

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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The Month's Story.

The
A. F. of L.

In the labor world, the most important event of the summer of 1906 is the new departure of the American Federation of Labor. From a strictly "pure and simple" policy, it has suddenly flopped into the political arena. These new tactics, which were first outlined at the last convention of the American Federation of Labor, have now taken definite form in a circular signed by President Gompers and the Executive Board of the Federation. This circular calls upon central bodies and local unions to elect delegates to meet in convention. And the purpose of these conventions is to formulate plans for nominating candidates to congress who will be favorable to labor legislation.

But this is a curious somersault for our "pure and simplers!" Never again can the leaders of the A. F. of L. with any ghost of consistency forbid the discussion of Socialism in their conventions. No longer can they claim that such discussions mean "admitting politics to the unions." They have themselves admitted politics. They have opened the door—and the "red spectre" will stalk in.

There can be no sane politics for workmen to-day except Socialist politics. The action of the British workmen, commended by Mr. Gompers in his circular, itself is a proof of this. Mr. Gompers points with pride to the 54 trades unionists recently elected to the British parliament. He forgets to add that the majority of these fifty-four are Socialists and the rest are Socialistically inclined. So far and so fast have the English trades unionists progressed from their ancient conservative traditions. The American trades unions are much behind them as yet—but Americans have a *knack of catching up*.

There are lively times ahead for the A. F. of L. From his own standpoint, Mr. Gompers has made a grave tactical mistake. He has introduced politics in the labor organizations, and the spirit of the age will do the rest. It will not be long before his new departure will be turned into a new stampede for Socialism!

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Russia

Suppose some fool should undertake to stop an eruption of Mt. Vesuvius by throwing a few cart-loads of rubbish into the crater. He would still be a wise fool compared with Nicholas, Czar of Russia. That absurd young

man thinks he can stop the Russian Revolution with a few ukases and proclamations, and by announcing that the country is in a state of "extraordinary security," which under the circumstances sounds like rather a grim joke. But the hour has struck on the clock of progress. And Nicholas might just as well try to stop the sunrise or the tides of the ocean as to prevent the political and economic revolution which now *must* come in Russia.

Just how it will come, nobody can foretell. Perhaps the Douma will succeed in the tactics of passive resistance which it recommends to the people in refusing to pay taxes and tying up industry with a general strike. Passive resistance is very much in line with the slow, patient Russian character. But it seems more probable that several more waves of Russian revolt will be broken before the rising tide of revolution finally covers the country. None the less the change will come because it is due, according to the laws of economic and political development. Despotism has gone to seed in Russia, and it must fall.

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At Home And yet here is a queer effect of perspective. Anybody can see that Russia is subject to the laws of political and economic evolution. Even the capitalists of Europe and America understand this, as is proved by the sharp drop in Russian securities on all the stock markets of the world. But they think that the laws of evolution work only in Russia. They do not know that capitalism is subject to the same process of growth and decay as Czarism. True, the capitalist system in this country is not yet so rotten-ripe as the Russian autocracy. Yet here is the same form of decay, although in an earlier stage. And it would be an interesting study to draw a comparison between the putrefying process in Russian political despotism and in American economic slavery.

In the first place, it is a queer fact that every system which is ready to pass away, begins to decay on the inside. Outwardly, it appears to be just as strong and formidable as ever. Only three years ago, the power of Nicholas II. seemed as great as the power of any of his autocratic predecessors from Ivan the Terrible down. But burning discontent and curses not loud, but deep, lurked under the thin crust of outward tranquility. And just such discontent hides today under the apparently solid surface of capitalism. The discontent of the American people is vague, but it is wide-spread. Their sense of justice is stung. Their moral sentiment is outraged by the fraud and corruption which springs up everywhere from the black soil of capitalism, like toad-stools out of rotten wood.

Just now the American people are being treated to a queer spectacle. A man whose power in many ways exceeds that of the Czar of Russia, is now returning from Europe to this, his native land. At this writing, John D. Rockefeller, the most envied and hated man of the Western hemisphere, is sailing toward the pier where he will be confronted by the officers of "justice" for having defied the laws of his country. And yet every child knows—and grows cynical and mor-

ally stunted with the knowledge—that for all his offenses Rockefeller will escape with a fine that will mean less to him than the price of a postage stamp to you or me.

So the question arises, how long will the American people stand for this thing? They are beginning to see that the brutal directness of Russian tyranny is no worse than this roundabout travesty of justice.

Thus one by one, the moral props are being knocked out from under the capitalist system.

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A When a class begins to lose faith in itself, that class is **Millionaire's** tottering to its fall. History has repeated this truth **Son** over and over, till we ought to have learned it by heart. For instance, before the great French revolution, many members of the French nobility were among the most severe critics of the old regime, and enthusiastic in their demands for liberty, fraternity and equality. In that one fact, any wise man might have read the certain doom of feudal rule in France.

Exactly so in our own age. The capitalist class is beginning to apologize for itself, to criticize itself, and some of its members are even beginning to desert to the Socialist ranks. Within the last half year, two sons of American millionaires have openly denounced the capitalist system and sworn allegiance to Social-Democracy. Joseph Medill Patterson, a few months ago, broke with the traditions of his class and came out for Socialism. And now the son of a New York multimillionaire, I. G. Phelps Stokes, in a letter of resignation to the "Independence League" of that city has publicly proclaimed his intention to co-operate in future with the Socialist party. In this letter, Mr. Stokes says:—

"I have learned but gradually the injustice of the situation which confronts the average worker. Honest and earnest men and women by hundreds of thousands suffer privation and want, although surrounded by prosperity and plenty, and owe their suffering chiefly to the monopolization of the land and the machinery of production by the few exclusively for the purpose of private gain; access to the land and machinery being denied, unless the workers will produce enough not merely for their own support, but for the maintenance of the idle and luxurious as well. This to my mind is a great injustice and one that demands early remedy. Personally I can no longer refrain from making every endeavor to arouse recognition of it.

"I intend offering my services to the Socialist party. Either with them or as a wholly independent citizen I shall strive to promote recognition of the fact in which I believe that the so-called capitalist system, as such, is indefensible ethically, and disastrous industrially through the inescapable wage-slavery to which it leads, and that it must be supplanted by a more righteous system of co-operation and mutual aid."

Beware, old Giant Capitalism! Your children are deserting you!

New Zealand No Utopia.

By Victor L. Berger.

EVERYBODY who reads the newspapers knows, of course, that the government of New Zealand is only sixty-five years old. That the 800,000 men and women living on that long, narrow island which contains about as much land as Great Britain are comparatively the richest people in the world.

That they have abolished monopolies and trusts and pauperism.

That the government runs the railroads, postal, telegraph, police, telephone, water and drainage service.

That the government pays a pension of 130 dollars a year to any decent citizen sixty-five years old or older who asks for it.

And furthermore, that the government there provides life and fire insurance, lends money to farmers on mortgages at 3 per cent, and acts as a wise trustee of dead men's estates.

Everybody who reads, knows that.

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Now, Sir Joseph George Ward, premier of the New Zealand colony is in this country en route from England to New Zealand. Sir Joseph has been connected with the government of New Zealand for a long time. Passing through New York, he was tendered a banquet by the Lawyers' club, at which a number of prominent people were present, among them two newspaper men of international repute — Alfred Harmsworth of the *London Mail* and Arthur Brisbane of the *Hearst papers*.

Of course Sir Joseph made a speech. Among other things, he said:—

"Socialistic and paternal our government has been called, but the present administration has been in power for fifteen years, and to-day even those who opposed it—and in some cases bitterly opposed it—would not dare to advocate a repeal of the laws by which the resources of our country are administered for the greatest good of the greatest number."

This utterance was taken up in different ways by different persons. The *Hearst papers* contained an interesting editorial in which they trace *all* the things achieved in New Zealand to "public ownership of public utilities."

And while the *Hearst papers* claim that public ownership of public utilities did it all, the conservative papers on the other hand point out that New Zealand is only a thinly populated new colony on big queer islands in the southern seas — and that all these reforms have only existed 15 years. It is too early to decide whether they are going to last or not, — say the conservatives.

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Now, the fact is, that the New Zealanders had public ownership of public utilities for over 20 years before they tried social reforms and during the time of their greatest misery. So public ownership of public utilities did not make them prosperous.

On the other hand, the conservative papers are also wrong, for if New Zealand had not tried these social reforms, it would now belong to a few landlords, the sheep and the Maoris.

New Zealand is a new country. It has an area about equal to Italy, with a population of about 800,000, while Italy has forty times that number. And New Zealand is bound to stand on *its own feet* and to work out its *own salvation*, for the very reason that while it is "near Australia," this means that it is about half as far from Australia as America is from Europe. As one writer puts it, New Zealand is "protected from tidal waves of heat, cold, immigration, fashion, speculation or invasion."

The climate is somewhat like the climate of Japan. It is varied enough to make it vigorous, yet it is mild and has no extremes.

It is a queer country indeed. It has a crow that sings like a nightingale, and a robin that neither has a red breast nor can he sing. There is a native hen in New Zealand that is known to be a great rat-killer, and a caterpillar that blossoms like a flower. New Zealand is exceedingly rich in minerals, particularly in iron and in coal. It is claimed that it produces the best iron in the world. They find the pure metal in the sand, instead of having to melt it out of the ore.

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Yet New Zealand is not the Utopia the Hearst papers would like to have us believe. That is best evidenced by the fact that many honest, industrious New Zealanders, after having worked there for twenty-five years, stand in need of an old age pension of \$130 a year. There are no paupers, but there are many poor people in New Zealand.

Trades unionism is also very weak in New Zealand. It has not recovered from the great catastrophe of the last strike in 1890. When Henry D. Lloyd visited that country in 1900, a representative body of workingmen would not have the names of their officers published, for fear it would render them marked men in the eyes of their masters.

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Just *now* there is a boom in New Zealand—about in the same sense as there is "prosperity" in America. But only a few years ago, the reports of the labor secretary of the colony of New Zealand were as gloomy reading as those of any other country.

Henry D. Lloyd, a man who was very much impressed with New Zealand and its reforms, tells us in his book "Newest England" that even now—i.e. in boom times—the streets of the larger cities of New Zealand swarm with young men and women, who, "unfortunately are not unemployed, though their hands are idle." And he adds, "when a traveler reads the police reports of the principal Australian cities, he feels as if he were at home in New York, London, or some other Sodom or Gomorrah."

Besides, there are all sorts of rings in New Zealand, as we had them in this country twenty-five years ago. We have outgrown the "ring" stage in America—we have "*trusts*." But in New Zealand just now they have a "sheep ring" and a "coal ring" and a "timber

ring" and a "combine" of the great meat freezing exporters against the sheep farmers.

So capitalism is still very much alive in New Zealand.

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Yet there is no doubt that New Zealand is far ahead in a good many respects. Social reforms have at least abolished pauperism, which was tremendous in 1890, and they have made New Zealand the most well-to-do country in the world.

This was accomplished by the fact that New Zealand has gotten back most of the land to the people or is on the way of getting it.

"By 1890," says Prof. Parsons, in his "Story of New Zealand," "more than 80 per cent of the people had no land. Only 14 per cent. of the white population were landlords, while one per cent. of the landowners possessed 40 per cent. of the realty values."

At that time, New Zealand had tried a government ownership of railroads for 20 years (since 1870) and also a municipal ownership of public utilities for many years. And yet the colony was in the greatest distress in 1890. People were running away from it, if they could get money enough to make their escape. The trades unions tried a big strike and failed absolutely.

The only valuable thing that the majority of New Zealanders had left was their vote. And they applied this remedy. They voted. They decided to get possession of the land, and they did it in the simplest way, by taxation.

The common people got hold of the political machine. And they made use of that machine.

The power to tax is the power to confiscate. The common people of New Zealand made up their minds that they would tax the big land owners out of existence.

And they did it.

One estate of 85,000 acres on which in 1894 only 80 employes lived, now gives good homes to 15,000 people. And similar cases could be multiplied at will.

The government of New Zealand now does not sell land as a rule — it rents to the actual settlers for 999 years, and it lends them money for improvements at 3 per cent.

Yet New Zealand does not enjoy any kind of a millenium. Henry D. Lloyd quotes Danton, of French revolutionary fame, that there are no absolutely good governments or peoples this side of Mars. But some are *not as bad* as others. And for New Zealand he claims that its government and people are the *least bad*.

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Of New Zealand we can say:

The common people have got hold of the land or are on the way of getting it. As a result they enjoy more diffusion of wealth than any other country in the world. They have good labor legislation—and as a result have no strikes or lockouts, because all disputes of labor and capital are settled by judicial decision. They have a general eight hour working-day. They have eliminated contractors for public works and have direct employment.

But—

They have had public ownership of the public utilities for about 35 to 40 years. And since 1890 the farmers and the factory workers are united and control the country.

Yet they have industrial slavery and they do not deny it.

Why?

Because the people have free access to only *one kind* of the means of production. They have ready access to the land. True, it is a very important means, but it is only one. And they have *not* gotten the mobile capital and the machinery.

Free access to the land we have had in America for a *long time*. Land here is still comparatively easy to obtain, although, of course not as easy as in New Zealand, where the government owns all the public utilities and also advances the farmers money for improvements at a very low rate of interest.

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But they still have industrial slavery in New Zealand.

And I repeat—until the people of New Zealand as a whole get free access to the general production and distribution, as now to the land, they are bound to have industrial slavery. The farm worker has been very much benefited by the New Zealand reforms, the factory workers comparatively little.

The farm workers have got possession of their tools of production, and they really control their means of living. A new form of individual ownership made them free.

The city workers are still deprived of the ownership of their tools of production. The capitalists still control their means of living. That is why they are slaves. And only collective ownership can make *them* free.

And the brainiest workingmen of New Zealand are now very much alive to the necessity of taking this last step.

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Yet New Zealand has done very much for humanity by setting the good example of breaking with the old institutions of property, an example which I hope the enlightened countries of the world will soon follow.

If any one wants to know more about New Zealand, I would advise him to read "New Zealand's reply to Pessimism" by Allan L. Benson, published by the Social-Democratic Publishing company, Milwaukee. Comrade Benson, although very appreciative of the reforms accomplished in New Zealand, is also of the opinion that the New Zealanders, in order to have a really *free country*, after having got possession of the land, must get hold of the machinery of industrial production.

In other words, the people of New Zealand have come to the very door of Socialism. It is only reasonable to expect that they will open the door and enter.

But how about the Americans?

Victor L. Berger.

The Labor Giant.

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Beware! The Isrealite of old, who tore
 The lion in his path—when, poor and blind,
 He saw the blessed light of Heaven no more,
 Shorn of his noble strength and forced to grind
 In prison, and at last led forth to be
 A pander to Philistine revelry,—

Upon the pillars of the temple laid
 His desperate hands, and in its overthrow
 Destroyed himself, and also those who made
 A cruel mockery of his sightless woe;
 The poor, blind slave, the scoff and jest of all,
 Expired, and thousands perished in the fall!

There is a poor, blind Samson in this land,
 Shorn of his strength and bound in bonds of steel,
 Who may in some grim revel, raise his hand,
 And shake the pillars of this commonweal
 Till the vast temple of our liberties
 A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies.

The Idle Rich.

Patterson's Address at Milwaukee Picnic.

LET me talk about myself a little while—not about myself the individual but myself the type of the idle, rich young man.

In the last five months I have not done a particle of productive work. I have not added one jot to the wealth of the community. Yet in my pleasures and necessities and in those of my family I have consumed a great deal of the wealth of the community. I have travelled in the fastest and most luxurious trains; have lodged in the costliest hotels; have had the best things to eat; have gone to the highest priced doctors and dentists; have always been willing to pay theatre speculators a little extra in order to get good theatre seats; I keep saddle horses to ride and harness horses to drive; I employ domestic servants to minister to my wants.

And I haven't done a lick of work. There is the point. Some people have been producing the wealth which I have consumed. I was not even one among many of these producers. Therefore I must have been depriving some people of the wealth that they have produced in order that I might live in idleness and luxury.

Or, rather, I can put that better. Some people—working people—have been depriving themselves of the wealth which they have produced in order that I might live in idleness and luxury. And they haven't been doing this because of their affection for me. They are willing to do the same thing indiscriminately for every member of my class—the capitalist class.

I say they are depriving themselves of the wealth they produce because they can stop doing so whenever they want. They are too stupid to want. This is a country of universal ballot. Without the firing of a shot or the building of a barricade, the workingmen can say, this hocus-pocus business whereby idlers who produce nothing live in the extreme ease of luxury while the working people who produce everything, even in the height of prosperity, are awarded merely with a living wage, shall stop. And when the working classes get enough sense to say this hocus-pocus business shall stop, IT WILL STOP. But not till then. *For the capitalist class will never say the word.*

I am a member of the capitalist class—the *slave-holding class of the twentieth century*. You are members of the working class—proletarians, the dispossessed—the *slaves of the twentieth century*. You ran the train which brought me here. You raised a steer and killed him and dressed him and cooked him and served me with steak this morning for breakfast. You take his hide and make it into shoes for me. You grow cotton and make it into shirts and underwear for me. You build for me a far better house than you can afford to live in yourselves, and you equip it with every modern improvement—porcelain bath tubs, electric lights, the newest heating apparatus. It requires a good deal of money to run such a house. So you supply me with the necessary money.

This is part only of what you do for me. There is the work of the mental workers. You have served me all my life and unless you wake up to the situation, you may continue to do so all my life and when I am dead, you will construct a handsome marble headstone over my grave to keep me down. But keeping me down will do you no good. For, when I die, if I die a capitalist, my children will at once come to the front and order you to begin a like service for them. *And you will have to obey.*

All these things you have done and are now doing for me. And what have I ever done for you? Nothing, absolutely nothing. It is true that I, the individual have now and then offered you a bit of lip service. But I, as typical of my class, have not even done that. Only a slight bit of lip service have I given you—and what has been the result?

The result has been that I am so firmly convinced of the fact that this is a class struggle that nothing can ever shake me out of that conviction from this time forward. You might as well be an abolitionist in the South before the Civil war as be a Socialist in a capitalist community to-day.

The influences of his environment will gradually compel any man in such a position either to recant his Socialism or else withdraw from the capitalist community. Of course I believe that if ever I re-

cant Socialism I lose my own soul—for in my soul I know it to be but the plainest justice.

And yet to withdraw from the capitalist community is difficult. I was brought up as a parasite and have always lived as one. I was educated fairly well in Latin, Greek, French and literature. But I couldn't lay a brick, shoe a horse, drive a straight furrow to save my life. I know nothing about electricity or machinery. The idea of my running a locomotive for instance is screamingly absurd. Yet after all perhaps a future generation will hold it no more absurd than the other idea, that I derive a comfortable revenue every year from the fact that other men run locomotives. My whole education has been for the purpose of teaching me not to do any work myself but at the same time to get the money away from those who do the work of the world.

However, since the choice seems to be put up to me to recant or at least to greatly emasculate my Socialism, or to go to work, I guess I'll have to go to work and try to produce hereafter at least a portion of the wealth which I consume.

I rather dread going to work—I mean real work—. I do not consider capping for a high-class gambling establishment to be real work, though, of course, the broker gets the quickest and easiest rewards—nor does a man add to the wealth of the community by showing a great corporation how to disobey the law legally. But real work—the producing of something useful—I have always until lately thought rather vulgar. Besides I am too uneducated to be of much use as a worker for some time to come.

Of course, if we were living in a Socialistic state I should have been educated as a child and taught to do some kind of work. That would have been a mighty good thing for me and for all my class. Idleness is becoming more and more the bane of my class, little as it recognizes the fact. It would be a fine thing for all young capitalists if they had to do some useful thing in the world. It would tend to keep them out of mischief.

I presume if anybody had proposed Socialism to old William Thaw he would have become ferocious at the idea. Yet now that he is dead, if he knows, do you think he considers the present arrangement is a good one? The present arrangement is that thousands of men on the Pennsylvania railroad and in various coal mines and steel mills give up every year a large part of their earnings to the Thaw family. This yearly stream of gold has pushed Alice Thaw, old William's daughter, into the arms of a drunken, fortune-hunting Englishman and has pushed Harry, old William's son, after a dozen years of profligacy and debauchery, into murderer's row in the Tombs.

Wouldn't the Countess of Yarmouth have been better off if she had not had that money to attract the noble earl—and wouldn't Harry Thaw have been better off if he had to go to work—as he would under Socialism? Socialism, though it can only be brought about by the working class, would be the best thing in the world toward saving the rising members of the capitalist class from slothfulness, worthlessness and ruin.

Capitalist "Justice."

By Frederic Heath.

Milwaukee witnessed the spectacle of a federal judge wincing under public criticism led by the organized labor bodies recently. He had issued an injunction in the case of the striking molders which the labor bodies characterized as sweeping and an invasion of their rights of citizenship as vouchsafed by the Constitution. Resolutions urging that steps toward his impeachment be taken were passed by the central body.

The judge is former U. S. senator, Joseph V. Quarles, and what seemed to make his action all the more flagrant was the fact that he had proclaimed through the newspapers some time after his appointment that he did not propose to issue injunctions till each side had had a chance to be heard. This promise he threw to the winds when

attorney for the rich foundrymen came to him for a sweeping order to tie the hands of the striking molders.

The particular day in court we refer to was rather an unusual one for the judge. He began by making a speech from his throne in which he held that he was being unjustly criticised and that the injunction was not sweeping, but that every provision in it had been upheld at one time or another by the federal supreme court. When the attorney for the strikers began to read various paragraphs from it, the judge held that a close study of the wording would show that the citizen rights of the strikers were not interfered with, and he then gave an interpretation of the clauses in which he held that the men were not restrained from picketing or from visiting the homes of non-union men, when there was no intention of using intimidation. He said further that the injunction did not forbid the strikers doing anything that the law permitted them to do. Yet an injunction was issued! One asks, what for? Clearly the attorneys for the foundrymen intended the injunction as a legal *intimidation*. It's a case of "either or," and the attorneys for the foundrymen looked decidedly uneasy when the court was making explanations that virtually made of the injunction a hollow affair at best.

Some further unpleasant moments for the judge came when the injunctonal order was on for discussion. The strikers' attorney sprung the brief prepared by the law firm of Quarles, Spence & Quarles (the judge's former firm) in the famous Northern Pacific strike case of 1893, where it was sought to modify an anti-labor injunction issued by the notorious federal judge, James G. Jenkins. Various things said in that brief were commented on favorably by the attorney, and there were suppressed smiles exchanged about the court room.

Judge Quarles is no worse than most federal judges. In fact he evidently tried to be better, for he started out with the idea of not issuing labor injunctions on *ex parte* representations. But the federal judiciary is a SYSTEM and it would take a stronger man than Judge Quarles to go against the stream of such a system. The whole profes-

sion is hedged in with inevitable capitalistic precedents and abuses. Judges who owe their appointment for life to certain business interests in control of national politics, are only judges of good repute when they serve the interests that control their selection in the first place. Being appointed for life they are apt to proceed on the theory that they are not responsible to the people, and so can lean toward the wealth interests with impunity. Moreover, appointment for life gives many of them the natural feeling of *sovereignty*. This is a democratic nation according to its political organization, but our sovereigns are the judges appointed for life, who by their interpretations as to what is and what is not law, become actually our rulers.

But, as against this, there is another sovereignty developing. That is, the people, i. e., the working class. They are coming to know their strength and their rightful dignity, and our sovereign judges will find it more and more difficult as time goes on to tread on their citizenship rights with impunity.

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Now it is a "settled fact" that Rockefeller is to be arrested and found guilty and actually punished instead of being let off with a money fine—the question of what sort of punishment comes uppermost.

Considering that he is an industrial king and that he has thus far never had a *police record*, we are unanimously in favor of giving him a moderate sentence, in fact, a very moderate one. We would suggest that some one of the minor misdemeanors be selected and that the punishment meted out to members of the working class for the same be taken as the measure for the punishment of this great commercial rascal. Let us temper the punishment with the "mercy" that is shown the working class.

We would suggest therefore that the "crime" of stealing rides on steam cars be selected as a minor misdemeanor by which to gauge Rocky's punishment. There is just at our hand an account in a Florida paper of how this minor misdemeanor is punished by capitalism in the civilized state of Florida. Three men stole a ride on an engine and were overhauled at Kissimmie—by the way, this word is accented on the second syllable, and justice there is not over angelic—but anyway the men were sentenced to thirty days and next morning were taken to a turpentine camp and sold to the South Florida Naval Stores Co. We quote the rest:

"They were put to work at pulling pines and were forced to work with instruments that blistered and lacerated their hands. They were brutally treated. When fallen from exhaustion they were beaten with "pine sapplings" four feet long. Their work was often six to seven miles from camp and they were forced to walk this distance rapidly, going and coming. They worked until near dark. Insufficient food was furnished and if they fell from exhaustion they would be beaten. The guard would place his foot on their necks and bang their heads on the ground. Rations, for breakfast, piece of corn bread, 3 by 6 inches, bacon 2 by 3½ inches, and a little syrup; dinner, half-pint of beans, slice of pork 2 by 3 inches and piece of corn bread; for supper, beans or peas, slice of corn bread or a potato. On slight provocation

the prisoners were beaten with straps or bridle reins or with the sapling. The flesh of the prisoners was often lacerated. During the day the clothing sticks to the sores, and in the morning the scales stick to the clothing. Many of the prisoners are not supplied with shoes and their feet become sore on the palmetto stumps and underbrush."

When they were discharged their belongings were missing and they had to go out into the air of freedom clad in such stray rags as could be found in the camp.

So here we have one of the *minor* punishments meted out to the working class. Let us err on the side of "mercy" and in "letting the punishment fit the crime" give Mr. Rockefeller a light punishment, figuring that the *disgrace of having been put to work* will fill out the balance of the measure coming to him. Let us give him a real star-spangled-banner, proletarian welcome to the ranks of the punished. And anyway the smell of the turpentine forest may help his digestion.

Constructive Socialists.

By E. H. Thomas.

There are to-day two kinds of Socialists in America. The difference between them is something like the difference between the two kinds of geologists who used to find so much cause for dispute some fifty years ago.

One kind of geologist believed that all the changes in the earth's history have been caused by some tremendous catastrophes, volcanic eruptions, sudden sinkings of the earth's crust, and all sorts of terrible commotions. They thought that when the Creator got tired of one age of animals and plants, he destroyed them all by some sudden calamity, and made the world all over new, creating new animals and plants, and when in turn he got tired of these, he wiped them out as a child wipes out the figures on its slate, and began all over again.

The other kind of geologists believed that every change in the

earth's history has taken place slowly and gradually, and that all animals have been developed from earlier animals by the process of evolution.

We need not add that the believers in sudden catastrophes as the only cause of geologic changes have long since given up the argument, and that every geologist now believes in evolution.

But to-day a similar dispute is being carried on among American Socialists. Only we are not arguing about the past history of the animal world, but about the future history of the social world.

Some Socialists, among them the members of the Socialist Labor party, say that Socialism will only come through a sudden and complete overthrow of the capitalist system. Till that takes place, they say, it is useless to attempt any reforms or improvements. Until the

revolution arrives, we can do nothing except to preach the revolution, as a sort of a final judgment day which will right all wrongs and bring heaven on earth at one clap.

Other Socialists reply that no economic system has ever been changed at one clap, that capitalism was not introduced at one clap, but slowly grew out of the economic system that went before it. These Constructive Socialists, as they are called, say that Socialism will have to come through evolution, through a slow, constructive process.

Of course, this does not mean that there will be no revolution. Every evolution in itself is a revolution. For instance, the change from feudalism to capitalism was both an evolution and a revolution.

And since this evolutionary process must be slow we want to begin on it right away. We do not wish to sit with folded hands waiting for the revolution to come, nor to go about preaching a great catastrophe in the future, as Noah preached the coming of the flood. The Constructive Socialists want to begin, and are beginning now, to "do things."

And for two reasons the best place to begin is with municipal ownership.

The first reason for this is that we as a party are strongest in the cities and will capture many city governments before we carry a single state.

The other reason is that in city governments we can face and solve our problems on a small scale, before we approach the gigantic task of establishing a Socialist Republic.

Take for example the city of Milwaukee. We could hardly be expected to establish municipal ownership in Milwaukee with nine So-

cialist Aldermen out of a total of forty-six, which was our proportion until April 3, nor with the twelve Aldermen we have now. Yet we have done some good things, not the least of which is this: We are educating a set of competent, working-class representatives for active work on the problems of applied Socialism. There is scarce one Social-Democrat in Milwaukee, I believe, but knows more about public affairs than he did two years ago. The City Central meetings in Milwaukee have an educational value. The cities must be our training schools for bigger things.

But this educational work is not the only or the chief value of municipal ownership. Because municipal ownership cannot abolish the wage system, is it nothing to workmen? If municipal gas gives us a cheaper light, is that nothing to the wage-workers who must do their studying at night and ruin their eyes with poor kerosene? If municipal street cars reduce fares and spread out the working district over a larger area, is not the gain of air and sunshine something? Was it nothing that municipal milk in one of the crowded districts of London actually decreased the death rate of the workingmen's babies? Did the mothers of these little ones think municipal ownership "no good" because it did not bring Socialism with one stroke?

Whatever increases the comfort and health of the working class increases their strength for resistance in this great class struggle. The Socialist ranks do not get their best recruits from the slums in any country on the face of the globe.

The Constructive Socialists propose wherever they can to get hold of the city governments and establish municipal ownership just as

far and as fast as they can. They propose to do away with the graft which is poisoning our cities and threatening representative government. They promise, wherever they have the power, to give better conditions to labor. When elected to the State Legislatures they will introduce favorable legislation. When elected to Congress they will agitate for the taking over of the trusts. While they keep the final goal of complete Socialism ever before them, they make it a rule to do what they can, and strive for any gain, however small, without waiting for the co-operative commonwealth to come down from heaven, or the capitalist system to be wiped off the slate of human history by some sudden explosion or terrible upheaval.

It will be seen therefore that the Constructive Socialists are far more scientific than the Socialist Labor Party, since they are following the teachings of evolution, and not the unscientific theory of sudden catastrophes.

In truth, the Socialist Labor Party and those who think with them have no program for the establishment of the Socialist republic. In this, they resemble the anarchists, and there is no more sense in their having a political party than if the anarchists should have a political movement.

Only in one thing the anarchists are ahead—they at least believe in the "propaganda of the deed." The Socialist Labor party believes only in the propaganda of eternal talk. That is all.

Our Riddle Box.

Once there were two lads, Paul and William, who entered the employ of a great manufacturer at the same time.

Paul devoted himself assiduously to his work, and so did William; and in time they were familiar with all the operations of the concern by which they were employed.

Paul had the interests of his employer at heart, and after many years of thought and experiment he devised a plan for bettering the product without increasing the cost.

William also devoted several years of time and thought to the product, and at last he invented a process by which it could be made 40 per cent. cheaper to the manufacturer by means of undiscoverable adulteration, and the price to the consumer could be kept at the same figure.

Ten guesses will be allowed each. Which of the boys is now a partner in the concern?—*Judge*.

Which would you rather have the case: The government owning the nation's coal supply and supplying you with that necessity at cost, or keep on buying your coal at eight dollars a ton? If you like the latter just keep on voting wrong—and shivering!

Andy Carnegie has an income of over three thousand dollars a week—the equivalent of the labor of sixty thousand men. How large is YOUR income? Have you been lazy while Andy was sweating in overalls and jumper?

The Mistakes of Bryan.

We like Mr. Bryan for no other reason so much as because of the fact that he is still growing.

He is all the while a student, and new ideas are cropping out from time to time.

And this is indeed a great virtue in a world where men's brains begin to encyst at 40 and sometimes earlier.

We are therefore enabled to consider with more composure than we otherwise might, some foolish remarks that Mr. Bryan made in Berlin this week—remarks that Mr. Bryan will not repeat five years hence if he retain his present speed of mental progress.

A reporter had said something to him about the beef trust scandal in the United States, whereat Mr. Bryan remarked:

"The beef trust is not different in character and methods from other trusts. The inevitable tendency of a private monopoly is to increase the price of a product and to lower its quality. Why should any one expect anything else from a trust than the lowering of quality when a monopoly is established?"

"(Observe, I have used the words 'private monopoly,' not 'public.' In a private monopoly a private interest is set up against those of the whole people. Quite a different principle comes into operation when the interest of all is alone in view."

* * *

Now this is one of those statements that needs to be complete to be true—and Mr. Bryan did not complete it, and hence, the statement as it stands, gives a wrong inference, we believe.

Mr. Bryan, as we all know, and as he said in the interview of which the foregoing is a part, believes in maintaining the competitive principle in industry, and his remedy for the trusts is either to "bust" them or to "regulate" them, which we are already trying to do, with no success.

And therefore his statement that "the inevitable tendency of a private monopoly is to increase the price of a product and to LOWER ITS QUALITY," while true in itself, gives a false inference.

Mr. Bryan speaks as if the tendency to "lower quality" as the beef trust and other trusts have done, is a characteristic peculiar to the trusts, when the fact is that it is a characteristic of all business that is conducted for private profit, whether monopolized or not.

Does Mr. Bryan not know that there is not an article that we eat, drink, wear or otherwise use, in which some manufacturers do not cheat us by adulterating or cheapening their products in some way?

Maple syrup is not made by a trust—it is made by humble farmers working themselves—yet, does Mr. Bryan not know that of 32 different samples examined by the chemists of the federal agricultural department, NOT ONE WAS FOUND THAT WAS PURE?

Does he not know that it is practically impossible to buy pure olive oil, and that federal chemists have examined many samples that contained no olive oil—nothing but adulterants?

Does he not know that the isolated milkman will water and other-

wise adulterate his milk with as much alacrity as the beef trust will scoop up leathery scraps from the floor and grind them up into "potted ham?"

Does he not know that there is not an article of food that is not adulterated by somebody, and that "somebody" not always a trust?

Does he not know that the philanthropic Mr. Carnegie sold armor-plate with blow-holes in it to the United States government as cheerfully when he was a competitive producer as the steel trust now does when it has practically abolished competition?

And does he not know that the 80-odd life insurance companies in this country, all of which are in competition with each other, are now known to have buncoed us fully as artistically as if they had been in a trust?

* * *

If Mr. Bryan knows these things—and he certainly does—he ought not to say that "the inevitable tendency of a PRIVATE MONOPOLY" is to flim-flam the public.

What he should have said, if he cared to strike the truth through the heart, is that the inevitable tendency of all business conducted for private profit, whether monopolized or not, is to make the poorest article that can be sold, and get for it the greatest price that can be got.

Only day before yesterday a 284 pound hobo was pulled out of a load of hay that was being weighed on the city scales, and the farmer confessed that he had asked the hobo to jump on so as to make the hay weigh more.

And while all farmers do not weigh hobos with their hay, we do not believe a hay trust could have found a heavier hobo to put on the load.

We think this can be set down as a fact:

Create a sufficient incentive for wrong-doing and some persons will always be found to do wrong.

The opportunity to make a profit creates the incentive to increase the profit by decreasing the quality of the commodity.

And this incentive applies as much to a competitor as it does to a monopolist.

Therefore, we do not quite see how Mr. Bryan could hope to purify the packing business, for instance, by making it more competitive.

Yet we can the more clearly appreciate the last part of Mr. Bryan's interview:

"Observe, I have used the words 'private monopoly' not 'public.' In a private monopoly, a private interest is set up against those of the whole people. Quite a different principle comes into operation when the interest of all is alone in view."

Just so. The city of Detroit, which owns an asphalt plant, does not try to bunco itself by laying rotten asphalt. Nor does it try to fleece itself by charging robber prices for water. If the United States government owned the packing houses and conducted the packing business, selling the products at the cost of production, we might also reasonably expect to avoid some of the slunk calves we are now getting in our "potted chicken," but Mr. Bryan would hardly approve such a remedy.

But, as we said, Mr. Bryan is growing.

Ten years ago, he was opposed to the government ownership of the railroads and other public utilities, but he isn't now.—Editorial in *De-
troit Times*.

Michael Davitt.

Died May 31st—Age 60.

Lovers of Liberty in every land will in spirit cast a blood red flower of regret upon the grave of Michael Davitt.

A noble heart is stilled. When the storm raged it quailed not. In the hour of trial it beat bravely. Caged within prison walls, it never drooped; never lost the sense of freedom, stoutly withstood all, held its own kingdom unsubjugated, kept within its impregnable sphere the sunshine that tyranny excluded from its cell.

In these days of cheap patriotism it is refreshing as dew to dwell upon the memory of one who suffered in the cause of justice, who dared and "never grudged the throe."

Michael Davitt loved Liberty so dearly that he spent sixteen years of his life in jail. He hated slavery with such ardour that nearly half the years of his manhood were loaded with chains.

It is curious to reflect that the country which above all else prides itself upon its encouragement of patriotism could find nothing better to do with Michael Davitt in the days of his prime than clothe him in the livery of infamy, and set him breaking stones as a common criminal.

What could more powerfully exemplify the awful tragedy of misgovernment in Ireland than the fact that such a man as Gladstone could fling such a man as Michael Davitt into jail?

Think what it must mean to a sensitive temperament to pass six-

teen years of life's fulness in captivity; to expose a mind demanding a wide world for its activities, and be cramped in a dungeon; to love high converse, and have to snatch what talk one may with thieves, swindlers, and murderers, toiling in a gang among them.

Fortunately, Michael Davitt's nature was so richly sympathetic that where others would have found vile criminals only, he discovered fellow beings.

He saw, what most of them did not, that the Irish people could never be truly free, though the face of Ireland were covered with Parliaments, till they shook off the rule of one mightier and bloodier than the Sassanach, and gave Capitalism its quietus.

That is why Michael Davitt strove always, even in the bitterest days of his persecution, to bring the English and Irish peoples together. That is why he threw his burning zeal and his moving eloquence always on the side of the working classes, irrespective of nationality. That is why he was a convinced and heart-whole Social-Democrat.

His entire being craved Liberty; he breathed it in at every pore even there in Portland Jail.

On the day that the gates were flung wide for him he liberated a blackbird that had been a loved companion in confinement.

"I opened his door with a trembling hand, when quick as a flash of lightning he rushed from the cage with a wild scream of delight, and in a moment was beyond

the walls of the prison. The instinct of freedom was too powerful to be resisted, though I had indulged the fond hope that he would remain with me. But he taught me the lesson, which can never be unlearned by either country, prisoner, or bird, that nature will not be denied, and Liberty is more to be desired than fetters of gold."

Brave old Michael Davitt! I love and revere his memory. His stormy, strenuous, self-sacrificing life, full of hardship and struggle for the sake of his fellow man, teaches us, too, how great a thing is Liberty, the inspirer and the sweet consoler of so noble a nature.—"Touchstone," in *The Worker*, Australia.

Social Wrongs.

By Joseph Medill Patterson.

Total Socialist Vote of the World:

1871	101,000
1876	353,028
1881	373,850
1887	931,454
1891	1,799,060
1894	2,914,506
1897	3,896,602
1900	4,874,740
1903	6,285,371

Socialism is not charity. Though a man sold all that he had and gave unto the poor he would for that in no wise be a Socialist. Though a rich man lived his life in the slums of a city, sharing the lot of the wretched, tending them sick and feeding them starved, rejoicing at their feasts and mourning at their funerals, he would not therefore be a Socialist. For Socialism is impatient at merely letting a little light here and there into the slums—it means to abolish the slums.

Socialism is, philosophically, the doctrine of evolution applied to economics; and, politically, an international revolutionary movement aiming at the destruction of capitalism. This movement has increased steadily from year to year, with never in any country a setback other than a temporary one, which

was quickly regained, until now the Socialist party is the greatest one in the world.

This, like most revolutionary movements, takes its vitality from the struggle of class against class, from the effort of the unfortunate to remove from their necks the yokes of the fortunate.

Who are the unfortunates? The "proletarians."

This is the Socialist epithet for those who have nothing to sell but their labor, who have neither land on which to grow crops, nor machinery with which to manufacture, nor mines whence to dig, nor railroads whereby to get into the carrier business, nor any of the modern tools of production.

Under the feudal system the serf or villen was attached to the soil. He must stay on it and work on it. Part of the products of his labor went to his lord and part he kept.

When the feudal system gave way the absolute ownership of the land was vested in the lord. The peasants were dispossessed and driven off the land.

They drifted to the towns and engaged in handicraft. The work

was then done by hand. Each worker might own his own little tools. If he lost his job he took his tools with him.

Machinery was invented. Machinery displaced tools. It was expensive and enormous. The individual worker could not possess a machine, nor could it be removed from place to place. The workingman, the modern proletarian, if he sought work, must work in the machine shops which belonged to the capitalist. There were more proletarians than jobs. So the owner of machinery said to the proletarian:

"If you don't work for me long hours and for low wages I will give the job to somebody else."

The terms offered accord with the iron law of wages as enunciated by the great agitator, Ferdinand Lasalle: "The average wages of labor always remain reduced to the subsistence necessary, conformably with the nation's standard of life, to the prolongation of existence and to the propagation of the species." In other words, capital pays just enough wages to keep labor strong enough to work and to raise a new crop of laborers for the next generation.

Yet the proletarian must accept these terms. Otherwise he will starve. Be he ever so skilled a miner he cannot load a car of coal—unless he accepts the terms; be he ever so skilled a butcher he cannot kill a steer—unless he accepts the terms; be he never so adept a farmer he cannot sell a bushel of wheat—unless he accepts the terms. For the farmer is a proletarian, too, nowadays, though he does not yet realize it. True, he has land, but he must also have a market, and in reaching his market all his profits beyond those allowed by the iron

law go to the privately owned railroads and elevators.

The few who own the tools of production, having the power, exploit the many who do not. What is the Socialist remedy? The common ownership of all the means of production and distribution. Then there would be no exploiters and consequently no exploited.

This does not mean common ownership of the things produced. A man could own his own tooth brush—but not the apparatus for making tooth brushes. A woman could have her own dresses, shoes, pictures, fans, but not the instruments to make them.

Socialists say that there is enough food grown in this country for every inhabitant to have fruit, cereal, eggs and pure coffee for breakfast; soup, steak, potatoes, vegetables in season, desert and a drink for dinner; and chops or chicken, vegetables, a light dessert and a drink for the other meal.

Socialism holds that there are enough hides grown in this country for everybody to have shoes; that there is enough cotton grown in this country for everybody to have enough cool summer clothes; enough wool for everybody to have plenty of thick winter clothes; that there is enough clay, stone and lumber in this country to give every family a comfortable and warm dwelling place; that there are enough labor-saving machines in this country so that adults could do all the necessary work, while children had their growing time to grow in and the old and broken-down were wearing out their last days peacefully and comfortably.

And if, say the Socialists, there is enough in the country for everybody, THEN LET EVERYBODY HAVE ENOUGH IN-

STEAD OF LETTING THOUSANDS HAVE TOO LITTLE IN ORDER THAT ONE MAY HAVE A THOUSAND TIMES TOO MUCH.

Socialists deny that giving to everybody enough to eat and wear would have a leveling tendency, reducing all people to a monotonous mediocrity. On the contrary they hold that the struggle instead of being for mere animal necessities would be for higher things—for political power, for athletic success, for reputation and achievement as inventor, painter, poet, administrator, historian, novelist, physician, lawyer. However, under Socialism because a man, for whatever cause, lost in the struggle, neither he nor his wife nor his children would be punished with cold or hunger.

Indeed the struggle under Socialism would probably produce a better line of men and women than now, because *all* the children would approach the starting line of adulthood in good training—with sound bodies and good education—which Socialism says is not the case today.

That which most of all frightens the present order is the calm and assured assumption by all Socialists that Socialism is surely coming.

After feudalism came the "freeing" of labor, the drift of the dispossessed peasants to the towns, the creation of the proletariat and the period of handicrafts and competition.

Then came machinery and the capitalistic system which, while seeming to attain by virtue of the competitive principle to the limit of productive efficiency, in reality was developing and proving the superiority of the newer co-operative principle—the key principle to Socialism.

We laymen are taught in our schools that we are still living and thriving under the Adamsmithian rule—"Competition is the life of trade."

We have accepted it on faith that competition is the life of trade. But under the eyes of most people now living competition has given way to co-operation, the dominant factor of modern economics.

How is oil produced? By the co-operation of thousands. How are railroads run, steel rails rolled, shoes made, steers killed, coats woven? How are copper, coal and iron mined? By co-operation of thousands of laborers, and with the principle of competition eliminated even as between capitalists.

Socialism knows that every new trust and combination is merely an expression of the truth of Socialism and brings Socialism nearer. Socialism argues for consolidation, for co-operation, observes that most manufactured goods are produced by co-operation and urges that the next logical step be taken—namely that the benefits of the co-operation of the community accrue to the community instead of to the few lucky capitalists.

It is the very next link in the chain of evolution.

At The Root.

There's a Mrs. Paul Picard, a society leader of Chicago, who says it is "cruel extravagance" for Guilia Morosini of New York to spend one hundred thousand dollars a year on dress. "Think how much distress this \$100,000 would alleviate," she says. Funny, how they always manage to look at it the wrong way. It is not how much suffering it would *relieve*, but how much it *has already CAUSED!*

Are They Socialists?

A Reply to H. N. Casson.

Herbert N. Casson, in a letter in the *N. Y. World* says:

"To the editor of *The World*: So far as Socialism is concerned nothing is strange to us but the word itself. We have been so busy building up a Socialistic system that we have had no time to understand what we were doing. In fact, if Thomas Jefferson were alive he would think we had entirely abandoned the individualism of our national childhood.

"Socialism is coming. It is forty per cent. here, not because of the propaganda of irresponsible theorists, but because our strongest and ablest men have destroyed the old competitive system and organized industry on a solid national basis.

"(Our foremost Socialists are Rockefeller and Morgan. They have almost abolished the flimsy and wasteful methods of our fathers. They have overcharged us, but that is incidental. The main thing is not what we pay them, but what they have accomplished.

"As to Socialism becoming a political factor, that matters little. We do not take politics seriously, as they do in Germany. With us Congress is a society of impertinent busy-bodies. We take no interest in what it says and have no respect for what it does. We have a Congress for the same reason that we wear stiff hats—because it is the fashion. Politics in every form is practically a form of national vaudeville, nothing more.

"In spite of elections the people rule. They rule through the newspapers and magazines—through the conversation of the home and the

street—through the innumerable compulsions of civilized life. Consequently, the drift will be toward industrial self-government, no matter which way the political winds blow. For better, for worse—but let us hope for better—the United States seems destined to be the first nation which will carry civilization to its ultimate goal of Socialism."

Socialism is coming.

And we, that is, the workingmen, must take politics seriously, if we are to take any interest in it at all.

Socialism is coming because everybody who knows anything at all, knows that we cannot and do not want to destroy the progress of civilization which is based upon the modern implements of production.

Civilization does not want to go back to the middle ages or be reduced to barbarism.

But as long as these implements of production—land, machinery, raw material, railroads, telegraphs, etc., remain private property, only comparatively few can be sole owners and masters thereof.

As long as that is the case, we shall have Rockefellers and Morgans and Vanderbilts and Gouls.

But as long as we have the Rockefellers, the Morgans, Belmonts, Ryans, etc.—they will naturally use this private ownership for their private advantage.

And Mr. Casson is mistaken. The Rockefellers and Belmonts and their ilk, are no more Socialists than the trusts are Socialism or than the devil's empire is the millennium.

There is but one deliverance

from the rule of the people by capital—and that is the rule of capital by the people. If much of what has been considered private property is to be absorbed in great monopolies, as seems to be the inevitable outcome of the competitive system, then the people should become the monopolists.

The only hope for the people for either industrial or political freedom lies in their taking "lawful"

possession of the machinery, the forces and the production of the great industrial monopolies, and establishing the *Co-operative Commonwealth*.

And we agree with Mr. Herbert Casson that "the United States seems to be the first nation which will carry civilization to the *next* goal, to Socialism."

There is no ultimate goal in civilization as long as humanity exists.

Shots at Capitalism.

"Equal" Justice!

The judge was in a hurry to get away from the halls of justice, having an important social engagement. But two cases remained, and he told the court officers to hurry.

Immediately a man was hurried into the witness box.

"What is your name?" queried the prosecuting attorney.

"I decline to answer," replied the witness.

"What's that!" shouted the impatient judge. "That is contempt of court and I remand you to jail for thirty days."

"Your honor," said the attorney, "there appears to be a mistake somewhere. This is Mr. Dogers, head of the regular Oil trust, and—"

"O, I beg your pardon," said the judge. "I thought this was that strike case, and the witness one of the men arrested for violating my injunction. The witness is excused."

—*Ex.*

An American plutocratic cub, a grandson of Commodore Vanderbilt, killed a little girl with his auto-

mobile in France recently, and the French court, according to its traditions, refused to see the young murderer's dollars and sentenced him to prison the same as it would an ordinary human being. Immediately this country's officials made all manners of efforts to have the imprisonment changed to fine—which would have been *fine* for the reckless young fellow—but the courts refused. His term of imprisonment was, however, greatly reduced "as a token of respect toward the government of the United States," the cable dispatches say. It may have been respect to our class government, but it was disrespect to the ordinary citizens of the United States.

And please notice that "our" government has a deaf ear for the case of three poor devils who are denied their constitutional rights in Idaho, but can busy itself to help out a rich "angel" who gets in a scrape way over in another country!

Yankee commercialism continues to get savage jabs in the ribs, and

if the trade rascality that is being uncovered does not mend it would be well to recall the missionaries from converting the heathen in Africa and other benighted continents and turn them loose on our American barbarians, the commercial deacons. The latest shock comes from England and is to the effect that American leather is adulterated. That sounds funny at first blush, as leather is not an article of food, but the form of the adulteration consists of rubbing in a certain powder costing 2 cents a pound so that the weight is increased and the added powder has to be paid for at leather prices.

Upton Sinclair, speaking at the annual dinner of the Collectivist Society, said:

"The public owes all that I have given it and all that has followed therefrom to the existence of the working class organization of the Socialist party. It was the Socialist organization in Packingtown which enabled me to get the facts. I might have lived there years and been unable to get into the confidence of the men — superintendents, watchmen and office employes, mind you, as well as laborers — as I did.

"It is the fashion to belittle the Socialist organization, and those who are now so stirred up over the condemned meat industry should be told they are indebted for the exposure of it to the Socialist party."

The Georgia Federation of Labor convention at Augusta last week had so many Socialists among its delegates that there was a decidedly Socialistic flavor to its proceedings. Pres. McIntyre of the Textile workers told the convention that "our salvation is through unionism and the ballot box."

The New York *Sun* goes into hypocritical heroics over the fact that the American flag industry is so great that millions on millions of the emblems are turned out, and the demand is still growing. It takes a column to tell about it—but it fails to tell its readers that the flags are mostly made by child workers who get a dollar and a quarter a week!

St. Louis *Labor* points out that the latest franchise steal in that city went through swimmingly because there were no Socialists in the city council. But the progress our party has been making in St. Louis indicates that this unfortunate situation will not continue much longer. The party is getting ready for conquest.

The Social-Democracy is making continued gains in the neighborhood of Berlin, Germany. In 1902 they had, in twelve suburban districts, 31 representatives. In 1904, in seventeen districts, 56 representatives, and in 1906, in thirty districts, 94 representatives. The vote increased from 5,358 to 13,360.

Cannot you see the trend? In a special election in Hull, England, the ninth Labor man was elected to the city council. He is a pronounced Socialist.

Under the capitalist system no step toward improving the morals of the people can be taken without injuring somebody's business!

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