

...It's better to vote for what you want and not get it, than to vote for what you don't want and get it....

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Wm. Johnson of Pullman, Ills., won the ten-acre tract last week—47 subscribers.

A SHORT-HAND TALK.

The 320 acres fruit land in South Missouri, which the APPEAL offers to workers in tracts of ten acres each, one tract to be given each week for the largest club of yearly subscriptions received during the week, is all in one piece.

One can easily see the advantages, both from the economic and social standpoint that this has for the winners of the land. They must necessarily hold views in common and to a great extent be very similar in their business ideas. They will be active, energetic and thorough socialists, and there is no question, with this land, but that they can form an association which will guarantee them against any fear of the competitive system. In fact they would be able to beat competition at its own game.

The land is good, the county is well settled. All enterprises, both of private and public nature, are in evidence in Howells county. It lies at the eastern edge of the great zinc and lead district of north Arkansas, which in time will be developed and a large system of smelters and mines will increase the value of this land many times and afford a greedy market for everything that can be raised.

These thoughts are by the way of information. We do not know what the thirty-two winners of this land will do with it after they get it. It is theirs absolutely and the APPEAL does not presume to dictate what should be done. It simply theorizes and for the benefit of the workers gives such information as it believes will be of interest to contestants. The largest club of yearlies each week wins a ten acre tract. The purchase of postal subscription cards count as subscriptions.

The starvation, want and crime in the cities, reported in the daily press are sickening. If this be prosperity, for heaven's sake send us a dose of adversity.

This year, for the first time in the history of the United States, the members of labor unions have an opportunity to vote for one of their number for president. If they won't vote for a union man for office how can they expect people to do for them what they are not willing to do for themselves?

The republican national committee has issued orders that all republican presidential electoral nominees who are directors or officers of banks should resign their places on the ticket or the bank, as the law will not permit such to become electors. Thus you see that the framers of the law recognized that men engaged in banking are enemies of the government and as such should not be permitted to select its ruler. But they will control the puppets who do select him, and what's the odds?

My desk is piled up with great piles of letters on all conceivable questions and many of them long enough for an afternoon's job. It would take half dozen editors to keep up. Now gentlemen, please write briefly, and be patient if the answers come slowly or not at all. Do not write any questions for the editor on the same sheets with orders for papers or books, as such are overlooked or else delay the filling of the orders. Pound at me all the questions about socialism you want to, and such as will be useful to elucidation will be answered through the APPEAL. But be brief and to the point.

If union men won't honor the union card on the political field how do they expect people to honor it on the industrial field? Is a union card good for nothing but to sell the product of organized labor? Or does it command the support of organized labor in every line of human endeavor? Union labor has either got to do what it asks all people to do or else go back on its own principles this year. Vote for Debs and the union card or for Bryan and his non-union printed books or for McKinley and the bull-pen. Take your choice, gents. It's your turn to shine.

The democrats and republicans of Dallas county, Mo., have combined to defeat the socialists! There you have an illustration of voting for Bryan in order to "get half a loaf." Why not vote for McKinley for the "half a loaf" since the two parties fuse in order to defeat the ticket that stands for socialism? There is not a hair's difference between the two old parties—they both stand for a rake off on the creation of labor and will fight shoulder to shoulder in order to get it. This will be more apparent in 1904 when the two old parties will hold their convention in the same hall at the same time "to preserve our institutions from the threat of socialism."

Some women with a tender regard for other women's virtues are trying to crusade against the bicycle for females and are hunting up specific cases to prove the wheel is undermining American womanhood. This is straining at a gnat and swallowing the proverbial camel. If these women will investi-

gate the ruined girls who are employed in shops, factory and stores on wages less than will board them, they will find a source a thousand fold worse than the wheel. Women who can afford the wheel are not of the poorest classes, such as these unphilosophic reformers will investigate. Poor girls are just as good in every way as these "fly" respectable daughters of wealth who do not earn their living but get it off the labor of their poorer sisters. If these reformers desire to abolish prostitution, they will have to begin by abolishing private ownership of property that results in the many being ground into poverty and vice and which gives to a few, lives of idleness that always result in the development of the animal. Virtue can not be in lives degraded by unrequited toil or pampered by unearned wealth. How many cases where the rich ladies' dresses and jewelry are paid for by fallen women's business by reason of the rent these unfortunates pay! Many rich pews in churches are decked out by money coined out of the lives of fallen women by reason of the legal robbery called rent. The whole social system is one of deception, hypocrisy and crime, and the wonder is that there is any virtue at all.

Is Good Practical?

I HAVE talked often with people who have read Bellamy's great work, "Looking Backward," and never yet met one who objected to it on the ground of not being desirable. They would like to live under such a system "if it could be," but it was impracticable and therefore ought to be opposed! To such people only the bad is practicable. I do not believe that this earth, with all its natural beauty and goodness, is a place where goodness is forever to be impractical. God or nature has not made the world and its fullness on a plan that prevents right from being practiced. I say that a social system that induces men and women to practice all kinds of crime against themselves is impractical—that such a system ought to be abolished and in its place a system such as Bellamy pictures should be substituted in which nothing but love and good fellowship could prevail. To make this world a place of peace and joy and development is the horrible purpose of socialists, and for which they are condemned by the powers of ignorance—for certainly no one would oppose a plan for their own happiness if they knew it. I say that good is practical in this earth and that error is not and does not work out happiness. Those who oppose us act on the theory that good is not practical and that the present bad conditions are. Every crime that darkens the earth today is directly attributable to the social system based on private capital. Private capitalism is here and these crimes are here. The one is the natural, logical effect of the other. Do away with the cause of anything and the effect will disappear. That is what we ask the people to do. But they comprehend no other system than the one they have been trained under, they do not conceive any other possible, and will not try to understand another. But more and more of them are waking up to what the other system means and are becoming advocates of it. The future is ours. The child is born who will live to see socialism in a completed state in this nation and many others. We who have studied the tendencies of the times know this. Those who have not studied them do not know it—nor could they be expected to. But the millions are getting ready, unconsciously, for the Great Change.

The Midland Construction Co., of Chicago has been awarded the work of building a railroad from Reddings, Calif., to Klamath Falls, 83 miles, for \$2,150,000. The same article that tells this also says the road will be bonded for \$3,000,000! That will leave the operators a clear \$850,000 profit, and they will control the road and not only force the public to pay rates that will pay the interest on over one-third more than the road cost but will make that dear goose of a public pay dividends on the stock of several millions and princely salaries to the operators besides. The public could have built it for what the contractor gets, and would have nothing else to pay, and could have borrowed the money for less than the railroad company. But such would be anarchy, so it would, and being robbed by order is better than being free without the capitalistic order, don't you see? What wise people we have in this country!

A READER in Harrisonburg, W. Va., sends me a copy of the water report for the town. The town of 4,000 owns the plant and has excellent service and made a profit of \$4,007.18 last year and the fire protection for the town costs nothing. On the other hand a corporation owns the electric light franchise, gives miserable service and the town made no profit and the citizens are skinned unmercifully. That is the difference between sense and nonsense. The water rate is, compared to other cities, very low and the electric rate is high. Some people would use any old worn-out thing when all about them is a better method. But then some people don't have no sense now, as the old lady said.

Socialists are active everywhere. It does not matter whether they have organization or not, they are fighting just the same and tickets are being put up everywhere. Do not wait for others, but if you think it can be done, put up a ticket, and help swell the hundreds of thousands of votes that will astonish the nation in November.

ADVICE TO SLAVES.

Julian Hawthorn is telling in the Hearst papers, how miners live on 50 cents a day and other writers are telling the working people how they may live on less. I think it would be much better if their addresses were directed to telling the winners of labor how they could and should live on less than the millions they spend annually in ignorant ostentation and extravagance. Men can live on a very small amount, can do without nearly all the good things of life, but if all did this the factories would close for want of patrons, the progress of the world would be stopped. Of what use is progress if it does not benefit the race? I know what it is to live on a few pennies a day. I have a diary that I kept when a boy and it shows that my mother and I lived a month on \$2.76—not only food but all other things. It is not good, and those who advocate such a condition, who tell the people they should try to so live that masters could have so much more to waste and buy titled snobs for their daughters, are not friends of the race. Let them try it for years but of necessity. It is all very well as a fad for a few months, especially when they do not have to so live, but let them put themselves in the places of these miners and sweat-shop victims of poverty and try it under those conditions. It makes me tired to read these advices to the working classes by those who live in fine houses, who do no manual labor that requires much food-fuel to keep the body alive. They are enemies of the race, ignorant of it though they may be. We should all see how well we can live—not how mean. That is what machinery is for. It machinery will not benefit all, then machinery is a failure and no good. The less the working classes will learn to live on the more of their products will go to the useless rich leeches of society. Life is not existent for the purpose of seeing how much we can make off our fellows. Poor indeed would be the plan of creation if such were the case. It is blasphemy on God or nature to say that men are here to see who can grab the most of what men create. If such were true it were better that the race cease to exist. Away with your five and ten cents a day living for the workers who make all the wealth, while the drones live in a style that costs millions a year and produce not the value of one meal. That men are told they have a full dinner pail and for that reason they should vote to uphold the industrial robbery that puts millions of full dinner pails in the possession of a single family! Let the rich take the advice they hire writers to give to the poor and see what it is like.

THAT is an amusing state of affairs in Illinois. The state uses 10,000 tons of coal and of course it is too poverty stricken to own and operate any coal mines. Four years ago it paid 79 cents a ton; this year it could get only one bid—\$1.95 a ton! The trust has the fool state and is only plucking it. In 1896 the coal operators paid the miners 32 cents a ton and now 49 cents. In other words the trust pays 17 cents a ton more and charges \$1.16 a ton more. This is something like dividing up, eh? Sock it to the chumps, Mr. Coal trust. They would not have it otherwise. They are afraid to own the mines themselves, and you are dead safe to pinch them.

ACCORDING to the government reports, and as the government makes and keeps account of all monies used in this country, it ought to know—according to these reports the amount of money in circulation did not vary \$1 per capita between the years 1892, 1893 and 1894—1893 being the year of the panic. Why was there a panic? Again, there is practically no difference in the volume of money from year to year, then why is there any difference in the money market? Why is money rated low and high, flush or scarce? But then a blamed fool should not ask such questions.

It is often urged in extenuation of their claims to wealth that the richest men work hardest and longest hours. Let the claim be granted. But does the character of work have nothing to do with the matter? The most skillful, deep-planned bank burglars and forgers work hard, but will that justify their having plenty? They take from others without producing or giving an equivalent. So do all those who possess great fortunes. The working people support the wealthy—the wealthy do not support the working people.

The wire nail trusts subsidized the patentee and manufacturers of the nail machines, raised the price of nails 300 per cent, and made \$6,000,000 in seventeen months. See how easy money is made by honest industry, economy and thrift? And a nation of asses submit to this high handed robbery and still vote against socialism under which the public would own and operate industries in the interest of the whole people. The public robbed of that six millions did not receive one cent of the benefit for it.

We Americans read with horror of the debaucheries of the kings and princes of old, and how they squandered the wealth they squeezed out of the people in lascivious entertainments and drunken orgies. That the people had to work and keep up these rich robbers and louts causes us to shudder in this, the glorious nineteenth century. O, yes, it does. We brave, intelligent freemen would never submit a minute to such extortion! This retrospect flashed across my mind as I read the other day of a dinner given in

American simplicity by one fellow Seeley in New York. Those modest modern dinners begin about 9 o'clock P. M. and last until the last guest, dead drunk, is taken home by his valet in the "wee sma' hours ayant the twal." In addition to the viands and freely flowing champagne, a troupe of more or less nude women in lascivious songs, dances and exercises that would put to shame a sultan's bower, furnished the guests with those elevating moral sentiments that go to make up the respectable classes, and distinguishes them from the vulgar herd of common humanity. These dinners of republican simplicity, costing thousands each, as well as the wealth possessed by hosts and guests, are as much robber booty off the working people of today as was the orgies of a French king. It is all possessed by means of legal robbery—and those Very Respectable people are not squeamish about the legality. O, no! Us Americans would not labor to keep idle, vicious, useless snobs and moral criminals in luxury! Of course not! We boasted Americans make the laws and govern ourselves!! We would not allow poverty to drive our daughters to be the playthings of those who rob us into that poverty! Nor our sons to be forced, for bread withheld, to become lackeys, valets and flunkies for nobility!! You bet your boots. Our glorious ancestors "fit" for our freedom, and it is too precious to be lost! The Seeleys believe in private property—they can afford to—but what must be said of the fools who produce the wealth that Seeleys squander, advocating the same theory and living in poverty and woe? Are they less fools than the men of bygone centuries who supported kings and nobility and from which only a few received any benefit? Only under a society organized on a basis of private ownership of property could such things occur. Think this over five or six thousand years, like your ancestors did about the divine right of kings, and then act.

A reader asks: "Does supply and demand govern prices?" No. The supply of coal is unlimited and the demand limited, then the price should be nothing but the labor cost. Is it? Rockefeller governs the price of oil; the sugar trust governs the price of sugar; nearly all the necessities of life is governed by a few men who have monopolized the product. Suppose that two men traveling should meet with an accident whereby one of them should have an artery severed while the other had a large package of bandages. There you would have an urgent demand and an unlimited supply for the needs. Suppose the owner of the bandages for which he had paid a few cents should demand of the wounded man \$1,000 in gold which he was carrying for enough bandage to stop the flow of blood. Would you call that supply and demand governing the price? Well hardly, but in a lesser degree of extortion is all prices governed. Price is regulated by the power or condition of the possessor to prevent his victim getting the article elsewhere, and the necessity of the purchaser to have it and his ability to pay. The price of food in the Klondyke was regulated by the men who had it and knew the other fellows must have it before they could get it elsewhere. And yet the price of food made the amount available neither greater nor smaller. "Supply and demand governing prices," is one of those same things as "Competition being the life of trade." But people wise enough to come in out of the rain do not want competition—they do not like the life it gives to their trade.

There has been nine raises in the price of postage stamps since the 22d of last May. It seems that the government has cornered all the stamps and proposes to make some fifty millions clear profit out of the people annually more than it did last year. All postmasters have been notified to raise the price. HOLD a minute: It was the sugar trust that raised the price of sugar that way and it is all right. Blamed if the people would stand the government trying to extort on stamps, but it is all right if the millions go into the pockets of Havemyer and Spreckles instead of the public treasury. It would ruin the nation to have the profits on sugar go into the people's treasury, so it would. But when it goes to the millionaires, "it's business," and that is what people live for. Sorry I made the mistake about the stamps!

Every nation has produced men great in unselfishness—great in conception of justice—but the world has so idolized its murderers (called military chieftains) that but few have been able to be heard. Adown the stair steps of the centuries we sense the existence of Socrates, Plato, Seneca, Xenophon, Christ, and but for the truths taught by such men the world today would be a worse howling pandemonium than it is. In modern times Ruskin, Carlyle, Mill, Spencer, Smith, Marx, Lasselle, Bebel, Liebknecht, Singer, Mazzini, Bellamy and others have by different methods impressed on the mental world that governs the material world the spirit of these ancient philosophers. We are moving rapidly today toward the era of better conditions.

The socialists of South Dakota are making Rome howl with public meetings and conventions—but it is so all over the west coast. Say, won't there be a surprise for 'em next November?

The man who causes most men to think for themselves exercises the greatest influence on the race, no matter how humble his position.

THE LESSON OF GALVESTON

The disaster to Galveston and vicinity emphasizes the necessity for socialism. "What," I hear some might say, "has that to do with socialism?" Nothing, but socialism would have much to do with it if it had occurred under a socialist state. Let us for a moment consider the matter as it would relate to a socialist state. The property destroyed would all belong to the nation, excepting the little personal affairs of the household. The loss of the millions could not be prevented under socialism, but it would fall on the whole nation and the burden would not be felt financially. Of course the personal suffering of the survivors for a few hours could not be helped, but there would be no wrecked lives for want of food, clothing and shelter. Those who are now ruined would not have a perceptible loss. The nation would have puffs railroads and ships at the instant disposal of the citizens; they would have been taken out of there and moved to other homes as rapidly as the nations' facilities could do it in two or three days the people would have been domiciled in homes, the children would be in schools and the adults would be at work in other national industries; the construction department of the nation would be concentrated in rebuilding the wrecked city and in a few months there would not be a vestige of the wreck and ruin. If the nation should decide that the place was not good or safe for a city it would be abandoned and there would be no personal losses to those who under the present private property system own the property. This would be so much better than the present personal begging, public pauper methods, that there is no comparison. We can use national money and labor to devise ways and means to destroy people and property and call it "war," but it would be awful to use the governmental machinery to surround all the people with every security against pain and suffering and do something for their uplifting. A socialist government would be loved by all the people, because it would love and care for them. That is what it would exist for. But then thousands are in utter want in Galveston, their life's work has been swept away, some have turned into ghouls and prey upon the dead, and the same old system goes gally on in its march of woe and ignorance.

Voting is Easier than Striking.

One hundred and forty-five thousand coal miners of the east are out on a strike against starvation wages and slave conditions of employment. They seem not to comprehend the prosperous condition of the country! They do not seem satisfied to see the capitalists get all the good times. In every city are workmen on strike for better living conditions, some in hundreds and some in thousands. If these men would strike at the ballot box and elect socialists they would soon control legally the operation of the industries in which they work, and they would get five to ten times the wages they are getting with out raising the price of the products of their hands to the public. It is useless to kick against the conditions of labor while permitting the mines and shops and factories to be owned by other than the public—themselves. When the public operate the industries the workers will have to demand justice not of employers whose interests are against the workers, but of the men they elect to office, and if they are refused justice, the men and the parties they belong to would be sunk into oblivion. Now they vote the democratic and republican tickets, and they will find the powers of government against them in every conflict with their employers. As the right of private property, the capitalists have the law on their side, and I am not sure if they have not the right to do as they will with what the law says is theirs. But when the mines are owned and operated by the public, the public then have the law and the right to operate them as they please. Vote the socialist ticket boys, and a big vote, portending of the public assuming the ownership, will do more to scare your employers into giving you fairer treatment than any number of strikes. And the game of industrial war goes on.

The closing down of the Fall River, Mass., cotton mills and throwing 18,000 working people into idleness, in order to stop over-production, is one of the beauties of the private ownership of capital, one that the workers deserve as a reward for their stupid voting for the capitalists' tickets, and which foolishness they will repeat this fall. There is no stopping of the postal system in that or any other town because of over-production, no cutting of wages, but a continual increasing wage and employment with shorter hours. The capitalists who own these mills will, with their wives and families, be living in high old style at the famous summer resorts here or in Europe, spending the profits they have squeezed out of the hides of the stupid voters who work for them. The shut down will not cause them to lose any meals or pleasures.

At the state election in Maine, the socialist vote at Skobegon was 110; in Madison and Anson adjoining the vote was 81. This was the first time the socialist ticket was in the field and without much agitation this was the result. The boys have failed to send in the reports from other places, the rascals, and the plute papers of course want to keep the public in ignorance of the socialist sentiment. Send in the vote from other places else the APPEAL will send its bull pup after you. Do you hear?

The Evil of Surplus Value.

James T. Van Rensselaer, Los Angeles. And now remains. That we find out the cause of this effect...

I propose to show that the unhappy condition of society that we see surrounding us is due, not by reason of "increased waves of heat received from the sun" as Jevons tells us...

For labor, though a simple commodity, has two values. Value in exchange and value in use. The exchange value is its market price...

The process is very similar to that recently adopted in the city of Angels. "Help! help!" cried the man who was being relieved of his valuables...

The point for which I am contending was amusingly illustrated during the recent visit of Queen Victoria to Ireland. One day a gentleman seated himself in the Phoenix Park in Dublin when there appeared before him a ragged old fellow...

"God save the Queen, sor!" said he. "Certainly," was the reply. "God save Queen Victoria!" reiterated the old fellow.

"By all means," said the gentleman. "Send her victorious, happy and glorious." "That's right, sor! I wish she came to Dooblin every year, every month, every day, sor. Think of what she's done for the country...

As during the past ten years the love of luxury in America has increased more rapidly than ever before in any country in the history of the world, it behooves us to examine carefully into this matter. Now scientific specialists have no more difficult task than to make this point clear to the unthinking masses...

Instead of the luxury of the rich being a benefit, the truth of the matter is that the more the rich devour and waste, the harder the laborer will have to work. Every article of luxury has to be paid for, not in money out in labor...

have to work. Far from laborers starving unless employed by the rich, they would under a co-operative system all be doing useful instead of useless productive work. In this great republic every adult male now engaged in producing necessities is probably supporting twenty people who are doing nothing or who are supplying luxuries to those who are doing nothing...

"They built a church at his very door—" "He wasn't in it."

They brought him a scheme for relieving the poor—" "He wasn't in it."

Let them work for themselves as he had done, They wouldn't ask help of any one If they hadn't wasted each golden minute—" "He wasn't in it."

When men in the halls of virtue met He saw their goodness without regret; Too high the mark for him to win it—" "He wasn't in it."

So he passed the poor with a haughty tread—" (No money in it.)"

A carriage crept down the street one day—" "He was in it."

The funeral trappings made a display—" "He was in it."

St. Peter received him with book and bell, "My friend you have purchased a ticket to—well—" "Your elevator goes down in a minute—" "He was in it."

But what were Christ's own words: "And again I say unto you. It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God."

"Oh, sinner, where's your wine to be When Gabriel's trumpet sound? No use to climb the big pine tree, Case Satan cut you down."

Sinner, sinner. What you gwine to do? Dey ain't no hill kin hide you. Fer Satan—he dar too."

Oh, sinner, whar you gwine to go When de saints for judgment shout? No use to hide in der huckleberry bush Case Satan smoke you out!

Sinner, sinner. What you gwine to do? Dey ain't no bush kin hide you Case Satan—he dar too."

But while this is helping us to an understanding of the problem, the question "What is surplus value?" may best be answered by two illustrations. The first may be taken from any country village. In that village will probably be found a hardware merchant. In the same place also a tinsmith and general mechanic. The merchant has tools, the tinsmith has none. The former employs the latter and charges a long suffering peasantry \$3.00 per day for the latter's services. The \$1.50 received by the merchant for exploiting the tinsmith is what is known as surplus value.

A second illustration may be drawn from the combined railway interests of the United States. Here we have to deal with a bona fide investment of probably \$6,000,000,000. This amount by the various capitalistic methods used in manipulating surplus value, that is by these methods known as stock watering, sinking and reserve funds, has been increased to a so-called capital of let us say \$12,000,000,000.

lition of the payment of dividends \$90,000,000; by abolishing all but one of the presidents with their staffs \$25,000,000, by do-away with attorneys and other legal expenses \$12,000,000. These and other items make a grand total of \$661,000,000, which, under public ownership, might be saved every year, a saving of more than half the \$1,200,000,000 now paid to the railways by the people.

There is in the employ of a Philadelphia house a young man who is assistant bookkeeper. He's a steady chap, minds his own business and is as slow as they make them. The other day the senior partner of the firm, who seldom comes around, made a tour of inspection, and as he approached the assistant bookkeeper he noticed a solemn expression on his face. Desiring to be congenial he said:

"How are you, young man? I see you are at your work. That is good. Close attention to business will always bring its own reward. Tell me, what are you earning now a week?"

The young man without a moment's hesitation, answered: "Twenty dollars, sir, but I only get half of that."

Thus wages are that part of the product of labor which the capitalist pays the workman out of the proceeds of the workman's own products. Say that a workman produces \$3.00 a day and that \$1.50 is paid him for his labor. That \$1.50 is taken out of the wealth that he himself produces, and it is given back to him by the capitalist, who pockets the other dollar and a half.

Lawrence Gronlund tells us that statistics show an American employer to pay the worker on an average each year \$346 in wages, and to receive from him in the same time in the form of surplus value an average sum of \$324. To many this may not seem extravagant.

But he who employs 10 workmen gains \$3,240.

But he who employs 25 workmen gains \$8,100.

But he who employs 50 workmen gains \$16,200.

But he who employs 100 workmen gains \$32,400.

But he who employs 500 workmen gains \$162,000.

But he who employs 1,000 workmen gains \$324,000.

One thousand men, therefore pay every year to an employer \$324 each for the privilege of earning \$346 for the use of the soil, the machinery and other resources of our civilization. Is it not time then that we condemn a system which allows and sometimes compels one class of men virtually to say to another class: "If you will work five hours a day for us gratuitously we will enable you to work the other five hours for yourselves?"

Verily workmen, the Prophet Haggai was right, for "Ye have sown much and bring in little; ye eat, but you have not enough; ye drink, but ye are not filled with drink, ye clothe you, but there is none warm, and he that earneth wages earneth wages to put it into a bag with holes."

From these illustrations we see that in every working day there is "necessary labor" time and "surplus labor" time. Here a capitalist gives his hireling enough to buy the necessities of life by paying him the value of five hours' work, while obtaining the free disposal of his productive force during the entire day; he has therefore exchanged the produce of five hours against the labor of ten hours, and has put in his pocket as net profit the produce of five hours beyond the "necessary labor."

From this surplus pocketed by an employer, this surplus which we call "surplus value" this command over unpaid labor, capital comes into being.

Voltaire tells of a conversation between two tramps: "What a savory thing is roast veal," said one. "When, pray, did you ever taste roast veal?" queried the other. "I never tasted it," came in reply, "but I was at the palace gate the other morning when they were feeding the dog and I caught the smell of it."

Truly freedom is a wonderful thing. I think the following two stanzas of a parody on "America," contrasting the condition of Hawaii, which has free trade with the United States, with that of Porto Rico under the tariff from the San Juan News, admirably sets forth the modern idea of freedom. For "Hawaii" substitute "all labor."

"My country, 'tis of thee That set Hawaii (all labor) free, Of thee I sing! I am thy slave no more, I've dumped the load I bore And ceased to kneel before A queen or king.

Land of the brave and just, Land of the sugar trust, How sweet to be Held up outside the gate And made to pay the freight—I tell you what, it's great And tickles me."

Here an economical law comes into play of the very first importance. As we have already seen capital is the surplus value of human labor. Now most Americans have some knowledge of the workings of compound interest. I have seen promissory notes drawn in California bearing interest at the rate of one and a half per cent a month; the interest to be paid quarterly, and if not so paid to be compounded and added to the principle. Many farmers have been crushed in attempting to carry that unnatural burden. And yet in the workings of compound interest we find the best simile with which to liken the action of surplus value upon labor. Just as a farmer is compelled through necessity to sign a promissory note, so the laborer, driven by the same law of self-preservation, is forced to create capital. Having created a certain amount of capital or surplus value, he is then required not only to create more surplus value, but to earn interest on the surplus value already created. This, to carry out the simile, is compounded and added to the principle. Nor does the simile end here. Just as the statutes provides in the case of a promissory note that judgment must be taken within one period and that the judgment itself must lapse within another, principle and accumulated interest in many cases thus being destroyed, so will it be, though by different means, with capital. The process of compounding accumulation will go on ad infinitum, until one of two things must happen. Capital will be consumed in war—that is destroyed by the act of God—or the workers, finding themselves strangled by their own efforts, will burst their bonds and bring to a close the capitalistic era. For, as Henry Drummond well says, "the Day of Vengeance dawns slowly, but its work is sure. Though evil stalks the world, it is on the way to execution; though wrong reigns, it must end in self combustion."

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"He digged a pit, he digged it deep, He digged it for his brother; And then he did himself fall in The pit he digged for t'other."

"Thus, for more than a century, the wage-earners of America and Europe," says a writer in the Fabian Essays, "have been challenged to do as little work as they can. They have been taught by the practical economists of the trade unions, and have learned for themselves by practical experience, that every time any of them in a moment of ambition or good will, does one stroke of work not in his bond he is increasing the future unpaid labor, not only of himself but of his fellows."

"What gulfs between him and the seraphim? Slave of the wheel of labor what to him Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades? What the long reaches of the peaks of song, The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose? Through this dread shape the suffering eyes look: Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop; Through this dread shape humanity betrayed, Plundered, profaned and disinherited, Cries protest to the judges of the world, A protest that is also prophecy."

You Want a Farm

That will keep you through good times and bad. One of those ten acre tracts will turn the trick. Given free for the largest list of yearly subscribers sent in during the week.

Our Modern Civilization.

Farmer Review. Politicians are continually telling us that there was never before so much prosperity.

The preachers tell us that there was never before so much religion.

Some moralists tell us that the morals of the people were never so good as they are at the present time.

Others tell us that virtue and honesty never occupied so high a standard.

The charitably inclined tell us that there never was so much charity as there is now, and point with pride at our charitable institutions.

If the politicians are correct, why is it that there is so much discontent among the working class?

Why so many strikes, lockouts and riots in the centers of population?

Why so many business failures?

Why so much embezzlement and fraud?

Why do women and children starve?

Why are there so many of the working class out of employment?

Why do so many people become hopeless and commit suicide? Why?

If there is more religion among the civilized nations than ever before, why is the world engaging in war and blood shed? The teachings of Jesus are directly the opposite of murder and robbery. And revenge and punishment are the antipodes of the christian religion.

The churches may be numerically stronger, but there has ceased to be any test of morals for membership in most of the churches.

The gambler, the liar, the swindler, the libertine, the usurer and the extortioner can be a prominent member in the church in these days of religious and moral decadence.

Last year there were 10,000 murders and 5,000 suicides, with about 13,000 bankruptcies in this country, with all other kinds of immorality and crime, known to the catalogue of crime.

The success of the whole business world is based upon a system contrary to morals and justice.

The necessity for charity results only from an unjust social system, and most of the charitable people are parasites, only returning what rightly belongs to the working class. Instead of advocating a system of social justice which would eliminate the necessity for charity, most of the charitably inclined are upholding a social system which breeds paupers and criminals upon the body social, and never inquire into the cause of our social evils.

While we send missionaries and run to the heathen, we are organizing and sending armies to conquer them in the interest of capitalism, that they may be industrially enslaved to the capitalist class.

Our record in Manila is a fine one in the interest of christian civilization. The growth of the schools is from less than twenty to over four hundred. The institution of 2,000 soiled doves, and 8,000 victims of venereal diseases in the army hospitals in Manila in one year is a fine record for our civilizing influence among the Tagals.

To say more would be too bad on our modern civilization.

The Appeal in Bundles.

Table with 2 columns: For purposes of campaign preparation the following rates are quoted; and 3 columns: Quantity, Frequency, Price. Includes rows for 25 copies weekly 3 months (\$1.50), 50 copies weekly 3 months (\$3.00), 100 copies weekly 3 months (\$6.00), 250 copies weekly 3 months (\$14.50), 500 copies weekly 3 months (\$27.50), 1000 copies weekly 3 months (\$49.00).

American Notes.

The Muncie, (Ind.) pulp mill closed down, throwing 200 men out of employment.

All blast furnaces in the Mahoning and Shenango valleys closed down September 1st.

An eight hour system has been inaugurated in the police department of Memphis, Tenn.

The Republic Iron Co., Muncie, Ind., have notified its nut and bolt workers of a reduction of 15 per cent.

Sweet's Steel Co. at Syracuse, N. Y., has made a cut in wages averaging about 12 per cent. Depression is the given cause.

The International Packing Co. has closed its plant at the Chicago stock yards, throwing about 1,000 men out of employment.

Iron ore mines at Watt's Station, Middleboro, Ky., have been closed down and hundreds of men thrown out of employment.

Bradstreet's have quit quoting failures. They have increased so rapidly, both in number and quantity that it is politic to keep them out of print.

A curtailment of production is announced by the Great Falls Manufacturing Company at Somersworth, N. H. Three hundred operatives will be idle for some weeks.

A dozen meat markets were closed at Bridgeport, Conn., last week. Trust prices on meat and ice didn't leave the little ones any "incentive." And there you are.

A machine was started last week in the Illinois Steel Company's plant in South Chicago which does the work of 250 men. But six men are required to operate it.

All the salaried men except a watchman and a shipping clerk have been laid off at the Republic Iron and Steel company's works. The entire plant is idle and 1,000 are out of work.

The United States census of 1890 shows that 22,700,000 persons over ten years of age are engaged in gainful occupations. Of these 18,000,000 are males and 3,900,000 females.

The laundry workers in Indianapolis have had a co-operative plant in operation since 1892. The company is an incorporated one, and has done a successful and paying business from the start.

About 30,000 operatives in the textile and silk industries of Paterson, N. J., are idle. The "full dinner pail" we hear so much about, apparently, has not yet materialized among these wage slaves.

Ground was broken at Duquesne by the Carnegie Company for what is to be the largest steel mill in the world on August 4. It will be ready to begin operations February 1, 1901. The machinery of two mills will be in one plant.

The sugar trust, after advancing the price of sugar \$1 on the hundred, by which operation they cleared \$67,000 a day, now threatens 5,000 of their employes with a reduction in wages in some cases taking off as high as 60 cents a day.

The American tobacco trust has absorbed several more independent plants and its cigar branch is securing control of several more large factories. It is also reported that the combine is securing control of tobacco lands in this country and Cuba and other surrounding islands.

The American Brass Company, composed of the Coe Brass Company, Tarrytown; Wallace & Sons, Ansonia; the Ansonia Brass and Copper Company; and the Water Brass Company, completed the final plans to take in the Benedict & Burnham Company of Waterbury, Conn. They arranged to increase their capital stock from \$6,000,000 to \$10,000,000.

The capitalist class number 6 per cent. of the population and own 83 per cent. of the wealth.

The middle class number 19 per cent. of the population and own 15 per cent. of the wealth.

The working class number 75 per cent. of the population and own 3 per cent. of the wealth.

"With but one exception," a Michigan trade unionist writes, "every cigarmaker in Alpena is a Social Democrat and will work and vote for Debs and Harriman; three out of four members of the Battle Creek machinists' union will do the same, and the miners of the Saginaw district are also almost solid. These are straws showing which way the wind blows. The day of the laborer is passing—the smooth chap who plays on the ignorance or indifference of workmen to get boodle from capitalistic politicians is having a rough road to travel, as an Ohio importation can testify. Up our way we want to know why Debs, the union man, should not be supported in preference to Bryan or McKinley, non-unionists."

The steel and wire trust is "readjusting" wages again. When the workers out at the American mill count up, they find they are "sly" 5 to 15 per cent. The trust magnates need the money, and so they just withhold said percentage from the pay envelopes. Chairman Gates especially needs the money. He threw handfuls to a Paris mob from the Eiffel Tower a couple of weeks ago, just to show those bloody foreigners what an American plute could do. Vote for Bryan or McKinley and keep up the circus. Don't vote for Debs—he is a labor crank, and might put an end to such infamy. [P. S.—The steel and wire trust, according to a New York dispatch, is clearing \$1,000,000 a month, or fully 100 per cent. annually on the actual capital invested. All the more reason why the present system should be perpetuated, and the Democratic and Republican parties should be supported.]

A SOCIAL CONTRAST.

How the Gambling Table is Supported on the Shoulders of Wage Slaves.

New York Journal. W. K. Vanderbilt, smiling good-naturedly, admitted to the reporter that he had lost \$100,000 at the Monte Carlo tables.

The gambling casino at Monte Carlo commands a beautiful view of the Mediterranean. Palm trees, roses, women with big dark eyes and big dark paste, polite croupiers, a well-conducted opera house in one corner, warm sunlight, smooth roads, fine restaurants, 6,000 francs "limit" on the roulette tables, 12,000 francs "limit" at the "trente et quarante" tables, politeness, polished vice from every country, dissipation, suicide and gossip make it difficult for any one to get bored there.

"Rien ne va plus," drones out the croupier. The small white ball starts on its journey, slowly up, strikes, bounds and settles down. "Deux noir, pair et manque" (too black, even, and under 18). So sings the croupier. The fat, greasy money lender from London takes in his pile of "plaques"—hundred franc gold pieces coined especially for the tables. The consumptive woman who has left Monte Carlo for the day coughs a little harder and looks a little whiter—her money is gone. The foolish little English bride goes out of doors to burst into tears. The hard-faced woman from Paris remarking "Ne me parlez plus de systemes," resumes there and then her trade—her money was on the red.

Up strolls a laughing party, and languid interest stirs the gambling crowd. The smooth, pale American face, the American nasal accent, the huge American fortune are recognized. With a parasite on each side the great fortune on two legs comes slowly up.

The croupier, about to start the ball on another of its journeys, pauses for a second. One of the eight, gambling servants at the table listens to an order given in lame French and answers obsequiously.

"Three hundred Louis on the red—yes, Monsieur Vahn-der-beelt. One hundred Louis on the first dozen—yes, Monsieur Vahn-der-beelt. Five Louis on the Zero—parfaitement, Monsieur Vahn-der-beelt."

Monsieur W. K. Vahn-der-beelt, looking vaguely around, drops one piece of paper with a picture of French liberty engraved on it. No other piece of paper suffices for all the bets.

The holder of the little white ball looks up and down the table and sets the little ball spinning with his "rein ne va plus." His seven fellow croupiers watch the many piles of money, each a monument to some gambler's hopes. Click, click goes the ball and settles in No. 22. Says the croupier: "Vingt deux, noir, pair et passe."

Monsieur Vahn-der-beelt on that turn of the wheel has lost \$1,620. Chatting still in that rich American accent, he walks on smiling to try another table.

Have you that little picture in your mind? It's accurate, drawn by one who has seen it.

Quite different from Monte Carlo is the top of a New York Central freight car. It's a sleety, dismal night. The cars roll along the darkness, the Hudson on one side, steep rocks on the other. A narrow plank, wet and slippery, stretches along the top of the car, a man—brakeman number 30 and so—walks toward the engine.

As he walks a string of short ropes, knotted at the ends and made hard by heavy sleet strikes him in the face. That means the approach of a low bridge or tunnel. The man drops to the roof of the car, lies close until the tunnel is past.

The engine puffs monotonously. Seven more hours of the night and of his 11-hour "trick" ahead of him. One dollar and a half per day and an uncertain job—that is his short story.

He does not complain of that so much. But he thinks of a wife and children "at home," and wishes the end of his work did not land him so far from them. He wishes he could be man enough to save more of his pay for them. He reflects with a sense of shame that he has no right, even in his wet clothes, to be thinking of a drink at the end of his run when he knows the children need shoes. He is bound to confess that better men have done better by their families. He thinks he will turn over a new leaf. He continues his walk along the narrow plank on top of the car.

The engine grinds along, throwing up clouds of heavy smoke towards the black, cloudy sky, and the miles and the hours slowly pass by. Eternal justice reigns back of those clouds—a long way back of them.

"Twenty-two, black, even, and over 18." The difference between what that brakeman earns and what he gets is a tiny part of Monsieur Vahn-der-beelt's single lost bet of 405 Louis.

Occasionally the world's plutocracy pauses in its wild revelry of luxury and power, and with an air of assumed innocence asks: "What's wrong?" In the name of justice what is right? Liberty is being crucified! Patriotism is dying! Justice is dethroned! The rich are reckless in their extravagance; the poor are starving. Government, that is supposed to find justification in principles of reason and humanity, and derive its powers from the consent of the governed, has become a tool of oppression. Armed invaders are sent from one country to another to conquer its subjects. The military is being strengthened. Plutocracy is arming itself for a contest, and labor is preparing to accept the battle. Legislative influence is bought and sold as though it was an ordinary commodity. Courts are corrupted and justice bartered. The ballot, the only instrument which the people have to protect themselves with, except the bullet, is being tampered with and controlled by corrupt "rings." A selfish, unscrupulous "wage heeler," or squirrel-tailed politician, is considered of

more account than a dozen honest voters. Corruption, monopoly, oppression is everywhere. The people are taxed on everything they handle whether they eat it, wear it or use it in their different vocations. The genius of man discovers new inventions, but the avarice of man at once monopolizes them and they become agents of oppression, instead of beneficent discoveries. Wealth is concentrating in the hands of the few and children are begging for bread. The wise are blind, the church is asleep; the press is subsidized or hypnotized, and the statesmen are scrambling for a "job." The idle army of workmen is increasing. Directly they will get hungry, ah, they are hungry now. Some are begging; some are stealing; some are starving. But all are verging on to that madness which is the sure precursor of revolution. The eyes of the Triumphant Plutocracy see not the danger, and their hearts heed not the cry of the oppressed. The world is bright for them. Why should they care? "Am I my brother's keeper?" "Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow ye may die." And the world swings round: The gulf is widening. "The conflict is nearing." Plutocracy is preparing Belschazzar's feast. Nero is fiddling while Rome is burning. Caesar is crossing the Rubicon. History is repeating itself and God will wipe out the wrongs of humanity, although it sets back the hands of progress on the dial of civilization.—Coming Events.

Freight Trains—Old and New.

Place this in a conspicuous corner of the APPEAL.

One of the great eastern railroad trusts, some 15 years ago, used freight cars that would not average above 30,000 capacity, of which 18 to 20 made a full load for the engines then used. At present the average capacity of the freight cars used is not less than 70,000, the least estimate of which 80 to 90 make a full load for the engines now used, all owing to the improved methods and machinery. It took the same number of practical men to operate the trains then as at present, for which service they received better rates than now, though the traffic is a fraction higher now than then, wherefore if the owners could pay better wages than under the above mentioned conditions and yet have a fair margin, I would like to know where all the kelt is going that all these modern improvements must necessarily create. Or if they were not operating the system on a good margin then, where did they get the stuff to make these improvements? If it came from capitalistic enterprise what motive had they in enterprising? What prompted them to invest? Surely none other than the hope of reward.

What I want to know is, where or how the workmen have been bettered by all these great improvements? Mostly the genius of their own brains and solely the labor of their own hands.

Following is a specimen of a general notice: The general working hours shall be nine hours per day in all departments of these shops, except Saturday, which shall be five hours, taking effect today and to continue until further notice.

Most of these men are married and have families, the wage they receive is 12 1/2 cents per hour, they live in dens, build mansions and vote the republican ticket as a rule.

Dots and Dashes.

"Why this hammering at the gates of China?" Why? Because Chauncey and his gang have been using "Patriotism" as bait for suckers. Otherwise they would have to do the hammering themselves.

An old slave once made the boast "My old Master's got de bigger plantation and de mes' niggers of any white man in de south". When you hear an Englishman proudly exclaim "The sun never sets on the possessions of her majesty the Queen," remember the "Coon."

When a patriot's step-daddy Government abuses his mother country he ought to follow Washington's example and get her a divorce. To do this though they have to be past the spanking age. When they get old enough to know that she and they are being mistreated, and by whom, they will probably improve on Washington's plan by appointing a guardian for daddy and running the place on shares.

If the man with the "slanted brow" had had been fed on brain-food-pap while young he wouldn't be such an artist at polishing a hoe handle. His muscle has been developed at the expense of his brain. Probably for a purpose, Queen Sabe?

Instead of "Who has the ax to grind", it ought to be "Who has ground to hoe?"

The laborer is being made to play the part of cat in that old "Chestnut" comedy. Scratch the monkey and you will find "capital."

Anarchy in New York.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., has gone into the dairy business. The city has bought a farm three miles beyond the city limits and has there established the headquarters of the city milk department. The work is under the charge of a trained nurse, Miss Ruth Jones. She gets up every morning at 5 o'clock and superintends the milking of the cows. She goes in the first place that each of the milkmen carefully washes his hands before he begins work. Then each cow is covered with a sheet in order to prevent dust or hair from falling into the pail. Before being used the sheets are sprinkled with disinfectants. The milk is put up in clean glass bottles, and after being sterilized is sent to the city milk depots, where it is sold at the rate of a cent a bottle.

The republicans promise the workers a "full dinner pail," while the socialists offer a groaning table, a house and lot, with a piano, horses, carriages and diamonds with education for your children. Take your choice, gent.

APPEAL ARMY

Ten scalps from Comrade McKee, Soddy, Tenn.

Ten scalps from Comrade Rihl, of Philadelphia, Pa.

Eleven subscribers from comrade Wiltshire, of Chicago.

Comrade McCreary, of Rosalia, Wash., orders a bundle of five for a year.

Don't fail to get in the ring for one of those south Missouri tracts of land.

Comrade Morrison shelled the jungles of Paris, Tenn., and captured 12 Filipinos.

Bunch of 12 of them from Stillwater, not Stillwater, Minn., but Stillwater, Okla.

Our book department is forwarding large quantities of ammunition to the front daily.

Five yearlies from that old time stayer, Anton Krog, of Chicago. Krog is a cigar manufacturer.

Comrade Wilson, of New Whatcom, Wash., put all the ministers of the town on our list. And so it goes.

Comrade Baker, of Granville, N. Y. evidently wants to be in it on the south Missouri farms. 25 yearlies.

Comrade Ritz, Eldon, Iowa, thinks he can use some of those yearly postals. So he ordered a bunch of 20.

Bunch of ten from Comrade Block, of Geary. Geary is in Oklahoma. And so is Block; and so are others.

Comrade Strickland, of Chicago, keeps us busy sending him yearly postals. Strickland is a hot number, even if we do say it ourselves.

Comrade Morgan of Manchester in the good old state of Tennessee, touches us up with a five dollar bill for twenty of those postals.

War horse Graham, of Livingston, Mont., gets 20 yearly postals from us. We didn't try to talk him out of it as it would have only stirred up trouble.

Grosland's Co-operative Commonwealth—fine paper and printing—big book, 30 cents. Whoop in your order, Jasper. The book will tell you and others all about it.

When you hear the old party brass bands playing just let your mind drift to Los Angeles where the APPEAL brass band was sent and imagine the bulge it gives the boys.

Comrade Herman, secretary of New Orleans typographical union, gets to the bat with an order for 25 copies a week for 3 months. You see the unions are beginning to wake up.

Comrade Carnahan, of Salina, Pa., orders a bundle of five for a year and casually remarks that the outlook for a largely increased Socialist vote is very bright. That's what all the boys are saying.

Comrade Busack, of Chicago, got in on us with an order for ten copies weekly and a club of ten yearlies, and later comes in with an order for ten of those yearly postals. Chicago stands at the head of the list in number of subscribers.

Comrade Sielke, of New York, got in on us with a bundle of ten lately. He is an artist and painter and made the banner raised by the socialists of New York, on Aug. 11th, above the streets packed with people.

Comrade Rittman put in four of the untried for a year. Rittman is President of the Progressive Coal Co., at Raymond Ills. The Army editor respectfully submits to his beloved constituency that the coal company is properly named.

Comrade Martin, a prominent labor union man, of Bath, Me., presented the Army editor with a club of ten yearlies last week. From outside sources we hear that Martin has let down the bars and proposes to show the Bahites the way to economic redemption. On with the fight!

Comrade Chappell, of Stockdale, Texas, lands on us with a list of 20 yearlies and winds up his order with "Hurrah for the APPEAL force." The office bulldog evidently considered this a personal compliment for he immediately went down to the butcher shop and "benevolently assimilated" the dog down there.

We have heard at last from "Old Subscriber"—a character especially familiar to country newspapers. He comes to the surface in the person of Comrade MacKinnon, of San Francisco, and instead of putting up a howl about something he adds twelve yearlies to our list—each of whom we trust will become "old subscribers" of the MacKinnon type.

The army editor desires to jeer once or twice at the crowd. When Comrade Kerman sent in his list of 24 yearlies and took the first ten acre farm with it there was a large number of lists in the office of 20 names. Five more names on any one of them would have got the sender ten acres of elegant ground without a cent of cost. The office bulldog was so elated at the way Kerman scratched out ahead of the gang that he bit each and every editor two times around. And there you are.

OFFICE OF UNITED ASS'N OF JOURNEMEN PLUMBERS

OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

NEW CASTLE, PA., SEPT. 10, 1900.

J. A. Wayland, Girard, Kans. DEAR SIR—Inclosed you will find money order for \$2.00, which you will apply to your campaign fund. I wish it was possible for every voter in the U. S. to receive a copy of the APPEAL in my own case I always knew the politicians were a lot of con men but I never could see the remedy until I had

read a couple of copies of the APPEAL, now I will do all I can to assist the socialists.

Yours Really
JAMES L. BRYSON.

The following comrades have subscribed for 10 copies weekly for 6 months at \$1.00: J J Durant, Northport, Wash.; G J Felder, Philadelphia, Pa.; J W Quick, Philadelphia, Cassville Produce Co., Cassville, Mo.; W H Austin, Fisher, Minn.; H A Harbaugh, Liberty, Miss.; Chas. B Drew, Rockland, Mass.; Eugene Parker, Malden, Mass.; N W Lermond, Thomaston, Maine; Thomas Stevenson, Lake Charles, La.; John I Price, Emporia, Kan.; R E Short, Oulver, Kan.; J J Rittman, Raymond, Ill.; H L Boggess, Chicago, Ill.; F L Carter, Chicago, Ill.; P W Doyle, Denver, Colo.; Otto Schaller, Denver, Colo.; Mrs. M W Dubois, San Rafael, Calif.; G H Rugg, San Jose, Calif.; Carl J Inel, Los Angeles, Calif.; E A Bonine, Lamanda, Calif.; H E Sonnemann, Milwaukee, Wis.; W O Dodds, Ithaca, Neb.

Socialism and Political Corruption.

Rev. Charles H. Vail. It is often asserted that socialism would not remove political corruption. This error is due to a failure to trace the evil to its source and it also betrays an inappreciation of the changed conditions which would exist under socialism.

But even were the accusation true, it does not form a valid objection to an enlargement of the sphere of the state. To be sure, as long as the present system of industry continues, the public servant will occasionally betray his trust and use his position for private gain. But it does not follow that society would be any better off, or as well off, by leaving industry in the hands of individuals.

If the public official abuses his trust he simply uses his position as he would his private business and endeavor to make it pay, and it makes no difference to society whether the individual that robs it occupies a public or a private position. However, if he occupies a public position and is detected he is held up to contempt, whereas, if he occupies a private position his gain is called profit and he is lauded and admired. But the result to society is the same in both instances. Both profit and political plunder come out of the people. When the public official is unfaithful he is but applying the profit-seeking principle to the public administration—simply carrying out the principle upon which all private business is conducted.

Now if all business were placed under public management and the present rate of corruption continued, the public stealings would not amount to one thousandth part of the profits now taken from the community by private capitalists. Do not lose sight of the fact that profits of capitalists come out of the community just as certain as the stealings of officials. It would thus seem the only rational course, even if no improvement were expected to place these businesses under public control. Suppose now and then a public official proved dishonest, is not even that better than to leave these businesses in the hands of capitalists whose regular policy is to enrich themselves at the public expense? Those who make this objection are straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel.

This objection, however, is not valid. Those making it fail to trace the evil to its source. The cause of all such corruption is opposition of public to private interests. Self-interest is the root. So long as individuals can advance their own interests at the expense of the public so long this evil will exist. The lobby is a perfectly natural concomitant of the present system of industry. It is but an effect of which self-interest is the cause. Legislators are bribed, either directly or indirectly, that special privileges may be obtained. The root of this whole evil is private gain. Do away with private capital and the evil will disappear. Render it impossible for men to subservise individual interests by violating the public trust and faithful, honest legislation, would be secured. If men could not advance their own interests at the expense of the public, they would have no incentive to bribe public officials. By removing capital from private hands you have removed all cause of political jobbery.

Socialism, then, would remove both opportunity and motive for corruption. Under socialism there would be no opportunity for a man to secure private benefit for there would be no opportunity for him to engage in private business. Even were the official desirous to betray his trust there would be no purchaser, for there would be no private interest that could thus be subserved. But even were it possible for the individual to secure special privileges where would be the motive? He could only obtain an excess of commodities, which he would be unable to consume or dispose of. Under socialism there would be no private buying and selling. Neither would there be an incentive to secure a great fortune for it could not be capitalized and made a source of productivity.

We also need to bear in mind that money, and the spoils system, which today play such a part in political abuse, would be abolished by the new order.

He who supposes that official corruption would exist under socialism must be densely ignorant of the nature of a Social Democracy. Those who wish to abolish political corruption should vote the Socialist ticket.

That man is a philanthropist who distributes good knowledge among his neighbors for knowledge is better than riches.

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\$5 A DAY is what L. E. Pratt of Freedom, Neb., has made for 7 days selling our Home weekly. Outfit, etc., free. Write ORDWAY of Peoria, Ill.

WASHINGTON SOCIALISTS Dr. Titus, Seattle, S. D. P. State Organizer, wants your address and wants it bad, right away, every one of you.

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The Breeder of Assassins.

The real cause of the mania for assassinating royal personages is thus given by Pietro Gabrieta, an Italian laborer of Denver, in the Pueblo Courier:

"A man in Italy works hard from sunrise till late at night for a few cents, hardly enough to keep body and soul together. If he is married, his wife and children work the same number of hours for less pay. The peasants work in the vineyards all day, with the sun pouring down on their backs. In the evening they work in the unhealthy damp of the wine cellars. These assassinations, I will tell you how they come about. A man is poor, yet he loves. He marries, trusting providence to provide a means for him to support his wife. With the help of his wife he manages to live on for several years, while he sees a family of little children coming up around him. The bad season comes. Both he and his woman lose their work. They are unable to secure positions. They have no food for their children. The man steals, and finally decides to throw off the yoke by suicide. He meets a procession. He sees royalty riding in their luxurious equipages. The fiend of envy possesses his brain. This gives place to murder and he slays. They capture him. He confesses. He is called an anarchist, and is executed. He cares not. He is better dead."