

The Vanguard

Vol. 6. No. 10. MILWAUKEE, WIS., AUGUST, 1908. Whole Number 66

The Month's Story

Not
Fish Nor
Flesh

"Luck obeys the downright striker." If William Jennings Bryan had learned the meaning of that proverb, today he would be a great man, instead of candidate for a third defeat—and this time a deserved defeat.

For the times have taken gigantic strides forward since 1896. But Bryan has quietly slipped backward.

Policy held the pen that wrote the Bryan platform. But policy was short-sighted, and no glimpse of the great, the rapidly nearing future enlightened her myopic vision.

Never was a glorious opportunity more miserably lost. By dictating a radical platform, Bryan would have become an historic hero, whether he was elected president or not. As things now stand, he will be neither one nor the other.

For while Bryan appeared to be sweeping all before him, the conservative Democrats silently closed in behind. In Illinois and many other states they remain in control of the party organization. They are capable of quietly paralyzing the campaign in their own states to such an extent as to ruin Bryan's chances for 1908. They know that if he fails now, he will never be nominated again. Parker is openly sulking. Bryan has tried to ride two horses—the result will be the usual finale of such attempts.

A man like Taft has his own admirers. The man who first introduced the injunction into labor disputes, the man who ruled the Philippines like an autocrat, abolishing trial by jury, increasing punishments on appeal, denying American citizens the right to keep arms, favoring the enactment of severe libel and sedition laws, has a certain following. For those who like that sort of a man, he is just the sort of a man they will like.

But as for William Jennings Bryan, people are disputing as to whether he is a radical or a conservative. Behind such a man there can be no homogeneous following—no compact following.

His party is merely a momentary alliance of hostile interests. It is not a fighting army.

Such an aggregation must certainly fall to pieces. The temporary truce will be broken. The allies will cease to be allies. They will line up in the ranks where they belong.

And that will mean the death of the Democratic party before many more years.

Middle Darwin says that in the course of evolution it is the middle species which dies and disappears.
Party Imagine, for instance, the common ancestor of the lizard and the bird. It, of course, possessed neither the wings of the bird nor the slender agility of the lizard.
Must Die

From this primitive creature were descended, we will say, three species. One was the first bird, one the first lizard, and one an intermediate form between the two, somewhat resembling them both and somewhat resembling their common ancestor.

In the struggle for existence, the bird had the great advantage of flight. The lizard also could nimbly escape from its enemies and pursue its prey. But the intermediate creature between them, having neither the bird's nor the lizard's advantages, went down in the struggle. And today we should never know that it had once existed if scientists had not found its fossil remains deeply embedded in the ancient rocks.

If Bryan were a better student of sociology, he would know that the same laws of evolution govern political development. Society is an organism and is subject to the general laws of nature.

Thus, in every great political struggle, the two parties which stand positively and absolutely for the two sides of the struggle are the parties which survive.

In the contest over negro slavery, the Silver-gray Whigs and the compromising Douglass Democrats passed entirely out of existence. The Secessionists and the Black Republicans remained and fought the issue to a finish.

In the present great economic struggle, the Republican party, representing the great capitalists, and the Socialist party, representing the working people, will survive.

The Democratic party, *representing nothing*, will perish and pass away.

And nothing will be left of it but its fossil remains, preserved in history for the curiosity of later and wiser generations.

* * *

Don't Be "I shall vote for Bryan," said a workingman the other day, "because, if Taft is elected, monopoly will become
a Grapho- so entrenched in this country that we can never oust it!"
phone Asked to explain what harm monopoly had done him, he failed to give a coherent answer.

Asked how the abolition of monopoly would give him employment—for he was out of work, and ought to have learned from his misfortunes—he was again at a loss for an explanation.

He believed in competition.

And he did not believe in the right to work.

In other words, some middle class thinker had made a graphophone of this workingman's brain and was grinding out middle-class records.

Now what in the name of common sense has a workingman to do with monopoly or competition? Can he compete with his employer? Or is the small manufacturer an easier boss than the monopolist?

It was in the early part of the last century, before the trust was born, that the exploitation of labor was most brutal and shameful. In those days of freest competition, hours were longest, sanitary conditions most deadly, and tiny children, lisping babes, were worked to death without let or hindrance.

Competition has no boon for the wage-worker. And this workingman out of work was simply echoing the wail of some squeezed-out petty manufacturer or small storekeeper. This wage-worker had troubles of his own—poor fellow! But he did not even know how to complain. He could only talk some other man's language.

There have been thousands of such workingmen in this country, but fortunately their number is growing fewer. Most of them are beginning to see that the war between the trust magnate and the small capitalist is not their war.

Dividing up the big monopoly into a hundred little plants or factories will not bring their control any nearer to the wage-workers' hands.

Only collective ownership can do that.

That is the issue for the wage-worker. And, realizing this, he is beginning to refuse to be the phonograph of the middle class or to allow the middleman to pull his chestnuts out of the fire with the workingman's burnt fingers.

* * *

Two Men in Each Cell

The daily papers announce that the Milwaukee county house of correction was never so full as it is today. There are two inmates to every cell. Even the punishment cell, which has always been reserved for refractory prisoners, now contains two unfortunates, who are thus punished for nothing.

Why this strange increase of law-breakers? Has Milwaukee suddenly become wicked? Has morality lost its hold on our people within a few months or weeks?

The papers do not say. In fact, they fail to give any reason for or to make any comment on this apparently abnormal increase of petty criminals.

But every thinking man must know just why the house of correction holds two in each cell.

These extra prisoners are men who were found guilty because they could not find work.

In other words, society has been compelled at last to furnish them employment. It has put them to forced labor, although it refused them voluntary labor when they very much wanted to get it.

And every thinking man must also see that it would have been far more economical in every sense of the word if society had employed these men as free workmen rather than as convict laborers. Last

winter when large numbers of wage-workers were first thrown out of employment, the Socialist aldermen in the Milwaukee Common Council proposed an ordinance for giving these men work on city improvements, which would be of benefit to the public. This ordinance was voted down by the old party politicians. Suppose it had been adopted—suppose the men who are now employed by the county to make chairs in the house of correction had been employed instead by the city to make clean streets and sanitary improvements in dirty Milwaukee. Does anybody doubt that this would have been more profitable in every respect?

First, by the mere money standard, it would have been a saving. Every criminal convicted is a considerable expense to society. It would have been much cheaper to have given these men work when they wanted it, than to have paid a retinue of policemen, lawyers, judges, witnesses, jailers, turnkeys and keepers to drive them to convict labor.

But this is the least of the waste. Here we have a number of wasted citizens—men who might have been honest and useful members of the body politic. They are now marked men, disgraced men, men who have learned the tricks of jail and prison, men who in future may be a menace to the community.

It was a losing game all around when society shirked its duty to these unfortunates.

It has been compelled in the end to become a public employer.

But it has waited till it was forced to inflict as a *punishment* what it should have granted as a *right*.

* * *

Human Nature Is Changing

This is one lesson of Milwaukee's crowded cells. But there is another.

For this is no new thing. Criminologists have often pointed out that with every "hard time" or industrial crisis there is a wave of crime. *The two always coincide.* That is to say, that every industrial crisis changes human nature. Within a certain limit, it makes men bad who would otherwise be good.

This conversion of law-abiding citizens into criminals throws a new light on the old charge that "we can't have Socialism till we change human nature." If this were true, it would be no bar to the introduction of Socialism. For human nature is being altered every day, slowly and imperceptibly. Our pleasures, our tastes, our vices and our virtues are unlike—how unlike!—those of our simple fathers in the good old days of primitive Yankeeland. This change is constantly going on, but in periods of great commotion or industrial distress the hands on the clock of time travel so fast that we can see them move.

For nothing changes human nature so radically and so rapidly as a change of material conditions. And this is not a mere dogmatic assertion. It is proved by statistics compiled by experts in all civilized countries and expounded by the highest scientific authorities. Given

a certain amount of want, and there will be a certain amount of crime. These statisticians can figure it out to a nicety.

If sudden want can thus pull human nature down, better conditions can equally build it up. The relief from misery, better food, better sanitation, and leisure for intellectual pursuits will create a new human race.

It is not necessary to change human nature in order to establish Socialism, but the establishment of Socialism will change human nature. It will form a new type, a nobler people—men all unlike the wretched creatures crowding our house of correction, and still more unlike the hard-hearted rulers of society who forced them first into misery and then into crime.

Will You Mend Your Roof?

By VICTOR L. BERGER

THE Declaration of Independence is a document that is supposed to contain the cardinal principles of the American republic and the American mode of government.

* * *

The famous declaration starts with the following gem of thought: "All men are created equal" and are endowed "with certain inalienable rights; among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

A fine phrase, indeed!

"All men are created equal." This may be true with some qualifications. But do they live equal? Do they die equal?

The child of the poor is born in a hovel, surrounded by misery and poverty from his first moments. There are three chances to one that he will not survive the first year. And, even if he pulls through, there is a life of misery before him. The dangers of sickness are tenfold as great; the temptations to crime and prostitution a thousand times as great as for the child of the rich. If he safely passes all these perils his is a monotonous and laborious life, ended by an early death, which is often to be considered a boon, since it saves the victim from the poorhouse. Usually the poor man has very little claim on heaven, rarely having belonged to any church, and knowing little or nothing about religion, which, is, more or less, a costly article. So it is hell for him even hereafter—so says the priest.

* * *

"All men are created equal."

How about the child of the rich? Surrounded by all the comforts and protections which paternal love and money can furnish, he grows up in comfort and security and receives an excellent education. His life is a round of pleasure mingled perhaps with as much work as

is necessary to health. Unless early killed by excessive luxury or riotous living, he can live to a ripe old age, honored and loved by every one as a pillar of society and of religion. He usually gives liberally to charities and the churches. So when he dies he has even a very good claim to a reserved seat in the front row where the four-winged angels chant.

* * *

"All men are created equal!"

It is a phrase which did well enough in its time, but which now has become a lie.

The reason? The struggle for existence has entirely changed since the days of Jefferson and Paine. All that was needed in those days was to give every individual a chance to fight it out for himself. This great country was undeveloped, and there were thousands of chances for everybody to make a decent and honorable living. Up to 1860 THERE WERE ONLY TWO MILLIONAIRES IN THIS COUNTRY. In those days there was some sense in the phrase "All men are created equal."

But since the development of the capitalist system, with machinery and railroads, we have a few billionaires, a number of millionaires, and a multitude of wage-workers and tramps. What has become of the "equality?"

* * *

True, it is also said that we are "all equal before the law," and that the framers of the Declaration of Independence had that in mind when they wrote the phrase.

But *are* we equal before the law?

There are thousands of laws passed by the legislatures of the various states every session, not to speak of Congress. There is a flood of laws.

How many of all these laws are for the purpose of protecting the poor, the weak and the helpless?

Most of them are simply enacted for the protection of "life and property." That is, protection of the property of those who have it. And protection of the life of those whose lives are worth something in a capitalistic sense.

There is no protection for those who have no property whatever. The life of the miner who goes down into the bowels of the earth, several hundred feet deep, for less than a dollar a day, receives scanty protection, or none.

* * *

Equality before the law is a phrase like so many others. Two men with equally big pocketbooks are equal before the law—otherwise they are not equal.

It cost over a million dollars to send a degenerate and deliberate murderer like Harry Thaw to an insane asylum. None of the big insurance grafters in New York were convicted. The big grafters in the stupendous capitol graft in Harrisburg went free. We find the same condition everywhere. In Milwaukee, after tremendous pressure brought by the Social-Democrats, a graft investigation took place. An energetic

district attorney brought about quite a number of indictments against the smaller grafters, but how many of them were brought to justice? Some of the most glaring evil-doers went scot free. Besides, the biggest grafters were never "touched"—and were even elected to office again.

* * *

And this is the case all over.

A United States senator openly boasted in that august body that no man with ten million dollars ever went to prison. On the other hand, a poor workingman, stealing a few bones in a packing house of Chicago, gets eighteen months' imprisonment.

In small things, as in big affairs, we have a class government. This shows plainly in the fact that for misdemeanors the culprits have to pay fines in money, which is simply a joke for the rich man, while it hits the poor man terribly hard.

* * *

Suppose an automobile runs down the avenue at a fearful speed, thereby endangering the lives and limbs of hundreds of men, women and children. If the owner is caught he will pay a fine of ten dollars or twenty dollars. He treats it as great fun and laughs over it with his friends.

* * *

But let us take another case.

Suppose a poor tramp—a workingman who has become discouraged during the present panic—is found sleeping on a bench in a park, or on a wagon in an alley. The eye of the law will soon find him, and he will be hauled up before a judge the next morning.

"Why did you sleep in that alley, or on that bench in the park?" the judge will ask sternly. "Why did you not go to a hotel or a rooming house?"

"I had no money, your honor," answers the hobo.

"What, no money to pay for a room! And sleeping in an alley—that is clearly disorderly behavior. It means ten dollars fine and the costs," says the judge.

"But, your honor, if I had the ten dollars and the costs I would not have been sleeping in the alley," murmurs the tramp.

"That is just it—you will go to the house of correction for thirty days—and if you say another word I will make it ninety days for vagrancy. For you have no visible means of support. You are a criminal in the eyes of the law."

And to the house of correction he goes.

This is equality before the law!

* * *

Under the protection of the laws the steel trust, the sugar trust, the meat trust, the oil trust and many other trusts rob the people of many millions every year. Under the protection of the laws women and children are exploited and their life-blood coined into dollars for the capitalist class.

* * *

Truly, the people learn slowly in this country. Phrases work wonders. It seems as though the masses were only born for the pur-

pose of creating wealth enough for our sugar kings, railway kings, pork kings, etc., to buy European princes for their daughters.

Sifting things to the bottom, the laboring class is even worse off in America than in Europe. Here capitalism has full sway, while in Europe the capitalist class must reckon not only with the laboring class, but also with the remnants of feudalism and with the monarchy.

* * *

Last year about this time we lived in the "era of prosperity," and most of our workingmen had work and enough to eat. Today there are hundreds of thousands entirely out of work and starving, while millions work only part of the time. The average workingman is like the Irishman whose roof leaked, and who on rainy days always made up his mind to mend it. But when the weather cleared, and his wife asked him, "Pat, why don't you fix the roof?" he answered, "We are dry now. Why should I fix the roof?"

* * *

Now, this is the rainy day. Your roof is leaking. My workingman friend, will you mend the roof?

Sweet Land of Property

By LOUISA D. HARDING

The patriotic James W. Van Cleave, president of the Manufacturers' Association, can scarcely contain himself when he contemplates the possibility of any assault upon "the integrity of our federal judiciary." The courts have stood by James and his in the past, and he defends them now.

The occasions have been few, says Mr. Van Cleave, when the injunction has been used so that labor might complain of it, therefore the suggestion of any limitation of the power of federal judges to be unfair is nothing short of blasphemous. The constitution will not stand the strain, and the lifeboats of the ship of state will require launching the very moment that workingmen on a strike can't be

forbidden to walk on the same side of the street with strike-breakers.

Suppose things worked the other way about. Imagine that one federal judge, upon complaint that unfit meat was being canned and put on the market by Messrs. Swift & Co., should tie up the whole business until he could investigate, no provision being made for damages to the packers' business during the suspension of the industry. It would not require more than a *very few* such occurrences before the love of "country" would be frozen from the manufacturer's soul, and he would be transplanting his business to Germany or France.

The Illinois Tunnel Co. of Chicago is maiming and killing its

employees in a way that makes the occasional slugging in a strike look like the dove of peace. Why doesn't some federal judge order the tunnel company to suspend hostilities, why doesn't he tie up the Illinois Steel Works, and a few of the coal mines that do not ventilate according to the requirements of the law? Oh, that is BUSINESS, you know; and it is a very serious thing to restrain trade, even when said trade is interfering with the individual's right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." The last words sound very well, but those rather undesirable, incendiary lawbreakers who were responsible for them really didn't mean exactly what they said. The thing they really intended to establish was the everlasting sacredness of property, whether or not murder happened to be a by-product of its manufacture. Listen to Mr. Taft, who, in his Cooper Union speech, states that he will not object to bail, and even a change of venue, in injunction and contempt cases where *only persons* are involved; but where property is in danger he will countenance no

change from the present practice in the courts.

Sweet land of property,
Of thee I sing.
I love thy "rocks" and hills,
Thy tacked-on Penrose bills;
My heart with rapture thrills
For Vested Rights.

Somebody says a man is not compelled to work in a dangerous mine. Oh, well, if the Buck Stove and Range Co. does not like the tactics of the union, there is no law to compel them to go on making stoves. The miner's job is his "business," and if the law won't protect him it has not the shadow of a right to stand by Mr. Buck.

As to all this hue and cry about the legalizing of the boycott and blacklist, any intelligent four-year-old knows that the employer has the blacklist up his sleeve at any time he wants to use it now, and he doesn't need to get permission to print it in the *Chicago Daily Tribune* either. It's a cold day when a word between two or three large employers of labor won't serve as well as any boycott that ever cost a union threefold damages.

Modern Idol-Worshippers

By EUGENE WOOD

PREACHING is an old-fashioned, man-powered small industry, sharing the depression that has latterly come upon all small industries. In its day, as was the case with all small industries in their day, it was the best possible method of getting the largest number of people to think about those things which pertain to their better

and higher natures. But nowadays the cost of talking to a limited number of people on such topics is out of all proportion to the cost of printing the sermon. The plant, the church building, its heating and lighting, janitor service, and the music and all is too large a fixed charge in proportion to the value of the sermon. It is a good deal of

bother to dress up and go quite a ways, and keep dinner late, and all to hear talk not so good as that a man can get in his Sunday newspaper. So, more and more, the men-folks about the house lie around on Sunday mornings without a collar and in their slippers. The women-folks don't really need sermons, but the men do, very badly indeed. It is my belief that dressing up in your good clothes at least once a week is a means of grace in itself, a matter that may safely be left to the women-folks to look after. But I hold that a man really ought to do the preaching. I stick up that much for my own sex. I will concede superiority in most things to the women, but I must hang on to a rag here and there.

I believe that it is an absolute necessity to a man who doesn't want his soul to dry up and blow away some time when he is not looking to think for a few minutes once a week, at least, about something other than "ten and ten and five and five for spot," and even the Sunday newspaper that tells who shot who and what for, that tells what steel closed at, and what the score was, and what automobile is the best make, and all such, doesn't exactly fill the hole left by the withdrawal of the preacher. And, without seeming to belittle the preachers, who are practically all of them well-meaning and honest men, I will say that in many cases their latest telegram from headquarters is dated: "Sixteenth Century." I make bold to try my hand at sermonizing on the most modern of modern subjects. I shall use the old texts, but with newer interpretations and applications.

The text for this present sermon is too long to quote in full, and it won't do for me to expect you to

look it up in Isaiah, chapter XLIV, verses 10-18, because you wouldn't know where to hunt for your Bible; it's around the place somewhere, unless it's been lost, but you don't know where. And I prefer, anyhow, to use short, curt, everyday language to the more stately language of the Bible.

The text is about making idols in those old days. They were present days to the man that wrote Isaiah, but they seem a long time ago, and as if different men lived then. It tells how a man takes a log of wood; part of it he uses to make a fire to warm by and cook his dinner on; the other part he shapes into an idol, and falls down and worships it, and prays to it: "Deliver me; for thou art my god." The prophet says of him: "He feedeth on ashes; a deceived heart hath turned him aside that he cannot deliver his soul nor say: 'Is there not a lie in my right hand?'"

It does seem foolish when you come to think of it. It does seem as if the man could not help seeing that the other end of the same log which he had used to cook his dinner and warm his hands by couldn't possibly be a god that could help him to be a better man. And what's a god good for that doesn't help you to be a better man? We can't get away from the suspicion that they weren't over and above bright in those days. And yet, before we become too critical, perhaps we ought to be sure that we aren't doing precisely the same silly and wicked thing. Maybe, just like the renegade Israelite that Isaiah had in mind, we have left off worshipping the one true God, and are worshipping the false god made out of the other end of the log with which we have cooked our victuals and warmed ourselves.

I suppose we mean by the expression "the true God" that strange influence that causes us to be just and kind to other people, even at our own personal cost, that prompts us to behave ourselves and be decent, that restrains our brutish nature.

"And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone."

If we worshiped a god who required us to be cruel and selfish, overbearing and pitiless; who demanded that we kill our children to please him; who required us to torture our own kin-folks that he might take delight in their sufferings, we should know at once that such was not, could not be. "the true God," even if we hadn't stopped to consider that he was made out of the same chunk of wood we had baked with.

Just that very idolatry is going on right now, right here in America, right in your own town, and some of you who read these words are worshipers of that false god, that idol made with your own hands out of the other end of the stick of firewood. The little children today are not passed through the fire to Moloch, amid the clashing of cymbals and the blare of trumpets to drown their agonizing screams. That was soon over. They are passed through the factories to Mammon, and nobody bothers much about it, though their minds and bodies are seared and destroyed and blighted as by fire. The human victims have not their hearts torn out of their breasts quickly and suddenly, but, through long years of worry and distress in sweatshops, they are half starved in their bodies and wholly starved in their minds;

the suicides, the insane, the consumptives, the drunkards and wretched women of the streets are all offered to Mammon. He delights in that. He must have them in his worship. It were impossible to carry out that splendid ritual of his, with all its pomp and magnificence, unless there were always great numbers of the people miserably poor. We should all like to see every man in this country the owner, free and clear, of his own house and garden, with enough to keep him for a whole year if he did not work. Yet if that were so Mammon would perish; he would lose all his profits. (Yes, I have the word spelled right.)

A false god, because a cruel god. A god that cannot deliver us. We who worship him must feed on ashes and have a lie in our right hand. No use to pray to him: "Deliver me; for thou art my god." All he can do to us is to destroy us and deceive us.

We ought to have more sense. We ought to see, like the idol-carver of Isaiah's time, that he is made out of the other end of the log with which we have cooked our dinner. As the chunk of wood, he is what we have saved out of what we had to spare from our living. That is the original idea of capital. But when we begin to stint our fellows of their firewood, that they actually need to keep them warm and to cook their dinners with, we begin to make capital into a god, and then, from being something actual and real, as the chunk of wood is, he becomes something false and unreal, as this false god is. The saved-up product of labor does exist; capital doesn't really exist. I can prove it to you.

We'll say I'm "worth" a hundred million dollars, which I'm not, or

anything like it. That doesn't mean that I have a hundred million gold dollars, or a hundred million silver dollars, or even paper dollars. I shouldn't have any more real money than I have this minute. The victuals in my cellar, the things in my house, my house itself—nothing that I have that men made with the labor of their hands or brains would be worth a hundred million dollars. What I should possess would be the superstition in other men's minds that they had to give me part of all they made with their hands and brains. Every time they bought a gallon of kerosene, or a pound of sugar, or a paper of tobacco, or a pair of shoes, or any mortal thing they bought with the money they worked so hard and so long to get, at the least calculation, five-sixths of that money would be a sacrifice for me. I'd get five-sixths of their money and give them nothing for it; the other sixth I'd give to the men who made the things bought, so they could just make out to live to produce more things for me to get my offerings from. I'd calculate how much I was likely to take in next year, and the year after, and the year after that, and so on, and I'd figure up that my yearly income would be, say, five per cent on a hundred million dollars. I would then be "worth" a hundred million dollars, and if anybody wanted to buy out my title to this superstition that I ought to have five-sixths of all the money of people, I shouldn't part with it for less than a hundred million dollars. That superstition is capitalized for that sum. It is capital, and has now become a god. But it doesn't exist now; it is only the expectation that people in the future will be as big fools as they have been in the past,

as great dupes, as superstitious. If I had the income, though, really had it certain to come in, fresh and fresh all the time, and couldn't make anybody believe I had it, I shouldn't be "worth" a hundred million dollars. Nobody would pay me that much for it. And if I didn't have any chance at all to exact this tribute from the great mass of the people, but *could* make somebody believe I had it, and *could* induce him to pay a hundred million dollars for it, I should be "worth" that much. So you see, capital is a false god; doesn't exist except in people's minds and imaginations. Capital is a superstition. Like any other false god it will cease to be worshiped. A little enlightenment will push it off its pedestal, and it will go to join the idol that Isaiah's wood-carver made out of the butt end of the log with which he cooked his dinner and warmed himself.

But "the true God" can never die. He is eternal. He is a pure spirit, the spirit of gentleness and love, the spirit of being just and kind to one another, of helping one another. That is what His worship consists of. To worship Him you must live in that spirit. That is why you cannot possibly serve both God and Mammon, or Capitalism. He gets as weary of hymns and prayers as he did of the sacrifices of bulls and goats that were made of old time. "Behold what doth the Lord require of me but to do justice and to love mercy?" And you can sing hymns and pray prayers till you're black in the face, and so long as you drive hard bargains, and draw down dividends from the slaughter of little children, He will loathe you. You must have not a selfish spirit, but a social spirit;

you must be not an anti-Socialist but a Socialist.

The congregation will now receive the benediction: "Working-

men of the world, unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains; you have a world to gain."

X-Rays

By JOHN M. WORK

It is about time for the volcanic Teddy to have another eruption.

* * *

You may be doing useful work, but so long as you let a capitalist rake in two-thirds of your earnings you are wasting two-thirds of your time.

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The worst thing about a mistake is that it has to be corrected. Every time the workingmen vote one of the capitalist parties into power, they rivet their chains tighter.

* * *

Those gentlemen who have their knives out for Socialism might as well try to check the flow of time by stopping the clock as to try to check the onward march of Socialism by stabbing at natural evolution.

* * *

They say the Socialists are rank idealists who chase rainbows and never get down to the prosy facts of life. And in the next breath they say the Socialists are rank materialists who grovel upon the low plane of material things and never reach up to the higher things of life.

There seems to be some little incongruity in these accusations.

But the lofty opponents of Socialism rise superior to all such trifling inconsistencies. Anything that will pass for an argument is

eagerly welcomed by them, no matter how false or ridiculous it may be. With them arguments are so extremely scarce that the most dilapidated are bolstered and stiffened with falsehood and pressed into service.

The Socialist is the only idealist who is not rank.

He is also the only materialist who is not rank.

The Socialist has studied the history of the human race enough to know that the material environment of men is the greatest factor in shaping their ideals and their mental, moral and spiritual growth. He wants to make the material environment of men such that their ideals will become vastly higher and at the same time they will be in a position to approximately attain those ideals.

The Socialist is a practical materialist, because, instead of making the attainment of material ends his object in life, he wants to make the material serve the ideal.

The Socialist is a practical idealist, because, instead of idly and vainly dreaming about the ideal, he goes to work in a hard-headed, common-sense manner to bring about conditions wherein the ideal may be approximately realized.

The material grovelers and the rainbow chasers are outside the ranks of the Socialists.

The Socialist is the only man who has interpreted the spirit of the age.

He is the only man who has discerned the shadows which coming events are casting before.

He is the only man who is able to read the signs of the times.

He is the only entirely sane man in the world.

* * *

Many a time I have heard men who were under inducement to do some criminal or disgraceful thing exclaim: "I'd rather dig in a ditch than do that!"

As much as to say that digging in a ditch is about the most ignominious and shameful thing outside the penitentiary.

What is the cause of this opinion?

I have dug in a ditch myself. Certainly it is hard work. But I know by experience that it is also healthy, wholesome contact with mother earth. It is positively beneficial to the digger, physically, mentally, morally and spiritually; provided he does not have to overdo it.

Why, then, should it be considered a disgrace?

Because the man who does it is one of the most abject slaves in the world.

Because he is one of those who receive the least compensation for the most toil.

Because he is one of those who yield up to their masters the greatest proportion of what is rightfully theirs on account of their useful work.

The present capitalist system of industry is based upon the exploitation of the many by the few. It does not judge men on their merits. It does not say, "Here is a man who is doing honest, useful work; let us respect him." On the contrary, it has twisted the criterion of

character and respectability entirely out of recognition.

Under capitalism, money-making is necessarily considered the chief object of life.

Consequently, everything and everybody is measured by the financial yardstick.

The man who has the most money is the most respected. The man who is tolerably well off is tolerably respected. The man who has the least is below the line where respectability tapers off into disgrace.

This explains why, under this wonderful system, the honest man who honestly digs an honest ditch is looked upon as a social outcast.

That the money standard is a dastardly low and mean one ought to be evident to any sane man.

But it cannot be helped so long as the capitalist system lasts, for it is of the essence of the system. It is an inevitable effect of the system. If the money standard were not in use, it would be a case of a cause failing to produce its due effect.

Mankind has grown to a stage in its development wherein it is childish to judge men by such a ridiculous standard.

A man ought to be judged on his merits.

If he is an honest man, an industrious man, an able man, an unselfish man, a magnanimous man, or the reverse, he ought to be judged accordingly, without for a moment inquiring how much money he has or how large his income is before making up one's mind regarding his title to respect.

This new and rational standard of judgment will be as natural and inevitable an effect of Socialism as the vicious money standard is of capitalism.

Johnsonism

By ISADOR LADOFF

Capitalism reduces all human life and activity to the sordid level of commercialism. Under the capitalistic system everybody and everything is rated from the commercial viewpoint. Public life and activity is looked upon—also from the commercial point of view—as business, i. e., a simple matter of gain and profit for the individual or group of individuals engaged in it. The common interests of the citizens in general are only alluded to before elections, as a bait for the gullible voters, and entirely ignored after the elections are over. *There are no principles involved in American politics. Contemporary America, therefore, has no statesmen, but politicians who pursue politics as a business, and business in this instance means graft.*

* * *

However, even the methods of political graft are subject to evolution.

The oldest *criminal* type of a politician, a la Boss Tweed, is dying out. Most of the present political bosses are of the *criminaloid* type of Croker or Rose. The methods of Boss Tweed are too clumsy for our sophisticated times. Boss Tweed was reached and put out of business by common law procedure. Croker and Rose manage to keep within the letter of the law. Only a few members of their "gang" occasionally serve as scapegoats for the sins of commission or omission of the "men high up."

The criminaloid politician does not deceive public opinion by his false pretense. Croker publicly declared that he was in politics "for all there was in it." Rose stated openly his candid opinion that "dying for principle is all rot."

* * *

Not so crude and frank, but far more dangerous, is the recently evolved third type of *demagogue politician*.

The demagogue politician is not only legally immune, but, by skillful and systematic self-advertisement, succeeds in gaining the general confidence of the people and in passing for a self-sacrificing philanthropist. He not only pretends to love the people in a perfunctory manner before elections, creates fake issues, but pretends to be devoted to the interests of the common people all the time, and shrewdly stands occasionally on actual issues swaying the public mind.

* * *

When in office the demagogue politician surrounds himself with a few good men and takes the credit for whatever they are accomplishing for the common good. He insists on strict honesty on their part. The *demagogue politician* is not a small grafter—he is *after big game*, and, as a rule, he gets it in a roundabout way, so that there can be no danger, not the slightest possibility of impeachment for malfeasance in office. Even those who are in a po-

sition to know the actual facts cannot possibly prove them.

The demagogue in politics has come to stay, to replace the old-time criminaloid politician, for better or for worse.

Tom L. Johnson, the present mayor of Cleveland, is the advance agent of this type.

T. L. Johnson is a city railway magnate and multimillionaire, passing for a single-taxer, radical reformer, "almost a Socialist." Having made his pile in Louisville, Indianapolis and Brooklyn in the railroad business, he ostensibly retired from money-making in 1893 (after having invested in the Lorrain Steel and Wire Co.)

* * *

He appeared for the first time in Cleveland as a railway man in 1880, ran for congress and was defeated. Then he twice successively served as congressman, being elected in 1890 and 1892. Defeated again, he temporarily retired from politics. Of his achievements as legislator history is eloquently silent. In 1899 T. L. Johnson supported as the candidate for mayor of Cleveland J. Farley, whom he heartily detested. The consideration for the support was a cabinet position for T. L. Johnson's personal friend, Charles Salen. After J. Farley's term as mayor expired, T. L. Johnson ran for mayor against W. J. Akers. The issue was (and has so remained up to date) a three-cent city railway fare with universal transfers. T. L. Johnson was elected. His first act was the veto of the ordinance of his predecessor in office granting six fares for a quarter—the same figure incorporated now by T. L. Johnson in the security franchise to the Cleveland Electric Co.

In 1902 a personal friend of the mayor, John B. Hoefgen, and somewhat later a Mr. Green, received franchises on three-cent fare lines. The Forest City Railway Co. was organized in 1903 to utilize these franchises. In 1904 a three-cent zone system was tried and failed. In 1906 the so-called Municipal Traction Co. was organized. It leased its property rights to the Forest City Railway Co. for fifty years with an option for another fifty years.

* * *

During all this time the traction problem of Cleveland served as a political play ball and helped T. L. Johnson in building up a strong political machine. The past mayoralty election was fought on the same three-cent fare issue. The Republican party candidate, Congressman Burton, pledged the Cleveland Electric Co. to an issue of seven tickets for a quarter and general universal transfers on all lines. T. L. Johnson promised to run the "Andrews system" (Andrews was president of the Cleveland Electric Co.) at a three-cent fare with universal transfers. T. L. Johnson was once more elected. Having evolved the Holding Co. scheme, the mayor started peace negotiations with the representatives of the Cleveland Electric Co., with a view of leasing the latter's property to the Holding Co. for a term of years.

* * *

The traction situation was in an unbearable condition. Two of the principal lines, the franchises of which expired, were torn up and traffic on them discontinued entirely. Other franchises were nearing their expiration terms and the entire, once very satisfac-

tory, railway system was demoralized.

* * *

The citizens were anxious for some kind of relief. The negotiations between the mayor and the representatives of the Cleveland Electric Co. dragged along wearily and were discontinued altogether several times. At the psychological moment, when the worn-out and exasperated citizens were ready to welcome practically any settlement, the mayor finally came to an agreement with the Cleveland Electric Co. The latter leased its property to the Holding Co. for a term of 25 years at 6 per cent on its valuation. The valuation of the stock of the Cleveland Electric Co. was pressed down to 55c on the dollar. However, the watering of the stock issued for improvements to be made in the future more than made up for the difference. In return the city granted to the Cleveland Electric Co. a guarantee franchise for 25 years with options for continuations in case the Holdings Co. should fail with a fare of six tickets for a quarter. If we take for granted the mayor's own statement (and he ought to know) that the Cleveland Electric Co.'s system could be replaced at an expenditure of not more than \$10,000,000, the Cleveland Electric Co. made a good bargain with the city after all. However, the Forest City Railway Co. group of interests were well taken care of by the mayor. There was no inventory of the physical property of this company made known, and the nominal value of \$1,800,000 was accepted at par on credit. In brief, as the result of the settlement of the traction war, the city was saddled with a debt of 6 per cent interest on \$32,000,000, most of which consists of watered stock. The Hold-

ing Co. was organized by the mayor for the purpose of managing the traction system of the city without profit at a 3c fare with universal transfers "within the city limits." (The last limitation being in itself a breach of faith; T. L. Johnson having promised to run the Andrew system, which included all lines.) T. L. Johnson appointed all the members of the Holding Co. and stipulated that each of them has the right of appointing his own successor. Should any of the members of the Holding Co. die suddenly, without having a successor appointed, the mayor will appoint the successor. T. L. Johnson appointed himself treasurer of the Holding Co. The Holding Co. is responsible to nobody but T. L. Johnson. It has even an option of buying the entire leased railway system and of charging any fare not exceeding six fares for a quarter. In short, the entire traction system of Cleveland is at the mercy of T. L. Johnson, not as mayor of Cleveland, but in his private capacity as czar of the Holding Co.

* * *

The Holding Co. now charges (temporarily, it is said) for transfers and extra fares on lines leading to and from suburbs. About thirty per cent of the patrons have to pay double fares. Besides this, many lines were discontinued entirely and the number of cars cut down. Many routes are radically changed, the pavement is in a disgraceful condition.

* * *

However, the most contemptible act of the mayor of "the best governed city in the United States" was the provocation of a strike among the employes of the Cleveland Electric Co., with the purpose in

view to be able to pay his political debts to his heelers and henchmen. T. L. Johnson's man Friday (Dupont), the manager of the Holding Co., deliberately violated the agreement he entered into with the Cleveland Electric Co., which had promised an increase of pay to its employes at the termination of the traction war. The men demanded arbitration. Dupont made believe that he agreed to it and appointed as an arbitrator a man who was absent from the city, nobody knew how long, who was not notified of the appointment and not asked whether he wished to serve or not. In this perfidious manner the strikers were goaded along while their places were given to green hands. The Forest City Railway Co. employes were induced to buy stock in the company and organized a "T. L. Johnson" union, which served as buffer in the public eyes. The mayor claimed that the strike was the outcome of a disagreement between two labor organizations, a statement which was false on the

face of it. The mayor had even the temerity to invite the citizens to defend *the Holding Co.'s leased property as the city's property.*

* * *

T. L. Johnson, of course, broke his anti-election pledges this time as he did before.

During campaigns T. L. Johnson invariably declared that he, if elected, would make the corporations pay for franchises granted them by the city. These pledges did not hinder him from granting *free and perpetual* franchises worth untold millions to the Vanderbilt interests in 1904, and to the Standard Oil interests a little later. The first refers to a belt line of freight transportation put through quietly by Willie Hopkins and M. A. Fanning, a Republican and Democratic combination. The second refers to the East Ohio Natural Gas Co. at 31c per 1,000 feet, while in other cities, with no perpetual franchises, for the same gas 20c per 1,000 feet is paid.

A Confidence Creed

By ELLIS O. JONES

I believe that everything is all right.

I believe that all rascality has been discovered and duly punished.

I believe that poverty has been eliminated and that every one is happy, receiving plenty of money for doing nothing.

I believe our wonderful banking system is more wonderful than ever, that it has been chastened, and that

it is now what it was not a few months ago.

I believe that there is no longer any graft in public life, thus throwing the muck-raker out of a job, and that officeholders no longer think of aught but their constituents.

I believe in Congress and in the Senate, and especially I believe in their safe, sane and conservative

determination not to do anything until after the presidential election in 1920.

I believe that Wall Street is the fount of all morality, and I believe not only that the prices of stocks are as high, if not higher, than they were a year ago, but that it is impossible for them to go any lower.

I believe that, if any trouble ever does happen which is impossible, it

will be entirely the fault of depositors who foolishly prefer currency and safe deposit boxes to cashiers' checks and sixty-day notices.

I believe in one president, and in the secretary of the treasury who sitteth on the lid from whence they shall come with plenty of money when the banks get hard up.

I believe that everything will always be all right.

They Feared Liberty

By CHARLES CRANE

Comrade Charles Crane of Salt Lake City presents some documentary proofs as to the way in which the much hallowed United States constitution was prepared, he having noted the lame criticism by the Milwaukee *Free Press* editor of Comrade Victor L. Berger's treatment of the subject of that musty document. He says:

"I send you a little history of this document, which so many people have made a very fetich of, and of which people have never read the history nor the history of the men who wrote it. With a few exceptions, there was not an individual composing that convention who had any confidence in the people, and the very aim and purpose of its members was to so frame it that the common people (you and I) should have no interest in it, but become merely the burden bearers of our richer and parasitical neighbors, and I am frank to acknowledge that they very nearly succeeded.

"I have before me "The Documentary History of the Constitu-

tion" and open it at random on page 279, Vol. III. Gov. Morris objected to that scale of apportionment. He thought property ought to be taken into consideration. Life and liberty were generally said to be of more value than property. An accurate view of the matter would prove that property was the main object of society. The savage state was more favorable to liberty than the civilized; and sufficiently so to life.

"Mr. Rutlige: The gentleman last up had spoken his sentiments precisely. Property was 'certainly the principal object of society.'

"Mr. Butler contended strenuously that property was the only just measure of representation.

"Gov. Morris said his creed was that 'there never was and never will be civilized society without an aristocracy.'

"Now listen to 'Good old Dr. Franklin.' Page 56, Vol. III: 'The negative of the governor was constantly made use of to extort money. No good law whatever could be passed without a private bargain

with him. An increase of his salary, or some donation, was always made a condition; till at last it became a regular practice to have orders on the treasury in his favor presented along with the bills he signed, so that he might receive the former before he signed the latter.

"Mr. Sherman thought 'a popular ratification unnecessary.'

"Mr. Gerry: 'Our danger arises from the opposite extreme; hence in Massachusetts the worst men get into the legislature. Several members of that body have lately been convicted of infamous crimes.'

"Mr. Dickerson had two reasons for his motion: Because the sense of the states would be better collected through their governments than immediately from the people at large; because he wished the senate to consist of the most distinguished characters, distinguished for their rank in life and their weight of property, and bearing as strong a likeness to the British House of Lords as possible.

"Listen to Comrade Rutlige: 'An election by the legislature would be more refined than an election immediately by the people.'

"Comrade Hamilton, whom so many of our Republican friends ko-tow to, thus airs his opinion, and this same opinion has clung to many of them to this day (page 145, Vol. III): In his private opinion he had no scruples in declaring that the British government was the best in the world, and he doubted if anything short of it would do in America. 'The members most tenacious of republicanism,' he observed, 'were as loud as any in declaiming against the vices of democracy. Give all power to the many, they will oppress the few. Let one branch of the legislature hold its place for life or at least dur-

ing good behavior. Let the executive also be for life.'

"I might fill up an ordinary newspaper with quotations from the speeches of the makers of the constitution, whom so many people seem to think were under 'divine guidance' when this document was written, and which has so many times been amended, and which ought to be laid on the shelf in the patent office in Washington, where curious people might see and bow down to it in reverence because *it is old*. Let the writer of the *Free Press* compare this old, obsolete constitution with the constitution of the state of Oklahoma, an instrument so far in advance of our so much revered constitution as he is in advance of his father, who perhaps planted and plowed with a crooked stick and went bare-footed. There is one man among those who worked on the constitution who stands out from the others as mountain tops above the valleys, and that man should, and in years to come his loyalty will, be recognized wherever liberty has been won. Mr. Wilson of Pennsylvania said: 'If we are to establish a national government, that government ought to flow from the people at large. If one branch of it should be chosen by the legislatures and the other by the people, the two branches will rest on different foundations, and dissensions will naturally arise between them. He wished 'the SENATE TO BE ELECTED BY THE PEOPLE, as well as the other branch, and the people might be divided into proper districts for the purpose.' This man was 'of the people' and his name and fame should go thundering down the ages to the last syllable of recorded time.

"The *Free Press* editor has never

read the history of the constitution, or he would confess there was never a worse lot of old aristocrats

gathered together than those who 'patched up' the constitution."

Graft in the Army

By HENRY ANIELEWSKI

I SERVED four years in light artillery service in Russia, where I became chief trainer for six batteries, and during my service I acquired a good knowledge of horses. A recruiting office in New York took me in gladly because I had that experience, and I was immediately sent to Tampa, Fla., to serve in the Spanish-American war. A few days after my arrival in camp, we were told to go down to Tampa and select our horses in the government corral. These horses were supplied at \$160 each by contractors.

I was surprised that this section, where we were let in, contained about 400 horses. I was unable to find a single good, sound and healthy team of horses among such a large number. Having had the artilleryman's experience in Russia, I could easily see how the lame, diseased and blind horses were sold to the United States government by "*patriotic*" contractors at the high price of \$160. And after two hours chasing, I found one horse that was good, but was unable to find another sound horse. I was compelled to take a sick horse which was never any good during the Spanish-American war, in spite of the best care I could give.

Commanded by H. A. Reed, the battery was organized near Vibor City, Fla., eleven miles northeast of Tampa, Fla. The battery consisted

of 200 men, who were fed on salt pork. When I asked the Commissary Sergeant why the battery was fed on this instead of fresh food, which was plentiful all around, the explanation given to me was that we were at war, and therefore must use the Commissary provision. I called his attention to the fact that Florida to my knowledge belonged to the United States and the war was down in Cuba, not in the United States. I insisted that he should see to it that fresh, healthy food was supplied. This could be had from the farmers at reduced prices. But for some mysterious reason we were fed on this salted pork for five weeks, until we left for Porto Rico.

We landed in the city of Ponce in the Carribean sea, Island of Porto Rico, during the hot season, and after four days' lying in the port were sent to an abandoned sugar farm. We made our camp on the burying ground. Here again we were fed on embalmed beef, called "primrose beef." And even that was given in insufficient quantities.

Besides this embalmed beef we were supplied with what they called "hard tack," which was full of white worms, as thick as a match and half an inch long.

Two weeks after our landing the Sergeant of the Day reported to our captain that there were only forty-five men fit for duty. This fright-

ened the captain, and he wanted to know what happened to all the rest of our men. The Sergeant's answer was that a few of them, about fifteen, were in the guard house. Where were the rest? The rest of our men were lying seriously ill in our military hospitals in the city of Ponce, most of them with typhoid fever. I remember when we put 7 or 8 men into one ambulance, half at the bottom of the wagon and the other half on the upper shelf. I helped put them in. The men were almost unconscious. Two such loads were sent to the hospital daily, one in the forenoon and one in the afternoon.

The captain immediately gave orders to our battery physician, Dr. Hogan, to investigate the matter. Myself and two other soldiers went along with the doctor to see the results of his investigations. Sleeping on the burying ground, with the rainy season coming on, was the chief cause of our terrible sickness. But Dr. Hogan decided that the main cause was the unhealthy primrose beef which caused typhoid and other kinds of fever.

In the tent next to mine was a

young Irishman, named Connly. He was lying helpless in his tent, stricken with the fever. But in spite of my demands Stuart refused to take Connly to the hospital tent.

One day I came to my tent, and I saw Connly lying like a dead man with his mouth open and full of ugly flies. I thought that the man was dead, but I succeeded in bringing him back to consciousness and I called Hospital Dr. Stuart's attention once more to the necessity of taking care of him. But Stuart told me to mind my own business. The next night at 11:30 we carried Connly to the hospital tent. The little noise we made with him brought Stuart, who was stopping in the next tent. Stuart called me down, telling me that I had to carry this man Connly right back again, which I was not willing to do. I told him that if anybody carried this man out of the hospital tent it would be Stuart.

The next morning Dr. Hogan gave order to take good care of Connly and four days later he was sent to the military hospital. There he died the following week.

The Socialist Candidate

• By INDEX

Eugene V. Debs was born in Terre Haute, Ind., in the autumn of 1855. Fifteen years later he began his work as a railway employe in the old Vandalia car shops. From this he attained a position as fireman on a freight engine, and as time rolled on, became so earnest in the life of the railway workers

that he was forced ahead by his men in their official councils. He became active in the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and when he was twenty-two years old that organization made him editor of its magazine. His ability and his vitality was so generally recognized that all manner of brotherhood

work was placed upon his willing shoulders.

Later on he was made general secretary and treasurer of the organization, which grew rapidly from infancy to national proportions. In this position he was custodian of literally millions of dollars of organization funds.

In 1892 Mr. Debs founded the American Railway Union, which sought to embrace within its membership all railway workers from section men to engineer and conductor. Under his guiding hand it speedily reached colossal proportions. This young giant waged its first battle with the Great Northern railway and the road was successfully tied up from the sluggish waters of the Mississippi river to the breaking waves of the Pacific coast. The company was forced to accede to the demands of the men and to restore wages of all employes amounting in the aggregate to many thousands of dollars per month.

Following the Great Northern strike came the big Pullman strike. The stature of this labor giant was now comprehended by the general managers. And when the big union gave it out that no more Pullman cars would be handled throughout the country until that greedy organization made proper settlement with its men, and also until other grievances which railroad men had suffered under were adjusted, a battle royal was begun. And yet hardly a battle royal, for the moment the managers thought that they would lose the battle, they used their influence with the government to draw the power of the United States into the contest. Within two days of the beginning of the strike scarcely a car of any description was moving between the Mississippi

valley and the Pacific ocean. Within a short time the commerce of the nation had felt the power of the organization and was practically paralyzed. The United States courts were wheeled into line by the general managers and Mr. Debs' brilliant talents were literally bound and gagged by injunctions. This meant just what it would mean if the general in the battlefield was deprived of the right to speak and write. Of course the injunction had to be disobeyed, and Mr. Debs' brilliant talents were soon behind prison bars. This and the mob spirit provoked by President Cleveland sending United States troops to Chicago, turned the scales against the strikers.

In 1892 Mr. Debs resigned his position in the firemen's brotherhood. He was receiving \$4,000 per year. And the convention of over 400 delegates, by unanimous vote, refused to accept the resignation and offered any salary he might name. Finding his mind unalterably made up, the convention offered him \$2,000 to go to Europe and recuperate his somewhat broken health. But this he declined.

Mr. Debs became an avowed Socialist with the new year of 1897. He issued a proclamation from the jail in which the injunction judges had incarcerated him, in which he reviewed the economic conditions and the situation of the labor unions. He declared that the issue from then on must be Socialism vs. capitalism. When the American Railway union met in national convention at Chicago in June of that year, it merged itself into a political organization to be known as the Social-Democracy of America. This was largely brought about by the work of Wisconsin Socialists. Mr. Debs was made chairman of the

national executive board, and the organization at once made rapid progress all over the country. A year later the name of the party was changed to the Social-Democratic party, and Mr. Debs continued on the national board.

In 1901 the party name was again changed to the Socialist party, although the organization in some states, for legal reasons was permitted to retain the old name.

Since becoming a Socialist Mr. Debs has forged to the front as one of the most remarkable platform orators in the United States. He

has spoken in every state in the union, and is much in demand by Chautauqua meetings. He has never been able to meet all the calls made upon him, simply because there are only 365 days in a year. His splendid agitational abilities and his wonderful powers as a campaigner have made him the logical presidential candidate of the Social-Democrats, and it is expected this year that he will more than repeat his wonderful record of four years ago, when on many occasions he drew larger audiences than the candidates of the capitalist parties.

Shots at Capitalism

By FREDERIC HEATH

The mayor of Milwaukee went to the Saengerfest at Indianapolis and told the singers that if they would come to Milwaukee they could name the conditions. They demanded to know if the new Auditorium would be built by union labor. The mayor said he would promise it. And all the time he knew only too well that the Auditorium board in Milwaukee had disregarded public opinion and given the contract to an employer of "scabs," and who was already under the suspicion of having put poor material into the walls. But the mayor of Milwaukee always has his nerve with him.

When he returned to Milwaukee the old fox wrote a beseeching letter to the Musicians' Union, asking the union to furnish free music for the cornerstone exercises of the Auditorium. In other words, he

asked union musicians to play free union music over a non-union job! The Musicians' Union held a lively meeting, and some pretty plain speeches were made. Then a letter was sent telling the mayor that the Musicians did not propose to go back on the labor movement. And they might have said more, for only a few days before the Rose Marching club had left for the National Democratic convention at Denver with a non-union band. So it goes, as we Milwaukeeans say.

"Labor is already sufficiently recognized, and the threats of what it will do on election day amount to nothing. Labor has never accomplished any definite results at the polls, and its covert threats should not be seriously considered."

So said the kindly Pres. Van Cleave of the American Manufac-

turers' Association before the Republican national convention platform committee. And what he said went. He was there among his kind, talking as a Republican, as Republicanism stands today. The men who came there from organized labor, and who crooked their knees beseeching the capitalists to put uncaptalistic labor planks in the platform, were outsiders and were listened to as such. The Republican bosses smiled in their sleeves, for they were all well minded of just what the burly Van Cleave said, that the Republican party has always had labor votes enough to get into official clover and doesn't have to worry. They knew Mr. Gompers' threats of what labor would do at the ballot-box will remain impotent threats as long as Mr. Gompers' policies rule organized labor.

The Socialists certainly did things in the Belgian election. Seven new members of parliament were added to the number already at work there, an increase in parliamentary strength of 19 per cent. No seats were lost. There was a heavy increase in the Socialist vote generally. Following are the names of five of the seven new members: Emile Royer of Tournai-Ath, Paul Jastur of Charleroi. Samuel Donnay of Liege, Joseph Wauters of Huy-Waremme, J. Lampens of Ghent.

Some facts are already known about the vote of our party. At Mons the Socialists received 49,345 votes, against 39,692 in 1904; at Liege, 79,000 votes, against 64,000 in 1904; at Charleroi the Socialist vote was 84,110, against 73,075 in 1904. According to the returns received on this side of the water the Belgian parliament now stands

86 Clericals, 41 Liberals, 37 Social-Democrats and one Christian Democrat.

The Socialists are black, the Socialists are white—if you believe the capitalist press.

The Socialists are good, the Socialists are bad—if you believe the capitalist press.

The Socialists are dreamers, and yet again self-seeking schemers—if you believe the capitalist press.

The Socialists are idealists and at the same time they are materialists—if you believe the capitalist press.

The Socialists want more government, the Socialists are enemies of government—if you believe the capitalist press.

The Socialists are too moral, the Socialists are too immoral—if you believe the capitalist press.

The fact is, you cannot take the capitalist press' word for anything, so the best way is to investigate for yourself.

A little Milwaukee boy has just been given a verdict for ten thousand dollars for the loss of an arm on the railroad track. Perhaps this is due to the fact that Social-Democracy has civilized the city. In New Jersey recently a court awarded two dollars as the value of a child that had been killed by the cars.

Pres. Fallieres of France wore long panties at King Eddie's state dinner, when he ought to have worn knee panties like the other royal plugs, and everybody was very much shocked about it—that is, everybody that amounted to anything, and, of course, that counts out all the common, untitled trash

and scum of the earth. Oh, it was just orful, don'tcher know! Old Fallieres ought to have been ashamed of hisself. This nation fought with England to escape from titled ways and to prevent any royal empties lording it over us and our democratic instincts, and yet did not our American ambassador, Whitelaw Reid, put on knee panties to please King Eddie? Others could, too. Old Fallieres ought to go shoot himself for very shame!

Strange, isn't it, that if a man works for wages he is considered to be played out at fifty, while, if he happens to get on the supreme court bench, he is wisdom itself at seventy-five and eighty? Our supreme bench is for us what the throne is for European nations. So long as the monarch (legal monarch or political monarch) can sit upon it he is the embodiment of all that is wise in intellect.

This is about the limit: Bourke Cockran declares that "the slightest examination of the Socialist program shows that it is built upon the same profound distrust of humanity that has always been the explanation and excuse of despotism." Socialist distrust of humanity—really that is about as impossible a contention as could be well manufactured.

Says the Rev. John D. Long, of the Parkside Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn: "What an amazingly brave, loyal, intense personality he is! If the white-hot flame of his soul were not divine it would consume him. And his great heart conquers all. . . When Debs' hands close on your own and his warm, magnetic eyes meet yours affectionately, and his rich, firm voice

speaks your name with loving warmth and cheer, there is nothing left for you but to surrender wholly without terms. Doubtless he is by far the best loved man in the Socialist and labor movement of America."

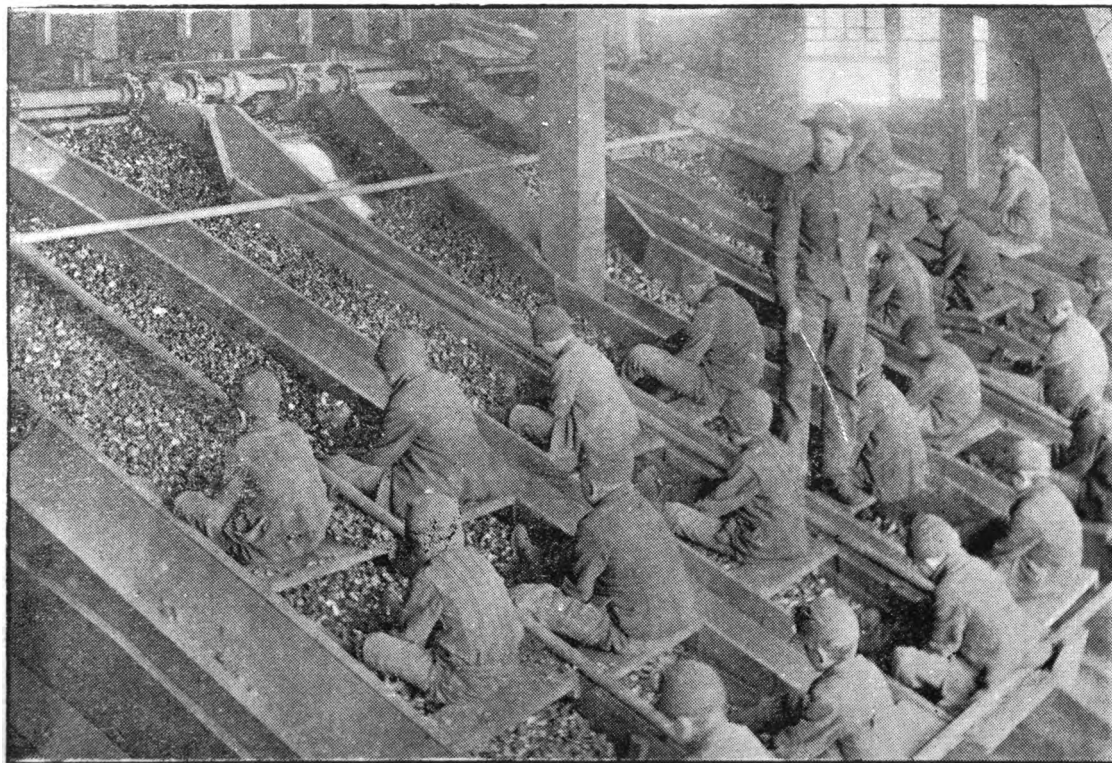
The latest bad news for capitalism comes from Nova Scotia, where it has been decided by labor to launch a Labor party on English lines; that is, labor and Socialism combined for the purpose of parliamentary conquests. This did big things in England, and will probably do big things for the Nova Scotia toilers.

At the recent annual conference of the Irish trade unions at Belfast a resolution was introduced and carried by a large majority declaring that the time had arrived for the Irish trade unions to join the Labor party, for the purpose of establishing in Ireland an independent political labor movement.

The Social-Democrats won several new seats in Brabant, in the Belgian provincial elections. The Clericals just about held their own. Slowly, but surely, Socialism is camping on the trail of the profligate Belgian king and preparing a deliverance for his people.

The national Republican convention voted 880 against making campaign contributions public. There's a reason! Only 94 men in the entire convention voted for the measure.

"Socialism is a beautiful theory," says the anti, "but I am afraid it will not work." Nonsense, he is afraid it *will* work. That's why he is worrying.



BREAKER BOYS AT WORK IN ANTHRACITE COAL MINES OF PENNSYLVANIA