

THE VANGUARD

"We're beaten back in many a fray,
Yet never strength we borrow,
And where the Vanguard camps today,
The rear shall rest tomorrow."

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We regret to announce that the editor of this magazine, Comrade J. M. A. Spence, has resigned his editorship of the Vanguard and removed to Aurora, Illinois. While we are sure that Comrade Spence will continue to serve the cause of humanity and progress in his new field of usefulness, we shall miss him greatly from Wisconsin. The best wish with which we can follow his departure is that the coming years may find him still fighting on the winning side—the side that will one day crown with victory every one who battled in the *vanguard* for the final triumph of a better era.

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In assuming the editorship of the Vanguard at this time, we consider ourselves doubly lucky. The time is ripe for just such a magazine as ours, a journal which can point out the remedy for all "the tumult of the time disconsolate." The American magazines as a rule have become most dismal reading. Time was when they contained little but pretty stories of bourgeois life and charming records of delightful travels here and abroad, serving as useful hints to the wealthy and leisurely as to where they could spend their numerous holidays. But now an uncomfortable change has taken place. The articles of the "muck-rakers" are beginning to make our magazines not exactly the sort of reading for the idle

class to enjoy in a hammock at a summer resort. In these disquieting articles, one exposed trust follows another in grim procession. For those optimists who hope for relief from the regulation of the trusts, the treason of the trusts' tools in Washington, as shown by such writers as David Graham Phillips, proves the folly of expecting any cure from legislation while the trust-ruled parties remain at the helm. Thus the leading magazines are given over to the exposure of evils without the assignment of any real remedy. And so there is a wide field for such a magazine as the *Vanguard*, which can point the way out of this hideous Slough of Despond. It can indeed form the vanguard of the magazines, as a constructive pioneer, while our contemporaries are merely destroying the rotten props of the present evil system in a sort of blind and hopeless frenzy. Theirs of course is not a useless labor. But ours is the happier task of teaching the remedy of Socialism and showing how to build the new and better system on the old exploded ruins. We ask our readers to help along this work by pushing the circulation of this journal. The people are disgusted and disillusionized. Let us give them hope. Whenever you find a reader of the "muck-rake" articles—and their name is legion—slip in a copy of the *Vanguard*. Thus wherever the little army of "exposers" are waging their dreary

fight against the corruption of the present shameful system, there let the *Vanguard* march in front, carrying the bright cheering banner of Social-Democracy.

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Under the Turkish government, a man sentenced to be bastinadoed is required to pay the official who flogs him. Under the American government, the people are forced to pay the officials who cheat them. Such is the effect of the new meat inspection bill, which we are assured is a great triumph of the American public over the trusts, but which really saddles us with a few more bribed inspectors. The new law provides that the United States government must pay the cost of inspecting the ogre's den of the trusts. This is a piece of insolence worthy only of the trusts and their hired men in Congress—men engaged in dirtier work than those other employees of the trust who are forced to handle diseased carcasses and wade ankle deep in blood.

And right well the beef kings and their tools know that the public will spend their money in vain. In fact, the government inspectors of the packing houses have always been bribed by the trusts, and there is no reason to believe that increasing the number of the inspectors will make them more honest. The quantity of inspectors will not alter their quality. The American public will continue to buy and eat diseased and filthy meat, only this will now bear the government label, for which they will have to pay a higher price to the trust. So that in fact they will pay the salaries of the inspectors through the taxes, and pay the expense of bribing these inspectors through the rise in the price of meat. A sleek

scheme of the trust's Washington employes, is it not? And are the Turkish subjects really worse oppressed than the American citizens?

Now just match this sly trick of the old party politicians with the real statesmanship of the resolutions presented by the Social-Democratic aldermen in the Common Council of Milwaukee. These resolutions denounce the action of Congress in eliminating all useful features from the meat inspection bill, and demand legislation "authorizing cities of the first class to own and operate slaughtering establishments for the purpose of furnishing fresh meat to their inhabitants at cost." Clearly the little phalanx of Social-Democratic workingmen in the Milwaukee Council possesses more genuine political wisdom than all the gentlemanly scavengers who do the trust's dirty work in both our houses of Congress.

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Did you ever gauge the speed of a railway train by watching the trees and houses scurrying past? Of course the houses and trees were really stationary, and their apparent motion only proved the actual motion of the train. So it has been with that ancient landmark, William Jennings Bryan. Once the American people saw him far in advance—an inspired prophet, said some, a crazy fanatic, according to others. And now, presto, change! He is the "safe and sane" candidate whom the conservative Democrats want to use as a guard and preventive against any dangerous Socialist theories. And yet he has not moved an inch. He holds the same ideas about "monopoly" and trusts which

the American people thought so startling in '96. It is the American people who have moved in the last decade! They have been forging ahead on the train of progress. They have got some new ideas about the "monopolies." They are beginning to guess that they might as well try to pull out a whale with a fish-hook as to curb the trusts with a Bryan platform. So it is no longer Bryanism, but Socialism, which the capitalists fear. And this fact marks a tremendous movement forward. It is the greatest and cheeriest sign of the times. It is a pointer which measures the ground we have travelled since the absurd days of the fabulous "silver cross." Bryan as a willingly swallowed antidote against Socialism shows how clearly the plutocrats realize this change in public sentiment. The train of progress is rushing past the old landmarks.

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Towards Old-age Pensions.

The magnificent Socialist gains in the recent French elections are already beginning to bear practical fruit. In recognition of the Socialist demands, the French government will introduce in Parliament a measure for the payment of old-age pensions from the national treasury. In this the French government is following the example of Bismarck, who threw a similar sop in the form of an old-age pension law to the German Social-Democrats when they began to grow formidable. And now that the Socialists of France have 75 members of parliament, the French government also is forced to concede and conciliate.

Some measure of this sort will be the first concession made to the Socialists of every country where

they begin to show their strength. It is a deep disgrace to America that here we have no legislation of the kind. Except by the Social-Democrats, the question of old-age pensions is not discussed in this country. Yet there is no country on the face of the globe where they are such a crying necessity, as in this land of high pressure and early breakdowns. Year by year, as life becomes more strenuous and the pace of industry moves faster and faster, younger men are needed. The middle-aged can with difficulty keep up the speed. Old men are entirely out of the race.

And the end is the poor-house. For as conditions are changing in this country, it is becoming impossible for workmen to lay up their earnings for their last days. The millionaire whose life has been divided between travel abroad and amusement at home, can comfort his old age with the alleviations that wealth can give. The men who produced his wealth often die paupers. It is the old fable of the grasshopper and the ant turned the wrong way. The stores laboriously accumulated through the summers by the industrious ant are consumed by the idle grasshopper. Reflection upon this injustice adds another bitter drop to the old workman's cup.

The American people have been exceedingly liberal in their pensions for old soldiers. Why should they not do as much for the old veterans of labor? Patient toil with hand and brain through a long lifetime is surely more worthy of recognition than a few years of bloodshed. The men who have built the country by their industry deserve at least an equal reward with the questionable heroes of the murderous battlefield.

It is to be hoped that the Socialists of France will be able to force an old-age pension law through the French parliament. But the legislation which other countries are adopting or considering, ought to shame America into action. Every American workman and working woman of the age of 60 should be regarded as the nation's creditor. The present generation cannot afford to look with indifference upon the wrongs of the aged. We are all fast stepping toward the same period of life, and self-interest as well as justice ought to teach us to consider this subject. A wealthy nation like America should be ashamed to exercise its economy at the expense of its veteran workers.

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An Illuminating Conversation.

The following little story of the past and present is told by the *Bulletin* of Sidnev, N. S. W., and repeated by the *Machinists' Monthly*:

A man with an axe flew by Socrates, chasing another man.

"Stop him! Stop him!" cried he of the weapon. "He's a murderer!"

But old Socrates wasn't taking any chances, and jogged on imperturbably.

"You fool!" quoth he of the axe. "Why didn't you stop him? He's a murderer, I tell you!"

"A murderer! What's a murderer?"

"Fool! One that kills, of course."

"Ah! a butcher."

"No, idiot! That's different. One that kills a man."

"Oh! Ah, a soldier."

"No! No! That's different altogether. One that kills a man in times of peace!"

"A hangman!"

"No! No! No! That's different. One that kills a man in his house!"

"A doctor, then?"

"No! No! No! No! No! That's different!"

Running along after him (2,000 years after) comes another man with flaming eyes: "Stop him! Stop him!" he cries, pointing to something he sees, or thinks he sees ahead of him. "Stop him! He's a Socialist!"

"A Socialist! What's a Socialist?"

"Why, a believer in State industries, of course."

"Oh, I see! The railways, post offices, customs, drains and all that."

"No, that's different! I mean competing against private enterprise."

"Oh! Schools, Universities, and the like."

"No! No! That's different. I mean State trading. The fellows that expect everything done for 'em by the State! A loafer that wants to share the earnings of the industrious workers!"

"Ah! Ah! A nobleman who has inherited land."

"No! No! That's different. I mean——."

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The gold that with the sunlight lies

In bursting heaps at dawn,

The silver spilling from the skies

At night to walk upon,

The diamonds gleaming in the dew,

He never saw, he never knew.

He got some gold dug from the mud,

Some silver crushed from stones;

But the gold was red with dead men's blood,

The silver, black with groans;

And when he died he moaned aloud,
"They'll make no pocket in my shroud."

A Lawyer Ridden Land

By Victor L. Berger

JUST as the United States is the most capitalist-ridden of all countries, so it certainly is the most lawyer-ridden. To some extent this is natural. Our present laws are the pillars of the present system—one might say, old and rotten pillars at that. And so the lawyers take the place of carpenters, constantly patching up and tinkering on the old building.

And certainly the lawyers practice the most mischievous of all trades. The priests excepted, theirs is the trade that most clogs the wheels of progress.

Against lawyers and judges the people are a cipher.

Supposing the legislature should take it into its head to pass a certain law displeasing to the capitalist class, which is not often done. Now what is sure to happen? No matter how plain the wording of the law may be—no matter how carefully it has been framed—the Supreme Court will say, with sober faces, "You people do not know what you want. The law which you have passed does not mean what you want it to mean, because that would be unconstitutional. It will therefore mean just the opposite, if it is to mean anything at all."

Talk about priestcraft! Priestcraft is not in it with judgecraft.

And this monstrous guardianship of the judiciary over the people, dictating to them what is law and what is not, is purely an American institution. *No other nation in the world has it.* No other nation in the world would stand for it.

The British constitution, of which ours is otherwise a faithful copy, knows nothing like it. It was put into our constitution by the conservatives of the type of Alexander Hamilton and had the warm support of all the ex-Royalists. Although that clique had created the Senate to take the place of the House of Lords—still it was afraid of the common people. It wanted something in the place of the king. And mind you, not the constitutional king of England either. They wanted the absolute king of the Fifteenth or Sixteenth centuries, and they got him. He is our American judge.

And this King Judge and his retinue of lawyers is now the distinguishing mark between the American people and all others on earth.

To talk about a "learned" lawyer is to talk nonsense. At best, in what has he become "learned?" In the conceit of centuries—in tricks and technicalities.

The innocent citizen who supposes that "the law" which is governing him is the statute law of his state is very much in error. The statute law is the most insignificant fraction of the laws—although even that is bulky enough, considering that several thousand statutes are manufactured by every state legislature at every session.

Yet that is only a small part of the law. The real law is made

by the decisions of the Supreme courts of the states and is supposed to be decided by precedents. So the law is something that no lawyer can ever learn in a lifetime. First, he cannot learn it on account of the bulk of the records—in America alone 150 volumes are added yearly. Secondly, because no one can ever be absolutely sure of knowing what is good law and what is bad law.

Let us suppose that a judge is told of all the decisions on a given point that are valid. He has no guide in them at all. The lawyer on the other side can give him just about as many decisions on the same point, the other way. Now there stand the decisions in two rows. Supposing the judge is honest, that he is not influenced by prejudice, environment, money or in any other way, how is he to decide?

So what is the conclusion? Even at the best, the administration of justice in our country under the present system very largely depends on caprice.

But we all know that it is almost impossible to convict a *big grafter* under the present system, or even a smaller grafter who really has rich and influential capitalistic connections.

We can see that very plainly in Milwaukee just now, where the "great graft investigation" has flattened out and fizzled out shamefully, as soon as our "justice" came somewhat near the real ring-leaders of the tools of capitalism.

For instance, there is the case of the ex-president of the Milwaukee board of aldermen, Cornelius Corcoran—it is only surprising that the jury did not award him the civic crown of virtue for his doings.

Or there is another local case where the man was found guilty by the jury, but where the judge got the worst calling-down from the lawyer for the defense for "sitting up there on the bench dealing out Sixteenth century justice, holding the scales, but with both of your eyes bandaged. It would be better," continued the lawyer, "if your honor would remove, at least, one of the bandages from your eyes, and see what is going on about you." This, by the way, is the most *impudent piece* of a grafter-lawyer's effrontery of which we have ever heard. Yet the poor judge had done all he could to save the culprit by the instruction given to the jury—the grafter-lawyer had to admit that himself. But of course the grafter lawyer was right from the capitalistic standpoint. The judge had *no business* to deal out "Sixteenth century justice" to a Twentieth century grafter. It was his "d—duty" to open at least "one eye" and see who stood before him.

For the fact is, that this system being a system of graft, the grafter, provided he has money enough, is sure of having the sympathy and the co-operation of the entire legal machinery — courts, lawyers and all. For instance, did the great Jerome, the terror of the small evil-doers of New York, take any action against the insurance grafters? Did Deneen, another reformer, now governor of Illinois, but formerly prosecuting attorney of Cook County, ever do anything against the millionaire packers? Was "our" Patrick Cudahy, ex-

ploiter, speculator, gambler and all around skinner—and as a packer, probably even a murderer—ever considered anything else than a “*pillar of society*” by our district attorney and our judiciary?

On the other hand it is well worth mentioning that the Supreme court of Wisconsin decided just ONE and *only* one personal damage suit in a year in favor of the workman. The capitalists of Wisconsin are mighty careful which of their watch-dogs they put on their Supreme bench show.

Probably the most glaring defects of our system of justice are to be found in our police courts—where usually the poorest of the poor are judged. The hand of the law rests heavily upon the poor. It seems as if all the laws were made against them—none for them. The only time they know of the existence of the law is when the law comes to punish them. They rarely can afford a lawyer and they are simply at the mercy of the good nature—that is, of the digestion or the drinks—of the judge.

And here we must also point out one of the most outrageous inequalities of our American system. *Penalties* are almost entirely payable in *money*. This makes the fine a joke for the rich evil-doer, while the *poor devil* must suffer for the smallest trespass. He must go to jail or to the house of correction. What is a fine of twenty-five dollars for a rich man who has endangered the lives of dozens of his fellow-citizens with his automobile? Nothing. But a poor devil who is out of work and is found sleeping in a park, is liable to be sent to the house of correction for sixty days, because he has — no money.

One of the first things that Socialists must do as soon as their power is felt in the legislative bodies will be to abolish the *money* fine, and make punishments equal for rich and poor. What needs reform probably more than anything else is the system of meting out justice in the police courts of our large cities.

Under such conditions no one need be surprised that respect for the judiciary is rapidly disappearing among the people. And not only that, the *respect* for *law* is also disappearing. People feel that the laws are made to protect one class *only*, and to *oppress* all the *others*. Lynching is growing in this country. The *anarchism* of *plutocracy* finds a ready echo in the *anarchism* from *below*.

And the numerous lynchings are not the only sign of that growing resentment of large classes against our plutocracy. For instance, last February Pat Crowe, the kidnaper of Eddie Cudahy—the son of a millionaire packer—was set free by a jury in Omaha, despite his own acknowledgement of guilt, despite the fact that the testimony was all on one side. Pat Crowe is a common robber, thug and thief, and has been known as such for a long time. A case like this ought to set our *rich anarchists* a-thinking.

Victor L. Berger.

Taxed for Steel.

Arthur Brisbane, who delights to tell unwelcome truths about capitalism, has just been commenting on Mr. Carnegie's "benevolence" in promising to put up a library or so for new San Francisco. Says Mr. Brisbane: "Mr. Carnegie, as you probably know, owns **THREE HUNDRED MILLIONS** in five per cent. bonds of the United States Steel Corporation. San Francisco—the new San Francisco—will be **A CITY OF STEEL**. The earthquake has proved that the **STEEL** building is the **SAFE** building and the building of the future. Millions upon millions of dollars will be paid to the Steel Trust by the energy of San Francisco re-creating the city. And unless congress shall take the duty off steel consigned to San Francisco, the Trust will make the price enormously high, as usual. Thus the city to which Mr. Carnegie, out of the generosity of his heart, will give one or two libraries will in return, **BY HARD COMPULSION**, give to Mr. Carnegie several millions of dollars."

Pursuing the subject a little farther, Mr. Brisbane says:

"Mr. Carnegie's story of **BIG** wealth is short and interesting, and very American. He was the principal owner in the great Carnegie iron business. He was willing to sell out if he could get an enormous price. He fixed his price at one hundred millions of dollars. Henry C. Frick, William B. Leeds and others gave Mr. Carnegie a million in cash for the right to buy his property at a hundred millions. They tried to capitalize it at a hundred millions. They failed and Carnegie kept the million-dollar forfeit. That caused the bitter

fight between him and Frick. Frick, William B. Leeds and the others told Carnegie that the hundred millions he asked for his property was **RIDICULOUS**. Carnegie said, "No." And he proved himself a wise Scotchman. Just a little while after these men had failed to "float" his property at a hundred millions the broad-gauged Mr. Morgan came along with his United States Steel scheme, **AND HE BOUGHT MR. CARNEGIE'S PROPERTY for THREE HUNDRED MILLIONS IN FIVE PER CENT. BONDS**. Consequently, the people of the United States when they put up a building, the people of San Francisco when they rebuild, the little man with a flat in the steel apartment house, must help to pay Carnegie five per cent. every year on **THREE HUNDRED MILLIONS** of dollars before they really begin to pay what the steel actually **COSTS** those who sell it."

For Real "Good Times".

We hear that the years of stress are about over, that the "good times" are at hand. Aye, is it so? Have the men who do the work of the world got possession of the fruits of the world, and are the circumstances of their life adapted to the necessities of their nature? The test of popular prosperity and the public welfare is plain. It is the condition of the body of the people. What is their life and how do they live? Do these quarters of the swarming herds show their welfare? Is this shrunken manhood the flower of prosperity?

I warn you that in these times the workers of the world are preparing to take a hand in the government of the world. It is high time for them. I warn you of the growth of unity of action among

the world's workers, here and in all countries. From state to state, from land to land they are signaling to each other.

The people must come to their own! They must take actual possession of those things that properly belong to them.

Be true, be wise, be strong, be courageous! My comrades, we must have a change—change through the establishment of justice—through worthy politics, orderly industry and Social-Democracy.

Take the principles of this new democracy, abolish the wrongs which they condemn, establish the rights which they proclaim, and how great will be the advance of the world!—*John Swinton.*

More Facts from the Jungle.

A dispatch from Washington to the New York *Sun* declares that the Chicago packers are endeavoring to swerve the President from his resolve to secure reforms in the meat-packing industry. No less than 700 telegrams have been received at the White House since Senator Beveridge introduced his bill proposing Governmental inspection of all the meat-packing plants of the country.

I have not the least idea that this trick will succeed. Nevertheless I think it right that the people should realize the meaning of this latest move of the conspiracy against their lives and health.

For decades there has been developing in Chicago, entirely unrestricted and unheeded, a system, whereby the public was made to buy and consume all the diseased and tainted meat that could be gathered from the five million farms of this country. When I first went to Packingtown, I found

that the system reached a stage where the public had been educated to ignore.

I wrote a book to tell the truth about it. THE PACKERS TRIED TO BRIBE ME, and to intimidate me; they set detectives after me, and tried to influence my publishers not to bring out the book.

And then the President read it; and when he began an investigation, they started the story that he was investigating me, to get material to attack me.

And meantime they were cleaning up in front of his commission. I got information from a superintendent at Armour's as to the precise room in which they "doctored" spoiled hams; but they had stopped "doctoring" spoiled hams! A night watchman for one of the "Big Three," who is giving me information, writes as follows: "They knew just when the two new commissioners were to be out, and extra men were working half the night getting ready."

And then they sent a man to try and influence this commission.

And now they put the screws on the poor cattle raisers and set them to telegraphing!

Much cause the cattle raiser has to love the Beef Trust, and to pull its chestnuts out of the fire. It has been the regular practice to raise prices to induce big shipments, and then lower them, and scoop in all the cattle in sight.

Dr. Wm. K. Jaques of Chicago, who was for two years at the head of the city inspection in that city, writes me as follows:

"Quarantined meat is that which has been suspected of disease on the hoof, but after slaughter has been found to be good. The law

provides that this is to be sold at auction. The chief meat inspector was employed by one of the packers to buy this meat. A ring was made and the bids were in writing and the meat was always obtained at a small figure. The chief meat inspector could ride through the yards, pick out the finest meat and quarantine it; after it was killed get it at his own price for the packers. When it was stated that I would make these bids open, it was intimated that I might come into the 'ring.'"

I suggested that it is time for the cattlemen to learn a little about the Standard Slaughtering Company, which kills these quarantined cattle, and which is owned by the commission-men.

There is not a cattleman in the United States who does not know that all the old, dried-up, diseased and crippled cattle, which formerly were buried in the farmer's backlot, are gathered up and shipped to the nearest trust-factory to be converted into some kind of food.

There is no secrecy at all about this—you can go there to Packingtown and see them. Among the hundreds of letters I have received about these matters is one from a farmer in Minnesota, who writes:

"One day a hog-buyer came to my place and said: 'Have you any sick hogs to sell?' I answered, 'Yes, nearly all my hogs is down with the cholera.' He said: 'If they live till I can get them on the cars I will pay you a good price for them.' And so he did. Some time after this I met the hog-buyer and asked him how he came out on the deal. He said: 'Two of them died on the way to Chicago, but I came out all right.'"

I wonder if there is any connection between that story and the one

published in the San Francisco *Examiner* of March 23 last, telling how all the inmates of an orphan asylum in Vallejo were poisoned by a can of Swift & Co's "Jewel" brand of lard? Or another dispatch, which I clipped from the New York *Times* only last Wednesday, telling how four members of one family in Melville, N. J., were nearly killed by ptomaines as a result of eating boiled ham?

Eight years ago the United States government made a practical test of the products of the Condemned Meat Industry. It took many thousands of able-bodied men and isolated them in Cuba, and forced them to eat packing-house tinned meat. And the death-rate that followed caused a national scandal. Everybody who is on the "inside" in Chicago knows that THE BEEF TRUST SPENT LITERALLY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS TO HUSH UP THE FACTS, and that it was the worry incidental to the process which killed old P. D. Armour.

They are making the same kind of food to-day—some twenty millions of pounds of boiled-out meat-pulp known as "Canned Roast Beef" goes out from Armour & Co's alone every year and into the tins go the very same disinfectants and dyes, the same gristle and tallow and potato-flour, the same pulverised gullets and cows-udders and heads and skins of hogs.

The newspaper dispatch says that the demand for meat is falling off as a result of my agitation. One of my agents, who is now at work in Packington, states upon the authority of a superintendent that Armour & Co's business has fallen off thirty or forty per cent., and that the big firms are no longer marketing their goods under their own

names, but are sending them out UNDER FALSE LABELS.

I have publicly accused Mr. Armour of bribery and corruption, and with criminal negligence or worse, in the preparation of the food of an entire nation; and Mr. Armour has not sued me, though I have dared him again and again to do it.

Upton Sinclair.

Patriotic Plutes.

The capitalist parties of the Pittsburgh end of the state of Pennsylvania are controlled by the great steel magnates, Frick, and others (men like Cassett, president of the Pennsylvania railroad, U. S. Senator Knox, and the like) and thus the laws have been so miserably administered that the great steel mills of that district are free to run without proper safety appliances and the result is that workmen are killed every day by bursting fly wheels, overturned pots of molten metal, exposed gear wheels and so on, until the factory inspectors, in spite of the fact that the mill owners suppress information as to accidents, estimate that in one year NINE THOUSAND MEN are killed in the steel mills of Pittsburgh alone.

Do you catch the enormity of these figures? perhaps you will when you reflect that at the battle of Gettysburg the total killed was but 7,500 men!

In addition to the steel mills, it is figured that FOUR THOUSAND a year are killed in the factories of that city, FOUR THOUSAND, THREE HUNDRED on the railroad terminals, and FOUR HUNDRED in the adjacent mines, all within Alleghany county—A TOTAL OF SEVENTEEN THOUSAND, SEVEN HUNDRED IN ONE YEAR!

Now here's where the capitalistic patriotism comes in: The laxness of the enforcement of law has become so obnoxious to the people that they were just about to form an independent party, when, lo! the plutes become suddenly patriotic. It was the story of the thief yelling "stop thief!" to save himself. Determined men, the newspapers tell us, backed by great wealth, *political experience*, and influence," are forming a party "to clean up the city of Pittsburgh." This takes the place of the citizens' movement, of course, and the plutes are still in control of the situation—and O! so patriotic!

When the plutes come to the people bearing gifts, let the people BEWARE!

Most Vicious Trust of All.

Superior (Wis.) *Telegram*: The Chicago *Tribune* makes just complaint about the most vicious trust of all—a trust that speculates in human life. The *Tribune* says that Dr. Spalding of the Chicago department of health reports that the agent of a *manufacturer of antitoxin*, when remonstrated with *in regard to the high price of his wares, answered that it was cheaper than a coffin*. In other words, the price was fixed at a high figure with the knowledge that it was the price of a human life. Of course, the remark of a subordinate does not necessarily express the point of view of the head of a large concern, but all evidence goes to show a callous brutality on the part of the manufacturers of antitoxin.

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How to keep people honest under a social system that prompts to sharp practice and criminality is the despair of modern civilization.

"We Will Shoot to Kill."

The owners of the anthracite coal mines have organized a special mounted constabulary, armed with clubs, rifles and repeating guns, to enforce wages scales and mine ownership supremacy. This new idea will have to be mentioned, we fear, very often in this newspaper.

You know that the other day the constabulary organized at public expense to do the private work of the coal mine owners were irritated because the waitresses in a hotel refused to serve them and for other reasons. They persisted in parading up and down in a community where they were not wanted. Finally they shot seventeen people, killing several, a number of children, among them.

Following this there came a haughty official statement from a young person named Captain John C. Groome, commanding part of the mine owners' private shooting organization.

The picture of Captain Groome shows a very handsome looking man, as sleek as a kitten after it has been licked by its mother. He has nice hair parted in the middle, a pretty mustache, and a fancy military uniform that suggests some of the English gentlemen of the Guards whom you may find dancing around London.

Here is the statement which Captain Groome issues to the American people concerning the miners who don't want his constabulary around and who don't like to be shot by them.

Captain Groome said: "I have three of my troops concentrated here. The fourth troop is coming. WE WILL SHOOT, AND SHOOT TO KILL. I GIVE WARNING. IF THEY WANT

WAR THEY SHALL HAVE IT."

Now, fellow citizens, isn't that rather an interesting statement to come from a smooth little man, hired by private capital at public expense to shoot common workers?

It is probable that a good many people in this country would like to answer Captain Groome. We shall try to answer for them.

No, Captain Groome, the people DO NOT WANT WAR. AND THEY DO NOT CARE TO HAVE YOU SHOOT TO KILL WITH THE GUNS THAT THEY BUY AND PAY FOR.

The working men of the mines do not "WANT WAR." They do not want to be shot. They do not want to have their children shot. And they do not want to hurt any man.

What they want is good wages, decent hours, fair treatment. They want the right to organize and retain their self-respect—A RIGHT TO WHICH EVERY MAN IN A FREE COUNTRY SHOULD BE ENTITLED.

What they want is justice, AND THEY ARE GOING TO HAVE THOSE THINGS, CONSTABLES OR NO CONSTABLES, AND NO MATTER WHAT IT COSTS THE BAERS AND OTHER SELF-APPOINTED RULERS OF THE UNIVERSE.

You, Captain Groome, are simply a hired man, without intelligence or convictions. YOU WERE CHOSEN FOR THAT REASON NATURALLY. But, behind you, managing and owning you are some VERY intelligent men; men sufficiently intelligent to control a nation, and to make a joke of republican government.

Those are doing a foolish thing in hiring you, sending you abroad to notify ordinary people that you are there to shoot to kill and to give them all the war "they want."

That is hardly the way to talk, if you want to keep this country peaceful and law-abiding. **AND REMEMBER THAT THE MINUTE IT CEASES TO BE LAW-ABIDING YOU, AND THE THUGS UNDER YOUR COMMAND, AND THE PUBLIC BANDITS AND PIRATES WHO EMPLOY YOU, WILL BE IN A VERY DANGEROUS PREDICAMENT INDEED. YOU JEOPARDISE THE PROPERTY AND SAFETY OF YOUR EMPLOYERS WHEN YOU THREATEN A PEACEFUL COMMUNITY WITH WAR.** And what is infinitely more important than **YOUR** carcasses or the stolen money of the men that hire you, you jeopardize our form of government, the peace, the prosperity and the normal development of all **THE** people when you talk of war, and of shooting to kill.

We should like to ask the mine owners, Mr. Baer and the rest of them, who live in Fifth avenue, New York City, Newport and elsewhere, how **THEY** would like it if the workers in the mines followed their example.

Those mine owners have taken a lot of mounted men and sent them under hot-headed command with guns and clubs in among their workers. Children are shot and women are shot **AND THERE IS A PROMISE OF PLENTY MORE SHOOTING.**

Suppose, Messrs. Mine Owners, that the workers did the same thing?

Suppose **THEY** gave guns and rifles and orders to shoot and sent men near your houses in Newport and in New York? Suppose they marched into your houses and forced you to wait upon them **AS YOUR CONSTABLES FORCED THE WOMEN IN MOUNT CARMEL TO WAIT UPON THEM?**

Suppose if something was said they didn't like, they began to shoot? Suppose they put bullets in the stomachs and backs of your children, as your constables put bullets in the stomachs and backs of the **MINERS' children?**

Would you stand it patiently? Would you reason calmly about it?

We think **NOT.**

Messrs. Mine Owners, think carefully before you push this mounted constabulary business too far. Because you live at Newport or in New York, **DON'T IMAGINE YOU ARE OUT OF THE REACH OF THE WORKING-MEN THAT YOU ARE SHOOTING DOWN.** The man who lives in the slums near your fine house sympathizes with the people in Mount Carmel.

DON'T PUSH HIM TOO FAR; YOU WON'T FIND IT SAFE.—
A. Brisbane.

The Railroad Rate Bill.

The public goose is being plucked particularly bare:

The pluckers on a smaller scale indignantly declare

The feathers, after being plucked, are not divided fair.

Their agents (now convened in Congress) may conclude a truce—A plan to equalize the spoils—but what would be the use?

In either case there'll be no feathers left upon the goose.

J. L. McCreery.

An American Bastille

By Victor L. Berger

PERHAPS the most dangerous department of our "law shops" is the federal judiciary. Federal judges are appointed by the president of the United States upon the recommendation of our prominent business men, that is upon the recommendation of our railroad presidents, millionaire packers, millionaire mine-operators, and millionaire manufacturers. The federal judges almost invariably represent the pick of corporation lawyers. They are appointed for life—and their very environments make them part and parcel of the American plutocracy. The federal judge looks down upon the state judiciary, very much in the same way in which the regular army looks down upon the militia.

Every federal judge nowadays is an enemy of our democratic institutions and an adversary of the common people. Every federal judge becomes a regular fiend when he has to decide questions regarding the rights of the laboring class.

The federal judiciary of the United States is the last resort of the corporations, railroads and all kinds of plutocratic evil-doers in their straits. There they can get help and comfort when the legislators, whom they usually own, become frightened at the anger of the people. There they can get "injunctions" galore, or judge-made law to suit every occasion.

* * *

For instance, the legislature of the state of New York under the constitution has the right to fix the prices for commodities furnished by public service corporations operating under a franchise.

Now the New York legislature recently tried to reduce the price of gas in the city of New York from \$1.00 per thousand cubic feet to 80 cents. The legislature of the state of New York is not at all Socialistic—there is not a Socialist in it. They did not mean that the New York gas trust should make no profits. On the contrary. But a thorough investigation had shown that the gas company would make a most ungodly profit on its watered stock even at 80 cents per 1,000 cubic feet. What did the New York City gas company do? It appealed to a federal judge, got an injunction and is still charging \$1.00.

As to the injunctions issued by federal judges against workingmen—particularly against trade unions striking for more wages and better conditions—they are too numerous to mention. One could write a book on the subject. Suffice it to say that *every thing* has been *forbidden*—from talking to a strike-breaker to walking on the public highway. The injunctions of Judge Jenkins in the case of the Northern Pacific and of Judge Woods against Debs have become historic, as giving occasion for coining the phrase "*government by*

injunction." And these injunctions have been repeated and multiplied by the lower judiciary in the different states until the injunction has become a by-word — to swear by in capitalist circles and swear at in labor circles.

* * *

Take also the case of our packers. There can be no doubt that the packers of Chicago, Milwaukee, Kansas City, Omaha and other towns have been guilty of monstrous crimes. Even some capitalist papers now begin to admit that the crimes of the packers ought to lead to their hanging. And in case of any revolutionary outbreak, every packer would be sure to hang, if the populace got hold of him. Yet good lawyers and the federal judiciary have protected them from the slightest punishment so far. And the packers can rest assured that this bulwark will protect them also in the future.

* * *

The United States Supreme Court was used as a bastion of capitalism very early in its history. I will cite just one instance, that of Chief Justice Marshall, whom lawyers surnamed the Great. Our national constitution provides that no state shall pass any law impairing the obligation of contracts. Chief Justice Marshall took it upon himself to so construe this provision as to mean that it prohibited states from altering charters and withdrawing privileges granted by themselves to corporations. In Justinian's time they used to say, "Summa jus, summa injuria," (the supreme law is the height of injustice). This fits our American conditions to a T.

And now it can be easily understood why the railroad representatives in the United States Senate—Aldrich, Spooner, Hale, etc.—were so eager to make the decisions of the new railway-rate commission subject to a "revision by federal judges." But it is not easy to understand why La Follette voted for such an emasculated bill. We mention this, although the working class is only *indirectly* interested in the railway bill, in order to show that even the interests of the *lesser capitalists*, who are very well and numerous represented in the United States Congress are willfully slighted whenever these interests clash with the interests of our plutocracy. Therefore it is ridiculous to expect anything from that Congress for the working class, which is *not represented* there at all.

* * *

In order to be even partially free, the American people must storm this Bastille of capitalism. They must take possession of the federal judiciary. This can best be done by *electing* the federal judges of every district every four years. As long as these judges are appointed for life and are responsible to nobody excepting a conscience, which they usually do not possess, the American people will be the slaves of judge-made laws dictated by the capitalists.

Victor L. Berger.

Unspeakable Inhumanity.

After first consulting the State Records at the Capital in Montgomery where all corporations are registered, I accepted a letter of introduction to the owner of a mill in Birmingham and set out.

The idea of a letter of introduction was, to be sure, incongruous with that of making a tour of investigation, and though the few courteous lines I presented to the proprietor of the mill might have procured me hospitality under his own roof, they sent me as an out-cast from his factory gates. "It was of no interest to him that a piece should be written about his help." This he made quite clear, and, having done so, he closed the door peremptorily, leaving me without to meditate upon some more successful method of obtaining entrance to the factories I had determined to visit.

Profiting by the presence at Birmingham of several ladies who had been more or less active in passing the only laws which place any restraint upon Alabama manufacturers, I called upon them before proceeding to Anniston, and gathered from their conversation certain facts regarding the situation in their state.

My chief informant was a pretty woman of the graceful, languid type we designate in a word as "Southern." It was a shock to hear her affirm in her soft, musical voice, with a drawling intonation:

"Why, child labor in Alabama is a necessary evil."

"Do you think," I exclaimed, "that it is just as well for a child twelve years old to be at work as to be in school?"

Her gentle eyes reflected in their smile a feeling of inward indulgence.

"That," she said, "is not a fair question. When you know more of these people you'll see that they're just like animals. In the mill they have some chance of getting civilized. *If we made laws restricting labor we should frighten away capitalists. AND WRECK OUR VERY SUREST CHANCE OF PROGRESS AND PROSPERITY.*

—From "The Cry of the Children," by Mrs. John Van Vorst, in *Saturday Evening Post*, March 10, 1906.

Christ's Images.

Said Christ our Lord, "I will go and see

How the men, My brethren, believe in me,"

He passed not again through the gate of birth.

But made himself known to the children of earth.

Then said the chief priests, and rulers and kings,

"Behold now, the giver of all good things;

Go to, let us welcome with pomp and state

Him who alone is mighty and great."

With carpets of gold the ground they spread

Wherever the Son of Man should tread,

And in palace-chambers lofty and rare

They lodged Him, and served him with kingly fare.

Great organs surged through arches dim

Their jubilant-floods in praise of Him;

And in church, and palace, and judgement-hall

He saw his image high over all.

But still, wherever His step they
led,
The Lord in sorrow bent down
His head,
And from under the heavy founda-
tion stones
The Son of Mary heard bitter
groans.

And in church, and palace, and
judgement-hall
He marked great fissures that rent
the wall,
And opened wider and yet more
wide
As the living foundation heaved
and sighed.

"Have ye founded your thrones and
altars then,
On the bodies and souls of living
men?
And think ye that building shall
endure
Which shelters the noble and
crushes the poor?"

"With gates of silver and bars of
gold
Ye have fenced My sheep from
their Father's fold;
I have heard the dropping of their
tears
In heaven these eighteen hundred
years."

"O Lord and Master, not ours the
guilt;
We built but as our fathers built;
Behold Thine images, how they
stand,
Sovereign and sole, through all our
land.

"Our task is hard, with sword and
flame
To hold Thy earth for ever the
same,
And with sharp crooks of steel to
keep
Still, as Thou leftest them, Thy
sheep."

Then Christ sought out an artisan,
A low-browed, stunted, haggard
man;
And a motherless girl, whose
fingers thin
Pushed from her faintly want and
sin.

These set He in the midst of them,
And as they drew back their gar-
ment-hem,
For fear of defilement, "Lo, here,"
said He,
"The images ye have made of Me!"

James Russell Lowell.

The Home Gets Farther Away!

Superior (Wis.) Telegram—
Last year a million immigrants
came to the shores of this country.
This year the number will be at
least twenty per cent. greater. The
net increase of the inhabitants al-
ready here is nearly a million in
twelve months. No matter how the
demand for homes may increase,
there will be no more land between
the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans
than there was when Moses came
down out of Mount Sinai.

Within fifteen years lumber has
gone up in price to almost double.
The former great timber belt of
Michigan, Wisconsin and Minne-
sota has become a region of stumps
and brushland

To the man who works, the own-
ership of a home is gradually ap-
proaching a practical impossibility.
If he has saved some money and is
only getting a bank depositor's in-
terest on it, the entire sum, interest
and all, means less toward getting
a home at the end of the year than
did the sum without the interest at
the year's beginning. In its re-
lation to the cost of a home his
money is steadily shrinking—and
bye and bye, when age stoops the

shoulders and drags the steps, he finds that his employers are disposed to turn him out with the other out-of-date machinery and get that which is newer and better for their purposes.

Capitalism vs. Progress.

New York Central interests recently bought the trolley lines of Rochester, with which last link in the chain they will soon be operating a complete, connected system of electric railways from the Hudson River to Niagara Falls. *It is needless to add that the system will be operated so as to interfere as little as possible with tariffs and profits of the steam road.* Elsewhere steam roads have been active in absorbing electric lines. It is quite probable that in a few years nearly all the trolley systems that are so situated as to offer any considerable competition to the older and richer carriers will be owned by steam roads and operated essentially in their interests. For a long time the steam roads generally obstructed as much as possible the construction and development of electric lines that might possibly compete with them. Now, when the new method of transportation has proved itself, and is evidently here to stay, the older one absorbs it and reduces its competitive powers to a minimum.

Gentlemen who are certainly in a position to know are fond of telling us that a most important justification of our great industrial concerns lies in the fact that they are the pioneers of improvement. It is a pleasing theory, but the record doesn't support it. In the nature of things a vast aggregation of capital that is invested in old methods and processes takes an extremely conservative attitude

toward revolutionizing inventions or discoveries—unless such inventions or discoveries happen on the outside, when the attitude becomes radically and rabidly antagonistic. The capital investment in locomotives furnishes a motive against the introduction of electric traction on steam roads. Oil is cheap. Probably it would have been cheaper with a thousand refineries instead of one.

The first economic function of the great combinations is to give stability. Inventions and discoveries do not make for stability. Generally their effect is to destroy or depreciate the value of old methods. Persons owning the old methods do not like that.—*Ex.*

A Capitalistic Mind.

I met a friend, a little while ago.
Who has a tapeworm—doctors tell him so:
He is so hungry, yet so lean and slim
It looks to me as though the worm
 had him!
I asked him how he was? A genial smile
O'erspread his wan and pallid visage, while
He stroked the bulkiest portion of his figure
(His tapeworm day by day is growing bigger),
And answered, with self-satisfied sincerity,
"We are enjoying wonderful prosperity!" M.

Graft in a Hat.

We take the following from the February installment of Charles L. Ward Russell's "Soldiers of the Common Good," in *Everybody's Magazine*. What do you think of it!

"The annual freight tonnage of the German (government owned) railroads is about 400,000,000 tons So far as any outsider can discover there is no grafting—and assuredly there is no stock juggling, bond juggling, rate juggling, rebates, discriminations, thefts, underbilling, wrong classifications, skin games, and frauds on shippers. Every shipper knows exactly what he pays and what his competitor pays, and the chief plaint of the American shipper is absolutely unknown in Germany. . . . The rates are absolutely the same to everybody, rich and poor, trust or no trust, campaign subscriber or peasant, Ogden Armour or Hans Schmidt. . . . There is nobody in Germany sneaking about at night with money under his hat lining, in every American center. I USED TO KNOW A MAN IN CHICAGO WHOSE SOLE OCCUPATION FOR YEARS WAS TO HAND OUT REBATES FOR ONE RAILROAD COMPANY TO FAVORED FIRMS. Sometimes he used to go up *dark alleys* and push the money in at *side doors* and sometimes he used to meet a firm's agent in a saloon and CHANGE HATS WITH HIM, a roll of bills being deftly concealed behind the lining of my friend's hat. I was told that he had given \$60,000 in one month to the favored shippers of Chicago. For the greater part of the time he was engaged in this industry his operations were likely to land him, his employers, and the firms he dealt with in the penitentiary, and

for all of the time his work was utterly illegal and strictly prohibited. When Senator Elkins, justly famed in Washington as "the Guardian of the Passes," succeeded in getting his railroad bill enacted two years ago he removed imprisonment as a punishment for rebate-giving; but the act is still a crime and punishable with heavy fines. Yet the Chicago firms that year after year violated the law and accepted these rebates ARE COMPOSED OF THE MOST VIRTUOUS, EMINENT AND RESPECTABLE GENTLEMEN IN THE CITY, strenuous champions of LAW AND ORDER, and not one of them would pick a pocket or rob a till."

And yet our jails are filled with poor people who have broken some trumpery police regulation! The eminently respectable thieves stay out of jail and go to make up the "public opinion" the capitalist newspapers tell us of!

Two Thieves.

A starveling stole a loaf of bread,
And pleaded guilty on arrest;
The judge in righteous anger said,
"Take him away—he has confessed!"

There was a million-dollar thief;
He wore a diamond on his breast;
The court's decree was stern and brief:

"Let him alone—he has confessed!"

J. L. McCreery.

Our modern factories afford us the sad picture of the deepest degradation of man—constant labor killing both body and soul, without joy or love, often without aim.—
Richard Wagner.

Here is a portion of the article on wealth-taking in the *North American Review* that has stirred up so much comment

"The most important fact, indeed, about the possession of private property today is that the world has moved 'out of night into light,' away from the days of despotism and privilege, and that it is now securely anchored in the democratic ages. Let us seriously consider what this means; and, above all, do not let any of our millionaires suppose that he can escape from the democratic ages by migrating to any other civilized country.

"The sudden appearance of over fifty labor members in the British house of commons, clearly shows that the men who labor with their hands will at no distant day be in practical possession of the government of that country, while the growth of Socialism in Germany indicates the approach of the same great change there, and it has already arrived in all the Latin countries.

"Now, what are the bulwarks of private property in the imperial commonwealth of New York, where so much of it is situated? As to incomes, nobody will have the effrontery to deny that, if the majority of the voters choose to elect a governor of their own way of thinking and a majority in both houses of the legislature, they can readily enact a progressive taxation of incomes which will limit every citizen of New York state to such incomes as the majority of the voters consider sufficient for him.

"It is, if possible, even less likely than anybody will deny that in order to effectually turn every dollar of the property of every decedent into the public treasury at his death no

affirmative legislation is necessary. It is only necessary to appeal to the statutes now authorizing the descent of such property to the heirs and legatees of the decedent. It is perfectly apparant, therefore, that there is no ultimate security for a single dollar of private property in New York, and precisely the same statement is true of all other American states, except such as a majority of the voters may decide to be just and wise."

It would be a rather bitter pill for the predatory rich if they were to be relieved of their gold-heavings *by the very law and order* they have been at such pains to glorify in the minds of the common folks of this country.

But we Socialists are not so much concerned with the wealth possessions of the rich as we are with the process by which that wealth continues to be taken from the producing class and heaped up by the idlers and coupon-clippers. Once the exploitation of labor is brought to an end, the other things will take care of themselves.

* * *

Dr. S. Solis Cohen, a noted physician of Philadelphia, struck the nail squarely and fairly on the head at the Charities convention when he said: "HIGH RENTS AND LOW WAGES IS THE CAUSE OF CONSUMPTION." Bravely spoken! Now perhaps some of the workers for the eradication of the "great white plague" will realize the magnitude of the work they have on their hands. It is not a fight on tuberculosis, but on the capitalist system!

"Dr. Gladden's economics may be summed up by the statement that you have a right to beat your wife, only you mustn't hit her with a wagonspoke. The moral teacher and panhandler may take the money gained by an 'open and honorable competition,' but he must give back that "gained by plunder.'"

"Open and honorable competition! *What do our 'moral teachers' think the scuffle for a living is? A game of tiddly-winks?* If two starving men see a loaf of bread, is it going to be 'After you, my dear Alphonse?' And if the two starving men see one job of work, will one give way to the other or will each underbid the other until the man that gets the job makes out of it *just enough to keep him going?* Part of what the Federation of Churches is to do when it gets started is to denounce graft. Indeed, BUT WHAT'S THE WHOLE WAGE SYSTEM BUT GRAFT? *What are profits but the difference between what a man earns and what he can live on, that difference going to his employer as a tip, a gratuity, a bribe—graft, if you please?* And this employer must enter into open and honorable competition with others in the same business. Tell me, you American merchants and manufacturers whom Dr Gladden praises so, how is it with you? Is it 'After you my dear Alphonse,' or is it 'Dog eat dog?' You know well enough what you hate to do and yet what you've got to do or go out of business. You've no illusions about 'open and honorable competition.' *Is there such a thing?* Tell me. Honestly now."

—Eugene Wood, in *Everybody's*.

Painted Food.

For the ordinary man a modern meal is a melancholy lesson in chemistry. What gives that ruby tinge to the tomato soup? Aniline or plain coal-tar dye? What is the trade secret of the too verdant green upon the canned peas and the string beans? Did they have a bath in salicylic acid, with a dash of saccharine, or were they dosed in copper and alum? Was the ham pickled in borates? Those big red strawberries that are fresher than June probably have some acquaintance with balmy benzoates. The salad, we know, is dressed with honest cottonseed oil. Johnny and his sister Sue suck glucose or cane syrup, and think they have Vermont maple sugar. Grandmamma's cocoa is doped with "foreign starch."

And what does the stomach say to this new invoice of chemicals? Well, the appendix seems to have quit working in America. Perhaps the coats of the stomach will go on a strike next.—*Saturday Evening Post*.

* * *

Think of the sixty thousand children in New York alone who go to school each morning hungry and then try and find it in your heart to crow over the U. S. Government's boast that fully a billion dollars worth of agricultural food-stuffs will be shipped out of this country during 1906.

It is this sort of thing that we call civilization—and yet no savage tribe that ever existed would think of manipulating supply and demand in such a criminal way!

The law of self-preservation has been suspended by the American people through their dollar-crazy agents, the capitalist wealth-getters, in order that the favored few may enrich themselves at the expense

of foreign markets. The capitalist editors tell us that the prosperity of the money-mad few means general prosperity—and yet our little children must continue to go to school hungry, and in numbers that increase as the tide of “prosperity” rises! The pity of it!

The Equal Chance.

Marshall Field died in Chicago the other day. His only son preceded him just a few months ago to the unknown land, leaving \$100,000,000 of wealth to be inherited by the grand son of Marshall Field, practically a babe in arms. When that babe becomes twenty-one years of age, when this large fortune will increase to amounts inconceivable to the human mind, what will your children do or what can your children do, or what opportunity will they have in this world except to become the servants of such as the heirs to the \$100,000,000 left by Marshall Field and his son? Our minds as free American citizens revolt at the idea of any such fate befalling us or our children.—*Farm, Stock and Home.*

* * *

The “Financial Red Book of America” prints a list of 18,000 men of wealth. It lists every man in the United States who, by reason of his position and stock holdings, is known as a capitalist. The 18,000 men—who in turn are dominated by the Rockefeller-Morgan group—own over one hundred billions of the wealth of the nation. That means that *less than one-tenth of one per cent of the population owns over 90 per cent of the wealth.*

How insignificant appears the power of kings and czars and slave barons when compared to these modern American industrial lords.

Do you wonder that they fight, scheme, bribe and murder, to retain their footing?

The wonder is that the 80,000,000 sit supinely down and permit the game to continue—*Appeal.*

* * *

A witness before the congressional committee on judiciary the other day testified that to be a state senator at Albany, in the New York legislature, “was worth anywhere from \$50,000 to \$100,000 a year.” That the money came largely from insurance companies. And he knew what he was talking about, for he was not only a state legislator himself, but the state agent in New York of the Pennsylvania Mutual Life insurance company. He admitted also that his company had been forced to give \$10,000 to the campaign fund of one of the big parties in 1896. Business is business.

* * *

The capitalist press is still gleefully repeating Vice-President Fairchild's claim that Socialism “seeks to level down.” As a matter of fact we seek to *stop* the leveling down which the capitalist system is responsible for, and to raise up those capitalism has leveled down—subjugated editors and subjugated vice-presidents to the contrary notwithstanding.

* * *

America should look with pride on the achievements of its athletes at the Olympian games. Wait till we have Socialism and we'll show you some athletes that will make the old records look poor indeed. An absolutely normal man does not exist under the capitalist civilization of today.

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