

The Vanguard

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The Month's Story

**Printers
Not For
Bryan**

What's this? What's this! Organized labor is getting rebellious against the clique? Has a mind of its own? Refuses to let Boss Gompers deliver the goods?

Even so. As we go to press the news comes that the International Typographical Union resisted the attempt to lead it by the nose into the Bryan camp. And this notwithstanding the special efforts of Gompers, who sent a personal letter to every delegate, asking him to endorse Bryan.

Resolutions were accordingly introduced in the I. T. U. convention endorsing that famous acrobatic politician who comes so near accomplishing the mighty feat of standing on both sides of the class-struggle fence. Then the fun began.

First some simple-minded pure-and-simpler tried to hold that political discussions were out of order in the meetings of the union. Considering how many years this notion had been pumped into him by the leaders of organized labor, the poor fellow could not be blamed for sticking to it after his leaders had faced about. But he soon discovered that "we have changed all that." President Lynch decided that political discussion is in order, provided, of course, that the discussion is all on one side.

Brother Berger of Milwaukee tried to speak on the other side and was promptly shut off. Not, however, before he had made a crisp little speech for the Socialist party and a summons to the printers to cast their votes for Eugene V. Debs.

This suggestion appears to have fallen like a bomb in the Bryan camp. Finally President Lynch came to the rescue of the Bryan resolution with a request that it be withdrawn, on the plea—so say the press reports—that it might be defeated and the union thus put on record as having "thrown down Bryan."

Here ends the first round with a knock-out both for the Bryanites and the pure-and-simplers.

For the great International Typographical Union has made a precedent. It has gone on record for political discussion. This is a gigantic stride forward in the history of the labor movement.

The knell of pure-and-simpledom has tolled. That folly is at last interred. The natural evolution of the union movement is carrying it into politics. Its first essays in the political lists are absurdly timid—it tries to hang on to the skirts of one of the old capitalitic parties. A

little experience—bitter but wholesome—will teach it a trick worth two of that. Workingmen will soon find that they must have a party of their own. Then the second lesson will logically follow—that this must be the Socialist party.

We are on the right road, brothers and comrades! All that we need is just to keep on going!

* * *

The Toy of Politics

One of the stock objections to Socialism is that the socializing of industries will take them into politics. Our enemies claim that the Socialist system, by making the working people employees of government, will compel them to support the party in control of government, and will put all industries on a political basis.

The truth is, this has already been done with all our big industries. The corporations are all in politics. Every employe of Standard Oil is taxed for the corruption fund. Involuntarily he contributes his labor for legislative, congressional and judicial bribes. But the queerest case of politics managing industry occurred a few weeks ago. It is so whimsical and at the same time so suggestive that it is well worth some consideration.

The managers of an Eastern railroad system, being Taft men, wanted to create an appearance of prosperity in order to further the chances of their candidate. Accordingly, they ordered a large increase in the number of their employes. This, it was felt, would be a convincing argument for prosperity.

All this was nothing new. But it happened that the president of the road is a Democrat, and takes no interest in prosperity-making. Having been ordered to examine the needs of the road and the advisability of taking on more employes, he reported that the working force of the road was already much in excess of its requirements. He recommended instead that a large number of men should be laid off.

The Republican directors were furious at this result. The Democratic president stood his ground. The poor workmen, whose means of livelihood were thus tossed to and fro like a shuttle-cock between the Taft and Bryan men, had no part in the controversy.

Here we have a most curious instance of the influence of party politics on our big industries, *without any Socialism*.

The question is not whether the optimistic directors or the pessimistic president was telling the truth, or whether they were both lying. The point for us is that we have reached a stage where the employment of large masses of workingmen has become a mere plaything in the game of rival candidates. And, moreover, for such a trifle as the election of this man or that, a whole nation may be subjected to an artificial crisis or the equally great danger of an artificial prosperity.

The whole truth is that our industries have grown to such enormous dimensions that they can no longer be kept out of politics. Nor can politics be kept out of our industries.

The only question is, shall their political connection and control remain in the hands of the individual capitalists, using industry to corrupt politics and politics to concentrate industry still more completely in their own hands?

Or shall they be put under the democratic control of the people, directing their own industries for their own advantage and administering them through their chosen representatives?

Is it to be democracy or autocracy in our industrial management?

It must be one of the two!

Which will you choose?

* * *

Same What chance for life would a patient have if his doctors
Old insisted on treating him for the gout when they knew he
 had the White Plague?

Clap-Trap What show has our body politic and economic when the
 "experts" (?), whom we have elected to care for us,
persist in falsifying the diagnosis of our present maladies and pre-
scribing remedies which they know cannot cure?

Such are the men who pretend to believe that the existing lack of employment might be entirely ended if only the unemployed would "go out and work on farms."

Said Mayor Rose of Milwaukee at the recent Prosperity Congress:

"The trouble with the labor question is that there are too many professional laboring men, agitators who are constantly trying to arraign labor against capital, and who are spreading anarchy abroad in the land.

"When I first heard that 10,000 unemployed in New York were coming to our congress to demand labor, I felt like sending them an invitation to come out and work for our farmers, who are all busy."

Yet the sly and slippery mayor well knows that in his own home state of Wisconsin this is no cure. The superintendent of the Employment Agency in Milwaukee recently reported that this summer he is receiving *no calls for farm laborers*. The farmers have no need to ask for help. Plenty of applicants come to the farms to offer themselves—more than can possibly be hired. And the unsuccessful applicants are—tramps in the making.

And this in the agricultural state of Wisconsin.

Just as I am writing this, a market gardener living midway between Milwaukee and Chicago visits our office and reports the same conditions. *Not a day passes*, he assures us, that unemployed men do not come to the garden looking for work.

These are the facts. Everybody knows them who has made even the most superficial examination of our present economic disease.

Where is your invention, Mr. Capitalist Politician? Have you no better lie to offer us than this old, worn-out, antediluvian "farm-work" humbug? What do you draw your salary for, if not to cover up the evils of the system with some *decent* excuse?

Now get busy!

A Tale of Two States

It happened in America, the land of "equal opportunities." The tragedy began in a Republican state, under Republican alleged "prosperity." It ended in a state which has always been controlled by the Democratic party—that party which some fool workingmen want to put in power because Sam Gompers says it is the friend of labor.

It is only the story of a common workingman, almost a boy, who tramped the streets of Milwaukee looking for work. Now, we all know, for we have been informed by every Republican paper since last December, that the "hard times are over," that prosperity is again in full swing, and that there is now plenty of work for everybody. Somehow John Kublik could not find it. And we all know that nobody in America needs to starve. But John came perilously near it.

And, mind you, John was no common laborer who couldn't find employment because he did not know a trade. He was a skilled workman—a molder. And, oddly enough in this land where the "fittest" are supposed to survive, it is upon skilled labor that the hard times are laying the heaviest hand.

At last John decided to leave this prosperous state of Wisconsin. With another Milwaukee boy he made his way to Texas, where they had heard there was plenty of work.

Naturally, they did not travel in Pullmans. By the way, even in capitalist countries where the railways are governmentally owned, workingmen are allowed to travel at very cheap rates. This and other advantages of government-owned railways induced Mr. Bryan, when he first returned from his foreign tour, to eloquently advocate the government ownership of railways. The Democratic capitalists soon induced him to eloquently back down. The railway czars must make their profits. Therefore young Kublik and his mate entered Texas after the usual fashion of American workingmen on their travels.

They were promptly arrested and convicted of stealing a ride from the railway. They were sentenced to three months at hard labor in the county prison.

Now, under our present profit system, which workingmen vote to perpetuate, even prisoners are made objects of profit. The men in this Texas prison must have been very profitable indeed. Their working hours were from sunrise to sunset, or as long as there was light enough to see, that is, in a southern climate, from three o'clock in the morning till eight o'clock at night. Sometimes they labored in the cotton-fields, sometimes they were employed in chopping wood and sometimes in the blacksmith shop. They were flogged almost daily—horse-whipped till great welts were raised on their bodies and blood streamed from their backs.

Here ended the last act of this American tragedy. Poor Kublik soon fell sick from exhaustion and the scant prison fare of corn and potatoes. But he was not sent to the hospital, nor even allowed to rest. His fiendish task-masters stood over him with whips and compelled him to toil on. His entreaties for a respite were answered with the lash. On the day he died he was compelled to do the heavy work in the

blacksmith's shop. *His last horse-whipping was given him half an hour before he died.*

When he finally dropped where he stood, a shallow grave was scooped in the prison yard. The tortured body was laid in the hole without a coffin or even a box, and the clods were shovelled in upon this murdered victim of the profit system.

Such is the brief story as told without comment by the capitalist press.

And your blood has not boiled as you read this tragedy of an American workingman? And your heart has not melted, American citizen? And you have not registered a solemn oath that never again will you give your vote to either of the old parties to perpetuate the horrible capitalist system which in a thousand forms grinds, tortures and martyrs the working class?

Good God! then what kind of a man are you?

* * *

Off With the Veils

Whatever may be the final outcome of the present struggle in Turkey, we must rejoice that even for a time the Turkish women—the most oppressed of all their sex—were allowed to throw off their veils and were greeted not with insults but with cheers. These slaves of the harem must have experienced a keen new delight in breathing the air without a strainer and facing the world like human beings.

Just what "Young Turkey" is driving at and what sort of a revolution it wants, is difficult to say, as it hitherto has been only a secret organization. But a movement which begins with freeing the women certainly shows a considerable degree of enlightenment and must commend itself to true radicals everywhere.

A student of history once said that every nation's degree of progress can be judged by the conditions it offers to women. The same is equally true of every movement.

Judged by this standard (as by every standard) the Socialist movement is infinitely in advance of every other, moral, religious or political, which the world has ever known. For it engages to free woman from *all* her chains, political, social and economic. It is the only *complete* deliverer which has ever arisen in her defence.

We are glad if the Turkish woman has emerged from her sex-slavery and the veil which was its symbol. But we long for the time when her American sister shall escape from the far more subtle bondage that enwraps her. We long for the time when she will be economically free. We yearn for the day when she will not only get the same reward for the same amount of work as is given to a man, but when she will receive the *full* product of her labor. We sigh for the era when she will no longer be the slave of a slave, nor the parasite of a parasite, but the free working woman beside the free workingman.

The disinherited must come into their heritage together.

Till that happy time, women will continue to look on the world as through a veil, darkly. When there is so much oppression, there will be some degree of ignorance. And the human race will suffer intellectually, physically and morally from the fact that it is born of an enslaved sex.

Pensions for Soldiers of the Common Weal

By VICTOR L. BERGER

"The Social-Democratic proposition that at the age of 60 years every man shall be entitled to a pension provided he never received an income beyond a specified amount per year does not arouse the chorus of universal approbation which was probably anticipated by its author. Probably its author was a benevolent visionary, eager that his fellow men should have the prospect of ease and luxury, and never considering very closely the practical question of who would foot the bills.

"There is more than one point of view from which this civil pension proposition seems vicious. A fundamental objection to it is that it would tend to paralyze industry and enterprise. A man with his hope fixed on a pension not to be paid if he raised himself into the ranks of the moderately prosperous would hardly feel like combating indolence too hard, for fear of injuring his prospects. There are too many lazy people in the world now. This would make more.

"Why is it that there should be a proposition to pension elderly men, and none to pension elderly women? Many a woman who has worked hard all her life, either for relatives or for employers paying her wages pitifully small compared with what the same quality and quantity of service would command from a man, finds herself in advanced age without the means of independent support. Would not society do better to pension women for working than to pension men for holding back and not working as hard as they might?

"After all, however, a fundamental question is, how would the great sums required for old-age pensions be raised? Of course, they would have to be raised by taxation, and by reason of grinding taxation, some people possessed of little property would find themselves unable to hold it. A system which would encourage indolence and make paupers by overburdening small property owners is surely not to be welcomed with open arms by American workingmen."—*Evening Wisconsin* (Mil.), July 20.

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WELL, I happen to be the "benevolent visionary eager that his fellow men should have the prospect of ease and luxury"—if an income of \$12 a month will put any man into "*ease and luxury*"—and I am sure the editor of the *Evening Wisconsin* would require a little more than \$12 a month in order to live in ease and luxury.

Our friend of the *Evening Wisconsin* is also mistaken when he thinks that our plan does not include women.

Our plank reads as follows:

"To enact a law granting every wage-worker over 60 years of age, who has earned less than \$1,000 a year and has been a citizen of the United States for sixteen years, a pension of not less than \$12 a month for the rest of his or her life."

The term *wage-worker* means a woman as well as a man. It denotes any person working for wages, whether a clerk, stenographer, hired girl or washer-woman, or a railroad engineer, typesetter or bookkeeper. We agree with the *Evening Wisconsin* absolutely on the woman question, or rather we *disagree* with him absolutely, because the *Evening Wisconsin* does not want to pension the women either.

* * *

The *fundamental question* as to "who is to foot the bills?" is a question which is easily answered. Why, of course, the workmen will foot the bill. They are raising so many thousand millions every year for the capitalists, for the officials, for the army and navy and for the innumerable other things. They ought to be able to get back at least a little share of all that for themselves as an old-age pension.

Under our plan there will be not quite a million men and women receiving a pension of \$144 a year. That would amount to about \$144,000,000 a year—a mere bagatelle for Uncle Sam, who was spending \$101,671,881 for the army in 1907, and \$97,606,595 for the navy, not figuring the new battleships.

Besides, the United States pays a pension to 967,371 persons now, to the veterans of the Civil War and their dependents. In 1907 it was \$138,030,894.22. There are still 558 pensioners of the war of 1812, and even three daughters of the Revolution of 1776.

* * *

Other countries have been paying old-age pensions to the workmen for a long time. Germany enacted a sick benefit law in 1883, and an old-age pension law in 1889. A pension is drawn after five years of payment by all when reaching 70 years, and at any age if disabled from earning one-third of the previous wages.

The dues for these insurances are paid partly by the insured (man or woman) wage-worker, partly by the employer and partly by the state. The employer is held responsible for the payment. By law he must pay one-half and often agrees to pay all without deduction from wages. For accident insurance he must pay all of it any way, under the law. Dues are paid in stamps sold at post-offices and pasted on each worker's pass book. By the three kinds of insurances—sick benefit, accident and old-age pension—every wage-worker in the country earning not over \$467 a year is insured—a total of over 14,000,000 persons.

* * *

Austria established compulsory insurance for sickness and accident in 1888, and in 1898 a plan for old-age pensions. France has had compulsory accident insurance for miners since 1894, dues being paid one-half by the employers and one-half by employees. The gov-

ernment is now working on a bill to give an old-age pension to every working man and working woman in France. A bill of the same type is now pending in the English Parliament and on the *very day* when the article of the *Evening Wisconsin* was written the bill passed the House of Lords with a majority of 123 to 16—because both of the old English parties had agreed to it—both admitting that they were afraid of the English Socialists who had made such terrific gains at the last general election.

And if we elected some Social-Democrats to Congress in this country, you would see how quickly the old parties would try to get things for us!

* * *

Denmark, Switzerland, Sweden and Norway are all now considering various forms of compulsory accident insurance and old-age pensions.

New Zealand, since 1899, has paid \$87.59 to every person, man or woman, past 65 years of age, who has kept sober for the preceding five years, and who has lived twenty-five years in the colony, and whose income from other sources is less than \$260. New South Wales started a similar pension fund in 1900, paying \$2.43 per week to every person over 65. Why not also in America?

Marcus A. Hanna, the *brightest* statesman of the *capitalist* class, forced an old-age pension plank into the Republican national platform of 1900. But the plank was quietly dropped by the blockheads who succeeded Mark Hanna in the leadership of the Republican party. They much prefer to make *deals* with Tammany and the Democrats of the Bryan type—to the enactment of any measures which *may mean something in the end*.

* * *

It is ridiculous to claim that such a system would encourage idleness and make paupers of the workers. The average wage of the American workmen is less than \$450 a year—his earning ability begins to decline with the age of 45—some railroads set even a lower limit—and, as a rule, the capacity for earning a livelihood ceases at the age of 60.

How is a man, especially if he has a large family—and workmen usually serve their country also by bringing up a family—to save a competence for his old age out of an average wage of \$450 per annum? It is the present capitalist system that is making paupers.

Besides, we have to take care of our old disabled workmen any way—either through charity or the poorhouse, both which are degrading and costly—or by means of an honorable pension, which is the *cheapest* method in the end.

* * *

Furthermore, the life-work of the wage-earner in the factory, mine, railroad, steamship, etc., is far more dangerous than that of a soldier—and is infinitely more useful. There are more men killed and disabled in the mines and factories and the railroads every year than were killed and disabled during any year of the Civil War. (During the last fiscal year 122,855 were maimed and 11,839 killed on the railroads

alone.) Therefore, even from the standpoint of risk, the soldier of the common weal, who works and dies for the country—the workman—ought to be entitled to a pension fully as much as the soldier of the common woe, who *lives* and *bums* for his country.

Our English Comrades

By GEORGIA KOTSCH

"I will not talk book," said Comrade Jack Wood at Collins' hall, Los Angeles, Cal., Tuesday evening, "but will tell of men whom I know in the flesh, with whom I have worked and with whose children I have played."

Mrs. Mary Garbutt presided over the meeting, and for two hours Comrade Wood held his audience with vivid word-pictures and character sketches, based, except in the case of the Countess of Warwick, upon personal acquaintance, and having the life and reality which the personal touch alone can give.

He said: "It has been nineteen years since I first shook hands with these men and women, and mentally I have been shaking hands with them ever since. I will speak first of a character not well understood.

The Countess of Warwick.

"People ask me if she is sound, if she is clear upon economics. A little paper in Kansas called *Line-Up* belittled her in its ignorance because she has a title. I wrote to *Line-Up*, setting them right. I was bred in a chartist, non-conformist family and have always had a wholesale abhorrence for nobility, but I know she is honest and able, that she is valuable to the movement from an international standpoint, and she has a hearing

where you and I and *Line-Up* would not have a look-in. She is said to be the most beautiful woman in England, is of pure, untarnished character, and has been sitting at the feet of labor for years, so that now she knows what she is talking about. Her life was spent in wasted philanthropy with women who made a big noise doing nothing. In the city of Warwick she was guardian of the poor, but when she became converted to Socialism she gave that up and joined the Social-Democratic Federation and went to work to prevent the poor needing guardians. Her auto is painted red, and she speaks from the Plinth of Nelson's Column in Trafalgar square, to the unemployed, upon the platform with Quelch and Hyndman. A definite Socialist, she has a paid-up card and mixes with the rank and file. I do not know her personally, but I know the man who was instrumental in her conversion to Socialism,

"Robert Banner,

a bookbinder in Woodwich, a Scotch-Englishman, the man who twenty-seven and a half years ago took the chair at the first Socialist meeting held in England, when we knew no Hardie, Tom Mann or Bernard Shaw, and the man who spoke over the dead body of

Eleanor Marx as the oldest friend of the Marx family in England. I wish Americans were as well acquainted with English Socialist works as Banner is with American. In a letter to me, asking for a number of American Socialist books, he says, 'I am going to a Socialist picnic organized by Lady Warwick at one of her country houses, Easton Lodge, Essex, on Sunday. I shall remember you to her. I had fine fun with Winston Churchill at Lady Warwick's a short time ago. Bill Thorne said I did shut him up, but the windbag deserved all he got.'"

"The grand old man of English Socialism is

"H. M. Hyndman.

"He is an aristocrat, to the manner born, an Oxford man, wears a high hat, a frock coat and gloves. Had he stayed with his party he might have been Conservative chancellor of the exchequer years ago. For years he wrote the financial articles for the *London Times*. He has traveled in India, America and Australia and studied the condition of the colonies with Sir William Wedderburn, the greatest authority upon England's bleeding of India.

"In 1881 he organized the Social-Democratic Federation, and for thirty years, or since the influence of Marx and Engels was first felt in England, he has been true to the people. An ardent agitator, he was tried for sedition in 1886 for a speech in Trafalgar square. His translation of Marx into easy English is such that 'a wayfaring man, though a fool' can read it. But for the people who go to church he would have been in parliament. Like those who said Jesus was drunk at 8 in the morning, they put up posters at Burnley, 'A vote

for Fred Madison is a vote for Jesus; a vote for Hyndman is a vote for the devil.' He only lost by 400 votes, however, and he will be going in next time, for he is loved by the rank and file. No man in the house of commons can make so fine a speech. With the finished eloquence ascribed to Edmund Burke, he can treat of dry economics in perorations of the highest classic order and revolutionary in their utmost reach and meaning. His knowledge is formidable, his writings prolific and his voice will yet be heard in the house of commons.

"Robert Blatchford,

the versatile editor of *The Clarion* and author of *Merric England*, is the greatest man who ever wrote upon an English paper. Formerly he wrote for a sporting paper and could depict with equal grace a Crystal Palace rose show, a boat race or a Patti concert. Were he here he could write the most brilliant lies about the reception of the fleet. He was getting a salary of \$6,000 when it was discovered that there was too much Ruskin and Carlyle and tendency to Socialism in his writings, and his employer threatened to fire him. 'Fire away,' said Blatchford, and so winning a man is he that when he went his brother and two friends gave up their positions, too; and went with him.

Blatchford is of Irish-English-Italian extraction. In his youth he joined the army and became a crack shot. Later he was a clerk and rapid shorthand writer. He investigated the slums of Manchester, taking kodak pictures of the backyards and exhibiting them in halls until he made the preachers and bishops ashamed. The Bishop of Manchester said he was destroying the moral conscience of the people

and was moved to ask him what he would put in the place of the churches. 'That, my lord,' said Blatchford, 'is easy. In the place of the churches I would put the religion of Jesus.' Writing of Manchester, he said: 'I have put my mark upon you, city of slums and shoddy.'

"Blatchford's English is as keen as Swift's, with the elegance of Addison and the sweetness of Matthew Arnold. To acquire style he read Pilgrim's Progress, Robinson Crusoe, the Collects of the Church of England prayer book and the Hebrew prophets. He has shown me marks and annotations upon majestic passages in the Bible. Later he read the Oxford translations of Ovid and Aeschylus. Merrie England has been translated into fifteen languages and has sold three million copies. It reaches the heart and convinces the mind as it pictures the squalor of the slums and suggests the only remedy. A poet and short story writer, his story 'My Sister' is a literary gem. Beginning with the birth of a slum baby girl, she is next seen at the age of thirteen with a traveling theater, beaten by the manager. She runs away and, at seventeen, is sweetly singing on the streets—a Salvation Army captain. Then the acquaintance of a young swell, a boat on the Thames at the Henley regatta, and, last, on the Strand in Fleet street at midnight, a woman of unsteady voice seeking to sell her body. She falls, done to death by capitalism, upon the steps of Exeter hall, where the great foreign mission meetings are held. A man—a Socialist—puts his head over the shoulders of the crowd and says, 'My sister!' It has brought tears to thousands of eyes.

"Blatchford is the most influen-

tial Socialist in England. More things looking toward Socialism have evolved from his fertile brain. He has established what is called the Fourth Clause, which means no fusion. Through noticing a little match girl he formed the Cinderella clubs. In every district in the large cities the Socialist wives and daughters are organized and neglected children are gathered in, fed, bathed, amused and taught good manners. Three or four nights a week the Cinderella club rooms are centers of light and health. Blatchford's daughter, Winifred, looks after these clubs.

"There are Clarion Glee clubs, which take prizes for singing against all in England. The Socialists are the best singers in England. Clarion Fellowship groups, Clarion Swimming clubs, Clarion Field clubs, for spending half-holidays in out-door study of rocks and plants; Clarion Cycle corps, going about with transparencies having names of Socialist candidates in front of their wheels; Clarion scouts, who go on wheels from town to town, stopping in each to sing and make a Socialist speech.

"Blatchford never read Marx. His economics he got from Hyndman and his own common sense. Naturally sincere and full of insight, he has eyes that shine and pierce through one. I have sat in his den all night listening to him. 'Jack,' says he, 'if a man has not mother wit and goes to college the only difference it makes in him is that he talks his folly in seven languages instead of one.'

"The test of a man is his treatment of children, and a picture comes before me of Blatchford's heavy, thick-set body down on all-fours, his boy on his back taking a ride. And then a bit of his

poetry comes to me voicing the out-reaching of his sympathy beyond his own:

"Some sell their lives for bread,
Some sell their souls for gold,
Some seek the river bed,
Some seek the workhouse mould.
Such is proud England's sway,
Where wealth may work its will;
White flesh is cheap today—
White souls are cheaper still."

"A strange, great character, a man dear to me, is

"Tom Mann,

the moving spirit of the great Socialist center at Melbourne, Australia. He was born in Warwickshire fifty years ago, and at the age of nine, went to work in a mine where, with a chain around his little stomach, he pulled a car in a dark passage. He has been a Quaker, a Swedenborgian and a Church of England man, a trade unionist and co-operator. At twenty-four he went to London and worked in the shops and as an engineer, joining the Social-Democratic Federation in 1885. In the great dock strike of 1889, in which 150,000 men were involved, he was the leader. Like Wesley, he and Herbert Burrows, Annie Besant, Ben Tillett and dozens of others were at the dock gates holding meetings at 6 o'clock in the morning until the dockers were waked up and the whole shipping of the Thames shut up. While such men as Hugh Price Hughes stood by the side of mammon, it took the ascetic Catholic, Cardinal Manning, who died worth \$7.50, to stand by the side of Tom Mann and declare, 'It is not robbery for a hungry man to take bread.'

"A picture of nerve at the right juncture is that of Mann saving the situation and preserving the dig-

nity of the strike when the strike pay was served out. Thousands of men were there, careless and hungry. They wanted money, and there were thousands of dollars in that room. Sick of waiting, there was the possibility that some might break through, take the money and disgrace the dock strike. Tom told me of it with his own lips in my sitting room: 'I took charge myself. Taking off my coat and rolling up my sleeves, I planted myself in the door, my back against one side, one foot against the other, and each man had to go under my leg. 'Now, men, stand back; one at a time!' There I stayed hour after hour to save the moral aspect of the thing. Eight, 9, 10 o'clock and I felt the lining of my vest go—then, by G—, Jack, I felt my shirt go. But it was win or be beaten, and I felt my skin go and I was glued to the lintel with my blood." He was crucified for labor—a genius, a hero! The iron had entered his soul long before any one had heard of 'The People of the Abyss.' He gave life and backbone to Hardie's Independent Labor party, and to his work of years ago is due much of the success of labor in parliament. And he is still at work, an untiring fighter, a logical reasoner, an impassioned orator and a Socialist missionary all the time. In Melbourne he has a local with a thousand paying members, a co-operative store, a large trained choir, and he dedicates children to the cause at public meetings.

"At work in the mines at seven years, and without a day's schooling until he was twentyfour,

"Kier Hardie, M. P.

the leader of the Labor Party in the house of commons, is the greatest voice for labor and Socialism that England has produced in a

quarter of a century. He learned to write by tracing with a pin on a smoked stone. He has the moral force of a Bruno, a Spinoza, and convictions that earth and hell cannot turn aside. A statesman, diplomat, poet. Of his peculiar clothing, which is home-spun and home-made, he says, 'There are no children's sobs, no widows' tears in it and it is all paid for.' He puts his cap in his pocket when he goes into the house of commons. He does not ape the upper class. An instance of his force and fearlessness was when once he shouldered the red flag at Tower Hill and said, 'Men, there are thousands of you with nothing to eat. If you were mules there would be a great outcry. We'll go to the house of commons and see what they will do about it.' And the unemployed marched through the heart of London and the police dared not interfere. When the house of commons voted congratulations to the princess upon the birth of a baby he moved the adjournment of the house for its folly, and letters from the antipodes came to him saying, 'You are a man!' Never has he voted with the enemy, but always as labor thinks is right.

"America must rise to an appreciation of

"William Morris.

"His teaching and tone are yet to be absorbed in this country. He was poet, painter, craftsman and master of half a dozen trades—a viking, yet a dreamer. His books, printed at Kelmscott press upon vellum and valued at \$3,500, show what art can do when work is not done for profit. People should work at what they like and it will not weary them, was his idea. His poem, 'Jason,' is classic. His books are 'Art and Socialism,' 'Signs of

Change,' and 'The Dream of John Ball,' 'The Mad Priest of Kent,' who led the peasants' revolt which ended serfdom in England and for which the martyr priest was hung, drawn and quartered. I saw Morris in his unconventional serge suit and wide-awake hat lead the unemployed from Fullen workhouse in quest of work from the municipal authorities. He always worked hand in hand with the Socialists and was most helpful in his poetry. As crass a materialist as Marx, he expressed his love of human life and its sacredness:

"Oh, why, and for what, are we waiting,

While our brothers droop and die,
And on every wind of heaven,
A wasted life goes by?

It is we must answer and hasten

And open wide the door,
For the rich man's hurrying terror,
And the slow-foot hope of the poor.'

"The ministerial father of

"Katherine St. John Conway

thought she was ruined when she became a Socialist, and he turned her out of the house. She was about to commit suicide in the river, but she met Bruce Glasier, they were married, she went to Girton college, got her B. A. and became one of the most forceful speakers in London. In her book, "Husband and Brother," she hazards fearful ideals—that woman has a right to her own freedom—political, industrial, economic and sexual. She wrote what was in her. Her name and character are dear to us.

"Pete Curran, M. P.,

is forty-eight years of age, of Scotch-Irish descent, and was born at Glasgow. He worked in a shop at eleven, is organizer of the gas workers, a thorough-going trade-

unionist, red-flag man and rank Socialist. He puts up an able speech, has strong sense, a strong body and hosts of friends. Like his president, Will Thorne, he is affable, loved, and cements forces.

"Will Thorne, M. P.

is sick from an accident now, but bright and jovial as is his wont. He also went to work as a child—at seven years. Now he is fifty, tall, strong and lithesome. Birmingham was his birthplace. In 1889 he organized the 'Gas Workers' and General Laborers' Union.' Lately he had the honor and the courage to move the adjournment of the house of commons when it turned down the workers. All his leading officers are Socialists, as well as the majority of the members of the union—'The Fighting Gas Workers'—a militant union. Eleanor Marx was greatly inter-

ested in them and helped them with pen and voice."

Comrade Wood closed his eloquent and intensively interesting address with a short sketch of one of the ablest economists in England, the veteran editor of *London Justice*,

Harry Quelch.

"For sixteen years he has turned his wit and irony on capitalism in the columns of *Justice*. Besides his strength as a writer, he is a fluent speaker and able debater. He was delegate to the Roubaix Socialist Congress in 1884 and was compelled to leave the last Socialist congress for speaking the truth about The Hague convention. In *Justice* he is continually

"Fighting the only battle

Wherein no man can fail—

Where whoso fadeth and dieth,

Yet shall his deed prevail."

Origin of the State

By MOSES OPPENHEIMER

IN his admirable pamphlet, "The Origin of the Family, the State, and Private Property," one of the classics of Socialist literature, Frederick Engels offers a very clear and convincing theory as to the origin of the political organization known to us as state. He points out how the more ancient form of tribal organization gradually gave way to the higher and more complex form now known to us as state. He traces the transformation to the rise of private property in society, which became an institution with the development of agriculture and the breeding of domesticated cattle. He points out that certain functions heretofore exercised by dignitaries of the tribe now developed to such an extent that they became the regular occupations of the functionaries. In this wise the first crude framework of a state organization made its appearance. It developed further and further as the relations of property and the protection of property interests called for more expert handling and treatment. Thus, according to Engels, the development of the state is in entire harmony with the economic interpretation of history. On the groundwork of the system of production by which the

transformed society lives, the superstructure of its political character is reared. This, in a brief outline, is the view presented by Engels, unquestionably correct in regard to most forms of the earlier states.

But recently a German scholar, Franz Oppenheimer, published a highly interesting essay, "Der Staat," in the *Neue Deutsche Rundschau*, in which he presents a novel and rather striking theory of his own as to the state's origin and evolution. This new theory is backed up by a great deal of historic argument. In brief, he traces the origin of the state and its further development to conquest and its consequences. In my judgment it does not necessarily conflict with the ideas expressed by Engels. It might rather tend to supplement them. At any rate, to Socialists who love to do their own thinking, it must be worth while to hear what this new theorist has to say; to compare it with the theory advanced by Engels, and thus to increase their store of knowledge and of understanding. It is for this reason that I have endeavored, as best I could, to condense Oppenheimer's German essay within the boundaries of a brief article, so as to present the main lines of this argument to English-speaking readers.

This is what the article in question says in the main:

At the beginning of its existence the state is, according to its origin and nature, almost entirely a social institution forced upon a vanquished group of human beings by another and victorious group for one single purpose. Its aim and object is to regulate the rule of the victors over the conquered, and to secure that rule against rebellion from within and attack from without. The final object of the institution is the economic exploitation of the vanquished by their victors.

In this way appears the dawn of the state at the beginning of history. We see a warlike tribe invade the territory of a less warlike group, establishing itself as a ruling nobility and organizing what may be termed a state. Thus that part of Asia known to us by its ancient civilization and termed Mesopotamia has seen wave after wave of invading tribes and state after state, named according to the victors, the Assyrians, Babylonians, Medes, Persians, Parthians, Arabs, Mongols, Tartars, Turks; in the country of the Nile appear the Hyksos, Nubians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Arabs, Turks; in Italy the Romans, Goths, Longobards, Franks, Germans, etc. The same spectacle presents itself in the history of India and China. The peaceful settlers devoting themselves to agricultural pursuits are subjugated and exploited by warlike conquering tribes. Where a territory is inhabited only by weak tribes of roving hunters, the inhabitants cannot be subjugated and enslaved; they must be annihilated. In this case the soil is worked by imported hordes of slaves:

WHENCE CAME THE STATE.

An apparent exception are those large European colonies where the importation of slaves is no longer feasible. One of these colonies, the United States, has nowadays become one of the most powerful states in all history. Although at one considerable period the slave trade was resorted to quite extensively, and has left its indelible stamp upon the destinies of the nation, slave hunting and importing has ceased for nearly a century. It no longer is necessary under changed

economical conditions. The slaves import themselves nowadays, ready-made material for exploitation. They come as immigrants from less developed parts of the globe.

Let us go back for a moment to trace the motive power of all these phenomena. In nature all life follows one great law, the preservation of the individual and the race. Hunger and love keep the structure of the universe together. This law rules the highest organism, man. There are two ways in which man may maintain life; either by work or by robbery. To live by work is to exist by the economic means; to acquire the product of other people's work is to live by the political means. Thus from the beginnings of history we see mankind engaged in the struggle of those that produce and those that appropriate the fruits of the producer's work.

When man emerged from savagery and turned to agriculture, the successful settlements sought out the lowlands on the banks of streams where fertile plains blessed the toil of industrious hands. Those settlers are of good health and of peaceful disposition. They are bound together rather loosely by the consciousness of a common ancestry, by a common language, and by common belief. They may gather once a year or so to celebrate their religious festivals, but otherwise their relations are far from being close. They may even quarrel among themselves about the confines of the territory to be worked by each group of settlers.

Beyond the confines of the lowlands, in the less fertile stretches of the country, are found the herders with their flocks of cattle. Their mode of life requires that they are well versed in the use of weapons, they must always be ready to defend their flocks against beasts of prey or against roving hostile tribes. Their self-interest compels them to hang together for mutual support and assistance. From their very childhood they become accustomed to stick together in hunting and in war, to establish strict discipline, to obey until death their chief or leader as long as their hunting or war expedition may last. Those roving and warlike tribes scent from afar the wealth of the lowlands. Border wars are unceasing, without peace or truce. Men are slain, children and women carried away as captives, flocks of cattle are taken, settlements are burned and destroyed. If once in a while the raiders are repulsed, they return later on to the attack in larger numbers, goaded by the additional motive of avenging their fallen dead. Sometimes the people of the lowlands make a great effort, collect all their men capable of bearing arms, oppose the invaders, in regular battle array. But such mobilization is always slow and difficult. The lowland forces cannot long pursue the fleeing enemy into his deserts and steppes. The lowland force has difficulty in feeding the soldiers. The warlike dwellers of the desert carry their flocks with them, a never ceasing source of supply. The lowlanders remember that their fields call for their busy hands. They yearn to go home. That is why in the long run the small but disciplined mass of the warlike rovers prove themselves superior to the slow and unwieldy forces of the lowlands.

This is the first period of state making. Robbery and murder in border wars. Slowly and gradually the second stage develops. The peasants have learned by cruel experience how futile their resistance

is. The warrior of the desert, on the other hand, begins to see that a slain peasant can no longer get products from the soil, that a felled fruit tree will no longer bear. It becomes his own interest to keep the peasant alive and the tree unharmed. Armed raiding expeditions are still organized, but no longer for wasteful ravage and killing only. The raiders take only the peasant's surplus. They leave him his house, his implements and enough of his product to maintain him until the next harvest time. This is the first germ of a system of state rights. To use a simile: in the first stage the raider is like the bear destroying the beehive in order to get at the honey; in the second he is like the bee-keeper who leaves honey enough to the bees so they may live through the winter. This is a tremendous step in advance. The invaders have learned the first principles of economy, not to destroy the source of wealth. It is also politically a great step in advance. Those human beings who heretofore had no value whatever now become recognized as a source of wealth. True, this is the beginning of all servitude, oppression and exploitation; but it is also the beginning of the weaving of ties between different groups of the human family. In a vague manner, it is now recognized that the peasant has a right to his life and that which maintains it, it is felt as a wrong to kill the non-resident or to take from him all his possessions. Slowly and irresistibly a bond is established between the oppressors and the oppressed, which may extend slowly to further and closer relations.

ROBBERS TURNED SAVIORS and PROTECTORS.

Soon there will be another connecting link. Aside from the victorious tribe of raiders there may be others who desire to rob the peaceful lowlanders. In such cases it is but natural that the warriors having established relations are now appealed to for assistance and protection, which they readily grant in order to safeguard their established source of revenue. Henceforth they appear no longer as robbers and murderers, but as protectors and saviors. A new and powerful tie is woven between the two groups, perhaps the most powerful, making for future amalgamation.

The third stage sees the peasantry regularly delivering the surplus of their product in the camp of the herder. It is now called tribute. The new relation is advantageous to both parties. There are no more men slain, no more women maltreated, no more settlements burned and destroyed. As for the herders, their revenue now flows without an expense of effort. They may use their time and their strength in subjugating new groups and conquering new territories.

In the fourth stage a tremendous step in advance appears: the two groups unite in one territory. The reasons for this union may be found in circumstances compelling the herders to take this new step. Perhaps they have been harassed by other and stronger tribes; perhaps their population has increased beyond the capacity of the desert to maintain them; perhaps epidemics among their cattle have forced them to exchange the deserts for the lowlands. So they settle among them.

At first no complete amalgamation takes place. The herders remain in their camps or strongholds in the most advantageous strategic posi-

tion like garrisons in a country held by an army. The original inhabitants are permitted to continue their own organization, their own system of law and religion, their own local authority, provided they regularly pay their tribute.

But the logic of events irresistibly leads to the fifth stage. Quarrels break out between the inhabitants of one district and another. These quarrels the ruling element cannot tolerate because they impair the ability of the peasant groups to pay tribute. Therefore the ruling element appears as arbiter and imposes its decision, if need be, with force. By and by there is established in every district or large settlement some one representative of the ruling class to whom power is given of making and imposing settlements. Even in our own days we see something like that institution in the representatives of such colonial powers as England, France or Holland, stationed as residents at the courts of petty Asiatic princes. The native rulers exercise the semblance of power and authority, while the official residents of the colonial overlords are the real source of law and the force to uphold it. For the ruling class it becomes absolutely necessary to keep the peasants in a state of productiveness. Hence the necessity of establishing something like order and law. One side learns to command, the other to obey. More and more the two groups become interdependent. By and by the masters find the young women of the subjugated tribe attractive and beautiful. Closer relations follow. Half breeds appear. They may be either admitted to the ranks of the ruling class or they may become the natural leaders of the ruled. Thus we have the elements of a state in embryo. It represents the rule of a small warlike closely-knit minority over a given territory and the peasants thereof. A system of law develops as customary usage. One part of it expresses the rights and privileges of the rulers, the other the duties of the ruled, always bearing in mind that the ruled are a source of revenue which must not be made to dry up. The peasants are obliged to hand over to the rulers a certain part of their product. The ruling class on the other hand realizes the necessity of protecting the producers against enemies from outside.

This is the main feature of the feudal system in all its ramifications. The ruling element does not produce; it appropriates a portion of the fruit of the labor of the subjugated class. The peasants now belong to the soil. They become serfs. They must apply their labor in order to extract from the soil that which maintains them, and of which a considerable portion is handed over to the lords. The lords themselves, as a class, produce nothing. The peasants live by the economic means, the lords by the political method. Now the peasant class must truly eat their bread in the sweat of their brow. Their destiny is work, unceasing work. The golden age of the free community is superseded by the iron age of the feudal state. But upon the stage of human society appears a new and great factor, the factor which bears within itself all the elements of strength and future deliverance: regular labor.

SEPARATE GROUPS WITH CLASHING INTERESTS.

We now have in the community two separate groups kept apart by clashing interests, the group that works and the other group that appropriates part of the product without itself laboring. These two

groups now appear as classes struggling against one another. They fight for the division of the whole product. The real producers desire to retain as much as possible of the fruits of their efforts, while on the other hand the overlords constantly strive under one pretext or another to increase their own share. Each group is actuated by the compelling force of its own interests. Each considers its position as the only logical one. Each finds reasons for its own justification. The two classes develop different moral standards, different ethics, different beliefs, different customs. The ruling class honestly believes in its divine mission. They consider themselves the born leaders of society, the source of all law, all culture, all progress. Courage and warlike qualities they extol as the essentials of manhood. They look down upon the subjugated group as upon a lower race. They find them stiff-necked, unreliable, lazy and cowardly, wholly incapable of governing themselves or of organizing their defense. It is the overlords who are called by divine decree to act as rulers, lawgivers and judges. Class relations are established between the ruling class and the priesthood. The latter largely recruiting itself from the ranks of the rulers and participating to a considerable extent in their political rights and economic privileges.

States are preserved by the same principle which created them. The primitive state is the creation of warlike robbery. It can be preserved only by the same method. The economic wants of the master group are limitless; the wealthy man is never satisfied with the wealth he has accumulated. Therefore, the political means of the master group is used to subjugate new groups of material for exploitation. The primitive state grows until it clashes with another formation of the same kind. Now instead of a raid we witness a regular war. The object of the struggle is still the same, the surplus product of the toiling masses. But now the fight is not between one group of masters and the group of toiling elements. It is now between two groups of masters for a division of the spoils. The primitive state grows until it reaches its natural limits, oceans, deserts, high mountains, or until in the end under peculiar conditions it falls apart into smaller divisions. This primitive state shows a division of classes differentiated to some extent. In its form of feudalism there is a central power, with vassals more or less powerful exercising a great deal of dominion in their own territory. The free peasant disappears. He sinks to the level of the serf, becomes attached to the soil. All the formerly free soil has now become appropriated by the masters. They stock it with workers who become tributary to their lords. The lord of the manor will tolerate no free colonists on his territory. He will admit only such settlers as are willing to bow to his rule and his law.

The final result shows the dissolution of the original body of the state into a number of semi-independent principalities where the groups of masters and of dependents appear to be fixed social categories.

Meanwhile the economic development has brought new forces into play. Trades and crafts unfold. Cities grow up. Money as a means of exchange becomes an important factor. The old and comparatively simple method of exchange by barter and of production for immediate use ceases. Production for exchange makes its appearance. A change

in the body politic is the result. New forces appear upon the economic stage. Trades and commerce begin to form a new and powerful class. This new political element fights for its share of power. It goes into battle as a champion of natural rights. It claims and finally obtains its share in the political government. But hardly has it achieved victory when this element, the bourgeoisie, now turns around making peace with its former antagonists and fights in alliance with them the masses below.

Thus the state slowly has grown from stage to stage, from the primitive robber state to the full-grown feudal state, through absolutism to modern constitutionalism. The constitutional form of government is the one peculiarly suited to the needs of capitalism as represented by the bourgeois class. Behind this form capitalism camps entrenched. It uses it in making and administering laws, claiming obedience for them by the whole mass of the nation. It controls the executive and judiciary as well. They are the instruments of its will, the well-paid servants of its interests.

With capitalism in full bloom and in possession of the whole machinery of the state, the population appears still divided into two main groups; those that produce wealth, and those that appropriate a large share of the product without toiling themselves. The ruling class still lives by the political means, the producing class by the economic means. So-called legal privileges based on ancient documents and royal grants have now disappeared as an outward form of rule and exploitation. The appropriation by the political means now takes place by the use of the machinery of the state, while outward forms of equality before the law seem to prevail. But the effect of the legal machinery produces precisely the same results as witnessed in the old state of privilege. We still have classes, class interests, class politics, a class administration, class justice, a class religion. All through the state the line of class division grows more and more distinct. With it goes class struggle.

Its aim is still unchanged. It is the division of the product. New forms of the struggle appear. In the economic field the organized workers meet the organized employers in a thousand clashes. In the political arena the toilers, thundering, claim the exercise of political power through which they aim at the control of the whole machinery of the state. Their purpose is to use that machinery, created by their antagonists, for the total abolition of the master class.

This is the fight that in our day fills the whole civilized world. It is the problem of the age. Its final solution is inevitable, unless evolution has come to a standstill. We are approaching the day when the master class will be vanquished, when society will be no longer divided into a class of spoilers and a class of despoiled, when the producers of wealth will use the legal machinery to establish a system of collective ownership of all the means of production, when there will be one class only, the producers of wealth. Mankind will live by the economic means only. This radical change opens up vistas of progress beyond the widest range of imagination.

Views of a Capitalist

By EMANUEL JULIUS

The Hon. Hildebrand Ferguson, of the brokerage firm of Ferguson & Jones & Ferguson, sat back in his office chair, lit a choice havana, cocked his feet up on his desk and, in a conversational tone, said:

"Yes, you cannot deny it, politics is a wonderful science. It certainly is a science to make something appear different from what it really is, and the fellow who can do this is a Political Scientist—that is to say, a Politician.

"We've had some pretty hard fixes to get out of in the past, but, by Jove, we never were up against things as stiff as we are up against them now. But we have some pretty level heads to steer our ship of State and we'll get out, all right, all right. Now there's Teddy. Will you believe me, he deserves a ton of Andy's hero medals for the way he fixed up that injunction plank, why, just think of it, if dear old Taft gets in this trip we'll only be able to get an injunction when 'absolutely necessary' and only after 'due consideration.' Ha! Ha! I can't keep from laughing. Will the dupes vote straight? Well, I should say so. Did you ever hear of them voting any other way? Might vote for Bryan? Well, what if they do, it won't make any difference any way. Billy's always stood by us and he'll deliver the goods all right, all right.

"But, by the way, old man, did you hear what it cost to get that forty-five minute cheer for Teddy? No? \$20,000! Yes, it was rather

high, but it certainly was worth the money.

"I say, old fellow, while I'm on the subject I might say that it certainly makes me sick to hear some of my business friends worrying over which'll win—the Republicans or the Democrats, which is, practically speaking the Greek and the Latin way of saying the same thing. When the Democrats were in—we had ours all right, just the same as when the Republicans are in. There is no danger whatsoever. They'll stand by us, all right. Why just look at our Democratic states, they are with us there, so what's the use of worrying?

"You know that cotton mill of mine down South? Well, I've got a bunch of kids running it for me and I've never had any trouble.

"Sure, they'll stand by us. Don't worry. Smile.

"They might pass laws in favor of Labor? Oh, tommy-rot, just look at Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi. These states are solid for the Democratic party all the way through, and our interests are not looked after better anywhere else in the Union. Why, down in South Carolina, at the last session of the State Legislature, I got a road contract fixed up and now I'm using a gang of convicts to build and repair all the roads in the state.

"No, my dear friend, we have nothing to fear from the Democratic party, and when Sammy Gompers goes out on the stump for

Bryan he is working just as much in our interest as though he were in favor of Taft. No, the only men we are to fear are the Socialists and as long as we can keep the common people divided into Republicans and Democrats, both of which are the same and in our interest, we'll continue to get ours

just as though nothing had happened.

"Well, it's getting rather late, so I'll have to say good-bye, old man. I'm going down to the shore for a few days. I'll see you some time next week and we'll talk things over. So long."

A Fly Paper Platform

By VICTOR L. BERGER

THE new Independence party held its first national convention in Chicago last July. The *Chicago Tribune* pays it the doubtful compliment that it looked "like a real convention."

We all know how the *real* conventions of the old parties look.

At any rate, the Independence party has adopted a national platform and has nominated a national ticket.

* * *

However, I do not believe that it looked like a "real" capitalist convention at all. The substantial solid citizens of the various states, who make up the Republican party, were, no doubt, absent. And the type of the Democratic politicians, as led by Charles Murphy and Roger Sullivan and Dave Rose—with their bands and banners and booze—were also absent.

* * *

William R. Hearst is a sort of sphynx in American politics.

Very few men have a good word for him.

The Republicans hate him as the "yellow" disturber and half-Socialist—something which, by the way, he very violently disclaims.

The Democrats hate him as an unmerciful exposé of some of their crookedness and as a destroyer of Tammany Hall.

The Socialists attack him because many think that by his demagogical issues and half-baked reforms, he keeps well-meaning men from joining the Socialist party. That he therefore interferes with the rightful growth of our party.

Republicans and Democrats and Socialists seem to agree that Hearst is insincere, selfish and dangerous.

* * *

But I am accustomed to look at things with a different eye and examine political phenomena in a different way.

Now, there can be no doubt that Hearst is very ambitious and egotistic. He cares very little or nothing for the opinions that other people have about him.

However, we Socialists have no right to doubt the honesty of every man who is not with us. Hearst is a multi-millionaire, and,

unless he should be a Socialist from *philanthropic* motives, there is absolutely no reason for him to become a Socialist.

But not every man who is not a Socialist is dishonest. Nor is the possession of a Socialist membership card in itself a guarantee of honesty, unless its owner is also imbued with a true Socialist spirit, which, I am glad to say, is still the case nowadays with the overwhelming majority of the Socialists.

And political phenomena are not a question of persons—or rather persons are only a secondary consideration.

To judge the Hearst movement aright we must examine what it stands for.

* * *

The two old parties, no doubt, stand for the preservation of the capitalist system and for capitalism.

So does Hearst.

What makes the old parties important to us is the fact that they represent great power. In 1904 the Republicans carried thirty-three states, the Democrats twelve. So, of course, both parties have to be reckoned with.

In 1900 the Hearst party did not exist. And the only way that he can make out any reason for its existence is that he is willing for the Independence party to make concessions to various classes which the two old parties will not make.

And the platform of the Independence party is a platform of concessions.

It is trying to catch them all.

* * *

It promises to help the middle class, to pacify the laboring class, and with all that—not to hurt capitalism.

It demands "economy in the conduct of public offices." It condemns the evil of over-capitalization and demands its regulation by county, state and national legislation. It wants revision of the tariff. It demands the physical valuation of railroads. It denounces all combinations in restraint of trade. It is favorable to the enactment of laws that provide for the imprisonment of individuals who are responsible for trusts. It demands government ownership of railroads and telegraph companies and the parcels post. Moreover, it wants to suppress bucket shops and prevent fictitious dealing in farm products. And it favors a bigger navy and the popular election of United States senators and judges and a graduated income tax.

So much for the middle class.

* * *

The close observer will notice that some of these demands will not find favor with the entire middle class. For instance, the parcels post, while it may be liked by the farmers, is sure to be opposed by a large class of country storekeepers. The *trust-killing* is very prominent in the platform and is nonsense, of course. The bigger navy is calculated to appeal to the shooting patriotism of the readers of the Hearst papers.

However, the workingmen also get quite a few sops—some of

them taken from the Socialist platform; namely, the initiative and referendum and the right of recall, the opposition to child labor and the eight-hour day law.

Of course, Hearst easily outdoes both the Democratic and Republican platforms on the injunction question. He denounces the labor clauses in the Democratic and Republican platforms as clap-trap and buncombe and demands that no injunction be issued without notice and hearing, and that all contempt of court cases are to be tried by jury.

* * *

Then there are also some general planks, as for instance, a demand for the development of natural resources, and for legislation to remedy corrupt practices at elections and also that a court shall review the arbitrary rulings of the postoffice department.

And all these reforms would not hurt capitalism in the least. That is the beauty of it.

In short, the platform wants to satisfy all sorts and conditions of men. It virtually sets out to catch everybody, which, considering the fact that parties are simply the *political expression of economic conditions*, is, of course, impossible and ridiculous. And what is worse—it conveys a glaring impression of insincerity.

* * *

And therefore the characterization of the old parties in the address of William Randolph Hearst at the opening of the convention was probably the best part of the whole business.

Said Mr. Hearst:

"The old parties, in this day of their decadence, have become unfaithful to the principles which inspired them, and unworthy of the patriots who founded them.

"The Republican party is the open and avowed handmaiden of the trusts.

"It scorns those who would rescue it, repudiates those who would reform it and glories brazenly in its profitable infamy.

"The Democratic party is merely envious of its sordid sister's ill-gotten finery. It upbraids her at one election and imitates her at the next.

"The Republican leaders are the political attorneys of trusts and monopolies, the representatives in public life of those giant corporations which have superseded the people in this republic as the source of power and the seat of authority.

"The Democratic vanguard is a Falstaff's army. It is led by a knight arrayed in a motley of modified professions and compromised principles, of altered opinions and retracted statements. It is officered by such soldiers of fortune as Sullivan and Hopkins and Murphy and McClellan, by Tom Taggart, the roulette gambler, and Tom Ryan, the Wall Street gambler, and Belmont, the race track gambler. It is composed of such political mercenaries as Bailey of the Standard Oil and Williams of the Southern Railway, and Hinky Dink and Bath House John, and Red Duffy and Nigger Mike—all harmonized at last and all marching together in a rhythmic cadence strongly suggestive of the lockstep.

"A Falstaff's army whose banner bears on one side a watchword for the people and on the other a password for the trusts, whose only object is office at any cost, whose motto, 'After Us the Deluge.'

"Assuming that Mr. Bryan himself is all that his most ardent admirers claim him to be, a great lawyer, an enlightened statesman, an inspired patriot, still a man is known by the company he keeps, and no decent Democrat can tolerate his free companions.

"No honest citizen can let down the bars of office to such an Ali Baba's band of boodlers and bravos.

"No prudent citizen will support a combination to which Taggart supplies a candidate and Parker a platform, for which Ryan will pay the freight and the people will pay the penalty.

"Back of both parties and underwriting each are those Captain Kidds of Industry, those highwaymen of high finance, who realize that to plunder safely the people's purse they must first possess the people's government."

Great, is it not?

Some of the Chicago papers are uncharitable enough to claim that Hearst's brilliant Socialistic adjutant, Arthur Brisbane, penned this part of the speech, if not the whole of it. However, this would not take away any of its value. Besides, I personally believe that Hearst has very much more ability than he is generally given credit for.

Hearst, as a man, is very much underrated, indeed.

In fact, the whole Independence party is but a one-man party—and practically owned by Hearst.

And that is its fatal weakness.

The Independence party—having no economic basis and no well defined set of principles—naturally has to make up its platforms by cribbing some Socialist ideas and grabbing as much of the rejected timber of the other platforms as the present drift of public opinion will permit.

As a matter of fact, the Hearst party has no excuse or reason for existence.

* * *

And, consequently, Hearst has few followers except soldiers of fortune, who, if they had lived in the fourteenth or fifteenth centuries in Italy, would be condottieries. They are men who hope to advance their own fortunes by following this modern Pforza or Visconti.

So it is only natural that Hearst's men, whenever elected—as for instance the Independence League aldermen of New York, who were elected by the protest vote against the insurance graft—have shown themselves as big thieves and as purchasable a lot of grafters as the Tammany men.

Why should they be any better?

Many of them were former Tammany men. Others are cast-off Republicans. There is no moral nor ethical element in the Independence party to give them a new idea of public life.

The first thing a Socialist gets through the Socialist movement is a new view of things—a new social conscience. What does the Independence party give them?

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It is easy to predict that the Independence party would be a great failure ethically.

I say it would be—because it never will be. It will never grow up to be anything great—not even a great failure.

Where is it to draw any strength from?

Hearst will not draw any strength away from the Republicans, because the Republicans are just the crowd who want to let well enough alone—who are satisfied with the trusts, the injunctions, the tariff, and a good many other things. Or who, at the best, swear by Roosevelt and Taft and LaFollette and their “reforms.” They would sooner go to Bryan than to Hearst.

Neither is the Independence party going to hurt Bryan very much. The average Bryanite is either a Democratic grafter who wants office and does “not want to throw his vote away,” or an old line Northern or Southern “Democrat” with a capital D, who votes for Bryan, or for Parker if he is on the Democratic ticket. The noise about the great “commoner” is made by the old ex-Populists, who joined the Democratic party in 1896 for pelf and want the world to believe that they did it for virtue. Unless Hearst buys them Hearst cannot get them.

* * *

And the Independence party will surely not get any Socialist votes at all. The Socialists have a well-defined philosophy. They know Socialism is the outcome of the capitalist system and that Socialism must surely follow capitalism if we are not to retrograde into barbarism. The Socialists are the only party that can explain the present industrial crisis and reap the benefit of this explanation. We know history and economics. We see the trend of the economic development and why a man must vote the Socialist ticket in order to bring about a peaceable revolution. And why any other road can only lead to violent upheavals and cataclysms.

The Socialist voter understands that a vote for Hearst's party is thrown away not only because that candidate cannot be elected, but because even as a protest *one vote for Debs is worth more than one thousand votes for the Hearst man.*

* * *

So the Independence party is not going to do much harm to any existing party.

The only crowd that will find itself in a dilemma is—Sam Gompers and his *Consecutive Council*. Hearst has shown up the anti-injunction clap-trap of both the old parties in great shape. And Hearst's party is the only capitalist party which has a real anti-injunction plank. And yet Sammy and his perpetual council are trying to drive their sheep into the Democratic pen, there to be slaughtered. Sam Gompers was originally a Dutchman—but if that does not beat the Dutch, then I am missing my guess.

The philosophy of the whole affair? Vote the Social-Democratic ticket and vote it straight.



ROBERT HUNTER
Author of "Socialists at Work"
and "Poverty"