

The Vanguard

Vol. 6. No. 8.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., JUNE, 1908.

Whole Number 64

The Month's Story

For President Our Cene The national convention of the Socialist Party, which met in Chicago last month, did well to nominate Eugene V. Debs as their standard-bearer in the national campaign of 1908.

No more appropriate choice could have been made in this year of injunctions and court decisions adverse to organized labor.

The capitalist class, in its blind folly, seems determined to push the legal persecution of the unions to the last extreme.

The capitalists in the Republican party even have the insolence to propose the presidential nomination of William H. Taft, the inventor of the use of the injunction against striking workingmen.

It is therefore eminently fitting that the first and best martyr of the injunction should today stand as the representative of the only political party which raises its protest against the tyranny of the injunction and the czarism of the Supreme Court.

There is no other civilized country on the face of the globe where the judges are given such despotic powers as in America.

Indeed, there is no other civilized country in the world, barring Russia, where any official, or even any monarch, has the right to unmake the laws decreed by the elected representatives of the people.

Yet such is the power which a capitalistic reading of the Constitution has lodged in the unseparated hands of the little American kings upon the judicial bench—kings just as inaccessible to the will of the people as is the Czar of all the Russias.

Wise had it been for the capitalist class not to have used this weapon ready to their hands. Political sagacity should have taught them that it is perilous to anger a giant, even if that giant is in chains.

But for the capitalist class the dollar held close to their eyes shuts out all the perspective of future danger. And so they are gradually forcing the organized workingmen of America into political action. The sleeping giant is beginning to stir in his uneasy slumbers. Soon he will rise to his feet.

The Socialist Party of America in its working class program offers a magnificent standard around which the organized workingmen may rally. And as their standard-bearer they offer the hero of Woodstock Jail.

The issue is at hand. And the man representative of the issue is at the head of our marching column!

Courts In view of this legal persecution of labor, in view of the great crisis which today confronts the wage-workers of America, the Socialist Party in its convention adopted a ringing "address to organized labor."

vs. This address recites the recent wrongs and insults inflicted upon the workingmen of the United States, and calls upon them to remember that, although the decisions of the courts are against them, they still have the ballot in their hands.

Ballots The truth is that the American workingmen are much like the two pilgrims of Bunyan's immortal allegory who lay groaning in the dungeon of Giant Despair. After the giant had beaten them with "a grievous crabtree cudgel," kept them on bread and water and threatened their lives, one of the pilgrims suddenly remembered that he had in his pocket a key which would unlock any door in Christendom.

And, remembering this, he cried out, "What a fool am I to lie in this stinking dungeon when I might go free as air!"

The workingman has the key which can unlock every door of his prison house. The little ballot will do the trick!

* * *

To Bar One of the wisest acts of the Chicago convention was the insertion in its constitution of a clause which will effectually exclude every Anarchist.

All

Anarchy The slowness and difficulty of the political struggle has suggested to many a hot-head the desirability of a short-cut by the path of violence.

Both in this country and in Europe, especially Southern Europe, some impatient natures would give up the struggle at the ballot-box and try to introduce Socialism by means of the general strike and a violent revolution.

A few such hotspurs could easily ruin the whole party and set back the Socialist movement for several decades. The capitalist class would like nothing better than the chance to put down a Socialist riot. The acts of even one hare-brained fanatic might be made an excuse for a fearful reprisal that would cripple the movement of its best workers.

The convention therefore very wisely provided in its constitution that no member shall be admitted to the Socialist party who denies the necessity of political action. It also decided that every member now in the party who denies the necessity of political action shall be expelled from the organization.

This, of course, bars all Anarchists. We have no place for them in our ranks. Let them go where they belong.

* * *

Childish Every delegate to the Socialist national convention must have been struck by the growth of the party in the last four years. We refer not to the increase in its members, although this has been highly encouraging, but to the greater ripeness of Socialist thought.

Diseases

Past

It is true that in the debates upon the floor some crude ideas found expression. But these came from the newly organized and weakly or-

ganized states. The older members measured a splendid four years' growth.

With all these, a decided advance towards constructive Socialism could be clearly discerned. Many who had a distinctly impossibilistic twist in the conventions of 1900 and 1904, had completely outgrown this immaturity.

"I myself once had the measles," one of our best Socialists quaintly admitted in arguing against the impossibilists who fought the immediate demands. These impossibilist notions are in fact an early stage of development, through which almost every Socialist passes while he is new in the movement.

But a little experience shows him the necessity of really doing things. Without a constructive policy he cannot go far.

Such a constructive policy is magnificently outlined in the platform adopted by the Socialists at Chicago. It is a program every word of which deserves to be written in letters of gold upon the banner of the working class.

* * *

One It must be admitted that among all the wise acts of the convention it adopted one very unwise measure.
Thing to In justice to the delegates, however, it should be said that
Change this action was taken at the close of the convention, when many of the delegates had left for their homes. No doubt a full vote of the convention would have shown a very different result.

We refer to the decision by which the power of electing the National Executive Committee is taken away from the membership of the party and put into the hands of the National Committee.

This undemocratic change was opposed by most of the older and more experienced delegates but favored by the newer members.

It was claimed that this would promote greater efficiency. It cannot be denied however that the present National Secretary and National Executive Committee have been very efficient, although elected directly by a referendum vote of the rank and file.

But we point out this mistake to show how easily it can be remedied under the democratic form of our party organization. This very measure, which might build up a little machine, may be voted down at once by the party members, since the whole constitution will be submitted to their adoption by referendum.

Thus it is seen how totally the Socialist Party differs in its construction from every other political party. It is carefully arranged to prevent the first appearance of the party boss. Every link of its administration lies in the hands of the masses of the party.

How dissimilar is the construction of the old parties! There everything is arranged to aid and comfort the boss and the boss' boss, the capitalist. Their doings are carefully screened from the eyes of the common voter. He pulls the button on the voting machine. They do the rest.

Let the Women Remember! Eighteen women delegates sat in the national convention and took a prominent part in the proceedings. The most perfect equality prevailed. There were no sneers or silly jokes against the women, neither was there any favoritism. Any woman delegate had just as good a chance to get the floor as a man, and no better chance.

This was as it should be. As said the bright woman delegate from Ohio, "We do not want special recognition—we only want recognition."

Those who have seen or read of the childish squabbles of the women's clubs of the "upper" classes, perhaps expected something of this sort in the convention. But these progressive proletarian women were too full of ideas to waste their time in personalities.

A committee was elected to outline a program of work among and for women. It was decided that the Socialist party should send out a woman organizer, and other methods of propaganda were recommended.

Thus the convention took another long step forward. The woman of the working class, the slave of the slave, as Hyndman so well said, has waited all through the centuries for an advocate. No chivalry, no aristocratic or bourgeois sentiment came to her rescue. It was reserved for the Socialist movement to champion the cause of this most hopeless and helpless victim of the present evil system.

Let not American women forget this fact. Common gratitude demands that they should uphold the cause which upholds their right. This year should see a great flocking of the women to the Socialist party. And their work will tell for a still greater growth of the organization. Let the other half of the working class wake up!

Socialists in Philadelphia swore out warrants and had arrested a police sergeant and a patrolman on a charge of inciting to riot and assault and battery in a recent unwarranted interference with a Socialist meeting. The evidence was overwhelming and the magistrate rather astonished the Socialists by deciding sharply against the officers and binding them over for trial. In making his decision, the magistrate among other things said:

"The evidence clearly shows that the action of the police was criminal. The officer had no right even to attempt to stop a meeting of citizens who had assembled to give

vent to their grievances. It has been shown that Sergeant Kennedy ordered his men to clear the hall, throwing its occupants bodily out of the hall. I therefore place him under \$200 bail to appear in court. Free speech, free press, and free assemblage are three things dear to civilization—and who is to decide whether or not a meeting can be held? Surely not the Supreme Court. Surely not the common court. Surely not the chief executive, and most assuredly not an insignificant police sergeant. If we are to permit a policeman to break up a peaceable meeting of our citizens, what are we to expect next?"

Class Conscious Roosevelt

By VICTOR L. BERGER

LAST month President Roosevelt again sent a message to Congress. It was a declaration of the president that his announced policies as to anti-injunction and the amendment of the anti-trust law, must be enacted into federal statutes.

The message was received very coldly by the leaders of both houses.

* * *

But there are a few "gems" in this message that interest us particularly. For instance, the president says:

"Every far-sighted patriot should protest first of all against the growth in this country of that evil thing which is called 'class consciousness.' The demagogue, the sinister or foolish Socialist visionary who strives to arouse this feeling of class consciousness in our working people does a foul and evil thing; for he is no true American; he is no self-respecting citizen of this republic."

And, furthermore:

"A 'class grievance' left too long without remedy breeds 'class consciousness.'"

* * *

We will take up these gems and show that these would-be diamonds are common beach pebbles.

All students and many others who are not students, know that in this country under the present capitalist system we have three classes, roughly speaking.

* * *

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 mode of living and general standard of the different classes.

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

* * *

Mr. Roosevelt, of course, also admits that there are classes in this country—otherwise this message never would have been written.

And admitting the existence of these classes why should it be a "foul and evil thing" to be *conscious* of the existence of these classes? And why should it be *more* American and self-respecting to belong to these classes *unconsciously*?

"Where ignorance is bliss, it is folly to be wise." But in what respect is a man benefited by *not knowing* that there are classes, so long as we have them?

Furthermore, why should a man be called a "foolish or sinister visionary" who proclaims the existence of something that *everybody* with common sense must recognize, and which even Mr. Roosevelt recognized by his message and by other messages he has written before on this subject?

* * *

And Mr. Roosevelt himself says "A *class grievance* left too long without a remedy, *breeds* 'class consciousness.'" Then he himself goes on and enumerates a list of grievances of the working class.

And before Roosevelt gets through he will also find out that the *capitalist* class is very class conscious indeed. It will raise the old Harry with that "sinister and foolish demagogue," Theodore Roosevelt.

* * *

The trouble with President Theodore Roosevelt is that while he is constantly talking and writing *against* class consciousness, he is one of the most class conscious men in the country—only he is so by instinct.

Theodore Roosevelt represents a class which is very sore, and has good reasons to be sore. He represents a class which is on the decline and gradually going out of existence. He represents the middle class—although he is a scion of the upper and still wealthy strata of that class.

However, the middle class is in a bad way. It is assailed and ground to pieces on one hand by the trusts and capital on a large scale—and on the other hand by organized labor. To this of late we shall have to add the organized farmers.

* * *

Mr. Roosevelt, with all his education and his literary proclivities does not seem to have had the time to study any political economy. From his messages and speeches it seems that he has not even taken the trouble to read any of the larger text-books that are in use in our universities. He evidently knows a good deal more about bears, than about social conditions.

But some Socialist magazines and papers must have been sent to him of late. There he has caught the phrase "class consciousness." This apparently has scared our friend Teddy badly. Therefore he says in his message "every far-sighted patriot should protest first of all against the growth in this country of the evil called "class consciousness." But he adds, "A class grievance left too long without remedy breeds class consciousness."

* * *

Now the *greatest grievance* that has been left *without remedy* for a long time in this *democratic commonwealth*, is the very *existence* of *these classes*.

We cannot even preserve our political democracy for any length of time without having an industrial democracy

Mr. Roosevelt being somewhat of an historian, ought to know

what happened to *all* democracies—from Athens and Rome down to the Italian city republics of the middle ages—because there the *men who owned the wealth* invariably also *owned the political power*.

* * *

Mr. Roosevelt seems to have an inkling of that.

And therefore he says "The powers and scope of the interstate commerce commission and of any similar body such as the bureau of corporations, should be *greatly enlarged* so as to meet the requirements of the present day.

"The nation alone can act with effectiveness and wisdom; it should have *control both of the business and of the agent*, for any attempt to separate this control must result in grotesque absurdity." He says the individual state cannot do it.

* * *

However, all this means *interference* with the *legitimate rights of property*, as they have existed for the last ten thousand years.

It means that capitalists and corporations are not to be permitted to do with their "rightful" and "legitimate" property as they please.

It means the *abolition of private ownership* to no *small degree*.

* * *

Of-course I do not say that Roosevelt's remedy is going to help much. Roosevelt's regulation will fail to regulate.

The capitalists and corporations will keep on doing as much damage to the people in general as the property rights still left to them will permit.

The capitalists and corporations will simply have an additional motive to corrupt elections, to get favorable commissions and commissioners appointed, or to buy up the commissioners that are appointed.

* * *

So the president's remedy will not help, because it is a half-hearted measure—because it is neither fish nor flesh—because it will simply aggravate the trustocrats and not satisfy the people. But it will tend to accomplish another great thing:

It will greatly aid the *class consciousness* of both the capitalist and the working people. And since the producers have the great majority in this country it is easy to predict the outcome.

Or to quote an expression of Theodore Roosevelt in this last message:

"In a *democracy* like *ours* it is *idle to expect permanently to thwart the determination of a great body of our citizens*."

Speaking of recent political developments among the people, the *Washington Post* says: "A new alignment was had, but nobody clearly sees what it is. Everything is chaotic. All that is certain is that Socialism is become a powerful political factor, and no man can imagine what will be written on the page of our political future of the next decade. All we know is that the old parties are dead." This is strong talk—rather! But it shows how they are scared.

War and Credit

By EDMOND KELLY

The public can see in the refusal of congress to vote the four battleships demanded by Mr. Roosevelt, nothing more than a personal conflict between the legislature and the executive. It may, however, cover a vital issue and furnish a lesson of no small importance to our democracy.

No one outside the cabinet positively knows how near we were last year to war with Japan, or how certain this war may be as soon as Japan has so far recovered from its conflict with Russia as to embark upon a new campaign of conquest. Had our national credit been shaken by an impending war at a time when it was already strained to the breaking point by economic conditions, the result might have been disastrous. Every interest in the country—that of the workingman as well as that of the capitalist—demanded that fear of war in the Orient be minimized. It became, therefore, necessary that the government deny every rumor of war.

Nevertheless, we know that in spite of this denial, our entire fleet has been sent at enormous expense to overawe Japan in her own waters. If Japan had not been aggressive, such a performance could be no less than an unpardonable expression of natural conceit and vanity. If Japan had been aggressive, it became a necessary piece of naval tactics.

Let us assume for the purposes of this discussion that Root and Roosevelt are possessed of the average brains of an average man,

and that this exhibition of our naval force was justified: Then the demand for four battleships is a measure of national defense and the refusal of them by congress a national disaster.

Unfortunately under the bewildering regime under which we live, it is impossible for us—the people and theoretical sovereign of this land—to come to any conclusion upon this vital issue. A single ill-considered word of the President has convinced the Socialists that he is capable of any folly—and in politics folly is worse than crime—and so our party is committed to sympathy with congress on this and on every conflict with the President.

And yet, should the President be right! Should Japan be silently preparing an attack upon the Philippines or upon our undefended Pacific Coast!

And what is true of us is true of every so-called popular government. France is annually threatened into voting its crushing army and navy budget by fear of Germany. Bismarck regularly created frontier incidents to secure similar votes in Germany, and William has persistently pursued the same abominable course. England, on the other hand, whose financial system rests on a more slender stem of credit than any other nation in the world, was obliged by fear of panic to minimize the danger of war with Kruger, to postpone the evil day by a pitiful policy of diplomatic correspondence, to hurry to-

gether a military force reduced by popular misconception to a minimum, and to expose the whole British Empire to imminent danger of destruction at the hands of a few undisciplined cowboys on the Boer Veldt.

So long as economic prosperity depends on national credit, no government dare inform the public of

the facts essential to a wise conclusion on diplomatic matters. It is only when economic prosperity depends *not on credit, but on production*, that the public can be let in to the secrets of its state department; it is only under a co-operative commonwealth that a citizen can have any share in the control of foreign policy.

The Overshadowing Problem

Oration by WILLIAM M. LEISERSON Delivered at Wisconsin University

At the coronation of the present Czar of Russia, a little old man came up bearing the congratulations and allegiance of the district of Tver. And as he bowed to his monarch, he asked:

"Majesty, when is Russia to have a constitution?"

The Czar made two answers. He said: "It is a senseless dream." And then—he exiled the old man to Siberia.

Ten years later there occur in the same city the opening ceremonies of the first Russian douma. And before it can proceed to business, one of the peasant members rises. He asks no man's permission. "I demand amnesty," he shouts, and lets forth a torrent of high-keyed eloquence.

Thus time brings its revenge. Ten years have made the senseless dream a reality. And in a constitutional assembly the first voice heard is that of the old, gray exile, demanding amnesty for those who have fought in the holy cause.

At the last presidential election

in this country, half a million workingmen registered their questions: "When is industry to have its constitution? When is labor to be economically free? When at last are we to have industrial democracy?" And throughout the world 7,000,000 other workingmen are today asking the same questions.

The industrial monarchs, the kings of coal and iron and steel answer: "It is a senseless dream." And from the learned economists there comes the echo, "'Tis a senseless dream."

But "a dream that nations dream comes true." Ten years may not be enough to make this dream a reality, but that it is gradually realizing itself no one can doubt who follows the march of current events.

Consider for a moment the age we are living in. "Western civilization," says Professor Rauschenbusch, "is passing through a social revolution unparalleled in history for scope and power. Its coming was inevitable. The religious, political and intellectual revolutions of the

past five centuries which together created the modern world, necessarily had to culminate in an economic and social revolution such as is now upon us.

"By universal consent this social crisis is the overshadowing problem of our generation. The industrial and commercial life of the advanced nations are in the throes of it. In politics all issues and methods are undergoing upheaval and re-alignment as the social movement advances. In the world of thought all the young and serious minds are absorbed in the solution of social problems. Even literature and art point like compass-needles to this magnetic pole of all our thought" "The vastness and the free sweep of concentrated wealth on the one side, the independence, intelligence, moral vigor and political power of the common people on the other side, promise a long-drawn grapple of contesting forces which may well make the heart of every American patriot sink within him."

At this hour Socialism comes forward with a constructive program—a scientific program based on the fundamental facts of the existing social order. Its aim is to establish justice, and it proposes to attain its ends by an application of the laws which govern social evolution.

Your ordinary lawmaker labors under a fatal misconception. He assumes that underlying all our institutions there are two principles—free competition, and private prosperity. True, our constitution and government are based on these principles. But when we examine the economic workings of our society we find that the operation of these principles is limited; and that, with the evolution of industry, they

are becoming more and more restricted.

We find today our productive capital concentrated into large units and owned by a comparatively few people. Twenty-six men in the country control two hundred and twenty-five industries, which supply all our most important wants. For the average man to enter into competition with these industrial giants is out of the question.

We see our wealth piling up into the hands of a few. One per cent of our families own more property than the remaining ninety-nine per cent. The middle class, formerly the backbone of our nation, is relentlessly crushed out of existence by inexorable economic laws. In their place has appeared an ever increasing class of wage-earners—people without property. The census places the wages of an average wage-earner at \$480 per year. How much property do you think such a man can accumulate?

When you consider that from seventy-five to ninety-five per cent of the people living in cities do not own the homes in which they live; that only thirty-one per cent of all our people can call their homes their own, that in the period of our greatest prosperity we had 10,000,000 people, one-tenth of our population, living below the poverty line—the line of mere physical efficiency; when you consider such facts as these, then how meaningless become the rights of private property and free competition—for the mass of our people!

It is evident then that the forces which formerly served to regulate abuses, competition and an independent middle class, the bulwarks of the liberties of our forefathers, are inevitably disappearing. In their stead gigantic trusts and mo-

nopolies have appeared on the one hand, while on the other we are developing a people without property, people who must sell their labor to others in order to live.

To attack the great corporations and trusts is idle; to regulate them is futile; to destroy them is as impossible as it is economically inadvisable.

Great organizations of capital are no mere accidents. They are the inevitable results of an economic system. They were necessary to develop the vast resources of our country, to organize the industries which would burn our coal and oil, use our iron, steel and other minerals, and send to the rest of the world what we could not ourselves consume. They alone could throw railroads across our continent and develop the great empire of the west. They have made the west the granary and meat market of the world. They have built cities, states and whole sections of the country. Where once was a great desert, thanks to their operations, we now have thickly settled communities.

But the same power which could create these communities is now able to destroy them. To regulate the exercise of the power is absurd. Capital organized and concentrated is stronger than the government. It regulates the regulator. When the government tries to punish its misdeeds it can create a panic, and when ruin, misery and hunger stare us in the face, it is not the president, not the government, that saves the day. It is J. Pierpont Morgan. What a commentary on our liberties! The President of the United States must issue special letters and messages to warn the corporations not to lower wages and plunge the people into misery in order to

arouse a revolt against the administration.

It is intolerable to say that such an enormous power, that the prosperity or poverty, the life or death of a people should remain in private hands—even in the hands of a most beautiful despot. To such a condition there can be but one alternative. Instead of concentrated capital and power in the hands of a few, instead of private monopoly we must substitute public monopoly, public ownership for the welfare of all. And here we have Socialism.

There is a double meaning to the word Socialism which ought to be carefully distinguished. It means a condition of society in which justice is established. But it has a more important meaning. It is principally a method of obtaining justice, a principle of political procedure. Obviously a condition of society in which complete social justice reigns is too remote and too speculative to require practical consideration. But Socialism as a practical program of social reform, we cannot afford to ignore. It is intelligent, scientific and in line with social progress. All our recent development has been along the lines laid down by its philosophy.

Socialism as a practical program aims first of all to restore a social equilibrium. The many cannot long remain propertyless without falling under the power of the few. The essential feature of Socialism, therefore, is to prevent any man from making himself master of the sources of production, and to use this mastery for the exploitation of other men. All natural monopolies we would put into the hands of the state.

Public utilities must become the

property of the people. The possession of these by private owners gives them a power of taxing the community which is contrary to the very purpose for which they were created.

Then all artificial monopolies, trusts and quasi-monopolies which have become a menace and a means of oppression in the hands of their owners, must ultimately be taken over by the public at large.

This does not necessarily mean an economical concentration of industry. Cities could own municipal utilities. The nation, the state and other civil divisions could own the utilities whose field of operation corresponds to their boundaries.

Stated in this way, Socialism seems to be an enormous undertaking. Insuperable objections no doubt suggest themselves to your minds. But remember, this is a practical political program. It is to be carefully and gradually applied. Whenever conditions are ripe, whenever it is politically expedient, the city, the state or the nation is to extend its ownership and administration, to take over the new industry. The object for which this is done—always to be borne in mind—is to remove a power of oppression from private hands and to promote the general welfare.

Socialists admit that a public industry may not be as efficient mechanically as a private industry. Just so, a republic is not as good a government machine as an absolute monarchy. We sacrifice some efficiency in order to gain political democracy. We may do the same when we substitute for industrial monarchy, industrial democracy.

The question whether the program of Socialism would work need hardly be discussed. It is already in operation in every country in the

world. Every day the community, in order to protect itself, is forced to assume new functions. In our public streets, parks, schools, university and postoffice, we have Socialism in operation. None of us would think of turning these over into private hands. With regard to mines, railways, telegraphs, telephones, gas and electric plants, we are still in doubt. But that means only that for the moment it may not be expedient to socialize these. In Europe it has already been done. Over there they would no more give up their national and state systems of transportation and communication, their municipal tramways, lighting plants, tenement houses and milk stations, than we would the things which we have socialized. Progress is in the direction of social co-operation in production, in distribution, in consumption. Let us therefore adopt the principle of making control and ownership also social and co-operative. Whenever an industry, or utility or business, becomes so big and so powerful that it may be used as a means of oppression or exploitation by its owners, let it be taken over by the public concerned. This is the principle of procedure—the practical program of Socialism.

The benefits which would result from the adoption of such a program are evident. It would restore to the people in the only practical manner possible the property of which they have been deprived by the operation of economic laws. It would remove a power of oppression and corruption greater than anything the world has heretofore known. It would prevent the evils which we have been vainly fighting for years. The public would not stunt its children by too early em-

ployment. It would not force the mothers of its future generations to work long hours in mills and factories. It would guard its men from poverty, excessive toil, dangerous and unhealthy occupations. All this the program of Socialism would do—and more. It would complete the progress toward democracy. Intellectual, religious and political democracy we have. Socialism is the practical program of industrial democracy.

Perhaps you think still that this is all a dream? But we Socialists have faith. This faith is beautifully expressed by the famous Belgian Socialist, Vandervelde:

"In one of his most beautiful poems Victor Hugo shows us the Satyr of Mount Olympus, rising hairy and black into the proud assembly of the gods. They greet him with revilings. He responds with a song of defiance. Mercury

gives him his flute; Apollo, subdued, reaches out his lyre. The revolutionary song rises like an increasing shout to the vault of heaven, the singer in his turn expands, the immensity of space enters into his black form; it is the entire world which rises and overthrows the throne of Jupiter.

"Is not Socialism the Satyr of the Legend of the Centuries? At first feeble like him, covered with mire and hairy, despised when he appears. Later they fear him when he begins to grow. But, behold him growing still; he seizes the flute of Mercury; he grasps Apollo's lyre; he gathers to himself all the powers of art and science; he rises before those who thought themselves immortal and soon, his foot upon their throne in the fulness of his power he, in his turn, will cry to them:

"All must give way! I am Pan; Jupiter, sink to your knees!"

Liberty and Soap

By ERNEST POOLE

STRAIGHT out from Ellis Island in the harbor of New York towers the Liberty goddess holding her torch. The rude peasants look at her in awe. From Manhattan, the people seldom look; and when they do, some of them smile. For a good story hangs round this symbol of an old passion, so battered and dingy amid all the dazzling lights grown around her, a capital story—and true.

Some six years ago, when the city of New York was cutting expenses, some one suggested that

the light in the torch be abandoned. Why be sentimental? The cost of the torch was ten thousand a year. It seemed a good deal to waste on one old light that had grown white and dim under the skyscraper sparkle from Wall Street. It could be of no use any longer. And this is an age of use. So the old light was extinguished.

But somewhere in America some one heard and fired with anger. He wrote a long letter to City Hall, he told them just how he felt—how deeply grieved at this insult to the old beacon. And then

he asked them to give him permission to kindle again at his own expense the torch that had meant so much to the great American people. "And all I ask in return," he concluded, "is that our firm be allowed to place across the feet of the Goddess this simple sign: 'The B—— Soap is guaranteed Pure.'"

Some things can make even business minds sentimental. The city re-kindled the light—without the sign. But as though to point the story, another firm of soapmakers have set their sign—a huge, brilliant, sparkling affair, high up in the heavens behind—for a symbol of millions of signs that are flashing all over the country, on city streets and out along railroads, on fences and barns and farm houses; driving the world into buying more things, crowding boldly into the nooks of our minds—crowding out the old, crowding in the new.

This group of three, the Goddess, the huge advertisement and the dazzling skyscraper cluster, I showed one night to an old friend of mine, a big quiet ranchman from the plains, come to New York on a visit. For a long time he stared in solemn silence. Then he chuckled:

"Liberty, soap an' Wall Street," he drawled. "That ain't such a bad combination."

"This here harbor," he went on, "these yarns you've been spinnin' about sech things as ships an' farms an' steel mills—kind of queer, now, ain't it? Queer how that ranch of mine has been kind of surrounded lately, by trusts an'

watered stocks an' railroads an' rebates, an' good natured voices sayin' 'Quit yer muck rakin', look on the bright side'." Another long look up at Wall Street. "I'm lookin'," said the plainman.

"Those fellers," he drawled, "are drivin' a leetle too hard. They're likely to get run away with. I wonder if they're goin' to hear the cussin' in time—and pull up their reins. Because if they don't—" he smiled at happy memories of days gone by.

"Out in Arizona," he said, "in the good old days, when certain men—we called 'em gamblers then—got gettin' too ambitious to be healthy, we used to jest pick 'em up gently an' give 'em a ride an' set 'em all down on the county line." Another long pause. One last twinkle. "Kind of tough on England," he said, slowly.

Before us, facing the harbor, dominating it all, the Wall Street cluster towered in turrets and masses of pin point lights—a bold prodigious fortress, gathering one by one the ships and the mills and the railroads, the factories, mines and newspapers and schools. Try as they will to look away, by new and stupendous audacities it compels eighty millions to look, as the plainsman now was looking. And of all the sights in the great harbor that night, there was none more vital, more deeply symbolic than this—the big plainsman staring at Wall Street.

"Drivin' the world," he repeated. "Drivin'? No! Stampedin'!"

An Independent Labor party has been formed in the province of Ontario, Canada. It demands pub-

lic ownership and control of many things. .

Judges and Workingmen

By BEN HANFORD

THESE are beautiful and lovable, but child-like spirits in the labor movement who, with admirable courage, but almost inconceivable folly, suffer the belief that William D. Haywood and George A. Pettibone had fair trials before a stern but impartial and disinterested judge. Such persons should read the remarks made by the Hon. Judge Fremont Wood, in passing sentence of death upon Mr. Harry Orchard—after reading the words of Judge Wood, one is tempted to say the Hon. Mr. Harry Orchard.

Orchard, having been convicted of murder in the first degree on his plea of guilty thereto, Idaho's statutes require that he be sentenced to death, which Judge Wood did. At the same time in the strongest terms the court recommended that the Idaho state board of pardons remit the death penalty. For its recommendation that mercy be extended to Orchard, the court gave two reasons (not to call them excuses).

One was that Orchard should not be executed by the state of Idaho because his testimony might be wanted in the courts of Colorado, should that state make further efforts to convict members or officials of the Western Federation of the crimes charged against them by the powers that be in Colorado and in the Mine Owners' association.

A further reason given by the Hon. Judge Wood why the Hon. Harry Orchard should not pay the statute penalty for the honorable

murders to which the right honorable gentleman, the prisoner at the bar had made most honorable confession, was that his testimony before the juries which tried Haywood and Pettibone was true. In other words, Judge Wood declares that Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone are guilty of a series of murders most foul.

In a state whose every official was an economic and political enemy, the prosecution, having indicted and charged him with the most infamous crimes, was unable to find enough evidence on which to call Charles H. Moyer to trial. But Hon. Judge Wood, who would gladly have presided at such trial, says Moyer is guilty. In a state whose every judicial and executive official was an economic and political enemy, with hundreds of dirty dollars at their disposal, with scores of dirty detectives proud of the dirty work they had already done and anxious to do more, the prosecution brought Haywood and Pettibone to trial before two different juries.

Neither jury was fair.

Neither was disinterested.

On each jury were men who declared they were prejudiced against the defendant. Yet an unfair and prejudiced jury did not find Haywood guilty.

And an unfair and prejudiced jury did not find Pettibone guilty.

Nor did either of those juries fail to agree upon a verdict. Out of twenty-four men on those juries, *not one* was willing to hold out and

insist on his belief in the guilt of the defendant, even to the extent of causing a disagreement of the jury.

Twelve men on Haywood's jury declared him "*Not Guilty.*"

Twelve men on Pettibone's jury declared him "*Not Guilty.*"

Now comes Judge Wood, who presided at the trial of each of these men; Judge Wood, who heard the jury in each of these cases declare the defendant "*Not Guilty*"; that same Mr. Wood who as judge is supposed to be impartial and disinterested—that Hon. Judge Wood, asking mercy for the self-confessed murderer of nearly a score of men, declares to the world that Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone are guilty of all the crimes Orchard charged against them.

The juries that tried Haywood and Pettibone did not require the prosecution to prove their guilt. They were tried by prejudiced juries—juries that required them to prove their innocence. They did prove their innocence. Those juries declared they were "*Not Guilty.*"

Mindless of the evidence, regardless of the verdicts, reckless of his judicial position, Hon. Judge Wood, pleading in behalf of Hon. Harry Orchard, declares that Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone, who have been acquitted, are guilty of a long procession of foul and deadly crimes.

Oh, learned judge!

Oh, impartial judge!

Oh, upright judge!

Roosevelt, chief executive of the nation, practically pronounced these men guilty *before trial*!

Wood, presiding magistrate at their trial, declares them guilty *after acquittal*!

McDonald and Gooding, the chief magistrates of two states, and

eight out of nine justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, declared that stealing men and taking them from the state of their residence without an opportunity to appeal to the courts was legal and due process of law.

Workingmen of America, what think you of the courts of your masters? What of your chance of justice when you find yourself involved in them? How would *you* like to be tried before a judge who, on the word of a murderer and a monster, declared men guilty after a jury had declared they were not guilty?

When a master charged a slave with an offense, the slave had already been found guilty because his master was his judge. So, American workingmen, when capitalists charge you with crime, you have already been judged and found guilty without trial because you workingmen are compelled to plead in the capitalists' courts. In those rare cases where, notwithstanding a class-prejudiced judge, the workingman can wrest a verdict of acquittal from a jury of his enemies, thereby saving his neck from the hangman's noose, the capitalists' judge on the bench will proceed to gibbet his character and declare him "*Guilty,*" despite a verdict of "*Not Guilty.*"

As to the saving of the Hon. Harry Orchard from the gallows, no Socialist will complain. We do not believe in capital punishment, and the life even of an Orchard is sacred. But because we would not execute a murderer, it does not follow that we would not restrain him from the commission of further murders. In this case, however, there is good reason to believe that one of the strongest motives for the saving of Orchard from paying the

death penalty for his murderous crimes is that he may commit still further murders—using the courts of so-called justice for his purpose, bearing false witness therein against innocent men, to the end that those innocent men may swing

from a scaffold for crimes which they did not commit, but which were planned and executed by Orchard and his defenders.

Workingmen of America, you have to destroy capitalism or capitalism will destroy you.

The Scar

By ERNEST POOLE

BIG FRANZ CZEBECH had already been in New York two years, and he had worked in a foundry. A tall, bushy-haired, stoop-shouldered, Hungarian giant—he stood in a small caged room, looking steadily through the cage at a doorway—waiting. This was “Lover’s Lane,” the spot on Ellis island where the fore-runners meet the wives and children whom they have sent for. An inspector swore to me that he had seen hundreds of thousands of kisses a year. Here the fore-runner is caged until he can prove that this woman is his wife, these children his children. In the human order of things, this is soon done; by the glance of the eye, an explosive breath, a sudden laugh, an excited capering child, or a torrent of words—swift questions and answers, all of which often continues right through the inspector’s interrogations—and comes to a climax when the cage door is opened! Greetings doubly dramatic from the contrast in garb and bearing.

Big Franz was now an American. The stiff Sunday suit, collar, red tie and grey felt hat—these were but surface signs. Deeper signs—the jaws had set, since the

days in the dull country hamlet; the huge calloused hands had been trained to the steel mill job; the face had grown leaner and filled with the lines of new thoughts, new desires, new struggles. The eyes once accustomed to fields and primitive plows and sleepy old horses and distant chimes—these eyes had been fixed on strange night pictures, furnace mouths, steam hammers, red spurting steel. “Heigh, you! Wake up! Look alive!” The peasant changed into a workman.

Big Franz pulled a cheap silver watch from his pocket. Ten minutes past five. The night gang went on at seven. With a quick impatient jerk of the head, he glanced at the door. And just at this moment Hungary entered! Hungary, light-haired and rosy and beaming; face framed in a white and red shawl; below it, a gay red-checked homespun dress; below that big wooden shoes clattering, hands dragging Marie and curbing plump tiny Franz junior. One eager look, a flash, a quick cry and a laugh, and—but here the smiling inspector stepped in. Bewildered, she turned to his desk and impatiently answered the questions; while by her side, with one chubby

hand deep in the safe skirts of his mother, the other chubby hand plunged in his gaping mouth, Franz junior stared at the big man in the cage, whose face was twitching and grinning, and whose eyes showed an alarming hunger. Franz Junior solemnly stared. Suddenly, with one jerk he pulled his fist from his mouth, inclined his stout little body slightly forward, looked hard, frowned—and then slowly an answering grin spread from his mouth to his ears—and the next instant he turned and dove far into the skirts of his mother.

At this moment big Franz turned and saw us—impudent, grinning bystanders. He scowled and his face grew embarrassed. And when the door was opened and the beaming woman came rushing to meet him, he looked down awkward and sheepish. Then he laughed, manfully kissed her—hard, and lifted the plump one up into his arms, and bent his shaggy head, his big gnarled hand pressed tighter and tighter, and when the head lifted there was a vivid red spot on the cheek of little Franz Junior.

Franz Senior looked down at his wife and laughed—a low, deep bursting laugh; and pushed back his hat and leaned over to tickle Marie, who still clung to her mother. As he did so the wife gave a quick cry of horror. He stopped and looked at her astonished. She was staring up at his high forehead.

The hat pushed back and re-

vealed a *long livid line*, which began just over one eye and ended in the shaggy locks over his right temple. Just for a moment, that beaming look of hope had left her, and dread was in its place. As for little Marie, she took one look and jumped quickly behind her mother. But not so wee Franz Junior. He knew! With a bound he was up again and feeling the livid scar and chuckling. And his father chuckled too. A few of those strange Hungarian words, and the wife knew what many wives know about steel mills. Later on Marie was to learn about other things—the night shift, sliding scales, Wall Street, panics, strikes, lockouts, unions and the like. But just now Big Franz's chuckle was wonderfully reassuring.

With a toss he landed the chubby one on his shoulder. He stooped and seized his knobby red bag, and strode off down the hall at a pace that made one Marie trot and the other Marie positively scamper. Off to the tenement rooms and the mills glaring into the sky—to make the steel which goes into ships and bridges and engines, into rails and skyscraper beams, machines and tools, and even school houses. The face of Big Franz showed how deeply happy he was—with that tremendous irresistible hope which makes the fuel of the cities.

At the end of the hall he stopped, dropped the bag and jerked out his watch. The night gang went on at seven.

According to Representative Blain of Canada, the building of a railroad in the Dominion has already cost one life a mile.

As human life under the present system is cheaper than safety precautions in such work, no one need be surprised at Blain's contention.

Our Slave Market

By FREDERIC HEATH

Socialists contend that under capitalism labor power is reduced to a mere ware in the market, to be bought and sold as unconcernedly as pig iron, or sausages, or live stock, or cabbage heads. We need no confirmation of this—the evidences meet us at every hand.

Yet a glaring case of brutal frankness on the subject comes from New York in the form of some circulars and printed matter put out by the Hapgood labor brokerage concern.

This printed matter snacks of the slave market of old.

Employees are for sale, their pedigree guaranteed, their sound points pointed out. And, mind you, it is not the common trash the Hapgoods deal in, but the high-grade class of wage slaves—the high-class clerk is dealt in, but more especially managers and superintendents!

There has been "too much extravagance in the selection of high-grade employers," say the Hapgoods, and they agree to supply "executives and superintendents whose experience has made them especially valuable" at "BARGAIN PRICES!"

Those are their very words.

A bargain counter for the overstock of high-up managers and superintendents—the men who manage industry today while the real owner, the simon-pure capitalist, clips coupons or tours Europe! The inferno of the labor market has at last overtaken the silk stockings!

They are now beginning to see why labor has been studying economics!

Let us take a few grim sentences from the Hapgood circular:

"The far-sighted business man is commencing NOW to reorganize his force. He is securing a number of *exceptional men* WHILE THE MARKET IS LOW!"

"Salesmen who can sell goods even in hard times. . . may be hired now at a salary far BELOW their ACTUAL WORTH"!!

"We have IN STOCK today the largest and most varied list of men since the establishment of our business, and can offer REAL BARGAINS in brains to employers in all parts of the United States."

"Clerks and bookkeepers are now *willing to accept* positions paying 15 and 20 per cent less than they have been earning."

That is certainly brutally frank enough to open the eyes of the most top-lofty clerk or superintendent. The market has become overstocked with their class, the prices are tumbling down. Capitalism wants everything in sight, and means to get the brain workers and the skilled boss down to the "iron law of wages" basis! And to stop their getting any portion of the profits through "fancy" salaries. Thus are the aristocrats of labor humbled!

But what of the future? Already we see the capitalist becoming unnecessary. He is placing the man-

agement of industry on hired shoulders and cutting the cord of sympathy between himself and the real managers into the bargain. When industry is taken over by the collectivity the managers will be much more willing to serve the

new masters—the people—than to continue to serve capitalist drones.

Matters are shaping themselves for the great changes that are impending. From very force of conditions the capitalist digs his own grave!

Tragedy of the Housewife

By INDEX

One of the saddest tragedies of life under the capitalist system concerns the women. To no small extent the milkmaid in the song spoke for her sex when she said "my face is my fortune." Well, what does capitalism, the system of society under which we are forced to live today, do for the comeliness of woman-kind? Of all things a woman is most sensitive of her good looks, and yet it is just here that capitalism strikes her its most cruel blow. Passing by the woman of luxury and indolent ease and the few of the upper middle class who may employ themselves just enough to keep in good health, what do we find to be the lot of the average woman who has assumed the responsibilities of the housewife and thus escaped the still more luckless fate of the spinster? Faded at twenty-five and a hag at forty when she should be just in the prime of her womanliness!

Overworked, nerve-racked, run-down with unrelenting drudgery, broken in spirit, forlorn—woman-kind is indeed capitalism's saddest tragedy. In woman's plight natural laws are at work. Overtaxing invites nature's penalties, for na-

ture renders no judgments with fixed juries or crooked judges. The overdriven, ill-kept grocer's horse moves on day by day toward the boneyard, while the carefully groomed, properly exercised carriage horse challenges our admiration by his glossy hide and proud, lusty, mettlesome bearing. With the human species it is the same, eternally and always. You can draw your own picture of how different would be the fate of woman under the Socialist regime.

Jane Addams has called housework a "belated industry." Invention has saved very few of the housewife's steps. Under the Socialist impulse it would do many things in that direction. With the bread earner of the family getting his socially due share of the products of his toil, the pinch of poverty, the pall of economic anxiety would be lifted from the myriads of little homes, joy would come with work that was not overwearing, the home would be brighter, sunnier, happier, and woman would keep her looks and her robust, radiant health and her vivacity and womanly grandeur just as nature intended she should. Of all people

women should be the most anxious for the abolition of the capitalist regime and the coming of the next

higher phase of civilization—the Socialist commonwealth!

Why San Francisco Burned

By WILLIAM HENRY FERBER

The eyes of the civilized world are now upon San Francisco. Not so much because the Atlantic fleet is here, as for the graft cases now being tried in its courts, and the indictments brought before the grand jury.

The great corporations for years have cursed California; and San Francisco was the modern Babylon.

Honesty in state and municipal affairs were unknown here until recently; and even the present municipal administration is not at all above criticism, although there is a marked improvement over the Eugene Schmitz administration.

Even to the present day, there exists an enormous impression in the minds of many well-meaning people that the late Mayor Schmitz was elected by the Socialists. It is true that Schmitz was elected by the Union Labor Party. The Socialists had a candidate of their own in the field, and no real Socialist voted for Eugene Schmitz. The labor unions of San Francisco are not Socialistic any more than is President Gompers of the A. F. of L. This should be thoroughly understood by every Social-Democrat and every other person possessing a sound mind.

* * *

One of the principal reasons why San Francisco was so badly destroyed was the inadequacy of its

water supply, and the miserable water mains.

The chief of the fire department, as well as the city engineer, had repeatedly called the attention of the aldermen to the fact that the water supply of San Francisco was inadequate for the size of the city. But the water department is owned by a private corporation, and so no action could be obtained. A few large manufacturing concerns saw the inadequacy of the water supply, and bought electric pumps of their own, and so they did not lose a single building. This was the case with the Southern Pacific Railway and the Santa Fe or Key Route had the same protection, as did several large lumber mills.

The fire tugs along the shore did good work as far as they could reach; but they could do nothing to quench the fire in the buildings up town, or on the mountains. The chief of the fire department was killed in the earthquake and the assistant chief was disabled early in the day. Thus the department was left early in the disaster without a head to direct it, and without water; and an arrogant lot of soldiers arrogated to themselves the right to destroy buildings by dynamite, often spreading the fire more than they checked it.

After several hours the regular fire department members were ex-

hausted and private individuals were not allowed to take their places, as the soldiery prevented any one from approaching the firemen. Water was running in the sewers; and finally, after the fire had raged for three days, an old man begged the soldiers to let him suggest to the firemen to pump the water from the sewers. After much red tape had been unwound, that old man was allowed to approach the acting fire chief under guard, and suggest to him to throw sacks of cement into the sewers to dam the water. This was done, and the fire was then checked at Van Ness Avenue, the great boulevard of San Francisco. So it shows that a little presence of mind of one man rose supreme to the occasion, otherwise the greater part of the city might have been destroyed.

* * *

Here was plainly demonstrated that when people do not own property in common they have no interest in the welfare of other property. This was the case with the Call Building. The proprietor was absent and the employes did not feel that they ought to risk their lives to save property which they did not own; so they deserted the building and skipped for dear lives, and when the window glass cracked and curtains and shades began to burn there was no one to rescue the building, and it was gutted like many others.

There were many other reasons why the disaster was so great.

The fire department was not as well equipped as it should have been. The treasury had been looted and depleted by the graft-

ers for years before the earthquake; so there was no money for any necessary street improvements, fire department equipments, or an adequate force to cope with even an ordinary fire; so when the extraordinary cataclysm came, the department was simply paralyzed.

* * *

I do not wish to be understood as blaming the fire department, or any member thereof; for they were simply handicapped by a tide of circumstances over which they had no control.

Society was to blame, however, and the innocent suffered more than the guilty ones.

There is a general awakening of the social conscience; and there is much work of a public nature being accomplished for the social welfare; and so we may expect that even San Francisco will profit by its sad experiences of the past; and eventually it will become a better and cleaner city, with better equipments, better public utilities, better public officials; and this means better laws and better government; and there will be better people—better society.

* * *

Babylon and Carthage and Nineveh and Tyre were not destroyed because the whole of each city and each and every person in it was bad; but because society in general was bad, and those who were in authority were rotten, incompetent, and corrupt. So it was with San Francisco. Its government had become incompetent and corrupt, and society paid the penalty of a public sin.

Gods or Men?

By G. O. MYERS

"Did there exist a nation of gods, their government would doubtless be socialistic—it is too perfect for mankind."

The above quotation is taken from the March issue of the *Postal Record*, and calls for an answer. In the first place, as a Socialist, I very much appreciate the high esteem in which Socialism is held by the writer of the above lines. However, the picture is somewhat overdrawn, and a better one could be substituted thus: "Were this a nation of *Humans*, its government would of necessity be socialistic, because capitalism could not live a day in an atmosphere of human brotherhood."

Let us see if Socialism is such an impossibility. Socialism is co-operation in industry, in place of the individualism that has obtained for the past century and a half. The development of capitalism has been along competitive lines, our forefathers believed that "competition was the life of trade," and while modern machinery and industry were in their first development competition was bearable.

When, however, machinery was invented that required colossal capital for its successful operation, when markets formerly inexhaustible had been seized by competing capitalists, a competitive war began that was merciless in its exactions, that showed no mercy to the weak or poorly managed business, and that, like Shylock, demanded its pound of flesh.

In this fierce competition the

merciless, the unscrupulous and the crafty won, while the lesser, or more humane business undertakings gradually found themselves down and out.

Capitalists then suddenly discovered that competition was *not* the life of trade, but that it was the death of ninety-five per cent of those in business, and that competition had become what General Sherman said of war.

The result was "the community of interests idea." Manufacturers and business men throughout the world suddenly awoke to the fact that it was not competition that was needed, but rather, *co-operation among themselves*.

And so, throughout the numberless branches of business, the independent (so-called) establishments combined and *the trust was born*.

Competition Doomed.

Henceforth then the markets were not to be competed for. The competitors had combined, and while you could still buy from any number of different concerns, and while in the open markets they *appeared* to compete they were in reality one large corporation behind the scenes. Co-operation for the benefit of *their stockholders*.

This was not a conspiracy among the capitalistic shareholders in restraint of trade (as Mr. Bryan would have us believe): it was simply a step forward in industrial evolution that had been pointed out as inevitable by socialistic economists twenty-five or thirty years previously.

The trust is a forerunner of Socialism, and this process of trustification will continue until all industry is included, and then the next step will be taken in evolutionary progress and Socialism will have come. Instead of co-operation for the few bloated trust magnates, we shall have co-operation for the benefit of all. The trust is co-operative, and to that extent socialistic, so far as its share holders are concerned. They share *equally* according to their holdings, in the division of profits, but the *workers*, those who toil to produce these profits, get a mere subsistent wage and have no further interest.

Socialism would extend these benefits, so that *all the people* would share equitably, according to the effort expended by them in production. The worker then would receive not only a small per cent of his product as at present, but he would receive the *full* product of his toil, (*the costs of administration deducted*,) enabling him to properly support and educate his children and giving him more leisure for his own pleasure and well-being.

Now, while there are still many small manufactories throughout the world that are still competing, the co-operative idea is fast spreading throughout every form of productive energy. It is finding expression in the people's demand for municipal waterworks, electric light plants, street railways, etc. Among the farmers it results in co-operative creameries, cheese-factories, warehouses and stores.

And yet, some of our less thoughtful brothers imagine that only a nation of gods could inaugurate and live under a Socialistic government. To me, however, all that appears necessary is a "*Nation of Humans*," men and women who

will permit the brother-love to flow through their veins unchecked, who will pay more heed to the cry of the "least of these" in distress, than to the call of the money mart.

We should indeed despair at times of a better system, were the fact of the decay of capitalism not so apparent. Evolution—eternal progress—is making it necessary for the people, in order to maintain their own lives, to look about for a more humane and juster system of production and distribution.

Let us examine briefly some of the conditions that demand this change.

1. The fierceness of the competitive struggle has forced even our erstwhile capitalistic defenders from the field of competition into the haven of co-operation.

2. The inability of private ownership in the machinery of production and distribution, to provide work for all able-bodied men, compelling thereby a large number of our citizens to live in continual semi-starvation. Hunter in his book, "Poverty," shows that even during prosperous times, 10,000,000 people are continually on the verge of starvation.

3. The herding of millions of our citizens in the slums of our large cities, where disease and vice are bred, and condemning ninety per cent of the working population to live in mere hovels or huts, called homes.

4. Forcing 2,000,000 women to struggle in competition with men, in mines, mills and factories, in order that they may exist, and making 2,000,000 prostitutes every year, out of your daughters, sisters and sweethearts. Compelling them to sell their virtue for a miserable existence.

5. Depriving 2,000,000 children

between the ages of 8 and 16 years, of the joy and pleasure of childhood, and working them ten to twelve hours a day in the mines, mills and factories of our land, maiming, disfiguring and stunting, not only their physical development, but their mental and spiritual as well.

6. By permitting *private ownership* in the mines, mills and factories, by giving the workers—who are the sole producers—only a pittance of their product and allowing the capitalistic class the remaining amount, a condition of over-production, so-called, is produced in our country every fifteen or twenty years, with the result that millions of the working class are thrown out of employment, reducing them to untold misery, starvation and death, while the *owning class* still revels in luxury and wealth.

The Curse of Capitalism.

All this, and more, we lay at the door of capitalism. Had we a system of co-operation such as Socialism demands, things would be made for *use*, instead of profit, every able bodied man would *secure* and *retain* employment, would receive his *full* product, enabling him to properly support himself and fam-

ily, forever destroying the need of child labor, freeing the women from factory, mine and mill, placing her again in the home, removing the cause of prostitution and establishing a nation—not of gods—but of humans.

* * *

And now a word in conclusion. The wealth production last year was nearly \$1,500 per person. Counting five persons per family, would mean a net income of \$7,500. Statistics show however, that the worker received but \$437.00 for a year's work, the balance going to the capitalistic or non-producing class. *Socialism would make the worker the owner, and give him the product*, and only by doing this, only by ridding ourselves of the incubus of *private ownership for private profit*, can we settle this great problem of humanity.

No, Socialism would not require a nation of gods. It is simply a system of co-operative government that requires *humans* for its successful operation and maintenance. It asks for a government that will regard human life as of more consequence than money, and that will strive for the greatest good for the greatest number.

A Grim True Story

Conscience and Appetite — Seattle laboring men who find themselves out of work are warned not to get hungry, for while "God knows" what a hungry man is to do in this city, nobody else seems to. A stalwart young miner, O. Puren by name, found himself in this pre-

dicament a few days ago and, unable to find work or food, pried open the door of a freight car and helped himself to four cans of condensed milk, worth perhaps 20 cents. It was not a very appetizing meal, nor very valuable, but it stayed the pangs of hunger, al-

though it hurt the honest fellow's conscience. Had he kept posted as to matters religious he would have known that every minister in the city had been asked what a starving man could do, and the consensus of opinion was that he would be justified in stealing.

* * *

No Mercy for the Hobo —But Puren had been taught that theft is a crime, so he left a pathetic little note in the car acknowledging his guilt, and afterwards surrendered to the first patrolman he met. He was taken before Justice Gordon, whose sense of the proprieties was greatly shocked that a common laborer should dare tamper with the property of the great railroad corporation. The man's pressing need, the fact that he only took sufficient for his immediate wants, his promptness in confessing guilt—all these circumstances counted for naught in the face of his daring to lay hands upon sacred private property. His "trial" lasted a scant ten minutes, and then the strong man was hustled away to serve sixty-three days on the chain-gang.

* * *

What the Sentence Means—Sleeping in the vermin infested, condemned jail at night, driven by armed guards through the public streets by day, thrown into close association with professional criminals, Mr. Puren will find himself again at liberty in something over two months, with his self-respect gone, his health probably shattered, and with the stigma and limp of

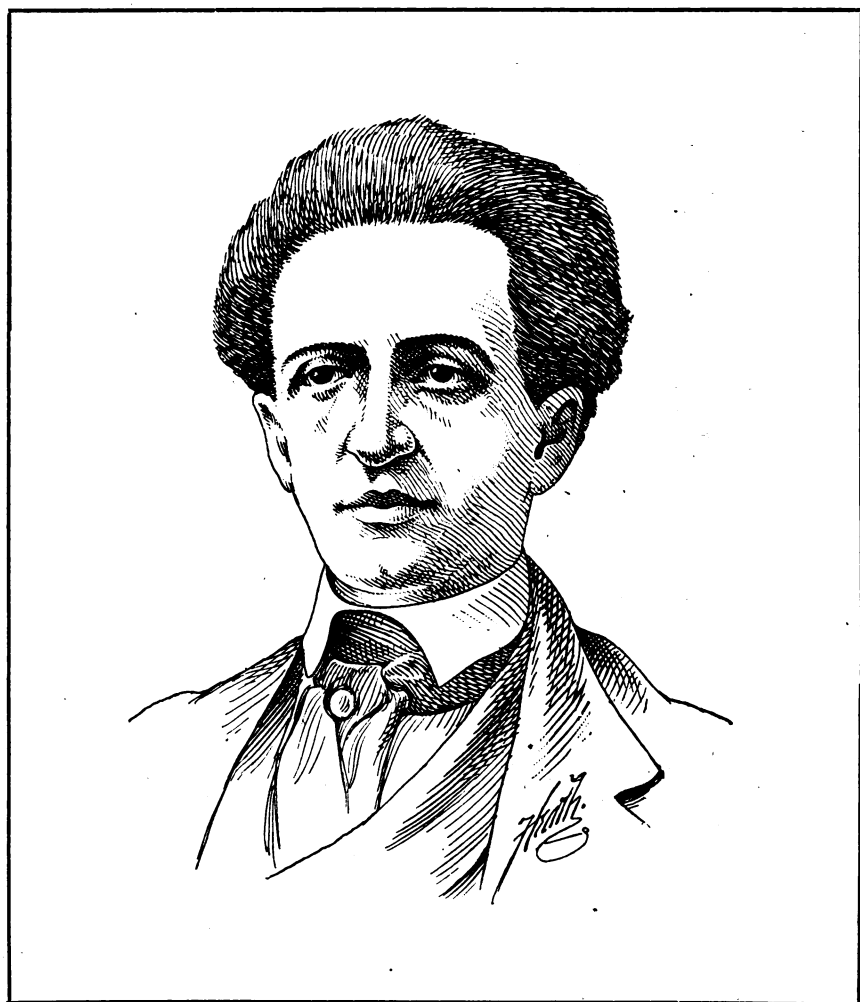
the jail bird to make it harder than ever to obtain honest employment, while the injustice of his treatment and the teachings of his associates will probably have cured him of that honorable sense of wrong that led him to confess his indiscretion to the first policeman who would listen to him. The chain gang is a veritable school of crime, and is recognized as such by the mayor, who promised before his election to abolish the institution as a disgrace to a civilized community.

* * *

The Right to Work—With an opportunity to work, this man would be able to produce fully twenty times the value of his trifling theft, each day in the week. To sentence him to two months' degradation for a trifling crime that was forced upon him through no fault of his own, is doubtless quite satisfactory to the railroads and mine magnates whose misplaced economy has flooded the country with starving men, but such action will not long satisfy the bulk of the population, and we may soon see politicians of the Gordon stripe overwhelmed by a workingmen's revolt against such stupid brutality—a revolt that will not cease until every citizen is guaranteed employment, not of the chain gang variety, but such as any man can accept without loss of self-respect, and sufficiently remunerative to enable him to maintain himself and family in respectable comfort.—*Saturday Evening Tribune*.

"Honesty! Bunk!" cried Ald. Kruger of Chicago, "I don't make any pretenses. I'd steal the city hall if I got a chance." Kruger ought

to have been invited to the great dinner given by the Milwaukee Democracy to the city's new mayor, Dave Rose.



FERDINAND LASSALLE

Specially drawn for the Vanguard and taken from a photograph on which Vahlteich, Lassalle's private secretary, inscribed: "The best likeness I know of Ferdinand Lassalle."