

The Vanguard

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The Month's Story

**What
Could
He Do?**

As we go to press, the Milwaukee city campaign is drawing to a close. The prospects are bright for a Social-Democratic victory. It has been a remarkable campaign. The old-party politicians have set up all the old scare-crows and clothed them in all the old threadbare rags of "free-love," "atheism" and "anarchism." They have labelled these scare-crows "Socialist principles."

A few days will show whether these ancient lay-figures have really fooled the voters. We have enough faith in the intelligence of Milwaukee citizens to believe that after election these old bugaboos will be relegated for once and all to the political garret.

In our frontispiece for this issue we give the portrait of the head of the Social-Democratic ticket—the man who we hope will be the next mayor of Milwaukee.

And now the interesting question arises—what can Comrade Seidel do if he is elected?

This of course will entirely depend on whether he has behind him a Social-Democratic city council. But supposing the case of a city where the Socialists should make a clean sweep, electing their complete city ticket and a majority of the aldermen—what could such a Socialist administration accomplish?

Our cities do not make our laws. Every Socialist city would therefore be under the necessity of adapting our capitalistic laws to Socialist purposes. That is, it would have to use tools made for just an opposite purpose.

But the Yankee was always known as the fellow who could saw with a gimlet and bore holes with a knife. And we believe our American Socialists would be no less ingenious than their comrades in some cities of Great Britain, France, Germany and other European countries, who have contrived to work in some very Socialistic measures under the very noses of their capitalistic governments.

The first duty for the Socialists of any city before they put a local ticket in the field, is to carefully study the charter of their respective city. Thus they will find out what they can and what they cannot do. What the charter of one city forbids, another city charter may grant. Thus in different cities different results will be reached. And these varying experiments will be of the highest educational value. Every city may learn lessons in Socialism from its neighbors, as soon as we begin to carry the American municipalities.

And the second step of course must be the capture by the Socialists of our state legislatures.

This is of the utmost importance. It is a great mistake to suppose that we must wait till we have a Socialist president and Socialist Congress before we can have any degree of Socialism. Our national constitution allows many state rights. A Socialist state, wisely and ingeniously using these rights, might introduce a considerable degree of Socialism, and capitalistic Uncle Sam could not help himself.

At any rate, a Socialist state legislature could give our cities such a degree of home rule that "municipal Socialism" would be actually possible.

Under real Socialism, many industries would be municipally owned by their very nature. Perhaps the number of such industries is larger than we now suppose. "The nation should own the trusts." But with the concentration of industry, there is a decided tendency for certain branches of industry to settle themselves in certain localities. For instance, Massachusetts cities contain a good share of the shoe manufactures.

Be this as it may, American cities, like British cities, will play a large role in the American Socialist movement. And for years to come, the winning of the cities will be the chief work of our party.

Milwaukee is making a start. Whatever will be the outcome on the 7th of this month, Milwaukee comrades are getting a rich store of municipal experience.

What other big city will next put itself on the Socialist map?

* * *

John Bull

Well

Scared

Only a few years ago Socialists of all countries were greatly puzzled to know why England was so backward in the Socialist movement. Now they can stop explaining. Slow, conservative England is beginning to move. And the result is very alarming to the British propertied classes, who thought themselves so snugly sheltered by all sorts of precedents, customs and traditions.

The first result may be to bring about an understanding between the land-owning aristocracy, represented by the Conservative party, and the middle-class capitalistic Liberals.

While in the election of 1907 "the Liberals and Conservatives flew at each other's throats for the husks, they let the Socialists slip away with the kernel, namely—seats in Parliament." So said Lord Roseberry in a recent address on "the active menace of Socialism" before the Liberal League. He also warned the Liberals against agitating for the abolition of the House of Lords. He pointed out to them that the House of Lords was now "most necessary in order to combat Socialism."

We shall see the same thing in this country as soon as American Socialism becomes a formidable political power. The trust magnates and the middle class will then become the best of friends! And the old party "Radicals" will drop all anti-trust agitation like a hot potato.

Our British comrades are much to be congratulated on the stir they are making in their enemies' camps. Is it not high time for us to start the same commotion on this side of the water?

* * *

Red Tape Comrade Herve has recently been sentenced to two months' confinement in a French prison for anti-militarist utterances. Comrade Liebknecht has already served four months of the eighteen in a German fortress with which he is paying the penalty for his splendid little book against militarism.

vs. Here "the man from Mars" might rub his eyes! What! Is not this the same world in which the Hague Peace Congress was held last summer, attended by delegates of all the civilized powers? Did they not spend tons of paper and yards of red tape to do away with war? Did they not uncork floods of eloquence and many bottles of champagne in honor of peace? Why then lock up these two earnest men who seriously propose taking some real steps towards establishing it?

Real Men Or why will Andrew Carnegie spend a fabulous sum to build a big and useless Palace of Peace at the Hague? Would it not have been more to the purpose to have used some of this in defense of the living temples of the peace spirit?

Comrades Liebknecht and Herve will have time behind their bars for some bitter reflections on the hypocrisy of capitalistic society.

But a society which has reached such a pitch of cynicism—a society whose words and actions are so shamelessly contradictory—is pretty near the point of moral collapse.

* * *

Child Children fainting in their classes for want of food, too exhausted with hunger to properly attend to their studies, and dreading to see the school close for the day because then they must return to their cold homes! Where are these horrible conditions? In some European city, where

Martyrs the poor are ground down by the aristocracy? No—in the wealthiest city of rich and "prosperous" America. In New York, where probably more multimillionaires reside than in any other city in the world—people who do not know where to throw their money, who give elaborate banquets to disgusting monkeys and poodles—the little children suffer such pains as these.

"I used to wonder," said a teacher in one of the New York public schools, "why so many children never went home at noon time. I asked them why they did not go out and get some lunch.

"What's the use?" was the answer I generally received.

"Then I realized that scores of the little children realized that the pantry at home was empty. I learned, too, that many of the children did not even have any breakfast before they came to school. It made my heart ache.

"Like little Spartans, they refuse to complain until they faint at their work. Even then they hate to admit that they are not being

properly fed. Many nationalities are joined in this school, but all have a sense of pride which prevents their mentioning their troubles."

And yet we have been persistently assured for the last five months that "prosperity" has "resumed" and in fact never was interrupted. And as an antidote against hard times we have been exhorted to "confidence" and advised to organize "smile clubs!"

It is a crime to smile over such sufferings. It is a deadly sin to be optimistic, when optimism means shutting our eyes to the miseries of these and thousands of other helpless little children.

If it is true that no especially "hard times" are upon us, that these conditions are not acute but chronic, then so much the worse for the conditions. And so much the worse for our society.

Robert Hunter in his excellent work on "Poverty" some years ago expressed his belief that seventy thousand school children in New York were insufficiently fed. He was sharply called down by the capitalist press for this statement. But subsequent investigations have revealed the sad truth that his figures were not exaggerated.

And all the optimism of the cheerful idiot will not relieve the pangs of these little martyrs. Nor will it stay the just retribution which one day will fall on a wilfully blind and criminally heartless society!

* * *

An American "Pogrom" The anti-Anarchist insanity in Chicago has come and gone. But it has left us a valuable lesson which all Americans ought earnestly to heed. First, the Averbuch case might never have been investigated at all but for the Chicago Jews who resented the charges of Anarchism brought against them. The real facts will probably never be known. But enough has been brought to light to hint at the dark outlines of this bloody deed. It transpires that Averbuch was not an Anarchist at all. The undertaker who laid him out testifies that wounds in the poor lad's body were caused by *shots from above*. These and other points of evidence render more than doubtful the story which at its first telling seemed so improbable—that this slight boy of eighteen *after* the experienced old chief of police had succeeded in *pinioning his arms*, somehow broke loose and fired at the chief and his son.

Yet on this slight fable was built a whole romance of Anarchist plots and horrors. In a frenzy of hysterics, the capitalist press called on the government to carry all Anarchists to some "uninhabited island" and "leave them there to die." A still more cruel measure was suggested in deportation—for a Russian Jew branded as a supposed "Anarchist" might well prefer the most desolate island to the land of the Czar.

Moreover the Chicago police carried out a regular Russian "pogrom" in the working class district of the city. Alleged Anarchists, actual Socialists and even unthinking citizens without an "ism" in their heads were thrown into the nasty Chicago jails. All kinds of radical literature were seized. Even Hull-House, presided over by gentle Jane Addams, was denounced as a perfect hotbed of Anarchy.

All which goes to show on what a slight tenure we hold our boasted

freedom of speech. A police fiction, the ravings of the capitalist press, may at any time launch a persecution against every man who is in the habit of expressing radical sentiments of any kind. And as a consequence a censored press may easily be the result.

Even today in Milwaukee, where the public has had a better opportunity to learn the real principles of Socialism than in any other American city, the politicians are trying to make the people believe that Socialism is all one with Anarchism. Night after night in their campaign speeches they are repeating this old lie which we all thought was nailed long ago. Thus they hope to turn public attention from the real issue of the day—the great question of the unemployed.

But just because our freedom of speech and our right of assemblage lie in the hands of the police and the capitalist press—just for that very reason we should use these rights while we have them. Some day they may be taken from us. In some fit of hysterics, brought on by the capitalistic papers, capitalistic society may pass anti-Socialist laws of the most un-American type. We may find ourselves confronted with just the same persecution as our comrades in Europe.

Then while we can talk, let us keep things humming. While we can hold meetings, let us pack them to the doors. While we can write, let us shovel out the literature by cart-loads!

* * *

**For
Free
Mothers**

One of the most interesting movements of the present century is the struggle which English women are making for the right of suffrage. The usual reply of the legislator to the plea for women suffrage is that "the women themselves don't want to vote." The irrepressible activity of these energetic women has answered that argument most emphatically.

Indeed the eagerness with which these women brave arrest and imprisonment shows a very deep-seated discontent with the present condition of woman. True, from our standpoint, the game is not quite worth the candle. The suffragists are beginning at the wrong end. Political liberty is good with economic freedom. Without economic freedom it is nothing. This holds just as true for women as for workingmen.

But, in the case of women, the question of economic emancipation is doubly complex. It is not only the question of class emancipation. It is also a question of women's natural duties and functions, and whether these make her a natural dependent.

At present two totally different types of women are being evolved. There is the wage-working woman, who joins in the social labor of production, and is more or less developed in character and independence by this social contact, but is childless. And there is the mother, who is giving the world its next generation, but who is punished for this by economic dependence, by isolated and therefore uninteresting labor, and by the mental degeneracy which is its natural result.

It must be confessed that each type is only half a human being. And till some system can be worked out which will unite the two, which

can permit the working woman to be a mother, and the mother to be a free woman, the woman question will never be settled.

There are some scientists, and even, we regret to say, some Socialists, who claim that this cannot be. They insist that the very function of motherhood tends to mental inferiority and that for this reason woman must always remain a dependent.

If this were true, if humanity could only be perpetuated by sacrificing one-half of it, then it would be well for the human race to come to an end at once. If the world is so constructed by nature that it must necessarily be composed of two classes, a superior and exploiting sex and an inferior and exploited sex, then surely there could be nothing better than Schopenhauer's "universal suicide," or rather universal race suicide. That would be the only way of getting even with such a cruel and cynical law of nature.

But fortunately there is no such natural law.

The greatest intellectual triumph of this age, the discovery which has revolutionized all branches of science and is opening wide doors on every side to new and startling scientific truths—the discovery of radium—was made by a woman and a mother.

It is not motherhood that dwarfs the brain and cripples the intellect. It is the narrow round of isolated, unsocial labor which keeps the housewife in the same identical, antiquated old treadmill in which her mother, grandmother and great-grandmother wore down their lives, generation after generation. The world's industry has moved on with giant strides. Hers has remained at a standstill.

What to do? Take her out of her little narrow prison-kitchen and make her a social worker? Alas, under the wage system that also is a cruel treadmill. If domestic labor dwarfs the woman, wage labor crushes her.

So in the end we find that the same economic problem confronts the woman as the man. If the abolition of the wage system is necessary for the workingman, far more is it an almost life and death necessity for every woman. Until that is brought about, no woman can complete a happy and well-rounded existence.

And that is why we say the suffragists are beginning at the wrong end. By all means let them work for universal suffrage, and good luck to their efforts!

But at the same time let them remember that economic freedom is the only security for political liberty. Let them know that for men as for women the one open door is through the abolition of wage-slavery. First of all, let them become convinced that the real salvation for them and their sisters is through a new economic system. And then let them work and fight for the Socialist Republic!

A Common Sailor

By O. F. M.

Twenty-five years ago there was very little talk about classes, and the average mother told her American-born son: "You can get to be President if you want to." This naturally was then almost as impossible as now, but the idea so expressed made a boy feel that he was as good as anybody, so that the result was not bad.

Like many another Milwaukee boy who has sat on the grass in Juneau Park on bright summer days, watching the incoming and outgoing ships, I had a strong desire to go to sea. With my mind poisoned by false history imbibed at school, there was nothing that seemed more desirable, than to become a sailor on a United States man o' war and serve my country.

So, the 1st of Nov., 1882, found me on board of the old U. S. S. Minnesota, then lying as receiving ship in the North River off New York, and I was then and there enlisted as an apprentice in the United States Navy for during minority, which meant that 5 years, 6 months and 11 days of my life now belonged to Uncle Sam.

After a few days on the Minnesota and several months on board of the old schoolship New Hampshire, at Newport, R. I., I, with ninety-nine other boys, was transferred to the cruising training ship Portsmouth, then lying at the Navy Yard, Boston, Mass.

The 17th of Jan, 1883, found us out in the Atlantic with a stiff Norwester behind us, accompanied by flurries of snow, and when that left us we picked up the N. E. Trades,

so that ten days after leaving Boston we dropped our anchor at Bridgetown, Barbadoes, in the West Indies, an island in the possession of Great Britain.

A few days later, many of us boys were allowed to go on shore from 1 o'clock P. M. till sunset. All that could, took advantage of this opportunity. We wore the uniforms of the United States, and I know that at the time I was proud to be an American man o' war's man.

We landed at a little stone pier, and, not liking the noisy crowd, I went off by myself along a nice, shady road, which reminded me somewhat of Grand Ave. at home. Though it was January, the sun was quite hot, for we were in the tropics, and the shady road was cool and quiet. After a while I came to a turn in the road, where I saw a rude sort of a bench under a tree, and I sat down to rest and look about me. The road was lined with large tropical trees and behind them was a thick, tropical growth, all new and strange to me.

On one side was a stone wall with a gate leading, as I supposed, to the mansion hid partly by a fine shady grove, and while I was sitting there taking in the surroundings, the gate opened and a little girl, perhaps 10 or 12 years old came out into the road and toward me, stopped, hesitated, and then asked, in a musical, to me new, accent: Was I from the American man o' war in the harbor, whose salute she had heard a few days before?

One word brought on another, and soon she sat on the other end of the bench, and we were asking one another all kinds of questions, she about my home in the states, the ships, etc., and I about the island etc. So that her parents came upon us unobserved, and before I really knew what was happening, the mother had begun to scold. "Why, Edith, I am astonished! You speaking to a common sailor? Why, I am ashamed of you!" etc., etc.

The little girl got up and went with her parents down the road. I could see her wipe her eyes, and so knew she was crying. I was too surprised and too hurt to speak, but remained sitting on the bench till all was over. Then I rubbed my eyes. Had I been asleep and dreamt it all? No, there was the gate and down the road I could still see the girl's dress occasionally shining white in the sunshine.

So I was a common sailor, whom to speak to was a disgrace? The tears came to my eyes (for I was only 15, and at that age they are excusable) and I think that that was the greatest cut or hurt I ever got in my life. It's now more than twenty-five years ago, but I still vividly see that woman and her husband before me. The latter was a typical Englishman with a portly figure; side whiskers; and he surveyed me from head to foot through an eyeglass—the first I had ever seen. And the expression of loathing and disgust on their faces cut me so deep that I shall never forget it. Was I then lower than they? Was I not a human being like them? Wasn't it honorable to wear a sailor's uniform and serve one's country? These and many more questions like them went through my mind as I got up and sadly walked to the town.

Here I met some others of the boys, and we went to an inn, situated on the main street, with a nice clean garden around it. We sat down around a table under the shade of an orange tree and each having a few quarters we asked the waiter to bring us something to drink.

The Barbadian colored gentleman said, in his peculiar Barbadian accent, "I am sorry, boys, but we are not allowed to serve or sell to common sailors. We have a gentleman's place here."

So, here was insult No. 2. I thought to myself: This is an English colony, they don't like Americans here; it will be different in our own country, where there are no classes and no class distinctions made. There one man is as good as another.

After a cruise among the West Indies, touching at Martinique, Santa Cruz, St. Thomas, the Bahamas and Hampton Roads, Va., we came back to the United States and cast anchor in New York Harbor. Those of us who had behaved well were allowed to go on shore. We had quite a number of boys on board from New York, and one volunteered to show me around. After seeing the Brooklyn Bridge (then building), Central Park, the Elevated R. R., etc., he led me to the Hoffmann House, for the paintings that then adorned the walls of the barroom were very fine. We went unhindered, and when about half around the room the barkeeper came toward us and said: "What in h—l do you d—d sailors want in here? Get out!" I replied that we were looking at the paintings and wanted a glass of beer. "You can have no beer here, sonny; just get a move on and clear out!"

This was in New York, in my

own glorious country, which I had thought it an honor to serve.

So I was simply a common sailor, a Jack Tar who was counted nobody, yes, less than a dog, for I had seen a dog in that barroom, and wasn't I as fit to show myself in swell places?

I served my five years and six months, for I was too honest to desert, and besides, wanted a clean record when I started afresh. And in time I learned to know and keep my place, though as I grew older many a time the blood boiled in my veins, and I have often wondered since that I wasn't courtmartialed.

When I had my honorable discharge in my hands I quit Uncle Sam's Navy, and quit for good. As I walked over the gangway I swore that I would be somebody. At least I intended to reach some station in life where I would be secure from insult, and entitled to courteous treatment from my fellow men.

Now that imperialism has captured the United States, and the ruling class has decided that the United States shall have a powerful Navy, I would like to say to every American boy or young man with the "sea fever:" "Don't enter the naval service in the capacity of anything less than a line officer, for if you do you will be estimated at less than the commonest laborer on shore. You will be worse off than the average wage slave, because your master will have the right to bring you back should you want to leave before your time is up.

You will see the stars and stripes float from the flagstaff; you will have to bare your head when the flag is hoisted in the morning and lowered at night; you will be per-

mitted to scrub deck, polish brass work, and do all that is necessary to keep the ship clean and sweet. You will be allowed to live in the most uncomfortable part of the ship and will have the poorest of the grub on board. You will be permitted to fix and decorate the decks for hops and feasts, but when all is ready you will be ordered forward to your part of the ship, for the festivities will be not for you. The smiles of the ladies, the music of the band, will be for those who are graduates from Annapolis, and you, common sailor, will learn that even on the boundless ocean the capitalist class rules supreme.

Oh, yes, there will be lots for you to do. Take the officers ashore, for instance, when they are invited to festivities in foreign ports, and lie in the boats waiting for them to come back, till all hours of the night and morning. If you permit a word of disapproval to escape you there is a courtmartial with a sentence to state prison awaiting you, you common Jack Tar. The officers may compel you to do the most servile work; your only choice will be to do it with as pleasant a face as you can; grin and bear it will have to be your motto.

In time of war you will be permitted to fight for, yes, die for, your country. Oh, yes! you common sailor, all the hardship, all the hardest work will fall to your lot. But though you do your best, there will be no honor, no reward for you, you unfortunate member of the dispossessed class. The reward and honor goes to those who command, who wear brass buttons; to those who were more wise in the choice of their parents. For them the stars and stripes, Old Glory, means honor, promotion, and all that's worth living for.

No matter what you do, how brave and faithful you may be, there's nothing for you; you will remain unknown, die unsung, for you are only a poor, despised common sailor.

Something for Nothing

By BANKER

I had a few bonds placed in my care to convert into money; that is, the owner wanted money and depended on my getting all they were worth for him. They being of an issue of which I knew but little, it was necessary to pick up information as best I could. The first few inquiries sent out brought in no information indicating any merit, but they brought in a wide-awake "business man," who evidently suspected from inquiries that I had some for sale.

He is one of those characters in whom we readily place so much confidence (that's why he is a successful business man). Well, when he left he had purchased two of the \$1,000 bonds for \$500 each, which was his estimate of their value, in which opinion I concurred after listening to his reasoning.

The next day I chanced on information which convinced me that they were worth par, consequently I lost \$1,000 for my client, through the business sagacity of my broker friend. It was a shrewd bargain which business ethics tolerate to-day.

He evidently told others of what an "easy mark" I was, in consequence of which another came in to assist me in disposing of those bonds. He was disappointed, however, to learn that I had become wise, and held them firm at par. He purchased one for \$1,000.

A few moments after his depar-

ture I discovered that he must have taken two, although he bargained only for one. I was quick to get out a warrant, and a search found the two bonds in his pocket. I admit, he took no more for the money paid than the first purchaser, but his manner of doing it, when done by poor people, is called stealing, and the law enabled me to have him punished and return one of the bonds.

The next evening I was at my club—I never visit common saloons, or participate in 100 turkey raffles which our ministers' associations declare to be immoral; I am a member of an exclusive club. It costs considerable to be thus respectable. It is wise, however, to stand the expense because the authorities never disturb "respectable places."

Well, this evening I felt determined to make good for my client the \$1,000 I had let go to the business man. Young Jones, who is always ready for a game with a pocket full of money, sat down opposite me, I put the bond recovered by the police in "the pot, which Jones "covered with a \$1,000 bill." It was an exciting game. I lost by a single point. The third loss of \$1,000. Of course, by law I was not compelled to let the bond go, but a gambling debt you know is a "debt of honor," if incurred between "gentlemen of respectability" and the "standing" of my club would be lost if I "peached."

You see, there are three modern ways of getting something for nothing.

I am told that a Socialist believes that to take something for nothing is always wrong, whether by law, custom or force.

I have been pondering over this

matter for a long while, so much so, that my appreciation of the capitalist is on the decline. Am I foolish? Help me to solve the problem. Shall we vote the Socialist ticket next week? They seem to be evolving toward better practices.

Eight-Hour Law in Force

By CARL D. THOMPSON

On the 1st of January the eight-hour telegraphers' law went into effect. Practically all of the railway systems of the state have obeyed it and thousands of telegraph operators are working on the eight-hour shift.

This law, as the readers of the *HERALD* well know, was one of the victories won for the working class by the sturdy group of Social-Democrats in the state legislature. In the daily press and in some other quarters credit has been given to other persons. And this perhaps is natural in view of the fact that the law went under some one else's name. But it was the Socialists who gathered the information, facts and statistics from every section of the state; made a pains-taking and exhaustive investigation so as to be able to present the arguments; gathered letters from hundreds of the telegraphers, from the officials of the O. R. T. in the state, and at St. Louis; and, finally, stimulated the circulating of petitions in cities and towns from one end of the state to another. It was also the Social-Democrats who at every conflict in the committees and on the floors, stood for the law, met the objections and arguments of the op-

ponents, and especially of the representatives of the railroads.

The law is in effect. The telegraphers are working eight hours a day, and they are very happy about it.

The *Railroad Telegrapher* of February is filled with letters from the operators of Wisconsin, showing the general satisfaction over the situation. From the first district of the C., M. & St. P. a brother writes: "The eight-hour law went into effect in Wisconsin January 1, 'as advertised,' and our boys on this division fared very well, only two small places—Troy Center and Lyons—being closed. Extra men were needed at Beloit, Clinton Junction, Darien, Delavan, Elkhorn and Springfield, all of which were filled from the extra list. From what I can learn all are pleased with the change, and are giving their best service. The salaries of the old men were not reduced, and the new men got the minimum rate, as stated in our schedule, except at the heavier positions, where \$5.00 more was given."

From the La Crosse division the correspondent writes: "There have been many changes on this division

since the State eight-hour law went into effect. It has affected one and all, those young in service as well as the old-timers. Homes have been abandoned at one place and another, and it will take some time to locate all of them. Some small stations have been closed and are now worked by employes, non-telegraphers, secured by the company. *As a rule every one seems to be well pleased.* They have a chance at least to get acquainted with members of the family at home."

From the same division of the C. B. & Q. a correspondent writes: "Eight hours' work, eight hours' sleep and eight hours to become acquainted with the folks at home. In Wisconsin this is fine business. When it comes to writing on this great benefit to the manipulators of keys, yours truly. is not proficient enough to go into details in such a way as to do justice to the subject, but to voice my opinion with that of the multitude, it is truly a very great benefit."

Brothers working on the Chicago & Northwestern system seem especially well pleased. From the Madison, Wis., division a correspondent writes: "Many telegraph stations have been discontinued. Our schedule disregarded; no attention paid to grievances; in fact, the actions of the companies seem to be to discredit the law or make it obnoxious, both to the public and telegraphers by indirect ways. One can hardly pick up a newspaper without finding some 'plate matter' in it. No one but the railroad companies are to blame for the present federal and state laws. When committees from the telegraphers have gone in year after year asking for living wages and reasonable hours, they have been obliged to come home with a few concessions which subordinate of-

ficials, in many ways, have tried, and in many cases, succeeded in keeping telegraphers from enjoying. Telegraphers have many warm friends, and when they saw that it would take several generations to accomplish anything the way they were pursuing, they changed their plans and explained the situation to their friends, and asked them to *VOTE for men to represent them who were favorable to just laws for them. This was done, and in consequence we have the present laws. These friends will not forsake us,* but will be with us again should we need them. We had examples to follow, as year after year the railroad companies would say: "You vote so and so, because it will help us, and what benefits us benefits you," and so controlled thousands of votes. Somehow or other things did not always turn out the way they claimed it would. What was good for them did not seem to be good for us, so, until we get something that helps us, the companies can control but few votes, and the politicians are getting wise to that fact. How do we like working eight hours? Ugh! Never mention twelve hours again to Wisconsin telegraphers, or you will hear something drop. King Solomon, who is noted for his wisdom, divided the day (twenty-four hours) into three equal parts of eight hours, and allotted eight hours for work, eight hours for eating and sleep, and eight hours for improvement of the mind, and the old man knew what he was about; this we are ready to swear to."

The correspondent from the Lake Shore Division writes: "The eight-hour law is apparently working fine and is appreciated by all affected."

The Wisconsin division cor-

respondent says: "The eight-hour law took effect and things seem to be running smooth in the state of Wisconsin, as far as the Wisconsin division is concerned, and the boys are well satisfied, and we hope that their services will be such that our employers can see good results of a shorter workday."

And the correspondent in the Northern division remarks humorously: "We understand the depot at State Line, Wis., was moved over into Michigan. I'll bet the boys in that office thought they were going some."

The Wisconsin division of the Omaha sends the following: "Promptly at the beginning of the new year the "Omaha" inaugurated the eight-hour trick among us telegraphers in compliance with the state law in Wisconsin. It goes without saying that the telegraphers are greatly pleased with the new order of things, and appreciate the lengthened time now afforded them for rest and recreation. The committee has had a conference with the officials, and among other things, telegraphers have been assured that no reduction of pay on account of the eight-hour law is contemplated. We can assure the non-members that it is through no influence of their magnetic personality or good looks that we have been assured square treatment."

A brother from the eastern district of the Wisconsin division (that handles trains) is now working eight hours and drawing the same pay which he formerly did for twelve. The only reduction in salary is the cutting out of the overtime. Some hardship was caused by the enforced moving around of some of the older men whose positions were abolished, forcing them to accept second and third tricks

elsewhere. But this could not be avoided. *As a general proposition it is the biggest step forward ever made by the telegraphers.* The Wisconsin Central forced a reduction of 5 per cent in most places, and more in others; while office after office has been closed. No telegram facilities left at all in a great many of their offices. while our wages have been left the same, and I know of no one that has been thrown out of employment, or where any office has been entirely deprived of telegraph facilities. Considering everything, from the present conditions, I think the company has dealt very fair with us."

Of course there has been a considerable rearrangement in regard to the telegraph service of the railroads, and this has worked hardships upon some. Complaints seem to be most serious from the Wisconsin Central road. A great many offices have been closed, some of the men have had their wages reduced, and many have been laid off. Of course the railroads have done everything in their power to emphasize these facts and to make it appear that it is all the result of the eight-hour law. It is natural to expect that they would do all they could to discredit the law and make it unpopular. So they try to make the public believe that the reason their service is curtailed is because of the wicked work of the O. R. T. and especially of the working class members of the state legislature who secured the passage of the law. And they do not stop here. They try to make the telegraphers themselves feel that their suffering by the reduction of wages, where it has occurred, and by the laying off of men was all caused by this law. In this

way they try to discredit the idea of the working class trying to benefit themselves through legislation.

It is natural perhaps that some of the telegraphers should be deceived by this sophistry. We are glad to see however, that it is not very extensive. The O. R. T. men understood where their bread is buttered and are not so easily fooled.

In the first place it is well-known that every line of business in the country has been curtailed during the present financial panic. And the working people are not so foolish as to suppose that the passage of an eight-hour law produced the present financial depression.

Laboring men from one end of the country to the other by the thousands have been laid off since the first of January. Every railroad in the country has reduced its force by the thousands. It is absolutely certain that great numbers of telegraph operators would have been laid off in Wisconsin no matter whether there was an eight-hour law or not. The eight-hour law had nothing to do with this.

Furthermore, telegraphers by the hundreds have been laid off in other states where there is no eight-hour law. On the Erie railroad, we are told, the financial stringency has caused a large reduction in forces to such an extent that in some places three or four operators have been laid off at one dispatcher's office, while other places have been entirely closed. There is no eight-hour law there. From the Pacific division of the N. P. R'y the brothers write that hard times are being experienced by everybody out in Washington as well as everywhere else. That conductors are braking, engineers are firing, dispatchers are taking their trains on the seniority list by working out

on the roads in small towns. And they have no eight-hour law either.

From Minnesota we learn that the companies are cutting down their forces and have laid off day operators at Winnebago, Fairmount and Albert Lea. From Nebraska we learn a great many night offices on the whole system have been closed in the past few days on account of the depression in business.

From Iowa also we hear that the railroads have cut down about all the offices they can on the northern division and still continue doing business!

It will be seen, therefore, that the telegraphers of Wisconsin have suffered no more from the financial depression than the telegraphers in other states, while they have gained the advantage of the shortening of hours. In most cases, as shown above, the wages have remained the same and most of the telegraphers agree that a great advance has been won for this body of workers.

The telegraphers writing in from points on the Wisconsin Central roads make the most grievous complaints. They say that in many cases wages have been reduced and a number of the stations have been made non-telegraph points. But from the Southern division one of the brothers writes that in spite of these facts the eight-hour law pleases those working under it immensely, although the company's action in closing so many offices makes it very hard on the brothers located at the non-telegraph positions who do not care to move.

It is to be hoped that every telegrapher in the state of Wisconsin will realize the importance of maintaining his organization. He should not allow any of the misrepresentations on the part of the

capitalistic members and the railroad representatives to deceive him. The organization lines should be kept steady, and every man hold firm at his post of duty. On the other hand, it is just as vital to the interests of the working class that they should understand and appreciate the importance and necessity of the exerting of every means of influence upon legislation. There are many things which the working class cannot possibly accomplish through their labor unions. These matters can be won for them through political action. The greatest power of the workman after all in this country is his vote. If

he will use this to send his own representatives into the state legislature to guard his interests and then back up his vote by a strong economic organization, he is certain to win every right that belongs to him.

The working class in Wisconsin has two arms, and two fists with which to fight its battles to protect its wages, its hours of labor, and its liberties and its homes. One is its economic arm and fist, *the trades union*. The other is its political arm and fist—the working class political party, *the Social-Democratic party*. The wise workman uses them both.

Six months ago I saw an old man upon a platform. At midnight employees took the chairs from the stage and let down the curtain. Annoyed at being kept up so late, they moved the furniture noisily. But the white-haired patriarch did not stop. He stepped to the front and spoke louder. He wildly waved a paper. His beautiful bearded face was illuminated as if with an aureole. He was the apotheosis of enthusiasm. His voice quivered—but with passion, not with fear. His hands trembled—but from emotion, not from age. One expression constantly recurred in his speech. It was the word “svoboda”—what other word is necessary?

Russia is famous for its circles, but the circle of Tchaikovsky was the most important of them all. Sophia Perovskaya, Stepniak, Kuprianoff, Kropotkin—these belonged to it. Its influence was felt in every province of Russia. The government trembled before it. Yet time and treachery crushed it. Nearly all its members were tortured in

prisons, hanged on scaffolds or exiled to Siberia. A few escaped. Nicholas Tchaikovsky was one of the few. For thirty years he has lived in other countries, preaching the one thing in the world worth preaching—Freedom! He is known by the noblest title that man has given to man—“Father of the Russian Revolution.” Since he fled from his native land another generation has arisen, but they, too, are his children. The veteran pined to be among the youths. At last desire conquered discretion, and old Tchaikovsky went back to Russia. So did Breshkovsky go back, and Leo Deutsch went back, and Olga Liubatovitch went back, and Nicholas Morosvitch went back, and Hermann Lopatin went back. So do they nearly all go back—to death.

Tchaikovsky tonight is in that hell of horrors—the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. More sublime characters, more exalted martyrs, more profound thinkers have languished in this ghastly tomb than in any other that was built to hold

captive the lovers of liberty. Hundreds of names I could quote you, and every one of them a loftier soul than the heroes whose exploits are sung by poets and whose features are carved by sculptors.

Father, you could have spent the evening of your life in the rays of a shining sun. You could have sat quietly beneath the olive, enjoying the singing birds and the flowing brooks. A cosy armchair, a glowing fireside, a well-filled library, a loving comrade, care and comfort, peace and plenty—all these could have been yours. Instead you chose that grim coffin where the living are

buried, that ghostly grave where the feet forget to walk and the tongue cannot speak, but where the heart always suffers and the brain can snap at any moment.

Father of the Revolution, you will perish among your children.

Father, farewell.

Father, with tears and love and outstretched arms and saddened souls, farewell.

Father, with our young spirits praying that the flame of your fire may leap up and burn in us, farewell.—Victor Robinson in *The Public*.

Many intelligent people who refuse to be lured by headlines and screamers into reading the mass of tragedy and crime printed daily in newspapers, went out of their ways to follow the Harry K. Thaw case and the Col. Snell case.

The thing that is coming to be impressed on thinking people is this: These cases are social phenomena that came to the surface—what is there underneath that surface? And more and more the idea is gaining ground that the practice of idleness and the profession of "Gentlemen" breeds and begets vice and folly and emptiness of life.

How many Thaw-Nesbit-White cases are there that have never met the white light of modern journalism because the coincidence of midnight meeting and sudden words at a cafe has not occurred?

How many Col. Snells are de-

bauching and degrading womanhood of a whole community, but failing to get into the paper because they burn the letters that tell the guilt?

One thought has often struck me and struck me stronger than the newspaper types in which these events were spelled. What if Thaw had been some sort of a parlor Socialist? What if Stanford White had occasionally discussed economic determinism? What if Col. Snell had possessed a kind of admiration for Bernhard Shaw and had occasionally lectured on "The Origin of the Family?" What a hue and cry and clamor would have gone ringing from coast to coast! "This is Socialism! Good God!

And so forth.

What if they had been Socialists?

Charles Sandburg.

How Elections Are Stolen

By FREDERIC HEATH

Perhaps no recent contribution to the literature of exposure has attracted more notice than Charles Edward Russell's three papers in recent issues of the *Cosmopolitan*, under the general head of "At the throat of the Republic." Mainly the facts presented refer to election thefts and rascalities in New York City, but Mr. Russell points to other cities as well and insists that there is a regular syndicated vote-brokerage business carried on in the country, and that the main culprits back of it are the big capitalist interests. Election frauds are organized and systematically committed, says Mr. Russell, along these

Three Main Ways:

First. *Before the election*, by colonizing non-residents and by padding the registration lists with the names of those and other not legal voters.

Second. *At the election*, by the casting of fraudulent votes; by "repeaters," or men that go from polling place to polling place voting in each; by mutilating ballots so that they will be rejected by the canvassers; by bribery; by intimidating voters and driving them from the polls.

Third. *After the election*, by miscounting the ballots; by certifying falsely to the returns; by preventing investigation that would reveal their crimes.

A Sample Case.

Take a sample case, taken from

the evidence secured from the New York election of 1905. A gray-haired man, who looked as if he habitually slept in his clothes, approached a polling place on the East Side. As he entered the polling place he was followed in by a bloated, big and expensively dressed man, known as "judge" and a candidate for office. The gray-haired man gave his name as Robert Patterson to the clerk, whereupon the bloated-faced candidate addressed him with a "Good morning, Patterson. Voting early today?" And the gray-haired man looked a little uneasy and answered: "Yes, I am voting early to get to business."

After he had voted he did not so much as give the "judge" a look but gained the street and kept on walking till he had reached the next precinct. As he entered the polling place a well dressed man followed him in. The gray-haired man gave his name as William J. Powers. "Morning, Powers," said the well dressed man who had followed him. "Voting early today?" "Yes," he answered, furtively, "I am voting early to get to business." After voting he slipped round the corner, glanced at a slip of paper he took from his pocket, and then walked on to the next precinct. As he entered the polling place of that precinct a sharp-eyed man who had been standing around followed him in. The gray-haired man gave his name as Edward Jones. "Hello Jones," called out the man who had followed him in, "I see you are voting early this morning." "Yes," re-

plied the voter, "Voting early to get to business."

The Floater Game.

Now this gray-haired man's name was neither Patterson, nor Powers nor Jones. His name was Vance and he lived in Philadelphia. He did not have any business to get to that day, and the three prosperous looking men who had addressed him so familiarly at the three different polling places were total strangers to him!

"This might be a scene taken from any important election in any large city in America," says Mr. Russell, "While Vance of Philadelphia was in New York going from one polling precinct to another and depositing in each

A Fraudulent and Criminal Ballot.

Thousands upon thousands of other men and in other cities from Boston to San Francisco and from Minneapolis to New Orleans, were going from polling place to polling place doing exactly the same thing. So that in the whole United States on election day in one year and day the crimes against the ballot box and the violations of the laws wherewith we strive to protect the sanctity of elections were literally numbered by the millions; and again and again the issue pending was not decided in any way by the will of the majority of the people, but solely by the lawless activities of the Vances and their tribes."

A Vast Traffic.

And Mr. Russell adds that whereas probably all voters suspect that some of this sort of thing goes on, most of them little realize that it is not a thing that occasionally happens where the public is off its guard, but "a vast, organized, captained and profitable industry,

from some form of which scarcely any community in the United States is free."

But there are the strongest of laws against it? Yes, but while the laws against gamblers and dive-keepers often bring offenders to punishment, this thing of fraud upon the voting franchise goes on at every election, and Mr. Russell presents statistics to show as an average only about three in one hundred of those who are really caught are punished in any way. He presents, for instance, the figures relative to the arrests in the wholesale election frauds in Louisville committed by the capitalist parties in 1905, and it is shown that 37 offenders were dismissed by a "grand" jury, 29 acquitted by jury (the juries made up by capitalist party officials in the usual way), 8 cases allowed to drag and be forgotten, 11 pending in court of appeals, 4 others escaping by hook or crook, and the sum total of results in the interests of justice—ONE CONVICTION! And this one man, a negro, pleaded guilty.

Thousands of Election Crimes!

In New York in 1905 there were estimated to have been 60,000 election crimes. There were 1,000 arrests and only 24 convictions.

In Philadelphia in 1904 out of 81,000 estimated election crimes there were 24 convictions. In Chicago, out of 12,000 estimated election crimes in 1903, there were 10 convictions. In Cincinnati, out of 10,000 estimated election crimes in 1905, there was 1 conviction. In St. Louis, in 1905 and 1906, out of 5,000 estimated election crimes there was 1 conviction.

Big Capitalists Back of It!

And everywhere, back of the crimes, were the big capitalistic in-

terests represented in the elections by various old party candidates. And what were a few fines to pay compared with the great fortunes to be made or added to these already made through crooked aldermanic heating grants and street car franchises or lighting contracts? Powerful influences stand back of the fraudulent voter.

The foundation of the whole system of election frauds in the big cities is fraudulent registration. And the extent to which fraudulent registration has been carried is simply astonishing. At every election this fraud presents itself. Almost every lodging house in the congested districts is a sort of vote factory.

Dead Men, Dogs and Cats!

Mr. Russell gives instances in New York where dead men, dogs and cats and even canaries were registered, and the numbers registered from small lodging houses were grotesquely amazing, for there was scarcely floor space to accommodate the number even had they been cordwood instead of human bodies. Besides this, men were registered from vacant lots, from parks, from gas tanks, stables, stone piles and from locations that were really at the bottom of the East River. Other cities have the same showing. Mr. Russell gives a mass of evidence taken from the court records showing the enormous amount of individual cases of fraudulent registration and repeating, and of men brought in gangs from other cities for the purpose.

A Give-Away in Brooklyn.

The postoffice at Brooklyn collected fifteen thousand pieces of mail addressed to voters who were registered but who were not known

and could not be found at the addresses given. The *N. Y. World* published the confessions of men who had voted twelve and more times in New York and Brooklyn. It also secured statements as to district leaders trading their bands of fraudulent voters with each other. It found that hordes of men had been brought in from Philadelphia, New Jersey and Connecticut. The press estimated the number of floaters and colonizers at between 20,000 and 30,000 and this was considered not unusual, only the election of 1905 had the lid lifted from it somewhat.

Voting Dead Citizens.

Philadelphia takes no back seat in the matter of fraud in elections. One Philadelphia politician boasted that they were still voting the signers of the Declaration of Independence in that city, and this is said to be less a joke than one might imagine. Between 40,000 and 80,000 fraudulent votes are cast regularly each election in that leading city of Republican party-ism. Repeaters have made it a practice to vote early the names of people thought liable to neglect to vote and then if the real voter appeared to have him set upon by thugs, with the corruptly managed police looking the other way for fear of losing their jobs, or the real voter was committed till the day after by some crooked petty judge as a fraudulent voter! In the poorer quarters ballot box stuffing was simply a matter of course. By these means the corrupt Republican Philadelphia city ring ruled the city for years and stole everything that wasn't bolted down, even the city gas works. The Philadelphia reformers have done little to remedy the situation.

In Cincinnati the notorious Re-

publican boss, Cox, has been able to put his boot to all reformers who have tried to do anything. The city has the reputation of having vote-brokerage down to a completer system than any other city in the country.

Chicago a Danger to Milwaukee.

Vote-brokerage thrives in Chicago, and especially now, under the Republican mayor, Busse, and his corrupt police administration. For Chicago is regarded as having the rottenest police administration in the United States. It is estimated that the vote brokers in Chicago can furnish from 12,000 to 15,000 fraudulent votes on short notice, and the large, floating population offers excellent opportunities for transferring fraudulent votes between that city and St. Louis, Milwaukee, Cleveland and other cities! In St. Paul the floaters are exchanged with Minneapolis.

In Louisville every voter must have a registration certificate. These certificates are bought in large numbers and supplied to the colonizers and repeaters who go from precinct to precinct, many of them voting from ten to thirty times a day. It is by this continuous performance that a body of one hundred trained repeaters can have such a tremendous effect at an election. Louisville is believed to be in a chain with Cincinnati, St. Louis and Indianapolis, whereby the different sets of politicians provide their brothers in the other cities with fifty or other numbers of "citizens" for use in swaying elections.

A Big Fund of Fraud.

Following is the estimate of fraudulent voting in the leading cities according to the best data obtainable:

New York, 30,000 to 40,000; Philadelphia, 40,000; Chicago, 15,000; Cincinnati, 12,000; Boston, 8,000; St. Louis, 8,000; San Francisco, 5,000; Louisville, 4,000; Milwaukee, 3,000; Buffalo, 3,000; Pittsburg, 2,000; Detroit, 1,500; Los Angeles, 1,500; Minneapolis, 500.

Big Business Back of It.

"One thing is apparant in all these transactions," says Mr. Russell. "Clearly the thing has passed out of the domain of partisan politics. Its extent and cost has grown beyond the limits of the party treasury. Democratic Tammany Hall has, no doubt, the most perfect and productive of all systems for filling the campaign treasury; but when the 'regular' and necessary campaign expenses are deducted, there would be left no margin sufficient for such gigantic expenditures as the colonization in New York of 1905, for instance, necessitated. To bring a floater to New York, maintain him the requisite time, pay the current rate for every vote he casts, pay the lodging house keepers, return him home again, pay the army of herders, managers, thugs, and cheap lawyers necessary to protect and direct him, and to pay the brokerage, masses together the items of a big bill."

"Respectables" the Real Crooks.

"Eight thousand dollars alone would be needed for this purpose in the New York city election of 1905. This sum never came from Tammany office holders or subscriptions of members. To find its origin we must lay hold of the fact that within four years of the election the board of aldermen would have franchises worth eight hundred million dollars to dispose of, that many

public service corporations — gas, transportation, electric light (as in most large cities)—had vital interests involved. It was from these

sources that the colonization fund came. *It is from similar sources that similar funds are drawn in other cities!*"

Sympathetic Roosevelt

By HENRY T. JONES

The industrial situation is growing worse instead of better. In every one of the industrial centers I visited recently I found willing workers forced into the ranks of the unemployed by tens of thousands, and there was no indication of the resumption of business activity.

In Philadelphia, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Buffalo, Detroit and Cleveland—in all these cities which I recently visited I find the army of unemployed, and such vast industries as the Carnegie Steel Co., National Tube Co., Jones & Laughlin Co., American Steel and Wire Co., American Steel Foundries, Baldwin Locomotive Works, Western Electric Company, Cramp & Sons Ship Building Co., Laskawana Steel Co., Crucible Steel Co. of America, Illinois Steel Co., and nearly every other large industrial plant, practically idle and making further preparations to increase the number of idle workers. Wages too, have been reduced from 20 to 60 per cent, especially at the Carnegie Company's plants.

In the faces of this great mass of enforced idleness I already see indications of suffering. Men who are willing and anxious for toil are forced to endure hunger and the spectre of apprehension is constantly before them.

And why? Why this wrong? In the midst of so much abundance,

must the nation bleed? In the face of too much food, too much fuel, too much clothing, too much of the products of labor, must any part of the class creating all this wealth go hungry, suffer with cold and be poorly clad? Are there not brains enough among our statesmen and intellectuals to see a way out, and to inaugurate a program that would insure real civilization? Must we go on and starve in the midst of too much?

In December the situation was serious; in January it was worse, and in February the army of unemployed was larger than it was in either of the preceding months despite statements to the contrary in the daily press, and in March the indications are that unless such a "blessing" as the San Francisco earthquake, a Chicago fire, a murderous war between two powerful nations, or some other calamity of equal magnitude, happens, the situation will be more grave than ever.

Planless Program.

And what is being done by the ruling class? Nothing that even savors of temporary relief. From Roosevelt and Morgan down to the little shopkeepers, the program is planless. Roosevelt attends the meeting of the Gridiron Club just before the close of January and takes part in the mirth and song of

the gathering. He also gives a reception at the White House to the diplomatic corps, where the gorgeous display of predatory wealth was much in evidence, notwithstanding the fact that the nation at that very hour was bleeding from the result of the very statesmanship he would and has approved. And following this he sends a message to Congress, a message of vituperation against the very class of which he is a part. But not a word did the message contain about suggesting means to provide employment or the means of life for the millions of suffering humanity who were in the United States at the very time the message was being penned, and whose suffering is in evidence today. Instead, the president, surrounded by all the luxury his station affords, sits at the White House unmoved by the pitiable condition of the millions of workers and permits an order to be issued by the department chiefs which discharged hundreds of civilian workers in the various departments of the government, the navy department especially, because of "lack of funds."

Lack of funds! There was no lack of funds when Wall Street wanted millions from the government.

Roosevelt was Sympathetic.

The following published in the *New York World* shows the contempt Roosevelt exhibits for the workers when they appeal to him for relief:

"Washington, Feb. 5.—Five hundred have been discharged from the Washington navy yard, and the department says that as many more will have to go. The mechanics, some of them with their families, called at the Capitol to see if con-

gress could not help them. The members were sympathetic, but not sure that they had any power. Later one of the oldest discharged men called on the president, *who also was sympathetic*, but said that he would have to refer the question to the navy department. It is entirely a question of money, says Secretary Metcalf. We have plenty of work here for all of the employes in the making of guns and armor, but there is not enough money."

The President was sympathetic! Would such a man as Abraham Lincoln have settled such a problem by expressing his *sympathy*? No! Most likely he would have urged congress to authorize the treasury department to issue sixty million dollars in demand notes, such as Lincoln did during the Civil War, when the bankers were too patriotic to part with their gold.

At the same hour the navy department order was issued which deprived many willing workers at the Norfolk, Brooklyn, League Island and other navy yards of means of livelihood, Mr. Roosevelt approved of a bill introduced by Congressman Haines of Tennessee calling for an appropriation from the nation to decorate the grave of Andrew Jackson at "The Hermitage" near Nashville. Relief from the government for the dead, but nothing for the millions of starving living! Such is the statesmanship of Roosevelt! And this is the great president who has hypnotized the people; the idol whom the people worship. Surely the plutocratic horde which he serves so adroitly should not be afraid of him. And to the critical observer he is not much feared by the usurping class when such capitalist chiefs as J. Pierpont Morgan are known to be welcome visitors at the White

House, and when such faithful public servants as George B. Cortelyou go to the same J. Pierpont for advice as to how to conduct the treasury department.

If all the so-called reforms Roosevelt now advocates were placed in operation tomorrow the industrial conditions would not improve to such an extent that the world could notice it, and the preparations for more soup houses and charity relief must necessarily go unrestrictedly on.

Strenuous Statesmanship.

Roosevelt, from the day he stepped into the White House up to the present writing, has not exhibited any ability in statesmanship which would afford a remedy for the wrongs that today confront the useful class!

The sudden and arbitrary robbing of thousands of men of their work must necessarily have a demoralizing effect on the manhood and womanhood of the nation. Already

the jails are reaping the harvest of the industrial crisis: the half million of women in the United States who are forced to sell themselves is daily on the increase and crime of all kinds and increased death and sick lists are but natural results.

Congress is equally dead to the peril that confronts the nation, its members concerning themselves with issues that promise no relief. The captains of industry meet at the banquet hall at the Waldorf-Astoria with J. Pierpont Morgan as their chief guest and the decision these "public benefactors" reached in the language of E. H. Gary was that "the present high prices must be maintained in the interest of business and the working class."

Viewing the situation as a whole it is evident if some of the relief plans advocated by the Socialist program are not soon enforced some such disgraceful scenes as have been witnessed in Russia must be repeated in America.

The Sordid

By CHARLES SANDBURG

It isn't the sad nor the tragic of life that cuts in and hurts one. It is the sordid, the squalid. In the commonplace is somewhat of beauty; but in the dirty, the stingy, the abortive, is the nerve of ugliness. Napoleon at St. Helena, tho defeated and exiled, is superb. But Bonaparte, pale and worn and starved, meditating suicide on the banks of the Seine because even his brilliant genius has not been able to supply him A Chance to prove himself, this is not superb, this is commonplace, almost barren—quite dull. Had he jumped in, the reporters would merely have had to describe one more Body of Unknown Man Found This Morning.

"Despair and starvation and death," said a newspaper man to me, "are picturesque and appealing. Their victims have crossed the last bridge. They are in the beyond, on the bosom of the unknown. We can neither help nor hinder them. But these masses of people who live on half-rations all the time, getting just about enough to keep them

fed and slept to a point where they can do their work, these half-dead and half-alive millions who move in a dreary twilight of existence, without a real thought or a real emotion their whole lives through, dirty and stupid, cowed and beaten, satisfied with the scraps and rags of living, they constitute neither tragedy nor comedy. Despair and starvation thrill me. But half-rations and satisfaction—that's where I can't get any enjoyment."

Treachery, deceit, poison, seduction, eavesdropping, these are nothing to one in health, with a good steak and coffee before him. The tragic extremes of life we can stand. Sumptuous revelry and utter anguish have their fascinations. It is the dull, monotonous, dead-level of satisfied, half-fed respectability, the struggling millions caught in the coils of ethical, political and juridical codes dictated by a false economic system, this is the main bewilderment of the students of modern life.

Youth, love, aspiration, ardor, stifled of opportunity, in dirty kitchens with cracked walls, and children born blear-eyed with no choice put to them as to their coming into this world, this is what overshadows the souls of the thoughtful.

Cesar, struck down by his life-long friend, the soldier on the battlefield with a bayonet plunged in his vitals, this is heroic and cheering in some ways. But a man who has toiled all day at useful work, creating stuffs to sustain and comfort human lives, eating oleomargarine on soggy bread and washing it down with chicory, seated at an oil-cloth table-cover set with broken pieces of porcelain, this is the sordid.

A good, beautiful woman unjustly slandered? Ha! the brave knight leaps for his sword. "The Ladies! God bless them!" No gentleman will stand by and see a lady insulted. This is frippery and folly. 'Tis one of the fantasies of our morality, that men will mouth these platitudes when "the man who has the coin" can debauch and pervert by the scores and hundreds what women he can find who are victims of economic necessity, who need his coin.

Our ideas of chivalry are changing. You don't have to go forth on a white steed, with sword and lance and coat of mail, in order to be a "knight." The real knights nowadays are working to save womanhood from the miserable wages paid in sweatshops, factories, mills and department stores, wages that annually drive hundreds of thousands to loveless marriages and careers of prostitution.

Not to face these things is cowardice. To look on them and bear them in mind day and night is to get weak, leak pity and mumble in undertones. But to turn away from them is to smother the finer and higher instincts of life.

Chivalry and poetry and chastity are all very well. But those who face the facts and conditions of life without fear or compromise, smile at the truth of one of Gilbert's lines, "O to have infinite longings and then to suddenly encounter the multiplication table!"

"The Man Problem"

By INDEX

If you do not believe that it is from labor that profits are taken, the profits above the "wages of superintendence," we would refer you to an advertisement sent business men by the "System Company," a company that is making a business out of suggestions to business men in the line of managerial economies. It is headed "The Man Problem," and refers to the business "handling" of "human wills and dispositions." The business man is told that the company can give him valuable instruction in "how to weigh, test and hire men, and measure them up as an employer—how to marshal and direct them in great bodies as a general manager—how to coach them, enthuse them, keep them keyed-up to the highest working proficiency—as a superintendent, sales manager, department head—every phase of the man problem," etc. And it also is prepared to instruct the capitalist "on how to develop a strong, a compelling, a dominant personal presence. Big men who have dealt with human nature in its every type, tell how to impress men, arouse them, interest them, soothe them when they are irritated, soften them when they are prejudiced, "GET NEXT" to them even when they are indifferent or arrogant. And finally persuade, conciliate, convince and mould them to your way of THINKING and acting!"

Accompanying all this tell-tale stuff is a picture of a capitalist sitting at a table with his arms clutching great bunches of workmen, the man a giant, the work-

ers pigmies, and before him a pair of scales on which he is weighing more men to add to his store. And the weights on the scales are money bags! Each man is being weighed to see how much money can be made out of him.

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Capitalism is vampirism. The capitalist does as he must under the system, if he would remain a capitalist. The workers submit only as far as they must under the system, struggling with their united strength to raise their wages and citizenship against the counter power of the capitalistic interests that demand as cheap labor as possible. And this exploitation of man by man, this unequal struggle must go on so long as the capitalist system continues.

The hope for the workers lies in the fact that social systems come and go. The man who says capitalism has always been and always will be, is the stupidest of ignoramuses. The capitalist system followed the feudal system and has only been on the stage of events, in full flower, a couple of centuries, more or less. Even now its cornerstone, competition, is beginning to crumble before our eyes, and the next higher phase of civilization, the co-operative principle, is struggling to get on the stage. In the meantime men will be merely wares in the labor market, which the capitalist must gather to himself for the purpose of squeezing all the profits possible out of them. The capitalist can weigh labor but

labor cannot weigh the capitalist. And the "System" companies are simply part of the scheme of things by which the capitalist works to get the last ounce of productive energy out of the workers, the so-called "highest working efficiency." In other words, to exploit them to the limit of human endurance. But over the horizon there comes creeping the light of labor emancipation,

herald of the time when a man's labor shall profit no one but himself, and when there shall be the most powerful possible incentive to healthful industry; the guarantee to the worker of the possession of his product. Meantime, "systematic" exploitation. Let the worker look to his interests and the interests of civilization by using his vote wisely from his own standpoint.

The *Literary Digest* of Feb. 29 contained some astonishing illustrations of the out-of-work situation in New York City.

One picture shows a noon-time bread line of *school children*! New York teachers discovered "that hundreds of children go without dinner because their parents are out of work," we are told, and hence the breadlines for children were established. And there the little tots appear in the illustration in a line a block long—and this in our boastful America!

Another scarcely less shocking picture is that of a charity mission where a great store room is filled with chairs as thick as they can be placed, and these given over to poor men in lieu of beds, and they sit on them all night, sleeping *as best they may*, to avoid wandering the streets or committing suicide.

Think of five hundred men sitting night after night on chairs trying to rest their ill-nourished bodies without being able to secure a reclining position! Truly this picture is as horrible as the first, and it may be set down as a fit exhibit from the capitalistic torture chamber—a refined kind of cruelty, if you please!

A glance at the faces in the pic-

ture shows few of the hobo type—for you know in capitalist eyes the hobo (who is a man made into a chronic wanderer by capitalistic conditions) is deserving of no consideration as one of our fellow men—and some of the faces show refinement and a familiarity with decent conditions. A midnight bread line is also shown. It is reported that New York City has *ninety thousand* members of organized labor alone out of work. How many unorganized is not given, but one can guess that it is not a small number.

"We think Chicago a miracle," writes Edwin Mead, in the *March Atlantic*, "but since 1870 Berlin, Germany, has grown relatively and absolutely faster than Chicago, the Greater Berlin having today over three million population."

Tut, tut! Mr. Mead. Shame upon you. Do you know that Berlin is in the hands of the pesky Social-Democrats of Emperor William's country, and that the politicians claim that any city that falls into the hands of the Socialists cannot prosper! Be a little more careful, please!

WILLIAM JACKSON,
an **IMPORTER**; at the
BRAZEN HEAD,
North Side of the TOWN-HOUSE,
and *Opposite the Town-Pump, in*
Corn-hill, **B O S T O N.**

It is desired that the **SONS** and
DAUGHTERS of **LIBERTY**,
would not buy any one thing of
him, for in so doing they will bring
Disgrace upon *themselves*, and their
Posterity, for *ever* and *ever*, **AMEN.**

THE FIRST AMERICAN BOYCOTT

Declared by the "Sons of Liberty," a patriotic society embracing all the leading men of the American Revolution in the colony of Massachusetts.

Facsimile taken from Woodrow Wilson's
History of the American People.