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The Month's Story

Why Taft Don't Know With MILLIONS OF MEN out of work in the United States, it would seem that the remedy for non-employment should be the great, the burning question of this presidential campaign. This issue surely ought to outrank all others! This problem is the one we should face immediately.

But the G. O. P. thinks otherwise. And, as a proof that it does not want to solve the problem, it has nominated Taft—the man who admits he does not know what to do about it, and that only “God knows.”

Could there be a more complete confession of Republican incapacity to handle this live issue? A more telling evidence of their criminal indifference to the whole subject?

If the present crisis threatened our masters—if it was one of those crises which make the banks fall like a row of bricks, and force one firm after another into bankruptcy—our statesmen would not be so willing to refer the whole matter to the Almighty.

It is more than likely that in such a case Taft would have rushed in with proposed remedies—and they would have been something more practical than Smile Clubs.

But our financiers, statesmen and plutocrats do not care to touch this problem—why?

Because, although the present industrial stagnation diminishes their profits, it forms a convenient weapon for *humbling the workman*.

New rules have been adopted in many factories, rules which in better times the workingmen would have refused to obey. They are not refusing now. They know that just outside the factory doors a crowd of men will line up for their places the instant they quit them.

In other factories the wages have been cut. And the workers accept the cut in silence.

In connection with the war which the employers' associations are now waging on the trade unions, all this is very ominous. The capitalists can well afford a temporary decrease of profits, if it will give them the long-wished chance to lower wages, lengthen hours, break the spirit of their men and, above all, smash the unions.

And, meantime, the employers can live very comfortably on their past profits. They have the insolence to say, as said the mayor of Milwaukee last winter, that an industrious workingman ought to have

earned enough in good years to have something laid up for time of non-employment. Ay! The industrious workingman has earned enough surplus for many a rainy day—but the surplus is not in his old stocking, nor is it set down to his credit in his savings bank book. It has gone into the wealth of his employer—and by the fine workings of our system, this very surplus it is that enables the employer to hold out against his starving workmen in a time like the present. Just so the workmen have furnished the enemy with provisions and ammunition for carrying on the class war!

Is it not a beautiful system?

No wonder that Taft does not care to tell what unemployed workmen would better do. And in the bottom of his heart, no doubt, he is glad that although "God knows," God will not tell.

* * *

What Fortunately, there is one party this side of heaven which
Socialists can tell the unemployed workmen what to do, and
 which does not dodge the issue.
Would Do The Social-Democratic (Socialist) party suggests a plan
 for alleviating the present suffering *at once*.

And, what is still better, our party presents a remedy which will cut the evil at the root, and prevent any future epidemic of non-employment.

For the present distress the Socialist platform proposes a system of useful and necessary public works. All persons engaged in these works shall be employed directly by the government at union wages and for an eight-hour day. By contributing to the out-of-work fund of the trade unions, the acute suffering among the unemployed will be immediately relieved. This method has been successfully tried in Belgium. And, by the loan of money from the national treasury to states and municipalities for such work, every city and state would at once become an employer and the wealth created by the men now standing idle would remain as a permanent asset to the people of these states and municipalities.

Thus, in the end, the public would be the gainer, not the loser, by the present time of stress.

This is clearly the most truly statesman-like solution of the difficulty. It is just as wasteful to leave idle the labor power of millions of men as to leave idle millions of horses which give no return for their keep and shelter. For society somehow feeds, clothes and shelters these millions of idle workmen and their families—scantly and wretchedly, it is true, but still they are fed, clothed and sheltered. So, from the mere viewpoint of economy, the Socialist platform is the most practical program proposed by any political party.

Most men are satisfied with the relief of their immediate necessities. But for those who look further, the Socialist platform offers something better than palliatives.

It proposes to throw on the scrap-pile this miserable, old, out-of-date profit and wages machine, which periodically clogs and sticks and throws society into confusion.

And in its place the Socialist program would put a new system, by which the people collectively will be the employer, and the people collectively the employed.

And here will come the end of all such miseries as those from which we are suffering today. For how can the people exploit itself, or discharge itself, or shut the factory doors in its own face?

* * *

"Nation " Well, here we have it at last.
vs. The question "What is the difference between the Re-
"People " publican Party and the Democratic Party?" is now set-
 tled on the best authority.

It is a curious fact, that the average Republican or Democrat cannot answer this question. No matter how loudly a man may shout for either one of the old parties, and no matter how much he may hate the other, yet if you pin him right down to a definition, he cannot give it. He does not know what are the principles he is shouting for, nor what are the principles he is shouting against.

Therefore it is a great satisfaction to see the real distinction pointed out by the Republican party itself, in convention assembled.

Here is the exact difference, as lucidly defined in the Republican platform.

"Ultimately, Democracy would have the nation own the people, while Republicanism would have the people own the nation."

"Clear as mud," do you say, you common, ordinary American citizen?

That is because you have neither a legal mind nor a statesman's intellect. You don't know how to split a hair into its northwest and southeast strata.

So on this great and vital issue the battle will be fought. Lest the nation may "ultimately" own the people, the parades will march, the barrels will be tapped, and the orators turned loose from Maine to California.

And after the votes are counted, the American people will be vastly relieved to find that the American nation is not going to own them for four years more.

Now, we do not say this to make fun of the Republican platform. It is right—that is just about the difference between the principles of the Republican and Democratic parties.

And if you think it is worth while to get excited on this issue, go out and shout. If you think it is worth while to turn the country topsy-turvy to decide this momentous question, why, then get out your bands and your banners, and make a rousing campaign against the American nation, or against the American people, just whichever way the spirit moves you.

But if you prefer to vote for a party which has definite principles and definite issues, and which proposes those principles and issues without any jugglery of tweedle-dum or tweedle-dee, read the platform of the Socialist party. You will find it in this number of

the *Vanguard*. And then decide whether you can afford any longer to throw your vote away on either of the old parties, which are simply the right and the left hands of the same capitalistic carcass.

* * *

"The Right to Earn" But the Republican platform says that the "trend of Democracy is toward Socialism." And then the Republican platform proceeds to give a definition of Socialism for which any high-school boy in Milwaukee would be sent to the foot of his class.

"Socialism would give to each an equal right to take; Republicanism would give to each an equal right to earn." Such is the extraordinary nonsense which the Republican convention has the nerve to hand out to its all too gullible followers!

Anybody who has read one Socialist leaflet, or one copy of any Socialist paper, knows that the first statement is a falsehood.

Anybody who has lived under a Republican administration during the last nine months and has seen the factory doors closed against his neighbors and acquaintances, perhaps against himself, knows that the second statement is a lie.

"An equal right to earn!" These are beautiful words. And they have a familiar sound. They remind us of a party which has always insisted on this right not in one platform only, but in many conventions and congresses, held in many lands, and in many books and speeches, published and spoken in many languages. This party has always maintained that an economic system which periodically deprives large masses of men of this right, is a failure and a crime, and ought to be abolished, and replaced by a better system.

But the party which has steadily insisted on this demand is the Socialist and *not* the Republican party.

If the Republican leaders want to prove that they really stand for "an equal right to earn," they now have a splendid opportunity to prove it. In the United States today there is a vast army of strong, able-bodied men who crave this right above all others. To obtain it, many of them have marched in parades or assembled in mass-meetings. And for demanding their "right to earn," they have been chased and clubbed by the police, they have been hunted from public streets and squares, they have been threatened and arrested. If "Republicanism would give" them this right, why, in the name of common sense, has it not granted their demands? It has had plenty of time and plenty of opportunity. Congress is Republican by an overwhelming majority. Most of the states have Republican legislatures. Why has the Republican party, which "would give to each an equal right to earn," not taken measures to secure this right to those who have so piteously prayed for it? Why has Republicanism preferred to drive honest, self-respecting workingmen into the soup-kitchens, the night-shelter, the jail, the prison or the suicide's grave, rather than take any steps for giving them employment?

Is there any American workingman who can be caught by such a flimsy bait as this ridiculous, bare-faced falsehood?

If so, does he not deserve to be out of work "four years more?"

* * *

"Little Father" Meyer "Like cold water to the thirsty soul, such is good news from a far country!" Great news, high news came over the water last month—news that made every Socialist heart beat faster!

Best of all was the news that the German Social-Democrats have finally broken into the Prussian Landtag with seven representatives. This conservative body, chosen by what Bismarck himself pronounced the worst electoral system possible, must now shudder at the Social-Democratic oratory which will be launched within its sacred walls.

Another feather in the Socialist cap was the cheery news that the Socialist vote in Belgium had increased to 274,163 over 237,174 in 1904—a magnificent gain for a country of Belgium's size.

And the news of victory came also from France, where the Socialists increased their 95,164 votes of four years ago to 105,461 votes in the recent elections.

Now the Associated Press gave us scanty news of these our gains. They even represented the French elections as a terrible Socialist defeat, because the Socialists lost some seats in Parliament, although they gained in votes. It was only through the Socialist press of Europe that we obtained the correct information about the French elections.

This misrepresentation of the Associated Press appears to have suggested a brilliant idea to our Little Father in the post office department at Washington. For the authorities at Washington strongly object to news that sets the Socialists in America a-shouting. And Postmaster-General Meyer reasoned thus: "If we can bar the foreign Socialist papers, the Americans will have to depend on the Associated Press dispatches for their information of Socialist victories abroad. And thus we can prevent these ill-boding rejoicings on the part of our undesirable citizens at home."

True, this bright idea was not quite original. Czar Nicholas had it before Czar Meyer. The Little Father of the Russians causes all periodicals entering Russia to be carefully examined. And wherever the Russian censor finds a radical thought, slap! down comes a big black stamp and covers up the thought forever. But our Little Father goes the Czar one better. He will impartially shut out all foreign Socialist papers and magazines. None, either blacked or unblacked, shall touch the "free" shores of America.

It is certainly a better plan than the Russian Czar's. Which goes to show that Yankee ingenuity, when applied to "repressive" measures, can build up a much more energetic despotism—double-acting, reversible, up-to-date.

How proud we should be of this fact! How glorious it is that

our masters are now framing a more perfect machine for keeping down the masses than the effete monarchies of Europe ever knew how to invent!

* * *

Society Indicted

"Here is an indictment against all humanity! Against the civilization that we boast of!"

These are not the words of Gene Debs or Ben Hanford, or some Socialist agitator "inciting to class-consciousness."

By no means. They are the declaration of the chief examiner for the Chicago Department of Health—an official appointed by the mayor and therefore certainly not a Socialist. And they refer to the reports of the inspectors who last month made a physical examination of the school children of Chicago.

And—horrible result!—this examination proved that, in the words of the chief examiner himself, "The children in the public schools are starving."

Here is an artificial famine, created in a land of plenty, in a year of especially good crops and amid the abundance of nature. And its most pitiful, because most helpless, victims are the innocent children.

The little ones who survive this system of starvation grow up stunted and dwarfed in body and mind—"subnormal," as the chief examiner phrases this pitiful condition.

Now this is more than an "indictment" of society. This is a conviction. And it will and should be followed by sentence and punishment, unless society repents and does works meet for repentance.

A society which condemns the guiltless children to such cruel suffering, which has proved itself incompetent to care for its rising generation, has CONVICTED ITSELF.

And if you are a supporter of the present system, with its fat plutocrats and their bediamonded wives and mistresses at one end of society, and its tiny, pale-faced, claw-fingered starvelings at the other end, then this means that YOU also are under indictment.

If you have cast your vote for either of the capitalistic parties which uphold the present system, then that means that *you* have contributed your share toward subjecting the children in our public schools to the gnawing agonies of starvation. It means that you have voted for the diseases and deformities which follow this slow torture. It means that you have done your part toward creating conditions under which the little boys and girls in their classes swoon away from hunger pains.

If you, along with the rest of society, are under this indictment, make haste to quash it at once so far as you are concerned. Do your utmost to abolish a system which throws out of employment *millions of fathers* and leaves their children to starve.

Vote and work for the new order which will give every man the right to labor and to fill the mouths of his little ones. Unless you do this, the indictment against you holds, and you are an accessory in their wrongs.

Dear Bill: A Letter

By CHARLES SANDBURG

Dear Bill:

Your last letter is here, the one in which you talk about the man who is out of a job. You say, Bill, that the man who is out of a job has only himself to blame. You say it's the laziest man in a shop or store who is the first to be laid off when hard times come. And you're correct there, Bill.

You say that the fellow who is always kicking about his job and his pay and the way he's treated is among the first to be given the merry release. You're right there, too, Bill. It's the agitator, the man who is not satisfied, the man who wants more and always more, who is the first to get it, and he gets it where the Thanksgiving turkey gets the bright and shining edge of the farmer's axe.

You tell me about the fellow who goes around whining "hard times," asking for credit till his credit is no good, letting his wife and children go ragged and hungry while he guzzles away at beer and cheap whisky all the nickels and dimes he can pick up by begging and wheedling. You say this fellow could get all kinds of jobs if he wasn't so particular about ditch-digging, lawn mowing, window-washing, working on a farm, or at odd jobs to be had everywhere. You say he is too hoity-toity proud to soil his hands with real work. You call him "a quitter." And so he is. I'll agree with you, Bill, in calling him "a quitter," but right here is where I'm going to quit agreeing with you and argue some points. It's you and me to the mat now on a big proposition.

Who made this man a quitter? There's a question worth asking and worth trying to answer. In the first place he had no choice about coming into this world, did he? His parents brought him into life on this planet without asking him whether he wanted to come or not. His birth was social, his life and history and development have been social. And when I say "social," I mean that what he learned and did and became was the result mainly of contact with other people.

What you do yourself is *individual*. What you do by or with or for others is *social*. Get the distinction, Bill? Well, paste it in your hat and fasten it in your memory. But don't lose it. If I can get you to keep in mind this difference between what is social and what is individual, I'll hammer you into a Socialist.

Who makes the quitters, Bill? Society. Who and what is society? You and me and the man across the street and the people around the corner and the people uptown and downtown and out in the suburbs and on the farms, all of us together make up society. We elect the men who write the laws and pass the laws, we elect the men who are supposed to enforce the laws. And now you see that if the laws are

such that they allow social conditions that produce quitters, then the society that elects men who make such laws is responsible for having made those quitters, and society ought to be ashamed of the job.

A good deal of brag and congratulation is let loose once in a while about "the self-made man." It always reminds me of the barker in front of the museum. He bawls out, "Walk right up, ladies and gentlemen. We have on exhibition here Jo-Jo the dog-faced boy. He was born forty miles from land and forty miles from sea." There is no such thing as a "self-made man." He is as impossible as a perpetual motion machine. He is forty miles from land and forty miles from sea! A man can get an education without going to college, but the man who gets an education without going to college owes a debt of gratitude to the men who cheered him, women who inspired him, enemies who goaded him; he owes a debt to a thousand forces and circumstances that he did not create, but which were a help to him. His education was *social*.

Fat, prosperous millionaires riding in red automobiles tell us they got rich by "individual initiative," whatever that means. I don't object to men being fat nor prosperous, but I do object to their trying to stuff us with the flimsy fallacy that a man can create by his own efforts a million dollars' worth of wealth. S'help me, I can't see it.

The very speech in which we talk to each other is a thing that grew through centuries. If you had been born on certain South Sea islands, Bill, you wouldn't have more than about two hundred words to talk with. Instead of saying, "Please pass the butter," you would ejaculate, "Umph," and let it go at that. The average man in our civilization has about fifteen hundred words at his tongue's end for emergencies. The latest and completest dictionary has more than 200,000 words. All these words have grown by the efforts of thousands of generations of men and women and children trying to make themselves understand each other better. Language is a social product, and so are many other things. In fact, it would be hard to find a thing that was purely and unadulteratedly an individual product.

I've been reading some history lately. I don't believe all I read—I wouldn't swear to everything I see in type—but I believe what looks true and reasonable. And I learn that there is good proof that at one time men could not write. The reason they could not write was that there was no alphabet to write with. At one period men had a clumsy way of making records by pictures, but they were worse pictures, Bill, than we used to draw when we were in short pants studying the First Reader. But slowly, little by little, the alphabet came. The men with high brows and microscopes can't find the date it was invented—it grew—it was evolved. Piece by piece, through changes and experiments, we got the alphabet, and so it was with the printing press, and so with the steam engine. A modern locomotive of the latest model is said to represent ideas contributed by more than eleven thousand men. The first hairy, primeval creature who carved a wheel in the dusk of the jungle did his part while he sang cheerfully, "Every Little Bit Helps." Our tools, our houses, our food and clothing, our very manners and customs

and songs and arts, are all things that trace far back—far back into the hazy beginnings of history.

Cities and temples have fallen into decay and ruin. Where the rain washes on crumbled pillars, and sunbeams and shadows play about silent crevice and wall, once was the clamor and tumult of surging human life. The kings and chieftains are dead. The crowds that applauded them are under the grass roots. But many and many a lesson they learned, many and many a trick they found of using the forces of nature, many and many a habit and trait and custom they acquired, are ours—ours today.

We are born social creatures. We live as social creatures.

Do you see, Bill, how your interests and mine and everybody else's are all tangled up and woven in with each other? Do you see how society, all of us together, produced Rockefeller, Thaw, and the one-legged man on the corner selling lead pencils? What would the world be without people? Solitary confinement is the cruelest punishment you can give a man—the chances are he will go crazy and try to kill himself when enough hours have passed during which he has heard no human voice and known no human touch. What does a singer or a poet or an actor amount to without listeners? What is a beautiful building worth if there isn't anybody to look at it? How could the gay and prosperous children of fortune go shooting over the roadways in an automobile unless ten thousand men had mined the ore and smelted and welded and stood at machines and assembled the parts, and made it into a thing of cunning and wonder?

If you can't find people to agree with, you like people to dispute with. What's the use of living if there are not other people? Do you see, Bill, an individual life, a life all by yourself, isn't worth two whoops without a *social* life, a life with other people.

And now to get back to "the quitter." I said that we—all of us, society—made him. Bill, you and I had fairly good homes when we were boys. Our father was lucky enough to have a job most of the time, though it was a little hard back there in '93, when the shops ran only four hours a day. Father worked hard and didn't get laid off, but I can remember yet that hunted, weary look he would have when he'd come home at noon, done with work for the day and would mumble, "They say maybe we'll all be laid off tomorrow." Bye and bye times got a little better and we could have new shoes a little oftener, there was milk for the coffee, and not so much of potatoes everlastingly on the table. I remember we began to take a daily paper again, and gee! I was glad when we quit molasses and got back to butter for the bread. We had a fairly good home, Bill. We got a good deal out of life "when we were a couple of kids."

Many a summer morning we started from home with bread and jelly and cold ham done up in a newspaper, and we walked out over hills and through woods and got acquainted with birds and bees and squirrels and flowers. At noon we would eat our lunch, chewing every mouthful, to get all the taste and flavor and chew we could out of it. Then we'd lay back on the grass and drink in all the joy of being lazy, watching for yellowhammers and redheads, listening to the call of the

catbird and the tattoo of the woodpecker. Regular little savages in our own way, we couldn't stay "lazy" very long, so off we'd go for the swimmin' hole. We would dive from the old plank springboard, duck each other, count how long the other fellow could "stay under," throw mud and splash and frolic. It was a glad young Maytime of life for us, Bill. We had lots of play. You were the first boy in town that could throw an "out-curve" and a "drop." I could catch flies and bat and run bases with any of them. On rainy days, we would go out in the barn and read blood-and-thunder stories about detectives and train-robbers—and we had just enough sense to enjoy them without believing them. Then, later, we learned to like good books, and on long winter evenings we read about the world's great battles and kings and warriors. And do you remember the time when you almost cried and broke out saying, "We haven't got any chance like boys used to have—there ain't no wars nor nothin' so we kin show the stuff we're made of." For all our little blames and quarrels and mistakes, those were great days, Bill, great days!

Now, Bill, old pardner, do you see that we had advantages? We didn't go at hard work till after boyhood, when we were almost grown men. What do I mean? What's my point? Why just this, Bill: *The quitter has no childhood*, he is put at work in his young days when he ought to be in school, and battered and beaten and torn and worn in the gray air and grime of mine or mill or shop, so when the time comes that he ought to be a man of ability and power, he is just a wreck, a miserable, fumbling, stumbling, played-out and done-for wreck of a man. When the last United States census was taken, an army of 1,700,000 child laborers, all under fifteen years of age, was at work in this country. If, from the time you were twelve years of age, until you were eighteen, Bill, you had been forced to stand at a loom in a cotton mill, or had picked slate as a breaker-boy in a mine, or had been a "carryin' in boy" in a glass factory, you would have been ready to quit! You would have been shot to pieces, just a runt of a man, and if you had heard some Shakespearean reader recite, "What a piece of work is man! In apprehension how noble," you would have gasped out, "The hell you say!"

The "quitter" comes from many different places. I was in Oshkosh a few days ago, and was told of a laborer who while at work was crushed to death by a falling wall. The oldest of his nine children is fourteen. There was no insurance—a man who gets \$1.50 a day and has a wife and nine children takes food from living babies who are hungry if he pays life insurance premiums. Now, Bill, I'm not absolutely certain, but if I were a betting man, I would bet you a thousand to one that some of those nine children will be quitters. Of course, Senator Dolliver, Andrew Carnegie, and preachers and editors tell us that poverty is an advantage. They say a man has to have obstacles to overcome in order to develop. With this proposition I agree. I think it is true that the muscles we exercise are the ones that grow, the faculties we use are the ones that develop, and the man who has never wrestled with problems and difficulties has never known the joy of living. But over and along with this I place the proposition that a man will grow

and develop in body and brain only when employed at work that gives him some high degree of pleasure. I believe in "obstacles," but I say that a system such as the capitalist system, putting such obstacles as starvation, underfeeding, overwork, bad housing, and perpetual uncertainty of work in the lives of human beings is a pitiless, ignorant, blind, reckless, cruel mockery of a system.

Senator Dolliver says poverty is an advantage. He may have believed in underfeeding when he was a boy, but when I last saw the distinguished advocate of poverty, the fat clung to him in heavy collops and round flanks.

One reason I'm a Socialist is because the Socialists were the first to fight to abolish child labor, and today the Socialist party is the only one that has dared to declare in its platform that it is unalterably opposed to child labor, and that it will do all in its power to remove all conditions that make it possible for human beings anywhere to be underfed and overworked.

This one man crushed by a falling wall in Oshkosh isn't a single lonely accident all by itself. The charity bureaus report that 50,000 such deaths occur each year, and in addition to these 450,000 are injured and disabled. Ten per cent of these have to accept charity.

Our military soldiers we pension and honor. Our industrial soldiers we make into beggars. Choked and suffocated in mine-explosions, mangled by flying projections of machinery, caught under car wheels, toppling headlong from scaffoldings, they are brave, useful men—heroes of the industrial army. Some have provided insurance, some have friends, some are able to work though crippled, but ten per cent are made beggars, and in desperation hold out their hands for charity and learn the shame of alms.

It is time for the standing army to sit down. Some of the millions of dollars used to maintain idle garrisons could be passed along to the crippled industrial heroes.

Fifty years ago tramps were scarce, so the silver-haired grandfathers tell us. An occasional Weary Willie would come along, and people really liked him because he was so peculiar, such a curiosity. But Josiah Flynt, who travelled over America with all kinds of tramps, estimated in 1901 that the tramp army numbered 500,000. Some people say it's terrible that so many men should have so far lost their manhood as to refuse to earn a living. But it would be equally terrible if the whole tramp army should start to earnestly look for work. They would take the places of men who are at work and have families to support. They could live cheaper than the man with a family, and they would bring down wages and lower the standard of living. Remember this when the unshaven bum batters your back door and asks for coffee.

Since the panic broke on us last fall, more and more men have been losing their jobs, and today, without a doubt, many millions of men are out of work. The *New York Times* publishes a statement that in New York city at least a quarter of a million men are idle. Arthur Ruhl says he answered an ad which called for a man to address envelopes at \$1 per day. And Ruhl found three hundred men at the office clamoring and elbowing for the job.

It's a sickening, tiresome, disheartening business, Bill, to be out of a job and go from one place to another asking if you can sell your labor power and have people look suspiciously at your shabby clothes and tired face, and tell you there's nothing doing. Into shop and store and hotel and factory you go, and the answer is always, "Not today." Your heart sinks, and you feel a bitterness clutch at your throat, for you are on the way that gathers the criminal, the boozefighter and the dope-fiend. I know, because I was up against it in 1897, when the capitalist newspapers were full of "Business Resuming Its Stability, Reports of Great Gains in Trade." It was summer, and the Chicago papers said \$3.00 a day was being paid harvest hands in Kansas. On the bumpers of freight trains and the tops of passengers, I went West from Illinois, you remember. When I got to Kansas City, the wage for harvest hands was reported at \$2.50 per day. Then every mile I traveled westward, the wages dropped. And when I got to Larned, Kansas, and took a job throwing wheat on the tables of a threshing machine, I was getting \$1.25 a day and board. The job lasted three weeks. So I don't blame a mechanic who is used to life in a city, and has his wife and children to care for, if he fights shy of advertised farm work. A "hired man" on a farm generally works from "sun-up to sun-down" and there is nothing steady about the job. Besides, the railroads have a custom of demanding money, real coin, from those who use their trains to go from one locality to another.

A scientific Socialist calls a man out of a job "an industrial reserve." This means, Bill, that if the man who has a job won't behave himself and take what the boss gives him, the idle, hungry man at his elbow will be used. The man who is out of a job is very useful for breaking a strike and forcing down wages—that's one reason trade unionists and Socialists everywhere fight side by side to get laws passed requiring the government to guarantee work to every man who is willing to work.

You see, Bill, we're manufacturing quitters, turning them out by the thousands every month. In London they call them Hooligans, and the East End of London is a pit of sodden hopelessness. A man in America wrote a book showing that New York is almost as bad as London. This man's name is Jacob Riis. Theodore Roosevelt, who likes to have his picture taken on horseback, said of Jacob Riis, "He is the most useful man in America." The imperial personage in the White House has thus commended Riis, and his book on "How the Other Half Lives" shows a man of ability, courage and sympathy. No one would call him a quitter. Well, Riis wrote one book in which he gives the story of his life, and tells us of a critical moment, when he, "the most useful man in America," was a quitter. He had been knocked from one place to another, working at different jobs. He was discouraged because he couldn't get anything steady and one night he sat out on the end of a pier in New York harbor. His money was almost gone. No job was in sight. He seemed farther than ever from bringing over to America the girl he loved in Denmark. For weeks he had been turned down wherever he asked for work. He thought it all over, what a curious gamble life is, how two men may have equal gifts and

both work hard and long for their ambitions and one will get rewards and be decked with laurels and the other go in want and be tossed to the dogs as a loser. He thought it all over, and as he looked down at the softly plashing waters, the black waves fascinated him—it would be so easy to slip down and have all the bitterness and weariness done with and over—forever. He recovered himself and fought away the despair. But if a daring and resourceful fighting man, such as Jacob Riis has proven himself, could even for a moment be tempted to give up the struggle for existence, how about the millions of others not so young, not so hardy and enduring, not so rich with hope and health?

I believe in men. I believe if you give men a decent chance they will do the decent thing. A man will generally go the right way if he isn't pushed and pulled in wrong directions by forces he can't control. When I see millions of men out of work, and more tramps and criminals coming on every year, I know better than to blame the men. I know there is a plan, a system of forces back of it all, acting as a cause. The Socialist says, "Remove the cause."

Bill, I'm going to quote some figures to you, and I ask you to be patient through the figures and then I'll quote some poetry. One per cent of the people in this country own fifty-four per cent of the wealth. Fifty per cent have no property at all. And ten millions are sunken and mired in a poverty rotten and beastly, where hope sickens and the password is a curse. An officer of the Indiana state board of health says that sixty-five per cent of the deaths of infants below two years of age, are due to poisoned and adulterated food. Ninety per cent of all children who enter the public schools of America do not enter high schools. Those are the figures. Here is your poetry:

Their labor has made the wilderness bloom,
The forest before them falls,
Their skill has fashioned stately homes,
And cities with marble halls.
But the one owns cities and houses and lands,
While the ninety and nine have empty hands.

The one big fact that spreads itself all over the history of the last century is the change from individual production to social production. Marvelous inventions of machinery have come. Fingers of brass and arms of steel are now turning out articles once made by the fingers and arms of men and women. Where the workmen used to own their tools and one man did all the work on a given article, today they gather in regiments and brigades of hundreds and thousands under one roof. Two hundred and sixty needles per minute, six million match sticks per day, five hundred garments per day, each by a machine tended by one little boy. One man can produce boots and shoes for 1,000 people. One man can produce bread for 200 people. One man at a linotype machine does the work formerly done by eight men. One horseshoe machine displaces 500 men working by hand. This displacement of men, and this increased producing power is found in almost every industry. Along with this improvement in production has come improvement in transportation and communication, so that with railroads, steamships,

electric lines, telegraphs and telephones, the distribution of goods after they are produced is faster and easier than ever in history.

Now, all these new things are owned and held by a small class of people, the capitalist class. The instruments of production and distribution are so controlled by this class that they can give the workers prosperity or misery, as it pleases them. To one who looks into the matter, this capitalist class is found to be very small. Sereno Pratt, the editor of the Wall Street Journal, writing a special article for the *World's Work* magazine for April, 1904, says that the final control of the banks, railroads, telegraph lines and dominant industries of the United States, centers in the hands of a group of fifty-six men. Instead of one czar, like Russia, we have fifty-six! These men are in politics and dictate the legislation of the national congress and that of state legislatures. They have their hands in the so-called high sanctuary of the supreme court and get decisions in their favor when they need them.

Part of this capitalist class has done worthy work. John D. Rockefeller, J. Pierpont Morgan, Edward Harriman, have brought together interests that were fighting each other. In doing this, these men have centralized industry and transportation so that when the people are ready to assume control of them and operate them for the benefit of all, they will be ready. But there are others in the capitalist class who can not furnish a good excuse for being on earth. The Goulds, Vanderbilts and Astors, for instance, live in luxury and do no useful work at all. They pass out pittances for charity, "the great bluff of our time," as John Graham Brooks calls it. But in the main, they are leading voluptuous, lascivious lives that stain and corrupt all who come near them or even see them. The chasing after dukes and counts and princes has been done principally by the American girls of this latter type. The point is best illustrated probably in the case of Marshall Field and one of his sons. For Marshall Field, who employed the principle of co-operation, and displayed rare executive ability and profound genius for organization, who built and conducted in Chicago the most beautiful and thoroughly equipped merchandising establishment in the world, for Marshall Field I have regard. He did some valuable work. His son, however, was of another type. The reputation of the son in Chicago was that of a debauchee. Though all the Chicago dailies reported that he had accidentally shot himself fatally, in private talk the newspaper men say that this son was killed in a brawl in a sporting house. This matter has a tremendous social significance. The looming question before the American people is: "What are we going to do with these sons of useful captains of industry?" At present we are leading to a point where some petted and delicate woman like Marie Antoinette, on being told that the mob in the streets has no bread, will ask, "Well, why don't they eat cake then?" The extremes of wealth and poverty in America are as sad and serious as those of Europe. Stables for blooded race horses are fitted with mahogany and marble, and each horse has his special groom; a few miles away men jostle each other to get room to sleep on the filthy floor of an insanitary 5-cent lodging house. A woman

takes her poodle with her to the opera to hear Caruso sing; babies die in the slums for lack of food. A bull dog of specialized type sells for \$8,000; at foundling asylums infants may be had for the asking. Small families live in large houses; large families live in small houses.

All these things trace back finally to the industrial and political worlds for causes. If nobody gets too much everybody will get enough. Modern society is mob at the top and mob at the bottom. The rich have their gilded hells and folly; the poor have their slums and vice. Between the two, as the only saving force in modern civilization, stands the working class organization, the producers, who by mental and manual labor hold a balance of sanity and give a promise of a better day for humanity.

These are some of the propositions and demands of Socialism:

All public utilities shall be owned by the public, and democratically administered.

Every man and woman shall own all the wealth that he or she, by personal effort, has created.

No man or set of men shall grow rich from the labor of others.

Conditions of labor shall be progressively improved—hours shortened, wages raised, child labor abolished, insurance against accident, sickness, old-age and death established.

Every man has a right at all times to a job at good living wages—the opportunities for labor and the acquiring of the enjoyments of life shall be open to all.

Now, Bill, there's just about one more point, and then I'll make my exit for this time. Pay particular attention to this and in the words of Marc Antony, "Lend me your ear." This is important. The question is: What have the old parties done for the workingman? Do the Republicans and Democrats have any real, hearty interest in getting better living conditions for the working class? They say they want "justice to labor." But here are the facts, Bill. Neither the Republican nor Democratic parties has dared to say in its platform that it is opposed to child labor. Neither has dared to say a word commending the work of the trade unions. When Wall street cried out last year that money was needed to head off a panic, the secretary of the United States treasury brought them the funds they called for—and Republicans and Democrats assented to it and let it happen. But when labor bodies and Socialist organizations over America pleaded with Congress that it order the construction of needed public works, so that the millions of idle men might have jobs, Congress did nothing all winter except pass the Aldrich bill giving the bankers of the country power to issue \$500,000,000 more of currency. This is only one instance where the Republicans and Democrats showed that they are really one party—but there are hundreds of other instances. The thing is all so clear that when a workingman once sees it, he is with the Socialist party first, last and always.

Do you remember, Bill, when we played football, that old cross-play we used to fool the other teams? They thought the ball was going one way when it was going another. Well, that cross-play has been used on the American workingman over and over again by the Repub-

lican and Democratic parties. At elections, each side generally puts up two nice men who believe in the same nice things. The voters have a guessing contest to find out which of the two is the nicer man.

Here is a certainty, though. The workers simply must have their own political party. "If labor will not help itself, then God help labor." The workers must agitate and educate. They must raise their own campaign funds and work out their own salvation. They must organize. They will have to know that without organization, industrial and political, they are damned and helpless, tied and gagged and laughed at. When Marx said, "Workingmen of the world, unite!" he meant: "Get together! Organize!" Alone and apart, some of you Republicans, some Democrats and some Independents, you are divided and powerless. Working together, en masse, planning toward one end, fighting toward one end, you can send the men you choose up into the legislatures and the national congress to write laws that will get you better working and living conditions right now. This has been done in France, Germany, Belgium, England and other countries. A beginning has been made in the Wisconsin state legislature.

We are set for no small battle. We are bent on nothing less than capturing the government and using it for the interests of the working class. To convince a strong majority of the people that we are right is a huge task, but we have with us not only all the fact and sentiment that cling around justice and mercy and the sacredness of humanity, but, working blindly and blunderingly with us in the industrial and commercial worlds, are forces of mass and power.

Better homes, better food, better clothing, more pictures, books, music, culture, are possible for the masses of the people. Calmly and thoughtfully we say labor is entitled to more of the good things of life. Never before in the history of the world was there such stupendous and overwhelming plenty of all the good things that mean material welfare. If you come asking for these things like beggars, you will be treated like beggars. Beg no longer, but study your cause, get into political action and learn to demand. Look at your forces, get to your feet and be proud of your power. That is the message of Socialism to the working class.

You're only one man, Bill. But come over and help us! We need you. You need us. Get into line. Be game!

One word more—don't throw this letter away. Keep it and read it once more. Then pass it along to some other fellow.

Keep your head in the air. If you want to sing—why sing! But here's my last word—get your head busy on Socialism and you'll line up under the red banner of love and hope and peace and order and all that will come when every man and woman has an equal chance and fair play is a real thing in the lives of all of us.

Yours always,

SANDY.

P. S.—I was told a few days ago that there are two words which practically all immigrants to this country learn first of all. The new-come foreigners pronounce and remember those two words as

they would speak of things that are sacred and powerful. Those words are "job" and "boss." Without a job you can't live.

Whoever owns your job owns you.

You're a lucky man if you have a good job. A good job means plenty to eat, plenty to wear, and a good home.

Now listen! If a job is a good thing you ought to do everything you can to hold your job. You may do your work right and satisfy your boss. But you know, and everybody else knows, that many a good man who does his work right and pleases his boss, gets laid off, loses his job.

The boss says, "Hard times—no orders—we have to shut down." Then the man who is out of a job says, "But I have to live! I and my children have to eat, and the grocer wants cash." But the boss only answers, "I can't help it. Business is business."

If you can't get another job when you're laid off, you can do three things. You can starve. You can steal. You can beg. And any one of the three is the way to hell and degradation.

You don't want to do any of these things, do you? You want to do all you can to make your job safe, don't you? You want work all the time. And in exchange for that work you want a decent, comfortable living. You are not a keg of fish nor a lump of coal to be juggled in the markets.

Now, you know that politics has a lot to do with your job. You know that our state and national government is a great, strong power that can help the working class. You know also, that the worst time to think about politics is when you are out of a job. Now is the time to think it over! Don't wait till the works shut down and you're tramping the streets. Let your brain work now. Think about politics on pay-day and between pay days.. Think it over now!

Get next to these facts: The Democratic party is not the workingman's party. We had hard times under the Democrats. The Republican party is not the workingman's party. We are having hard times now, with the Republicans in. Three million desperate, hungry men are out of work in this country now, and every one of them is after your job if he can get it. And you may be next. The way things are now, you can't swear that next month you will be safe at work, getting steady pay. You are not sure and nobody else is.

The Republicans and Democrats in Congress could help out on this terrible problem of work for every man who wants work. But the truth is that the Republicans and Democrats are really one party. They all belong to the same gang and vote the same way, in favor of the millionaires and against the working class, on important bills. They make a good many bluffs, and try to fool us by passing a few laws that never work out. But if you will look up the records of the state legislatures and the Congress at Washington, you will find no real difference between Republicans and Democrats.

Here's the reason: The big business men of the country are in politics. The men who own the banks, the railroads and the trusts in steel, oil, coal, meat and other things, are in politics all the time. They pay

the campaign bills. They run the Republican and Democratic parties. They run the government. They make the laws.

The workingmen of the country are waking up to the game that is being played on them. A workingman's party, the Social-Democratic party, is in the field. This party is run by workingmen. It is not like the old parties. It is honest and open about what it wants. You know right where it stands.

We want to get higher wages and lower hours. We want to give all the help we can to the labor unions. We want government pensions for old and worn-out workers. We want the government to pay sick and accident insurance to workingmen. We want to abolish child labor and put every boy and girl in school who ought to be in school. We want to stop the trade in poisoned and adulterated food. We want free text books and every possible advantage in our public school system. We want to get for each man the full product of his labor. We want the government to stand back of every man and say: "You have a right to a job, always and at all times, and if you want to work you shall have work and at good, living wages. If the capitalists will not provide, the government must."

The men who run the government now, run it for the rich people and people who never do any useful work, either with hand or brain. They have got you workingmen divided. Some of you are Republicans. Some of you are Democrats. Nobody can explain the difference between the two—because there is no difference. You get jokes and speeches, free beer and torchlight processions before election day, but after election day, when you ask for legislation that will help you, you are kicked away like beggars who don't know where they belong. The brass bands and the hurrah business is only to get your vote.

Good food, good clothes, more books, music, education and pleasure for all, is what we are trying to get. With machinery nowadays, one man produces more than ten men did a hundred years ago. There is enough for all. Therefore, let all have enough.

When you workingmen know what you want and organize to get it, you will get it. The big business men have the money. But we have the votes. You workingmen must learn to become proud of your power and think how you can use your power. If we stand together and elect men who come out clean and square for what we want, the result will be a better, sweeter, fairer life for all, both rich and poor.

I ask you to get acquainted with the Socialists and find out for yourself what we are planning to do. We may be dreamers, but we are mighty hard-headed dreamers on this question of jobs and work, and bread for all. Learn all you can about the Social-Democratic party. Study our principles. Go to our meetings. Read our papers and books.

We need you. You need us.

In Holland the Socialists have just held a congress, and the result was a tale of power and progress. Since last year's meeting the party has gained no fewer than 1,000 additional members out of a total membership of 8,400.

Do We Worship a Fetich?

By VICTOR L. BERGER

I

The *Evening Wisconsin*, Milwaukee, says editorially:

Here is a plank from the National Socialist platform, as published in Victor Berger's SOCIAL-DEMOCRATIC HERALD:

The absolute freedom of press, speech and assemblage, as guaranteed by the Constitution.

A respectful reference to the Constitution of the United States in an official utterance of the Socialists is so unusual that it may be deemed worthy of especial attention. But here are some of the other planks of the same National Socialist platform. They are taken from the section labeled "Political Demands:"

The abolition of the Senate.

The abolition of the veto power of the President.

The abolition of the power usurped by the Supreme Court of the United States to pass upon legislation enacted by Congress as to its constitutionality. National laws passed by Congress to be repealed or abrogated only by act of Congress or by a referendum of the whole people.

Thus it appears that the respectful reference to the Constitution is not to be taken seriously—that the Socialist party is against the enforcement of the Constitution—against American institutions. This attitude of hostility to the Constitution is exhibited in another of the shorter planks of the National Socialist platform:

That the Constitution be amendable by majority vote.

But this plank is a mere redundancy. What would be the need of going to the trouble of amending the Constitution if unconstitutional legislation by Congress could not be challenged and appealed from the legislative to the judicial branch of the government and declared null and void by the Supreme Court?

The Socialist platform is a wild, visionary, revolutionary farrago, unpatriotic to the core, at war with American traditions, principles and instincts—a political crazy-quilt.

It will fail to command the support of a great many voters who in local elections have cast their ballots for the candidates of the Social-Democratic party.

(Evening Wisconsin)

* * *

AT the time of its adoption no one considered the constitution of the United States anything but a miserable piece of patch-work—a stupid imitation of the English constitution—which had to be amended a dozen times before it could be adopted by the thirteen original states. It really satisfied nobody.

However, by and by it dawned upon the Southern slave barons that they could hide behind this constitution to defend black slavery. They were right about that, and it took a *terrific war* to patch up and amend once more what had been poor patch-work to begin with.

* * *

After the war the growing capitalist class, which for a while had been very much dissatisfied with the constitution, found out that, just because the constitution was antiquated and unsatisfactory, the capitalists could make the same use of it for their own ends as did the slave barons for theirs. So the constitution became a blessed and holy

document once more. It was again, in the seventies and eighties, the fetich of every lawyer and every school teacher. Only it was then the Northern fetich. The fervor of the South had been rather chilled by the "niggers' amendments" as the result of the war.

However, the South has found a way to get around these amendments. And the unthinking of the North and the South unite in doing reverence to a poor make-shift which tried to combine the constitutional ideas of Montesquieu with the archaic conception of an executive with despotic powers, as borrowed by Hamilton from the English constitution.

But the intelligent men of all classes during the last 20 years have become convinced that our constitution must be changed. Not only the proletariat and the middle class demand this, but even the plutocrats admit it. Only men who, Rip Van Winkle-like, have slumbered in a sleepy hollow on the corner of Michigan and Milwaukee streets, seem to know nothing about this necessity.

* * *

No doubt there were many leading men at the close of the American Revolution who were in favor of adopting the British constitution, *as they understood it*. Only, this being a republic, they were very much more afraid of the people, of the mob, than they would have been in a monarchy. They admitted that. Therefore they wanted a strong executive, "one that could dare to execute his powers"—as Hamilton stated it.

That is how we got our kind of a president for the United States. That is also the reason why we have the Senate—"to represent the wealthy and the better class of our land."

And that is also the reason why we have the "additional check" by the courts.

Everybody was not satisfied with this.

Thomas Jefferson, of course, was not.

But even at a much later day Henry Clay compared our presidency to "an elective monarchy—the worst form of old governments."

And he was right, inasmuch as with the exception of the Czar of Russia, there is not a monarch in the world who has as much power as the President of the United States. He is not only the chief executive, but also a part of the law-making machine—and what part! He counts as much as two-thirds of the House of Representatives and the Senate combined. No wonder that even Daniel Webster once said, "The contest for ages has been to rescue liberty from the grasp of executive power. The President carries on the government; all the rest are only sub-contractors. A Briareus sits in the center of our system, and with his hundred hands touches everything, moves everything, controls everything. I ask, is this republicanism? Is this a government of laws?"

* * *

And it is almost unnecessary to show what the United States Senate was from its beginning, and what it is now.

We all know that it was the stronghold of the slave barons, com-

selling the solution of the slavery question by force of arms. We all know that it is now the bulwark of the railroads and trusts.

The oil trust, the railway trust, the sugar trust, the steel trust, and every robber concern preying upon the common people, have their representatives in the Senate.

It was and is the home, not only of men like Calhoun and Hanna,—who were at least statesmen in their way—but also the roost of common pirates like Clark of Montana, Burton of Kansas, Bailey of Texas, Aldrich of Rhode Island, the abiding place of filthy money sharks like Platt and Depew of New York and Guggenheim of Colorado.

Seats in the United States Senate were bought, and are bought, almost openly.

There is hardly an honest or decent man in the United States Senate, with the exception of Robert M. LaFollette, and even he very often sacrifices his manhood to his ambition.

In fact, there are very few men in the United States Senate who would not have the time of their lives, in a revolution, “to show why they should not be hanged”—if I may be permitted to borrow and adapt the phrase of Camille Desmoulins.

* * *

The separation into two houses was accepted upon the precedent of the British Parliament, and on no real grounds whatever.

Of the original states, at the time of the adoption of the constitution, two had but one legislative chamber each, and the confederation of 1775 had no more. When the proposition was made to divide the Congress into two branches, three states, the great state of New York among them, recorded their votes against it, and the delegation of another, Maryland, was equally divided on the subject.

There seems, however, to have been very little discussion of the matter, which was quite overshadowed by the incomparable urgency of the only question—the relative power of the states and the general government—which really was discussed in the convention. The debates were in secret, and we have but brief notes of them.

* * *

It is a notable fact that while the founders of the American constitution were taking up this relic of feudalism and clothing it with formidable power, the English nation was already preparing the forces which were to reduce the House of Lords to the secondary position it now occupies. And, as everybody knows, there is now a strong tendency in England to abolish the “upper house” altogether.

* * *

However, even the Senate is not “in it” as an obstacle to progress and justice when compared with the position our judiciary occupies as an illegitimate part of our law-making body—and in telling the people what they may want and what they may not.

And this monstrous guardianship of the judiciary over the people, dictating to them what is law and what is not, is purely an *American* institution.

No other nation in the world has it. No other nation in the world would stand for it.

The British constitution, of which ours is otherwise a faithful copy, knows nothing like it. The germ of the disease was put into our constitution by the conservatives of the type of Alexander Hamilton and had the warm support of all the ex-Royalists—but the disease was developed by the shrewd manipulations of some supreme justices.

The Hamilton clique had created the Senate to take the place of the House of Lords. Yet it was still afraid of the common people. It wanted something in the place of the king. And, mind you, not the constitutional king of England either. They wanted the absolute king of the Fifteenth or Sixteenth centuries, and they got him. He is our American judge.

And this King Judge and his retinue of lawyers is now the distinguishing mark between the American people and all others on earth.

And perhaps the most dangerous judge to the rights of the people is the federal judge. Federal judges are appointed by the President of the United States upon the recommendation of our prominent business men, that is, upon the recommendation of our railroad presidents and millionaire manufacturers.

The federal judge almost invariably is a corporation lawyer. He is appointed for life—and his very environment makes him part and parcel of the American plutocracy.

The federal judge looks down upon the state judiciary very much in the same way as the regular army looks down upon the militia.

Every federal judge nowadays is an enemy of our democratic institutions and an adversary of the common people. Every federal judge becomes a regular fiend when he has to decide questions regarding the rights of the laboring class.

The federal judiciary of the United States is the last resort of the corporations, railroads and all kinds of plutocratic evil-doers in their straits. There they can get help and comfort when the legislators, whom they usually own, become frightened at the anger of the people. There they can get "injunctions" galore, or judge-made law to suit every occasion.

* * *

This constitution has never been changed except by bloody war.

It takes a two-thirds majority of Congress, and in addition thereto a majority of three-fourths of the legislatures of all the states, to change it. And that can never be gotten. As it stands now, the constitution can only be changed by revolutions and a sea of blood.

We Socialists want a constitution that can be amended by a majority vote of all the people. The American government is a democracy—at least it pretends to be one. The people ought to rule.

And every law passed by our representatives ought to hold good unless repealed by our law-givers, or rejected by a majority of the people.

Is this idea of majority rule—"a wild, visionary, revolutionary farrago, unpatriotic to the core, at war with American traditions, principles and instincts?"

However, the capitalists make the fatal mistake of their very existence when they trust to judges and senates to check the will of an enraged people.

An "upper house" which, during a revolutionary period, should resolutely oppose itself to the branch of the legislature more directly representing the excited state of popular feeling would be infallibly swept away. And consult any history as to what became of the kings and judges in either the English or the French revolutions.

It is the destiny of an "upper house" to become *inoperative* in the very case in which its effective operation would have the best chance of producing less harm than good. And as to the "judges," they simply *cease to exist* at the very first outbreak.

* * *

On the other hand, John Stuart Mill and other great thinkers point to the *conservatism* of the *great masses* when organized and permitted to express their will. And that is easily explained.

We cannot change by legislative act, or acts, the habits and the mode of thinking produced by generations. The greatest force in existence in the cosmic world, as in the history of nations, is the force of *inertia*. This force, which holds the globe in its place, also prevents unnecessary revolutions.

* * *

If any counter-force is advisable, it should rather be in favor of motion than of a standstill.

All that is necessary to give expression to this terrific counter-revolutionary power of inertia would be to give the masses the widest chance to speak their will. Give the people the full referendum, and God knows progress will be slow enough. The *referendum is the most conservative political power in existence*, as the example of Switzerland proves, where it has been in use for years. And yet the referendum is infinitely stronger than all the senates and all the presidents in the world, because no democratic power is great enough to resist it.

* * *

It is said there must be in a federal government some institution, some authority, some body possessing the veto, in which the separate states, composing the confederation, are all equal. I confess this doctrine has to me no self-evidence. The state of Delaware is not equal in power or influence to the state of New York, and cannot be made so by giving an equal veto in the Senate. If a veto is necessary, let the people according to their number in all the states do the vetoing.

The other argument—the necessity of a countervoice or counter-balance or check against bad legislation—looks a little better.

But if one considers it closer, as now practiced, it is even worse. Most good legislation is always opposed in the "upper house"—in the Senate—most of the bad legislation always originated there.

If a counter-balance is necessary, let the people be the counter-balance. Let every law stand, unless it is either repealed by the legislature or rejected by a referendum.

If there is any correction to be done in a democracy—then let

democracy do it. If there is a corrective needed, let democracy provide for it.

Therefore the Socialist platform says: Abolish the Senate. Take the veto power away from the President. Abolish the power of the courts to make and unmake laws.

And for a good substitute and the best possible check upon any whimsical or hasty legislation, or even crookedness of the legislators, give us the *referendum* and the *right of recall*. The referendum—that means the vote of all the people—in any country—is stronger than all the senates, and presidents, and courts in the world.

The best cure for any evils arising from democracy—is *more democracy*.

II

At the time of its adoption no one considered the constitution of the United States anything but a miserable piece of patchwork—a stupid imitation of the English constitution—which had to be amended a dozen times before it could be adopted by the thirteen original states. It really satisfied nobody.—(Victor Berger in Social-Democratic Herald.)

The same miserable piece of patchwork, which satisfied everybody, was nevertheless adopted by the thirteen original states before it was amended at all; and it has stood the test of 120 years so well as to prove that if it is a stupid imitation of the English constitution, it is an imitation of a very good thing. And how does Mr. Berger know that the United States constitution is an imitation—stupid or otherwise—of the English constitution? Has he ever read the English constitution, and can he tell where a copy of it—another copy than his—may be found?

(Milwaukee Free Press.)

EVERYBODY who knows anything about the constitutions of different countries, knows that England is a constitutional monarchy, and has a constitution. And he also knows that the English constitution is not a written constitution like the French, German, Swiss, etc., but an *unwritten* constitution based upon the growth of the English institutions since the Magna Charta. And if the editorial writer of the *Free Press* does not know this, he has no right to write about these things.

However, all this worship of the constitution is at par with the fetich worship of our ancestors 10,000 years ago. At that time they worshipped fetiches of wood and stone, and now they worship a paper fetich. But what is the difference? A fetich is a fetich.

* * *

A constitution is simply the cloak for our body politic. A garment that may have fitted us well in 1788, when this nation was in its swaddling clothes, cannot possibly fit us today. We do not revere Cotton Mather's book on witchcraft, which was considered the greatest book of his time by his contemporaries. Now why should we worship a document which was patched together 120 years ago by a lot of gentlemen wearing knee pants and—knowing nothing about railroads, telegraphs, corporations and trusts?

The editorial writer of the *Free Press* would not want his son to wear the clothes he wore when he was a baby. I do not believe his son would look very well in them. The editorial writer of the *Free Press* would not want the *Free Press* to use the antiquated facilities

which Benjamin Franklin used. I do not believe that with these the *Free Press* could very well compete with the *Sentinel*. But why should our country be compelled to suffer under the anomalies, inequalities and short-comings of a document which even 120 years ago was only passed after wire pulling of all kinds—a document which, even 120 years ago satisfied nobody—why?

* * *

But, says the *Milwaukee Free Press*, the constitution has “stood the test of 120 years so well as to prove that if it is a stupid imitation of the English constitution, it is an imitation of a very good thing.”

It was not on account of the constitution that this country has flourished. It was simply on account of our colonial conditions, our virgin soil and apparently inexhaustible resources. Our people practically tried to use up in a few generations the resources that nature had stored up in many thousands or, in some instances, many millions of years—to use them all up, if possible, in 100 or 150 years. This was the richest country on the face of the globe, that is why we prospered and probably would have prospered even more if we had had no constitution at all. Whenever and wherever this constitution was subjected to any test, as for instance in 1860, then this constitution did *not* stand the test.

* * *

Under present conditions the American people are as absolutely prevented from exercising their full political power as the people of Russia or of China.

Everybody except a few moss-backs, of the type of the editorial writer of the *Free Press*, admits that our federal constitution is exceedingly clumsy and defective, yet it practically cannot be amended except by a revolution and by force of arms.

So great are the difficulties of amendment that in effect they are insurmountable. I believe that we could just as soon overthrow the entire government and the capitalist system as amend this miserable constitution.

* * *

However, this also is to admit that we are bound by a most stupid fetich, and by old chains, which were put around us 120 years ago. It means practically an admission that the American people have not free institutions, are not a free people, and that they declare themselves unfit for a republican form of government. And this should be so stated by all those who defend the present constitution.

All the comical things do not happen in this country. In England, not long ago, the president of a coal company that had just declared a dividend of twenty per cent added \$500,000 to the reserve fund and	carried forward \$130,000, arose in a public meeting and spoke of what a “serious calamity” the miners eight-hour bill would be for the industries of the country!
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Banquets and Swill Cans

By W. A. JACOBS

In spite of the "panic" we still hear people boasting of our great government and our representatives in Congress. We also hear people who have no capital or even a reserve of food supply say that our navy can lick the world, and we warn Japan not to let her fleet get out of her own waters.

In connection with the maneuvers of the American fleet in the Pacific Ocean I want to quote a paragraph from a letter which I received from a comrade who is now living in San Francisco and is connected with one of the large hotels there, who was therefore in a position to study the whole affair from the inside, so to speak. We quote the following:

"Yes, the fleet has come and gone. It was an imposing spectacle to see twenty-five warships come sailing into port at one time, and from a capitalistic standpoint I can readily understand how some poor, deluded phools of working people allowed themselves to swell up and say *our navy*, and really feel a bit patriotic.

"The electrical display at night was wonderful. It beat anything I ever saw. Boats were outlined with lights and in unison would throw their many search lights. The parade was fine, being a combined army and navy affair.

"The banquets, balls, dinners, receptions and what-nots to the officers kept things lively among the '400.' The 'Jackies' had a few crumbs in the way of entertainments. The business men contributed liberally to help entertain, and then proceeded to pluck the poor

geese. Most of the swill (swell) affairs were pulled off at the ——— So I had a chance to study things at close range.

"On one particular occasion the banquet to the officers did not break up until after six o'clock next morning, and then it was necessary to stow some of the brave (?) officers away until they sobered up. Some of the women were in a bad fix also."

"At six o'clock that morning, while those officers were wasting the product of the working class, three ragged little children of the working class were at the back door picking refuse from the swill cans that they might keep soul and body together."

If Socialists could put up no other argument than to state the facts as outlined in the above quotation, this argument alone should be enough to condemn capitalism and its prominent representatives to everlasting oblivion. According to the comrade's letter, capitalism either from the working-class standpoint or from the standpoint of the masters, is a "swill affair," and as I do not like swill, I am "agin it."

Some people say there is no hell, but I deny it. We are in hell now, and as a Socialist I am trying to get out. I venture to say that working people's children who must get a living out of the swill cans in the rear of a large city hotel feel that it is hell to be poor! And all this in our boasted land of freedom and opportunity. "How long, O Lord, how long."

Forward—March!

By E. H. THOMAS

The Socialist National Convention this year did a wise act. It buried impossibilism—forever, let us hope. It took a *decided* stand for “immediate demands.” It adopted a practical program which will better the condition of the workers *now*, without waiting for “complete Socialism.”

The young Socialist just entering the movement feels so strongly the greatness of the task before him that he does not know where to begin. He sees so plainly the evil of the present system that the only thing he cares to do is to overthrow it at one blow. All constructive work he puts off until “the day after the revolution.”

And what is true of the young individual Socialist on his first entrance into the party is equally true of the young Socialist party of any country on its first entrance into the political field.

For this reason in almost every country the Socialist party has been simply Utopian in its early infancy. In its first stage of development it has rejected all practical immediate work and given itself up to abstract theories.

But a party is a political organization. And politics mean *action*.

You may have abstract theories about astronomy or chemistry, about the inhabitants of Mars or the atomic composition of molecules, although even there the discovery of some new scientific fact may upset your fine theorizing, as the discovery of the properties of radium has unsettled the atomic theory of

the last century. But you cannot hold an *abstract political theory*. You might as well talk about noiseless tunes, or invisible colors.

Therefore a political party which only stands for an abstract idea becomes a simple nonentity. So long as a party merely theorizes about a Utopia, which can only be realized in the distant future, and *does nothing toward making its idea an accomplished fact*, such a party is no political party at all.

Now, the avowed purpose of organizing a Socialist party is political action. If the Socialists intended only to propagate their ideas and not to enforce them, they would have formed clubs and circles instead of a political organization.

And thus in every European country the Socialist movement has undergone the same evolution through which the Socialist party of America is now passing. It has grown out of the Utopian stage of abstract theories and has passed into the active stage which is now so terrifying to the ruling classes of Germany, France, England and almost all the countries of Europe.

The early history of the Socialist movement in all these countries furnishes examples of just the same crude notions as those of which the American Socialists are now slowly ridding themselves.

Such was the process of development in England, for example. The “active menace of Socialism,” about which Lord Roseberry has been talking so solemnly, and which is causing such consternation

to English Conservatives and Liberals, is a new thing in Great Britain. It did not exist at all so long as British Socialists were merely doctrinaire. Nobody was afraid of them until they settled down to practical work. The Social-Democrats of England at one time held much the same notions as are now held by our American Impossibleists. "It will only need a compact minority," their organ once declared, "to take advantage of some opportune accident, that will assuredly occur, to overthrow the present system, and *once for all* lift the toilers from their present social degradation." There was nothing formidable in these dreamers who were childish waiting for the "opportune accident" which never came, just as the Impossibleists of America are waiting for the "collapse of capitalism" when the trusts shall have expanded so far that they can expand no further! And this collapse was said to be due in 1904—and is now said to be due in 1912!

Meanwhile, the English Social-Democracy did not grow. While the Social-Democrats of other countries were making themselves felt in parliament and in the cities, Great Britain lagged behind. Early in the eighties, William Morris had expressed a hope for "a Socialist party which shall begin to act in our own time." It was not till Keir Hardie and his friends started a genuine working class party, with practical, definite aims and a program for the present, that Socialism became a force in Great Britain. Then it leaped up with a bound and landed nineteen Socialists in Parliament!

We have only to read the earlier writings of the German Social-Democrats to see that the German movement has gone through somewhat the same process.

Even Liebknecht was at first what we might call an Impossibleist. He declared that "Parliament is a swamp in which Socialist energies would be engulfed!" Yet at a later period Liebknecht well said: "We are not going to attain Socialism at one bound. The transition *is going on all the time*, and the important thing for us, in this explanation, is not to paint a picture of the future—which in any case would be useless labor—but to forecast a practical program for the intermediate period, to formulate and justify measures that shall be applicable at once, and that will serve as aids to the new Socialist birth."

And this is exactly the work which our Chicago convention has accomplished. Its action was in the very spirit of Liebknecht. We are following the evolution of all our comrades across the sea. The fact that *all* Socialist movements go through this same process of evolution in the same direction proves that it is the natural and the right direction.

The Socialist party of America has come of age. It has left its childish Utopias and assumed the responsibilities of mature life.

And we predict that from this time on it will become a real factor in America. Its days of blind groping are ended. It now steps forward with a decided plan and a consciousness of what it has to do.

Great things are now before us!

Reports from New Zealand are to the effect that the cause of So-

cialism is flourishing there "like a green bay tree."

Anti-Labor Decisions

By DANIEL W. HOAN

Much is being said at the present time about the sweeping decisions of our courts against the trade unions. It may be valuable to view these decisions in the light of what the courts have decided at an earlier date on the particular phases more recently reviewed. To the student of Socialism these decisions were received with little surprise. Realizing as we do that the political conditions are based upon, and controlled by, the economic status of society, and the social organization necessarily arising from that status, we expect to see, along with the concentration of wealth in the hands of the capitalistic ruling class, a corresponding change in the attitude of the courts in sympathy with the class it represents. Occasionally we hear a slip from one of the representatives of the old parties, admitting this contention of the Socialists. Senator Robert L. Taylor, in a speech before Congress, on May 19, said: "Concentrated wealth is entrenched under the dome of the capitol." It might be added that as soon as the wage-earners and farmers of the nation investigate these facts they too will entrench themselves under the dome of the capitol under the banner of the Social-Democratic party. Then we may expect to hear court decisions in sympathy with their interests. We hear Samuel Gompers very much bewailing the Supreme Court's application of the anti-trust statue to the trade unions. He has not awakened to the fact that long

before this decision, yes, long before the anti-trust law was passed, the courts throughout this land have been gradually changing the great body of law relating to the unions.

Let us discuss here but one single subject, "The right to picket." Let us see what the earliest case on record in this country has to say about this subject. The case is *Harvester Co. v. Reinhardt* (60 How. Pr. 168). Before this the right to picket had never been questioned, and in this case the Supreme Court of Michigan, in 1886, refused an injunction for picketing. The court said: "We are disinclined to extend by any judgment of ours the doctrine of recovery for enticing away servants where both in fact and theory the person enticed is a free agent to come and go as he will, responsible only, like other persons, for the violation of his contract or his duty."

Now let us see what this same identical court says in exactly eighteen years later, in the case of *Beck v. Railway Teamsters' Protective Union* (77 N. W. Rep. 22.) "To picket complainant's premises in order to intercept their teamsters or persons going there to trade is unlawful. It itself is an act of intimidation and an unwarranted interference with the right of free trade. The highways and public streets must be free to all the purposes of trade, commerce and labor. It will not do to say that these pickets were thrown out for the

purposes of peaceable argument and persuasion. They are intended to intimidate and coerce."

Thus, Mr. Workingman, behold the sommersault. What that court formerly held to be a right it now decides is unlawful. It tells you that when you intercept a striker to talk over matters with him you intend to intimidate and coerce.

In 1884 it was laid down by the New York courts that picketing, unless accompanied by threats, intimidation, or actual violence, is lawful. (1 N. Y. City Court Supplement, p. 54.)

From that day to this, however, the courts have been adding to and interpreting "threats, intimidation, and actual violence," until most judges who are appointed are ever ready to enjoin any picketing. It should be added, however, that now and then a judge who is elected directly by the voters will refuse to go that far.

In 1886 the courts of New York announced (4, N. Y. Criminal Rep., 403) "that to constitute intimidation it is not necessary that there should be any overt act of violence, or any direct threat by word of mouth. It is enough if the attitude of those engaged in the overt act is intimidating; and this may be shown by their unbumbers, their methods, their placards, their circulars, and their devices."

Thus the court takes another departure. The presence of a large number of pickets amounts to intimidation.

The next step was taken when in 1897, in the case of Mackall v. Ratchford (82, Fed. Rep., 41), the court further stretched the meaning of the term "intimidation" by holding that the marching of workmen past the place where the strike was

in progress amounted to intimidation.

This, however, is insignificant to what the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania did later during the same year.

It appears in this case (O'Neil v. Behanna) that the strikers did resort to calling the strikebreakers scabs and blacklegs, and tried to pull them away. But the court took the task upon itself of going much further than enjoining these acts. It said that "arguments," "persuasion" and appeals of a hostile and demonstrative mob could be enjoined. With this broad view a court could merely say a number of pickets were a mob, and then proceed to issue an injunction to stop all arguing, persuading and appealing to the strikebreakers to join their ranks.

A further addition to the terms "threats," "intimidation" and "violence" as acts that would be enjoined was made when in United States v. Sweeney the terms "inducing" and unlawful "persuasion" were included. How gradually and systematically the right to picket was thus changed into a crime may now be seen. For it is plain to recognize that anything could be called unlawful persuasion and then be enjoined. Bear in mind that this was here introduced for the first time; and that before 1880 the right to picket had never been even questioned before the courts of this country.

Now let us look at the next growth in the law. In 1902, in the case of Frank v. Herold, the Court of Chancery of New Jersey, in issuing an injunction, says: "In my judgment any conduct to hinder or prevent another from working, if he or she choose to work, is an unlawful infringement of the personal

rights of the individual. It is urged that one person has a right to persuade another to work or not to work. That might be if the other person is willing to listen. But it must not be forced upon them in an offensive manner, either at their homes or as they pass along the streets."

The Eastern newspapers of December 17, 1904, herald the decision of the court in the case of United States Printing Company v. The International Stereotypers' Union as a great victory for unionism. Even the American Federationist commented on it as a just court decision. All the court held was that the strikers could station men for observation around a factory if there be no molestation of strikebreakers. Now let us see how the employers view this decision.

The Open Shop Magazine of February, 1907, commenting on it, said: "Very few employers will object to union strikers, out of work, looking at the non-union men who have taken their places going to work. Very often seeing is believing, and it is worth while to have strikers realize that their places can be filled." Still the Federationist calls this a just decision. Surely, the blind lead the blind.

The sweeping injunction issued in the late teamsters' strike in Chi-

cago, although it does not say picketing is unlawful, accomplishes the same thing in more words. It prohibits "everybody, in any manner or in any place in Chicago, from interfering with, hindering, or obstructing any person or persons seeking employment, or from hindering or stopping any of the bosses' agents, servants or employes in the maintenance, conduct, management or operation of their business."

The injunction granted against the printers in Chicago in the late strike for the eight-hour day was even more drastic than this. It practically prohibited the strikers from discussing the strike in their homes with persons who might be employed by the bosses.

Here, then, we have a complete review of the courts doing the will of the capitalist class.

There was no statute law to influence them in building up the labyrinth of technicalities to defeat the purposes of the trade union. This too has been gradually going on for nearly thirty years, under the very eyes of Samuel Gompers. But never a cry from that source until the Supreme Court threatened the very existence of the unions in the Hatters' cases. Surely, a house must fall on some persons before they awake.

Under the capitalist system our national well-being is always an uncertain thing. It cannot be a good system that keeps the conditions so insecure. The latest explanation of the hard times is given by F. D. Underwood of the Erie road. He says the railroads stopped spending money and thus bad times resulted. Capitalistic prosperity is a good

deal of a card house affair. No wonder the people are restless when they must be at the mercy of such a situation. No wonder they are studying economics and talking of a better system of society in which right relations shall exist and the average people no longer be compelled to walk about upon a thin crust with a boiling hell beneath.

National Platform

OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY OF AMERICA

The Socialist party, in national convention assembled, again declares itself as the party of the working class, and appeals for the support of all workers of the United States and of all citizens who sympathize with the great and just cause of labor.

We are at this moment in the midst of one of those industrial breakdowns that periodically paralyze the life of the nation. The much-boasted era of our national prosperity has been followed by one of general misery. Factories, mills and mines are closed. Millions of men, ready, willing and able to provide the nation with all the necessities and comforts of life, are forced into idleness and starvation. Within recent times the trusts and monopolies have attained an enormous and menacing development. They have acquired the power to dictate the terms upon which we shall be allowed to live. The trusts fix the price of our bread, meat and sugar, of our coal, oil and clothing, of our raw material and machinery, of all the necessities of life.

The present desperate condition of the workers has been made the opportunity for a renewed onslaught on organized labor. The highest courts of the country have within the last year rendered decision after decision depriving the workers of rights which they had won by generations of struggle.

The attempt to destroy the Western Federation of Miners, although defeated by the solidarity of organized labor and the Socialist movement, revealed the existence of a far-reaching and unscrupulous conspiracy by the ruling class against the organizations of labor.

In their efforts to take the lives of the leaders of the miners the conspirators violated the state laws and the federal constitution in a manner seldom equaled even in a country so completely dominated by the profit-seeking class as is the United States.

The congress of the United States has shown its contempt for the interests of labor as plainly and unmistakably as have the other branches of government. The laws for which the labor organizations have continually petitioned have failed to pass. Laws ostensibly enacted for the benefit of labor have been distorted against labor.

The working class of the United States cannot expect any remedy for its wrongs from the present ruling class or from the dominant parties. So long as a small number of individuals are permitted to control the sources of the nation's wealth for their private profit, in competition with each other and for the exploitation of their fellowmen, industrial depressions are bound to occur at certain intervals. No currency reforms or other legislative measure proposed by capitalist reformers can avail against these fatal results of utter anarchy in production.

Individual competition leads inevitably to combinations and trusts. No amount of government regulation, or of publicity, or of restrictive legislation, will arrest the natural course of modern industrial development.

While our courts, legislatures and executive offices remain in the hands of the ruling classes and their agents, the government will be used in the interests of these classes as against the toilers.

Political parties are but the expression of economic class interests. The Republican, the Democratic and the so-called 'independence' parties, and all parties other than the Socialist party, are financed, directed and controlled by the representatives of different groups of the ruling class.

In the maintenance of class government both the Democratic and Republican parties have been equally guilty. The Republican party has had control of the national government and

has been directly and actively responsible for these wrongs. The Democratic party, while saved from direct responsibility by its political impotence, has shown itself equally subservient to the aims of the capitalist class whenever and wherever it has been in power. The old chattel slave owning aristocracy of the south, which was the backbone of the Democratic party, has been supplanted by a child slave plutocracy. In the great cities of our country the Democratic party is allied with the criminal element of the slums, as the Republican party is allied with the predatory criminals of the palace, in maintaining the interest of the possessing class.

The various "reform" movements and parties which have sprung up within recent years are but the clumsy expression of widespread popular discontent. They are not based on an intelligent understanding of the historical development of civilization and of the economic and political needs of our time. They are bound to perish as the numerous middle class reform movements of the past have perished.

PROGRAM.

As measures calculated to strengthen the working class in its fight for the realization of this ultimate aim, and to increase its power of resistance against capitalist oppression, we advocate and pledge ourselves and our elected officers to the following program:

General Demands.

1. The immediate government relief for the unemployed workers by building schools, by reforestation of cut-over and waste lands, by reclamation of arid tracts and the building of canals, and by extending all other useful public works. All persons employed on such works shall be employed directly by the government under an eight-hour workday and at the prevailing union wages. The government shall also loan money to states and municipalities without interest for the purpose of carrying on public works. It shall contribute to the funds of labor organizations for the purpose of assisting their unemployed members, and shall take such other measures within its power as will lessen the widespread misery of

the workers caused by the misrule of the capitalist class.

2. The collective ownership of railroads, telegraphs, telephones, steamship lines and all other means of social transportation and communication, of all land.

3. The collective ownership of all industries which are organized on a national scale and in which competition has virtually ceased to exist.

4. The extension of the public domain to include mines, quarries, oil wells, forests and water power. That occupancy and use of land be the sole title to possessing.

5. The scientific reforestation of timber lands and the reclamation of swamp lands. The land so reforested or reclaimed to be permanently retained as a part of the public domain.

6. The absolute freedom of press, speech and assemblage.

Industrial Demands.

7. The improvement of the industrial conditions of the workers:

(a) By shortening the workday in keeping with the increased productivity of machinery.

(b) By securing to every worker a rest period of not less than a day and a half each week.

(c) By securing a more effective inspection of workshops and factories.

(d) By forbidding the employment of children under sixteen years of age.

(e) By forbidding the interstate transportation of the products of child labor, of convict labor and of all uninspected factories.

(f) By abolishing official charity and substituting in its place compulsory insurance against unemployment, illness, accidents, invalidism, old age and death.

Political Demands.

8. The extension of inheritance taxes, graduated in proportion to the amount of the bequests and to the nearness of kin.

9. A graduated income tax.

10. Unrestricted and equal suffrage for men and women, and we pledge ourselves to engage in an active campaign in that direction.

11. The initiative and referendum, proportional representation and the right of recall.

12. The abolition of the senate.
13. The abolition of the power usurped by the supreme court of the United States to pass upon the constitutionality of legislation enacted by congress. National laws to be repealed or abrogated only by an act of congress or by referendum of the whole people.
14. The abolition of the veto power of the president.
15. That the constitution be made amendable by majority vote.
16. The enactment of further measures for general education and for the conservation of health. The bureau of education to be made a department. The creation of a department of public health.

17. The separation of the present bureau of labor from the department of commerce and labor, and the establishment of a department of labor.

18. That all judges be elected by the people for short terms, and that the power to issue injunctions should be curbed by immediate legislation.

19. The free administration of justice.

Such measures of relief as we may be able to force from capitalism are but a preparation of the workers to seize the whole powers of government, in order that they may thereby lay hold of the whole system of industry, and thus come into their rightful inheritance.

In Germany, where the Social-Democrats are strong, the kaiser has been forced to take cognizance of the unemployed situation. Says a dispatch:

"The same government that drove the army of unemployed from the imperial palace a few weeks ago is doing more to relieve their sufferings than is the government of free America. The kaiser, who has no fear, but rather likes, to be paternal, may chastise his subjects when they become unruly, but he has ordered that all unemployed be given work on great public undertakings, and thousands of men, starving a week ago, are now cleaning and repairing public buildings, building bridges, fixing the roadbeds of the government railways, and instructions have been sent to all municipal authorities to take up the same policy."

No ruler in civilized nations is absolute today. The progress of the world will not stand it. As in the kaiser's case, he could bring down the iron heel one day, but only to recede quickly from that posi-

tion the next. Rulers in this country might well take their cue from the capitulation of the kaiser.

A Chicago procuress has just been given twenty-five years for luring shop girls into lives of depravity. She held a position as headwoman in a factory where she was able to gradually get the girls to visit her resort. The woman did not do her dastardly work out of pure cussedness, but because there was money in it. It was simply one of the things that must be expected as long as human beings are controlled by the capitalist system.

Another railroad has gone into bankruptcy through the "superior business ability" of its owners. It will now be operated by Uncle Sam, whose business ability is laughed at, under a receivership, and put in shape again, ready for its capitalist owners to resume the penny-skimming process.

Jake's Gratitude

By ERNEST POOLE

Late one afternoon, in a narrow, roaring street of the New York Ghetto, Little Jake, the Russian Jew, stood behind his push-cart placidly surveying the home-rushing tenement crowd. The crowd was pushing and shoving up close to get a good look, for towering high as a back scene to Jake's stock of shirts, China vases, neckties and suspenders rose a huge oil painting with a sign pinned on to announce both in English and Yiddish letters "The Kishineff Massacre, gilt frame and all for ninety-eight cents." The picture was vivid, startling, frightful—compelling instant attention. All afternoon the crowd had jostled close, and Jake's collar buttons, socks at five cents, undershirts at nine cents, and other good things, had gone like hot cakes; he had even sold a China vase for twenty-six cents. So now he pushed his gray derby hat back till his long ears stuck out; his black eyes twinkled, lighting up his dark, lean face.

But fat Isaac, who sold big pickles in the next push-cart, was furious. The Kishineff Massacre had spoiled the public taste for pickles. Isaac had done no business all afternoon. Isaac's fat face grew rigid in a settled sneer.

Down the crowded street banged an empty coal wagon. Isaac's eyes gleamed with a sudden idea.

"Heigh-heigh!" he yelled shrilly up at the wagon in well-assumed terror. "Heigh! Look out—you will run me over!" He grabbed

his cart as though to escape, jammed it into Jake's and jolted the big picture right under the on-coming horses! In another minute the wagon had crashed by, and the "Kishineff Massacre" lay limp, bedraggled, smashed on the muddy pavement. Its gorgeous gilt frame was now seen to be a hollow paper thing. A sharp little newsie was just pointing out this flaw to the crowd when, with a wild yell of rage, little Jake grabbed his last China vase and hurled it at Isaac.

Isaac fell on his side with the blood creeping out through his thick black hair and trickling down his fat cheek.

"A pinch—come on fellers—it's a pinch!" yelled the delighted little newsie to his pals. On they came, in rushed the crowd, in elbowed two big police. Jake stood silent, white and shaking.

But the coal wagon had stopped. The big grimy teamster climbed down swearing and pushing his way in. "Look a here!" he grasped Jake's quivering arm, winked at his two fellow Irishmen and told them the trick Isaac had played—as he had seen it from his high point of vantage. He told it again the next morning in court. The shrewd, white-haired judge watched the three faces over his spectacles. The teamster was talking, earnestly, frankly, profanely, honestly. Isaac was scowling all over his fat bandaged cheeks. Little Jake was listening breathless—his gray derby cocked down over one eye in miser-

ably assumed indifference. "Discharged," said the judge with a smile.

On the broad steps of the jail the big teamster looked down at Jake. "Say, this is yourn." He poked a dollar bill into Jake's cold hand.

"Why for?" cried Jake.

"For de art mooseum."

Jake—bewildered, relieved and free—suddenly stopped and poured out his soul in Yiddish words, rapid gestures and flashes from his bright black eyes. The teamster only looked sheepish and said: "Aw, hell." And so they parted.

After that, whenever he passed Jake's afternoon corner, Grimy Bill grinned down and shouted:

"Hello, Jake! How's t'ings?"

"Fine—t'anks."

Soon they began to look for each other.

Late one Saturday night Jake was wearily trundling his cart back to the cellar under his tenement. His hat had slipped down far over his dark, hooked nose. With ears jammed inside the hat, lean jaw shut tight and eyes half closed, he leaned heavily on the cart, limping. It was half past eleven; the long Saturday night rush was over. Jake ached and felt blue; he was lonely; he never had any time to make friends or keep them; he thought now of his bare tenement room eight feet square—and limped worse. Once he heard jolly shouts and laughing above him, he looked up, and through two curtainless tenement windows he saw a big family of all sizes going to bed all over the room. The room was simply overflowing, the kids were raising the old Nick. Jake thought of his own tiny room, and it seemed suddenly big and bare and empty.

Then he saw a man sitting on an ash barrel. The man's arms

were folded and his huge body swayed slightly. He was watching with an ominous grin a policeman who slowly approached, carelessly swinging his club, unconscious of danger. Jake scented trouble and pushed faster to get past before the fight. Jake pushed frantically, never taking his eyes off the figure on the barrel. He came opposite.

Then he stopped so short that the heavy cart nearly jerked him off his feet. He pushed up his hat and looked hard. He ran over to the barrel. It was Bill!

Bill stared blindly at Jake and gave a solemn wink. One grimy thumb pointed at the officer. "Washme soak cop"—Bill hic-coughed—"Soak cop—soak—shoak—shoak cop—"

"Fine—fine!" murmured Jake. He was thinking quick, with his black eyes on the dreaded officer still a half block away.

"Say," he cried sharply, "You get in quick!" He had his empty cart alongside in an instant and held up the black rain cloth. "Fine—fine—ain't it fine? You shump in and hide. I push. Ve sneak to de cop und you soak him! Ain't it?" He looked at Bill anxiously. "Ain't it? Ain't it?"

Another solemn wink and Bill rolled in. Like a flash Jake threw the cloth over. Then slowly, with head thrown back and hat tilted rakishly over one ear, Jake trundled the heavy load toward the policeman. If he could only get Bill safely by. Jake's careless, indifferent glance dwelt now on the face of the oncoming officer, now on the big lump under the cloth. The lump moved, Jake watched it, smiling and licking his dry lips. His breath came short. Suddenly he took a quick, shivering breath and held it, for a frightful idea had

struck him. A dead body found in his cart—murder—Sing Sing! In an instant he repented his rash act of kindness. But now it was too late to dump out Bill. The policeman was but twenty feet away. One moment more and all would be safe. One moment—one—

A deafening clatter! Jake's unwary foot had struck an empty tomato can. It was the finishing jar to his nerves. With a shivering cry he fell forward on the cart, his head struck Bill's leg and Bill sat up.

The policeman walked over, startled. "Say—what's wrong here?"

"No troubles—no troubles," murmured the dazed little Jake. He threw the cloth far up over Bill's swaying head, then took off his hat politely to the officer. "No troubles—goot night—no troubles." He started forward. "Goot night," he cried cheerily.

"Hold on!" cried the officer.

Jake stopped and turned a white face.

"Goot night, ain't it?"

"No!" The officer seized Jake's trembling, bony arm and jerked off the cloth. Bill ducked like a baby hiding, chuckling with delight. Jake's eyes grew wild.

"Say!" cried the bewildered officer. "Where you takin' him?"

Jake's mind was now a dark chaos.

"Murder—body—Sing Sing," he remarked in confidential tones.

"Look here, little 'un, I guess you're crazy."

"He's—he's—" giggled Bill, "He's dumpin' me into de river."

"Oh, he is—eh? Looks as if you're wet enough already! You're a great pair! A crazy fool and a drunk! You jest come along with me!" He took hold of the cart.

Then Bill, for the first time, no-

ticed Jake's ashy face. He leaned forward, stared hard, recognized Jake, and then sat suddenly stiff. His smile had vanished.

"Look! Look 'ere!" With an effort he looked steadily at the officer. "Leave—Jake alone. Look—look at—Jake. He ain't"—hic-cough—"crazy. Jest scared—at you. Ain't he? Look at him. Scared—that's all! He's a takin' me home to me starvin' wife and kids—see? Me poor little Jinny an—an our baby Lu." He sobbed. "Poor li'le Jinny an' baby Lu."

The officer took one more bewildered look at big, grimy, sobbing Bill and the white little Jake, then he burst into a roar of laughter and walked on.

Jake stared, motionless. Then came a sob behind him. "Poor li'le Jinny an' baby Lu." Then a low chuckle. "Ain't got no wife, never had no wife, ain't got no baby, never had no baby!"

Jake grabbed the handles and started briskly on. He leaned far down, pushing till his knees bent, taking long, unsteady strides, breathing hard—trying to think. On and on toward the East River docks. Now and then Bill would sob out, his thick voice shaking with the bounce of the cart. "Poor—li'le Jinny—an' baby—baby Lu!" Then an ecstatic chuckle. "Ain't got no wife, never had no wife!"

"No troubles"—pleaded Jake, his weary voice shaking, "No troubles—no troubles!"

At last Bill sat up, stared at Jake, and cried "Stop!"

Jake stopped. Bill stared close, and again his smile vanished.

"Say! Wot you t'ink ver doin'?"

Jake only smiled affectionately. "No troubles."

"Takin' me home? Dat's wot's it! No troubles, eh? Say let me see you close!" He took a long

look at Jake's lean, haggard face. Jake's teeth chattered slightly and his knees sagged in.

Bill's jaw set hard. "Heigh—get in here!" His voice was so changed and sober that Jake climbed slowly in and collapsed in a heap. Bill clambered out, reeled a moment, grabbed the cart handle, leaned over and wrapped the cloth around Jake's thin, huddled figure, then spat on his hands as though preparing to shovel coal, and trundled unsteadily off toward Cherry Hill. He trundled on for blocks and blocks. At times the cart slowed down—slower—slower. Bill's eyes grew drowsy and wandered longingly toward good, wide, comfortable ash boxes. Then he looked at Jake, his face tightened and on he went, painfully reading the street signs at each corner.

At last Bill reached a battered frame structure, with Brooklyn bridge looming huge and black above, up near the half-moon. In the street a few drunken figures lurched slowly homeward. Bill gave them no chance. He grabbed Jake, cloth and all, ran up the rickety steps and plunged into the dark entrance. He laid Jake gently on the stairs, ran back and pushed the cart through the narrow passage into the airshaft. Then he ran up, lifted the unconscious Jake

and carried him up the dark, foul, noisome stairs, past the lights and yells which came through the cracks in doors on landings. At last he opened one door, entered and shut it quickly, with a deep sigh of relief. He felt his way to the bed. His step now was steady. He laid Jake softly on the tumbled blankets, then scratched a match and lit the gas. The room was bare and squalid. A few gay Bowery prints on the walls, a table with one leg gone and leaning against the wall, dirty cloths laying about. On the table was a bottle.

Bill watched Jake's face. Jake's eyes were open now and conscious—but dazed. His teeth chattered violently. Bill took the bottle and held it to Jake's lips. Jake struggled hard. "Aw, drink it," said Bill encouragingly. "Hot—good—bully." As he saw Jake's eyes suddenly shine, he grinned. Jake lay back and closed his eyes and took a long comfortable breath. His clenched hands relaxed. His faithful derby slipped down over one ear. He licked his lips, coughed violently, then opened his eyes and smiled.

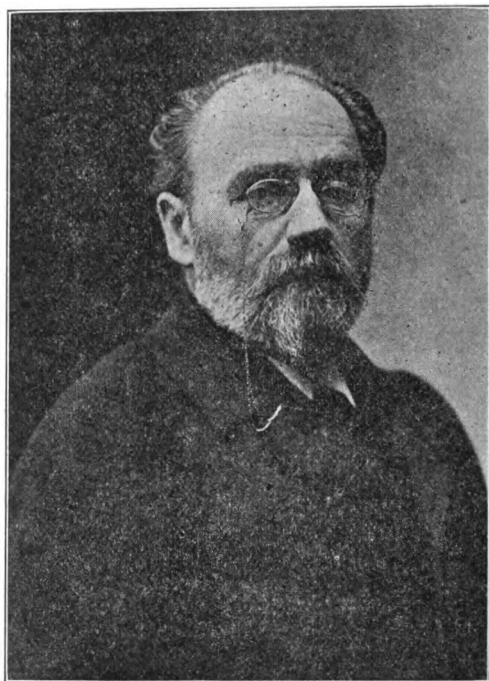
Bill looked down with a curious grin. A moment Bill's eyes glistered. "Hello Jake! How's t'ings?"

"Fine—t'anks—fine—fine." And Jake fell, smiling, asleep.

The Socialist representation in the various national parliaments is as follows:

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Finland, in the Chamber.....	80
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Servia, in the Chamber.....	1

Switzerland, National Council....	2
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Belgium, in the Senate.....	7
Denmark, in the Folketing.....	24
Denmark, in the Landsting.....	4
England, Commons.....	31
Italy, in the Chamber.....	25
Norway, in the Storting.....	10
Sweden, in Second Chamber....	15



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EMILE ZOLA

The man of three-fold glory ; as novelist, as Socialist,
as hero of the Dreyfus case