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AMERICAN JUDGES AND RUSSIAN SPIES.

If anything can surpass the infamy of Commissioner Foote's decision that "We must proceed under Russian law, not under the laws of the United States," in Russian extradition cases, it is his action and Judge Bethea in the matter of Martin Juraw, one of the witnesses in the Rudowitz case.

Juraw willingly put himself in danger of extradition in order to give his testimony in the case and help to bring out the truth that Rudowitz is wanted by the Czar's government as a revolutionist, not as a criminal. But when he was on the stand, the counsel for the Autocracy took the opportunity to ask him for the names of other men and women active in the revolutionary movement, who are still in Russia. These questions he refused to answer. He said that to name these men and women would be to put the Russian officials on their track and to bring them to trial by martial law or "administrative process," to imprisonment, to exile in Siberia, very probably to torture, outrage, and death at the hands of the Czar's Cossacks, gendarmes, and jailers. Counsel for the defense pointed out that the identification of these men and women had nothing to do with the determination of the case of Rudowitz, that it could serve no purpose of American justice, no purpose whatever except that of giving information to the Russian spies.

The Commissioner, true to his policy of supporting the Czar's counsel on every disputed point and doing all in his power to help the Autocracy hunt down the friends of freedom, overruled the objections of counsel for the defense and ordered the witness to answer.

Then, like a brave and true man, Juraw calmly refused to obey the order of the inquisitor and betray his old comrades. He knew what he was facing, but he did not flinch.

Commissioner Foote thereupon entered a petition in the United States District Court to have Juraw sent to jail for "contempt of court." And District Judge Solomon H. Bethea has now upheld the Commissioner's petition, refused even to allow Juraw's counsel fifteen days in which to prepare an answer to Foote's petition, and held the witness in contempt.

This raises a question even more important than that of the extradition of political refugees. Under the rule which Commissioner Foote and Judge Bethea are establishing, the Russian government can and will turn the whole administrative and judicial machinery of the United States government into a gigantic spying and inquisitorial agency for the Autocracy, a mere adjunct to the Third Division of St. Petersburg.

The Czar's representatives here can claim any Russian immigrant for extradition, accusing him of such crimes as their fancy dictates. Then they can summon as witnesses any other Russian immigrants from whom they wish to extort information. They can require them, under the pretense of getting evidence in the extradition case, to give the names of their acquaintances, their friends, even their relatives at home, to tell their whereabouts and give the Russian political police all the information they need to ferret out and seize all who may be suspected of cherishing aspirations for liberty and progress. And if they are faithful to their friends and to the noble cause, if they refuse to become informers for the Czar, American judges will shut them up in American jails for contempt of American courts.

A Rockefeller, when he tires of pretending to forget the things that he well remembers, can say with impunity, "I must decline to answer that question." He has done it again and again. So has Arrighi. So has Rogers. So has Stillman. So has Perkins.

It seems incredible that courts which can calmly swallow the insults put upon them by Standard Oil millionaires and Insurance Trust magnates should assert their dignity by punishing for contempt of court men whose only offense is their refusal to betray their

former comrades to the Czar's police. It seems incredible. But incredible things happen, these days. Only strong and continued pressure of public opinion can prevent the perpetration of the projected crimes.

Chairman Gary of the United Steel Corporation points out that the steel manufacturers in and out of the Trust had no difficulty in keeping down steel production and keeping up steel prices during the year of hard times without coming into conflict with the anti-trust laws. They did not form a combination or make any agreements "in restraint of trade." They just talked the matter over, and then each of them knew what to do and did it—of his own free will and individual initiative.

THE BOYCOTT IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

Senator Spooner, Presidents Hadley and Eliot, to say nothing of Post, Parry, and Van Cleave and other gentlemen who wax eloquent or hysterical in denouncing the boycott as "hostile to the spirit of American institutions" presume to forget the American history they must have learned in grammar school, if not at their mothers' knees. In fact, one of the most striking episodes of the early struggle for American independence took the form of a boycott—a boycott which directly affected innocent persons in order that through them it might strike and injure the real enemy—a boycott, it may be added, which involved coercion of "the disinterested public" and was even accompanied by physical violence.

When the British government resolved to make the American colonists contribute to the public revenues by imposing a slight tax upon tea and certain other articles imported into America, and yet refused to allow the colonists the rights of representation and self-government which they desired, the advocates of independence—who were then but a minority of the population, but a very active and efficient minority as well as a growing one—did not confine themselves to passive resistance or moral suasion. They did not at once appeal to arms, because they knew they had not yet the strength to make such an appeal successful, and because they believed their purpose might be accomplished without actual insurrection.

The word "boycott" was then unknown. But the thing, by whatever name it might be called, suggested itself to the patriots as the best means to defeat the government, either by the home government to surrender its pretensions to tax the colonists without granting them representation or else by provoking it to more drastic measures which would incite the masses of the colonial population to demand and work and fight for national independence.

Without any sanction of law—nay, in plain defiance of the law—they organized societies whose members were pledged not to buy a pound of tea or any other article upon which duty had been paid. They carried on a vigorous agitation to extend the membership of these societies and enforce their pledge. They did not stop with this. They branded every man or woman who refused to accept the pledge and boycott duty-paying articles as an enemy of freedom and a traitor to colonial interests. They made the name "loyalist" as odious as "scab" or "blackleg" has ever since become. They ostracized those who bought duty-paying goods, refused to trade with them, to give them employment, to maintain social intercourse with them, published satires and lampoons against them, mocked and insulted them in public meetings, in the streets, even in the churches, and by all means sought to compel those whom they could not persuade to join in the boycott.

In a double sense this policy worked injury to others than the British government, against which it was directly aimed. In so far as it succeeded in cutting off the sales of tea and other dutiable

articles, it caused heavy loss to British and American merchants who had, in the ordinary course of their legitimate business, bought such goods and imported them and paid the duty on them as required by law. On a still larger scale did boycott injure vast numbers of colonists who cared nothing about independence or representation, who did not mind paying a few pence a year in taxes, and only wanted to be let alone to live their lives in their own way without meddling in politics or being meddled with by politicians. These were, against their own will, forced to take sides and either to share the hardships and help bear the burdens of the struggle for independence or else to endure persecution at the hands of the active patriots.

Nor did the boycotters stop even here. On more than one occasion they resorted to intimidation or violence against revenue officers, against merchants who submitted to the imposition of duties, or against citizens who sympathized with the government. One particular riot committed by these boycotters has been immortalized in our school histories and in patriotic song and story and has been held up before us in our childhood days as a splendid example of civic virtue on the part of our Puritan forefathers, under the name of the Boston Tea Party.

The Boston Tea Party was an unlawful and violent assembly, a riot in the strictest sense of the word. Its object was to destroy property—and not the property of the British government, but that of certain law-abiding business men who wanted to “carry on their own business in their own way.” And its purpose was very effectually executed.

Far be it from us to decry the Boston Tea Party or to say a word in dispraise of those riotous boycotting of ours. We are as proud of them as any fourth-grade school teacher or any frock-coated Fourth of July orator in the land. They adopted the necessary means to a desirable end—and they made a good job of it. That some personally innocent persons suffered loss or inconvenience was those innocent persons' misfortune and nobody's fault. As the French say, “You can't make an omelette without breaking eggs.” And the omelette was worth what it cost.

We would only remind the eminent gentlemen who now discuss the labor question and declaim against the boycott as inhuman, crule, cowardly, unamerican, and we know not what else, that they are treading on dangerous ground, that if the boycott is to be condemned, many of the brightest names in our national history will have to be blackened along with those of the labor unionists of the present day.

Whatever the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia may decide in the case against President Gompers, it will still be lawful and practicable and wise and right for workingmen and their sympathizers to refrain from buying stoves or ranges manufactured by the Bucks Stove and Range Company, thus promoting the interests of the labor movement.

Ex-Secretary Shaw is learning something, anyhow. He says: “The teachers of sociology in our schools and universities, with few exceptions, are Socialists; the few exceptions are Anarchists.” A few years ago he would have been unable to distinguish between the two.

RECORD-BREAKING PLENTY AND POVERTY.

The annual report of the Department of Agriculture shows that the value of farm products in the United States during the year ending with June last broke all records. It was four per cent. larger than the product of 1907; that of 1907 was eleven per cent. larger than for 1906; that of 1906 seven per cent. larger than in 1905; that of 1905 nearly three per cent. larger than in 1904; that of 1904 five per cent. larger than in 1903. Thus there was a continuous increase during these years, so that the value of the agricultural products of the country was thirty-two per cent. greater in 1908 than it had been five years before, and about seventy per cent. greater than it had been ten years before.

Over against this fact is to be set another, equally well established and equally important. The reports of the organized charities and of all kinds of private or semi-public relief institutions in all parts of the country showed in November, 1907, that there was more destitution, more positive suffering from hunger and cold, than had been known at that season for many years before—perhaps more than in any previous year. Similar reports continued to come in throughout the winter of 1907 and 1908. In the spring the tide of want began to ebb a little. It continued to subside through the summer, but very slowly, at no time reaching so low a mark as it had reached at a corresponding time in any recent year. Early in the fall it again began to rise. Last month showed keener and more widespread need than even November of last year. And all signs point

to the probable establishment of yet a new high-water mark in the matter of dire poverty during this present winter of 1908 and 1909.

More food being produced than ever before in the nation's history.

More persons going hungry than ever before in the nation's history.

That is the striking contradiction which is laid before us, not by agitators or theorists, but in cold official figures prepared by men whose veracity and whose opportunity to know not even the stubbornest of Podsnaps can pretend to doubt.

There have been no great floods, storms, earthquakes, insect plagues, or pestilences to destroy the products of labor and cause destitution among the masses. There have been no invading armies to lay waste the fields or loot the granaries and warehouses. There have not even been any great labor struggles to check the process of transporting and working up the agricultural products into food for the people or to interfere with any of the other branches of human work.

Every natural condition, and every social condition which the workers individually could control, has been favorable to the creation of plenty for all—more favorable than at any time in the past.

Why, then, have we the spectacle of men standing in ever longer lines waiting for a bit of dry bread to still the gnawing in their stomachs, the spectacle of children in ever larger numbers coming to school so hungry that they cannot learn, the more and more frequent spectacle of men and women falling in the streets and dying of sheer starvation or casting themselves into the river to end the misery of physical want?

There is, and there can be, but one answer. It is the answer that the Socialists have long been offering for the whole question of the existence of poverty in a civilized society.

The fault is not with our system of production, but with our system of distribution.

The fault is not that there is any lack of wealth, but that the wealth which is being produced is being unequally and unjustly appropriated.

The remedy must be looked for, not in any means of increasing the productive powers of the people, but in some readjustment of the property relations, some radical change in the method of controlling industry and administering the division of its product.

Shallow empirics and venal sophists have done their best, are doing their best, and doubtless will continue to do their best, to obscure this fundamental point.

They pretend that the existence of poverty is due to some “law of nature” or to “the will of God.” That is false. It is disproved by the simple fact that poverty co-exists with plenty, that it even grows *pari passu* with the piling up of wealth.

They preach industry and frugality—preach industry to the men and women who are begging for a chance to work, preach frugality to the men and women who go without food that their children may have a bare crust.

They insult the industrious and frugal poor with sermons against drunkenness, and then go to drink champagne with the men who pay their salaries.

They sell their minds to the masters for money and lay up snug fortunes for themselves out of the wages of their intellectual prostitution, and they go out and preach contentment to the poor, telling them how wearisome is the burden of great wealth, how sweet are the blessings of poverty.

They inveigh against the workingmen's unions that seek to stop the profitable practise of speeding machines and workers to a killing pace, seek to keep children out of the factories and put men in their places, seek to prevent the selling of labor-power for less than a tolerable standard wage. They denounce these unions for “hampering production.” And they are approved and rewarded for it by the men who shut willing workers out of mill and stockyard and factory and mine in order to force up the prices that the poor must pay for food and clothing and fuel.

Let no workingman be deceived. Let no honest man of any class be deceived. The masters of bread are not themselves deceived. They understand the game; they are the deceivers.

The problem before the working class is not, How to produce enough to provide for all? It is, How to get for the producers that which they produce? The problem of expanding production will take care of itself. There is not the slightest probability that in any thinkably near future there will be any difficulty in producing enough to feed and clothe and house the world and supply all its needs. If that problem should present itself a hundred or a thousand years hence, the men and women of that day will have to solve it. It is not our problem now.

The problem of labor and poverty is a problem of distribution, not of production.

WHERE WERE THEIR MEMORIES?

It is pretty hard to speak temperately of the men calling themselves labor leaders who have no more respect for themselves and no more feeling of solidarity with the class they pretend to represent than to tog themselves out like flunkies and accept the condescending attentions of a Carnegie, a Belmont, a Rockefeller, a Perkins, a Crimmins, a John Hays Hammond, and an Otto M. Eidlitz.

As they listened to the speeches of the big capitalists, all composed and delivered in the manner of a Sunday School superintendent giving a moral lecture to naughty little boys, we wonder if the imaginations of these labor misleaders could be kept from straying back to other scenes in which the speakers had played a part or from contrasting what the smug gentlemen now said with their utterances on other occasions, when they faced real workingmen instead of union officers dressed up in swallow-tailed coats and drinking champagne.

Did any of them, for instance, call to mind the declaration of young Rockefeller that "The building of a great fortune is like the production of an American Beauty rose. Thousands of buds must be crushed in order that the one flower may bloom in all its glory of color and fragrance. It is a law of Nature and a law of God"—could they keep that insolent speech out of their minds?

When Carnegie prated of his longing for industrial peace, did no one see the ghosts of the workingmen murdered in the breaking of the Homestead strike? When he said that old-age pensions need not be considered in this country because here it is easy for the laborer to get together a competence to protect his old age, did no one remember that until Carnegie sold out to the Steel Trust and retired to draw an eternal unearned income from his bonds, he was the bitterest opponent of the eight-hour day in the steel industry, that the pace set for labor in his mills has always been such that workingmen are worn out and superannuated at the age of forty, that the conduct of these mills make hundreds of widows and orphans every year, and that Carnegie's profit is just commensurate with his reckless waste of workmen's lives?

Did none of them remember the part which that half-million-a-year "workingman," John Hays Hammond, played in the capitalist conspiracy of the Coeur d'Alenes or in the international crimes of South Africa?

Did none of them have the honesty to think, even if he had not the courage to speak, of Eidlitz' famous saying as President of the Building Trades Employers' Association of New York? When asked how long the lockout against the union workmen of the building trades would last, this advocate of industrial peace replied: "Until hunger compels them to capitulate!" Did no labor leader even dare to think of that?

We wonder if the sudden awakening of the classes that love to call themselves "respectable" to the necessity for purifying the daily press, suppressing revolting details of criminal trials, and so forth, has anything to do with the fact that the Hains case is likely to involve unprecedented exposures of bestial immorality within the charmed circles of the moneyed and official aristocracy. Or is it just a coincidence that the two things come at the same moment?

PRINCE JOHN'S PREACHMENT.

Prince John informs his Bible class that "A man who makes it his policy to obey only the letter of the law, and not its spirit, may succeed in business, but he will not be happy."

We are in doubt how to construe this. Does Prince John mean to say that his father is an unhappy man? His Majesty's bearing under the most trying circumstances—as, for instance, when Attorney Kellogg compels him to work overtime at lying and "forgetting"—does not lend probability to this theory. If John I. is not a fairly happy man, he is certainly one of the best actors America has yet produced.

Or perhaps the words of His Imperial Highness do not apply to his august parent at all. This seems a better interpretation, for in fact that serene monarch does not even "make it his policy to obey the letter of the law," to say nothing of its spirit.

Or perhaps the whole utterance does not apply to imperial personages, but only to the common sort of mortals who make up the Bible class. Perhaps it must be subjected to a "higher criticism," as must certain New Testament texts—that one about the camel and the needle's eye, for instance—to bring out its true meaning.

Let us, then, take it with its context. Prince John continued:

Young men who intend to go into the business world [i. e., as employees, as appears further down], what is going to be your principle in life? Are you going to be satisfied with obeying only the letter of the law and ignoring the spirit? Are you, for instance, going to give your employer exactly the

amount of labor you think your salary calls for, but not one bit more? Or are you, on the other hand, going to do your level best, no matter whether or not you think that you are giving more than your contract demands? Believe me, the latter is the only way to succeed. Don't care a flip about the salary you start with, so long as you can manage to live on it. Try to do as good work as if you were actually getting a much bigger salary.

Obviously, it is only to the common folk who work for wages or salaries that this exhortation is addressed. Else we should be compelled to inquire whether, as good rules are said to do, it works both ways; whether the employer on his side is to care not a flip about the service he gets, but is to pay as much as he can, pay as much as if he were actually getting much more work done for him, instead of just paying as much as the contract demands. And such an inquiry as that would almost inevitably lead us into dangerous heresies, such as Socialism.

Thus limited in its application, the Golden Rule laid down by Prince John is in perfect harmony with the memorable dictum of Saint Hetty Green, delivered some years ago, "Young man, if you want to succeed in life, you must do more work than you are paid for." Indeed, we should be tempted to hint at plagiarism, were it not that such blessed words as these can bear innumerable repetitions and yet remain ever fresh and precious to those who worship the great god Business.

The latest excuse for the failure of Prosperity to enter according to stage directions is that, although Mr. Taft has been elected, he has not yet appointed his Cabinet. After the Fourth of March, we suppose, she will have to wait another while to see whether Mr. Taft's Cabinet is as changeable as was Mr. Roosevelt's. Then she may have to wait for the first session of the new Congress to end, and then for the second session to begin. And perhaps fear lest the African lions have eaten up Mr. Roosevelt or curiosity as to whether he has initiated any native chiefs into the Ananias Club may delay her still farther. But Prosperity is coming, no doubt of it; and all the credit is due to the Republican party.

Contempt of court might be practically if not technically defined as disobedience of a judge's commands by a propertiless individual. When the orders of the judge are defied by a rich corporation, as in the case of the cutting off of ferry service across the East River, it is correctly described, not as contempt of court, but as conservation of business interests and manly resistance to judicial usurpation.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE AND WAR.

That very able, intelligent, and progressive "twentieth-century newspaper," Mr. Hearst's New York "American," makes this illuminating and dignified contribution to the discussion of the problem of woman suffrage:

The suffrage movement is most interesting. Let us concede that the argument behind it is strong and that there is much to commend it.

There is one suggestion, however, which gives us grave concern. If our women are to share with us the burdens and responsibilities of public life, they must, of course, go into the army. And there can be no question or apprehension as to their abstract courage and devotion.

And yet—and yet—suppose that in some crucial battle an enemy so astute in strategy as Japan should turn loose upon the ensanguined field an army wagon loaded with—mice?

What would our country's brave defenders do?

This is the shadow that haunts our dream of suffrage.

The silliness of the conclusion might justify us in ignoring the article, were it not that a great many readers think so superficially that, passing over the mouse suggestion as a bad joke, they may yet consider that the "American" is right in saying: "If our women are to share with us the burdens and responsibilities of public life, they must, of course, go into the army."

Centuries ago, when the army included the whole of the able-bodied population, when "citizen" and "soldier" were interchangeable terms, there might have been some sense in that view. To-day there is none whatever. The inventions of the last five hundred years have entirely changed the methods of warfare and the nature of the army. Soldiering is now a trade, just as much as is shoemaking or bricklaying. To make the suffrage depend upon the use of guns would be just as senseless as to make it depend upon the use of shovels or of typewriters.

Even in Germany, where all men between certain ages, with the exception of those physically or otherwise disabled and with the exception of those following certain specified occupations, are required to render military service for a certain time, the Hearst paper's argument against woman suffrage would be laughed to scorn. It would be pointed out that a man who has lost a hand or a foot is exempt from service in the army, but that no one considers this a reason for depriving him of the right to vote. It would be pointed out that no one thinks physicians and clergymen ought to be shut out of the polling place because they are excused from carrying rifles.

It would be pointed out that men do not lose the right to the ballot when they pass the age at which they may be called upon to enter military service.

And if the argument is ridiculous even in a country like Germany, where conscription is the rule, it is doubly ridiculous in the United States, which boasts of its freedom from militarism and which depends for military service, just the same as for every other kind of work, on hiring persons who are willing and able to do that particular kind of work and paying them for the job.

Two remarks may be added.

First, that in every war women perform service at home and in the hospitals just as necessary to the military efficiency of the country as is the service of men on the field.

Second, that if the women had an equal voice with the men in determining the policies of government, the chances of capitalist politicians succeeding in their schemes to involve the nations in mutual slaughter would be much reduced.

A bourgeois proverb alleges that capital is timid. We have our doubts as to the correctness of the statement. But though capital be as timid as a maiden lady in the presence of a horrid mouse, there is no reason to expect that the commission which Governor Hughes has appointed to investigate Wall Street will cause any serious panic on "Change."

A lot of obscure country weeklies and venal "labor" papers are printing a syndicate article headed "Eugene V. Debs Was an Idle Boy." We have not thought it worth while to investigate 'Gene's boyhood record. If all the boys now living who prefer play to work will turn out to be men as bright, as energetic, as true, as brave, as generous as Debs, the prospect for the rapid improvement of the human race is good indeed. One of the things the Socialist party aims to do is to give them a chance to play instead of spending their childhood in a master's mine or mill.

The merging of the United Coke and Gas Company of this country with the Coke and Chemical Manufacturing Company of Germany will count more for the actual progress of internationalism than a dozen conferences of diplomats, all pretending to love peace and all in their hearts planning wholesale murder. Capital knows no frontier and no flag. Let labor learn the lesson.

Mr. Roosevelt reminds us of the cook who used the cayenne pepper and tobasco sauce so freely and so frequently that his patrons got used to them and he had to resort to carbolic acid and aqua regia to keep them from saying that he had left out the seasoning.

Some good souls wish us to run this paper on the plan of never displeasing anybody. We decline, and for two good reasons: First, because it is an impossible task; second, because success in that task, were it possible, would be failure in all else.

Senator Platt announces that he is going to turn his attention to literature, and that his first work will be autobiographical. We hope he doesn't intend to steal any laurels from the author of "Three Weeks."

WELCOME TO RUSSIA.

John Carroll in Chicago "Daily Socialist."

I am Maria Ivanovna, the wire tongued, many tongued whip which raises human flesh in serried, bloody welts bordered by dripping ruddy furrows. I sigh for thee, O Rudowitz.

I am the Comb of Kiev, a little instrument which tears the pulsing human flesh into fine filaments, which shreds the tender nerves and draws them out as a beauty's tresses are drawn through a silver comb held by her maid in waiting. I long to caress thee, O Rudowitz.

I am the Cossack, brave on vodka, riotous debaucher of women, torturer of little children and babies. I would care for thee, O Rudowitz.

I am the clerical, rich through a people in torment, anointer of the Czar, upholder of his holy government. I would see that justice was done to thee, O Rudowitz!

I am Nicholas, Czar and puppet by the Grace of God, the Little Father of the People, supporter of Noble Thieves and Princely Extortioners. At my call are Maria Ivanovna and the Comb of Kiev. I await thee with a Father's welcome, O Rudowitz.

I am the dungeon, lightless and filled with vermin, ante-chamber I to the den of torture. I would shelter thee, O Rudowitz.

I am the swift and sure bullet. When thou hast told all under torment, glad wouldst thou be when I called thee to thy God. I wait to send thee to peace, O Rudowitz.

HAVE A TORCH, MR. DOOLEY.

By ROBERT HUNTER.

For many years our friend, "Mr. Dooley," the Irish philosopher, has confined his wit and wisdom to the narrow limits of a dialect.

As every dialect restricts expression and limits one's audience, many friends of Finley Peter Dunne have pleaded with him to forget that he is Irish and to adopt the more familiar tongue of his British oppressor.

It is now that that he has at last been persuaded, and that one may find him month by month "In the Interpreter's House" of the American Magazine.

He could hardly have chosen a better dwelling place; in fact, he always dwelt there!

When he moved from Archy Road to the North Shore, and from there to New York, he brought his house with him. It is, I imagine, a kind of observatory, with powerful glasses pointing downward as well as starward, or, at any rate, a tower such as the one known to Teufelsdröck.

In any case, there he is unsnarling the tangled threads of our thought and setting us right again month by month.

We have not another such as he—one so understanding of us, so forgiving of us, so patient of us. He laughs us out of our hypocrisies, shames us out of our brutalities, and so kindly withal as to make us wonder how it were ever possible for us to be cunning and cruel.

Better it is to write of laughter than of tears, says Rabelais. Dunne writes WITH laughter often to conceal his tears.

For he loves mankind—all of us—but especially the Hennessys, the Larikins, the Hogans, the McKennas and the Schwartzmeisters. Now and then he has a poisoned shaft for those who set themselves on high, but his arrows fly all about those old companions, never yet known to hurt one of them.

All of which is an unworthy and perhaps unnecessary introduction to

something Mr. Dunne has recently said that will interest the readers of this paper.

"I can think," he says in the October number, "of a hundred useful occupations for the government, and I can imagine a party rising to the opportunities."

"I can imagine a party of intelligence and good will toward mankind, its leaders men of conscience and ability, its platform the welfare of the race."

"I can see it discard the cheats and swindles of the old parties, their shabby rhetoric, their false promises, their disgusting appeals to the venality of the voters."

"I can see such a party fighting for the improvement of the health and morals of the people, for the betterment of dwellings, for the destruction of unsanitary surroundings, for the carrying out of great public works for the pleasure of all rather than for the business advancement of a few, for scientific laws to adjust the inequalities of life, for honesty in civil administration, for intelligent efforts to cure the race of the curse of poverty—such a party, to give an illustration, as would not think of wasting its breath on currency legislation while thousands of children were condemned to convict labor in mines, factories and department stores, such a party as would propose to abolish child labor by the simple process of compensating poor parents for the loss of their children's wages."

"It would be a party that would think and hope beyond the limits of the existing Constitution, and not a party promising laws to cheat the Constitution. It would propose Constitutional amendments as well as laws. It would create new ideals on old achievements. It would move forward and upward always, and think less about the history of the country that has been written than about that greater and more splendid chapter that remains to be written."

"When such a party comes you will find me carrying a torch in the procession."

Well, Peter, such a party there is! You express it better than I can express it.

Will you have a torch?

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS REVISED.

By The Factory Bosses.

I. Thou shalt not have any other Boss but me.

II. Thou shalt not make to thyself any comforts or the likeness of anything to thine own interest, either on earth above or in the pit below. Thou shalt bow down to me and worship me, for I am thy Boss, and a jealous Boss, and I will show thee no mercy, but will endeavor to make thee keep my commandments.

III. Thou shalt not take the name of thy Boss in vain, lest I discharge thee in short order from the time of so doing.

IV. Remember thou shalt work from seven in the morning until six in the evening, six days in a week, with all thy might and strength, and do all I ask of thee. And on the Sabbath thou shalt stay at home and do no manner of work, but shalt do all thou canst to rest and recruit thy strength for my service for Monday.

V. Honor thy Boss, that thy days may be short and few, for I shall not want thee when thou art old and thou shalt have to spend thy days in the poorhouse.

VI. Thou shalt not belong to any

it be for social purposes or not, for it union or labor organization, whether is against my will.

VII. Thou shalt always speak well of me, although I oppose thee and cut thy wages. Thou shalt be content if I only find thee work and pay thee \$1 per day, and advise thee to save half of it.

VIII. Thou shalt go naked and starve with thy family, if it is to mine interest; thou shalt earn money to pay my salary and furnish my house with costly furniture and my stables with sleek horses.

IX. Thou shalt hold no meetings to consider thine own interest, or protest against a reduction of wages. Thou shalt not have union papers or Socialist papers in thy house, for they speak the truth and are not afraid to say that my belly is filled with choice roast beef and plum pudding, while the poor are lucky to get the offal of my pantry. Thou shalt not read anything, as I wish to keep thee in ignorance of all the days of thy life.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy master's money, or his comforts, or his luxuries, or anything that is his, nor object to him when he shall tyrannize over thee and keep thee in bondage all the days of thy life.—H. H. Meyer, in *Brewers' Journal*.

FAILURE.

A writer in an English magazine considers that "Queen Victoria was a trenchant literary critic," and quotes in support her verdict on George Elliot's "Middlemarch."

"After all, fine as it is, it is a disappointing book; all the people are failures."

To us, such a dictum exposes an utter lack of critical apprehension. The fact that all the people in "Middlemarch" are failures is one of the reasons for its power over us.

In literature, whether for artistic or didactic purposes, nothing succeeds like failure.

That's why the discerning Greeks set tragedy on a pedestal as the highest form of dramatic art. That's why every dramatist of aspirations continues to woo the tragic muse. That's why the greatest novels and the grandest poems in all languages are those of sombre hue and motive.

There is so much of failure in all of us that its literary expression awakens in our hearts the keenest feelings of sympathy and affinity.

There is so little of genuine success, except for vulgar natures easily contented, that its literary expression is more apt to repel than attract.

The lamp at the street corner shines successfully, but the spectacle of a falling star moves us as no lamp ever can.—McGinnis, in *Brisbane Worker*.

THE SUPER WAS ONTO HIS JOB.

Can't our philanthropic fellow citizens do a little act of charity without being blown upon by the bragging winds of notoriety? One likes to think that when a steel magnate visited the scene of the broad line in the Bowery with a party of friends and left substantial tokens of their sympathy with the superintendent he had no desire to communicate to his left hand what his cheek writing flat was up to, but the superintendent proves to be a garrulous person, and lo! all the town knows all about it.—*Morning Telegraph*.

CAPITALISM AND GOVERNMENT.

It is a weakness in the capitalist system of production that its mechanism becomes more and more complicated and the individual capitalists more and more interdependent. The prompt fulfillment by each individual capitalist of the duties that arise from his economic functions is a requisite condition for the fulfillment of their corresponding duties by all the others. Such a delicate social mechanism can endure less than any of those that preceded it the individual settlement of disputes by the parties concerned or aggrieved. In proportion, therefore, as every single capitalist becomes more and more dependent upon the prompt co-operation of numerous others, the more involved, cumbersome and complicated grow their conflicting interests. Out of this weakness springs the necessity for an adequate system of laws and of judicature, and of a properly equipped government, able to keep the individual capitalists to their duties. Hence arises the vast machinery of courts with their extensive appendages, intended to enforce their decrees.

It is a further weakness of the capitalist system of production that it digs the ground from under itself. The more it produces, the larger becomes the number of proletarians, and, consequently, the slighter the general capacity of the people to purchase their own products in the markets of their own country. Thus, capitalism in every capitalist country restricts its own, the home market, at the same rate that it develops in vigor. Failing of a market at home, the capitalist looks abroad, and is pushed beyond his own political limits in search of foreign markets. Foreign commerce plays, accordingly, from the start an important role in capitalist production. In proportion as the latter develops, security abroad and the power to expand over foreign lands become vital questions to the interests of the whole capitalist class in a capitalist nation. In the world's markets, however, the capitalists of one nation run against those of another as competitors; in order to cope with each other, each set invokes the powers of its own state to enforce its "rights" at the cannon's mouth, or, what it likes still better, to chase its competitors away. Formerly, wars were dynastic, to-day they are essentially commercial; in the last analysis they can now always be traced to the economic conflicts between the capitalists of the belligerent nations. Out of this weakness of the capitalist system of production—the requirement to conquer and maintain itself in foreign markets—springs in turn the necessity for extensive armaments by land and by sea. Hence war departments in government, with navies and land forces, whose size grows from year to year, with an ever increasing and expensive personnel of officers—an idle, unproductive class, that cultivates the "art of war" and must be supported from the surplus of the capitalists.

A further weakness of the capitalist system of production consists in the antagonisms it generates between exploiters and exploited, between property holders and proletarians. This weakness the capitalist system shares with all of those that have preceded it, all of them being

based upon human exploitation; but it intensifies the ill and reproduces it in an aggravated form. The more the capitalist system develops, the greater becomes the friction and the sharper the antagonisms between these two leading and now only remaining classes—capitalist and proletariat, and the larger, more powerful becomes the proletariat. Increasing numbers, increasing uncertainty of livelihood, increasing want and dependence—all these causes combined conspire to make the proletariat more and more redoubtable to the capitalist class. Out of this weakness or this danger springs the third function of the capitalist state, the function of keeping the working class down. This specific function is filled by extending those previously mentioned. Hence the necessity of a still larger system of courts, with a still larger and more specified system of repressive forces—constables, police, official Pinkertons, militias, etc.

Lastly, it is one of the conspicuous weaknesses of the capitalist system of production that it generates a special worthless, disgraceful, criminal class—the slums. As capitalism grows, the ground is narrowed upon which people can stand. The uncertainty and dependence of the masses become fatal to character; the weakest of the population, morally, sink swiftly below the class of the proletariat, they fall into the slums and become a part of that sink of moral putrefaction. The slums are recruited both from the capitalist and the proletariat classes, with numberless additions from the middle class. The steady increase of the capital necessary for production, ruins the capitalists, whose property is not sufficient to carry on the competitive struggle; it crushes out the members of the middle class; and it plays havoc among the proletarians. Fraudulent practices, crime in some form or another—from the lightest to the blackest—become the methods that the most unfortunate, the weakest, or the worst disposed of these resort to. Out of this weakness of the capitalist system springs, in all capitalist countries, the necessity for that extensive branch of government—the penitentiary, with its numberless appendages of jails, houses of correction, reformatories, etc.—Karl Kautsky in "The Capitalist Class."

FORGETTING TO FORGET.

Oh, sad was the fate of the Croesus
 sedate
 Who thoughtlessly told all he knew;
 He sat far away in a sorrowful state
 And his frown was distressing to view.
 "Pray tell us why you are so pensive,"
 they said,
 "What memories sad come to fret?"
 "I'm thinking," he sighed, with a
 shake of his head,
 "Of the things I forget to forget!"
 "They tell me, with tears, how the
 faraway years
 Hold fond recollections and sad,
 But with an intelligence trained, it
 appears,
 Your feelings need not be so bad,
 And it's due to my own inattention
 that now
 My mind is with trouble beset;
 They are tracing deep wrinkles of care
 in my brow,
 The things I forget to forget."
 —Washington Star.

BEWARE OF THE GIFT BEARERS.

By JOHN M. WORK.

In the recent campaign the Socialist party met a severe test and met it successfully. With capitalistic radicalism running rampant, all other minor parties were swept from the field. The Independence party, the Prohibition party and the People's party are all in the hospital wounded unto death. But the Socialist party stood like a stone wall. It came out of the fight far stronger than it went in. It demonstrated that it already holds the balance of power in these United States of America. The Democratic party can never hope to win another victory by its own strength. It is doomed to wither away and die unless it can take on a new birth by the Socialist party. Rest assured that Democratic politicians are sagacious enough to recognize that fact. In numerous places source of... coming four years the war and his... politicians will come to the most perfect system... words proposals... in order to secure the... in... and possessing... raise funds

Be prepared for them.
 And turn them down cold.
 We want the offices. But we don't want them at the cost of suicide. The Democratic party would have been dead before this if it had not given itself a new lease of life every little while by swallowing some other organization, such as the Grange movement, the Greenback party, the Knights of Labor, and the Populist party. It wrecked and ruined all of those organizations. It would wreck and ruin us if allied ourselves with it: Wherever the comrades are so weak and unwise as to form such an alliance, if there shall be any such places, the Socialist movement will be wrecked and the painstaking work of building it up will have to be done all over again. Any political organization which stands for the continuation of the capitalist system of industry is our deadly enemy. Whenever it seeks an alliance with us, it does it for the purpose of running a dagger into our vitals. Don't forget it. Don't be fooled by smooth words. Turn them down cold. The Socialist party stands for no compromise.

WE MUST FIGHT SOCIALISM

By HORACE TRAUBEL.

A preacher at the Church Congress in Philadelphia last week said: "We must fight Socialism." He don't say: "We must fight the things that cause Socialism." No. He only said: "We must fight Socialism." That's the common mistake of the fool opposition. They want to fight Socialism. They don't want to fight causes. They don't realize the presence of any basic wrong. They only see a superficial agitation. This agitation is easily accounted for and grappled with. They will agitate against the agitation, start a current against a current. They might as well go out doors and blow their breath against the wind.

We are not out in this fight for any half-victories, or for any false truces, or for any cowardly surrenders. We are out for the conclusion. We want nothing less than all we demand. The preacher said: "It is a foreign propaganda, only successful among the emigrant element of our population."

The preacher don't know the sort of earth Socialism prospers in. Socialism finds the world its field. It crosses the borders of all states. It finds the soil of every land ready for it. It finds the soil just as ready in republics as in monarchies. It is at home in all latitudes and longitudes. The preacher should take another look. He might see something more to the point. He might find his generalizations nullified. A few figures would put it to flight.

Of course it's no argument to denounce Socialism as exotic. We call the sophists back to the main questions. They must answer the main questions. It's no argument to say to a man that asks a question: "You're a foreigner." The thing to do is to answer the question. If there was nothing in air and soil to further Socialism it would die. Even a member of a church congress might know that. Socialism is everywhere vigorously alive and unmistakably growing. Why? By virtue of the blind outcry of rebellion? Only secondarily. Dig deeper. Study the stern facts that gave it birth. The agitation is only incidental to these historic facts. The preacher's business is worth the facts. If he can destroy the facts he can destroy Socialism. But if he can't destroy the facts Socialism must proceed to fulfil its feared but indispensable program.

People who don't like Socialism

so to all sorts of extremes of assault. They invent reasons for it. Then they knock their invented reasons out. Then they look to see Socialism vanish. But it don't vanish. The dust clears away. There they are—the Socialists—working on the same as ever. If it's not true it ought to be true that Socialism is caused by drunkenness, or laziness, or envy. That Socialism can possibly emerge in the individual for a background from motives and rational thinking is not for a moment to be admitted. Don't try to discover if there may not be some taint in economic orthodoxy. Try to discover if there is not some taint in the character of the man who criticizes it. Let the system alone. Soak the critic.

I say to the preacher: "Look again." And let him keep on looking. And if he looks long enough and is honest with himself he will some day see something. And that something will be so big and so threatening that he will in agony of heart and mind be driven to make new concessions when he sees it. It will come to him as things come to a man who takes a trip through hell. It will come to him in the horror of personal grief. It will, maybe, come to him in the moral ruin of his children or in the mental bankruptcy of his friends. It will come to him in the pale faces of the children of the courts and alleys of vast cities. It will come to him in the picture of a crowded world of slaves from whom a few masters have barbarously stolen all the integers of adventure and inspiration. "It will come to him in such ways. And then he will no longer ask himself: "Was this brought across the Atlantic by a man with an Italian name?" He will then say to himself: "No matter where it came from, I am its friend."

A CABINET OF WORKINGMEN.

All but two of the members of the new cabinet of the Australian Commonwealth are or have been manual workers. The exceptions are the Attorney-General, who is necessarily a lawyer, and the Secretary for Home Affairs, who is a former journalist. The Secretary for External Affairs worked in the government locomotive works; the Postmaster-General in the mines at Broken Hill; the Minister for National Defense is a carpenter; the Minister for Trade a hatter; the Vice President of the Council of builder's laborer.

If We Could Put Them to Work.



TOM WOULD MAKE A GOOD TINKER.

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.—(Continued.)

The apologist may hasten forward with the explanation that the commercial class was not to be judged by Vanderbilt's methods and qualities. In truth, however, Vanderbilt was not more inhuman than many of the contemporary shining lights of the business world.

"Honesty and Industry."

If there is any one fortune commonly praised as having been acquired "by honesty and industry," it is the Borden millions, made from cotton factories. At the time Vanderbilt was blackmailing, the founder of this fortune, Colonel Borden, was running cotton mills in Fall River. His factory operatives worked from five o'clock in the morning to seven in the evening, with but two half hours of intermission, one for breakfast, the other for dinner. The workday of these men, women and children was thus thirteen hours; their wages were wretchedly low, their life was one of actual slavery. Insufficient nourishment, overwork and the unsanitary and disgusting conditions in the mills prematurely aged and debilitated them and were a constant source of disease, killing off considerable numbers, especially the children. In 1850 the operatives asked Borden for better wages and shorter hours. This was his reply: "I saw that mill built stone by stone; I saw the pickers, the carding engines, the spinning mules and the looms put into it; one after the other, and I would see every machine and stone crumble and fall to the floor again before I would accede to your wishes." Borden would not have been amiss had he added that every stone in that mill was cemented with human blood. His operatives went on a strike, stayed out ten months, suffered frightful hardships, and then were forced back to their tasks by hunger. Borden was inflexible, and so were all the other cotton mill owners (14). It was not until 1874, after many further bitterly contested strikes, that the Massachusetts Legislature was prevailed upon to pass a ten-hour law, twenty-four years after the British Parliament had passed such an enactment.

The commercial class, high and low, was impregnated with deceit and dissimulation, cynicism, selfishness and cruelty. What were the aspirations of the working class whom it was to uplift? The contrast stood out with stark distinctness. While business men were frantically sapping the labor and life out of their workers, and then tricking and cheating one another to seize the proceeds of that exploitation, the labor unions were teaching the nobility of brotherly co-operation. "Cultivate friendship among the great brotherhood of toil," was the advice of Uriah Stevens, master workman of the Knights of Labor, at the annual meeting of that organization on January 12, 1871. And he went on:

"And while the toiler is thus engaged in creating the world's value, how fares his own interest and well-being? We answer, 'Badly,' for he has too little time, and his faculties become too much blunted by unremitting labor to analyze his condition or devise and perfect financial schemes or reformatory measures. The hours of labor are too long, and should be shortened. I recommend a universal movement to cease work at five o'clock Saturday afternoon, as a beginning. There should be a greater participation in the profits of labor by the industrious and intelligent laborer. In the present arrangements of labor and capital, the condition of the employee is simply that of wage slavery—capital dictating, labor submitting; capital superior, labor inferior.

"This is an artificial and man-created condition, not God's arrangement and order; for it degrades man and ennobles mere self. It demeans those who live by useful labor, and, in proportion, exalts all those who scow labor and live (no matter by what

(14) The heroism of the cotton operatives was extraordinary. Slaves themselves, they battled to exterminate negro slavery. "The splinter's union," says McNeill, "was almost dead during the [civil] war, as most of its members had gone to shoulder the musket and to fight . . . to strike the shackles from the negro." A large number were slain in battle.—The Labor Movement: 216-17.

pretence or respectable cheat—for cheat it is) without productive work."

Labor's Principles Ignored.

Such principles as these evoked so little attention that it is impossible to find them recorded in most of the newspapers of the time; and, if mentioned it was merely as the object of venomous attacks. In varying degrees, now in outright abuse and again in sneering and ridicule, the working class was held up as an ignorant, discontented, violent aggregation, led by dangerous agitators and arrogantly seeking to upset all business by seeking to dictate to employers what wages and hours of labor should be.

And, after all, little it mattered to the capitalists what the workers thought or said, so long as the machinery of government was not in their hands. At about the very time Master Workman Stevens was voicing the unrest of the laboring masses, and at the identical time when the panic of 1873 saw several millions of men workless, thrown upon soup kitchens and other forms of charity and battered wantonly by policemen's clubs when they attempted to hold mass meetings of protest, an Iowa writer, D. C. Cloud, was issuing a work which showed concretely how thoroughly government was owned by the commercial and financial classes. This work, obscurely published and now scarcely known except to the patient deliver, is nevertheless one of the few serious books on prevailing conditions written at that time, and is in marked contrast to the reams of printed nonsense then circulated. Although Cloud was tinged greatly with the middle class point of view, and did not see that all business was based upon deceit and fraud, yet so far as his lights carried him he wrote trenchantly and fearlessly, embodying series after series of facts exposing the existing system.

"A measure without any merit," he observed, "save to advance the interest of a patentee, or contractor, or railroad company, will become a law, while measures of interest to the whole people are suffered to slumber, and die at the close of the session from sheer neglect. It is known to Congressmen that these lobbyists are paid to influence legislation by the parties interested, and that dishonest and corrupt means are resorted to for the accomplishment of the object they have undertaken." * * * Cloud continues: "Not one interest in the country nor all other interests combined are as powerful as the railroad interest. . . . With a network of roads throughout the country; with a large capital at command; with an organization perfect in all its parts, controlled by a few leading spirits like Scott, Vanderbilt, Jay Gould, Tracy and a dozen others, the whole strength and wealth of this corporate power can be put into operation at any moment, and Congressmen are bought and sold by it like any article of merchandise." (15).

CHAPTER VI.

The Entailing of the Vanderbilt Fortune.

I.

The richer Commodore Vanderbilt grew, the more closely he clung to his old habits of intense parsimony. Occasionally he might ostentatiously give a large sum here or there for some religious or philanthropic purpose, but his general undeviating course was a consistent meanness. In him was united the petty bargaining traits of the trading element and the lavish capacities for plundering of the magnate class. While defrauding on a great scale, pocketing tens of millions of dollars at a single raid, he would never for a moment overlook the leakage of a few cents or dollars. His comprehensive plans for self-aggrandizement were carried out in true practical style; his aims and demands were for no paltry prize, but for the largest and richest booty. Yet so ingrained by long development was his faculty of acquisition that it far surpassed the line of a passion and became a monomania.

Vanderbilt's Characteristics.

To such an extent did it corrode him that even when he could boast his \$100,000,000 he still persisted in hagglng and huckstering over every dollar and in tricking his friends in the smallest and most underhand ways. Friends in the true sense of the word he had none; those who regarded

(15) "Monopolies and the People," 155-56.

themselves as such were of that thrifty, congealed disposition swayed largely by calculation. But if they expected to gain overmuch by their intimacy they were generally vastly mistaken; nearly always, on the contrary, they found themselves caught in some unexpected snare, and ripper in experience, but poorer in pocket, they were glad to retire prudently to a safe distance from the old man's predacious contact. "Friends or foes," wrote an admirer immediately after his death, "were pretty much on the same level in his estimation, and if a friend undertook to get in his way he was obliged to look out for himself."

On one occasion, it is related, when a candidate for a political office solicited a contribution Vanderbilt gave \$100 for himself and an equal sum for a friend associated with him in the management of the New York Central Railroad. A few days later Vanderbilt informed this friend of the transaction with a demand for the hundred dollars. The money was paid over. Not long after this the friend in question was likewise approached for a political contribution, whereupon he handed out \$100 for himself and the same amount for Vanderbilt. On being told of his debt Vanderbilt declined to pay it, closing the matter abruptly with this laconic pronouncement: "When I give anything, I give it myself." At another time Vanderbilt assured a friend that he would "carry" 1,000 shares of New York Central stock for him. The market price rose to \$115 a share and then dropped to \$90. A little later, before setting out to bribe an important bill through the Legislature—a bill which Vanderbilt knew would greatly increase the value of the stock—the old magnate went to the friend and represented that since the price of the stock has fallen it would not be right to subject the friend to a loss. Vanderbilt asked for the return of the stock and got it. Once the bill became a law the market price of the stock went up tremendously, to the utter dismay of the confiding friend who saw a profit of \$80,000 thus slip out of his hands into Vanderbilt's. (1)

In his personal expenses he usually begrudged what he looked upon as superfluous expense. The plainest of black clothes he wore, and he never countenanced jewelry. He scanned the table bill with a hypercritical eye. Even the sheer necessities of his physical condition could not induce him to pay out money for costly prescriptions. A few days before his death his physician recommended champagne for some internal trouble. "Champagne!" exclaimed Vanderbilt with a reproachful look, "I can't afford champagne. A bottle every morning! Oh, I guess sody water 'll do!"

From all accounts it would seem that he diffused about him the same forbidding environment in his own house. He is described as stern, obstinate, masterful and miserly, dominating his household like a tyrant, roaring with fiery anger whenever he was opposed, and flying into fits of fury if his moods, designs and will were contested. His wife bore him thirteen children, twelve of whom she had brought up to maturity. A woman of almost rustic simplicity of mind and of habits, she became obediently meek under the iron discipline he administered. Croft says of her that she was "acquiescent and patient under the sway of his dominant will and in the presence of his trying moods." He goes on: "The fact that she lived harmoniously with such an obstinate man bears strong testimony to her character." (2)

If we are to place credibility in current reports she was forced time and time again to undergo the most violent scenes in interceding for one of their sons, Cornelius Jeremiah. For the nervous disposition and general bad health of this son the father had not much sympathy; but the inexcusable crime to him was that Cornelius showed neither inclination nor capacity to engage in a business career. If Cornelius had gambled on the stock exchange his father would have set him down as an exceedingly enterprising, respectable and promising man. But he preferred to gamble at cards. This rebellious lack of interest in business, joined with dissipation, so enraged the old man that he drove Cornelius from the house and only allowed him access during nearly a score of years at such rare times as the mother succeeded in her tears and pleadings. Worn out with her long life of drudgery, Vanderbilt's wife died in 1868; about a year later the old magnate eloped with a young cousin, Frank A. Crawford, and returning from Canada, announced his marriage, to the unbounded surprise and bitter disfavor of his children.

The Old Magnate's Death.

An end, however, was soon coming

(1) These and similar anecdotes are to be found incidentally mentioned in a two-page biography, very laudatory on the whole, in the New York "Times," issue of January 5, 1877.

(2) The Vanderbilts: 113.

to his prolonged life. A few more years of money grubbing, and then, on May 10, 1876, he was taken mortally ill. For eight months he lay in bed, his powerful vitality making a vigorous battle for life; two physicians died while in the course of attendance on him; it was not until the morning of January 4, 1877, that the final symptoms of approaching death came over him. When this was seen the group about his bed emotionally sang: "Come Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy," "Nearer My God to Thee" and "Show Ye Pity, Lord." He died with a conventional religious end of which the world made much; all of the proper sanctities and ceremonials were duly observed; nothing was lacking in the plety of that affecting deathbed scene. It furnished the text for many a sermon, but while ministerial and journalistic attention was thus eulogistically concentrated upon the loss of America's greatest capitalist, not a reference was made in church or newspaper to the deaths every year of a host of the lowly, slain in the industrial vortex by injury and disease, and too often by suicide and starvation. Except among the lowly themselves this slaughter passed unprotested and unnoticed.

(To be continued.)

POOR MINNIE.

By E. S. EGERTON.

A few days ago when passing one of the worst Trinity Church tenements on Greenwich street I heard the query, "Are ye workin', Minnie?" Upon turning my head my eyes caught those of the one addressed as Minnie, who quickly recognized me, though it had been many years since last we met, and stepping forward with extended hand exclaimed, "For God's sake, if it ain't Ed Egerton!" And she was Minnie. But not the cherry, pretty Minnie, Minnie O'Connor I used to know. Poor Minnie!

The plump, ruddy cheeks, the bright blue eyes, the pearly teeth, the great coil of black hair and the neat dress were missing. Instead of Minnie, the Minnie O'Connor I used to know, it was a sallow, bearded-eyed, toothless, matted-haired, slovenly hag who greeted me. Poor Minnie!

Minnie, the Minnie O'Connor I used to know, was but a chorus girl in a traveling opera company, of which I was the treasurer. But we all loved her. A more genial, kindly soul never lived. A lovable girl. Ever ready with needle and thread to mend rip or tear. Ever ready with a soft hand to sooth an aching head. Ever ready with a kind word to ease a heavy heart. A lovable girl. Poor Minnie!

The old story. A spell of sickness and her voice failed. Her stage career ended. From sweat shop to sweat shop killed her spirit. Tears were of no avail. And Minnie, poor Minnie, sought solace in gin. Another victim of capitalization. Too bad! Too bad! Poor Minnie!

After chatting with me about the days that had gone, she whined, "Me and me friend are dyin' for a drink, won't ye give us the price of a pint?" And I did. Poor Minnie! But not the Minnie O'Connor I used to know. Poor Minnie!

A RULE OF LIFE.

Let the past be past, every whit of it that is not still living in us; let the dead bury their dead, but let us turn to the living, and with boundless courage and what hope we may, refuse to let the earth be joyless in the days to come. Go on living while you may, striving with whatsoever pain and labor needs must be, to build up, little by little, the new day of fellowship and rest and happiness.—William Morris.

SENATE CHAPLAIN'S FUNCTION.

Recently while in Washington, W. R. Stubbs took his boy to the Senate gallery to witness the Senate in action. Among the persons the boy was particularly interested in was Edward Everett Hale. His father told him that that he was the chaplain. "Oh, he prays for the Senate, doesn't he?" asked the lad. "No," replied Hale. "He gets up and takes a lot of Senate and then prays for the country."—Boston Globe.

THE NEW YORK SOCIALIST DISCONTINUED.

The experience of six months has shown that it is impracticable to continue the publication of The New York Socialist. In the Eastern states The Evening Call fills the field and leaves no considerable demand for a weekly paper; while the more distant parts of the country, having other Socialist papers nearer home, can give it but little support.

The Workingmen's Co-operative Publishing Association, after consultation with the New York State Committee of the Socialist party, has therefore decided to discontinue the publication of The New York Socialist with the present number.

All unexpired subscriptions outside of New York City will be filled with the national edition of The Evening Call, number for number. That is, subscribers who would otherwise have received The Socialist for twenty-six weeks will receive The Call for twenty-six days, and so forth.

Those subscribers of The Socialist who are already on the list of The Call will have their subscriptions to The Call extended proportionately.

Subscribers of The Socialist in New York and Brooklyn, who are in most cases already readers of The Call, buying it at the newsstands, will on request receive credit for Socialist literature with The Call Book Department for the amounts due them.

Gustavus Myers' series, "The History of the Great American Fortunes," which has been running in The Socialist for about a year, will be continued in The Call.

All communications concerning subscriptions for The Socialist should henceforth be addressed to The Evening Call, 442 Pearl street, New York City.

INCITING CLASS HATRED.

"I know not how an indictment may be drawn against a whole nation," said Edmund Burke, in one of his eloquent pleas for justice to the American colonists. President Eliot of Harvard is troubled by no such scruples. He knows how to indict a whole social movement and a whole class, and how to bring in a verdict of Guilty against millions of men without a moment's delay.

In his address before the Civic Forum at Carnegie Hall on Wednesday evening President Eliot said:

The violence which ordinarily accompanies a great strike in a trade which employs many thousands of workmen is of the plainest and most elementary character. No one doubts that the violence is utterly lawless, but no one expects that the unions concerned will take any measures whatever to prevent such violence or to punish it by their own action when committed by their own members.

This is "dealing damnation round the land" with a vengeance. Had the speaker been a man of untrained intellect, he might be excused, though not justified, on the ground that he had never had the opportunity to cultivate that nicety of expression which enables one to avoid exaggeration and clearly to distinguish between the expression of an opinion and the statement of a fact and between blaming individuals who are worthy of blame and indiscriminately condemning whole masses for the occasional misconduct of some of their members. For such a man as President Eliot no such plea can be made. He has been trained in the art of exact expression; he knows—or he ought to know—how to say just what he means, not only something like what he means; when he makes false statements and abusive generalizations, he may justly be held to the strictest accountability.

That violence often accompanies great strikes is perfectly true; that it is a general or normal accompaniment of such movements is not true.

That the violence committed in connection with strikes is usually committed by members of the unions, by strikers or their actual sympathizers, as President Eliot plainly insinuates, is absolutely untrue. Difficult as it is, in face of the general prejudice against the unions—a prejudice cultivated by such men as President Eliot and very generally shared by judges and prosecuting attorneys, as well as by the business men who constitute the majority of the grand and petit juries—difficult as it is, in face of such prejudice, to bring out the true facts, it has often enough been shown that the instigators of violence in time of strike have been private detectives and that the actual perpetrators have been either hoodlums hired for the purpose

as strike sympathizers or else the professional strikebreakers whom President Eliot long ago characterized as "the best type of scoundrel in the country." The source of violence is not the unions, but the motives of self-interest—because the commission of such violence really means the losing of the strike—the unions, and

especially the progressive and aggressive among them, almost invariably take such measures as they can to prevent the use of violence by their members or sympathizers. The measures which they can take are limited by the general use of injunctions and police cordons to keep union representatives away from the scene of the strike and give the spies and thugs a free field.

It might be said that rowdiness often reaching the point of crime "ordinarily accompanies" the gathering of large numbers of young men as students in a great university. That would be literally true. And does anyone expect the student bodies to take measures to prevent such offenses against law and order or to punish them when committed? If anyone does expect it, he is bound to be grievously disappointed. But only a conscienceless demagogue would deliberately condemn the whole student body for such occurrences, as President Eliot has light-heartedly condemned the whole body of organized labor.

If ever there was a flagrant case of a man doing just the thing best calculated to incite class hatred, President Eliot is the man and his Civic Forum address is the occasion. We do not pretend to know that it was his purpose to incite the propertied classes to more virulent hatred of the organized workingmen than they already feel. But, whatever he intended, that is what he has helped to do.

CASTRO AND DIAZ.

Information from reliable sources in Washington is to the effect that the authorities know that arms and ammunition are being shipped from this country to Venezuela to be used in overthrowing President Castro's administration; and further that the authorities are prepared to recognize the opposing faction as the legitimate government of that republic at a moment's notice.

This is quite in line with the action of the federal courts a year or two ago in deciding that no action could be taken against men who were in this country counterfeiting Venezuelan money and shipping it to Venezuela for the purpose of defrauding the existing government there, presided over by Emilio Castro.

On the other hand, these same federal authorities are and for some time have been very busy apprehending and imprisoning or sending over the border Mexican citizens who have been active in organizing the labor movement and agitating for civil rights and political liberty in opposition to the dictatorship of Porfirio Diaz.

Why this difference? The answer is so obvious that it hardly need be stated.

President Diaz is himself a great capitalist, a millionaire very many times over. But he is also a close business partner with a gang of American, French, and Mexican capitalists and has used his official power to turn over railway concessions, mining rights, agricultural and forest lands of untold value to this gang of looters, to relieve them from any considerable burden of taxation, and to suppress all attempts of the Mexican workingmen to improve their wages and hours and conditions of labor.

President Castro is also reputed to be a multi-millionaire, and to have enriched himself by the abuse of his official power. This is not improbably true. But at least it is to be said that he has stood for the maxim, "Venezuela for the Venezuelans." He has refused to permit the American Asphalt Trust to steal the greatest natural resources of the country and has refused to administer the finances of the country in the interest of the international banking ring that has one of its chief headquarters in Amsterdam.

The orders to uphold Diaz and persecute the Mexican revolutionists, who are chiefly workingmen, and the orders to overthrow Castro and assist the Venezuelan revolutionists, who are simply agents of American and European capitalists, are both prompted by the same motive—to help the money lords and property owners of the more powerful nations to plunder the natural resources and exploit the laboring population of the weaker countries.

THE FIRST FALSE CHARGE.

For many years the Rockefellers, father, son, brother, and all the brood, have been under almost continuous accusation by a large section of the public press of this country—accused of repeated and deliberate defiance and violation of the law of the land and of the fundamental principles of even business honesty. For the first time one of them has resorted to the law of libel to answer one of these innumerable accusations. What inference are we compelled to make? What inference is it possible for us to make, except that this is the first time one of them has been falsely accused and saw a safe chance to meet his accuser in the criminal courts?

THE CURSE OF DRINK.

BY HEBE.

I was walking through one of those streets which are a disgrace to modern civilization. Innumerable children swarmed about me on the sidewalk. Women with hollow cheeks and lusterless eyes hurriedly brushed by me, some with baskets and bundles and many with babies in their arms, on their way to and from market. High above me, dimming the blue radiance of the autumn sky, towered the four, five and six story tenements, with their ugly fire escapes, heaped high with household rubbish, with their sombre, dust-covered windows and their barren dirty walls. The street was narrow and filthy, and the children who played in it and the women who hurried by all bore the unmistakable imprint of poverty. The pale, wan faces of the women, grown old before their womanhood had matured its bloom, the neglected, stunted figures of a childhood robbed of its birthright, told all too plainly that the residents of this street were the downtrodden of human society; that they were accustomed to suffer cold and hunger, want and privation; that they were habitually deprived of even the bare necessities of life. The street was one where the poorest, the most wretched of human beings dwell, and yet there was a saloon at almost every corner, and the saloons looked prosperous. They were cleaner and brighter and far more cheerful looking than the other houses, and an atmosphere of comfort seemed to pervade them. They seemed a sort of weak atonement for the squalor and the barren desolation of the "homes" that surrounded them. As I turned the corner at one, a man staggered out of the door. He was beastly drunk. His eyes had a glassy appearance, an expression of unspeakable coarseness and brutality was imprinted upon his whisky reddened features. Topping from side to side he staggered on, mumbling incoherent words, running up against ash barrels and lamp-posts, and grasping about him in an unconscious effort to keep on his feet. Some little urchins of the street shouted highly expressive epithets after him and pelted him with missiles from a garbage can, and a group of women paused to stare at him, some in derision and some in mere curiosity, while one of them simply said: "He gets full every time he gets his pay." But the drunkard kept staggering on, evidently unconscious of the impression he was creating. Where was he going? Home—perhaps. Home to a wife and children. In my mind I followed that man to one of those wretched, desolate tenement homes, with a cold stove and an empty breadbox, with a thin, worn-out woman, slowly working herself to death, with underfed, neglected children, who have not only been deprived of all the rights of decent living, but have also been deprived of the right of being well born, because they are endowed with a weakened, nervous system and an enfeebled brain as a heritage of their father's drunkenness. Probably this wife and children tremble at the thought of this father's return. Probably his home-coming means the enactment of brutal scenes with vile language and blows! I shuddered. This man in his present state—I thought to myself—is worse than a wild beast in the jungle. And yet he, too, was once a sweet and innocent babe; and yet he, too, might have become a decent man had his environment been a different one. For poverty and intemperance are inseparably linked. The poorer a neighborhood is the more numerous are its saloons. The scarcer and more unwholesome the food is that people consume, the greater is their craving for liquor. The more wretched and hopeless the conditions of life are, the stronger becomes the desire for that oblivion and temporary happiness found in intoxication.

Upon another occasion I was walking through a far different street of the metropolis. This street was clean and broad and sunny; large, elegant mansions and veritable palaces lined its sidewalks. The few children that were playing here looked happy and healthy and were well dressed, and the pretty, elegantly gowned fur-clad and feather-bedecked women that passed me by walked at a leisurely gait and conversed merrily, bent upon no other occupation but to enjoy their afternoon stroll upon the avenue. As I passed a large, brownstone corner house, evidently a gentlemen's club, the large wrought-iron portals swung open and three men came out arm in arm. The middle one was intoxicated

and was being upheld by his two companions, who tried in vain to suppress his ostentatious hilarity. "Isay, boys," he drawled out, "didn't we have a bully time? That little butterfly belle is a peach; just simply a peach!" "Oh, do keep quiet!" exclaimed one of the sober men in evident annoyance at the scene, and the other one looking about anxiously, said: "Where is a carriage?" A uniformed servant who had followed the three men ran to the curbstone and beckoned to the coachman. In another instant the rich drunkard had been bundled into his carriage and was being rapidly driven away, sheltered from public gaze, guarded against further disgracing himself before his social equals. This man who had been drinking and carousing in broad daylight, while other men worked, and who had succeeded in making a beast of himself, no less than the man in the corner saloon, he, too, was going home. To what sort of a home? Probably to a cold, glittering palace, rich in luxuries and poor in that costlier wealth of heart and intellect. His wife, probably a society woman, did not tremble at the thought of his return, like the poor, unprotected woman in the tenement home, because, if necessary, she had servants to protect her. But her womanhood also was wrecked by the man whom she called husband. Either she was leading a life of outward glamour and inward despair, or she was cold and depraved like her environment, and continued to live with the man, though she loathed him, to share his gold. The children—well, the chances are that this drunkard had no child. Children are scarce in our modern palaces, anyhow. But should there be one? This unfortunate child, in spite of its wealth, in spite of all the luxury by which it was surrounded, was cursed like the tenement child—cursed with a weakened, nervous system and an enfeebled brain. I paused and pondered. Then drunkenness was not caused by poverty only. Great wealth, with its accompanying idleness and self-indulgence, lead to intemperance as well. Was it possible that two such extreme conditions could produce the same result? The fact is that all extreme conditions produce extreme results. The idle rich who are no longer capable of healthy enjoyment even, because they have drained the cup of life to the last dregs and there is nothing left that they have not yet tasted, turn to intoxicating drinks as the only effective stimulus to their stunted sensibilities. The overworked poor, for whom life holds nothing but toil and misery, drink because the intoxicating beverage is the only enjoyment within their reach, which invariably makes them forget their troubles for a while. Of course, it cannot be denied that intemperance is met with among all strata of society. But the careful observer will find that intemperance is most common among the very rich and the very poor, while it is least common among the active, healthy middle class, the comfortably situated artisan and merchants and professional men. The young man who has been brought up in a happy, healthy home environment, by a father and mother who lead active, useful lives, who has been given a good schooling, has been well nourished and has been given much out-of-door exercise—this is the sort of young man who will be least endangered by becoming a victim of drink. Proper environment and education are the only safeguards against drunkenness. Proper environment and education are the only effective means of combating alcoholism. Restrictive and prohibitory liquor laws are ineffectual because they combat the results instead of the causes; because they seek to weed the human garden by cutting off the weeds without removing the roots. If the manufacture and sale of liquor are prohibited by legislation in one state, intoxicating drinks will be secretly imported from another state. If people are forbidden to drink publicly, they will drink in private. If saloons are closed on Sunday, habitual drinkers will lay in their stock of beer and whiskey on Saturday night. Restrictive and prohibitory liquor laws do not alter conditions in the least. They only add to intemperance the lesser evils of secrecy and disregard of the laws.

The remedy that Socialism offers is proper environment and education for all people; a sort of leveling up to the best standard of physical, mental and moral health. It proposes to make the idle rich useful members of society, and to free the overworked poor from their poverty and drudgery. Socialism seeks to establish a true civilization which will provide for every child that is born a clean, sanitary home, adequate clothing, wholesome and sufficient nourishment, good schooling, and the health and freedom of the playground until its body and

mind have fully matured. It seeks to establish a true civilization which will guarantee to every man and woman a decent and secure livelihood in return for honest labor. The coming civilization may still have to grapple with the problem of intemperance as one of occasional mental and moral degeneracy; but the problem as one of general and world wide importance will no longer exist. The roots of those ugly weeds which at present disfigure our human garden will have been destroyed at last.

THE LITTLE HAND.

His face bears the scars of life's battle—
They were made by privation and care;
Yet shines through his eyes the brave spirit
That fears not to do and to dare.
Would you trace the deep tide of his courage?
I can show you the source undented;
In the soiled, grimy hand of the toiler
Is the little white hand of the child.
No rings on the little thin fingers—
On the wrist shines no glittering band;
Yet dearer than diamonds and rubies,
The touch of the little white hand.
He thinks, as more fondly and closely
The delicate fingers are pressed,
Of tiny white hands that lie folded
And still on a cold little breast.
When he heard the stones fall on her coffin,
He knew—ah, the sting of that thought!—
That his baby had died for the lack of
The wealth that his own hands had wrought.

There are millions of thin little fingers
In this fruitful, this bountiful land.
That are robbed of their plumpness
and dimples,
The birthright of each little hand.
—London Clarion.

SACRIFICE OF YOUNG GIRLS.

In a Pittsburg foundry girls are employed to make simple cores for castings. A quick girl can make 10,000 a day, for which she receives \$1. According to the investigator who reported to Charities on "Pittsburg Women in the Metal Trades," this work is carried on in clouds of drifting dust. As the cores are finished they are set on trays, which the women carry across the room to the ovens. A loaded tray weighs from ten to twenty-five pounds. In an electrical factory in East Pittsburg 650 women are employed on piecework in winding coils for armatures. The fastest make \$1.47 a day. The work is so taxing that the employees give out readily. Only twenty-five have been in the factory four years. Three screw and bolt works in the same city employ 543 women. A bolt trimmer—to use one class of labor as an illustration—stands for ten hours before a machine. She feeds bolts to the mechanism at two second intervals—10,000 times a day—for a wage of ninety-six cents.

Bad conditions for these women to work under, and likely to have an indirect effect in weakened and stunted children.

Doubtless the employers feel that they are not to blame, that they are forced by competition for cheap goods to hire cheap labor. If any one of them should hold out and refuse to use the methods of his competitors he would be forced to the wall. So it is up to organized society to take a hand and fix the rules of the game. Conditions for the employment of women and children must be determined and enforced by the state. Otherwise society is at the mercy of a demand for cheapness that sacrifices the future of the race.—Kansas City Star.

SEEDS OF THOUGHT.

We Socialists do not want much government ownership until we are very sure the people own the government.—W. D. P. Bliss.

Those who would give up essential liberty to purchase a little temporary safety, deserve neither liberty nor safety.—Benjamin Franklin.

No pleasure is comparable to standing upon the vantage ground of truth.—Francis Bacon.

Poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.—Franklin.

They who deny liberty to others deserve it not themselves and under a just God cannot long retain it.—Abraham Lincoln.

CHILD LABOR.

By JOSEPH E. COHEN.

And now comes President Roosevelt and, in his last message to Congress, declares for the abolition of child labor.

President Roosevelt goes about it just as did the Federation of Churches of Christ which had its conference the other day. The Federation struck the Socialist movement with one hand while with the other it lifted several of the "immediate demands" of the Socialist party. President Roosevelt did the same thing. While decrying the appeal to "class consciousness," he lifted some of the "immediate demands" of the Socialist party. The difference between the Federation and the President is, the Federation acknowledged that it took its idea from the Socialist party.

It is hardly necessary to add that the cause of the working child gains nothing from either declaration. The men of means who are the backbone of the church will never abolish child labor so long as it is profitable to employ children. If the abolition of child labor was purely a moral question, the men in control of the church would have abolished it long ago—or, rather, it would never have begun. On the other hand, neither President Roosevelt nor his party, in complete control of both Houses of Congress, have any serious intention to interfere with the employment of little children. Politics is not a moral affair. He who controls the purse strings controls the nation, its government, political puppets and Presidents. Congress may dally with the problem of child labor, but all its efforts will come to naught unless something happens. Until that something happens, the best Congress will do will be to enact such a delusion and snare as is the child labor law passed at the last session for the District of Columbia.

The something that may happen is very remarkable. It is pretty generally known that child labor, like slave labor before the war, indicates a very backward condition of industrial development. For instance, the three lines of industrial activity that are the pivot of our commercial supremacy—oil, steel and railroads—employ little or no child labor. The tendency is in the other direction, to engage the highest priced men in the labor market, men with more than ordinary ability, intellect and technical knowledge—in short, experts. The experiences of American capital is that it is not the poorest paid, but, under proper circumstances, often the highest paid labor that brings in the best results, that can bring in the greatest return for the output in wages, that permits of the greatest exploitation. Oil, steel and the railroads, therefore, do not encourage child labor, unskilled labor reduced to its lowest point, but expert labor, skilled labor raised to its highest point.

Not only is the tendency among the principal industries to dispense with inferior labor, but these industries, by virtue of their control of legislation, can compel industries in a more backward state to follow their example. That is to say, the concerted action of oil, steel and railroads could abolish child labor not only by Congress, so far as interstate traffic is concerned, but by every state Legislature in the Union. Men who have their eyes open will not, therefore, be surprised to learn that "public opinion" is soon to be moulded by our "public press" against the abominable institution of child labor. The abolition of child labor will be another blow at small investments, it will be another sign that capitalism, the ascendancy of large enterprise, is in control.

The Socialist from whom the demand for the abolition of child labor is stolen, frankly admits this to be the outcome of such a policy. The Socialist further admits that his philosophy is based upon the ascendancy of capitalism. Numerous measures which he advocates have the double end in view of abolishing or mitigating the evils of to-day while at the same time permitting capitalism to develop until it is completely ripe—ripe for Socialism. The Socialist is the only statesman who does not hope to turn back the hands of time. Not backward, but forward, is his goal. While expert labor makes child labor unprofitable, it also makes the capitalist class unnecessary, because it reduces them to mere income drawing bondholders, with no knowledge or supervision of the industry. It draws the line all the sharper between useful exploited labor and less exploited capital. It all too clearly exposes the parasitic town capitalist, and points to the Tele-phony industry, by the particularism.

IN THE MAGAZINES.

"Collier's Weekly" for November 28 features a story by Rudyard Kipling which is supposed to be a satire on Socialism. It narrates the adventures of Melissa, "a honey bee, who lived to see the New Day dawning on the ancestral hive and to hear the Voice from behind the Veil." The term "New Day" is used in a sarcastic sense. What really dawned was calamity and catastrophe. And all the trouble, it seems, was caused by wax-moths of sweet speech and poisonous habits whose talk sounded "like ivy honey tastes." The moths corrupted the hive until the prevailing spirit, as voiced by a young bee, came to be: "I've a magnificent appetite and I don't like working." Another bee, gorging until he was bloated, declared: "This hive produces the hive's honey. You people don't seem to grasp the essential simplicity that underlies all life." Finally, when irreparable decay had set in, the Voice from behind the Veil (more prosaically, the voice of the Bee Master) was heard. It said: "Why this isn't a hive! This is a museum of curiosities." Whereupon the owner of the voice proceeded to burn up the hive. Amid the smoke and ruins a wax-moth fluttered by. "There has been a miscalculation about the New Day, my dears," she said; "one can't expect people to be perfect all at once. Such, in brief, is the gist of the Kipling parable which 'Collier's' is advertising as 'the most searching attack on Socialism that has appeared since Herbert Spencer lifted his voice.' It is pitifully poor stuff, and shows only faint traces of the old magic of Kipling's style. As an attack on Socialism it is beneath contempt.

It is not often that a magazine is able to include in one issue articles by contributors as famous as John D. Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie. "The World's Work" for December achieves this distinction. Mr. Rockefeller discusses pleasantly on "The Difficult Art of Giving;" Andrew Carnegie on "How Men Get Rich." Both of these confessions are of prime value as sociological documents. Mr. Rockefeller tells us that he worked himself "almost to a nervous breakdown" trying to determine the best method of giving away his money. It is the duty of men of means, he avers, to administer their funds only "while some man, or body of men, shall rise up capable of administering for the general good the capital of the country better than they can." Evidently Mr. Rockefeller is on the verge of Socialism, and this in spite of his specific denial of the fact. Mr. Carnegie trots out the old anti-Socialist bogey that "if all wealth were equally divided today we should all be unequal tomorrow." He agrees with Mr. Rockefeller that "wealth is a sacred trust to be administered only for the general good." Judging from these articles our millionaires are already angels in human form. But isn't it about time they discovered what Socialism really means?

"Campaigning with Debs" is the title of an illustrated article in the December "Wishire's Magazine," by Otto McFeely. McFeely was the press representative of the "Red Special," and gives a vivid description of its trans-continental tour. The article should be read in connection with Lapworth's account in the "International Socialist Review." Taken together the two articles constitute a sort of "official" record of the most picturesque propaganda tour ever undertaken by the Socialists of this—and it might be added, of any—country.

The current issue of the London "Social Democrat" gives first place to an article by H. Quelch on the future of the English "Labor Party." Quelch severely indicts the Labor party on account of its reactionary attitude toward the problem of the unemployed, but hopes that even yet it may cut loose from the Liberal party and adopt definite revolutionary principles. The second article is a transcript of Karl Kautshing's speech on "Anglo-German Relations," delivered recently at St. James' Hall, London. The "Social Democrat" also prints Professor Herron's remarkable article, "War and Peace Under Capitalism," which was written for simultaneous publication in England and America.

The London "Socialist Review" for December prints articles on "The French Socialist Party and Its Recent Congress," "Catholics and Socialism," "Christianity and Socialism" and "Socialism and the Instinct of Ownership." The writer of the last named article tries to show that "there is not a single fair inducement to effort in modern industry which could not be applied to collectionist effort."

The source of the New York "Independent" is Czar and his harem, and has published an almost perfect year correspondence w

anniversary number in honor of the event. The issue is fully illustrated and tells the history of the magazine from the beginning. Among the editors of the "Independent," at various times, have been Henry Ward Beecher, Wendell Phillips Garrison (son of William Lloyd Garrison), Justin McCarthy, Biles Carman and Paul Elmer More. Among its contributors are numbered William Lloyd Garrison, Harriet Beecher Howe, Julia Ward Howe, Bret Harte, Robert Louis Stevenson, Tennyson, Lowell, Longfellow, Swinburne and Whittier.

The "Independent" was started as a religious paper, but has broadened its scope with each succeeding year. It is now one of the most progressive journals in this country, and is notably fair to the Socialist movement. The present editorial staff consists of the following members: William Hayes Ward, Hamilton Holt, Edwin E. Slosson, Frank D. Root and William G. Bowdoin.

An article on "The Woman's Invasion" in the December "Everybody's" is of exceptional interest. It is written by William Hard and Aleta Child Dorr, and shows not only how woman is invading the industrial field, but also the extent of which, in becoming an industrial soldier, she fails to become a professional soldiery. The industrial woman is "irresponsibly cheap," and this is what makes her problem so hard to deal with.

The Christmas "Harper's" leads off with a story by Howard Pyle, illustrated in colors by the author. The same issue contains fiction by Mary Wilkins Freeman and Philip Verrill Mighels; an article on "Legends of the City of Mexico," by Thomas A. Janvier, and an account of the "Leaders of the New Salon," by Charles H. Caffin. In the last named article Mr. Caffin deals with such French articles as Edmond-Aman-Jean, Charles Coffet, Lucien Simon and Eugene Carriere.

An old-fashioned Christmas article, "Yule Tide in the Old Town," by Jacob A. Riis, opens the December "Century." In the same number are "Domino Reynard of Golden Town," a fox story by Ernest Thompson Seton, and an illustrated article on Berlin, "The City of the Emperors," by Robert Haven Schaeffer.

The two most striking articles in the new "Scribner's" are on "Robert Burns's Country" and "Abbey's Latest Mural Paintings." Both are illustrated. Mr. Abbey's designs, judging from the pictures, are wonderfully fine. They were made for the Capitol at Harrisburg, and represent that social art which is created for all and can be enjoyed by all.

The most striking feature of the December "Craftsman" is a translation by Gardner Teall, of some Russian folk tales collected for the Czar's children. Mr. Teall, by the way, is a Socialist, or a near-Socialist, and used to contribute to the "Comrade."

Mr. Teall also has an article in the January "Cosmopolitan." It is entitled "The Famous Jeweled Book of Zindau," and gives a description of this supreme example of medieval Christian art which has now found a home in America. In the same issue of the "Cosmopolitan" is an article by Harry Thurston Peck on "The Many-Sided Milton." It will be found timely in connection with the celebration of the tercentenary of Milton's birth.

"Zukunft," the Jewish Socialist monthly published in New York, is making a brave attempt to rid itself of an old burden of debt that hinders its progress in literary and artistic achievement. In this month's issue the Zukunft Publishing Association announces that the magazine is now almost self-supporting, and that steps will be taken to pay the debt, freeing the publication from all encumbrances. The December number contains a dozen well-written articles, among which are contributions by Prof. I. A. Mourwich, Morris Winchewsky and Dr. Sirkin. It also contains three poems, one by Yehoash, reputed to be the greatest Yiddish poet in America. L. D. A.

Molly—When you spoke to father, did you tell him you had \$500 in the bank?

George—Yes.
Molly—And what did he say?
George—He borrowed it.—Sketchy Bits.

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

UNITED JOURNEYMEN TAILORS' UNION meets second and fourth Mondays in Link's Assembly Rooms, 231-233 East Thirty-eighth St.

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

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ADDRESS OF BRITISH UNIONIST AT RECENT A. F. OF L. CONVENTION

The following is part of an address made by Mr. H. Skinner, one of the two fraternal delegates from the British Trades Union Congress at the recent convention of the American Federation of Labor at Denver:

"I want to say there is a strong feeling among the British trades unionists. We are proud of that fair treatment at the hands of the capitalistically owned newspapers of Great Britain. We cannot be surprised at that; we cannot expect the capitalists who own newspapers to do justice to the labor movement, whose interests are not identical with theirs. That has created a very strong desire to have a daily labor newspaper in order to put before the workers of the country the acts and positions of the labor unions.

Allied with Socialists.

"The British Labor party consists not only of trade unionists, but Socialists as well. The main body of the Socialists in Great Britain are allied to the Labor party, and they are as anxious to maintain it as are the more moderate section styled the trade unionists. We are proud of that alliance between the Socialists and the work that has been accomplished in an advance direction for the workers of Great Britain has been due to the sacrifices, the hard work and the energy of the Socialists who are connected with it.

"We must look after the children of the nation; we must look after the unemployed and after the men who are thrown upon the industrial scrap heap when they have served their time for the good of the nation.

Feeding Hungry Children.

"One of the first things we tried to do was to see that the hungry children of the nation were fed. Whatever might be the faults of the parents, we resolved the children should not go to school hungry. A law was passed enabling local authorities to levy rates upon communities to provide children with free meals in cases where destitution and poverty prevailed at home. Then the question of workmen's pensions came up. There was an act in operation before the present government came into power, but it was extended to embrace a further six millions of workers. It brought seamen, domestic servants and clerks under it. It was necessary in many instances for the trades unions to fight these cases in the courts. The employers hand over their liabilities to the insurance companies, and the insurance companies are more inclined to fight than the employers would be.

Eight Hours for Miners.

"The miners' eight hour bill has been before the House of Commons, and the government is favorable to it. We have the House of Lords, as you have, the Senate. I don't know which is worst or which is best. I don't know whether the Senate is an improvement upon our House of Lords. If it is, I congratulate you. We are getting tired of the House of Lords. There is one thing the House of Lords did not do and that is to destroy the measure of the House of Commons in the trades dispute act. The House of Lords knew that the country wanted the trades dispute act, and while they said it would ruin the trade of the country, it was passed. There is some danger, however, that they may throw out the miners' eight hour bill.

They Are Employers' Assets.

"A few years ago we had to fight our battles with our hands tied behind our backs, and you are in that position to-day. I believe it is necessary for the maintenance of your organization to have your laws altered. Your chairman's address at the opening of this convention was, to my mind, a noble inspiration for you to do all that you can to free your organization from the trammels that afflict them at the present moment on account of judge made laws. It seems to me that I hear a great deal about the Constitution, and that it will not permit a legal eight hour day. It occurred to me that this Constitution is made an asset which the employers claim absolutely for themselves. We say sometimes that the employers of Great Britain claim the British flag as an asset belonging absolutely to capital. The employers of this country seem to be using the Constitution in the same way. I hope the address of your president will be taken to heart, and that you will act so as to free the trade union movement in America

from the oppression it rests under at the present time. When you have better laws you can spend the time, money and attention you now spend on trying to get them in remedying other evils. Then you will be able to do something to make the conditions of life better for children, the unemployed and the aged toilers."

WHAT COUNTS.

"We are here," began the chairman of the committee, "to discuss ways and means for securing the passage of our bill by the legislature."

"Well," remarked one who was something of a lobbyist. "I know the surest of all ways if we only have sufficient means."—Philadelphia "Press."

OLD WORKMAN MAY STARVE.

The Street Cleaning Commissioner of Baltimore has opened an "old horse farm," and now five mules are recuperating from their hard experiences. By this system of rest and recuperation the Commissioner believes that the usefulness of the horses and mules of his department will be greatly lengthened.

RIGHT.

Teacher—What is the race problem?
Small Boy—I asked pop, and he said "picking winners."

THE BROTHERHOOD THAT IS HERE.

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

We have talked much of the brotherhood to come; but brotherhood has always been the fact of our life, long before it became a modern and insipid sentiment. Only we have been brothers in slavery and torment, brothers in ignorance and its perdition, brothers in disease and war and want, brothers in prostitution and hypocrisy; what happens to one of us sooner or later happens to all; we have always been unescapably involved in a common destiny. We are brothers in the soil from which we spring; brothers in earthquakes, floods and famines; brothers in la grippe, cholera, smallpox and priestcraft.

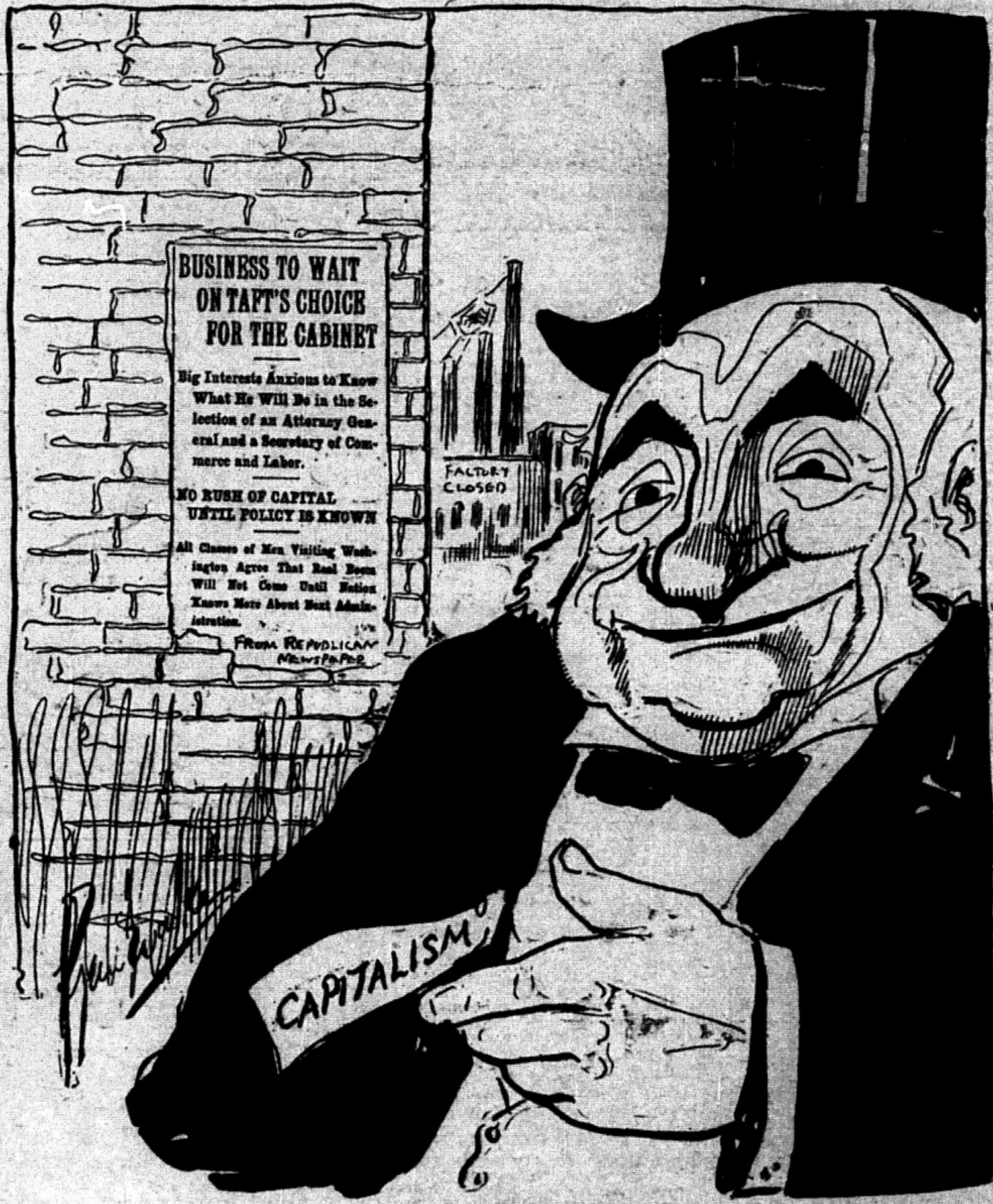
It is to the interests of the whole of mankind to stamp out the disease that may be starting to-night in some wretched Siberian hamlet; to rescue the children of Egypt and India from the British cotton mills; to escape the craze and blight of some new superstition springing up in Africa or India or Boston. The tuberculosis of the East Side sweatshops is infecting the whole of the city of New York, and spreading therefrom to the Pacific and back across the Atlantic.

The world constantly tends to the level of the downmost man in it; and that downmost man is the world's real ruler, hugging it close to his bosom, dragging it down to his death. You do not think so, but it is true, and it ought to be true.

For if there were some way by which some of us could get free apart from others; if there were some way by which some of us could have Heaven while others had hell, if there were some way by which part of the world could escape some form of the blight and peril and misery of disinherited labor, then would our world indeed be lost and damned; but since man have never been able to separate themselves from one another's woes and wrongs, since history is fairly stricken with the lesson that we cannot escape brotherhood of some kind, since the whole of life is teaching us that we are hourly choosing between brotherhood in suffering and brotherhood in good, it remains for us to choose the brotherhood of a co-operative world, with all its fruits thereof—the fruits of love and liberty.

A STRAIN ON HIS FORGETTORY.

Just once, after he had been on the stand continuously for many hours, the great financier lost his temper, and retorted with an angry answer. "I'm afraid you forget that you are a gentleman," observed counsel. The rebuke struck home. The witness winced visibly. But he was not unwilling to justify himself. "Where one is called on to forget so many things, all at once, one becomes confused, you know," he stammered.—Life.



THE WORKERS CAN WAIT.

Capitalism: Excuse me if I hold Prosperity back a while. Of course, you and your families may freeze, but let's wait some more. I have plenty for myself.

THE CZAR'S SPY SYSTEM IN AMERICA.

From an Article by Gustavus Myers in "Harper's Weekly."

Czar Nicholas II., Autocrat of all the Russias, has a long arm. It is commonplace knowledge that he forces one-half of Russia to spy upon the other half. But the work of the all powerful and dreaded "Third Section" is not by any means confined to Russia. It spreads its meshes over many countries. Although the fact is not generally known, the Czar has a highly efficient spy system in the United States. It is well organized, well paid, and directed from a central point which, in turn, leads back to the stronghold of the Autocracy in St. Petersburg—the Ministry of Police. Recent events have shown that the Russian Government spies here have done their work effectually.

Since the acutely troublous times which began in Russia in 1905, the year when the revolutionary flame impotently burst out, a large number of political refugees have fled abroad. Some went to England, France, Switzerland, and other European countries; many came to the United States, and more are pouring in. At the present time Russia is virtually in a state of siege. In some provinces martial law prevails; other districts are under what the Russian Government, with characteristic irony, calls "a state of exceptional protection." All Russia knows the significance conveyed by the phrase. It means the irresponsible dictatorship of some bureaucratic official, and the power to terrorize by indiscriminate arrests of suspects, floggings, administrative exile, confiscation of property, hangings, shooting, and massacres. The Russian Autocracy is fighting for its very life. Underneath apparent quietude the whole of Russia is seething with revolution. Every day the storm now ominously brewing is gathering force. Even the Cossacks, so long the Czar's trusted tools, are, according to authentic report, fast becoming imbued with the revolutionary spirit.

The bureaucracy knows its peril, but reckons upon the holding of its mastery. Presently it may discover its mistake. Just before his death at the hands of the revolutionists von Plehve derisively boasted that he had exterminated the revolution. A few months later Russia erupted in revolutionary uprisings. However, the bureaucracy is entirely confident of its ability to handle the situation at home.

What it especially fears at this juncture is the subterranean activity of the revolutionists abroad, chiefly in the United States. It is here that the majority of its political victims come, burning with hatred of the institution of Autocracy. They comprise all of the many nationalities ruled over by the Czar. In this influx are pure Russians, as distinguished from other races of the Czar's dominion; Poles with their traditions and personal experiences of cruel persecutions; Letts and Estonians, freshly fleeing from the sanguinary acts of vengeance which the Autocrat has been inflicting on their native lands; Armenians escaping from the iron rule at home; and Jews with the horrors of the massacre of Kishineff and other places indelibly in mind. Differ as these motley armies of refugees do in race, language, customs, and religious beliefs, they are united by a common bond of intense antagonism to the despotic government in Russia. Whatever degree of success the bureaucracy may attain in Russia in playing off their prejudices against one another, the trick cannot be worked here.

In all our large cities are colonies of Russian refugees. In New York city there are at least \$50,000 former subjects of the Czar; of these fully 50,000 can be classified as distinct political refugees who, in more or less measure, were involved in the revolutionary movement. Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Boston and many other cities have their compact groups. On coming here the refugees do not in the slightest abate their efforts for a free government at home. On the contrary, having freedom of action, they redouble their activities. Many of them promptly become attached to one or more of the various Russian revolutionary societies which have powerful organizations in this country.

These societies are a constant source of worry and fear to the Czar and his bureaucrats. With an almost perfect system of underground correspondence with their fellow revolutionists in Russia and elsewhere, and possessing the ability at all times to raise funds, plan campaigns, and

acquaint the world, particularly America, with the appalling facts of what is going on in Russia, they cause the Autocracy vastly more trepidation than an uprising of the populace in Russia itself.

Hitherto the Czar has been able to crush popular movements by his army, and believes that he can continue to succeed by force indefinitely. But the revolutionary societies in other countries are beyond the pale of his immediate many-eyed and many-armed jurisdiction. From the secrecy of their deliberations may come portentous events, culminating in his own removal and the effacement of the whole Autocracy. Even if this is unlikely, one thing is certain. From the councils of the revolutionary societies there radiates a ceaseless flow of agitation which somehow reaches the remotest hamlets of Russia; from their arcana go forth revolutionary missionaries and agents on secret and momentous undertakings. And, as every one knows, agitation is considered in Russia the climax of crimes.

It is mainly to find out what these societies are doing that the Russian Government maintains a large corps of spies in this country. Their exact number is not known. Dr. Paul S. Kaplan, secretary of the Russian Revolutionary Society and of the Pourten Defense Committee, estimates it to be fully five hundred. Ivan Okuntsoff, a distinguished Russian refugee who escaped from Siberia, and who is now editing the "Russky Golos," a radical Russian newspaper in New York, makes the same estimate. James B. Reynolds, for many years at the head of the University Settlement on the East Side of New York city, later a special commissioner for President Roosevelt, and now secretary and chairman of the executive committee of the League of Friends of Russia, does not know the number of spies, but affirms that he has had unmistakable opportunity to learn of the existence of an extensive spy system. Of the approximated five hundred spies, about two hundred and fifty, it is believed, are employed in New York city, the remainder in other cities where the Russian revolutionary element and their active sympathizers are strong.

Ever since the revolt of the crew of the battleship Potemkin in the Black Sea, the uprisings of the peasants in the Baltic provinces, and of the working class in Moscow several years ago, the Russian Government has made the most determined and frantic efforts to penetrate into the secrets of the revolutionary societies abroad. From that time onward the terroristic policy of the revolutionists has increased to such an extent that assassinations of bureaucratic officials has been a common occurrence. Who is directing the smouldering course of the revolution? The Czar and his ministers charge the revolutionary societies with being chiefly responsible. There is no doubt, judging from confidential reports, that the Autocracy is thoroughly frightened. It is desperately clutching at every means at its command to strike terror into the revolutionary movement.

Its latest policy, in the carrying out of which it is utilizing a large number of spies in this country, is the detection and attempted extradition of revolutionists who have been conspicuous in the movement at home. By a treaty ratified between the United States and Russia during President Cleveland's administration, forgery, arson, and murder were made extraditable crimes. When this treaty was under discussion in the Senate it was pointed out that its ratification would, if interpreted in the strict letter, convert this country into a bloodhound for Russian despotism. To escape from Russia a political offender necessarily has to get a forged passport. The revolutionary societies know how to get forged passports whenever needed.

In the recent abortive revolts in Russia the peasants retaliated against the barons' atrocities by burning down many baronial mansions and assassinating officials. When the Czar's troops rushed in, maiming, torturing, and slaying in every direction, the leaders of the peasants fled. Some were caught and either shot or hanged; others, helped along underground routes and furnished with forged passports, contrived to get out of Russia and eventually land either in some European country or in the United States.

Falling back upon its special treaty provisions with the United States, the Czar's government set out to get hold of these revolutionists on the ground of their being guilty of forgery, arson and murder. The Autocracy is extraordinarily anxious to get them back to Russia for two reasons. One is that their forcible return might provide a new way of terrorizing the revolutionists by convincing them that they could henceforth get no protection in the United States. Those who

know Russian methods need not inquire the second reason. Once the revolutionists were hustled into Russian territory the government could subject them to the usual tortures in the hope of making them divulge the identity of their comrades and superior chiefs. To spread a dragnet over the United States, sixty of the leading Russian secret service agents were sent over a few months ago.

If you ask the Russian revolutionary lights who it is that directs the spy system in this country, they simply smile and significantly remark that the Russian Consuls are capable men, and that Baron Rosen, the Russian Ambassador, seems to be performing his assigned duties to the Czar's satisfaction. Were it not that the revolutionists have been brought face to face with the most obvious evidences of the spy system they would have hard work tracing it, so secretly and tortuously is it carried on. "They make repeated attempts," said Dr. Kaplan, "to worm themselves into our societies. Their great pose is trying to appear more radical than our own members. We are always suspicious and on guard, but by some means inexplicable to us they have succeeded at times in getting secret information."

Whenever a noted Russian revolutionist visits this country he is constantly dogged by spies. Aladin, who is considered the practical brains of the revolutionary movement, was followed by several spies. "He told me," said Mr. Reynolds, "that several times he recognized the presence of spies." Every movement he made was noted, and the most careful memoranda made of the person he visited or who visited him. Catherine "Breschkovskiy, one of the most heroic figures in the Russian revolutionary movement, owes her present imprisonment (for life, it is feared) in Ichnusselburg Fortress, near St. Petersburg, to the sleepless vigilance of the Czar's spies here. After her recent visit to this country, she was traced back to Europe, and had scarcely crossed the frontier last winter when she was arrested and immured.

Tchaykovsky, the "Father of the Russian Revolution," was subjected to extraordinary espionage when in this country. He was not only watched day and night, but Dr. Kaplan avers that mail addressed to him from Russia often mysteriously disappeared. "We are quite sure," Dr. Kaplan said, "that packages containing letters, photographs, and literature addressed to him here in care of one of our societies were intercepted by the Czar's spies. How they managed it we don't know, but we are quite convinced from certain evidence that they got them."

Before Tchaykovsky returned to Russia he transformed his appearance by shaving off his mustache and beard and travelling as an English squire. His excellent command of the English language gave an air of reality to this disguise. In spite, however, of every precaution he was traced to Finland, arrested, and hurried into the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. In deference to a petition signed by many prominent Americans, the Russian Government recently consented to release him under \$25,000 bail. It is the policy of the bureaucracy not to irritate the outside world too much by outrages upon conspicuous personages, while dealing summarily with obscure political prisoners.

The corps of spies embraces men of every description. At least one hundred are professional spies picked out for the work and sent over at different times from Russia. Some of these pass as men of leisure, others as practising some profession, and still others as business men. Dr. Kaplan has found it to be a common trick on the part of many of them to open a fake office or bogus business to give color to their pretensions and disarm suspicion. It is quite possible that women are employed as spies, but not much definite proof has been discovered establishing the fact.

The more capable of the spies attempt a variety of devices either in ferreting out information, or in trying to instigate revolutionary societies to acts which would cause them trouble with United States authorities. "To discredit us in our work," Dr. Kaplan said, "is a recognized part of their program. They advocate the most violent measures. But they have other ways. Not long since a man called here and represented that he was a penniless inventor. What was his invention? He grew enthusiastic as he told me that it was one for making an improved kind of bomb. 'Wouldn't I try it?' I was not to be caught by such chaff. The trap was transparent. I spotted him at once as a spy—an agent provocateur, as they are called in Europe—and dismissed him with the remark that we were not in that line of business. They hope to implicate us in acts by which they could denounce us to the world as violent and criminal organizations."

Certain facts in the possession of the Russian revolutionary societies

THE OPPRESSED.

By Arthur Goodenough.

Drudges and bondmen, the oppressed of earth,
Forever more my heart goes out to you!
Curst was the star that first beheld your birth,
And curst the first faint breath your nostrils drew.

Curst? And by whom? The idle, the unclean,
The profligate, who laugh your woes to scorn.
Swine and hyenas, animals unclean,
Decreed your destiny ere you were born.

You had no choice; by Nature's ruthless law
Called into being under sternest skies,
Ye realized one day and heard and saw
Life's black, inhuman inequalities.

With flesh as soft, with nerves as keen as those
Who are your masters, fed on meager fare
You threw and grew and in your season rose
To bear the yoke of service—and despair.

You had no choice; to thrilling breast and brain
Immortal dreams and visions thronging came—
Sad slaves of circumstances, held in chains
More strong than iron, gnawed by hopeless shame.

Fine fare and royal raiment, none of these
Had ye between the cradle and the grave;
The very beasts ye drove had more of ease,
Nor minds to think had they, nor souls to save.

Is there a God? Yes, and that God a just,
But hireling priests too oft misrepresent,
Cast in your eyes their sanctimonious dust,
And bid you be with present things content.

Arise! Arise! The drones are but a few,
The toilers many. Earth is yours to share.
If you would have your dearest dream come true,
Your dream—your dogma—let your deed declare!

A STARVED WORLD.

Let me tell you why I am interested in the labor question. Not simply because of the long hours of labor; not simply because of a specific oppression of a class. I sympathize with the sufferers there; I am ready to fight on their side. But I look out upon Christendom with its three hundred millions of people, and I see that, out of his number of people, one hundred millions never had enough to eat. Physiologists tell us that this body of ours, unless it is properly fed, properly developed, fed with rich blood and carefully nourished, does no justice to the brain. You cannot make a bright or a good man in a starved body. And so this third of the inhabitants of Christendom, who have never had food enough, can never be what they should be.—Wendell Phillips.

RIGHT YOU ARE.

The New York Call apparently knows what it is talking about when it says: Every time a purchaser insists on the union label and refuses to buy non-union goods, he helps to make it easier for other men and women of the working class to organize and compel their employers to grant them higher wages and better treatment. Our able contemporary might have duplicated the lesson thus far if it really cuts both ways. Every time a purchaser falls to demand the union label and buys non-union goods, he helps to make it harder for other men and women of the working class to organize and compel their employers to grant them higher wages and better treatment.—The Industrial Banner, London, Ontario.

here would seem to indicate that the Czar's government has recently engaged one of the leading American detective agencies to co-operate with its own system in its attempted general round-up of revolutionists.

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ROOSEVELT ON CLASS CONSCIOUSNESS.

EDITORIAL IN THE CHICAGO "DAILY SOCIALIST."

Roosevelt is right in centering his attack upon Socialism on the point of class-consciousness. There is the basic point of the Socialist movement.

Twice he has denounced class-consciousness in an official message. Each time he has depended upon ignorance and prejudice to give point to his attack. Only because the great majority of those who will read his message are ignorant of the meaning of the words in the sense in which Socialists use them will his statements carry any weight.

Class-consciousness on the part of the working class to-day is the absolutely essential prelude to progress. In each social stage there is some social class whose interests are in accord with progress. A century ago it was the capitalist class whose interests most dominate if society were to advance.

The capitalist class became class-conscious. They were not wholly so. There was no full grasp of the function which their class was to play upon the stage of history. Therefore they attained to victory, and society moved forward only over the bloody road of violent insurrection and revolution.

BUT IT MOVED FORWARD, and it so moved only because government and all other social institutions were transformed to accord with capitalist interests. If an attempt had been made to reconcile all classes, to have acted in accord with the interests of the feudal lords, the serfs, the just-arriving wage working class the merchants, nobility, or any of the other social classes, there would have been no progress.

But because the capitalists were sufficiently class-conscious to seek their own interests regardless of all others the modern industrial system arose.

To-day the working class incarnates those elements which make for progress. Its interests are in accord with social advance. The great obstacle to progress to-day lies in the fact that private ownership of the means of life hamper and restrict the lives of the producers of wealth.

Government and all social institutions are today controlled and administered in the interest of the owners of property. **THIS IS ONLY POSSIBLE BECAUSE THE WORKING CLASS IS IGNORANT OF ITS OWN INTERESTS—BECAUSE IT IS NOT CLASS-CONSCIOUS.**

Just as progress from feudalism to capitalism was only possible through the imperfect class-consciousness of the capitalist class, so the evolution from capitalism to Socialism (and this is the only road of progress) is possible only through the class-consciousness of the workers.

In the broader sense, whoever seeks the welfare of the entire race in the future must to-day seek that through the class-consciousness of the workers.

Roosevelt would have us believe that he is not moved by class interest, yet it would be hard to find a clearer expression of class-consciousness than the very message in which

he scolds the Socialists for this characteristic.

From beginning to end it is an attempt to develop a system of legislation which will maintain the existence of the capitalist class. He urges them to adopt all manner of reforms lest otherwise they lose all.

It is interesting to note that nearly every one of the things he advocates is taken almost literally from the Socialist platform of immediate demands. He hopes thereby to steal the thunder of the Socialist Party. But, as has been well said, while he steals the "thunder" of the unimportant immediate demands, he shrieks in fear and hatred at the "lightning" of class-consciousness.

BRAINS AND INTELLIGENCE.

In the December "American Magazine," Professor W. I. Thomas, writing of "The Mind of Woman," says:

"There is something very mournful in the labors of those scientists who have devoted their lives to the study of the brain weight of men, women and races on the assumption that there is a direct ratio between intelligence and the bulk of the brain. It would be about as valid to assume that a vessel of water and a vessel of lye of the same weight have the same potency, or that timepieces of the same weight are necessarily equally good timekeepers.

"Great men may have great brains, or they may not. Turgenieff holds the record at 2,012 grams, while the brain of Gambetta, who was a greater man in popular estimation and popular achievement, weighed only 1,160, or only 160 grams above the point at which, according to the calculations of French anthropologists, idioecy begins. In a series of 500 brains the lowest and highest will, in fact, differ as much as 650 grams in weight, but there will be found no constant relation between the weight and the intelligence.

"It is significant, indeed, that men of small stature, weak health, and even physical affliction, have, if anything, more than an ordinary chance of becoming famous. Their attention is limited and they are stimulated to win out in spite of their handicap. Pasteur is a clear case of a truly great man. He was paralyzed on one side from 1868 until his death in 1896, but, as Berthollet says, it was after he was stricken that his inventive genius perhaps shone most brightly. Herbert Spencer, Darwin and von Hartmann hardly had a well day in their working lives. Pope was so feeble that he could hardly draw on his own stockings. Napoleon was of small stature and of weak health and physique.

"From this standpoint it is idle to argue whether women have less brain weight than men in proportion to their body weight."

REPENTANT.

"I think I shall marry him to reform him," said the romantic girl.

"I have seen that experiment tried," rejoined Miss Cayenne.

"Successfully?"

"Well, I won't say the men were reformed. But they always seemed more or less repentant."—Washington Star.

FOURTEEN AND TWELVE.

By BEN HANFORD.

Five hundred thousand Socialist voters in the United States. Five hundred thousand other Socialists disfranchised by capitalist election laws. And a million other men who believe in Socialism, but have not yet reached the point where they will vote its ticket. Two million of men in the United States who accept the Socialist philosophy. And the women?

Half a million Socialist votes—only. What a disappointment. We Socialists rightly face the future. But a glance at the near past will do us no harm. Four years ago more than 400,000 votes. How about eight years ago? A little more than 100,000. And twelve years ago? What an immense Socialist vote was cast in the United States twelve years ago. That was 1896. A look at the almanac gives the Socialist vote of the United States at the election of 1896 as 34,000. Look back a few years before 1896 and you will need a detective to find and a spy-glass to see the Socialist vote of the United States.

In 1896, 34,000 votes and in 1908 only 500,000 votes, or more than fourteen times as many. Too bad. Multiplying the vote by fourteen in twelve years is slow work, isn't it, comrades? If you don't think so, ask the boss what he thinks. He thinks so, too—if he's a fool. And many bosses are fools, I am pleased to state. Fools in everything except the art of getting money. And fools at that.

Fourteen times as many Socialist votes in the United States as there were twelve years ago. What a long, long time is twelve years—to those who have nothing to hope for, to those who are not Socialists. I have been in the Socialist movement fifteen years. What an old, old Socialist am I! Waited till I was thirty-three years old before I found the Socialist movement—or it found me. Yesterday I got three little cards from a young married couple—both members of the Socialist party. It was twins—both boys, one named Victor and the other Eugene. Those boys won't have to wait till they are thirty-three years old before, for the first time, they hear of Socialism in the United States.

Really, multiplying the Socialist vote by fourteen in twelve years looks good to me. But can we keep it up? You bet we can! It is better than a sure thing. See the difficulties under which our past progress has been made. Socialists the country over, driven from pillar to post—but Socialism grew. Men fired out of their jobs for being Socialists—but Socialism grew. Men socially ostracized for being Socialists—but Socialism grew. Men arrested for talking Socialism—but Socialism grew. Everything a fool capitalist mind could devise opposed to Socialism—but Socialism grew. And it will continue to grow. If the masters can't stop capitalism, they can't stop Socialism.

We really cannot appreciate the services rendered the Socialist movement by its enemies. The persecution of Socialists has been bitter and painful to them. But it has been a splendid thing for the cause. Every time the boss fired a man from one place for being a Socialist he simply sent a Socialist propagandist to another place—where he was needed more. As I said before, save for his money wisdom, the boss is a fool.

Time was when the blacklisted Socialist looking for a job would go a long journey before he met a man who called him "Comrade." Now it matters not where you go—to crowded city, rolling prairie, mill, mine or sea, you are sure to meet a "Comrade." This is because that man put "on the road" by the boss who fired him for being a Socialist scattered the seed of Socialism along every highway he travelled. And when he finally got "located" in some place he immediately started a "local." Perhaps his new boss also fired him. Very well. Good. More seed sown along other highways. Also another "local." Now there are locals by the thousands. Think of it. THOUSANDS of Socialist locals in the United States. And Socialists just everywhere. All around and all about. In the cities. In the country. In the mines. In the woods. In the ships at sea. In the churches. Even in the pulpits of some churches. In the mountains. In every inhabited part of the United States, and in every territory there are Socialists. Two millions of them—five hundred thousand of them voters—fairly evenly distributed throughout the country in such a way as to cover the most terri-

tory and do the most good, and no effort be wasted. Thanks to bosses who made those early Socialists scatter to get a living. As I believe I remarked before, the boss is a fool—when he fights Socialism.

The Socialist vote multiplied by fourteen in the last twelve years. Can do it again in the next twelve years. We can do much more than that. We can't help doing more than that if we try. And we won't try. Now we have something to work with, and a base to work from. And we are going to work. Once more. Think of it, comrade. Thousands of locals. I did not say thousands of people in the United States. I did not say thousands of Socialists in the United States. But THOUSANDS of Socialist party organizations in the United States. THOUSANDS. Over TWO THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED of them, the national secretary reports. Will the Socialist movement grow? How can it help growing? We couldn't stop it if we wanted to.

Besides, we shall have help. The fool boss will be busy. He may not fire and blacklist as many Socialists as he did formerly, but he will use other methods. Equally foolish. Somewhere in this letter I want to say that the boss is a fool—and fools never learn. Having himself failed to stop the growth of Socialism, the boss will now take some of his good money—next to his life, to him the most precious thing in the world—and hire others to fight Socialism and Socialists.

He will hire editors to lie about you, comrade. He will hire preachers to curse you. He will hire college professors to befuddle you. He will hire soldiers to shoot you. He will hire policemen to club you. He will hire spies to watch you. He will hire traitors to betray you. He will hire judges to jail you.

And you will lick him and his whole bunch. For by being a capitalist he digs his own grave, and by fighting Socialism he hastens the day of his own funeral. No flowers. The boss is a fool—if he does know enough to "make" money.

There are, however, two important things we must attend to ourselves, comrade. The boss will not do them for us. We must get the Socialist voters to become members of the Socialist party. And we must maintain the Socialist press by getting subscribers to Socialist papers.

Big Bill Haywood knows the best Capitalism, and he always goes armed. He carries two guns—one in each hip pocket. One is a card of membership in his trade union, and the other is his card of membership in the Socialist party. Those are the proper weapons for a workingman. But it is not enough for you and I to have those weapons, comrade. We want the whole working class to be armed likewise. We must carry a little extra ammunition for our arms. So be sure that you always have in your pocket a few application blanks to present to those Socialist voters who have not yet joined the party. We need them and their service and comradeship. Also be sure that you never overlook an opportunity to get a subscriber to a Socialist paper. The Socialist press and the Socialist organization—they are the forces that are going to bring it to pass that we shall have "Socialism in our time."

And the boss will help. As I said, the boss is a fool. More power to his crooked elbow.

THE MARIANNA MINE DISASTER.

There will be those, of course, who will find in the disaster comfort for the policy that the dangers of mining are too big and irresistible to be harnessed, and that safety precautions only add expense and give small security. It is too early to pass judgment on the cause of this disaster. The Government and state inspection services are this year in position to make adequate investigations. But the main contention of the safety experts, that the great toll of death in the long run comes not from these great explosions, but from ordinary causes, and that these causes can many of them be obviated, remains unshaken; while upon mine owners, state mining departments and the federal Bureau of Mines comes the responsibility to probe deeper and deeper into the explosions which as at Marianna scatter ordinary precautions. That may be a matter of years. But whether the final answer as to whether such disasters are preventable is affirmative or negative, the fact that 125 men are killed at one blow makes the problem one in which it is worth investing unstinted measure of time and patience and means—Charities and the Commons.