fraud did not argue its practitioners to be inherently evil. They were victims of a system as inexorably certain to arouse the most despicable and cruel qualities as a stagnant swamp produces pestilential odors. The memorable difference between the two classes was that the workers, as the sufferers, were keenly alive to the abominations of the system, while the capitalists not only insisted upon the right to benefit from its continuance, but harshly sought to repress every attempt of the workers to agitate for its modification or overthrow.

Repression by Starvation.

These repressive tactics took on a variety of forms, some of which are not ordinarily included in the definitions of repression. The usual method was that of subsidizing press and pulp in certain subtle ways. By these means facts were concealed or distorted, a prejudicial state of public opinion created and plausible grounds given for hostile interference by the state. But a far more powerful engine of repression was the coercion exercised by employers in forcing their workers to remain submissive on instant peril of losing their jobs. While, at that time, manufacturers, jobbers and shopkeepers throughout the country were rising in angry protest against the accumulation of plundering power in the hands of such men as Vanderbilt, Gould and Huntington, they were themselves exploiting and bribing on a widespread scale. Their great pose was that of a thorough commercial respectability; it was in this garb that they plausibly went to legislatures and demanded investigations into the rascally methods of the railroad magnates. The facts, said they, should be made public, so as to base on them appropriate legislation which would curtail the power of such autocrats. Contrasted with the baseness and hypocrisy of the trading class, Vanderbilt's qualities of brutal candor and selfishness shine out as brilliant virtues.

These same manufacturers objected in the most indignant manner, as they similarly do now, to any legislative investigations of their own methods. Eager to have the practices of Vanderbilt and Gould probed into, they were acrimoniously opposed to even criticism of their factory system. For this extreme sensitiveness there was the amplest reason. The cruelties of the factory system transcended belief. In, for instance, the state of Massachusetts, vaunting itself for its progressiveness, enlightenment and culture, the textile factories were a horror beyond description. The convention of the Boston Eight Hour League in 1872 did not overstate when it declared of this factory system that "it employs tens of thousands of women and children eleven and twelve hours a day; owns or controls in its own selfish interest the pulpit and the press; prevents the operative classes from making themselves felt in behalf of less hours, through remorseless exercise of the power of discharge; and is rearing a population of children and youth of sickly appearance and scanty or utterly neglected schooling."

As the factory system was in Massachusetts, so it was elsewhere. Any employee venturing to agitate for better conditions was instantly discharged; spies were at all times busy among the workers; and, if a labor union were formed, the factory owners would obtain sneak emissaries into it,

with orders to report on every move and disrupt the union if possible. The factory capitalists in Massachusetts, New York, Illinois and every other manufacturing state were determined to keep up their system unchanged, because it was profitable to work children eleven and a half hours a day in a temperature that in summer often reached 108 degrees and in an atmosphere certain to breed immorality (13); it was profitable to compel adult men and women having families to work for an average of ninety cents a day; it was profitable to avoid spending money in equipping their factories with life-saving apparatus. Hence these factory owners, forming the aristocracy of trade, savagely fought every move or law which might expose or alter these conditions; the annals of legislative proceedings are full of evidences of bribery.

Having no illusions, and being a severely practical man, Vanderbilt well knew the pretensions of this trading class; with many a cynical remark, aptly epitomizing the point, he often made sport of their assumptions. He knew (and none know better) that they had dived deep in bribery and fraud; they were the fine gentlemen, he well recalled, who had so often bribed members of Congress to vote for a high tariff; the same, too, who had bribed legislatures for charters, water rights, exemptions from taxation, the right to work employees as long as and under whatever conditions they wanted to. This manufacturing aristocracy professed to look down upon Vanderbilt socially as a coarse sharper; and in New York a certain ruling social element, the native aristocracy, composed of old families whose wealth originating in fraud, had become respectable by age, took no pains to conceal their opinion of him as a parvenu, and drew about their sacred persons an amusing circle of exclusiveness into the rare precincts of which he might not enter.

Vanderbilt now proceeded to buy social and religious grace as he had bought laws. The purchase of absolution has ever been a convenient and cheap method of obtaining society's condonation of theft. In mediaeval centuries it took a religious form; it has become transposed to a social traffic in these superior days. Let a man steal in colossal ways and then surrender a small part of it in charitable, religious and educational donations; he at once ceases being a thief and straightway becomes a noble benefactor. Vanderbilt now shed his life-long irreverence and gave to Deems, a minister of the Presbyterian Church, as a gift, the Church of the Strangers on Mercer street, and he donated \$1,000,000 for the founding of the Vanderbilt University at Nashville, Tenn. The press, the church and the educational world thereupon hailed him as a marvel of saintly charity and liberality.

The Sermonizing of the "Best Classes."

One section of the social organization declined to accept the views of the class above it. This was the working class. Superimposed upon the working class, draining the life blood of the workers to provide them with wealth, luxuries and power, were those upper strata of society known as the "best classes." These "best classes," with a monstrous presumption, airily proclaimed their superiority and incessantly harped upon the need of elevating and regenerating the masses.

And who, it may be curiously asked, were the classes self-designated or self-selected to do this regenerating? The commercial and financial element, with its peculiar morals so adjusted to its interests that it saw nothing wrong in the conditions by which it reaped its wealth—conditions which made slaves of the workers, threw them into degradation and poverty, drove multitudes of girls and women into prostitution and made the industrial field an immense concourse of tears, agony and carnage. Hanging on to this supreme class of wealth, fawning to it, licking its very feet, were the parasites and advocates of the press, politics, the pulpit, and, with a few exceptions, of the professional occupations. These were the instructors who were to teach the working class what

(13) "Certain to breed immorality." See report of Carrol D. Wright, Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor, 1881. A cotton mill operative testified: "Young girls from fourteen and upward learn more wickedness in one year than they would in five out of a mill." See also the numerous recent reports of the National Child Labor Committee.

ROCKEFELLER, MACQUEEN AND ROOSEVELT.

By JOSEPH E. COHEN.

The other day John D. Rockefeller, the richest man in the world, took the witness stand to testify in the proceedings brought on behalf of the United States to dissolve the Standard Oil Trust.

Rockefeller should consider himself beholden to the United States—or, rather, the Republican party which rules the United States—because it is here that he found the fertile land which he has exploited for over a billion dollars. The American people have been very good to John D. Rockefeller, and it would be no more than common gratitude on his part to treat the government of the American people with courtesy and consideration.

That Rockefeller did not do. He walked into court with a jaunty stride, maintained a chipper attitude throughout the proceedings, acted as though the whole affair was beneath his notice, and, in every way, strove to indicate his contempt for this Government.

Here was an occasion for the President of the United States, who avails himself of every excuse to rush into print, to fire a broadside in defense of the dignity of the Government. Here was an opportunity to meet a foe man worthy of his steel and, by a good stroke of the pen, write his name down as a statesman. But Roosevelt is silent. Rockefeller is not an "undesirable citizen." He is not an anarchist, or a Socialist, or a doer of any "evil thing." On the contrary, he is an acceptable taskmaster—Roosevelt comes to him for a position on the staff of his magazine.

And about the time Rockefeller

was arranging his necktie preparatory to taking the witness stand there died one William MacQueen.

MacQueen died of tuberculosis which he had contracted in Trenton prison. Something over three years ago MacQueen addressed some striking silk weavers at Paterson, N. J. Before he realized what they were doing the strikers, mostly Italians, who did not understand English, began marching on the mills. MacQueen did all in his power to prevent them. But they did not heed him and a riot followed. MacQueen was arrested and found guilty on the charge of inciting riot, based on the statute which makes it that offense for any one to be present at a riot and make no effort to leave.

MacQueen was innocent. There is no doubt about it. A similar case occurred in Philadelphia last winter, but the court had the good sense to throw the case out and order the acquittal of the man and woman charged with inciting to riot.

MacQueen was found guilty, however. And no sooner was he incarcerated than the intelligent people of Trenton realized that a serious mistake had been made. They interested themselves in him. MacQueen was a highly cultured young man, with a charming, refined personality. A petition was presented for his pardon. He would have been pardoned only that President Roosevelt interceded. Shortly after this MacQueen's health gave way, so that when later he was pardoned he left Trenton jail for his wife and babes in England a physical wreck.

Just after leaving jail he wrote these lines: "I'm pretty sick, but hoping to help a bit yet. There's not much of me left, but enough for another kick. Say, you'd die laughing if you saw my License to be at Large—have to report every month with a witness to say I'm respectable. I wonder if it's 'respectable' to shout 'Hurrah for the Social Revolution'—or must one wear a tall hat and go to church each Sunday?"

This man could not and would not have harmed any one. He did not know what hate was. When Roosevelt struck him down he shot another defenseless man in the back.

Rockefeller, MacQueen and Roosevelt. Of these Rockefeller and Roosevelt will live to see the great wrong which they have helped rear, the oppression of their fellow men, crumble into dust. MacQueen died upon the altar of liberty. Humanity will sing his requiem.

Rockefeller, MacQueen and Roosevelt. Rockefeller and Roosevelt have a soul between them—the soul of William MacQueen.

THEY ARE GETTING WISE.

The Socialist party increased its vote in New Jersey over the previous high water mark, and scattering returns show that it increased it throughout the United States, though it probably failed to poll 1,000,000 ballots.

On the other hand, the New Jersey Prohibitionists seem to be gradually disappearing. Here are the official returns for several years of the vote of the two parties:

	Socialist.	Prohibition.
1900.....	4,609	7,183
1901.....	3,489	5,365
1903.....	4,972	6,575
1904.....	9,587	6,845
1907.....	6,848	5,255
1908.....	10,240	4,920

Republicans polled in the state, this year, 285,190 votes, and Democrats 182,800. Therefore, there was one Socialist to every eighteen Democrats and one to every twenty-six Republicans.

But the most significant thing about the figures is the fact that the Socialists have apparently established themselves permanently as the third party. They polled more votes this year than all the other parties, exclusive of the Republican and Democratic combined. One must be shortsighted not to see that they are to be reckoned with in the future.—Hoboken Observer.

A HIGH-TONED ILLNESS.

"I wouldn't be so conceited if I were you."

"I have had the measles."

"I don't see anything in that to be proud about."

"Yes, but I caught it from a girl."

HIS EXPERIENCE.

"The world owes you a living."
"It's pretty good at dodging its creditors."

(To be continued.)

THE HORSE—THE CAB—THE MAN

By BEN HANFORD.

In large cities the cost of a driver and one-horse cab is a dollar an hour the first hour and 75 cents for each succeeding hour. The drivers' wages are from 20 to 30 cents an hour, leaving 50 to 80 cents per hour for the owner of the horse and cab, which have a value of \$600 to \$800.

For a two-horse vehicle the hire is \$2 for the first hour and \$1.50 for each additional hour, the driver receiving the same wages as the driver of the one-horse cab—20 to 30 cents per hour—leaving \$1.50 to \$1.70 per hour for the owner. The value of the carriage and horses is from \$700 to \$1,000.

The charge per hour for the cab or carriage is from three to eight times the wages of the driver. This shows us the commercial value of a man in the United States of Capitalism. The values of the cab and one horse and the carriage and two horses range from \$600 to \$1,000. For their use the owner gets from 75 cents to \$2 per hour, out of which he pays a driver from 20 to 30 cents, leaving 50 cents to \$1.80 as the revenue from his property, worth from \$600 to \$1,000. The owner gets from three to eight times as much for the use of his property as he pays in wages to the driver.

This means that, commercially speaking, the property is worth from two to eight times as much as the man. Knowing the value of the property to be from \$600 to \$1,000, we have only to divide those sums by figures ranging from 2 to 8 to get the commercial value of the driver—which is from \$75 to \$500.

Of course, you may protest that the driver is a man, a human being, with a wife and family, perhaps an aesthetic taste, an immortal soul and assorted lots of other things. But these are attributes having nothing to do with his commercial value, and he will wait a long time before the boss raises his wages because of any such fol-de-rols.

Again, you may declare that a cab is a thing and a horse a mere animal, while a driver is a thinking, reasoning human being. These qualities may benefit the driver, as I shall show later, but they will help him little unless he makes better use of them in the future than he has in the past.

It is true that a cabdriver has brains and that his cab lacks even rudimentary intellectuality. Nevertheless, the cab gets the things it requires (washing, greasing, painting, etc.) so easily without brains that it sometimes would appear to have a positive advantage over the driver.

It may also be true that the cab horse has no higher mental faculties than instinct, while the driver's intellectual activities are unlimited. He (the driver) can talk, swear and say his prayers, he can shout for Bryan and vote for Taft, or he can curse Injunction Bill and vote for Silver Bill, he can (if need be) lick a policeman, and he can drive his master's horse where he will.

Yet in some ways the horse seems not to fare worse than the driver. The horse always has an employer. The horse has enough to eat. The horse has good shelter and is carefully bedded down in his stable. The horse is brushed and curried. His feet are shod and he has flynets and blankets for his health and comfort. When ill a veterinary surgeon does his best to restore him. When there is no work for him to do he is turned out to grass, or has his meals brought to him in the stable and he need not tip the waiter. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will see that he is not overworked or otherwise abused. All these things for the horse that has no power of reason and has a commercial value of \$100 to \$200.

Contrast this with the driver's lot. He never knows when he may lose his job. All his life he is uncertain of good and sufficient food for himself and family. Housing is a problem, and to provide shoes for the children is a struggle. Illness means money to pay drug and doctor bills, and that means a denial of other essentials. When out of work he must keep off the grass or he will be "moved on" by soldiers and police, and the S. P. C. A. that watches over the horse's welfare does not care a hang about the driver's aches and pains. All that for a man made in the image of his Creator, with a power of reason, an immortal soul and a commercial value of \$75 to \$500—WHEN he has a job.

There are some things that somehow seem to favor horse rather than driver. The driver must go on strike to

make his boss pay him enough to live on. The horse never need strike. The boss may lock out the driver, but not the horse. Judges issue injunctions against the driver, but not against the horse. Drivers and other workmen may be arrested by the police, bullied by the militia, or shot by the federal army, but none of these things happen to the horse. If the treatment accorded the driver were meted out to the horse, the horse would probably kick himself to death, unless he could kick the driver to death.

These drivers are better paid by far than most American wage earners. Many drivers receive almost double the average wage, yet their commercial value is only one-half to one-eighth that of the horse and cab, and horse and cab have the primary consideration. What is the value of the average American wage earner?

Now, if the cabdriver would use his power of reason in his own interest, occasionally, instead of devoting it all to the driving of his master's horse, he could very quickly make things much better for himself. So could all other wage earners of the United States.

So long as that driver has no horse and cab of his own, and therefore cannot live until a boss who owns horses and cabs employs him—so long that driver will have a commercial value of \$75 to \$500 (one-half that of the horse and cab) and will receive in wages one-half to one-eighth of the amount his employer receives for the horse and cab.

This does not apply merely to drivers of cabs. It is equally true of other wage earners. Printer and painter, carpenter and trolleyman, laborer and clerk, electrician and cigarmaker—all the millions of workers in the United States who do not own the raw materials and tools of production are just like the driver of a cab horse.

They cannot get bread without money. They cannot get money without wages. They cannot get wages without a job.

They cannot get a job without an employer. Their employer is their master. Their employer is their master because he owns their means of life.

The workers must sell their labor power, they must sell themselves, they must sell their lives (by the hour or day) to those who own the raw materials and tools of production—the CAPITALISTS. That means that (WHEN EMPLOYED) they have a commercial value about equal to that of an old cab horse.

I have referred to the cab driver as a thinking, reasoning being. Should he use his power of thought and reason for himself things would be very different with him. So with other wage earners: Should they apply the same thought to their own welfare that they do to the work they do for the capitalist, they would quickly change things.

The capitalist has power because he owns the tools and materials of

production. The cab drivers and all you wage earners in the United States have it in your power to make yourselves the owners of the means for the production of wealth.

When you are the owners of the things requisite to supply yourselves with the necessities of life, you will no longer be classed as a horse, a cab, a thing, a commodity. Then your commercial value will not be limited to from \$75 to \$500 (one-half that of a horse and cab) when you have a job. Then you will be men—free men.

How can you make yourselves owners of the tools and materials of production? Well, as a first step this year immediately put in an application for membership in the Socialist party, and work for the triumph of Socialism.

We Socialists propose that the men who do the world's work shall own the things they work with. Miners, drivers, trolley men, printers, railroad workers, shoemakers, hatters, weavers—the people who labor shall own the horses, cabs, trolleys, railroads, factories, mills and mines. That is the intention of the Socialists.

The cab driver or workingman who voted for Bryan voted to give himself a master and a commercial value one-half that of a horse and cab—if he has a job.

The cab driver or working man who voted for Taft voted to give himself a master and a commercial value of one-half that of a horse and cab—if he has a job.

The cab driver or working man who voted for Debs voted to make himself the owner of the tools and materials of production. He voted to become his own master.

When workingmen become the owners of the tools and materials of production they will own themselves—never before.

Just as the cabman drives his horse, so the capitalist drives the driver.

Some of the capitalists will belong to Taft and Van Cleave and the Republican party and the Manufacturers' Association, and other capitalists will belong to Bryan and Haskell and the Democratic party and the Citizens' Alliance.

You, Mr. Workingman (and sister woman) should belong to the trade or labor union of your trade and also be an active member of the Socialist party.

SEEDS OF THOUGHT.

Those who love the liberties already won must open the door to the new, unless they wish to see them all take flight together.—Henry D. Lloyd.

The Angel of Light went out upon her travels, and she came to a place where they jered at her and made fun of her garments. She had wandered into Hell.—The Public.

If we waited to do any good act until our motives and feelings were all irreproachable, we should hardly make a beginning.—Dr. John Bascom.

THE CLOSED SHOP.

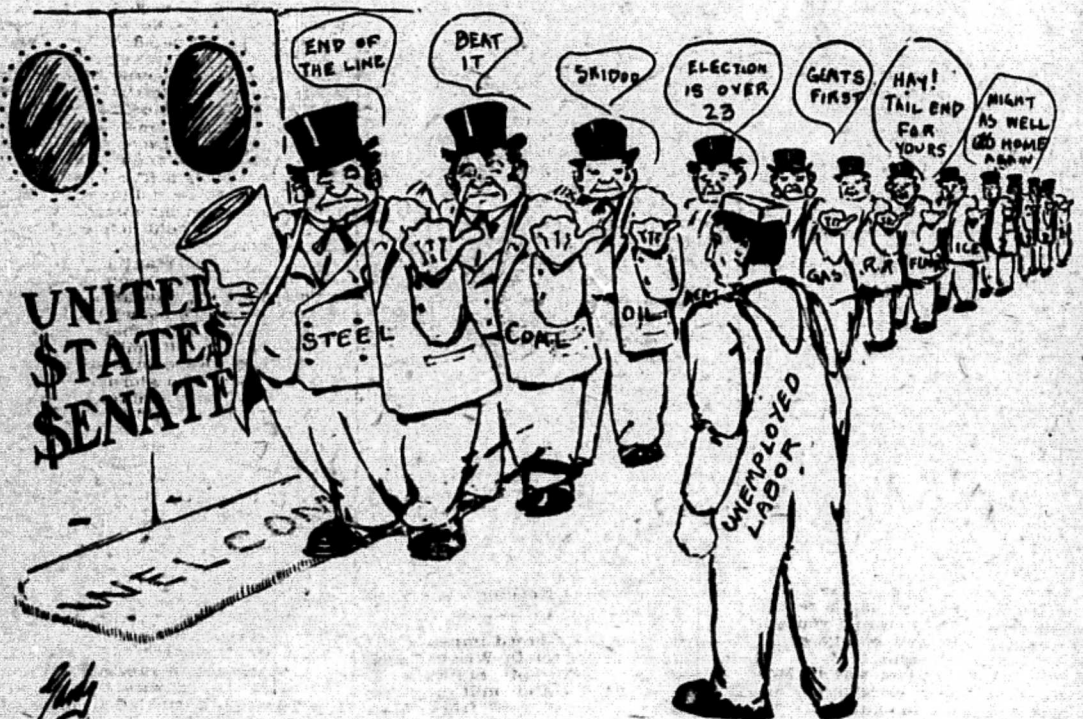
The closed shop is not her to stay. Its function is not fixed. It is her to pass man on. And after it has passed man on it will disintegrate. It will take down its four walls and go into voluntary oblivion. Mean time it is intermediately vital and preservative. Is it against liberty? No. It is for liberty. It is a troubled effort of liberty to observe the covenant. It is the only resource left to liberty to play a safe hand with the cards stacked against it. If liberty with the closed shop is in danger liberty without the closed shop is lost. You quote the one man who is trespassed. I quote the fifty men whom the one man trespasses. I do not say the closed shop is liberty. I say it leads to liberty. I do not say the liberty of the one man should be invaded. I say the liberty of the fifty men should not be forgotten. There is only one thing I hate worse than the closed shop. That one thing is the open shop. There is only one thing I love more than the closed shop. That one thing is the open world. Tyranny often leads the way of liberty. The tendency of the imperfect is toward the perfect. Democracy does not say its final word in liberty. Its final word is a word of love. If love means liberty good for liberty and better for love. But if some liberty must be left out in order that all love may be included then liberty must cheerfully make its sacrifice. The program of labor is the program of solidarity.—Horace Traubel, in The Arena.

HARD TO DECEIVE.

A day or two ago a New York master of the theory of statistics was explaining how easily figures that on their face seem honest and straightforward may be wholly misleading, and how the trained statistician will detect the error and show their worthlessness. He was asked in what group of average voters, Republican, Democratic or Socialist, he would expect to find the quickest and clearest understanding of such an explanation. He answered that he would unquestionably find it in a Socialist group. This man is not a Socialist, but he has observed that the Socialists are looking for facts, and it is his opinion that their habit of acquiring accurate knowledge will alone make the Socialist party an increasingly important political factor. If this is a reproach to the other parties, they have no one to blame but themselves and their happy-go-lucky campaigners.—New York Evening Post.

THE REASON FOR REVOLT.

What makes revolt is not pain, but wrong. If we are all eating ships' biscuits on a raft it may be the will of God; but if one of us is putting away pate-de-fole-gras and champagne I come to the conclusion (as I do with the modern world) that the devil is in it somewhere.—A. K. Chesterton.



NOT WANTED.

X RAYS.

By JOHN M. WORK.

The man of advanced views is always charged with being a pessimist and a calamity howler, because he criticises things that now are and tells the truth about them. Phillips Brooks said that such a man is a true optimist. That this is indeed true is evidenced by the fact that in order to work for something advanced one must have faith in humanity and in the future. The conservative—the fellow who hangs back and acts as a dead weight upon society—is the genuine pessimist. He is the man who lacks faith in the human race and in his destiny. He is the man who has no confidence in the ultimate triumph of right over wrong.

People used to be independent of each other. Tools were simple. A person could exist without aid from others.

But the development of machinery from the simple hand tool used by one person to the great collections of labor saving machines, and the consequent development from small individual industry to great aggregations of industry, has made human beings dependent upon one another for the very elements of life.

We have change from separateness to socialness.

But our laws are still based on the theory that we are still living under the condition of separateness. They are adapted to that condition. They therefore do not fit our condition of socialness at all. The result is excruciating agony—just as excruciating misery would result from compelling a person to wear shoes several sizes too small for him.

We need to change our laws to suit the condition of socialness into which we have developed.

Since we have become mutually interdependent, mutually intertwined, we therefore need to change the laws in such a manner that the industries on which we are mutually dependent will be mutually owned by all of us.

Some people think that Socialism will result in the degeneracy of the human race because of the removal of the struggle for existence. They say that the struggle is necessary in order to produce strong men and that the strong men of the past have been produced by it.

People will have to struggle for whatever they achieve in the Socialist commonwealth, but to be sure Socialism will destroy the desperate struggle for a mere animal existence.

In a recent discussion on this point, the fact was brought out that Lester F. Ward in his "Applied Sociology," has given the results of a careful investigation of the subject. He found that, in proportion to their relative numbers, over fifty times as many talented persons have sprung from those who did not have to struggle for a bare existence as from those who did. As examples of talented persons who did not have to struggle for an existence, he names Tasso, Petrarch, Baccaccio, Cervantes, Dante, Chaucer, Hegel, Flohite, Kant, Buckle, Bacon, Milton, Hobbes, Galileo, Adam Smith, Harvey, Darwin, Newton, Descartes, Byron, Shelley, Macaulay, Comte, Herbert Spencer, Gibbon, Disraeli, Robert Browning, Joseph Ruskin, Victor Hugo and many others.

A few persons have arisen from dire poverty to eminence. But these were merely the exceptions who escaped the blighting influence of their environment. The struggle for a material existence withers the higher faculties and is a blasting foe of intellectual development.

Release from that struggle will therefore not cause degeneracy. On the contrary, it will enable the human race to soar into heights of higher development which now seem Utopian.

In a capitalist sheet the other day I saw an editorial which said that there are a lot of fellows loafing around on the pretext that they are unable to find a job, and it wondered why they did not go out and take up some of the new land.

Thus do the lying capitalist newspapers add insult to injury when a workingman is down and out and cannot find a job wherewith to feed himself and his wife and babies.

Go out on the new land indeed!

Supposing for the sake of argument that there is good land to be had for nothing, please tell us how a penniless man can transport himself and family a thousand or two of miles, build a house and barn, dig a well, buy a team, a wagon, a plow, a harrow, a seeder, a cultivator, a harvester, etc., and live until he grows and markets a crop.

Even supposing that insurmountable difficulty to be overcome, he would find himself constantly robbed by the same horde of grafters who rob him whenever he has a job now and who rob him of his job itself whenever they feel like it. The farmers on the so-called new lands have discovered that, try as they may, it is impossible to escape being robbed

THE MAN WHO HAD NO TIME.

By ERNEST POOLE.

This story—or something like it—I heard the other night from a friend of mine:

I had no time. And like so many millions of people in cities, I had a kind of a passion against taking time—I mean to think things out. I lived in New York and I had a job on one of the big daily papers. I once saw on a stout little tombstone this epitaph: "He Was a Good Fellow and He Hated a Bed." That was about my ideal.

Not that I didn't think. A cub reporter has to think, sometimes so quick he doesn't know he's thinking. Grab the threads of a story, grab again, hope to thunder he has 'em all, then jump onto a trolley or into the Subway and hunt up his men, think hard how to get at 'em and make 'em talk, and when the threads are all tangled into his head, on his way back to the office, the quicker and harder and clearer he thinks the better—for when he sits down to write, the story can't leak from his pencil, it has got to pour. Once when I brought in a rush story, a "beat," the night editor sent me down to the linotype room, and it went into solid type as I talked.

This may sound like an exaggeration. It is. Impressions generally are. And I'm only trying to give you the main impression a youngster has when he dives with a confident smile into the newspaper world. The smile disappears, and for months and months it's a blind scramble, and if he has got it he hangs on.

Queer how a man's job can change him. I had a "leetle" grit, just enough to keep me from quitting. And in a year the thing became easy, so easy and natural it was like a square meal or a pipe, you didn't care much about living without it. For my job was wide, wide as four millions of men, women and kids all jammed together into the city of Greater New York.

From the old and the young, the rich, the poor, and the damnably poor—the yarns poured in. And they poured through me. And my job was shallow. And I was a sieve.

I had a chum who was one of the best, a young doctor just out of his hospital term. We had a comfortable sitting-room, bedroom and bath, plenty to eat and smoke and drink, and no end of things to see and hear and do in off hours. Our friends were between Fifth avenue and the tenements, the kind that get most out of life as it is. And we did.

His work was mostly in a city dispensary down in the tenements. Most of it was free. But he worked hard—harder than I. "For Science," he said. But as I look back on him now, I think my old chum Jim must have had a kind of an inkling.

Jim and I were closer than most brothers. We didn't say much, we weren't that kind. But the nights when I sat by his bed hoping still, though he grinned and told me the game was up, those nights aren't nice to remember. Toward the end his hand came out over the sheet and took a quick, tight grip on mine. He kept it—hard.

And when Jim was dead, I began thinking. We'll drop the sentimental part. That goes with the shallow job and life. I got rid of it soon. And then I began to wonder what life is. What's it all for, anyhow? Just to go on doubling over and over the tangle of yarns that I had been writing? What a devilish tangle they seemed to me now. Writing 'em was

by the capitalists as long as the capitalist system exists. Witness the enormous Socialist vote in Oklahoma and other agricultural states.

But the land is not free. With a few exceptions it has to be paid for from fifty cents to several dollars an acre. Then the water rights cost from twenty dollars to sixty dollars per acre in addition. And, without irrigation, most of it will raise nothing but sage brush and jack rabbits.

It is nothing short of a crime to fling such a proposition in the face of an unemployed man.

Besides, why should workingmen go to the ends of the earth to get a living and leave the enemy in possession of the good things they have earned and been robbed of? Is it not more manly to stay and fight for their rights?

No, thanks, we will stay right here and fight for our lost heritage. Robbery doesn't suit us any better one place than another. We propose to keep right on agitating until the robbers are dispossessed and the workers come into their own.

tough. As I wrote they all got up and listened. And the sieve sat back and talked.

For about two months. Then the job began to get hold again. It felt good to be able to laugh. I began again knocking round with my friends.

But I found one of 'em was changed. He was a magazine writer, a class of "critters" that most reporters looked upon with a pitying smile, because they waste such a lot of time in thinking out a story. But somehow I had taken a shine to this chap, so much of a shine that now I turned to him as the likeliest chum to pull me out of my blues.

But I found him changed. He didn't have half so much time to spare, he was reading a lot of fool books, often he seemed to be up to his ears in thinking.

When I growled at him for an unsociable cuss, he would look up with the most curious grin, as a butcher might look at a live piece of lamb.

"Tough," he would mutter, thoughtfully, "tough as an old sow's ear. But we'll git you!"

"Git me?" I growled. "The devil you will. What d'you mean?"

He rose slowly, went to his table, and began thoughtfully picking out various little red pamphlets and two or three books.

"If you ain't afraid," he said, "suppose you read these over."

I took the stuff and read it. Then I read some more. In the next three months we used to have reading bees in his room at night.

And I began to think things out. I balked and growled and cursed. But in the end he got me!

You might not believe it, but there are a lot of newspaper men that can be got. And we're going out to get 'em!

NOT THE CHINESE ALONE.

The Vancouver "World" contains a lengthy article describing the moral depravity of the Chinese in debauching white girls, while inmates of their opium dens. The Chinese are no more expert in bringing about the downfall of maidenhood than the diamond-decked American aristocrat who has had the benefit of a Christian education. The American libertine in wrecking the virginity of girlhood can give the "coolie" card and spades. Among a certain element of fashionable society known as the "Smart Set," it is almost considered a matter of brilliancy upon the part of a pampered swell in the social whirl, to be able to boast of conquests that puts the brand of shame upon the brow of woman. The blushing Eves in dens of shame in every city of this nation point the accusing finger at American villains who gloat over their hellish accomplishments.—Miners' Magazine.

SEEDS OF THOUGHT.

He that will not reason is a bigot; he that cannot reason is a fool; he that dares not reason is a slave.—William Drummond.

Business is the source of political corruption; "bad" politicians are mere agents of "good" business men.—Lincoln Steffens.

Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death.—Patrick Henry.

We produce marvelously, but we distribute abominably.—Victor Hugo.

Man cannot love his neighbor as himself, when he is compelled to fight with his neighbor for his daily necessities.—Charles H. Nash.

UPTON SINCLAIR ON CHARITY.

In the course of an address delivered recently in Chicago, the author of "The Jungle" said of charity:

"The average charity, the charity of the rich, seems rather futile to me. The rich oppress the poor enormously, then they help them slightly. It is like the young lady angler.

"Why," said a man to this young lady, 'do you always carry a bottle of liniment with you on your fishing excursions?'

"She sighed.

"I am so sorry," she said plaintively, "for the poor little fish. And so, when I take one off the hook I always rub its cut mouth with some liniment."

A MORAL REFLECTION.

A historian says Nero was not nearly so bad as he was represented. That is what a fellow thinks of New York when he stands in the gallery of the United States Senate.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A MINER SCULPTOR.

West of the Alleghenies art practically dates back to the Columbian Exposition in Chicago. Shortly before that a well known sculptor delivered a lecture on art in Decatur, Ill. After his address some teachers of the town showed him drawings made by a young miner, who was too bashful to come forward himself. He was of French birth, slow in his English speech and had worked in a mine since he was ten years old. When he came to the surface on holidays he spent his time sketching or playing the violin. They thought, and the sculptor thought with them, that his gifts deserved a chance of growth in some more aesthetic environment.

Within six months a slender brown-eyed French youth was mixing plaster, mounting armatures, clearing away debris for sculptors at work under the unfinished dome at Jackson Park in that wonderful World's Fair summer. He was a humble recruit in the noble army of American artists who served there so joyously. He saw, heard, breathed, felt art. White palaces went up about him, statues took shape without their walls and decorations blossomed into color within. It was an intoxicating experience to the coal miner.

After the fair he worked at any job that he could find in the daytime and studied in the Art Institute night classes. He became a pupil and useful helper to Lorado Taft, his first sculptor friend. He never went back to handling the pick, but he did go back to Decatur. In those days of Sunday violin practice the amateur orchestra annually met under the roof of a kind and cultured woman who possessed a piano and whose young daughter played with them. A boy and girl romance sprang up to a musical accompaniment, and then they married—with no other wealth than youth and hope and talent. When a newly made father, scarcely out of the ranks of day laborers, scarcely out of his teens—Leonard Crunelle modeled with caressing hand a bust of his first baby and sent it to Chicago.

And an artist jury to a man went down before the soft, appealing little head; praised it and loved it, and gave it a good place in the exhibition at the Art Institute. Later that same baby bust went to the Cotton States exposition at Atlanta, captured that art jury, too, and won a medal for the young sculptor. One of the women's clubs bought it, and perhaps as great a compliment as it ever received lay in the way the purchasing lady cuddled the tiny face in her arms. To this day Lorado Taft, in his popular lectures on sculpture, illustrates a point he wishes to make with a cast of "Baby Marguerite," and his audience never fails to break into pleased applause when they look at the little head that seems to look back at them with the fearless calm of innocence.

For several years now "Leonard Crunelle's Children" have been a feature of western exhibitions and are becoming known in the East—soft, shy faces of babes, nude figures of boys, notable for the truthful beauty of their modeling.

The growth of the sculptor's family can readily be gathered from his exhibited work. He has now four little trained models. Even the lively eighteen-months-old baby is held for father to study in its mother's arms, and knows enough to stop curling its toes the wrong way when mother's finger touches the rosy foot.—Isabel McDougal, in The Craftsman Magazine.

SAFEGUARDS OF PRIVILEGE.

We must soon arouse the masses of the people from their lethargy and examine the Senate and the Supreme Court—those institutions with which, sooner or later, the people will have to contend. Let us not fear the blustering that issue from behind their assumptions of respectability and dignity. Either the working class must mold these threatening forces to its will, or we shall soon see in America the beginnings of a despotism more dark and conscienceless than the world has ever before known. That the working class is even now colliding with those safeguards of privilege, we have only to turn to the state of Colorado for convincing and damning proof. We find that under institutions that we have flatteringly called free there can be manufactured a monstrous and ruthless despotism that can be rivaled nowhere except in Russia.—Franklin H. Wentworth.

SAME THING.

"To what does Mr. Cockyfeiler attribute his success?"

"To hard work."

"I didn't know he ever did any hard work."

"He didn't; but he hired a lot of it done for him."—Cleveland Leader.

OUR SACRIFICE.

By RALPH WALDO TILLOTSON.

At length the hour of consideration has again arrived.

The conundrum of poverty and destitution has again been openly presented to us for solution, and we have again added against our record another of our refusals to consider, much less to solve, that common conundrum. According to our legal responses, we signified our intention to perpetuate that question of misery.

Was our action intentional? Were we carried away by old party promises and enthusiasm? Yes! That was it. Enthusiasm was fatal to our reason. We have failed to properly reason together, and have again sacrificed ourselves upon the polluted altars of old party political rallies, festivities, processions. The silver tongue of oratory drove our reason with our hats to the auditorium's roof. We beheld a glimpse of better days at the ex-roast. That slippery tongued speaker convinced us that he was our "friend" and that prosperity was arriving, and we should smash the trust.

But alas! that day of sweet phrases is past. The day of calculating the ballot is past. "Our friend," the politician, has forgotten us all. How short some friendships are.

While we stand in the bread line we wonder that there are no more ox roasts. We envy a well fed ox.

We realize that we have committed a serious error. How painful that knowledge becomes.

Serves us right! Our thoughtless enthusiasm costs us dear.

And now we conclude that old party enthusiasm shall not again make off with our reason. Lacking reason, we shall not solve that conundrum of want.

Let us consult. Let us reason. We are significantly impressed by the fact that at the balloting some one was defeated. Some one? It must have been us. We certainly were not victorious. Us! Us! That is, the miserable, the common. We were defeated.

We have done well. We have already acknowledged the existence of two warring classes in society, we being the lower class, and having been again defeated at the ballot box.

But how is this? Are we not in the vast majority? Who could defeat us?

Ah! WE OURSELVES DID IT. We voted for things which we DID NOT WANT. What fools we be. Hold! Consolation! We shall have four years to think it over—to think over that.

That common conundrum.

So long as certain men own the property which belongs to us, so long will this conundrum exist. The overwhelming portion of misery is attributable to that dishonest division of wealth.

But when shall we own that which is ours? It is difficult to predict. We have by overwhelming vote just confirmed our many previous intentions to keep our wealth and property securely locked up in the silent vaults of private ownership. Meanwhile the owners of our wealth are coining from OUR toll their dollar.

A new creed has appeared among men. "I am Dollars, thy god. Thou shalt have no other God." Our victors have inscribed this creed in the high places. They have caused labor to build an altar. Once every four years labor is willingly led forth to sacrifice itself upon that altar. Before that unholy altar man kneels in profound adoration for that almighty God of labor's creation.

LODGE ON SOCIALISM.

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge declared in a recent speech that "Whether Deb gets few votes or many, his agitation is one that should be viewed with general alarm. It is the active force that wrecked the Roman empire."

It is just the sort of argument that a pompous ass like Lodge would make. Doubtless the destruction of the Roman empire fills him and his like with horror, but the average man regards its downfall as a fine job. It deserved to be destroyed, for it had grown to be a thing of unspeakable corruption, oppression and injustice. If Socialism was the "active force" that put an end to Roman tyranny and inhumanity, then the American people will have a greater regard for the party. All except Lodge, of course.—Kansas City Independent.

IN A MELODRAMA.

"What would happen if the hero didn't save the heroine in time?" "I shudder to think of it," answered the manager. "That expensive pile-driver would probably be wrecked."—Washington Herald.

THE MONOPOLY OF ART

To thoughtful and sincere people there can be no doubt that the art of our upper classes never can be the art of the whole people. But if art is an important matter, a spiritual blessing, essential for all men, then it should be accessible to everyone. And if, as in our day, it is not accessible to all men, then one of two things: Either art is not the vital matter it is represented to be, or that art which we call art is not the real thing.

The dilemma is inevitable, and therefore clever and immoral people avoid it by denying one side of it—denying that the common people have a right to art. These people simply and boldly speak out (what lies at the heart of the matter), and say that the participants in and utilizers of what in their esteem is highly beautiful art—i. e., art furnishing the greatest enjoyment—can only be "schoene Geisten," "the elect," as the romanticists call them, the "Uebermenschen," as they are called by the followers of Nietzsche; the remaining vulgar herd, incapable of experiencing these pleasures, must serve the exalted pleasures of this superior breed of people. The people who express these views at least do not pretend and do not try to combine the uncombinable, but frankly admit, what is the case, that our art is an art of the upper classes only.—Leo Tolstoy, in "What Is Art?"

REACTIONARY DEMOCRACY.

By Joseph Mazzini.

But if from these heights, where all human desires become purified; where the efforts, by which we strive to live, receive a religious consecration, you bring democracy down to the narrow arena of individual tendencies; giving it for arms, individual rights, for object, a mere theory of liberty; without a higher and common rule, you change its all-embracing, all-sanctifying nature into something reactionary and hostile.

You destroy its organic thought, its eminently social instincts, its thirst for general education, for belief, and for unity of direction, to put in its place a peaceful anarchy, in which man will begin by the worship of individuality, and will fall by degrees into the abysses of egotism.

And in the meantime you excite, you in some measure justify the terrors and repugnance of the society you are desirous to gain over; you unconsciously sow hatred; you alienate from us superior minds, who think democracy barren, godless and consequently impotent.

THE VISIT OF CHAMINADE.

Every music lover is familiar with the composition of Cecile Chaminade, and her manager, in introducing her to the American public as "the greatest living woman composer," is backed by competent critical judgment in many lands. Certain of her piano pieces, as the Boston "Musicalian" testifies, are known to nearly all American pupils who have carried their studies into the fourth and fifth grades. One of her songs, is said to have sold to the extent of 200,000 copies. There are two Chaminade Clubs in New York, and others scattered throughout the country.—Current Literature.

THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

It is a wise habit of the press to keep its editors strictly out of sight. London "Times" understands this so well that when its editor dies it never permits the fact to be mentioned in its columns.

The editor is the man hidden in the belly of the god. Let him be seen, and no one will heed when it speaks. "Good heavens!" the dupes will exclaim. "It's that ass, Potts, all the time!"

The power of the press consists in its anonymity. Heard behind the veil of the temple the bray of an ass is mistaken for the utterance of a god.—McGinnis in Brisbane Worker.

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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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A SOCIALIST VIEW OF WAR AND PEACE.

By GEORGE D. HERRON.

(From an Article in the "International Socialist Review").

But peace, no less than war, is a capitalist arrangement. As war is declared, so peace is proclaimed, according to the convenience of the dominant economic interests. And as capitalism develops intensively, interest grappling with interest for final control over the whole industrial arena, the more will the peace of the world be imperiled, and with it the economic security and spiritual repose of the individual. The armaments of the nation will increase with the increase of capitalism, for which war and present institutions endure. In these frankly financial times the capitalist nature of our institutions is obvious and brazen; there is less and less attempt at concealment. We see that the rulers of the world are but rulers in name; the real rulers sit in the seats of the money changers. The ambassadors of nations, the kings and the presidents, are butlers and footmen to the great bankers; they are lackeys who must henceforth wear their livery in the face of the world. The old diplomatic appearances are kept up, but it is the diplomat, not the capitalist, who thinks to save his face. The diplomat is a fool, but no fool is his capitalist master. Great Britain's King may be paraded as the peacemaker of his day, as the first gentleman of Europe, and as the presiding prince of international politics. But the great financiers, whose messenger King Edward notoriously is discount the imposture in advance. Nor is their laughter among themselves confined to their sleeves; it is loud upon the monied streets of London and Paris. That the recent meeting of King and Czar at Reval was a bankers' arrangement is well known; and equally well known is the fact of the King's reluctance. The British government was compelled to send the King, and the King was compelled to go by a will more sovereign than that of kings or cabinets—the will of the dominant economic interests.

There is no better illustration than the sudden end of the war between Russia and Japan. When Theodore Roosevelt received the Noble Prize he was doubtless unconscious that he was being rewarded for a supreme example of diplomatic treachery; nor did the givers of the prize know the thing they were rewarding. But the Portsmouth treaty was due to no desire for peace as such; it sprang not from the stricken hearts of rulers, seeking to close the scenes of death upon Manchurian battlefields. The real international concern, and all the sudden grief of governments, was the menaced money of the money lenders. The value of Russian bonds and the collection of their accruing interest depended upon the stability of the throne of the Czars. Let the Russian revolution succeed, and not the Russian bonds alone might become worthless; in the revolutionary overflow from Russia there was danger to all capitalist Europe. There was the possible exposure, too, of the whole system of national indebtedness—the very holy of holies of modern finance. It is by this system, so long and carefully developed, that the money lenders most subtly and surely appropriate the labor produce of the world, making even the captains of industry to serve them. A crisis in this international finance was at hand, fateful and far reaching beyond anything yet realized by the public understanding; the world's owners knew, but not the world's workers. By this time, also, Russia had been weakened enough to suit the purposes of Germany, and enough to subtract from England's imperial apprehensions the Russian menace to her Asiatic possessions. So when the great bankers said that peace must be, the governments of Europe were ready to bring it about; to this end the diplomatic machinery was set going, and finding a fit vehicle in the vanity of Theodore Roosevelt, through him the royal servants of the bankers betrayed Japan, and made peace between Japan and Russia. But it is only the ignorant who imagine that the war was ended through the pity of rulers for the Russian and Japanese peasants, by whom the killing and the dying were done; it was ended through the capitalist need of the throne of the Russias, and the other thrones endangered by its danger. The peace of Portsmouth was made to save the money of Europe and to prevent or to postpone an international capitalist catastrophe.

Commercial America, let it be said in this connection, was becoming eager for peace as well. Across her capitalist perspective loomed the

menace of a greater Japan, balking the exploitation of Asia. That Japan should be cheated into paying for the war which Russia had forced upon her; that the defence of her national being should be made costly to herself; that she should be weakened by the victory she had won; that it should be made difficult for her to stand between the capitalist west and the markets of China; this was the desire of the nations of Europe, and the deed of the United States of America. And Japan's subsequent industrial and military expansion, even when occupied with self recovery, is the problem and the wrath of the older capitalist world.

The peace of Portsmouth is the pivot of the present and future history of the world. It was not only the first successful defection of the international social revolution; it was the beginning of a new tragedy of the nations, moving toward a universal catastrophe—a catastrophe that might have been avoided had the Socialist movement spoken the word it had power to speak. And when its truthful history comes to be written this same peace will be read as one of the three or four most infamous bargains ever made by diplomacy—even though diplomacy be but the science of treachery. Whether Mr. Roosevelt knew or not, the rulers of Europe knew well what they did at the time; the blow at Socialism was struck secretly, but it was surely aimed. And the Portsmouth peace was the blow—the key to capitalist diplomacy for a generation. It prevented the immediate collapse of Russian despotism, releasing the hands of the Czar to deal imprisonment, exile, torture and murder to his beloved subjects. It fastened the grip of the money lender upon the nations. It gave longer life to European capitalism by saving the throne upon which that capitalism depends for its policing. It moved America to make military and industrial preparations for the commercial conquest of China, and for the practical control of Chinese government. It delayed the Asiatic renaissance—India for the people of India, China for the Chinese, Burmah for the Burmese, Afghanistan for the Afghans, Persia for the Persians; which renaissance, flowing westward, must give Egypt to the Egyptians, Morocco to the Moors, Africa to the Africans, and the world to its workers. The new birth of Asia, with the power to protect itself from an alien industrialism, means the collapse of the capitalist society and the social revolution throughout the Western world. This the capitalist knows better than the Socialist, and it was to prevent or to postpone this that the peace of Portsmouth was proclaimed.

If I have said less of peace than of war it is because I am discussing national conditions as they exist under capitalism. Indeed, in the state in which mankind now finds itself the talk of peace is an impertinence. Our whole system of life and labor, with all that we call civilization, is based on nothing else than war. It is a war which the teachers are cunning to conceal; yet it is the wolf and warp of the world's social pattern. It is the war between the class that labors and the class that appropriates what that labor produces. It is a war so terrible, so full of death, that its blood is upon every human hand, upon every loaf of bread, and upon every human institution. Capitalist society is but the organization of this one human fight—this one universal and comprehensive contradiction. And it is only folly, or worse, falsehood, that prates of peace in such a society. There can be nothing but war in a human system carried on by workers beneath and possessors above; nothing but war in an order wherein the whole emphasis of government, of social security, of public morality, of individual worth, is laid upon the possession of things produced rather than upon the human producers. Such a state of things is not social at all, and there is no order in it. Our social order is but the anarchy of the jungle—the sign that man is not yet human, not yet evolved from the beast. There can be no peace, not the first basis for peace to build upon, until there is but one class in the world, one mode of progress, and one human worth—the class, the progress, the worth, that associates all men as common workers, to whom all leisure, all culture, all beauty and immortality belong. Then shall prevail, when this one social worth has come to be, and not till then, the peace of good will among men.

POLITE ATTENTION.

Visitor.—Is your master in?
 Servant.—No; he's from home, sir.
 Visitor.—Gone away on a holiday, is suppose?
 Servant.—No, sir, on a bicycle.

EVIDENCE FOR THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY.

By ERNEST POOLE.

This amazing yarn is not to be read by men of this age. Pass it by, gentle reader. For doubtless at this moment you are on a trolley car, clinging grimly to a strap, you need all your wits, your strength, your time. So do not waste your time on this. For to you it would be the dullest reading.

But to you, oh man of a hundred years hence, if perchance in searching through some misty library shelves, on which are piled the archives of the past, your eye should light on this old paper, yellow and tattered from age—to you it will be anything but dull! As you read, your lips will curl and your eyes will gleam.

"Oh revered ancestor," you will mutter, "what an infernal old liar you were!"
 But confound you, sir, I was no liar! I was a "yellow journalist," who always spoke the truth. And I do solemnly swear to you that never wrote I truer words than these I write tonight. One more word of warning. I propose to write this story from beginning to end in one prodigious sentence. Heaven help my pen and Heaven help your eye—that we may wander safely through. Your ancestor will now proceed:

On the tenth day of October, in the year 1908, at 8 o'clock in the night, on a heiter-skelter corner of the city of New York, on the outskirts of a crowd which was listening to a Socialist speech.

A thin, little clerk, some forty years old, who had given up all hope of an increase in his salary, and yet worked hard and faithfully morning, noon and night in the effort to support a wife and seven children whom he passionately loved.

A taciturn young surgeon, whose unusual ability might well have made him rich, but who chose instead to spend his days and nights upon free cases from the tenements, because his deepest passion was to meet death in its stronghold, grapple with it, wrest some of its victims away.

A stout, little artist who had no excuse to be stout, who ate but one square meal a day, who starved and

froze in an attic room, working at his easel, and absorbed, delighted, because to paint a picture that he would not be ashamed of was the one intense purpose of his life.

A tall, gaunt young man, who had once been well-to-do, but had squandered his snug fortune in the vain attempt to invent an aeroplane that would not tumble, and who still dreamed of this and only this day and night.

A shrewd, brilliant young reporter, like myself, a youth of untold genius, whose talents as yet had not been rewarded, who worked for a paper from 3 P. M. to 4 A. M. every night, Sundays included, roaming about like a bull terrier sniffing in every direction for news, and happy in it all, because his one great passion was to obtain for his paper "a s.o.p."

A huge giant of a man with hulking shoulders and cool, impassive grey eyes, a locomotive engineer, whose one pride and joy it was to make his ninety-two mile run on time.

And last, a short, gray-headed old man, who stumped on a wooden leg, the real one having been shot away in the Civil War, a most enthusiastic old veteran, who attended all reunions but refused to draw a pension, giving as his reason, "If Abe Lincoln gave up his life for the job, I guess I can give up a leg."

These seven men, all conservatives, born and bred, circling with conservative scowls around the Socialist speaker, and finally drawing together by deep, mutual sympathy.

Crossing the street, arm locked in arm, and there holding a meeting of their own, did solemnly agree, that

Whereas, The Socialist agitators are fast becoming a grave menace to all our institutions—making every man a slave to all by taking from him the chance to amass a fortune for his wife and children and their children and their children.

Therefore be it resolved, That Socialism is a wild, an utterly impractical vision.

Because the one stimulus which makes men work faithfully and hard is this great fundamental hope which the Socialists would remove, the old blood tingling hope of some day amassing wealth.

For this is human nature—which cannot be changed!

THE DILEMMA OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

By ROBERT HUNTER.

The press of the country is much disturbed over the fate of the Democratic party. The New York "World," even before election, wrote editorials headed, "Will the Democratic Party Die?"

Since election all papers have been philosophizing upon the future of that party. The Republican organs seem as much concerned as the Democratic organs. They seem to fear that unless the Democratic party is reorganized the Socialists will in the next campaign present the only real opposition to the Republican policies.

If Bryan had been the only candidate defeated since 1896 these papers might have argued that radicalism brought ruin to the Democratic party; but unfortunately Parker four years ago was defeated worse even than Bryan.

Bryan has run three times under untavorable auspices. Parker ran once under favorable auspices, and yet both were signally defeated.

What to do? That is the question! Some distinguished advisors suggest a campaign, which all the papers should take up simultaneously, for creating a new popular idol. Makers of public opinion must select, they say, John Johnson, Governor Harmon, or some other reputable Democrat, and whoop it up for him so that in four years the people will look to him as a deliverer. It seems a good name is needed—some Democrat who has not betrayed the people, and in the desperate search for such a one we can almost hear "Fingy" Connors say to "Hinky Dink": "I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought."

And that's the dilemma. The people won't stand for the corporate bosses of the Democratic party, such as Ryan or Belmont, or for their legal retainers, such as Judge Parker and De Lancy Nicolli, and the party would hardly select as their Presidential candidate one of the electoral crooks, ex-convicts or card sharks who take care of the ballot box end of a Democratic campaign.

In fact to make any sort of a showing, the Democrats need another Bryan—an idealist—one who can run on the same ticket with a multitude of traction thieves, and keep enough heart to preach sermons upon "Thou shalt not steal." They need another pure minded visionary who can run

on the same ticket with the thugs, thieves and scoundrels who are corrupting our cities, stuffing our ballot boxes, and ruling us like an Italian Mafia, and talk in all sincerity upon upon "Let the people rule."

But such men are rare, and just now no commodity seems less plentiful in the Democratic market than this very commodity of good names.

Had William R. Hearst after the Mayoralty campaign retired to private life he would to-day have been a popular idol; but familiarity has hatched its proverbial chicken, and at present Democrats look elsewhere.

But where? Oh, that some new Moses might arise! Oh, that a new speech might be delivered, with crowns of thorns in it! Oh, that some new leader might arise whose right hand knows not what his left hand doeth.

Well, there are four years in which to work, and during that time a judicious but lavish press agency, well oiled and accredited, may achieve the not altogether new nor overly-difficult project—the making of a popular idol, one that may be safely trusted to talk wildly and act well.

THE DEFENDER OF LIBERTY.

There is nowhere any force or influence, outside of the working class itself, that can free the workers from the creeping dark of absolute industrial servitude. There is now no class in America except the working class that is interested in preserving the liberties of the people. Who is it that dares to confront the meat trust except the men who butcher its beef and drive its wagons? Who dares to face the mining and the smelter trusts of the West save the men with pick and shovel? And in the great anthracite coal strike of two years ago, when it was clearly proved that the railroad mine owners were breaking every law on the statute books, who dared to protest except the miners themselves? The great non-partisan public we hear so much about; the great American public which is the stalking horse of the capitalist newspapers, paid through the nose for coal at eighteen and twenty dollars a ton, when if it had possessed any manhood or respect for its own laws it could have put every mine owner in Pennsylvania in jail.—Franklin H. Westworth.

THE ART OF WILLIAM MORRIS.

The truth of the proverb, "There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will," was amply verified in the life and experience of William Morris. Born in Walthamstow, Essex, England, March 24, 1834, and apprenticed in early life to an architect, he first became noted as a poet, and developed later a very decided artistic bent, which, after the erection of his famous residence, the Red House, prompted him to engage in the designing and manufacture of interior decorations.

The Red House, which was built after his own plans by an architect named Webb, who later became a member of the firm of Morris & Co., embodies a great many of the designer's theories. Instead of large panes of glass in the windows he insisted on small ones. "We shall then at all events feel as if we were indoors on a cold day," he said. So, too, he wanted the chairs, table and other furniture all substantial, giving as a reason that "a table must be made so as to resist one's fist when arguing earnestly." "Chairs must be made and designed to look as though they would hold one, and play the part they look." "The wall decorations must be of some beautiful and restful pattern, unless the bookcase or cupboard be very beautiful with painting or carving, or there are pictures and engravings to consider."

Morris & Co. was composed of very great characters. The original members were Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Madox-Brown, who was already established before the public; Webb, who besides being an architect was also a designer of furniture and ornament; Marshall, an artist, and Charles Faulkner, who, with Burne-Jones, was a student associate of Morris at Oxford.

The firm, of which Morris was the most businesslike of the members, announced that it would contract for:

"I. Mural decoration, either in pictures or pattern work, or merely in the arrangement of colors, as applied to dwelling houses, churches or public buildings.

"II. Carving generally, as applied to architecture.

"III. Stained glass, especially with reference to its harmony with mural decoration.

"IV. Metal work in all its branches, including jewelry.

"V. Furniture, either depending for its beauty on its own design on the application of materials hitherto overlooked, or on its conjunction with figure and pattern painting. Under this head is included embroidery of all kinds, stamped leather, and ornamental work in other such materials, besides every article necessary for domestic use."

As will be seen, the organization was prepared to undertake very broad lines of work, and were so confident that they possessed within themselves the abilities to make good their assertions that, according to Rossetti, "something very like dictatorial irony was assumed toward customers." The firm were established in Red Lion Square, occupying two floors for the sale and manufacture of the company's wares. Having started with a small capital, it required close and careful management on the part of Morris to carry the undertaking to success. The whole company appeared to depend very largely upon the earnestness, enthusiasm and personality of Morris, and many notable conferences were held at his residence, then Red House.

Morris was always full of action and ideas. Rossetti having said of him: "He is the only man I have known who beats every other man at his own game," implying that Morris was a many-sided man. His great plea was for the proper appreciation of the work in which one might be engaged, and he advocated very strongly the cultivation of a love for one's work in order that the result accomplished might be worthy of the effort.

Money was a secondary consideration, and where unjust comments were made upon his commercial achievements it grieved him deeply to think that there were those of his contemporaries who thought he was playing the game merely for what money there was in it.

Of all the things that as business manager and soul of the company he must consider, the matter of profits would appeal to him least of any. In one of his lectures he said: "When we hear it said, as it often is, that extra money is necessary under all circumstances to produce great works of art, and that men of special talents will not use those talents without being bribed by mere gross material advantages, we, I say, shall know what I reply. We can appeal to the witness of those lovely works still left to us whose unknown, unnamed creators

were content to give them the world with little more extra wages than with their pleasure in their work and their sense of usefulness in it might bestow on them."

The entire work of Morris seems to have been pervaded by a breadth of perception and sensibility that was as hearty and bluff as the man. The beautiful, the just and the reasonable occupied his thought, and preaching the application of these broad principles, he was content to spend his life willingly and happily.

IN ORPHAN HOMES.

"Weepers in Playtime," by Beatrice Sands (John Lane Co., 1908; \$1.50) is a very well intentioned book, "a novel with a purpose," to use a somewhat shopworn phrase—and a highly laudable purpose at that. Miss Sands has been impressed with the horror of child life in "homes," "refuges," "protectories," and other such euphemistically misnamed places for putting away poor orphans, foundlings and other infant victims of a disordered civilization—putting them away where their bodily wants may be cared for just to the extent of easing the conscience of the not too tender conscience "better classes," and where their weeping can disturb no one but the ill-paid and hard-driven persons who are hired to stand to them in loco parentis.

Most readers will at once recognize the source of the title. It was Elizabeth Barrett Browning who wrote: "But the young, young children, O my brothers,

They are weeping bitterly; They are weeping in the playtime of the others.

In the country of the free, it was not of the children in orphan homes and foundling asylums that Mrs. Browning wrote, but of the children in mines and mills and factories. Perhaps the latter, sad as is their lot, are not so much to be pitied as the former. But it were well that Miss Sands and all who like her have hearts responsive to the wrongs of childhood should recognize how closely the sufferings of the two classes are connected and how both have their roots, not in incidental evils to be cured by superficial measures, but in the very essential nature of the modern wage system. "The destruction of the poor is their poverty," and while we have an industrial system that keeps most of the works all the time on the verge of the gulf of absolute destitution, it is to be feared that no amount of philanthropy and piecemeal reform will suffice to do away either with the infamy of child labor or with the existence of those miniature hells for the temporal damnation of "unelect" infants which have moved Miss Sands to pity and to righteous wrath.

In her brief preface the author states truly and forcibly the particular evil she has in mind. She says:

"They are weeping in the playtime of the others, weeping because while they are sheltered, clothed and fed, all that is personal, all that is individual is starving, dying. Their will power, their moral force are growing weaker with the motion of the big machine of which they are a part. When we consider the vast population of little people growing up in the institutions of this land we are surprised to find how few men and women we know who have been institution bred children. Where do they go? We read the awful answer in the items of the municipal report of a state, generous and faithful in the care of its destitute children. In 1898, 94 per cent. of the criminals (men in its custody had grown up in institution life!" She might have added figures to show how many of the children committed to institutions fail to grow up into criminals only because they fail to grow up at all. The death rate in such institutions is shockingly high, and, as is indicated in Miss Sands' story, one of the great causes of mortality is nostalgia—in common parlance, just plain homesickness.

The author assures us, and we believe, that every incident of institution life which she relates has actually happened in one or another of the numerous institutions which she has had opportunity to observe. They are worked into a mildly interesting story in which, of course, love has its part to play. A. L.

AT MIDNIGHT.

"What did your wife do when she found that you had paid your creditor with her dowry?"

"Do? Why, she divorced me, and married the creditor."

DIVISION OF LABOR AND COMPETITION.

While, on the one hand, the industrial development draws commerce and credit in ever closer relation with industry, it brings about, on the other hand, the result that, by reason of the increased division of labor, the various functions which the capitalist has to fulfill in the body politic split up ever more and more, and become separate undertakings and institutions. Formerly, it was the merchant's function not only to buy and to sell goods, but also to carry them, often to very distant markets. He had to assort his goods, display and render them accessible to the individual purchaser. To-day, there is a division of labor not between wholesale and retail trade only; we also find large undertakings for the transportation and for the storing of goods. In those large central markets, called exchanges, buying and selling have to such an extent become separate pursuits, and freed themselves from the other functions commonly appertaining to the merchant, that, not only are goods, located in distant regions, or not yet even produced, bought and sold there, but that goods are bought without the purchaser intending to take possession of them, and others are sold without the seller ever having had them in his possession.

In former days a capitalist could not be conceived without accompanying the thought with a large safe in which money was collected, and out of which he took the funds which he needed to make payments. To-day the treasury of the capitalist has become the subject of a separate occupation in all industrially advanced countries, especially England and America. The bank has sprung up. Payments are no longer made to the capitalist, but to his bank, and from his bank, not from him, are his debts collected. And so it happens that a few central concerns perform to-day the functions of treasury for the whole capitalist class in the country.

But although the several functions of the capitalists thus become the functions of separate undertakings, they do not become independent of each other except in appearance and legal form; economically they remain as closely bound to and dependent upon each other as ever. The functions of any of these undertakings could not continue if those of any of the others, with which they are connected in business, were to be interrupted.

The more commerce, credit and industry become interdependent, and the more the several functions of the capitalist class are assumed by separate undertakings, the greater is the dependence of one capitalist upon another. Capitalist production becomes, accordingly, more and more a gigantic body, whose various limbs stand in the closest relation to each other. Thus while the masses of the people are ever more dependent upon the capitalists, the capitalists themselves become ever more dependent upon one another.

The economic machinery of the modern system of production constitutes a more and more delicate and complicated mechanism, the correct action of which depends ever more upon the exact fitness of its innumerable wheels and the exact fulfillment of their respective roles. Never yet did any system of production stand in such need of painful regulation as does the present one. While the several industries become, in point of fact, more and more dependent upon one another, in point of law they remain wholly independent. The means of production of every single industry are private property; their owner can do with them as he pleases.

The more completely large production develops the larger every single industry becomes, the greater is the order to which the economic activity of each is reduced, and the more accurate and well considered is the plan upon which each is carried on, down to the smallest details. Outside of that, however, the joint operation of the various industries is left to the impulse of free competition; and it is at the expense of a prodigious waste of power and of matter, and across economic shocks, called crises, which, up to a certain time, increased in violence, but which subsequently have become so chronic as to cease to call attention, that free competition keeps the economic mechanism in motion. It moves with fits and starts. The process goes on, not by putting every one in his proper place, but by crushing every one who stands in the way. This is what is called "the selection of the fittest in the struggle for existence." The fact is, however, that competition crushes, not so much the truly unfit, as those who happen to stand in the wrong place, and who

lack either the special qualifications, or, what is more important, the necessary capital to survive. But competition is no longer satisfied with crushing those who are unequal to the "struggle for existence." The destruction of every one of these draws in its wake the ruin of numberless other beings, who stood in economic connection with the bankrupt concern—wage workers, creditors, etc.

"Every man is the architect of his own fortune," so runs the favorite proverb. This proverb is an heirloom from the days of small production, when the fate of every single breadwinner, at worst that of his family also, depended upon his own personal qualities. To-day the fate of every member of a capitalist community depends less and less upon his own individuality, and more and more upon a thousand circumstances that are wholly beyond his control. Competition no longer brings about the survival of the fittest.—Karl Kautsky, in "The Capitalist Class."

THE TWO SONGS.

By S. ARONOWICH.

The Song of the Sewing Machine.

In an endless whirl, while others toll,
I sing my hours away;
For my needle's quick, and its click,
click, click
Makes me so happy—while hearts
grow sick—
Through the long, long, livelong day
What care have I if others die?
Two feet will come again,
And will wate my whim and spin, spin,
spin,
While my trusty old needle will join in
the din
With his click-click-clicking strain.
Each tale of woe sets my heart aglow,
And I hope they never cease,
For each cry of pain is a sweet refrain
That I long to hear again, again,
For it sets my soul at peace.

The Song of the Girl.

"Sew, sew, sew," sings the wheel to
my aching brain;
"Go, go, go," clicks the needle in
mock refrain,
And they drive me on till the light
is gone,
Till the dusk has passed and the night
begun,
And my long day's work is o'er.
"Work, work, work," cries the voice
that I know and fear;
"Shirk, shirk, shirk," sighs the drop
of each falling tear.
For my tired limbs ache and tremble
and shake,
Oh, I try so hard to keep them awake,
But 'tis in vain, for they feel no more.
'Tis so long since I last saw the mead-
ows,
Or the woods where I rambled free,
Or heard the sweet dirge through the
shadows,
The whip-poor-wills oft sang to me.
How I long for one breath of the
zephyrs
That would sigh through the bushes
and trees,
And to list to the soft, loving whispers
That floated like balm on the breeze!
How I yearn to go roaming and wander
By the side of the little stream,
And to sit down and wonder and ponder
O'er some happy girlish dream!
My childhood's a vague, dying echo
Of a memory lost in my mind;
Adrift in the sea of my sorrow—
A treasure I never can find.

Oh, God! I've been dreaming and
idle
And wasted my bread in this dream.
The bread that I need to make power
and speed,
To sate some man's grasping and un-
dying greed,
For blood is much cheaper than steam,
"Go, go, go," cries the wheel, as my
poor feet start;
"Woe, woe, woe," weep the beats of
my heavy heart,
And the wheel-must spin, though my
eyes grow dim,
To sate my wants and some rich fool's
whim,
Whose cry is, "More, more, more!"
"Click, click, click," goes the needle
in endless strain;
"Quick, quick, quick," cries the wheel
in mock refrain;
Though I pine and cry, or I want to
die,
The wheel must turn and the needle
must fly
Till my work or my life is o'er.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1908.

THE SONG OF THE AGITATOR.

By PETER EUGENE WALLING.

My soul cried out on the mountain,
But no one answered. I
Gave great words to the castle hall,
But one one heard my cry.
For the hearts of my people were hardened,
And their thoughts were turned away;
Turned from the seeking of honor
And turned to the greed of to-day.
And what though I cried on the plain,
The ears of the people around me
Were like to the ears of the slain.
So my soul found no solace in giving
Its cry o'er the wilderness there,
And I turned from my seeking in sorrow,
And walked on the path of despair
Till I came to the realm of the vanquished,
Where hope lies indeed in its shroud,
Where they bend down their necks for the mighty
And give up their pride to the proud.
And there 'gainst the altar of Mammon,
I threw down my challenge again
And cried with new purpose and vigor,
The cry of the freedom of men;
And the multitude there all around me
Took up the refrain and I heard
A sound like the rushing of waters,
And the temple of Mammon was stirred.
The earth seemed to quake with rejoicing
Till the temple of Mammon there fell
And returned to the gulf where it came from,
The desolate reaches of Hell.

A NEW VENTURE IN PEDAGOGIC JOURNALISM.

The "Progressive Journal of Education," the first number of which bears date November, 1908, is a new venture in the field of pedagogic literature which will be watched with interest by teachers and all who are interested in the educational system. Among the contributors are Professor Charles F. Dight, of the University of Minnesota, who writes in support of the thesis that "Industrial Evolution Leads to Socialism;" Benjamin Gruenberg, of the De Witt Clinton High School, New York, who discusses "Teachers' Work and Teachers' Wages;" A. M. Simons, who gives an account of the early stages of the movement for the establishment of universal and free public education in the United States, and Dr. S. D. Ebersole, of the St. Louis Night University, whose topic is "The Night School as an Educational Factor." Other contributors are Josephus Chant Lipes, Howison E. Hoover, May Wood-Simons, Arthur M. Lewis, Milla Tupper Maynard and Charles Lapworth.

In his salutatory the editor, Peyton Boswell, says in part:

"As a nation's children are taught so is that nation. Whatever of lofty ideal, of patriotism, of democracy, or even of prejudice a nation has it owes to the training it has given its children. The worship that the American people, for instance, give to the Stars and Stripes and their belief in the superiority of America and Americans over the whole world—whether fighting or working—is due directly to the text books used in the American schools and interpreted by patriotic American teachers. A nation derives its attitude of mind—whether just or biased—from the teaching it gives its children.

"As the centuries have passed old systems have died and new ones have taken their places; old theories have been discarded and new ones formu-

lated; old ideals have been found wrong and new ones have been set up; and always, in turn, these new theories and new systems and new ideals have proved inadequate and have been supplanted by others—for the world moves forward.

"The things which it is right to teach to-day it may be wrong to teach to-morrow, for the world has perhaps moved on and left them obsolete, discredited and even dangerous.

"And herein is found the excuse for the publication of the 'Progressive Journal of Education;' for it is contended that much that is now taught in the American public schools is wrong, because changes have taken place in society that have rendered obsolete the ideas and ideals of the past.

"Frankly speaking, it is contended that the individualistic ideas and ideals that have characterized the American schools and the American people have served their purpose and have now become reactionary, because the capitalistic era, which gave birth to those ideas and those ideals, has outlived its usefulness and is about to give way to the Socialistic era, just as the feudalistic era gave way to modern capitalism."

The undertaking is an interesting and an important one. If it can be successfully carried through, there is no doubt that it can be of great service. It seems to us that there is a certain danger of its being too much of a Socialist propaganda magazine to command the interest of teachers, except such as are convinced Socialists while on the other hand, it will necessarily be too much of a pedagogical journal to command general support from those outside the teaching profession. There is a field for a real scientific journal of education inspired by the most advanced conceptions, which are necessarily in harmony with the principles of Socialism; but if this field is to be filled, it is necessary that the magazine should be one that will seriously attempt—and will be recognized as attempting—not so much to convert teachers to Socialism as to serve them in the performance of their work and the advancement of their profession. The

COLLUSION.

By E. S. EGERTON.

That the capitalists are preparing to deal crushing blows to the exploited, and are in collusion for the purpose, is daily becoming more and more apparent. While it is the general belief there is collusion, it is difficult to establish the fact. It is only when one who is playing the game becomes indiscreet, or is trapped into telling secrets that any information can be garnered.

Recently in a conversation between a manufacturer and a Socialist—one who was masquerading as a Republican—the manufacturer, in part, said: "There can be no valid objection raised to the railways increasing their freight rates. We invite the step, as it will enable us to increase commodity prices, far in excess of the increased cost in production the increase in rates would entail. It would not only enable us to recoup ourselves from losses sustained through the panic, but through it we would be in position to insist on reductions in wages without antagonizing the public. Aside from all the reasons given, the small manufacturer could more easily be absorbed or driven to the wall, as it would be impossible for them to enter the market as competitors if the cost of transportation is increased."

"Regarding the railways of which we have been speaking, they must increase their revenues to maintain dividends, pay interest on bonds, extend the roads, and keep them in good condition. An advance of as much as 10 per cent in rates at this juncture—even with an increased tonnage would not—in the near future—again make them paying properties; therefore, they must also reduce wages to increase their net revenues. Without a doubt they have been the greatest sufferers from the depression—which is still in an aggravating form. Consequently they have been forced to enlist with other interests to devise ways and means to augment their incomes. Hence the manufacturing and railway interests have come to an understanding as to the proper course to pursue, to not only protect their properties, but to again put them on paying bases."

When asked if sweeping reductions in wages would not result in labor troubles, the one in the game replied: "Probably there may be strikes, but they will be of short duration. We are prepared to meet such contingencies."

Being further quizzed in relation to organized labor, the manufacturer laughingly exclaimed: "Organized labor! What can it do when there is concerted action by all the great industries and railway factors? It can but cause temporary inconveniences. While the trade unions may numerically be stronger than a year ago, they are really weaker, as their funds have been depleted and they cannot prolong a struggle. Say, wasn't that a cute trick of Hammerstein's? They have been so crippled that before long they will begin to disintegrate. There is but little cohesiveness in them. The last election showed their ineffectiveness as a political agency. Members of unions will no more stick together when it comes down to hard pan than they stuck by Gompers in his fight for Bryan. There are enough available, unemployed skilled men of all trades to take the place of every organization man, and it is upon them we can depend. Strike breakers? Well, call them what you please. Their necessities will compel them to accept our terms. As I have already said, should there be strikes, we are prepared to meet such contingencies."

Upon being questioned about the Socialist movement the gentleman contracted his brow, and deliberately replied as follows: "It is something we cannot fathom. Personally, I don't believe it will ever become a menace—at least in this country. But it demands serious consideration. Most probably in time it will spend its force if the Socialists be ignored. But if restrictive measures be adopted, it will grow to alarming proportions. Were working men only found among the Socialists it would give us but little concern. The ones we fear are those of national reputation—such as phil-

task which Mr. Boswell has undertaken is about as delicate as could well be conceived; we wish him the greatest success—and it goes without saying that liberal financial support at the start will be absolutely necessary if such success is to be hoped for.

The price of the magazine is fifty cents a year. J. Chant Lipes, of 880 Bedford avenue, Brooklyn, is the active subscription agent for the "Progressive Journal of Education" in New York and the vicinity.

THE MARCH OF THE WORKERS

By William Morris.

What is this sound and rumor?
What is this that all men hear?
Like the wind in hollow valleys when the storm is drawing near,
Like the rolling on of ocean in the eventide of fear?
'Tis the people marching on!
Whither go they, and whence came they?
What are these of whom ye tell?
In what country are they dwelling
'twixt the gates of heaven and hell!
Are they mine or thine for money?
Will they serve a master well?
Still the rumor's marching on!

Chorus—
Hark! the rolling of the thunder!
Lo! the sun, and lo! thereunder,
Riseth love and hope and wonder,
And the host comes marching on.

Forth they come from grief and torment;
on they wend toward health and mirth;
All the wide world is their dwelling,
every corner of the earth.
Buy them, sell them, for thy service;
try the bargain what 'tis worth.
For the days are marching on!
These are they who build thy houses,
weave thy raiment, win thy wheat;
Smooth the rugged, fill the barren,
turn the bitter into sweet;
And for thee this day and ever,
What reward for them is meet?
Till the host comes marching on!

Chorus—
Hark! the rolling of the thunder!
Lo! the sun, and lo! thereunder,
Riseth love with hope and wonder,
And the host comes marching on.

Many a hundred years passed over
have they labored deaf and blind;
Never tidings reached their sorrow,
never hope their folk might find.
Now at last they've heard and hear it,
and their cry cometh down the wind,
And their feet are marching on.
On we march then, we, the workers;
and the rumor that ye hear
is the blended sound of triumph and deliverance drawing near;
For the hope of every creature is the banner that we bear,
And the world is marching on.

Chorus—
Hark! the rolling of the thunder!
Lo! the sun, and lo! thereunder,
Riseth love with hope and wonder,
And the host comes marching on.

LOSSES THAT ARE GAINS.

By William Lloyd Garrison.

Losses from our ranks occasioned by an upright attitude are turning into substantial gains. Men scorning to trifle with great issues are not tempted to join movements water logged with doubt and irresolution.

When floaters are eliminated they are more than replaced with adherents worthy of the cause. At hand is an untouched reserve of conscience unavailable while the flag of expediency flies at the head of the reform procession. Summon it, and we unlock a fountain of moral strength and passionate enthusiasm.

When liberty seemed dead and the democratic experiment a failure, the shot at Sumter effected a resurrection, revealing a latent sentiment all unsuspected till multitudes rushed in defence to offer life, fortune and sacred honor.

JOGGING HIS MEMORY.

"You don't object to these investigations of the affairs of your great monopoly?" "No," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "They're a good deal of help in enabling me to catch up with details of my business that might have escaped my attention."—Washington Star.

anthropists, professors and writers—who are becoming Socialists. In one of them there may be a germ of leadership, and if his zeal should get the better of his judgment he could make a great deal of trouble."

Not deeming it prudent to further interrogate the victim, for fear of arousing his suspicion, the Socialist withdrew, and began to do a bit of hard thinking. His conclusions were—that the "masters of the bread" had a contempt for the working class and were in collusion to give it battle to the death if necessary; that they did not fear a clash with organized labor, and that the only force they really feared was the Socialist movement, and were between the "devil and the deep blue sea" regarding it fearing the consequences of either ignoring or antagonizing the Socialists.