

The Vanguard

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The Month's Story

The Work- "The appetite of the proletariat grows as it is fed!"
ingman's shrieks the New York *Times* in solemn warning.
Appetite The *Times* has been painfully impressed by the

growth of the working class influence in England. At the last session of the British Parliament an old-age pensions bill was passed. True, it is not much of a concession. Only workers over 70 years old are to be pensioned—and how many workingmen survive the toils and perils of capitalistic production to that age? We can hardly share the fear of the New York *Times* that these old-age pensions will be a great drain on the British treasury!

Still, even this small sop has excited "the appetite of the proletariat." And now to appease this growing appetite, the English chancellor of the exchequer is proposing a sick and infirmity pension scheme.

And that is what frightens the New York *Times*, and indeed, the American capitalists in general. Since fifty-four Laborites, most of them Socialists, were elected to the British Parliament, many measures in the interests of labor have become English laws. Some of these have been measures of real value, like the employers' liability act. Others, like the newly enacted old-age pensions bill, are of no particular benefit, except as entering wedges. But the spectacle of English workingmen getting even a few of the laws they want, is a horrible prospect for the American capitalists. It wasn't so bad for German or French workingmen to wring out a few concessions from their unwilling governments. But England, in a sense, is our next door neighbor. The fire has caught the roof nearest us. Labor is beginning to triumph in the "Mother Country"—as our Yankee Tories liked to call England, as long as she was conservative—and what will be the result on America? Where will all this end?

For the New York *Times* is right—the "appetite of the proletariat grows as it is fed."

The starving workingmen at the outbreak of the French Revolution demanded "Bread!" The workingmen of modern Europe are asking far more than this. The noble platforms of the various working-class parties of the world show how far they have traveled from this simple cry of hunger.

"The appetite of the proletariat grows as it is fed!" Ah, Mr. Editor of the New York *Times*, there you stumbled on a great truth.

And therein you were wiser than the old Utopian Socialists who fancied that the workers must grow more and more miserable before they could be spurred on to demand political and economic freedom.

How otherwise it is, this magnificent forward march of the proletariat! How their wants have grown—from the first primitive need of food, to the demand for leisure, culture, for all the environment of a beautiful and human existence.

What movement in all the history of the world has ever passed through such a noble development?

"The appetite of the proletariat grows as it is fed!" Yes—it grows from the appetite of the stomach to the appetite of the eye, the mind and the heart. It grows from the material necessities to the intellectual, social and moral desires.

It yearns for justice—for the full reward of its centuries of ill-requited toil.

It has a great and growing appetite for all the wealth which it creates.

And sooner or later that appetite must be appeased!

* * *

Breaking Up the Home In the city of Milwaukee, with its population of 350,000, the household goods of 6,000 families are mortgaged! Of these, more than 4,000 families mortgaged their furniture in order to obtain the necessities of life.

On this gloomy fact comment is hardly necessary. It is a dark outlook for the coming winter, which promises to be a hard one, that four thousand heads of families have already been driven to such straits. With these conditions in September, what must we expect to see in January? How many of these mortgages must be foreclosed? How many little homes broken up? How many workmen, completely disheartened by the loss of all their hard earnings, will turn into paupers or tramps? How many families will be separated? How many women and children forced to eat the bitter bread of charity?

Of all the impudent tricks of the Anti-Socialist, the most barefaced is the cry that "Socialism would break up the home!" It succeeds just by its audacity, like the pickpocket's ruse of shouting "Stop thief!" and slipping away while the crowd chases an innocent man. And this trick would be comic but for its tragic side. For while the all-too-gullible workingman, listening to his priest or his newspaper or his campaign orator, is scared away from the Socialist party by this phantom of "Socialism breaking up the home," meantime the capitalist system is really getting in its deadly work. Here it breaks up a workingman's home by forcing the wife and mother into the factory. There it breaks up another by murdering the father in a mine or under the railway train. And in a time of industrial depression, like the present, it destroys homes by the wholesale, and scatters their wrecks in orphan asylums, homes for dependent children, workhouses, jails and prisons.

The "sancity of the home!" A hollow phrase! Nothing is sacred against the greedy maw of the profit system. And until "Socialism breaks up" that system, no workingman's home is founded on anything but sand, which the first financial storm may forever wash away.

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Bryan and Haskell From men who have a peep behind the scenes now comes the news that a large part of Wall street will support Bryan.

And why not?

Why should not Wall street, why should not capitalists in general, support the Democratic candidate and the Democratic platform?

There is not one word in that platform, so heartily endorsed by Mr. Bryan, to scare away the Wall street gambler, or the big capitalist, or the unscrupulous exploiter of labor. There is not one word which workingmen can use as a real protection against the encroachments of capital.

And Mr. Bryan's convention—no doubt with the concurrence of Mr. Bryan himself—took good care that this should be the case.

For whom did they select for chief carpenter and architect of the platform, for the chairman of the committee on resolutions and platform?

For this important position they chose one C. N. Haskell, member of a secret Citizens' Alliance. As a sample of the work which Mr. Haskell has turned out in the past, here is a set of resolutions introduced in this Citizens' Alliance by Mr. Haskell, and signed by his name.

"To the Business Men's Alliance:

"Whereas, It is apparent that there is in our city with the labor people a movement which, if it is not checked at once, will invade our rights as citizens and taxpayers to conduct our own business; and

"Whereas, The price of labor is being constantly advanced to a prohibitive standard by these labor unions, which threatens the growth of our city; and,

"Whereas, The laborers, through their unions, and backed by a Central Trades Union, are becoming intolerable; and,

"Whereas, This status of affairs has recently been stimulated by a recent labor convention in our city; therefore, be it

"Resolved, That we, the citizens of Muskogee, representing the best interests of our city, do hereby bind ourselves together and pledge ourselves, severally, that we and each of us, as citizens of Muskogee, will do all in our power to discriminate against any and all labor union men who may hold a union or trades assembly card, not for the purpose of injuring these men personally, but to check this *contemptible fanaticism of trade unionism*; and, be it further

"Resolved, That we take steps to induce good, sober and industrious mechanics to come to our city, union or non-union, who will pledge themselves not to join the unions or trades assembly of this city, and that we pledge to such men a preference at all times; also, that we invite such men to join our alliance."

So that is the kind of master builder chosen by Mr. Bryan and his convention in this the first year of organized labor's political struggle in America! No wonder that the platform which he helped to construct is not bristling with labor planks. No wonder it contains cold comfort for the "contemptible fanaticism of trade unionism."

And it is the platform emanating from Mr. Haskell's committee which Samuel Gompers is trying to support with the votes and the hard-earned dollars of the unions!

And by the way, these same trade-union dollars are to be turned over to Mr. Haskell himself, who seems to be the great Poo Bah of the Democratic Party, since he is not only chairman of the platform, but of finance as well. How he must chuckle as he fingers the contributions of these "contemptible fanatics."

Why should not Wall street support the Democratic party? Wall street knows where to invest its votes and its campaign funds.

Wall street knows its men.

Wall street is shrewd.

But nobody can accuse American workingmen of excessive shrewdness, as long as they try to play see-saw on a "labor" plank which holds the trades unions on one end and Wall street and the Haskell on the other.

In that sort of a teeter-toiter game, somebody is bound to get a throw-down and some bad bumps and bruises. And it will not be Wall street and the Haskell.

* * *

The Democracy is not Socialism. But without government
Pouren by the people Socialism would be merely state Social-
Case ism—not Social-Democracy, that highest and noblest
 form of society toward which humanity has ever aspired.

Recognizing this truth, the Social-Democrats of all more or less despotically governed countries, have made popular government their first and chief aim. And in countries which have already achieved popular government, it is the duty of Social-Democrats to preserve and to enlarge the sphere of government by the people.

All the ground that we have won along this line, is just so much preliminary gain for our great work of establishing the Social-Democratic Republic.

And for this reason it is one of our main duties to resist the first steps of autocracy, whether these steps are taken against the liberties of American citizens, as in the case of the new postal regulations against the freedom of the press, or whether they are directed to the upholding of foreign despotic powers.

It is not merely because Pouren is hunted by the bloodiest and most guilty of all living men, the murderous Czar, that we should refuse to extradite him. Nor is it because delivering him into such red hands would mean his certain death. Nor is it only because such a delivery would leave a dark stain on American soil. It is chiefly because of the dangerous example. If we are indifferent to those who are striving to gain freedom in other countries, we can the more easily grow indifferent to our own struggle to retain it.

No good end can be gained by making the American police become the Czar's bloodhounds. We are not in the slave-catching business for the Prince of the Knout.

* * *

Everything in its time comes to an end. We are **Good-By, Comrades!** forced to admit, not without a pang, that the VAN-GUARD is no exception to this natural law. We had grown to love the little magazine and our work for it, and the harder the struggle to keep it up, the more we loved it. We hoped that somebody would come to the rescue. But nobody came. And the hard times finally gave it the coup de grace.

Therefore we have to announce to our readers that THE VAN-GUARD will be discontinued with the present number. And we assure our readers that not one of them is half so sorry to part company with us as we are to part with them.

All unexpired subscriptions will be filled by the *Social-Democratic Herald*. We hope this arrangement will be satisfactory to our subscribers.

There is another natural law which scientists call the "conservation of energy." According to this law, no force can be really expended. When it seems to disappear, it is only taking on a new form.

The energy—such as it was—which was put into THE VAN-GUARD, will now have to find a new path. No doubt, after remaining unpleasantly inactive for a time, it will at last dig out a new channel.

"Though our bark sink, 'tis to another sea."

How Should Workmen Vote?

By VICTOR L. BERGER

I AM not going to answer Sam Gompers' innuendo about capitalistic support for the Debs Red Special.

As a member of the national executive committee of the Socialist party, I, of course, am posted about all the details of the matter from the beginning to the end. However, so is every man of our party—and every man who is in the habit of reading our party papers. Every donation received, and every

cent expended, is properly accounted for. And Mr. Gompers knows that as well as I do and as well as every one of our readers knows it. And in casting this aspersion, Sam Gompers did so against his better knowledge—in other words he *lied* willfully.

He lied in order to help Bryan and the Democratic party.

Now, why should any working-man vote the Democratic ticket?

Why should any citizen vote the Democratic ticket?

I can understand how a citizen can work for the Republican party and vote its ticket, if the Republican party represents his ideas of government.

I can understand how a voter can justly confide in the principles of the Republican party if these principles represent the belief of that voter. We are bound to admit that the Republican party represents certain ideas of government, no matter how bad we may consider these ideas. They have grown out of economic necessity and represent the economic interests of the capitalist class.

* * *

But why any citizen should vote the Democratic ticket in the year 1908, I cannot understand. The Democrats represent no particular set of ideas. They simply represent graft up North and the recollection of black slavery down South.

We will leave the personnel of the presidential candidates of the two parties aside. There can be no doubt that Mr. Taft, from a capitalistic standpoint, is the more desirable. And that Mr. Bryan, from a workingman standpoint, is the more insincere and hypocritical of the two. It is heads I lose and tails you win, as far as the personnel is concerned.

* * *

But in what way do the principles of the national Democratic party differ from those of the national Republican party?

The only radical difference in late years was the stand of the Democrats on the money question. It was erroneous. However, the Democrats could claim that they represented the old doctrine of Jefferson and Jackson, that the gov-

ernment should retain in its own hands the power to create money.

What has become of that doctrine?

It has been dropped.

Mind you, not only the foolish sixteen to one proposition, but the entire principle.

And in advocating the guarantee of bank deposits, Mr. Bryan, while arguing in favor of the big banks against the small banks, ended with the following interesting deduction:

"Besides, there is a social advantage in being on good terms with the men who are prominent in the banking world."

No wonder that a large part of Wall street is in favor of Bryan.

But why should the workingmen vote for Bryan?

* * *

Some time ago, Mr. Bryan declared for the public ownership of the railroads and telegraphs.

Now, I want it understood that this is by no means a Socialistic measure. Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor of Germany and the mortal enemy of the Social-Democrats, was in favor of government ownership of railroads and telegraphs. It was through his leadership that Prussia acquired her railroads. Nearly every kingdom in Europe, and many of the countries in Asia and Africa, have adopted this system of government ownership, and work it with perfect success. It is a great success in Australia.

Besides, the railroad is a *public highway* in every sense of the word. The railroads of this country, almost without exception, were paid for by the public, and not by the corporations which own them.

In donations of land, of bonds and actual cash, the American people have paid practically for every railroad on this continent.

Official figures prove that in every ten years we pay in freight and passenger charges an amount equal to the sum total of the actual cost of the railroads.

And we have nothing to show for it.

* * *

On the other hand, the corrupting influence of the railroads is felt and seen all the way upward from the village council to the justice of the supreme court; and from the mayor of Milwaukee to the senate of the United States; and from the senate of the United States back to the railroad commissions, state and national.

But what has become of Mr. Bryan's plank for the government ownership of railroads?

It has been dropped because the southern capitalists looked upon it with disfavor.

With such cowardice it is no wonder that the Bryan forces are already in full retreat. Bryan has absolutely no show in the northern states, and least of all in Wisconsin. The election in Vermont and the primary in Wisconsin have proven that conclusively.

A vote for Bryan is therefore thrown away in every sense of the word.

Why should any citizen, and particularly why should any workingman, vote for the Democratic party and for Bryan?

* * *

And now to the most important question, the labor question.

Where does the national Democratic party stand on the labor question? Can anybody tell?

Mr. Taft says that the Democratic anti-injunction clause is an unintelligible jumble of words. And he also says that any such law would unquestionably be construed

by the courts to the disadvantage of the workingman. Now, Mr. Taft ought to know. He was a judge himself.

The mere statement that in future injunctions are only to be issued in labor cases whenever they would also be issued in other cases, proves this. And as Judge Holdon of Chicago, one of the injunction judges, very pertinently said, these injunctions were never issued in a labor case unless there was an element of danger to property. And that "element of danger" to property will, of course, continue.

So the long and the short of it is that Mr. Sam Gompers wants the workingmen to vote the Democratic ticket because he and his lieutenants were patted on the back in Denver, while they were treated in Chicago with the contempt they deserved. And a crowd of leaders who are practically peddling their influence with the workingmen's votes to the capitalists deserves contempt. And if anything, the Republicans were the more sincere.

* * *

The following is the situation in a nutshell:

It is true that the Republicans while they have been in power, have done nothing to help the working class. However, it is also true that the Democrats, when they were nationally in power, did nothing for the working class, except that at the call of the Pullman Palace Car company a Democratic president invaded a state with federal troops in order to break down a strike—in spite of the old Democratic doctrine of state rights. A democratic president thus exercised the power which even Daniel Webster, a Whig, believed could only be exercised by a special act of con-

gress, as he stated in his advice to Andrew Jackson.

And while it is true that the Republican party has used its power simply for the capitalist class and for the exploitation of the workers—how about the Democratic party where it is in power?

The southern states are the home of child labor, of peon labor, and of legally enforced white and black convict slavery. Without question, the Democratically ruled states are far worse than even the states where the Republicans rule.

Now why should a workingman vote the Democratic ticket? Should he do so because the Tammany leaders and the Democratic heelers of the large cities very sociably drank whisky in Denver with Sam Gompers and his lieutenants?

The average Democratic leader would drink whisky with the devil. And so would Sam Gompers.

* * *

Parties, like individuals, act from motives of self-interest. The platform of a party is simply the political expression of the economic interests of the class it represents. And the leadership simply voices the sentiment of that class.

We have characterized both the Republican and Democratic parties.

It behooves every workingman to think the matter over. Then he will say to himself:

"Both the old parties stand practically for the same thing. Both stand for capitalistic exploitation and corruption.

"To vote for the Democratic party even as a protest against the other wing of capitalism is nonsensical and useless.

"But here is the Social-Democratic party, a working class party, which claims to be nothing else. All its leaders and spokesmen in Wisconsin, and most of them in other states, are proletarians.

"The Social-Democratic party stands squarely upon the principles of international Socialism. It relies entirely upon education and the development of industrial forces.

"The Social-Democratic party says, We live in the most favored land under the sun. We have all the raw materials and the most marvelous machinery. We have millions of men eagerly seeking employment. Nothing is so easily produced as wealth, and no man should suffer for the need of it. Social-Democracy will give economic freedom to everybody."

Now what ticket will you vote, Mr. Workingman?

Argentina, one of the countries of South America, owns its own railroads. It is different with us. Here the railroads own the government.

The man who can make two Socialists grow where one grew before is a true patriot. Don't miss any chance to drive home the logic of Socialism in your intercourse with friends, shop-mates and neighbors. There are Socialists

voting old party tickets—it is always that way, for many men cling to the old habit for a time or two even after being converted. Get after these fellows, too!

If the old party politicians would stop chirruping about tariff and talk bread and butter, the common crowd would listen with a little better understanding.

Political Porch Climbers

By ROBERT HUNTER

EVERY ONE recognizes that the people are being robbed. The Socialists, the Democrats, and the Populists have been saying it for years. And even Mr. Roosevelt ANNOUNCES it from the presidential chair.

Now, none of us relish being robbed. Very naturally we are up in arms against the thieves, and we listen with all attention to the various proposals made for catching the thieves.

The president informs the leaders of the Republican party (who happen also to be leaders of the thieves) that they MUST pass legislation which will enable the president to put them and their friends into prison. Naturally our representatives in Washington are not over keen in the matter.

The leaders of the Democratic party are not all inside the game, and therefore they often lead popular crusades against the thieves. Occasionally the Democrats wrest from the Republicans a legislature or some public office. They then begin to bait the big thieves until the big thieves buy THEM.

There is an old saying that you must set a thief to catch a thief, and we have been doing that in politics for many a long day. And now, curiously enough, we are beginning to doubt the wisdom of that old adage. Instead of our thieves catching thieves we find them going into partnership with each other.

Of course, this is an awkward situation, and yet somehow it seems to comfort the people. They get tired of seeing the same old porch-climber make off with their valuables, and so they rise in righteous wrath and declare that hereafter they are not going to allow Republican porch-climbers to enter their houses, and they therefore indignantly vote for Democratic porch-climbers.

Of course, Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Taft, Mr. Bryan, Mr. LaFollette and Mr. Hearst would object to my interpretation of their politics. But Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. LaFollette and Mr. Taft are prejudiced. While they are above the vicious practices of the machine politicians, they unfortunately belong to the Republican porch-climbers' union, and they would not think of being disloyal to that union.

But it is the union I object to, and especially to such walking delegates as Platt, Depew, Aldrich, Guggenheim, Hopkins, Kean and Gallinger.

Mr. Bryan belongs to THE rival union. He dislikes the members of the Republican union almost as much as he dislikes William R. Hearst, the non-unionist. Of course we all like Mr. Bryan; but the union, we can't stand for that, nor for its walking delegates, men like Bailey of Texas, Tim Sullivan of New York, and that little two-by-four, John Sharp Williams.

Mr. Hisgen has declared his independence of both the old porch-climbers' unions. He is fighting the

Standard Oil, and he has discovered that the axles of both the old unions are lubricated from that source. And he says to the American people: "If you will put me in charge of your legislatures and public officials I will promise to put out of business these two old organizations, and form a porch-climbers' trust of my own. Give me a chance at 'em! I won't do a thing to Standard Oil! I'll make my old competitor, John, do business with me. And the old porch-climbing unions—well, in the name of the immortal Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, Abraham Lincoln and William Randolph Hearst, there shall be no more grease for their axles!"

And the American people listen, and most of them no doubt will take the trouble to vote.

But I sometimes wonder what it IS the people really want. Do they want to use their political power to help the Democratic porch-climbers' union to hold up the trusts and pocket the game? And are the people so vitally interested in the fight between these various unions? Are they still of the opinion that they will solve their political problems by this setting of thief to catch thief?

In the old frontier days, when thieves overran a town, people formed a vigilance league. It was a kind of popular uprising in which honest men organized for the purpose of putting thieves out of business.

Well, the Socialist party isn't yet a popular uprising, but it is a vigilance league—and the uprising WILL come.

No More Dinner Pails!

By HENRY T. JONES

THE full dinner pail! And the empty dinner pail! Both will soon be relics of barbarism. Under the co-operative commonwealth no such things as dinner pails will be. When we reach that state of society where its members believe in the practice and the doctrine of "each for all and all for each," instead of the individualistic idea of each man for himself and the "survival of the fittest"—then dinner pails will be unknown. And why? Because if it becomes necessary for the workers to eat their noon-day meal or any other meal at the mill, mine, factory, office or shop, spacious dining rooms, dressing rooms and bath rooms will be provided. Pleasant eating departments with the best food, including luxuries and elevating music, will be there, together with all the modern appointments

of a banquet hall. All this the workers may have if they so decide.

The foregoing is not a picture of Utopia, fellow workers and comrades. Well appointed, well ventilated, well lighted dining rooms, where unadulterated food will be unknown, will take the place of the capitalist dinner pail of 1907-08. The dinner pail is one of the evidences of 20th century brutality. It has no place in real civilization, and it will not be here when the workers claim their own. It is a relic of barbarism and one shining evidence of the class struggle.

And the day of the passing of the full dinner pail and the empty dinner pail is at hand. It is nearer than many of us imagine. In 1912 very likely it will be consigned to the scrapheap—a doom that is as certain as that the co-operative commonwealth has a right to come.

Socialism is not the hungry growl of the brute that still lingers in man for a little more of the full dinner pail. Socialism is a mighty protest of the outraged soul of mankind; a protest against the denial of its nat-

ural birthright to a higher and nobler existence.

"And louder and mightier shall that protest grow, and clearer shall be its pleading, until the strongest hearts will know the true cause of man and its meaning."

And when the co-operative com-

monwealth has come, men—and it surely will come in your time and mine—

"Then will genius flash new truths to understanding brothers.

"And art receive response to the noble language of her yearnings."

No Course But to Fight

By ALLAN L. BENSON

TO men who work and are nevertheless poor: The first Tuesday in November has been coming a good many years, but it has not been coming much longer than men like you have been robbed. Before man had a religion, or a political belief, he had something of value that could be stolen—labor-power, if nothing else—and from that day to this there has raged an incessant battle between those who want to get what they work for and those who do not want to work for what they get.

You men are fortunate, in that you live in a time when this world-old war is about to end in a complete victory for the workers!

Make no mistake. The time when a man can live in luxurious idleness in this country, enjoying the fruits of others' labor, is growing mighty short.

This battle is going on to a finish, and when it is finished, the man who is able to do his share of the work and will not do so will have exceedingly short picking.

The printing press is not only a great civilizer, but a great educator. Its power for good, so far as helping in this battle is concerned, has only just begun to be

felt, because, for the most part, it has been turned against us. But now we are training it on our opponents, and so great is the public interest that we have created in our plans and ideals that the people are forcing capitalist publishers to stop some of their lying about us and tell a little of the great amount of truth there is to tell.

That same old printing press is what is going to win this battle for us. It is the power of the printed word that is lashing this country to action today. Give the people the facts and they will supply the action.

Therefore:

To workingmen who are Socialists:

Throw every ounce of energy that you can devote to the propagation of Socialism into the distribution of Socialist literature. Books, papers and pamphlets can talk faster than you can, and will keep talking long after you have had to quit. Forty or fifty cents will buy a hundred leaflets, and you can earn the money in a fraction of the time that it would take you to see a hundred persons and make the same argument to them that the leaflets will make.

And, to workingmen who are not Socialists:

Roosevelt or no Roosevelt, the man who is not class-conscious is making a mistake.

Class-consciousness, in the sense that we use it, has reference to the fact that we realize that a certain class of men are spending the money that we earn and ought to get.

Is there anything wrong in recognizing such a condition when it exists?

Roosevelt himself is class-conscious in his own affairs

He recognizes the fact that there are lunatics abroad in the country who might kill him, and therefore he very properly provides against them by keeping secret service men around him.

Yet Roosevelt is not in favor of lunatics, merely because he recognizes their existence.

In the same manner, Mr. Morgan recognizes the fact that there are safe-blowers who would like to get his money, and accordingly takes such measures as he can to thwart them.

Suppose Mr. Roosevelt were to deny the existence of dangerous lunatics, merely because he is not in favor of them, and were to take no measures to protect himself from them?

Suppose Mr. Morgan were to close his eyes to the fact that there are safe-blowers who would like to get his money?

BOTH OF THEM WOULD BE PROCEEDING EXACTLY ALONG THE LINES THAT YOU PROCEED WHEN YOU CLOSE YOUR EYES TO THE FACT THAT THE CAPITALIST CLASS EXISTS ONLY TO GET THE WEALTH THAT THE WORKING CLASS PRODUCES!

We do not like class warfare and class hatred a bit more than Mr.

Roosevelt does, but since we, as the victims, cannot end the class-warfare unless we stop fighting, we prefer to keep up the fight until the other fellows stop robbing us.

This they will never do until we take from them the control of the government, repeal the laws under which the robbery is committed, and pass laws that will give no man the power to appropriate the products of another.

But to do this, workingmen must vote together for candidates of their own, representing the interests of workingmen.

And, before you vote for Taft or Bryan, remember this:

Each one is praised by newspapers and men who are known to be in favor of frying out every ounce of fat there is in labor. And when the burglars on a policeman's beat begin to praise him, LOOK OUT. The burglars may have turned over a new leaf and became decent, but it is more likely that the policeman is a crook.

Think of the burglars of business and finance who are praising Taft and Bryan. There isn't a financial pirate in the country who is not out for one or the other of them. And these burglars of business are out for Taft and Bryan, because they know that in the event of the election of either of them, they will get YOU!

The war is on to a finish. Stand by your class and we'll win.

"A purchased voter is a disfranchised voter," says Ray Standard Baker, in a magazine article. He does not vote his own will, but surrenders the same to another. The corruption of the ballot is a big problem on the hands of the American people, but they will not rest until they have solved it.

The wail of the old parties over the difficulty of getting campaign contributions should fool no one. Lose no sleep over it. There is a kind, capitalistic providence that watches over the destinies of the old parties, and it is still doing busi-

ness at the same old stand, we rather guess!

"Neither the Republican nor the Democratic platforms seem to be altogether applicable to contemporaneous conditions," says the *New York Times*, in discussing the subject of labor injunctions. There you have it.

We do not blame Mr. Gompers for his desire to evade a debate on the merits of the Democratic anti-injunction plank. It would be pretty hard to defend such a fishy plank in a public debate.

Burning of an Airship

By MEPHISTO

We have had a very interesting and quite exciting time here during the past few weeks. For several years we have heard a great deal about the airship of the Count of Zeppelin who has been working at the problem of a dirigible airship for more than 30 years. His experimental station is near Friedrichshafen, on the shores of the Lake of Constance, and during the greater part of this spring and summer we have been kept on the jump with news from him, and that he would appear over Stuttgart.

About a week ago the news came that he had started his long anticipated flight and would appear over Stuttgart. The wires were kept busy, and we heard that he had reached Mayence, had been forced to land near Oppenheim on the Rhine, to get more gas and to cool his motors.

Then, during the night, we were awakened by the noise on the street, and all was alive and awake to the great event. At 5:30 a. m. the lookout station fired three shots, and we knew he was coming. At a little before six we saw a grey thing on the horizon that looked in the mist for all the world like a caterpillar. This grew larger, and gradually we were able to see the outlines of the great airship with the two gondols beneath. The sun came out from behind a cloud bank, and there came the greatest thing the world has seen, slowly, majestically sailing along right over our house. I had my big telescope

out and through it watched it closely. In the front gondol were five people, and in the rear three. Among those in the front gondol I recognized the count, who was greeting the crowds on the heights and roofs with a wave of his white cap. The rear propellers were working while the front ones were at rest. Slowly and majestically he came along, almost transparently white in the rising sun, in such a quiet grandeur that one felt quieted and awed. I could see the great fins and rudder which guided the airship, and also the smoke puffing out of the two rear motors. When over our house the count climbed up the middle passage, and after the airship had got farther away, we could see him on the top of the ship, that is, his head appeared.

Gradually the airship drew away and in about an hour was out of sight.

At 9 o'clock a neighbor rushed in, "The airship has landed on the plateau (auf den Feldern by Echterdingen) near Echterdingen. A special train leaves at 9.28 for there, come on!" I got my hat and took my two youngsters by the hand and away we went. At 10 o'clock we were in Echterdingen, and such a crowd as had already gathered. By rail, automobile, with wagons and afoot the crowds came. About a mile from the village we found the great airship gracefully resting on a fine large even meadow. The bow was fastened to an anchor made out

of a large square piece of canvas, which was covered with sod and earth. Besides this there were two posts, one on each side of the front end, or bow, to which ropes were fastened. The fire brigade from the village had already formed an opening or square in the crowd, in the center of which the airship gracefully rested. It was a grand sight. The airship was longer than a block (136 meters) and as high as a good, two-storied house. Here I had a good opportunity of seeing the rudders and other fins which guided the ship. We learned that one of the motors was out of kilter, and that they needed gas. Therefore, as the motors were from the Diamler works at Untertuerkheim, and that being near here, they had decided to descend in order to have them repaired, and also to get more gas, as they had lost considerable during the night. An hour after the ship had descended, the machinists from the Diamler works were on the ground. Soon after our arrival a squad of dragoons came and patrolled the space around the ship. Soon after these came several companies of infantry without arms, to assist if necessary, and to help keep the crowds back that were arriving from all sides.

After we had a good look at the airship we went home. On our way back the train was stormed before we got into the depot, and men and women climbed into the cars through the windows. I had to get out of the window and first hand out my youngsters, or we would have been unable to get out at all.

About 3 o'clock (we had closed our office and given everybody a holiday, as had all the other concerns in Stuttgart) I went back to the airship. All the afternoon, that is, since noon, there had been a bank of black clouds on the horizon,

threatening to bring a thunder-storm.

I had scarcely got near the airship when a heavy squall struck it and raised it in the air so that it almost stood perpendicular with the front end down. In this position it was blown away about three-quarters of a mile (1 kilometer) when all of a sudden there was a flash, and in less time than it takes to write it, the airship was a mass of flames and dropped to the ground, a heap of bent aluminum bands with the flames still leaping out of one of the gondols where the benzine (gasoline) tank was still burning. As the wind threatened to take the airship away the people wanted to rush in and hold it, but were pushed back by the military, and perhaps that was a good thing, or else more would have been hurt, or the explosion of the benzine which started the fire would have happened while the airship was surrounded by the crowd, and then no end of people would have been killed or injured. As it was there were only two people hurt and these are now at this time out of danger.

When the airship was a wreck people began to cry. The great promise of the morning had ended in disaster, and the large, yes immense, crowd that had come to witness the ascent (It was given out that the airship would resume its flight at about 7 p. m.) was forced to be an unwilling witness to the destruction of Germany's fondest hopes.

Well, at this writing, the count has already two million marks subscribed toward building another. He is at work on his old one (a previous one, not the one now destroyed), remodelling it, and hopes to have it ready about the beginning of October.

His explanation is that the ac-

cident was mainly due to the lack of experience in handling airships. He had wanted to fasten it more securely, but could not get the necessary tackle and ropes to do so. The explosion is not even now wholly explained, but it is presumed that a spark from the sparking or igniting device at the motors perhaps caused it.

This incident shows how great a hold war has on this nation (Germany), for it is as a fighting machine that the Germans value it most.

We Socialists, however, know that the more dangerous and the more expensive a war becomes, the nearer we get to peace. But just think of a subscription of two million marks being got together for a new fighting machine, in a few days, when there have been mine disasters and others that have killed hundreds, yes thousands, of men, and a subscription carried on for months has brought a paltry few thousands to help alleviate the sufferings, and to heal the wounded hearts of those left behind.

A Mortal Call

By SIDNEY A. REEVE

JUSTICE dropped in upon Man for a visit one day, as was occasionally her wont.

They chatted upon the casual topics of the hour.

There was one approaching who had just lost his job. He wrung his hands and moaned, and called upon Justice to witness that he had ever been faithful and industrious.

But Justice was blindfolded. "Whom have we here?" she asked of Man.

"One of the unemployed," said Man.

"Are there many?" asked Justice.

"I am afraid so. Many who conceal their unemployment behind chance jobs of unsuitable work, are in reality unemployed. They make only partial incomes, and live upon their diminishing savings. — But you must not think that it is anything to be ashamed of," he added hastily.

"No?" said Justice. "And who," turning to the unemployed, "denies you the chance to work?"

"My former employer, the superintendent of yonder factory."

"Summon him hither," said Justice to Man. And he came.

So Justice questioned him as to his act.

"The man is incompetent," explained the employer, "and the stock-room overflows with goods. We must curtail our output. I have no grudge against the man, and wish him speedy re-employment elsewhere."

"So," said Justice, "is there no further demand for what you make? What are your goods?"

"Boots and shoes."

"Are all men and children overstocked, then, with boots and shoes?"

"They no longer buy so rapidly as they did."

"Then the trouble is not that they do not want them, but that they cannot buy them. Is that it?"

"I suppose so."

"And you have no interest in seeing that they *can* buy them?"

"Certainly I have. I push the business diligently and widely, I have many eloquent salesmen representing me, all over the land."

"That is designed, as I understand it, to make the people want footgear more keenly than they do now, is it not?"

"Yes."

"Does it aid them to buy?"

"I don't know. I tell you that is not my business."

"Pardon me. I thought you said that you had an interest in that direction. But tell me, who pays for this constant and active incitement to buy?"

"The business does."

"That is to say, those who buy shoes?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"And so these eloquent salesmen help those who want shoes, but cannot buy them, to want them more keenly and to buy them less, but adding to the cost of the shoes the cost of the selling? Have I gotten that straight?"

"Yes—er—no, I'm afraid not. Of course, business cannot go on without a selling-department."

"Because without artificial incitement no one would want to buy anything?"

"Yes. At least—they might buy my competitors' goods."

"What difference does it make to the country WHOSE goods they buy, so long as they get their money's worth? If your goods are really the best and the cheapest, is there any danger of their buying others?"

"Yes. My competitors might easily deceive them, with skill in the selling department."

"Oh! Skillful selling constitutes deceit, does it?"

"It may."

"Yours never does, I take it. Is it only 'the others?' Your men tell 'the whole truth, and nothing but the truth'?"

"We are not concerned with the formalities of the law courts. It is our business to sell our goods."

"I see. But tell me, does this 'selling' cost much?"

"Oh, yes. The money paid to those who find a market is much more than that paid to those who make the shoes. It's of no use to make shoes unless you can sell them."

"But, if the selling department were cut out by ALL the factories at once, so that the shoes sold themselves on their true merits, the people could buy two or three pairs where they now buy one, could they not?"

"I suppose so. I don't know."

"Then, as I get it from you, the real reason for overproduction, dullness and unemployment in the shoe-trade is the frantic effort made on every hand to stimulate demand artificially rather than to supply good goods cheaply?"

"I don't know. I can't see it in that way."

Justice paused. Finally she resumed: "You say that you wish this man re-employed elsewhere. For what other position have you recommended him?"

"None. I do not know where there is a place for him. Most other employers are in the same fix that I'm in. I only know that I have no work for him."

"Do you mean to say that you are given authority to expel this man from work without the responsibility for assigning to him other work, for which he may be better fitted?"

"Certainly. I am not responsible for him and his family. I am responsible only for my factory."

"YOUR factory? Is 'your' factory permitted by law to exist for any other reason than to give shoemakers a chance to supply the shoe users with shoes made under the most efficient, modern methods? Does 'your' factory seem to you more conducive to the welfare of man when it blocks the sale of shoes, ejects this man from employment and condemns his family to idleness, want, ignorance and probably crime, because it is operated as a private army-corps with which you may fight your competitors, than

when it exists solely for the good of shoemakers and shoe users?"

"I don't know. That is not my business."

"Is it possible! Who, then, assigned you to your position and gave you the authority over the lives and

happiness of many men, without also giving you the corresponding responsibility? This is the land and the age, of all lands and ages, which I am supposed to rule. How is it, Man—?"

And Justice turned to question Man. But Man had fled.

Economic Determinism

By DR. L. WEST

"Economic determinism" and "the materialistic conception of history" are terms often used in accounting for the changes that take place in society and governments. As these changes take place, the standard of ethics or code of morals that has been established also changes to harmonize with the means by which people live. For instance, if the people of a certain time lived by killing and eating other people, cannibalism was considered the necessary practice, and was therefore proper and right. Later, when slavery was substituted for cannibalism, because it was more profitable, cannibalism became immoral and slavery the proper practice. The economic reason for the change was that the slave would produce enough to sustain many besides himself. The moral code was modified to harmonize with the economic practice.

As civilization progressed, the methods of producing the things necessary to sustain life were improved. It became cheaper to hire free labor than to buy slaves to do the necessary work. Thus was introduced the present form of wage slavery. Then chattel slavery became immoral and wage slavery the proper practice.

Material interests have always forced the program finally adopted by civilization. Ethical ideas and moral conceptions have no chance in a conflict with material interests. People must live, and the way they make their living must be justified by a moral code. No nation or society ever adopted a code of morals not supported by an economic reason. This, in brief, outlines what is understood by "economic determinism" and "the materialistic conception of history."

It is true, but not the whole truth. Individuals having ethical ideas in advance of the civilization in which they lived have always been as far back as we have any history. They have been the restless agitators who were persecuted and killed by the then existing society. With them a thing was right according as it harmonized with justice, and wrong if it did not. They did not give any economic reasons to justify their moral codes. It is not necessary to go further back in history than the time of John Brown, Garrison, Lovejoy and Phillips and all the other early advocates of abolition of chattel slavery to prove the statement that moral conceptions precede the economic changes.

I have not found a single line

in any of their writings that even hinted that wage slavery would be cheaper than chattel slavery given as a reason for abolishing slavery, yet the fact became recognized by the people of the north, who could not work chattel slaves to advantage. Those owning cotton plantations in the south could herd their slaves and work them profitably, and those persons stood for their economic interests as they understood them, while those of the north stood for theirs as they saw them in the cheapened cost of labor. The economic interests of the north and south were in conflict, hence the Civil war, which cost many times more than all the slaves in the United States were worth.

At present a great prohibition wave is rolling over the country that is surprising even to the most earnest advocates of temperance, but to the student of economics the reason for it is found in the greater safety to life and property when in the care of sober employes than drinkers. Every employer is being forced by the general demand for sober persons to do the work they are employed to do, to discharge the drunken, incompetent laborers. They know why they lose their jobs, and become converts to prohibition. Sober negroes are better workers than drunken ones, so the people of the south are voting for prohibition. Sober people are not so likely to become criminals, and so we all say, away with the saloon. We shudder with horror at the crime of murder committed by the

drinker, and blame the saloon with it and the expense of prosecuting the criminal. The professional can no longer indulge in intoxicants and succeed in his profession. He sees his patrons employing his sober competitors, and he, too, is forced into the prohibition movement.

The prohibitionist made his fight against the saloon almost entirely from a moral position. His moral standard is now being supported by an economic reason and no power or argument can hope to prevail against it. Another decade or two and there will be but few places where the common people will dare to go to quench their thirst for intoxicants. Only our economic masters will dissipate. The people who do necessary labor will not dare to drink.

As chattel slavery was forced to give way to wage slavery because of an economic advantage in the latter system, and the liquor traffic is now being destroyed for the same reason, so will the system of wage slavery be forced to give way to the co-operative commonwealth. When people who do the things necessary to sustain life understand that they will receive three times as much under Socialism as they do now for the same service, their selfish natures will impel them to do that which will be to their greatest economic advantage. The person who does not want the wealth his energy creates is lacking in a very necessary mental quality.

It's the people against their despoilers—the age-long struggle out of which has come whatever of liberty and rights the people now

enjoy. It is a struggle that cannot end. A struggle in which true men cannot falter and in which they must never lose courage.

Socialists to End War

By J. KEIR HARDIE, M. P.

NO nation ever willingly makes war twice in the lifetime of one generation. The exhaustion which follows a great conflict, the legacy of debt which it leaves behind, the revelations of "patriotic" knavery which accompany war, together with a shamefaced feeling at the criminal folly of the thing, all act as checks upon that madness of spirit which occasionally leads nations lightheartedly to clamor for war. Our own recent experience in connection with the Transvaal Republic illustrates how the madness is produced.

The first step in the process is to excite a feeling of suspicion concerning the secret arming and designs of the enemy. In the case of the Boers there was a plot to drive the British out of South Africa into the sea! When this fell calumny had done its deadly work, a campaign of wholesale lying was entered upon, in which the Dutch farmers of the Transvaal were represented as selfish monsters who oppressed and tortured the natives, countenanced corruption in their government, the more effectively to rob the honest British trader and mineowner in their midst, and who crowned their tale of infamies by treating the miner of the Rand as a helot. Side by side with this, our leading "statesman" of the period was finding cause for a national quarrel by insisting upon an illegal interpretation of the terms of an

old convention, whilst the queen's representative on the spot was covering himself with glory by exposing the subterfuges by which the Boers were trying to evade war, until they were more prepared than we were for the conflict. By the time all this had soaked into the mind of the man in the street he had reached the conclusion that war was "inevitable," and that, as it had to come, the sooner it was over and done with, the better. It is this "inevitable" feeling that we have to be most on our guard against.

Such was the process by which the Boer war was brought about. There was nothing new or strange about it; it was but history repeating itself. But the experience then gained, and the price we had to pay for the lesson in human life, hard cash, and national prestige and honor will, I am certain, serve to put this generation on its guard against having to go through a similar experience. Once bit, twice shy.

There are, however, a few ghouls about whose lust for blood is insatiable. Some of them are army and navy contractors, for whom a war means a feast of fat things. There are millions sterling in it, and practically no risk to either life or reputation. Of a less detestable kind, but still on the side of the forces which have a monetary interest in war, or, at least, in a heavy military expenditure, are builders of men-of-war, and manufacturers of arms of precision, small and large. There are always, also, a proportion of public men, poli-

ticians and others, who, whilst not actively desiring war, are not above having a wipe at the government by lending the weight of their influence to any statement, however absurd, which makes it appear that the government is allowing some foreigner to get ahead of them in matters of national defense. Then, of course, there are those who quite honestly believe that our safety, not merely as a nation, but as an empire, depends entirely upon the strength of our fighting forces by land and sea, and that, consequently, we can never spend too much in making and keeping these efficient.

More dangerous than these others, because more concealed, are the great financial houses. For these war is all but indispensable. If nations were always paying off their debt and not incurring any fresh debts, money would soon become such a drug upon the market that the rate of interest would sink to zero. A good going war which wastes a few hundred million pounds, provides an outlet for money and keeps up the rate of interest.

All of these agencies and influences are on the side of the forces which make for war. It is these who found and maintain our navy leagues, our empire leagues, our flag days, and who insist upon military drill being given in our public schools, and double their contributions to Christian missions for the conversion of the savage when a boys' brigade is start-

ed by the parson of the parish. But all these would be of small account without a sensational newspaper press.

We saw at the time how Liberal newspapers were bought by syndicates who had a direct financial interest in bringing about a war with the Transvaal, and how great newspaper proprietors who refused to applaud the war were brought to the verge of ruin. Apart from these cases, newspapers of the yellow type can only live by sensationalism. They appear to be conducted by neurotics destitute of honor for neurotics destitute of brains. They constitute a standing menace. They are always for war, or war scares. These provide good copy and sell the paper, and if need be the gentlemen who run them would sell the nation if thereby they could add to the sales of the paper.

These, then, are some of the forces which are always more or less active in the manufacture of war scares, and which, when occasion arises, fan the flames of war itself.

The Socialists stand for peace. We are prepared, if the occasion arises, to co-operate with our friends in thwarting war. If need be, an industrial movement for stopping the output of war supplies, arranged and carried through jointly by the organized labor movement in the different countries simultaneously, could be managed!

Hurrah for the international solidarity of labor and the destruction of the war spirit among nations.

Will You Perish Alone?

By WILLIAM HENRY FERBER

Fellow workers, is it not true that the injury to any one of us should be the concern of all of us?

Then should not labor organize and become a unit to defend its collective members from the wrath of its enemies?

Capitalism stands united against us, as united capitalism; therefore, working people—the working class—should unite in united industrialism. Long ago the sages said:

"United we stand; but divided we fall."

Bees and ants, the greatest of working insects, unite their labors and prosper, and the species would soon be annihilated should they seek to exist as anarchs or individuals.

The mastodon roamed alone through the wilderness and is now entirely extinct. The great auk of the northern seas is nearly extinct, as he did not associate with his fellow birds.

The giants, fabled in song and story, are no more, for they went down before the hand of cunning. The dwarf, with the modern munitions of war, by the use of cunning, outdoes the sluggish giant.

So also falls the lion of the jungle before the modern hunter, and the tiger and elephant share the same fate; while the prairie dogs of the west, which live in communities or republics, repel the onslaught of civilized man by devastating his crops and threatening starvation to his flocks and herds. The dogs, as individuals, could not exist long, but by united efforts they ravage the frontiersman until men shall unite to exterminate a common pest.

As election day approaches, you will again be told by so-called leaders of men, that the interests of capital and labor are identical. That the interests of the employer are your interests. That there is no gulf between employer and employee. That there are no classes. And that all men, rich and poor, are equal (at the polls). That a rich man's vote counts no more than the most humble citizen's vote, and all the other dope which workingmen have applauded for a thousand years, and then had the chains welded upon them a little tighter than they were before.

Oh, deluded working class! Will you ever learn that the capitalistic

parasites despise you, body and soul. How they make war upon you, would you marry their sons and daughters. How they love you when they ask for your votes. How they club you when you ask for living wages. How they promise you relief from political wrongs before election. How they send government troops to shoot you down, if you dare to strike. How kindly they dispense free beer during any campaign and how bitterly they despise you in their clubs and societies.

I have heard wealthy manufacturers call their employes "poor devils," and "damned dogs."

I have heard a wealthy brewer say less than a year ago that "we wealthy brewers cannot afford to let the damned poor trash starve if the worst comes to worst."

I have heard a Nevada millionaire mine owner declare that "we rich men have no interest in the damned, poor working trash, for we pay the help all that is coming to them, and more than they deserve to have, and that is where the interest in the workingman ends."

I have heard a California fruit-grower say: "To hell with the whole hobo working class."

I have heard labor skimmers curse truckadores and street laborers every time they passed them or gazed at them or accosted them; and yet you cheer the deniagogue who tells you that there are no classes, and that rich and poor are alike favored in this great land of opportunity.

Workers of all countries, unite; you have nothing to lose but your chains, and a world to gain. This was the message of Karl Marx. Yet labor has turned a deaf ear to its champions and prophets and lis-

tened to the blare of trumpets and the voice of flattery from the enemies of labor.

You have helped capitalism for a

long time. Will you now help yourselves? Will you unite with your fellow workmen, or will you, like the cave man, live alone?

Roosevelt's Desirables

By L. D. H.

Mr. Roosevelt announces that the soldier and the mother are the most valuable members of the community, and deserve the highest honors that the state can grant. Keeping carefully in mind the famous anti-race suicide sentiments expressed by Theodore, may we not anticipate that one of these strenuous days the morning papers will report an address to fighting men, somewhat in this vein:

Fellow countrymen and heroes, wholly desirable citizens, honorable and veracious men: I have said that one of these classes of males you are the most worthy of respect. The country doctor, traveling the rough roads in wintertime to reach a patient that he knows can never pay a fee; the artisan denying himself the common pleasures of life that his boys and girls may have a better start in the world than was his lot; the village clergyman struggling along upon a paltry salary that he may say what he believes will benefit his fellow men; the scientist, performing dangerous experiments upon himself, that other men's lives may be more fully rounded out;—all these I have ranked below you and the present speaker—for reasons best known to myself. You are professional fighters; that is bully! If there is anything that I despise, it is a man who does not want to spend all his active years upon the

battlefield. If anybody talks about reducing fighting to a minimum, claiming that it is folly to acquire territory which we do not need, and can not well manage after it is ours; and that it were more advisable to save those lives, valuable to the commonwealth, which we now possess—look out for him; he is a milksop, a mollycoddle, and an immoral personage. Some of you may entertain the idea that you were formed with aptitude for the practice of law, or art, or the managing of a bank; and that you might win honors for yourselves in private life if fighting did not exhaust your time and strength. Beware of selfish notions of that sort. Some persons have had the audacity to circulate magazines and papers saying that we should have only those wars which are necessary to the continuation and preservation of the nation. Disgusting theory! I have ordered the post-master-general to exclude such improper matter from the mails.

Fighting men of the nation, I salute you; I offer you the sincerest reverence; but if you ask me to see that soldiers are enfranchised and draw a pension from the state—Loeb, where the Harriman is my big (walking) stick?

(Exit T. R. and the B. S., to double-quick martial strains.)

Now, if any delegation of men goes upon a pilgrimage to Washington, and knowingly invites upon its heads a deluge of buncombe like unto the foregoing, I, for my own part, on the honor of an Undesirable Citizeness, will engage to eat

a Merry Widow hat, with trimmings to appall a back-yards goat. However, were the women of the mothers' congress really to blame, or did the strenuous one perchance invite himself?

Secret of Organization

By ISADOR LADOFF

THE proletarian movement is a broader conception than the Socialist movement and the Socialist party is a narrower conception than the Social-Democratic movement.

The proletarian movement is a historical phenomenon with little if any rational consciousness behind it. The proletariat, being dissatisfied with its fate, instinctively seeks ways and means of improving its own condition.

The lack of the understanding of the actual causes of the subordination of the proletariat to the other classes of society is the reason why the proletarian movement in general does not evolve a definite plan of action. This lack of understanding is also the reason why the proletarians can be and are so easily led astray by demagogues in the interests of parasitic classes.

The introduction of rational consciousness into the proletarian movement gave birth to the *Socialist movement*. The Socialist movement is the *rationalized proletarian movement*. Socialism is the philosophy of the proletariat. Socialism explains the causes of the unenviable condition of the proletariat and proposes a clearly defined program of action.

Socialism as a philosophy of proletarian life and strife embraces certain evolutionary social-economic theories, a system of ethics based on these theories, and broad ideals concerning the future social-economic structure of human associations.

The soundness and ripeness of Socialist social-economic theories, of Socialist ethics and Socialist ideals is demonstrated by their spreading all over the globe, their permeating all kinds of races and classes.

However, the Socialist movement as such is just as amorphous, although not so vague and nebulous as the proletarian movement in general. Expediency, the necessity of husbanding, economizing social energy, the desire for attaining the highest efficiency in the struggle of the proletariat for emancipation from the thralldom of economic despotism and anarchy, lead to the crystalization of a part of the Socialist movement into a political party, into a practical organization with practical aims and purposes in view.

The proletarian movement is the mother, and rational class-consciousness is the father of the Social-Democratic movement.

The Socialist party derives its dynamic force from the elementary proletarian movement, and its controlling and directing power from modern science.

The proletarian movement is international by its very nature, so is the Social-Democratic movement.

And as far as the fundamental principles of Socialist philosophy, ethics and ideals of the future ("final aims") go—the political program of the Socialist party is international in its scope. In fact, the platform of the Socialist party is the expression of Socialist philosophy, ethics and ideals in concrete terms intelligible to the average normal mind.

A Slow and Solid Growth.

However, science teaches that all changes in the world of ours, especially changes in the organic kingdom and particularly growth of social-economic institutions, are the product of slow development. History teaches the value of the element of time, that ideals are never attained, but only approached step by step as the result of persistent, untiring endeavor of generations of mankind for bettering its future.

History teaches that it is the sum of humble every-day activities of human individuals that prepares ripeness and constitutes momentous events and epochs, that so-called revolutions are only dramatic and spectacular, passing, and by no means essential, stages of revolutionary processes.

It is therefore necessary that the platform of the Socialists should contain, besides its general declaration of principles, a more or less explicit outline of the immediate, transitory, but expedient work to be done by the party as soon as it attains power. This im-

mediate work (minimum program) may appear humble and insignificant from the point of view of the broad humanitarian ideals of the party. But the digging of ditches for the foundation, the laying of bricks and other humble and insignificant manipulations of humble and insignificant workers are indispensable for the building of the most magnificently designed castle.

The minimum program (immediate demands) of the Socialist party is not necessarily international in its scope and meaning. It has to be varied according to time, place, conditions, etc. The working out of the minimum program requires the most careful exercise of judgment, tact and statesmanship.

The minimum program is the only part of the Socialist party's pronouncement and activity intelligible to the broad masses of the people, not trained in the habit of abstract thought and broad generalization. It has therefore an immense educational or propaganda value.

The masses are always eminently practical in a rather narrow sense of the word. They care for today and are inclined to let the future take care of itself.

Must Reckon with the Facts.

This psychological defect of the broad masses ought not to be overlooked.

After all is said and done, the only way for the Socialists to attain political power is to gain the confidence and adherence of the proletarian masses. And this confidence and adherence can be gained only by missionary, educational work among the masses of the proletariat.

It is a tremendous task, to be performed by the members of the Socialist party. Every Socialist has to be an educator of non-Socialists. Every Socialist has therefore to prepare himself consequently for the educational work before him by serious study, reading and observation of social-economic conditions around him. The Socialist party has consequently to provide for INNER PROPAGANDA in order to be successful in OUTER PROPAGANDA.

Each branch of the Socialist organization ought to be turned into

an intellectual center for its members, into a club of self-education, into a school of Socialism. If practicable, a systematic course of study and reading ought to be arranged for, especially for the younger members of the party.

The program of study or reading ought to start with an organic, geological evolution, pass to organic evolution, and embrace sociology and economics from the evolutionary point of view. This would prepare the student for an intelligent perusal of Socialist classics and best contemporary writers.

Such self-educational activity would add interest and enthusiasm to the party work and would raise the members of the party to a high intellectual level.

THE GREATEST ENEMY OF SOCIALISM IS IGNORANCE. THE STRONGEST AND MOST RELIABLE ALLY OF SOCIALISM IS KNOWLEDGE.

Socialists ought to keep posted not only on strictly party affairs, but be informed on general lines, and especially on issues, wrongly or rightly swaying the public mind at the given place and time. **VIGILANT COMMITTEES** ought to be appointed by the party for the purpose of visiting the meetings of the local city council, the sessions of congress, various courts of justice, and all other places and institutions where public interests are at stake. These committees ought to report their observations from time to time to the joint meetings of the local.

Socialists on Guard.

This work would enable the party to be useful to the proletariat all the time by sounding a note of warning every time there is an attempt at encroachment on the right of the working class on the part of the powers that be.

With the same purpose in view, members of the party ought to join the union of their craft and try to be useful to that organization.

Nothing gains confidence so quickly and thoroughly as actual services rendered to the working class. Such services speak volumes for the cause.

Socialist propaganda among non-Socialists has to be conducted sys-

tematically on rational and educational lines.

Some propagandists, especially of the so-called soap boxers, commit grave mistakes, assuming an overbearing attitude toward those they address.

Another common error is the adoption of a deductive method of propaganda. The proper way is to proceed from the concrete to the abstract, from a subject foremost in the mind of the addressed and leading up gently to generalizations.

Dogmatism of any kind has to be avoided. The most important step in propaganda is to make the workingman think for himself. The second step in importance is to arouse his enthusiasm, to quicken his fellow feeling, to stimulate his class consciousness.

Speaking on public squares, streets, etc., is the least effective of all ways and means of propaganda. The crowds frequenting open-air meetings are composed of people bent on some pressing business and are, as a rule, in no receptive mood, not inclined to follow the arguments of a speaker on any serious subject.

Addresses in halls are much preferable to open-air oratory. People induced to come at a specified time to a specified place, for the purpose of listening especially to a Socialist speaker, are, of course, in a reasonably receptive condition of mind. The expositions of an instructive speaker in a hall are likely to produce a lasting effect.

Reading Matter Most Important.

However, the most effective propaganda is education by the means of systematic and judicious distribution of reading matter. Having the paper, pamphlet or book in his possession, the workingman will naturally choose for the perusal a time when he feels most inclined to follow and digest the ideas presented to him.

However, experience has demonstrated that it is a great deal easier to gain new members to the party than to keep the old ones within the fold.

Many old members gradually lose interest in party affairs, stop coming to meetings, fail to remit in due time their membership fees, and drop out entirely. The reasons for this la-

mentable fact are many. Eliminating personal considerations entirely, we will find that there are two principal causes for the dropping out of old members of the party.

The first cause is the unsoundness of some theories in vogue among a certain class of Socialists, especially the faith in cataclysms, in sudden, violent revolutions to happen at a fixed time. Some Utopian Socialists assume prophetic airs and predict the fall of the capitalist system and inauguration of the co-operative commonwealth at a certain date. The date passes, nothing particular happens, and many simple-minded followers of the false prophets lose heart.

Another cause is the absence of work appealing to the hearts and brains of the old members of the party in the locals. The old parties' conception of political activity -- a conception limited to a short period of time before election, followed by a long period of lethargy till the next election--somehow lingers in the minds of American Socialists. The latter have not as yet arrived at a vivid realization that **THE CAMPAIGN OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY IS ALWAYS GOING ON**, election or no election.

Beside these two principal causes there are some minor ones, namely, lack of discipline and concentrated effort in the local party organizations.

Due to the apathy of the majority, the routine work of the party is taken up frequently by a few eager new members, lacking the experience of conducting public affairs. These few gradually form a clique and run the local to suit their own fancies. Once in a while actual corruption creeps in.

The best remedy against these evils is better organization and strict party discipline. "Everybody's business is proverbially nobody's business."

Each local ought to have an able and willing paid organizer, who would devote all his time to party affairs and interests. He would serve as a living link among the party members and see that the party work should be done efficiently and in time. A willing and able organizer always pays his own way by keeping old members in good standing and gaining new ones, collecting money from sympathizers, etc., etc.

Last, not least, we have to mention that proper personal relation among the members of the party is of vital importance to the building up of the organization.

Anything promoting kind feelings, good fellowship, and mutual esteem among Socialists cements them together into a united family of brothers and sisters, co-operating for the betterment of humanity and a brighter future for coming generations.

British Social-Democrats are jubilant over the result of their first parliamentary contest in Haggerston, a London district. There was only time for about a week's hard campaigning, and it was new territory for a canvass, yet when the result was announced it was found that the Social-Democratic candidate, Herbert Burrows, had received only fourteen votes less than a thousand, while the Liberal candidate, Walter Warren, had seventeen hundred, and the Conservative candidate, the Hon. Rupert Guinness, twenty-eight hundred, and the election. The seat

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First Stammerer:

"Sus-sus-say! ol' man,

You stu-stutter, I see.

Why don't you whuh-whistle?—

That cuc-cuc-cuc-cured me!"

Second Stammerer:

"Cuc-cuc-cuc-cured you!

Sus-say! You're the mechanic

To show us how Morgan

Cured the pup-pup-pup-panic!"

—Edward Howell Putnam, in The Public.

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E. H. THOMAS, Editor

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