

ECHOES Along the Way.

A reader of the Appeal writes me an important letter, stating that he does not like the Appeal's fling at prosperity, and states that there are more people today with full dinner pails than ever before.

Here's a wail and a cry of warning from the gifted editor of the Waitsburg, Wash. Times. The gentleman would call the serious attention of the people of this country to the extension of the rural mail delivery.

The New York World tells of a young man, who, having been out of work for a year, stole some eatables to make his aged mother, who was dying of consumption, comfortable during her last days on earth.

have a job, by the grace of an employer. The fact that that employer can take the job from us should cause us no uneasiness.

According to President Cochrane, of the American Telegraph and Telephone Company, "Twenty years ago there were 47,880 telephone subscribers in the United States, and 29,714 miles of wire in use for telephonic purposes."

Insidiously and without attracting any special attention, foreign capitalists with aristocratic titles have been buying and absorbing the best farm lands in the United States, until today their holdings number millions of acres, while their incomes amount to a stupendous sum.

The mayor and tax collector of Novata, E. T., did an audacious thing the other day. They levied and attempted to collect a tax from the Iron Mountain railroad.

According to the Boston Journal of March 23, a mother at Coldbrook, Mass., moved by the awful haunting fear of poverty, killed six children and then attempted suicide.

A dispatch from New York says that the Standard Oil Co. has a finger in the coffee trust, and the result is that coffee has been advanced one cent per pound.

The commercial agencies tell us that the number of failures in business in February this year, reached a larger amount in liabilities than since 1897.

1901. 1906. Gen. Miles returned this morning from a visit to Cuba, and especially the Isle of Pines, where he went to make some observations with the view to the establishment of a large sanitarium and Home of Rest for those who had served the Commonwealth.

The Condition Of the American Farmer is not an enviable one, even under the present reign of prosperity. If Socialism is to win we must enlist the agricultural workers.

After the Panic-- Will Come Peace and Plenty.

Assistant P. M. General Clarkson, under the Harrison administration, in a recent issue of his paper, the Iowa State Register, Des Moines, calls attention to the tendency of the Times.

Those who prate about the value of stocks should remember that the stock market is the only financial danger threatening the labor and business of the United States. They should also remember that the danger will daily increase until the crash arrives.

Many stocks has been more than doubled in value by the increased business and general prosperity during the past four years, but that increased value is fictitious, as will be quickly proved when the next financial crash, certainly coming, arrives.

All's Fair in Business.

The good people of Boston object to being swallowed up by the beef trust, but the process of absorption seems to be merrily going on. The Post of that city publishes the following interview with a large retail dealer who for years has been serving his customers with choice cuts.

There are several ways in which the trust are able to force the meat dealer who refuses to be one of their agents out of the business. When the trust agents find that one of the jobbers is buying beef from outside concerns, they either reduce the amount of beef which they will supply to a starvation quantity or shut off the supply altogether.

As the various agencies here do a retail business as well as wholesale, it will be readily seen that the outside dealer gets the little end of the business. A firm doing business for many years on Merchants row, near Clinton street, was pushed out altogether last week by the methods I have outlined.

What Might Happen.

Editorial in New Orleans Picayune: "After a while, governments will be operated, congresses and legislatures will be maintained and continued for the express purpose of legislating for and settling the controversies of these mighty financial, commercial, and industrial corporations, and individuals, save where they appear in the criminal courts as prisoners and defendants, will cease to be considered."

Then, it may be imagined, through the buying up or subsidizing or establishing of newspapers to advocate the interests of the tremendous corporations, all the independent or opposition press will be crushed out, and the human atoms in the vast system will have no voice in declaring their views and wishes, and there will be no real public opinion, while the elections will be manipulated in the interests of the monopolies.

From Another Fool.

I always was a fool, I know, for I never could see things as most every one else saw them. I was even a fool about my religion. Somehow it seemed to me that if Jesus didn't mean it, he never would have said "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth."

Y. Blatherskite tell us last Sabbath in his elegant sermon that the poverty of the masses was an object lesson the Almighty was holding up before us of the results of sin? I agreed with the Rev. J. A. Y. B. on one point, that the poverty and distress of my brothers whom they designated as the masses, was the result of sin.

The question that haunted my mind was: Whose sin? I didn't venture to ask any one, for I knew I would be rewarded with ridicule, and informed that my mind (if I had one) had gone off on another wild goose chase. I read two articles today, (father wasted a college education on me, so I can read.) One of the articles was a lengthy discourse in "The Patriotic Howler," concerning the great prosperity that had lately come to our beloved country, as indicated by the fact that there were some hundreds of millions of dollars lying idle in the banks of New York.

The other article interested me more because it came nearer home and incidentally rendered the baby's warm clothes a matter of the remote future. Today was pay-day, and I was surprised, and my feelings were hurt, when along with my check I received a little note, saying: "That the management regretted to inform its employes that owing to the fact that the market price was weakening somewhat, it was found necessary to make a 10% cut in wages."

I had been promising myself to take Carrie home a little present tonight, for this is the anniversary of our wedding day, but if I don't tell her, she won't ever know she missed anything. On my way home I stopped at the butcher's, and as I came out I heard a little girl about ten years old say to her companion "Look, sissy; don't them sausages make you hungry? My, we used to have sausages every day, before pa got hurt."

"How long has your pa been hurt, little girl?" I asked her. "More'n a year," she replied; adding, "Some cold fell on 'im in the mine." I told her to wait; I couldn't help it, and turning back I bought some meat for her to take home. I thought maybe I had done wrong, but when I asked Carrie, she just cried a little, and called me her silly boy, and said of course, it was right. The preacher said last Sunday that there would be a collection taken up next Sunday for foreign missions, but I don't see how I can give anything after this.

As Others See Us.

The Herald, published at Kobe, Japan, wants to know "What is to be made of a country whose newspapers lead off a ten-column biography of the late Mr. P. D. Armour with a tabulated statement of the value of his interests and securities, with a pathetic description of his death-bed scene, the words of farewell to wife and children (reported verbatim) following immediately thereupon? What is to be made of it save that its creed must be the creed of Midas and its god the golden calf? Yet, what again can be made of it, with its never-ceasing proclamations of the glorious principle of democratic equality (and we presume, fraternity) when its newspapers write of the exceeding condescension of a Duke of Manchester in agreeing to shake hands with a chief of police who had come a long way in the dear hope of consummating his exquisite ambition? Some people would affect to see a contradiction in the two incidents. There is none. Money was the main fact about Mr. P. D. Armour. The American newspapers, therefore, print Mr. P. D. Armour's estate first, and his death-bed scene second. A dukedom represents capital, since, although it is bankrupt, it can marry American millions. Capital is money, and a dukedom is capital. Therefore, by rule of a thumb, a bankrupt Duke of Manchester is an enormous capitalist like Mr. P. D. Armour, and as such—presto!—he is much worth while shaking hands with."

Keeping up With the Times.

"An Associated Press dispatch from St. Paul, Minn., says: "A number of St. Paul firms have signed an agreement pledging themselves to employ no person except those recommended by a central bureau created for that purpose, and now in operation. The promoters of the plan are confident that through its operation the members subscribing to its conditions can be supplied immediately with competent, safe and careful employees. Nearly all trades are represented. Of course, the manager of the bureau gets his commission. An applicant, furnished with employment pays a fee of \$2. Should a young man apply directly to a firm he is turned over to the bureau. The applicant's standing and ability are investigated by a confidential agent, and if the applicant is approved he is accepted by the firm, and the young man pays his fee."

And He's Worth It, Too.

Says the Philadelphia Ledger: "It is now given out, semi-officially, that the salary of President Schwab, of the new steel trust, will be \$1,000,000 a year, instead of the \$500,000 first reported. It is an enormous figure, but the members of the company look upon it as a business investment by which they can make money. They say that by paying Mr. Schwab this amount they can save \$5,000,000 a year in expenses, besides the profits which his skillful administration of their affairs is expected to bring in. This is a new game in which a man is worth \$1,000,000, but it appears to be sound business value and large only by comparison."

International Socialism.

Socialists of today have, most of them at least, voted either the republican or the democratic ticket in the past. We have pledged ourselves never to be reckless enough to do such a thing again. We shall never again cast our influence on the side of institutions that have outgrown their usefulness. Friends, whether you have already recognized the fact or have yet to learn it, it is none the less true that the golden days of the old political parties, be they liberals,

The Little Boy and the Big Boys. They Play a Jolly Game of "Horse and Wagon."



LITTLE BOY—"And they said they would let me be the horse as a special favor."

torics, republicans, or democrats, are past, and a mightier than they, the International Socialist party, steps into the arena and throws down the gauntlet to the monster, capitalism, in the claws of which the parties of yesterday have been but inanimate toys. We belong to the great party of toiling humanity, to that vast majority which is but just awakening, through the socializing power of the press, to the consciousness of its strength. Our party is both national and international. Its field is as wide as that of the trust, and the trust knows no national boundaries. The International is the only party that does not dishonestly and foolishly declare such an intention as that to "bleed" or "smash" the trust. Socialists are honest enough to say that they could not destroy the trust if they would, and wise enough to declare that they would not do so if they could. They recognize the trust as a great improvement, a machine of machines, a monstrous labor-saving device, and say: "Let the good work go on—but let us have a hand and an interest in it; give me back the tools we have improved—the machines. Have not the laborers and inventors of many generations made the trust possible, and is not society as a whole, the rightful heir to their achievements?" The only reason why the trust is a menace today is because the people have not learned to use a harness on the young giant, to hold reins in their own hands, and to mal-willing servant of their tyrant.

We are told that man has made the ers of nature his slaves. This statement is not true. Nature seems to have four means to avenge itself. Mankind is as much a slave to the powers today as ever before. And why is it that, while man is subduing the elements, he is becoming the thrall of his powers against chaos, because he is not organized, because he has not yet realized that there can be no true progress, no permanent advantage, unless it be the progress and advantage of the whole body and soul of society.

The Socialist is a man who has become disgusted with witnessing and taking part in the sham battles of the old parties. He is in politics for actual, earnest, warfare. He is arraying his battalions against destructive principles, not against a certain group of resultant laws and institutions, and much less against individual men. What are men but the product of their environment? The Socialist appreciates the so-called "genius" of your Vanderbilts and Carnegies and Morgans better than his orthodox brother of the old party. He declares: "Comrade Rockefeller, you have been a very useful fellow in your day, and perhaps you will remain useful for a few days longer. Although you have reaped where you have not sown, you have been shrewd and active enough to boom the new method of doing away with awkward, wasteful competition, as the great inventor has reduced friction to its minimum in his powerful engines. Aye, we must even acknowledge that you have been a very model, law-abiding, moral man in your generation, but—the children of those who have made this a possibility are going to raise this old standard of morality a few degrees; and we promise you that in the new era Sunday school teaching and robbing hundreds of thousands of honest, industrious husbands and fathers of more than three-fourths of the products of their labor, will not go quite so well together. We, the people, including your better self, to whom we shall introduce you later, shall make of this earth a fit place to live, not only for you and your luxurious family, but for the producers of all that constitutes wealth; the builders of our cities, the constructors of our bridges, the workers of our mines, the tillers of our fields, the teachers of our schools and their families. You may feel secure behind your bulwarks of golden plunder, as did the feudal lord behind the triple walls of his castle; you may trust in your mercenaries and allies as he did it, but, behold, his castles lie in ruins and his serfs have become citizens." History has never seen a tyranny that has not fallen before the onward tide of progress. The people who gained their political freedom during and since the middle ages are bound to gain their economic freedom, and they will accomplish it in this twentieth century. THEO. STANGER.

In 1871, Charles Francis Adams, afterwards president of a great railroad system, wrote: "The system of corporate powers is ever grasping new powers. Even now it threatens the central government. We know what aristocracy, autocracy, democracy are, but we have no word to express government by monied corporations."

The Great and beneficent Socialism of the world shall yet emanate from America.—Ella Wheeler Lile.

