

THE VANGUARD

"We're beaten back in many a fray,
Yet newer strength we borrow,
And where the Vanguard camps today,
The rear shall rest tomorrow."

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The Month's Story

Class Hygiene

One of our brightest exchanges, "A Stuffed Club," published in Denver, Colo., quotes some of the VANGUARD'S statements with approval, but insists that "the worst slavery today is that of gluttony and its accompaniment, disease." It is troubled about the amount of money "wasted on unnecessary food." The editor seems to see with his mind's eye a mountain of pies, puddings, savory joints of meat, hot-house grapes, jellies, oyster patties, quail on toast and other expensive luxuries which, "unnecessarily" gobbled down by the average working-man, cost "enough money to make those who are poor competent."

Now, there is no better proof of the existence of classes in this country than this curious fact—that there is even a *class hygiene*.

It is true that a certain class is actually suffering from a large amount of "unnecessary food." The "upper" classes are martyrs to dyspepsia and "nerves." They are constantly reminded by their outraged stomachs and muscles that they should eat less and exercise more.

The poor man, meanwhile, is not worrying about his digestion, but about his dinner. His only "stomach trouble" is emptiness. The only question of exercise that ever bothers him is how to get work and keep it.

So, queerly enough, it comes about that there are two sorts of hygiene, one required by the "upper" and one by the "lower" class.

The books and articles on the art of preserving the health are mostly written for the bourgeois, and so they present the bourgeois hygiene. They give elaborate directions for the exercise of every part of the body, to counteract the effects of idleness in the class that lives by other men's labors. And the doctors and druggists largely make their living by prescribing and selling costly drugs to wash down the indigestible dainties devoured by those who take the bread from the mouths of the hungry.

If any one should truthfully discuss the sort of hygiene suited to workingmen and their families, he would not tell them to take more exercise, but less. The first rule of hygiene for workingmen would be to strike for shorter hours, so that they may not be worn-out, bent and useless old men at forty-five. A good physiologist would not warn them against overfeeding their little ones, but against underfeeding them on thin milk and poor food. He would not have much to say

about the workingmen's nerves, but he would tell them that their lack of "nerve" and their passive submission to oppression are destroying them, soul and body, and their children after them.

But nobody has yet taken the trouble to write a hygiene for the working class.

Only the Socialists are now beginning to write it out in wise labor laws and in legislation that will finally abolish the system which divides mankind into the class that stuffs and the class that starves.

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Class Just as curious as the class hygiene of our times, is the present class religion. Its chief object is the invention of salves for the capitalist conscience and a moral code which commands the under dog to stay under. One of the queerest specimens of this sort of class religion we recently stumbled across in another exchange. The editor of this paper declares that the theory of "reincarnation" had settled for him a question which had long puzzled him. This question was, how could a just God place some infants in palaces, and others in the terrible tenements of our slums, to pine and wail away their short and wretched lives?

The answer to this hard question, according to our reincarnationist, is a delightfully soothing one to the capitalist, and especially to real estate owners who make fortunes out of tenement house rents. These miserable babies are rightly served, since in some former existence they committed acts which drew down upon them all this suffering as a just retribution.

The owner of one of the human bee-hives of New York or Chicago, where the little white-faced, moaning babies die like flies through the summer months, need not feel one twinge of conscience. He is only justly punishing them for crimes which they committed in some previous life.

The capitalist who herds the little child workers into his factory can have the consoling consciousness that every little sufferer carried off by consumption or dropsy, in consequence of long hours and bad air, certainly deserved its fate before it was born. Every little hand mangled in the machines, every little spine crooked by unnatural labor, belongs to some pre-natal criminal, whose punishment justice requires.

Truly, a comfortable bourgeois doctrine!

And it is not a whit more absurd than all the other doctrines invented by the capitalist class to prop their claim to the "divine right" of oppressing their fellowmen.

Only, the uprise of so many freak religions at the present day is a symptom of the decay of our present system of society.

Just so all sorts of queer and crazy sects sprang up in the Roman Empire just before its overthrow when the social fabric was tottering to its ruin.

Every one of the fantastic new sects of our own day, from the reincarnationist to the Holy Jumpers and High Rollers, is a sure sign that our own society is crumbling and decaying and getting ready to fall.

All the attempts of the bourgeois class to prop it up with false religion, false philosophy, cruel laws and rotten politics, is like shutting in a falling avalanche with a picket fence.

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Issues, not Men

The autumn preceding the presidential year brings again the busy old-party slate-maker. As the Republican and Democratic parties have no distinctive programs, the all-important question for them is the personal question—the question of candidates. Who is to head the ticket? is the one problem, and, that settled, they fit the platform to the man.

The Socialists, of course, go about it just the other way. They fit the man to the platform.

The old parties cannot begin their campaign work until the presidential candidates are named, because up to that time they have nothing to talk about. But the Socialists, who campaign for principles, not men, have their issues always ready. This is the reason that "the Socialists begin their next campaign as soon as the polls close at the end of election day."

And this also is the reason, sympathizer with Socialism, why you should get into line for the fight right now. Do not postpone your activity until 1908. Above all, do not think it enough that you vote the Socialist ticket. That is a very small part of a Socialist's duties. We need you in our ranks. You will give us help and encouragement. And you will get far more than you give. You will find the inspiration of your life. Fall in line, brother! Join the Socialist army of organization!

* * *

Hearst at Sea

One of the most significant events of the last month was the flop of William Randolph Hearst. The man whom his enemies accuse of "arraying class against class" now insists that in this country "we have no aristocracy save that of intellect and industry," and therefore he has "no patience with the prejudice which exists between alleged classes, when the classes themselves do not really exist." This sounds somewhat like D. M. Parry. It is queer doctrine for a radical of Mr. Hearst's record. But 1908 is a presidential year. And Mr. Hearst, having baked his presidential cake to a turn on the Radical side, now flops it over to "do it brown" on the Conservative side. It is a splendid specimen of old-party cookery.

All this must be highly disappointing to those Radicals and semi-Socialists who looked upon Hearst as the future savior of his country from the plutocracy. But the experienced Socialist sees no cause for surprise in the zigzag path of a *man without a program*.

Up to this time, the work of Mr. Hearst and men of his type has been to shake the foundations of our present evil system. Their work has been destructive, not constructive. They have suggested nothing

to take the place of our present government by wealth. Their disintegrating work is now accomplished. The "muck-rakers" have sown "divine discontent" among the American people. It was a useful and necessary work. But now that it is done, the people ask, What next? And neither Hearst nor any of his kind can answer.

For it is no answer to say, "Go back to the system of our fathers." The chicken cannot be forced back into the egg. The wheel of evolution *never runs backward*.

So, having accomplished their mission, we must expect Mr. Hearst and his fellows to step back and be lost in the ranks of the Conservatives.

It is not enough to expose the graft and oppression of our rotten economic system. We must be able to show, on general lines, *what* system we intend to establish as a substitute, and, on general lines, *how* we intend to establish it.

Only the Socialists can show this.

A rower on a rough and stormy sea may battle heroically with the waves. He may ply his oars vigorously, and struggle hard against the tide. But unless he keeps his eye fixed upon some landmark on the shore toward which he steadily heads his boat, he will only zigzag about in a crooked course and never reach the land.

Through New Eyes

By HENRY T. JONES

Socialism! Life means more to me now that I have found this great truth. It means that I now know that there is hope for this world; that I have found a comradeship which enables me to know the way to end the crawling over the bodies of humans in this awful social pit we now have. It means to me that I have discovered that I am class-conscious and revolutionary and that the glorious chance has come to me to be a trusty follower in the most wonderful adventure the world has ever witnessed. I do not say leader in this crisis, for there are no leaders. It leads us on to that new light. I have been ground up in this great mass of plutocratic disorder. I have had to resort to free lunches in order to sustain life, and this, too, after a childhood and young manhood of luxury. I have remained in bed when I could not be seeking work, in order to keep back the hunger my body would endure if subjected to increased exertion, and in those days I was without hope. I could not see the way out for humanity. The terrible spectre of apprehension was always staring me and the rest of us in the face, and I saw no way to escape. But now I can see the glorious way to joy for the world, and that way is the Socialist way.

When this revelation came to me I saw that everything I looked at had a different aspect to my mind. I saw the fine equipages passing up and down Fifth avenue, Michigan boulevard or Pennsylvania avenue, containing handsomely gowned women and well-groomed men, and I realized then for the

first time that the scented garments and the other belongings of the "upper" class were stained with the tears of the women of the hard working poor; were the evidences of destroyed lives of children forced to toil in the factory, mine and mill; were the flagrant evidence of the murderous thievery the world's best manhood has been influenced so long to patiently bear.

I, too, read books, editorials and speeches with a different understanding and marveled at the ignorance, stupidity and lack of logic of the authors. The rotten life, the tortured bodies, the monstrous poverty, the debauchery, the arrogant selfishness, the stupidity of the educated and the sickening mockery of it all was so repugnant to me that it wrung my very soul. Realizing all this, I was compelled to go onward and upward toward this wonderful paradise for mankind. My only regret is that I haven't another life, in the flesh, to contribute to this cause so sweet and wonderful.

And when the dormant conscience of the world is aroused, as it will be aroused, all the standing armies, police, courts, churches and the rest of the tinsel power of the capitalist brutality will not have strength enough to attempt to erect a barrier!

Before this truth penetrated my being I read the works of Dickens, Ruskin, Balzac and others with no object further than the interest I found in the narratives. In "hard times" I can now see that all of our cities are Coketowns; that honest old Stephen Blackpool is the kind of manhood our captains of industry have murdered and enslaved; that old Bounderby represents our God Almighty Baers and Carnegies, and that this civilization creates such despicable charac-

ters as the father of Balzac's Eugenie Grandet.

When I now see innocent school girls of tender years I often wonder how many of this innocent childhood will in after years be cast into lives of prostitution or to equally degrading places in the shops and mills to grind out profit for the monster class! Comparatively few, I know, are to be blessed with happy motherhood, and to live the joyous lives they would crave.

Don't say to me that many of the inmates of the brothels are there through choice! I know it cannot be true. Such a claim is an insult to our wives, mothers, sisters or sweethearts.

America is fast learning that the Socialists no longer are a band of insignificant dreamers and outcasts. We are both hopeful and defiant. And why? Because Socialists are absolutely sure they are right. They don't think and believe they are right. They know it. No wonder the present rulers of the world fear them. The revolutionists are stirred by a lofty enthusiasm that insures freedom. The future, we are absolutely sure, belongs to us!

So life means more to me now than it did in those dreary, uncertain days. And I am in the fight to stay, because I know that the battle is for right and that victory is sure. I am not a captain in this great fight, though. I am a follower with the rest, for there are no captains. And when you have taken the time to look down into this social pit and to realize that the lot of its victims is not to be endured by men, then, and not until then, will you learn that your time to be a follower and to take part in the great endeavor, that means so much to each and every one of us on this glorious earth, has come.

A Song for Russia

By ERNEST JONES

People! Ye that toil and suffer!
 People! Ye that bleed and die!
 Now your standard is exalted,
 Now your day is drawing nigh!
 Let the trumpets sound your coming
 To the reverberating sky!
 Like the patriot-bands that made
 Tyrant-hearted Kings afraid;
 Like the storm-wind sweeping
 shore-ward—
 Pikes and sabres! Forward! Forward!
 To the throbbing drums of Freedom
 and the thund'rous
 cannonade!

All the darkness is behind you,
 And the midnight of your woe;
 All the bonds wherewith they bind
 you
 In their hell of Want below!
 Now, O, people, see the sword-shine!

See the dawnshine come and go!
 As your eager ranks go by
 Lo! before each burning eye
 Floats the phantom of your pity,
 Tombed in many a blazing city,
 Where your sisters writhed in torment,
 where your butchered
 kinsfolk lie!

*Like the patriot-bands that made
 Tyrant-hearted Kings afraid;
 Like the storm-wind sweeping
 shoreward—
 Pikes and sabres! Forward! Forward!*

*To the throbbing drums of Freedom
 and the thund'rous
 cannonade!*

Crowned is he that stands against
 you,

With a crown of crime and
 flame;
 Foe to justice, foe to freedom,
 Every letter of his name
 Burns like fire from hell to
 blacken
 Love, and light, and truth, and
 fame!
 Brothers, scorn his bought array!
 Ye that braved without dismay
 Hireling hordes together banded,
 Black of heart and bloody-handed,
 When the face of day was dark-
 ened, and the weak be-
 came a prey!

*Like the patriot-bands that made
 Tyrant-hearted Kings afraid;
 Like the storm-wind sweeping
 shoreward—
 Pikes and sabres! Forward! Forward!
 To the throbbing drums of Freedom
 and the thund'rous
 cannonade!*

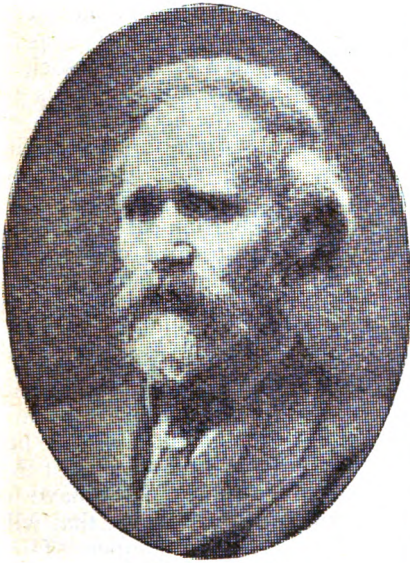
Heard ye not a cry of anguish?
 Yea, his very dungeons weep!
 Where the friends of Freedom lan-
 guish,
 Where her murdered children
 sleep!
 They were sowers in the seed-time,
 Ye are sickles, strong to reap!
 "Through our triumphs and our
 tears
 Ye were with us, pioneers!
 Now the fires of Dawn are leaping
 Ye are with us at the reaping,
 Hero-hearted sons and daughters
 of the long, unlighted
 years!"

*Like the patriot-bands that made
Tyrant-hearted Kings afraid;
Like the storm-wind sweeping
shoreward—*

*Pikes and sabres! Forward! Forward!
To the throbbing drums of Free-
dom and the thund'rous
cannonade!*

When Labor Rules

By J. KEIR HARDIE, M. P.



J. Keir Hardie.

THAT the rule of the work-
er is on its way there can
be no manner of doubt.
Of its coming we have
many indications. * * *

That which at present tells most
against the rapid spread of the So-
cialist movement in the United
States is the opposition of some of
the leaders of the trades union
movement. Five years ago a like
remark would have applied to the
leaders of British trades unionism.
The growth of Socialist opinion, the
pressure of economic circumstances,

and the open hostility of the law
courts to trade unions have all com-
bined in producing a marked change
in their attitude to labor politics,
until now almost every trade union
and trade union leader of any note
in England, Scotland, Ireland and
Wales is cordially cooperating with
the British Socialist organization—
in building up a party separate and
distinct from existing parties. So
great has been the progress already
made that nearly one hundred can-
didates sought election last year,
most of them pledged to political
independence.

To the Socialist this means leg-
islation which aims at the reorgani-
zation of society on the basis of the
public ownership of capital and the
co-operative production of such
commodities as the community re-
quires for its sustenance, comfort,
and convenience. Clearly this is a
phase of the work of the labor
movement in which all who accept
the Socialist conception of society
may take part, whatever their social
position in life may be. Many of
the best known leaders of Socialist
thought and opinion in every coun-
try are drawn from the ranks of the
educated classes.

Socialists do not in these days
dogmatize on the form which the
state of the future will assume.
They are content to leave that to
the future as a matter which does

not concern them. They point to the indisputable fact that the private ownership of capital and the competitive method of wealth production of every country tends to degrade the worker to a condition of industrial servitude and economic bondage in which their reward **CAN NEVER RISE MUCH ABOVE THE LEVEL OF A BARE SUBSISTENCE.** The ideas of the non-Socialist trade unionist are not so clearly developed. He is mainly concerned with the fact that his masters have been making the laws, and that as a consequence the law usually works out to his disadvantage.

It is inherent in the nature of things that the ruling class should use its authority to benefit itself, and labor will be no exception to this universal law. But under the rule of labor there will be this fundamental difference from the present or the past: that in the past the rulers have been only a small section of a nation who in legislating in their own interests have done so to the hurt and detriment of the welfare of the many, whereas under the rule of labor, and inasmuch as work is the lot of all, save the small parasite class, in legislating for itself labor will be legislating for all. From this definition of labor politics it will be evident to the reader that the term labor is not here used in any narrow or restricted sense, but includes all who are engaged in any useful service, whether it be manual or mental. Only those need fear the advent and success of the party who are anxious to shirk their share of the world's work. There are hoboes at both ends of the social scale, and the idler who inhabits a palace and fares sumptuously every day is a far more dangerous creation than the poor "Weary Willie" who

mouches by day and dozes where he may by night. They are both the products of our industrial system, and both will disappear under Socialism.

When labor reigns and property has become a public trust and work a social service, poverty will disappear. One of the most mysterious of the many mysteries of modern life is the persistence of poverty. Back in the misnamed Dark Ages in Europe, ere machinery had been dreamt of and when industry was in its most primitive form, and society was based on the military basis of feudalism, and the accumulation of wealth had scarcely begun, the common people still managed to exist. Now, when steam and electricity and mechanical invention and the great store of capital and the organization of industry have increased the productive powers of labor a thousandfold, the mass of those who toil for a living can still do no more than manage to exist. Millions of them in every land are condemned to a condition of life little, if any, removed from that of the Roman galley-slave. They have to toil laboriously for a wage that will not purchase them paupers' fare, with no hope of escape till death brings them a welcome relief. Millions more are just one degree removed from this condition, and are liable at any moment to be plunged into the pit by accident, sickness, bad trade or middle age. And all these, from the most highly skilled mechanic to the most lowly graded laborer, are parts of an organization which is turning out wealth enough to satisfy a Midas. This is the modern mystery of mysteries—that though wealth accumulates, poverty shows no sign of decay—nay, in Great Britain and the United States of America, is actually a growing

quantity. Riches and poverty growing side by side is surely a strange anomaly; strange—yet a fact.

The Socialist has no difficulty in accounting for this puzzling phenomenon. He finds that land and capital are owned, whilst labor is hired, the wages of the hireling being fixed by competition tend always to fall to the point of subsistence; the lower the grade of the worker the keener naturally is the competition for jobs, and the wages of the unskilled therefore are always nearest to the starvation limit. Thus it works out that the common people are always kept poor, whilst the wealth that their toil creates is being filched from them in ever increasing amounts by those who own capital, without the use of which labor, as things are, is helpless.

When labor reigns militarism will disappear. It is part and parcel of the capitalist system, and will die with it.

When we reflect that in the twenty-eight principal nations of the world there are 33,000,000 men trained as soldiers, of whom 8,000,000 are actually under arms in times of peace, and that the yearly cost of maintaining this huge engine of destruction and oppression in a

condition of efficiency, more or less and apart from the actual cost of war, is \$1,850,000,000, it is unthinkable that labor, which has to bear the cost of war in life and money, will not find a more reasonable and human method of settling such international disputes.

Wars are either the outcome of the ambitions of rulers or of the necessities of certain vested interests. The Russo-Japanese war belonged to the former category, the American-Spanish and the British-Boer wars to the latter. Had there been no American sugar interests in Cuba, and no British gold mining interests in the Transvaal, neither of these wars ever would have taken place.

When labor rules the world not only will class be freed from bondage to class, but nations from subjection to nations. The race is one and indivisible, and freedom can only dwell in the race, and not in selected portions thereof.

Finally, when labor rules the world, kings, emperors, czars and nobles, and all such mischievous relics of the childhood of the race will be swept into oblivion. Already they have outlived their usefulness.

"The perpetuation of the war spirit by the glorification of battle and bloodshed is blamed by many peace advocates for the lightheartedness with which people who have never experienced war seem ready to plunge their nations into its horrors," says the *Literary Digest*. May we suggest that preliminary to the next peace congress there be a getting together of the librarians of the nations and an agreement by them to remove from the shelves of

their respective institutions the many books written especially to glorify murder in gross, especially in books written for children, with which nearly every public library especially is overloaded. The feeding of children's minds with this sort of bloody stuff is simply incitement to bloodshed, which is none the less abominable because the murderous inclination does not manifest itself until some quarrel of rulers fans it into flame.

Let It Work Both Ways!

By VICTOR L. BERGER

FROM time immemorial there have been in all civilized countries laws of a restraining nature. They were always based upon the principle that individuals must curb their powers, their passions, their desires whenever, by gratifying these, the interests of *society as a whole* might be injured.

Robbery, forgery, rape and arson are forbidden, because the committal of these crimes, if permitted, would prove injurious to the welfare of the people in general, though they might advance the interests of those committing them.

* * *

Let us suppose the case of a needy man who sees within easy reach the wherewithal to satisfy his wants. All he would need to do is to stretch out his hands to get it.

Yet he is not permitted to do so. The law stands before him with a solemn threat. It tells him that it is wiser and better for the welfare of the community that he should suffer—or even that he should perish—rather than that he should take things which do not belong to him.

At least this is the contention of the state in enforcing this regulation. It is for the welfare of the many, as opposed to that of the individual, that this particular subject must restrain his desires, sometimes even his hunger.

In other words, *the first law of nature*—that of personal self-preservation—is made subordinate to the code of laws which has been adopted for the preservation of society as it is. A man who is starv-

ing cannot even steal a loaf of bread to preserve his life, because stealing is supposed to be destructive to society.

The principle is clearly established and recognized that individual interests—no matter how pressing—should not in any case supersede general interests.

* * *

And yet how limited is the application of this excellent principle of restriction.

The law which prohibits the gratification of the poor man's hunger at the expense of his neighbor, to be logical, should prohibit the gratification of the *rich man's greed* at the expense of his neighbors.

If it is just and politic that individuals should be restrained whenever their actions tend to affect adversely the morals and welfare of the community or of the nation—then certainly a check should also be imposed on those who, by accumulation of wealth far beyond their needs, are instrumental in producing poverty and the crimes and vices which are the results of poverty.

If *personal* self-gratification and even *personal self-preservation* must make way for *social* preservation, then it should be required that the opulent surrender their riches in order to save the social organization.

If the principle of subjection to restriction for the general good is one whose application is essential to the welfare of the commonwealth, then even the *power* of indulging the passion of greed for immoderate

wealth, which might inflict injury on others, should be absolutely curbed.

* * *

There is a strange power whereby gold is drawn toward gold. The greater the accumulation, the greater the attraction.

There are a number of men in our country who annually add millions to their possessions. If the same process of accumulation were applied to land—and there is no law to forbid it—it is evident that a man acquiring a title to several million acres every year need only live long enough to become possessed of the earth. Considering the vast holdings of certain Americans now—and their strenuous efforts to add to these and the power thus obtained—there is no reason why a few men in our generation should not combine and form a powerful trust of trusts—compared with which the power of the Kaiser of Germany would sink to insignificance.

As it is now, our trust magnates—in spite of all the efforts of Roosevelt and Bryan and Bonaparte and Taft—constitute a power in our public and private and social life which renders ridiculous all the pretensions of a republic of citizens “free and equal.”

While we have a Democracy in name, we live in a plutocracy *in fact*.

But how long will it last?

* * *

For let it not be thought that the lessons of the past are completely forgotten.

The overthrow of mighty kings in the past, the breakdown of hierarchies and the reduction of popes, are not mere romances without historical meaning.

On the contrary. The history of

the future can to no small extent be read in the pages of the past.

The princes and popes of the past claimed their power and their authority from God. If these princes, nobles and priests had their prerogatives curtailed in spite of their claim that these prerogatives were of divine origin, can our plutocrats expect that their power, that their prerogatives will last forever?

Or do they mean to say that the forward march of Democracy, which did not halt before the crown and the tiara—that the Democracy, which rebelled against the “holiness” of the crosier and the cassock—will forever bow down before the *unholiness* of the money bag?

* * *

And what did it profit to restrict the prerogatives of rulers and the privileges of nobles and of the clergy, as long as the privileges of wealth remain intact?

Distributing votes and concentrating wealth did not fulfill the promises of Democracy.

A score of men in our great country enjoy privileges, and have a power for weal and for woe—political, financial and social—greater than the privileges and powers of the millions of masses combined.

Call this state of things whatever you will, but you cannot call it Democracy. Claim for it what advantage you please, but you cannot claim that it is advantageous to the masses of the nation.

The principle which should guide our government—the principle which should guide every honest government—of subordinating the *individual* to the *general welfare*—requires a *broad* application than it receives at present.

If a man is not allowed to steal

a loaf of bread from others to satisfy his hunger, then a man ought not to be allowed to steal a million loaves from others and steal them every day to satisfy his greed.

We have solved the problem of production, we must solve the problem of distribution—or our civilization will break down.

In short, our present Democracy cannot defend its very name against the encroachment of plutocracy. And what is worse, it cannot defend its very existence on the ground of equity, of morality, or even of expediency—unless it becomes *Social-Democracy*.

Very disquieting are matters industrially just now. On every hand, the fact that "we've turned the corner" is indeed obvious to all with eyes to see and ears to hear. Having now turned the corner and fairly on the other road, we find it leading down to the abyss of poverty, and each step narrows the gloom. Painfully obvious is this to a number of working-class people who, when they returned to their former employment after a few weeks vacation, found that their commodity, labor power, was a drug in the market, the owner of the workshop and factory having no further use for them. A large number of men find themselves so placed, while hundreds of others are, unconsciously, perhaps, at this moment trembling on the balance, a false step, an over-wrought mind, a dimming of the eye, a loss of power to the arm, a few gray hairs, threatens to find them a place in the army of the workless. Socialists are accused of always presenting the gloomy side of conditions—perhaps so, but looking at things as they now exist, from base to pyramid of our economic, political and social system, wherein lies the bright side to the thoughtful working-class man? With the sword of insecurity ever dangling over his economic neck, and hanging only by the most fragile of economic

threads, where is the bright side of the workers' lot? Merely to eat, drink, work and sleep! Is that the bright side? Here is a pathetic illustration of a working man's position under this system of production for profit:

"At a recent inquest held in connection with the death of C—— D——, who was found hanging in Firzroy (Mel.), the deceased's widow said she found the following farewell note: 'Dear Wife and Children—I cannot stand this pain and poverty any longer. I am going to bid you a loving farewell. I cannot accept charity. I am in your way. Some one will assist you, but no one will assist me to live. For the kiddies' sake, be kind to each other.—Your Poor Dad.'"

Says the Evansville *Labor Journal*: "We can march in labor parades until Hades boils down to a poultice, but unless we vote as we march we'll never purify the bench, get the legislation we deserve, secure the recognition that must be ours, or alter conditions that now so heavily oppress us. The political game is the game that capital plays to offset the work of organization among workingmen. Labor Day parades are all right, but wouldn't a solid election day parade look well?"

A True Word of Cheer

By ROSE PASTOR STOKES



Courte

Forward N. Y.

Rose Pastor Stokes.

A WORD of cheer to the comrades." That is the demand. It reminds me of the word of cheer a bourgeois friend once gave:

"Why all this looking down? Why all this pointing at the sad, the sorrowful, the miserable, the wretched, the unjust in life? Is this all that you see, then? Why look

down, why not look up? Come, cheer up, friend! The birds are singing, hear them? The sun shines, and things are green; the waters sparkle and the trees whisper glad secrets; and there is, oh, so much, gladness in life everywhere! *Be optimistic!*"

My answer to such words of cheer is this:

When an innocent, harmless peo-

ple is oppressed, you rush into war—you throw yourself into the fire of battle to do and dare for others that others may be free. You are ready to give, with your nation, the last drop of life blood if need be, because you feel a sister nation's wrong. Spain? Spain shall not dare! We shall rush to the fray, and we shall not yield till Cuba is free! We shall hear nothing, feel nothing, see nothing but Cuba's misery, distress and bondage! (At least, so you, the people, felt; no matter what economic forces brought on that war and seemed to make it necessary.) True, somewhere the birds are singing and the sun is shining, the waves are kissing pleasant shores, and all nature is glad, and hundreds of thousands of human beings are glad also, aye, millions even. But who is the traitor that will dare, in a time like this, to call attention to these things away from the miseries of an oppressed people? Who the heartless ones who will dare breathe a word of these eternally glad things until an enslaved people is made free? Until the hands of the oppressors are made to drop the lash, the sword, the instrument of torture? Who?—Nay, Cuba must be free before any man who draws breath in our America will have heart to listen to the song of birds or glory in nature's gladness. Banish joy till Cuba is free! Joy lies dead till Cuba is free!

And you tell me there is joy, and you tell me there are many happy men and women and children in our land; and you tell me that the birds sing, and the fields are green, and the sun shines, and you enjoin me to look up and not down, that then I shall smile and not be sorrowful; but I tell you that there are ten million human beings in

our America who are living on the edge of starvation; and I tell you that our people are being worked to the limit of their endurance, and enjoy not the fruits of their labor, and receive in return a wage to starve, suffer and die on. And I tell you there are armies of men and women past fifty cast out of the field of labor without man or state to care whether they live or die; that there are over two million little children in our land crushed beneath the burden of toil, day and night, in our mills and mines and factories, knowing of neither God nor man, except of God's silence, and of man's cruelty. And I tell you that there is a mighty class of workers in our land kept in darkness, and ignorance, and poverty, and wretchedness, and disease, and vice, and crime by another class of men who live in idleness and luxury upon the excessive toil of these workers. And I tell you these idlers commit a thousand crying crimes against the toilers; oppress them, and mete out to them gross injustice day by day, and heap upon them, consciously and unconsciously, misery upon misery and woe upon woe. And I tell you that the hearts of men are breaking with this woe! And that, though there may be things joyous in the world and in nature, yet men must strive until social and economic injustice is wiped off the face of our fair land; until our prosperous land shall prosper all men instead of the few; until our prosperous land shall prosper in particular the toilers, the creators of its prosperity. And I tell you, until industrial, economic and social despotism is wiped out in a bloodless war and freedom from wage slavery is established, there shall be constant striving till the birds sing, and the sun shines,

and the waters ripple, and nature is glad for *all*.

We have been diverted by these things long enough, and poverty has grown apace; and injustice, and greed, and inequality have grown apace. We have been turning our backs on the real issues in human affairs; pointing with pride to our country's wealth, and losing sight of our people's poverty. If you have the love of men in your hearts, if you have the love of justice and truth in your hearts, I appeal to you to cease dallying with pleasures that are trifles as compared with this great issue, and to take up the cause of justice, the cause of Socialism, the cause of humanity. And I tell you you must consecrate your life to it. And I tell you you must think of the millions who may not enjoy the birds and flowers, the light on sea and land, and all the myriad glad things. For the greatest joy in a world like our world of today is to suffer with the millions and strive with them upward and onward, even though slow the progress.

This is my word of cheer—my word of optimism. Not the optimism, this, of the wilfully blind, who believe that if they keep gazing at the sky the earth will cease to be, and that if they keep listening to birds the cry of the oppressed will be silent. No, this is the optimism of a divine discontent, the optimism of them that look "down," nor shut their eyes to the sight, but face the problems as they find them and vow that while the breath holds them they shall know nothing but unrest until real relief comes. Up with you, my pessimistic friends! There is work to be done. Help to do it.

That was my word of cheer then; and the same word I bring to you this Labor Day. Let not the blind

rich brothers discourage us. Indeed, they can not. Do the spenders dance and frivol half the night away? Then do we strive and strain till away on the morning side of midnight, till for every age that they drag humanity downward we shall lift humanity two ages upward.

Do they spend lavishly on baubles that shall not last a day? We shall deny ourselves much that we may the more lavishly spend in the movement against the unjust order of things that will not last a generation.

Do they believe that the power of money arrayed against the power of men in the right shall always win? Ours the privilege of proving that the power of men in the right arrayed against any evil will win in the end.

Theirs the universities, yes. But ours the street corners and the public halls. Do they poison the minds of the classes against progress in their institutions of learnings? Ours to sweeten the minds of the masses with a new, sweet hope of progress in our institutions of learning.

A false political economy in the college is no match for a true political economy on the street corner. And darkness in professorial chairs shall be pierced by the light of truth from a soapbox.

Are the purblind ones charitable and philanthropically engaged in bringing thimblefuls of water to the hell they have created? To work, then, with renewed strength, with whatever strength there is! The hell must be removed.

Do they gather in the golden million, despoil men of freedom and mold them into slaves? We will gather in the human millions, make men conscious of their slavery and point the way to freedom.

Ours to cry with the new poet of democracy:

"O, before God. I nail my heart to the agonies of the poor.

I shun excess, I seek the real; so long as these endure

In hell, I suffer with the millions, not waste joy with the few."

This is the word of cheer from

an optimistic comrade. Workers of the world, unite, and let the bread-bond that unites us in the shop unite us also at the ballot. The one hope-inspiring word is "Work!"—work and strive from one Labor Day to the next and on and on—till the world that works is free to enjoy the fruit of its labor.

The warden of Racine (Wis.) college preached a sermon last Sunday on "The Poor in Spirit," and showed how the first six words of the Sermon on the Mount were wholly inapplicable to the present civilization, built up as it is on the struggle for money. In other words, the teachings of Christ had to be taken with several grains of salt by the people ruled by modern capitalism. Taking up the words: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth," he said:

"Treasure! It occupies the center of the stage today. Men write books about it, tell how it may be acquired and how it may be retained. Every day new forms of commercialism arise, new ways of gaining treasures. We wonder at the fertility of the brains that devise them. Over the mountains and under the seas pass swift messages that shall enable men to seek, to gain, and to store up! Modern civilization, with its enormous store of applied arts and sciences, is almost wholly due to the desire for treasure. The desire for the accumulation of wealth is in the air. It is the backbone of our national philosophy. Men are not considered successful until they attain it."

Continuing, Dr. Robinson declared: "So prevalent is the desire for money that it has come to be a national vulgarity. We are too young for ancestry, too commercial for learning, too practical for piety, but youth and commerce and practical common sense make a splendid trinity in the equipment of the money-getter."

This is certainly looking the actual conditions in the face. And in the midst of all this soulless commercialism, which the Racine warden describes, we have the anomaly of the church reckoning its success in dollars and cents and in real estate holdings, besides large memberships. Many churchmen are coming to realize that all this is a questionable success. It is no wonder that that old and empty cry about Socialism being the enemy of religion is dying out. The feeling is strong that religious success is a doubtful success when it must get its numbers from among a people ruled by the base, unfeeling impulses of commercialism and engaged in the cannibalistic struggle to see who shall survive and who shall be eaten up.

Will It Come in 1913?

By E. H. THOMAS

1913 is the year which Comrade Sinclair has set for the Socialist revolution. In 1912 Mr. Hearst, or some other radical Democrat will be elected. A great industrial crisis will be raging, with "strikes of a violence never known before," there may be a "great deal of burning and dynamiting" and probably some assassinations. In the week following the election of Mr. Hearst the "business of the country will have fallen into heaps." And then, all of a sudden, just as soon as Mr. Hearst is inaugurated—or perhaps even before his inauguration—the government will step in, take over the railways and the trusts, and—"such will be the revolution. * * * * * It is a charmingly simple process," says Comrade Sinclair, naively, "I could do it all myself."

Let's see—where did we hear this before? Oh yes—it was at the Unity convention at Indianapolis, in 1901. Five years was the space of time given by Gaylord Wilshire for the final break-down of the capitalist system. It is now six years since the Unity convention was held. The capitalist system has not broken down yet.

Also, only last week Mrs. Lott, the millennial prophetess, solemnly announced that the "Millennial Dawn" when "capital will throw its money into the streets" will come in 1915. Mrs. Lott has the advantage over Comrade Sinclair by two years, during which she can still pose as a prophetess.

Now, of course, all prophets who

set dates to their prophecies may be dismissed with a smile. Time so surely proves them false prophets. But Upton Sinclair has told us not only why, but how the revolution will come. And since too many Socialists may think that he is all right about the method, and only off on the date, it may be worth while to consider his reasoning.

Comrade Sinclair starts with a parallel between the conditions which brought on the American Civil War and the abolition of negro slavery. He believes "that our country is now only a few years away from a similar great transformation." And then he falls into the strange error of supposing that the capitalist system can be overthrown all at once just as negro slavery was abolished all at once.

There could be no greater blunder. There is not the slightest real parallel between the chattel slave system in 1860 and the wage system in 1907. Chattel slavery was an anachronism in 1860—a thing wholly out of date. For centuries it had been replaced in Europe by another social phase—by wage labor. The wage system in 1860 flourished in the larger, stronger and richer part of the United States. That is the reason that the North won out over the South. Its industrial resources were immensely superior. It was the triumph of a system already well developed and appropriate to its age over a system which had not flourished in civilized countries since the days of ancient Greece and Rome, a system which was not even

a relic of the Dark Ages when serfdom had already succeeded chattel slavery.

Nothing of this sort is presented in the present industrial struggle. No mature and well developed system is ready to step in and take the place of capitalism, if it should "collapse" in this country. And just at present it shows little signs of "collapsing."

No such simple problem is confronting us as confronted our fathers in the war of the rebellion.

They had but to say "Let slavery be abolished!" and capitalism, already full grown and organized, came crowding in to fill the vacant space left by the old regime.

We cannot merely say "Let capitalism be abolished!" We must furnish a system to take its place. We must build up at the same time that we tear down. We must hold the trowel in one hand, and the sword in the other, like the Jews in the days of Nehemiah, who rebuilt Jerusalem in the face of the enemy.

"The Socialist party," says Comrade Sinclair, "is a party of agitation rather than administration." This is the reason why the revolution is to be accomplished, not by the Socialist party, but by the programless Democratic party, with the vague and sphynx-like Mr. Hearst at its head!

Is the Socialist party merely a party of agitation? Wherever it has been given any administrative control, as for instance in some French municipalities, has it not shown wonderful administrative abilities? The workingmen of France and some other European countries, where some cities have been carried by the Socialist party, have found the Socialist officials just as competent to carry out measures for the benefit of the

working class as to agitate for such measures.

The Socialist party of America also will have to become a party of administration if it is to grow or even to live. Under the American form of government it will be impossible for us to shirk responsibility. In America all branches of the government, legislative, judicial and executive, are close to the people. It will occasionally result that some of our men will be elected to one or another of these branches. If the Socialist official knows how to carry his Socialism into practical application in the school board, the council chamber, the city treasury, the county clerk's office or the mayor's chair, the Socialist party will be entrusted with higher duties by the people. If the Socialist official can only talk about surplus value and the collapse of the capitalist system, he will never be re-elected. The American people are too common sense to vote for a party of mere shouters.

The near future will see whether we can stand this hard test. I have faith to believe that we shall pass triumphantly through this great and growing ordeal, in spite of Comrade Sinclair's low estimate of our destiny.

Our readers must not suppose that these errors make up the whole of Comrade Sinclair's most interesting and valuable book. There are many chapters in Sinclair's forceful style which deserve to be written in letters of gold. This makes it all the more to be regretted that this fine work, which Kaiser Wilhelm has advertised so well by prohibiting it in the German Empire, should be marred by these crude notions. When Comrade Sinclair becomes an older Socialist, he will grow away from them. And

we trust that the Socialist movement in America will also grow away from them with a few more years of practical experience. If not, some other party will arise to elbow us out.

Women, Come In!

By GERTRUDE BRESLAU HUNT



Gertrude Breslau Hunt.

THE prevailing capitalist code of "womanly" behavior for women is violated by the woman who demands the ballot and who studies and talks on political and industrial questions; but, because capitalism has so organized our social and industrial institutions that women are in its poverty, its disease infected tenements, its factories and sweatshops, its brothels and jails, its army of unemployed, its disfranchised, disinherited, exploited workers, they are demanding the right to order their lives and re-

lieve themselves and their children of such needless oppression.

Anything that concerns the welfare of our great human family concerns its women most of all; we are half the race, we are mothers of the race.

The degree of intelligence that enables us to spin and weave, bake and sew, design and create myriad forms of use and beauty, is *too* great for us to continue long as inferior, contented wage slaves. The more intelligent the slave, the more discontented is he with slavery.

Every problem that confronts her brother worker confronts woman as well; every evil of capitalism from which he suffers she suffers, and others besides.

Every class has its own ethics and thus capitalist ethics condemn every effort of man or woman that tends to overthrow capitalism.

It is the discontented woman who is asking the suffrage, and any justice to the people is a menace to capitalist profits and dividends, therefore to be resisted by that class.

There are five million women toiling in our industries in this country, four millions more than own homes of their own. Do you wonder some of us begin to notice?

This, to say nothing of the millions of patient victims who are working as housewives at what would be about fifteen separate, specialized occupations, with crude

tools and methods of four generations ago, instead of having at command all the wonderful forces of steam, electricity and mechanical device to make productive and effective their labors.

These are harder to educate to political (collective) action. Their efforts are expended *individually*; they work alone in isolated kitchens, they do not come in *direct* contact with the wage system; then, too, they are affected by the many agencies capitalism employs to control their brains and keep them from acting in their own behalf, as school book trust books, editors, lecturers and preachers, wrongly educated in privately endowed institutions of "learning," where the student's trust is betrayed and he is kept ignorant or is misinformed about the methods of capitalistic confiscation of wealth through the ownership of the tools of production.

Women are learning rapidly now that the ethical forces are conditioned in their actual sphere of operation by the economic relations; that they cannot, by individual effort, protect and rear their children well—it requires *collective* effort to get proper hygienic conditions, education, wholesome food, pure water and many other things. These matters of life and death are decided at the ballot box. As soon as women *learn* the truth, you will not find them supporting a legal institution that forces them to sell \$2,500 labor power for \$447; we

have been hunting bargains too long for that.

A few sanction giving the ballot to *women with property*—sacred property—more sacred now than life. If a woman with property needs the ballot, how much *more* does it mean to the one with absolutely nothing but her labor power to depend upon, and how easy to move on from such a precedent to disfranchising men without property.

Socialism offers to women every opportunity, political and industrial. Come, join the party, help fight the battles and achieve the victories of the social revolution.

We must learn how to act collectively to remove wrong, outgrown institutions and establish right ones.

Covet the honor of being the *first* woman to join the local, or the latest one if you have been timid.

It is not enough to have good motives; we must learn to act wisely and efficiently; two people of equally good motives might visit a sick patient and one would administer carbolic acid instead of olive oil—the result would be as deadly as if the motive were vicious.

The Socialist party trains and educates its members to be efficient builders of the commonwealth; it offers you a priceless privilege; it needs you; we need you and you need us. Let us use and develop every power and faculty in defense of ourselves and the race we bring into the world.

Some of these preachers better sharpen up a bit. Labor is advancing faster than they are. The Labor

Day sermons that used to be preached are only laughed at by labor now.

Lest We Forget

By ROBERT BLATCHFORD

LOOKING over a Sunday paper, I came upon reports of two cases of starvation. George Wright, a music copyist, age 49, was found dying on a doorstep, was taken to the Whit Chapel Infirmary, and there died. He had been very ill for months, and had been "lying about the streets."

In the course of an inquest held at Hackney upon a newly-born baby, found dead in bed, the coroner asked the father of the deceased "How is it you are so poor?" To which the father gave answer as follows: "I have only done about six weeks' work since Christmas. The boot trade is very bad in London. I went on the road to try and get work."

Dr. Brown said "the place" (the "home") of these poor people was very clean, but almost empty, the poor woman having only a counterpane on the bed. The people seemed absolutely destitute. The coroner kindly granted a sovereign out of the poor box.

These are facts; common, horrible facts.

Not until "the slave ceases, and the master of slaves ceases," not while there is a single case of poverty in this nation will the genuine Socialist be content.

The Socialist ideal implies a great deal more than old-age pensions, doles for the unemployed, and the municipal ownership of trams.

The Socialist ideal means the nation for the people. It means more

even than that. It means freedom of thought and speech for the people. It means education, and health, and justice, and self-respect for the people. For all the people. It means revolution; the greatest revolution the world has seen. It means political, social and economic revolution. It is mere weakness and unworthy subterfuge to pretend that Socialism means less than this. Not a jot, not a tittle less than this does it mean.

For, if there are to be no slaves, how shall there be any masters? If the land is to belong to the people, how shall it remain the property of the landlords? If no worker is to remain poor, how shall any idler remain rich? If every man is to have self-respect, how can he submit to be the hireling of a lord or of a class?

The Socialist ideal is not a compromise. Between liberty and serfdom there can be no compromise. The Socialist ideal is not a party expedient. It is a religion. It is the religion of the emancipation of mankind from tyranny and exploitation in all their forms.

This religion means that the human race shall own the earth, the whole of it. It means that every woman and man on the earth shall be master of her or his own body and soul. It means that no class privilege, no pride of caste, no old law nor convention shall be allowed to stand against the freedom and the welfare of the race.

To pretend otherwise is cowardice, or treachery. It is this we Socialists mean, and nothing else.

We dare not prevaricate nor pretend. We dare not attempt to make our religion palatable to the most benevolent and amiable peer, or priest, or soap boiler, or pawnbroker, or plutocrat, or self-made man amongst the crowd of superior persons who will do anything for the poor man except get off his back.

Socialism means that intellectual and legalized brigandage shall follow physical and illegal brigandage into the limbo of the past. The slaves shall cease.

And what shall the superior person get for his superiority? He shall get—his superiority. He shall have the superior right to do superior work. He shall prove himself superior by living up to the motto of all true princes, "I serve." But as a slave-owner, a money-raker, an idler, or a *poseur*, he shall find no demand for his services. Of such superiority Socialism will have none.

We want the world for the people; we want freedom, and plenty, and honor, and knowledge of *all*. We are Socialists, and we want Socialism. We decline to be respectable, and politic, and conciliatory,

while men are dying on doorsteps and women have no clothing to keep their babies alive.

O why and for what are we waiting?
While our brothers droop and die,
And in every wind of the heavens
A wasted life goes by.

How long shall they reproach us
Where crowd on crowd they dwell,
Poor ghosts of the wicked city,
The gold-crushed hell?

Through squalid life they labored,
In sordid grief they died,
Those sons of a mighty mother,
Those props of England's pride.

They are gone; there is none can
undo it,

Nor save our souls from the curse;
But many a million cometh,
And shall they be better—or worse?

William Morris puts to us
straight questions. What answer
can we make? Something is being
done for labor; in dribblets.

What are we doing for Social-Democracy? What have we done
with our Socialist ideal?

This is what Socialism means.
This is what we stand for when we
call ourselves Socialists. It is well
in these times to make our purpose
and our meaning clear, "lest we
forget."

The collapse of the cantilever bridge at Quebec, by which ninety workmen lost their lives, was a good exemplification of the utter disregard of human life felt by capitalism. The bridge was known to be unsafe, but the contractors continued the construction in the hope that it might stand the strain long enough to get the two spans together. Human labor is cheap, and there is always plenty more of it to be had. In this bridge horror we see the actual advantage, in one

sense, of the chattel slavery system over the present system of free labor. If those ninety men had been chattels, the slaves of the contractors, not one of their lives would have been risked on the wobbling structure, for every slave lost would have meant the loss, more or less, of a thousand dollars. The difference between the care of the slave laborer in the old days and the care taken of the free laborer in the present day is as wide as the antipodes.

Knowledge For The Worker

By ALD. EMIL SEIDEL

You just maturing youth! You male or female!

Remember the organic compact of these states,

Remember the pledge of the old thirteen thenceforward to the rights, life, liberty, equality of man.....

Remember government is to subserve individuals,

Not any, not the president, is to have one jot more than you and me,

Not any habitant of America is to have one jot less than you and me.

THUS sings Walt Whitman. Young man, young woman, have you received what is yours? What do you know of the world in which you live? Your heart is full of hope; but "Hope without action is a barren undoer," says Feltham. As a Socialist you hope to see the day that you shall receive the product of your toil. Ambitious as you are you expect to receive your reward.

What are you doing to bring about the realization of your pet dreams? Ptolemy, it is said, wished to learn geometry. He inquired of Euclid if there is an easier way of learning geometry than by studying the elements. Euclid replied: "There is no royal road to geometry." If you are doing nothing to realize your hopes, you hope in vain, for understand: "THERE IS NO ROAD THAT LEADS AN INDOLENT IGNORAMUS TO LIBERTY."

Do you know that this fair city of ours pays for the education of the children the sum of \$22.95 per capita per annum. This only up to 14 years of age. After that nothing more is spent by the city for the

workingman's child unless the public library is figured in.

For the education of a high school pupil however the sum of \$48.60 per annum per pupil has been spent. What share had you in this? None excepting that you worked ten hours per day to help to pay the taxes that go to support the high schools.

It is no fault of yours that this has been so in the past. But the blame would rest upon you if you permit this to continue in the future.

Young man, young woman, the future belongs to you; but you must prepare yourself for it. If the tyranny of capitalism shall not be succeeded by a new tyranny, i. e., that of the intellectuals, you and your class must insist that education and knowledge become more and more democratic.

Possession alone cannot suffice. With possession must go the understanding, or, as the genial Goethe puts it: "What is not fully understood is not possessed." If today the working class was given possession of all the means of production and distribution, and were not properly prepared to direct the forces, what would it avail?

It is folly to presume that a better education degrades its possessor to the level of a more willing subject of exploitation. An intelligent working class can not be pressed into submission.

Many of the faults prevalent in and connected with municipal or national ownership spring from the fact that the working class, most vitally interested, has not been able to get control of the managements.

"Knowledge is power," says Bacon. The working class with its legions supported by the power that comes only from knowledge—where is the force that could resist it?

Knowledge broadens the view. Acquiring it is as climbing a mountain peak. From its lofty heights we observe not only the immediate surroundings but also that which lies beyond.

Knowledge aids us to master adverse conditions. A savage is a Hercules if he can handle a stone of two hundredweight. A modern worker handles with greater ease castings of that many tons and thinks nothing of it.

The gods of old had voices like thunder. Our whisper is heard a thousand miles. Knowledge makes us master.

Knowledge gives pleasure. A man without knowledge is as an ornamental vase. It may be beautifully decorated, but there is nothing in it. Knowledge gives contents to life.

In speaking of knowledge Curtis says: "The sure foundation of the state is laid in knowledge, not in ignorance, and every sneer at culture, at book learning, which is recorded wisdom of the experience of mankind, is the demagogue's sneer at intelligent liberty, inviting national degeneracy and ruin." If this is true in a bourgeois capitalist society how much more with a co-operative commonwealth? Every worker that becomes more proficient in some one of the many branches of arts or technics, and applies his knowledge as a lever to elevate the standard of the working class is a true benefactor of mankind. Such leave the imprints of their work long after they have passed.

We need not learn everything, nor could we, but what we learn we should learn well.

Let it be understood that the ghost of the ossified guilds which ever and anon stalks through the land and can-

not come to rest, has nothing in common with the education that is needed by the modern workingman or woman.

In the days of the guild the shoemaker was a shoemaker. His life's efforts were required to become proficient at the craft. Governing was left to the rulers.

Quite different today. The machine does that work. No years of hard training necessary to learn these trades today. In principle, if not in fact, the worker today shares in the governing. Rulers, at their best, are pernicious to the welfare of a people, and therefore always UNDESIRABLE.

The working class has, or should have, time to learn something more than to make footstools for others. The arts are to the average workingman and woman an impenthrable mystery. They have not even a suspicion of the treasures there hidden to them. We come into life doomed to toil, pass through and away, and do not even realize that we have lived.

The education that a worker should aim at must be of the kind that will enable him to make life worth living for him and his kin.

If ever, now is the time to democratize the sciences and the arts.

Talents die, barely born, and geniuses starve, while imbecility and degeneracy dote upon the treasures gathered by masters of the past ages.

Pseudo-science has become a mop for a corrupted class, ditto scientists have become lickspittles.

Science, the true Goddess, is seeking refuge—she knows not where.

Young men and women! Open your eyes and ears and hearts and minds! Bid her welcome! She will liberate you.

THEN ONCE MORE SHALL WE HAVE A RENAISSANCE, A REAL DEMOCRATIC RENAISSANCE.

Are you willing?

The telegraphers demand a 15 per cent increase, an eight-hour day, abolition of the blacklist, and a legal assurance of immunity from such treatment as the companies

have accorded them in the past. They are forced to work exhausting hours, and their pay is not at all commensurate with the skill of their work. While they have a

powerful corporation to fight, their fight thus far has showed wonderful staying powers and the fact

of an undoubted and long standing list of grievances. It is a case of the worm turning.

The Miner's Tale

By MAY BEALS



May Beals.

THE lord of us, he lay in
his bed,
Good right had he—good
right;
But we were up before night had
fled,
Out to the mines in the dawning
red,
Slaves were we all, by hunger led
Into the land of night.
The master knew of our danger
well,
We also knew, we knew.
His greed for profits had served
him well,
But he o'er-reached himself as
fate befell,
And I alone am left to tell

• A True Story.

Death's horrors I lived
through.

The master dreamed, mayhap, of
his gold,

But we were awake—awake,
Buried alive in the black earth's
mold;

And some who could yet a pencil
hold

Wrote, till their hands in death
grew cold,

For wife or sweetheart's sake.

Letters they wrote of farewell—
farewell

To mother, sweetheart, wife.
What words of comfort could
they tell,

Comfort for those who loved
them well—

Up from the jaws of the earth's
black hell

That was crushing out their
life?

The master cursed, as masters do.
Good right had he—good
right!

But the fear of our vengeance
stirred him, too;

He sailed with some of his lordly
crew

To Europe—and reveled a year
or two.

Great might has he—great
might!

Shots at Capitalism

By FREDERIC HEATH

Taft is Roosevelt's walking delegate.

Private monopoly is simply co-operation badly owned.

When you see an editorial in a capitalist paper headed Labor day, you can tell beforehand just what it is going to say. Capitalist Labor day dope is always capitalist Labor Day dope.

And now Senator Borah is on trial for stealing government land. But he has not yet been declared an "undesirable citizen" in advance. As he is a capitalist party politician he is safe, however.

The millionaire may be a workingman according to your way of looking at it, Mr. Hearst, but we notice that he does not ask for a place in the Labor Day parades. Marching would be too much like work, and he doesn't hanker after work.

Roosevelt is quite free in imputing demagogism to the spokesmen of the working class. As a believer in capitalism he would naturally prefer a working class without spokesmen and without ideals. The capitalist system could then pluck the workers to the bone without their showing resistance.

Madrid Socialists have bought for themselves for 300,000 pesetas (\$60,000) the palace of the Duke of Bejar, for the purpose of a

People's House. The plan is to provide a home for the General Federation of Trades Unions (Union Generale de Trabajadores) and affiliated trades unions, for the Socialist Co-operative society. There will be also a theater to hold 4,000 people.

Roosevelt used to call the Socialists rabid agitators because they said that plutocracy should not rule. Political exigency has forced him to try to save the capitalist bacon by denouncing the ultra rich, but he still calls us rabid agitators just the same. It probably makes him rabid to think that the Socialist agitation has at least forced him to take at least a partial stand against the fleecers.

Tammany hall must be uneasy over the Socialist agitation, for its police have been unusually active lately in breaking up Socialist street meetings. Our comrades have faced the music like martyrs, and, after a lot of them had been arrested and it was plain that others would step into their places as fast as required, the joke began to be on the officials. The Socialists are now fighting the matter in the courts, with some prospect of securing their rights under the constitutional guaranty of free speech. Some idea of the magnitude of the persecution may be had from the fact that on one evening alone thirty-one Socialists were locked up.