

# The Vanguard

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## The Month's Story

**Money Thrown Into the Sea** Our fleet, in its cruise around the Horn, consumed 2,116,000 pounds of meat, 1,205,000 pounds of flour, 700,000 pounds of potatoes, 939,000 pounds of fruit and vegetables, 100,000 pounds of coffee, 150,000 pounds of butter and 240,000 dozens of eggs.

Remember that all this good food went to sustain *unproductive labor*—that the wealth of the world is not increased by one penny through this much-vaunted cruise of a great fleet through two hemispheres.

A little while ago there was considerable discussion in New York City whether the rod should be restored in the New York public schools. The superintendent of these schools opposed it for a strange reason. The restlessness and bad conduct of the children, he said, is *often* caused by hunger!

What a terrible admission! What an appalling fact that even the children of our day have become ungovernable through want and misery!

Would it not be better if we had used these million pounds of flour and two million pounds of meat in building up the rising generation? In giving a good physical, mental and moral development to the boys and girls who will form our future army of industry?

More than this. The poor fellow who killed the Denver priest, it is said, had been several days without food. And for a long time he had been looking for work in vain. While Uncle Sam was pouring out money like water for our unemployed men in the fleet—unemployed as far as any productive results are concerned—there was not one penny for the unemployed men of our industrial army.

And the time may come, if the children grow up too hungry to be governed, and if men out of work are starved into desperation and crime, when we shall have much more serious problems on our hands right at home than any foreign troubles which the fleet is supposed to settle.

The two hundred thousand dollars uselessly wasted in powder and shot fired at targets at Magdalena Bay might better have been spent on free lunches for our starving school children. The million dollars paid for coal by the fleet might better have provided warm and decent lodging houses for the unemployed.

But Roosevelt says that four more battleships are necessary for "a

proud nation, jealous of its honor and conscious of its great mission in the world."

Good God! Can a nation be proud when its little children are starving in our very schools?

Has such a nation any "honor" of which to be jealous?

And what higher "mission" have we—in the name of humanity! in the name of common sense!—than to provide for our own?

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**A** What is anarchy? The Anarchists themselves don't know.  
**Ticklish** No two Anarchists will give you the same definition.  
**Question** And the average American is equally hazy on the subject.  
 We have heard a lady, otherwise intelligent, insist that the agitation against child labor was "anarchy." And what radical, having driven his opponent into a corner, has not been answered with the retort, "You are an Anarchist!"

But what is anarchy?

That will be an all-important question for Americans in future. Whether we can speak or must wear padlocks on our lips, whether we can write or must sit with tied hands, whether we can issue newspapers and magazines, or must see them confiscated in the mails by our American censor, all this will depend on the definition of this one elastic word—anarchy!

For Our President hath uttered his ukase. Henceforth all anarchy will be excluded from the United States mails. And Congress for once will follow the pointing of the Big Stick and pass "drastic legislation" against the Anarchists. And that is the reason that a definition of anarchy has become the most crying need of the American reformer, if he does not want to get into serious trouble.

In this connection, it is interesting to note what started all the rumpus. A man out of work, and who had had nothing to eat for several days, shot a priest. A chief of police had some sort of a mysterious encounter with a young Russian boy—who certainly must have been a terrible monster indeed, since he had three hands, according to the testimony given by Chief Shippy at the inquest—one hand held a revolver, the other a knife, and the third was held by the chief himself. The New York police, chasing women and children along the sidewalks under their horses' hoofs, were met with a bomb thrown by a half-starved and diseased boy. Hence this terror.

The Hero of Juan Hill was pursued in his dreams by the spectre of Averbuch the Three-handed. In his visions of the night he saw these boys of eighteen or nineteen years of age overturning the government of the United States of America. And he awoke with a shriek of alarm, "Compared with the suppression of anarchy, every other question sinks into insignificance!"

All right. We should have said that the question of "predatory wealth," of the trusts, of the unemployed, were just now rather significant questions. We fancied that the existence of little white slaves in southern cotton mills and northern mines and factories was a signifi-

cant question. We supposed that little children fainting from hunger in our public schools would suggest some significant queries to every thoughtful American. But the president says that all these questions "have sunk into insignificance!" And the president must know.

So the knotty problem remains, what is this "anarchy" which must be "suppressed" before we can see any significance in the triumph of the trusts and the hunger of the mob?

Alio, Averbuch and Silverstein were all considered Anarchists. But the views of these men do not throw much light on our problem. Alio was an opponent of religion and Averbuch an Orthodox Jew. As for Silverstein's views, nobody seems to know them. Whenever he is reported to be dying, he is said to have made a "confession." When he is reported to be recovering, these "confessions" seem to disappear.

Thus it will be left to our postmasters and to our judges to decide what is meant by "anarchy." We hope they will not take the view which the Milwaukee newspapers and politicians held during the recent Milwaukee campaign, that Socialism and anarchy are pretty much the same thing. But since our judges and our postmasters are as much under the control of capitalism as our politicians and newspapers, it will not be surprising if they do so decide.

Therefore all Socialist editors are watching the development of events with considerable interest.

For now our glorious American "freedom of the press" hangs on a slender thread—from the postmaster-general's dictionary!

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| <p><b>When</b><br/><b>Boycotts</b><br/><b>Were</b><br/><b>Glorious</b></p> | <p>On the front page of the VANGUARD this month we present a facsimile of the first American boycott. Evidently the boycott was then considered a righteous and almost pious act, to be couched in scripture language and ended with a reverent "amen."</p> |
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What was the occasion of this ancient and glorious boycott?

Just a tax on tea. A tax which touched only one article of the people's consumption, and that not a necessity of life.

In our days, boycotts have been declared by workingmen in defense of their wages, that is, in defense of their whole standard of living, of all decent and human conditions for themselves, their wives and their little children.

Yet these boycotts are considered neither glorious, nor pious, nor righteous. Our judges in fact have decided that they are crimes punishable under the law.

What has made the difference between 1775 and 1908? Why was it a noble act of self-defense for our fathers to use the self-same weapon which is forbidden to their sons under severe penalties?

The blood of the American colonists rose to the boiling point when George the Third tried to encroach on their liberties. But what was the so-called tyranny of King George compared with the absolute autocracy of the employer over his wage-workers?

Does he not decide their hours of labor? The conditions under

which they must work? In fact, whether they can work at all or must starve and see their wives and little ones starve before their eyes?

Does he not tax them a certain per cent of the profits they create, without giving them any voice in deciding what per cent this shall be? If this is not taxation without representation—what is it?

The boycott which our revolutionary heroes used is forbidden to the workingmen. But there is one boycott which, under the law, they can still employ—the boycott at the ballot-box.

If they fail to use that, if they fail to retaliate with their vote upon the capitalist class, which is heaping upon them injury after injury, and insult after insult—then they will indeed bring lasting “disgrace upon *themselves* and their *posterity*, for *ever* and *ever*, AMEN!”

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**The Psychology of Politics** “Whether the constichooshun follows the flag or not,” says the immortal Dooley, “I’ve alwuz noticed that the Supreme Coort decisions follow the election returns.” On April 7 the Social-Democrats polled over 20,000 votes in Milwaukee. On April 14, by a curious coincidence, a Milwaukee judge of the Circuit Court decided that the eight-hour law for railway employes—a Social-Democratic measure—is constitutional.

What makes this coincidence more curious is the fact that all over the country at present there is a genuine epidemic of anti-labor decisions. Milwaukee alone is the bright spot. But Milwaukee is also the “red spot” of Social-Democratic voters, Social-Democratic aldermen and Social-Democratic legislators.

Do you not see the point, Mr. Workingman?

And do you not see it, you one hundred and nineteen “official representatives of the national and international trade and labor unions and organization of farmers,” who recently assembled in Washington and entreated Congress to redress your grievances? Can’t you understand that just as long as labor entreats, just so long you will keep all your old grievances, and get a few new ones thrown in to the bargain?

“The psychological moment,” you solemnly declare, “has arrived for a total change of government policy toward the workers.”

Let us gently suggest to you that what you don’t know about the psychology of capitalist politicians would—and will—fill several volumes of Congressional Records and Supreme Court decisions.

The psychology of congressmen and judges is not impressed by entreaties, but by votes.

Good labor laws belong to those who *take* them at the ballot-box. And such laws, if supported by enough voters, will be constitutional, all right.

Do what we did in Milwaukee! And go us a few thousand ballots better! And stop whining to congress about your grievances.

“Psychological moments” follow the election returns!

## The Chicago Convention

Once more the Socialist Party of America has reached a milestone. On the tenth of May it will again assemble in a national convention. Again it will choose a presidential ticket, and, what is of still greater importance, again adopt a national platform. Here is a point from which we may look backward and forward.

A little handful of us can remember with pleasure the first presidential convention of the party. It was a very small band of pioneers who assembled in Indianapolis, in March, 1900. One of the best recollections of that convention will always remain, for those who heard it, the eloquent and thrilling nomination speech made by Comrade Frederick O. McCartney, then member of the Massachusetts legislature. Since that day the infant party of 1900 has developed into a sturdy and growing youth.

Four years later, the convention held in Chicago showed how much the party had increased in numbers and ripened in experience. Here the great question was between the Constructive Socialists and the ultra Impossibilists. These extremists held that it was useless to try to make things better except by one sudden stroke, which would overthrow the whole capitalist system. On its ruins the Co-operative Commonwealth could then be built up. The Constructives showed that this was not Nature's system, that changes come by evolution and gradual development. They argued that we must improve the condition of the workingmen in the present as far as possible, if for no other reason, at least to make them good fighters. A physically and mentally deteriorated working class is unfit to carry on a successful class struggle. They held that a gradual change of the capitalist system into the Socialist Republic is the only possible manner in which the social revolution can be brought about.

Between these two points of view there was every possible shade of intermediate belief in the Chicago convention of 1904. On this issue every measure was argued. The Constructives finally won out to some degree. Since then the idea of Constructive Socialism has been steadily gaining ground in our party.

So much for the past. What of the future?

Everybody with open eyes and ears can perceive the great unrest that today is stirring the American people. The public has something of that irritable and restless feeling from which men and animals suffer just before a thunderstorm. Everything is ready for the rise of a tremendous Socialist movement, such as was never seen in this or any other country on the face of the globe.

Everything is ready—as far as conditions go. But unfortunately, the people themselves are not ready. They have no clear ideas. They know neither what they want nor how to get it. The Socialists have a great deal of teaching to do before they can educate all this vague unrest.

But first of all we must educate ourselves. We must make very clear in our own minds the right policy for the American Socialist movement to pursue. Whether the approaching national convention

will adopt the right policy or not is the all-important question for the future.

On the action of the convention is hanging the history of our party for the next four years.

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**What Our Delegates Must Do**      What will be the great question before the Chicago convention? Whether this man or the other shall head our presidential ticket? The personnel of our candidates, although a matter of importance, is a minor question compared with our platform and tactics.

Since our last national convention, one remarkable change has taken place in the history of Socialism. England has swung into line. It used to be argued, because of the backwardness of England and America in the Socialist political movement, that there was something radically opposed to Socialism in the Anglo-Saxon nature. Now slow John Bull is really getting his Anglo-Saxon blood roused. The British working class is fast coming over to Socialism. It has sent a splendid Socialist representation to Parliament. What a terrible shock to the British capitalist, who thought the English workmen would sleep forever in their purest and simplest of all conservative trades unions!

Now what lesson has this for us?

If England can swing so quickly and unexpectedly into the Socialist army, why not America? Why can we not have Socialists in Congress?

English institutions are much nearer to ours than are the institutions of any other European country. For this reason, the tactics that have brought about this great change in England are very interesting for American Socialists. It is probable that similar tactics would have the same result in this country.

The most striking point in the methods of the Socialist political movement of England, as it is working today, is its co-operation with the trades unions. The English Socialists in Parliament work with those Laborites who were not elected as Socialists, and, in fact, are not Socialists in their personal views. But Socialists and non-Socialists work harmoniously together for the betterment of the conditions of labor. Thus they have secured such splendid measures as the employers' liability act—a grand and sweeping reform, of which both Socialists and trades unions may be proud.

In this way the English Socialists are securing two ends.

First, they are gaining the confidence and good will of the trades unions.

Secondly, they are educating the British workmen to political action. And whenever workmen take up independent political action, no matter how prejudiced they may be against Socialism, they are on the road to the Socialist program. They cannot long act politically without becoming class-conscious, and Socialist principles follow class-consciousness as naturally as day follows dawn.

The Socialist party of America ought to get in closer touch with

the trades unionists. Wherever this has been done, our movement has grown correspondingly. In Milwaukee, for instance, where we have the best political movement of any American city, there the trades union organization and the Social-Democratic organization are the two arms, as has often been said, of the labor movement.

To bring about such a state of things throughout the country should be the chief object of the Chicago convention.

And to do this we must accustom ourselves to understand the trades unionist's standpoint on all measures. The trades unionist is eminently practical. He wants some improvement now. He wants better labor conditions today. No Utopias for him.

Certainly we must not forget our final goal, the Socialist Republic. But neither must we forget the working men and women and their children of the present day. The practical sense of the English Socialists has promoted them to the front. Practical sense will do the same for the American movement.

Less of fine-spun theories, more of getting down to everyday facts, is what we should demand from our delegates to the Chicago convention.

## We Did Not Create Classes

By VICTOR L. BERGER

**D**AVID S. ROSE and his crowd did not make an intellectual campaign of any kind in the recent Milwaukee election. They depended mainly upon money, personal slander and the free beer and whisky which they gave away to the sovereign voters before and after meetings.

However, in a hazy way they occasionally attempted to convey the idea that the Social-Democrats try to incite class antagonism and class hatred.

As far as Dave Rose is concerned this is hardly worth answering. Dave himself does not know what he was talking about. His idea of politics is graft, a "wide open town" and general debauchery. He and his gang are below our criticism. Dave Rose ought to be answered only by the district attorney, the grand juries and the courts.

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However, there are some decent men who really believe that the Social-Democrats are trying to create class antagonism and are preaching the class struggle.

There are really well meaning men in this country who still believe that, this being a republic, there are no classes in the United States. They claim that everybody here is free and the equal of everybody else.

There are some such people in the middle class, and there are some even among the working class, who repeat these hollow phrases.

And here and there even a capitalist may be found who will say so, although he does not believe it because he knows better.

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As a matter of fact, under the present capitalist system, we have three classes, roughly speaking.

The first class is the plutocracy, composed of wealthy bankers, railway magnates, corporation directors, trust managers, etc., or people who are doing nothing and inherited their wealth.

The next class is the middle class, composed chiefly of small manufacturers, merchants, farmers and some professional men.

The third class is the proletariat, made up of wage workers and some persons in professional occupations.

Now, according to the census of 1900, the total wealth of this country is about \$95,000,000,000.

The capitalist class numbers about 250,000 persons. They own \$67,000,000,000, or 70.5 per cent of the total wealth.

The middle class numbers about 8,430,000 persons, and owns \$24,000,000,000 or 25.3 per cent of the total value.

The proletarian class numbers 20,400,000 persons actually employed, and owns \$4,000,000,000 or 4.2 per cent of the wealth.

It is unnecessary for me here to dwell on the difference in the lives, mode of living and general standard of the different classes. I may take this up in some other article.

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But the existence of classes is nothing new—the class struggle is many thousand years old. It began the very moment civilization began.

In the most democratic republic of Athens and the aristocratic republic of Sparta, and later on in Rome, the people were divided into different classes, with different rights and different duties, according to their wealth. Some of those classes were hereditary to begin with—always provided that the respective family could keep its wealth. In Rome, the Censor would assemble the Roman people every four years, have every citizen show up his wealth and put him into his respective class. And the great Cato the Censor got the honorable name of Censorius because he would expel from the senatorial class the man who could not show the necessary wealth to belong to that class.

And in all these ancient civilized commonwealths there was to be found a large stratum of citizens who owned nothing—and which in Rome was called the proletariat, because the only capacity in which its members could serve their country was by furnishing children for the state.

Nor was this all.

Lower still—most numerous—and belonging to no class were the *slaves*. They did not own their bodies, and were not supposed to have any souls. Plato described the slaves as “animated tools.”



The slaves were either captured as prisoners of war or were made slaves on account of debts—or were the descendants of such persons.

The class struggle then was very crude and very brutal. So much for ancient civilization.

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We all know that the classes almost took the form of castes under the feudal system. Everybody was pressed into an iron mould.

Society then was really a pyramid with the king on top. The high clergy and the feudal lords, the patricians and the burghers of the cities formed the upper layers, and the serfs owned by the lords formed the lower layers of the pyramid.

And under the feudal system, also as everywhere else, wealth and land gotten by force, cunning, or in any other way, furnished the basis of the classification.

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The capitalist system, of course, has changed the mould. But the class distinction and the class differences and the class struggle have remained. In fact, the struggle is now more subtle, but more bitter than ever.

Under former civilizations, in almost every case the class distinction was the result of war. And the ruling class was made up of the members of the victorious tribe or the victorious nation. This was generally the case in ancient times and almost invariably so during the middle ages.

The ruling class usually was the stronger, the more able part of the population. As a whole it was the only class that had any education fitted for the conditions of the time.

Thus the medieval lord was unquestionably the best fighter of his day. He was trained for warfare, clad in iron, and spent all his life in hunting or fighting. The average medieval lord in war was good for about twenty peasants. Five or six hundred of these lords could go out to conquer a country.

When the Archduke Leopold undertook to conquer Switzerland, he had an army of about six hundred, and that was considered a most tremendous fighting force. And if it had not been for the mountains and the rocks of Switzerland, he would have accomplished his purpose.

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Without any doubt, in former days the ruling classes were made up of the most capable and energetic part of the people. The great mass of the respective nation was also inferior to them intellectually.

Besides, in every one of these epochs they could claim, and did claim, that it was the will of God Almighty that they should rule, and that the others should serve and obey.

In old Greece and old Rome the patrician families usually also claimed descent from some god.

And all during the middle ages the church supported the claim of the feudal system to be "God ordained." The church was a beneficiary of the system to no small extent—the bishops and abbots having great estates and ruling the people.

Besides, the ruling classes were not only more able than these lower classes, but in many cases they differed in nationality, speech and general make-up.

Thus, for instance, the Norman lords spoke French in England for a long time. In France, the Franks were a German tribe who had taken possession of Gaul. In many parts of Germany, the Germans had subjugated the Wends and other Slavic tribes. Hence there was an element of conquest in every case.

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In modern countries, the conditions are entirely different.

The conquered class is of the same nationality, the same speech, the same mode of thought. And the ruling class is not better or stronger, nor more able in any way.

Since the general introduction of public schools, the proletarians as a whole get at least the elements of the same kind of education. The ability to read and write opens to them the same avenues of knowledge and mental power that the ruling class possesses.

The proletariat and the middle class not only do all the useful and necessary work which is to be done under the present civilization, but they also have to keep up that civilization.

Today civilization depends entirely upon the proletariat and middle class for its existence.

And what is more, the capitalist class is even unable to defend its position in case of danger. If there is any fighting to be done, the capitalist class has to hire the proletariat to do the fighting.

The capitalist class holds its position only because the proletariat is asleep and is not conscious of its strength.

A statesman of old Rome said that the Romans could hold their slaves because they had never counted themselves and their masters.

However, since we have universal suffrage, there is a good chance to count ourselves and our masters at every election.

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Nor would the claim that God has ordained class rule, hold good today. Not even the most stupid Slovak would believe Ogden Armour that God has ordained that he should speculate in wheat or put rat manure in sausage in order that he may make millions every year and thus keep up his end in the plutocracy. And there are very few priests who would dare to support such a theory in all its nakedness, no matter how much Armour might be willing to pay.

Nor would any one believe young Thaw or young Gould that they are descended from the gods.

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Unless plutocracy can persuade the majority of the people to close up all the public schools and make illiterates of the next generation, and unless it can also persuade them to give up the electoral franchise, plutocracy is doomed. So much is clear.

And that is the reason why we Social-Democrats can look with such equanimity and complacency into the future.

# Real Facts About Brest

By E. H. THOMAS

"Socialism Ruined Brest!" proclaimed a leading line in the Milwaukee *Sentinel*. In a subsequent issue it also gave the Brest Socialists an editorial kick.

The *Sentinel* informed its readers that "Socialists are fearfully embarrassed by the outcome of their experiments in Brest, where a third of the population was reduced to pauperism, not through the economic workings of the system, but through the corruption into which the high-principled scheme was allowed to degenerate.

"There are 71,000 inhabitants," said the *Sentinel*, "of whom at the end of last year 23,584, or one-third of the total population, were in receipt of poor relief, not in a state of poverty, but as recipients of corrupt indulgence on the part of the Socialist administration."

Then the report went on to tell how the Socialists indulged in "wholesale extravagance" in the distribution of pure milk in working class quarters. A municipal theater "on Socialist lines" was another of the sins of our Brest comrades. This theater, the report claims, was run at a loss of \$7,500 per annum. And to cap the climax of their crimes, the *Sentinel* informs us with a shudder that the Socialists of Brest spent three-quarters of the \$85,000 surplus left by their predecessors.

This grewsome tale was dated from Paris. Of course, it was supposed to be a knockdown argument against municipal Socialism. And as nobody in Milwaukee had the

slightest knowledge of Brest municipal affairs, nobody could challenge any of these terrible charges. So the *Sentinel* thought it was safe.

Now it occurred to the writer that if "Socialism ruined Brest," Brest must know. So from Brest itself we have obtained the real facts in the case. Here they are, taken directly from Brest journals, where they are given as matters of common knowledge, and from information furnished by citizens of Brest.

The *Sentinel's* editorial has been translated and printed in a Brest newspaper, much to the amusement of the good people of Brest, who were not aware that they had been "ruined" by "corrupt" Socialists.

The *Sentinel* did not state where it got the alleged "facts" given in its "special" report. It appears that they were taken from a book called "A City Under the Collectivist Regime," written by a French Anti-Socialist, and literally packed with lies. These lies were long ago exploded in France, and all the charges successfully refuted. But the cast-off falsehoods of this French Anti-Socialist have now been dumped on American soil, in the hope that the guileless readers would swallow them without question.

One of the most shameless of these false statements was the charge that the Brest Socialists brought their city to a "state of absolute bankruptcy." Under the French laws, to do this with impunity would have been absolutely

impossible. If they had bankrupted the municipal finances, the government would have revoked their official powers, and the courts would have sentenced them to prison. That is the way things are done in France. In European municipalities, there is not such smooth sailing for grafters as in our American cities. The fact that our Socialist comrades in Brest did not have their offices taken from them by the bourgeois government of France, and that the bourgeois courts did not send them to prison, is proof positive that they did not land Brest in "absolute bankruptcy."

Just as false, though a little more cleverly worked, is the charge that the Socialist authorities gave "poor relief to 23,584 persons, or one-third of the total population." The facts and figures are these: In 1903, the year preceding the election of the Socialists, 18,474 persons in Brest received poor relief. In 1904, the year the Socialists were elected, 18,110 persons were given relief. In 1905, the second year of Socialist administration, the number of persons obtaining relief was 18,128. In 1906, the persons receiving relief were divided into two classes, those receiving free medical assistance, and those receiving other aid. The former class numbered 5,989, the latter class numbered 17,505. The Anti-Socialist author of the book which gave the *Sentinel* its "facts" simply added these two classes together and obtained a total of 23,584, an astounding jump from 18,110. From this he arrives at the conclusion, and the *Sentinel* willingly swallows his statement, that these persons were "recipients of corrupt indulgence on the part of the Socialist administration."

Now any one who has had the smallest experience with charity work, must know that where free medical aid is given to the poor, almost always other aid is necessary. It is just in time of sickness that poor relief is most essential and that the poor are most likely to ask for it. So it is clear that by adding these two classes together, the author of "A City Under the Collectivist Regime" has simply counted twice the number of citizens receiving free medical aid. So much for the second charge of "corrupt indulgence" on the part of the Socialist officials.

The *Sentinel* report claims that the pure milk furnished the babies of the working class district of Brest was a "wholesale extravagance." The total expenditure, says the *Sentinel*, was \$6,500, and of this \$3,200 was paid for rent and wages, and the milk costing 3 cents per liter ( $1\frac{3}{4}$  pints) cost the municipality in distribution 7 cents. This is absolutely untrue. The milk cost 17,000 francs, and the "expense of administration" including, besides salaries, etc., the cost of pasteurization, were 18,000 francs. As 82,000 liters were distributed, it will be seen that this milk was only a trifle more costly than the best milk in Milwaukee, situated as it is in the leading dairy state of the Union. Of course, the *Sentinel* did not figure in the lives of the children saved by this pure milk supply. The workmen's babies are not an asset of any value in bourgeois reckonings.

As for the municipal theater which this report claims "was run at a loss of \$7,500 last year," the fact that the Socialists gave decent pay to the lesser employees of the theater will account for this deficit at the beginning of its existence. But

the fact that the present year—the second year of the municipal theater—is giving excellent results, shows that in the long run such institutions may bring financial profit as well as social benefit. But it will be long before the theater trust will permit such establishments in this country!

The last charge, that “the Socialist council spent three-quarters of the \$85,000 surplus left by their predecessors,” the Socialists do not deny. They could have spent far more, they say, to make Brest not comfortable, but merely habitable. Their ideal is not to hoard, but to give the city public services. The life-saving milk supply furnished by them has already been mentioned. It is difficult to understand why governments should establish life-saving stations on our sea-coasts, for the chance of an occasional shipwreck, and ignore the certain death by slow starvation and impure food of thousands of innocent little children in all our large cities. Moreover, the Brest Socialists made tremendous improvements in the school system. They furnished the children free text books and school supplies. They opened new schools. They established school colonies in a healthy locality for sickly and poor school children and their mothers.

They assisted the children of poor parents to get an education in the normal school. They organized medical inspection in the schools. All this raised the school budget from 138,000 francs to 193,000 francs. But could money have been better spent?

This is a part of what the Brest Socialists did, not “under a collectivist regime,” but under the present bourgeois laws of France. To use these laws for the benefit of the working class is all any Socialist city in any country on earth can do under the capitalist system.

We have perhaps given too much space to this tale of how “Socialism Ruined Brest.” But the American press is so fond of producing horrible examples of Socialist cities across the ocean, that it is time to call a halt. The editors rely on their readers’ ignorance of foreign affairs, and on the trouble and delay of collecting facts to disprove these bugaboo yarns. So they keep on stuffing their subscribers with the most bare-faced falsehoods about the “corruption” or “incapacity” of the Socialists of Brest or West Ham, or some other transatlantic city.

But they say nothing of how the Social-Democrats are “making good” in Milwaukee and Madison! Oh no!

The Social-Democrats talk of present matters, complain the timid old party politicians, but they have a general program beyond that. But so have the capitalist parties, though any man with the sense the gods gave geese can see that our general

object has vastly more benefit for humanity in it than the general principles of the Republicans and Democrats. Their object is to keep the wealth barons in power. Ours is to restore the earth to the people—the real people!

# The Devilry of Business

By HENRY T. JONES

Elbert Hubbard's eulogy of business and the business man was given the place of honor in the February number of the *Cosmopolitan* magazine. It was entitled "The Divinity of Business." A better caption would have been "The Devilry of Business" or the disgrace of it. Hubbard is safely and surely on the side of plutocracy and the vulgar rich, and I don't know as any one ever accused him of being anywhere else.

Business is a vice, as Henry D. Lloyd so admirably expressed it, and business will continue to be a vice despite Mr. Hubbard's eulogy until the Co-operative Commonwealth gives it its death.

In all of our great cities are big stores that are radiating centers of ugliness, demoralization and waste of industry, where the welfare of employes is not considered, and where every effort is made to corrupt the desires of the public into inducing patrons to buy something they do not want. The only thing that concerns the men in power is profit.

Business—successful business—means that the successful one must crush his competitor and in doing this he must be relentless, and the best that is in him who succeeds must not be made manifest or he will lose. Business arouses jealousy, malice and hatred, and no business man with the competition strife constantly before him can be happy or be able to enjoy his fire-side or know how to be all that an indulgent husband and father should. Business surely has a detrimental

effect upon the three elements of man's nature—moral, mental and physical—despite Ira Elbertus' confident opinion to the contrary. Just imagine Jesus Christ as the manager or proprietor of one of our department stores of which Mr. Hubbard speaks in such glowing tones!

Systematic, daily useful work is man's greatest blessing, but there cannot be much system about the great business houses of New York, when delivery wagons from Macy's, Altman's, Siegel-Cooper's, and other stores daily pass over similar routes, each of the drivers even carrying packages into the same apartment houses.

"This \$67 fur garment marked down to \$8" are some of the "business" signs that allure customers and indicate the extent of the game.

In order to prevent the smashing of the business fabric when it needs smashing, Mr. Hubbard says, men of great insight, patience, poise and love of kind are required. And business is the very thing that will rob the best of men of these most desirable qualities. A good business man will sell a 50 cent book for \$2, and will pay his help just enough to make him a certain candidate for soup line honors when the glorious day of panic arrives. No business can now succeed that does not add to human woe. The world today is made up of a disorganized mob of business interests, and the world can only be redeemed by the utter destruction of business as privately conducted.

The word "business" was

coined during the time of Chaucer by certain soldier aristocrats, men of the leisure class, who prided themselves upon the fact that they did no useful thing. The business men, as they conduct things today,

can claim the same laudable distinction.

The world's great prizes in the future as rewards for vice and trickery will surely go to the business man.

# Why Bombs Are Thrown

ALLAN L. BENSON

Every time a bomb is thrown, or a murderous shot is fired by a political agitator in this country, the Socialists, in common with all other protestants against existing conditions, are called upon to defend themselves.

It matters not that the act may have been committed by a man whose views are diametrically opposed to those held by Social-Democrats; nor does it matter that such acts of violence have a tendency to defeat the very purposes for which we work. Still the charge is made that the perpetrators of such crimes are swayed by "agitators," under which classification Socialists are invariably mentioned by name. Nor was the throwing of a bomb in Union Square, New York, an exception to the rule.

We Socialists must meet this charge as often as it shall be made, and we shall lose nothing if we meet it as we do all other charges—fearlessly and fairly. And, if we have any responsibility for such crimes, we shall do well to ascertain in what that responsibility consists, and accept it. Meanwhile, the part of wisdom suggests that we force upon the upholders of capitalism

*their* part of the responsibility and compel *them* to accept it.

Take the case of Cohen, the member of a New York anarchist society who threw the bomb in Union Square. He first touched capitalism in Russia, the land of his birth, where people of this kind are ridden down by Cossacks, shot, exiled to Siberia, or treated in whatever manner may best please the Czar and the Grand Dukes. Six years ago, he came to the United States, where the conditions created by capitalism forced him into a sweatshop to ply his trade of a tailor. The conditions that he found in the sweatshop developed in him the germs of tuberculosis, as they have in so many thousands of other cases. He felt death creeping upon him. For the last few months, so the newspapers say, he has been unable to work more than half of the time when he could work at all.

For this much of the experience that contributed to the making of a bomb-thrower, capital must be held responsible. At some time during this period, the responsibility of the "agitators" began. Somebody told him orally or in writing, that it was wrong for the Czar to chase him

with Cossacks, wrong for the Russian landlords to rob him of his product, wrong for an industrial tailor to be compelled to ruin his lungs in a New York sweatshop. Who told him, no one knows—at any rate, I don't. It might have been a Socialist, it might have been a Single Taxer, or it might have been an anarchist. It might even have been revealed to him in a message from President Roosevelt to Congress. The important fact is, that in the state of mind and body in which Cohen was when the information came to him, he was apparently not fitted to make use of it. Having knowledge of the existence of a worn-out system of industry, he struck at a policeman and killed a tailor as poor as himself. He said he had been clubbed by policemen when he was in peaceful attendance at labor meetings and he wanted revenge. And, if he had been successful in his purpose, the net result would have been that he would have slaughtered a few men who are being wronged by existing conditions almost as much as himself while the system under which injustice is being inflicted would have been as firmly entrenched as ever.

Plainly then, the Socialists must share, in common with all other similar agitators, whatever responsibility may attach to those who tell the victims of injustice that they are being wronged.

Capitalism, on the other hand, must accept the greater responsibility that attaches to a system of industry that causes an occasional man to suffer to such an extent that when he learns he has been wronged by the selfish acts of others he becomes a maniac.

And capitalism must accept this further responsibility: As the

active force behind this government, it must answer for the fact that there is discrimination in the New York police department between the rich and the poor—a discrimination that appears to have been the last straw that broke the back of Cohen's reason. The mass-meeting of unemployed that it was desired to hold in Union Square was dispersed for the alleged reason that it was unlawful to meet in a public park or street with a permit. The meeting was only to call the attention of the public to the fact that there were 200,000 idle, hungry men in New York who wanted work; that the city needed more subways and that if the digging of the subways were begun, the hunger-needs of a great population would be satisfied. But, for some reason satisfactory to the authorities, the permit was denied.

Now, mark these facts:

The Union Square meeting, up to the time the police dispersed it, was peaceful, and, even after the bomb was thrown, there was no other act of violence on the part of anyone but the police. All the newspapers agree on this point. Yet, on the very morning of the day that the Union Square meeting was dispersed, a crowd of 5,000 stock-gamblers met in the curb-market at Broad and Wall Streets, blocked the streets, swept the guard ropes away, blacked each others' eyes and broke each others' noses in an effort to buy Lawson's gold mining stock, which he had advertised to put on sale that morning, and the police, so far from dispersing this mob of rich "law-violators," actually turned legitimate traffic into the side-streets so that gamblers could fight it out without interruption.

The question arises: If Lawson's



gamblers could be permitted to occupy the public streets in violation of the city ordinance, and occupy them, although they fought among themselves, and knocked down and trampled upon women, as the *World* said they did, why could not a crowd of hungry, unemployed unfortunates have been permitted to occupy a public park, in a peaceful manner, where they would interrupt no traffic?

And, since Cohen did not throw his bomb until after the police had dispersed the crowd of which he was a part, it is plain that capitalism must accept a little more of the responsibility for making him an atrocious murderer.

For my part, I accept the Union Square bomb tragedy as a painful, though unavoidable incident of the transition from capitalism to something better. Existing conditions bear with crushing weight upon millions of human beings. None of us created the system of industry that causes these conditions, though some persons are sustaining it. And, unfortunately, there is an occasional man who, when he learns that the conditions are the products of injustice, strikes at individuals instead of at the system, which he could easily destroy with his ballot if a majority would unite with him. But shall nobody be told that the system can be supplanted with

a better one, to the great advantage of millions of persons, merely because some man who has been crazed by capitalism, may strike out blindly with a bomb?

From the seventeenth story of the Flatiron Building, where I work, I heard the low thunder of the explosion in Union Square. I didn't know what it was at the time, but soon learned. Later in the afternoon, I walked down to the square, and, as I passed the spot where one man had been so recently blown to pieces and another had been mangled, the low rumble of the bomb again rang in my ears. I think I shall hear it at intervals as long as I live, though I would gladly forget it. Nothing that I ever heard was quite so terrible. If the man who threw the missile shall survive, he will merit death as fully as anyone can, though most Social-Democrats do not believe in inflicting the death penalty for any reason. But feeling thus about it, as we do, we cannot, as agitators, accept our part of the responsibility without insisting that the capitalists shall also accept their part.

It may or may not have been a Socialist who told Cohen what was being done to him. But it was capitalism that tortured him so that he lost his reason when he found it out.

Capitalistic distress is also international. The development of capitalism in China has now resulted in "a large advance in household and other expenses," according to the recent consular reports. Ten years ago, the consular agent reports, it was possible to get in Tientsin or Shanghai a good and commodious residence at from \$35 to \$40 in gold

a month, and a luxurious dwelling for \$60. Now the prices are double those amounts. The same is true in Hongkong. The price of all household commodities has advanced from 30 to 40 per cent, and everything else enormously also, he says. Well, we can sympathise with the poor Chinese!

# Up a Tree

By INDEX.

A number of young men were gathered in a local place of refreshment the other evening, when one of them happening to speak of the Social-Democratic party, one of the others proclaimed himself a Democrat and demanded to know what the Social-Democrats proposed to do to better mankind and what their principles were. Like most Socialists, the young man was only too glad to answer, and he gave a very ready and straightforward statement of the aims and principles of the Social-Democratic party, locally and also in other countries.

Then he asked the young Democrat what the principles of the Democratic party were, and here was a poser for his opponent. He started to speak, stammered, scratched his scalp, and cut an altogether ridiculous figure.

A young Republican was also present and he was so amused at the Democrat's plight that he almost went into hysterics, he laughed so much. But the Democrat had his revenge.

He asked the young Republican what the principles of the Republican party were. Then it was the Republican's turn to scratch his head. Back in the rear of the saloon sat the leading Republican of the ward and so he was appealed to

—and he made such an effort at trying to think of what to say that the whole party exchanged amused glances. He really could not give a plain answer to the question.

A few minutes later, as luck would have it, in walked a Democratic office-holder of prominence locally in his party, and knowing him well, the Social-Democrat pressed him to tell them what the principles of the Democratic party were. You can well imagine that he was also "up a tree."

Now this is not an imaginary account. It is founded on fact.

The truth is that about all the old party men know about their political principles is that they have to wait till each campaign to see what their leaders frame up for them. That, and calling the other side names. As to underlying principles their parties have none as against each other, and they have to admit it if you press them hard enough. Their parties to them are simply separate organizations by which political jobs are sought after.

Very few people stop to think of this, but it is true. And the Social-Democrat always has the laugh on the others when it comes to a show down in an argument!

In Kassel, Germany, the Socialists carried their entire ticket in a local election and captured the city.

All the old parties combined against the Social-Democrats.

# A Fable for Capitalists

By ERNEST POOLE

**A** CERTAIN Indian tribe in the desert had been ruled for a thousand years by a conservative family of chiefs.

This family had absolute power. Whenever they wanted the tents or the horses, the knives or the wives of the other Indians—they took them. And the whole tribe thought this was lawful and just. Whenever they hated a man they killed him. And the whole tribe thought this was lawful and just.

For this was the custom. In a thousand years these conservative chiefs had woven such a network of customs, beliefs, traditions and laws, that now the whole tribe believed this network was the very frame of society. They never stopped to think how these customs had begun or for whose interests they had been started. That was all lost in the dim haze of the Past. If any wise Indian said "Brothers—we can get along better without these chiefs who only take our things or our lives"—at once he was executed as a dangerous red hot radical. And the whole tribe thought this was lawful and just. They thought they could not possibly live without their chiefs.

The chiefs even thought so themselves. Like all conservatives, they held the fat places in life, and so to them the whole system seemed good and wise and eternal. For a thousand years they had kept telling each other that the world could not possibly go on without them. You can learn to believe anything in a thousand years.

The chiefs had even grown to believe that the sun could not rise without their kind permission. For centuries the head Chief had climbed before daylight to the top of a rocky butte that towered high in the desert, and as the horizon began to glow with rosy light he had waved his blanket haughtily and had cried to the sun "Rise!" And the sun had risen. The people had never seen the sun rise without the Chief's permission, and so they firmly believed that without the chief the world must lie forever in dreadful darkness.

It was a strange impressive scene. The vast grey billowy desert, the black horizon and the glow of light, the tiny black speck of a Chief high up on the rocky cliff, and the five hundred ignorant Indians, kneeling reverently—not to the sun, but to the tiny black speck. Such is a power of custom.

But one morning the Chief slipped in climbing the cliff, and broke his leg and lay groaning on the rocks. His people were too far off to hear his groans. They knelt reverently watching the top of the cliff, but no black speck appeared. Over in the East the light grew slowly brighter. In terror the Indians looked now at the growing light and now at the top of the cliff. Their chief was lost! The sun could not rise! The world must lie forever in darkness!

But suddenly—one by one—they rose and stood staring at the East. In their eyes the look of fear and

reverence was suddenly changed to bewilderment. And then a mighty shout of joy rang out in the stillness!

For over the black horizon the great round radiant ball flashed its light out over the desert.

The sun had risen just the same.

# Italian Co-operatives

FROM U. S. CONSULAR REPORTS

Vice-Consul Ernest Santi furnishes the following information concerning Italian co-operative associations in Milan:

With an officially stated population of 570,000 Milan contains 31 co-operative associations with a membership of 5,523 and a combined capital of \$157,000. They can be divided into building, industrial and workmen's associations.

There are 15 building co-operative associations, which have a capital of \$65,000 and a membership of 2,013 building-trades workmen. These are the most important co-operative associations in Milan, and have been the means of accomplishing a great deal for the public good. They are combined in a federation, the chief work of which is to undertake the building of houses where it would become too expensive for the builder to employ so many different sets of workmen. The federation takes on work from the customer and distributes it to the different individual co-operatives, such as the marble cutters, carpenters, plasterers, etc. The federation has a well-perfected banking system on which to conduct its work.

The industrial co-operative associations number 16, with a capital of \$10,000 and a membership of 3,510. Some of these are reckoned the most important of the kind in

Italy, such as that of the printers; the tailors', which furnishes the municipal authorities, the Milan hospitals, and the orphanages; the matress makers', which furnishes the chief hospital of Milan; and the iron workers', which also furnishes the city in its line.

The hod carriers' co-operative association is still to be completed. At present this class is employed by intermediary padrones, who bring the men to Milan on Monday mornings and keep them working all the week till Saturday evening, when they are taken back to their homes in the suburban villages for Sunday, returning again on Monday. Their living accommodations in town, being at the expense of the intermediaries, are not at all satisfactory. The object of the association is to abolish the padrone system, to build decent, hygienic houses for the use of the workmen, and to provide them with good food. As the state railway has promised its help in this work, the association is very confident that within a short time conditions can be bettered.

The co-operative associations of Milan erected buildings in 1906 to the value of \$1,000,000, of which \$140,000 was for industrial structures, almost double the sum for 1905. The associations only admit persons who are engaged in that particular trade for which the co-

operative association is organized. Nearly all of them have reserve funds to be used in cases of death on duty, illness, old age, and for aid to the unemployed. Some even have special funds for the teaching of the trade to apprentices. The

creation of these co-operative associations, which was thought impossible a few years ago, was chiefly brought about by the Italian Humanitarian Society, which has its headquarters in Milan.

# Uncle Sam Has the Power

By HORACE B. WALMSLEY

The cause of Social-Democracy owes a debt of gratitude to Warren B. Wilson. As is well known, the United States has purchased and owns a controlling interest in the Panama Railway, across the isthmus, and is now digging a canal there to connect the two oceans. That is, the people of the United States are doing there in Panama exactly what the Social-Democrats claim they ought to be doing at home, in the United States. They are paying out the public money, raised by taxation of the whole people, to provide means of better transportation.

This money was, of course, and is, being disbursed by the secretary of the treasury. And Mr. Wilson, showing that he was a taxpayer of the United States, brought an action in a court of the District of Columbia to enjoin the secretary of the treasury from paying out the money of the people, that is, of the United States, for the construction of the Panama Canal. His objection, of course, was that public money raised off the whole people by general taxation, could not legally be expended for any such purpose.

Defeated in the lower courts, Mr. Wilson appealed to the supreme court of the United States, and was

finally defeated there in a decision handed down Jan. 7, 1907. Sustaining the power of the congress *to use the public money for that purpose*, the court says:

"In other words, the plaintiff invokes the aid of the courts to stop the government of the United States from carrying into execution its declared purpose of constructing the Panama Canal."—27 Supreme Court Reporter, p. 234.

"Another contention, in support of which plaintiff has presented a voluminous argument, is that the United States has *no power to engage in the work of digging this canal*."—p. 235.

"Again plaintiff contends that the government has no power to engage *anywhere in the work of constructing a railroad or canal*. The decisions of this court are *adverse to that contention*. In California vs. Central P. R. Co., 127 U. S. 1, it was said:

"It cannot at the present day be doubted that congress, under the power to regulate commerce among the several states, as well as to provide for postal accommodations and military exigencies, had authority to pass these laws. The power to construct, or to authorize individuals to construct, national highways and bridges from state to state is

*essential to the complete control and regulation of interstate commerce.* Without authority in congress to establish and maintain such highways and bridges, it would be without authority to regulate one of the most important adjuncts of commerce. This power in former times was exerted to a very limited extent, the Cumberland or National Road being the most notable instance. Its exercise was but little called for, as commerce was then mostly conducted by water, and many of our statesmen entertained doubts as to the existence of *the power to establish ways of communication by land.* But since, in consequence of the expansion of the country, the multiplication of its products, and the invention of railroads and locomotion by steam, and land transportation has so vastly increased, *a sounder consideration of the subject has prevailed* and led to the conclusion that *congress has plenary power over the whole subject.* Of course, the authority of congress over the territories of the United States, and its power to grant franchises exercisable therein, are, and ever have been, undoubted. But the wider power was very freely exercised, and much to the general satisfaction, in the creation of the vast systems of railroads connecting the East with the Pacific, traversing states, as well as territories, and employing the agencies of state as well as federal corporations." p. 235.

"Congress has likewise the

power, exercised early in this century by successive acts in case of the Cumberland or National Road, from the Potomac across the Alleghenies to the Ohio, *to authorize the construction of a public highway connecting several states.*"—p. 236.

"These authorities recognize *the power of the congress to construct interstate highways.*.....They announce distinctly the opinion of this court on the question presented, and would have to be overruled if a different doctrine were now announced. Congress has acted in reliance upon these decisions in many ways, and any change would disturb a vast volume of rights supposed to be fixed; *but we see no reason to doubt the conclusions expressed in those opinions, and adhere to them.*"—p. 236.

Let every comrade cut this article out and put it in his pocket-book. With it he answers conclusively every objector who fears that the United States has not under the Constitution *the power to build or buy the railroads of the country.*

And when our doctrines are put into practice by the passage of laws that the people of the country shall own and control the highways of their land, not even a preliminary injunction can be obtained to delay the operation of such laws—because Mr. Wilson's suit has settled the question in the supreme court of the United States, and settled it forever.

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The Social-Democrats appeal to the best in man's nature.

# In the Wild West

By WILLIAM HENRY FERBER

It is apparent to the close observer that there is a wider breach between capital and labor out here in the wild and woolly west, than in the central states. Here the capitalist is arrogant and haughty and despises all working people and treats them to ill-concealed contempt.

He does not even say, as does William Randolph Hearst, that the interests of capital and labor are identical. For many of these fellows are blunt and bluff, and assert that they have nothing in common with the working trash; that they pay them all they are worth, and a great deal more than they are worth, and much more than they earn; and that there is where their interest ends in him.

A Nevada mine owner said to me lately: "What in hell do we care for the working trash. We pay them all that is coming to them. The union must go, and we have done them up in the courts of this state sure, for it is a genuine knockout, and the union is done for. I believe it is the right kind."

Then I got at him and said:

"I suppose your ideal of a union would be very much like the newsboys' union in some of the cities. Just a lot of noise, and higher prices for papers and without any economic or political movement back of it."

"Well," said the mine owner, rather non-plused, "we object to this accursed Socialism in the union. If we can stamp this d—

Socialism out of the union prosperous times will return."

Now, the above named gentleman (?) came to Tonopah about six years ago and started as a gambler. He had less than \$5 when he arrived at the new camp as a dealer in a gambling shack. Soon he became the proprietor and with his ill-gotten pelf he invested in Goldfield, and is one of those who just before the October panic was rated from two to three millions. Most of his time is now spent in New York City. He does not like the desert as well as he did a few years ago.

From the above you workingmen may draw the following moral: While the gambler is getting your money he fawns at you; but after he has your money he despises you.

You will be told by the Bryan and Taft spellbinders during the next six months how the rich men love you, how they have sacrificed their wealth for you, how they give you employment and keep you from starving, how they love you and your families, and how J. Pierpont Morgan saved his country for only 10 per cent, and how you workingmen would have all gone to the devil had it not been for the Morgans and Fricks and Harrimans and Carnegies and Hills and Rockefellers, and sure you will believe these (unless you are class-conscious) and again you will vote the grand old party in power, and Bryan will get a few of your votes, and then you will

go on and work, and starve, and start anew, and work, and then starve again, while you are looking for a job, and contending that we must have rich, and good, and kind-hearted men to save our country, and give you employment when you are out of a job.

\* \* \*

Just after the infamous decision rendered at Carson City a few days ago by a safe and sane judge, a well-dressed and finely bespangled, eminently respectable gentleman stood in the lobby of the Goldfield Hotel and said: "The laboring man has been his own undoing, for he has fixed himself this time."

I could not longer contain myself and I looked at this big-eyed gentleman and said: "You are mistaken, brother; we capitalists have done up the workingman through the courts. We big capitalists did it, the workingman had nothing to do with his undoing."

The eminently respectable and his company sized me up, as they evidently could not tell whether I was a millionaire or a pauper; and with ill concealed contempt leered at me. A few days later I saw this respectable gentleman at Tonopah, and upon inquiry I learned that he was one of the gentlemen who had helped wreck the six Rickey banks, and that he was liable to be called before the grand jury when it convenes shortly.

The above will illustrate the class of men who curse the workers of Nevada by their acts and with their breath.

One of the proprietors of the Tonopah Club, the largest and finest gambling house in Nevada, or in the West, for that matter, is so bitter toward the workingmen who are fleeced in this fashionable den, that his partners have told him not

to talk aloud any more. This man last year made \$58,000 out of gambling alone. Besides this he owns much mining and bank stock, and lives in luxury and ease.

\* \* \*

Only a few years ago George Wingfield came to Nevada with but a few dollars. He started as a gambler. Then he speculated in mining stocks. Then he floated the "Consolidated" scheme with U. S. Senator Nixon, and now Wingfield lives in New York City; while Nixon lives in Washington, D. C. The "Consolidated" has been the bitter enemy of united labor. She it was that paid in scrip last November, which was a preconcerted trick to bring on the strike to kill off the "Mohawk" and other interests, and at the same time exasperate the miners. The strike was called; then Nixon and Wingfield, with their tools, U. S. Senator Newlands and Governor Sparks, called for United States troops. Then came the re-call of Theodore I., Caesar of all America, then the prayer of united capitalism for retention of the troops; then the injunction by Nixon, Wingfield and Company, i. e. the "Consolidated," and the last result, that injunction, the knock-out blow by Judge Farrington of the Federal Court at Carson City lately.

If you benighted workingmen and women of the East think that *the interests of capital and labor are identical*, then come out to Nevada, the rottenest state in the union with the exception of Colorado, the state where vice and crime and open rottenness is winked at; where virtue is ignored, and honor scarcely known; where graft flourishes as well as the Canada thistle does in the Great Lake region; and where honest



dealing has not yet been inaugurated. There are some good people here, but they are sadly in the minority.

\* \* \*

Once more organized labor receives a rebuff at the hands of the federal court. The Western Federation of Miners, at Goldfield, are warned to be good, not to interfere with other property rights, not to picket, not to congregate on the streets, not to persuade others from taking their jobs; in fact to disband and to resolve themselves into *innocuous desuetude* as ex-President Cleveland would term it.

From recent reports of the temporary injunction issued by Judge Farrington, at Carson City on March 6, the local union has no rights which capitalism needs respect; while on the other hand the learned judge has granted every prayer to the Goldfield Consolidated Mines Company; except the total dissolution of the Western Federation of Miners, Local Union, No. 220.

But all these back-sets will eventually strengthen labor organizations, and from the ashes of former defeats, there will arise a Phoenix organization, which will overthrow oppression, as the angels of sin and wickedness were overthrown and flung down into the bottomless pit of Hell, as described by Milton in his "Battle in Heaven."

Goldfield, Nevada, is certainly a social slough. In the few weeks that I have been here I have come to the conclusion that honor does not reside in Nevada; or if she does, she is hiding in the miners' cabins, or the quiet homes of the working people. She never walks out on the streets, nor is Honor ever seen in the offices, and shops, and large cafes, which I visit.

Her friend and companion,

Virtue, is seen less often than even Honor. Prudence and Integrity have moved to parts unknown, and their mail is not forwarded, as they have left no forwarding address. Grace is now sojourning at Carmel-by-the-Sea, it is said here; while Patience has never seen fit to invade Nevada; at least she has never been seen here.

Vice and Debauchery and Immorality are better known characters here, and their \$90 bonnets, and \$300 costumes are very much admired.

The game in Nevada is: "Get the other fellow." The moving van man gets at you before you arrive and asks 1c per pound; but finally agrees to move you for one-fourth of a cent per pound, "cas vous from the East." The bootblack offers to shine your shoes for two bits, but finally takes 10 cents. The tailor asks \$5 to \$7 to clean and press your clothes, yet compromises with you at \$1.50 because he expects to get you again. But the real estate swindler and the mining speculator don't compromise with you; for they will get you if you don't watch out, and will fleece you, and they cry out in the hotel lobbies: "We are the Jason, and have obtained the golden fleece."

So my advice to you working people is, beware of the Western shark; whether he sells real estate, mining stocks or gold bricks. He will get you, if you believe any of the stories which flow from the West, and if you take his word for these things without investigating and knowing what you are doing, you ought to get *soaked*, whether it be by a faro gambler, a mining scheme promoter, or a salt and alkali desert real estate broker.

There are a lot of prospect holes out here into which eastern tender-

feet fall, and some never get out again. They are called mines, but they are only sinkholes into which men sink their hard earned, or their inherited wealth; and it is lost like some of the large rivers of Nevada, which roar, and foam as mountain torrents, but are finally lost in the sinks and quicksands of the deserts of Nevada.

\* \* \*

"Oh, say! We have the miners fixed," said one passenger to the other on a Southern Pacific train yesterday. "Manhattan Consolidated has just put in a drilling machine which will take the place of about fifty of these d—d shifters and time-killers. The machine

runs by electric power, and in about two hours will do all the work we have to do at present, so that will cut down our pay-roll at least \$5,000 per month; and in about two months the machine will have paid for itself."

The foregoing was a part of the conversation between two men, one of whom was the superintendent or "straw-boss" of the Manhattan Consolidated.

Do you see, Mr. Worker? The machine against the man. Under capitalism the machine puts the man out of business. Have you ever heard of a machine being the servant of the man? How can man become the *master* and the *machine* be made the servant?

The New York *World* has been trying to get definite data as to the amount of unemployment in the country and claims that there are a million men looking vainly for jobs. The probability, of course, is that the number is much greater. But even this figure is bad enough. Following is the *World's* table according to states:

|               |         |
|---------------|---------|
| Alabama       | 20,000  |
| California    | 74,000  |
| Colorado      | 18,000  |
| Connecticut   | 30,000  |
| Delaware      | 11,000  |
| Illinois      | 200,000 |
| Iowa          | 2,000   |
| Kansas        | 10,000  |
| Maine         | 12,000  |
| Massachusetts | 25,000  |
| Missouri      | 45,000  |
| Montana       | 8,500   |
| Nebraska      | 9,000   |
| New Hampshire | 2,500   |
| Rhode Island  | 18,292  |
| Tennessee     | 25,000  |
| Texas         | 3,000   |
| Utah          | 10,500  |
| Vermont       | 5,500   |

|               |        |
|---------------|--------|
| Virginia      | 7,500  |
| West Virginia | 60,000 |

Total..... 596,792

The *World* also gives statistics from the cities and the list is so incomplete that the total is manifestly far below the actual facts. Milwaukee is not mentioned at all, perhaps because the unemployed in this city were counseled to seek relief quietly from the city council without resort of public demonstrations.

But even if the showing of the *World* does not reach the actual figure, the situation is terrible just the same. And these million men and their families are now suffering for the sins of capitalism and its reckless mismanagement of the modern state. The industrial army has to play the same part that the military armies have to play. The rulers who order them into dangerous situations are always able to escape the torment and the death that ensues.



**EUGENE V. DEBS**  
**Socialist Candidate for President**