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THE JUNGILE

A STÓRY OF CHICAGO

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BY UPTON SINCLAIR Author of "Manoson," "Prince Hagen," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

A PACKINGTOWN WEDDING.

T was four o'clock when the ceremony was over and the carriages began to arrive. There had been a crowd following all the way, owing to the exuberance of Marija Biarczynskas. The occasion rested heavily upon Marija's broad shoulders—it was her task to see that all things went in due form, and after the best home traditions; and, flying wildly hither and thither, bowling everyone out of the way, and scolding and exhorting all day with 'her tremendous voice. Marija was too cager to see that others conformed

to the proprieties to consider them herself. She had left the church last of all, and, desiring to arrive first at the hall, had issued orders to the coachman to drive faster. When that per-

sonage had developed a will of his own in the matter, Marija had flung up the window of the carriage, and, leaning out, proceeded to tell him her opinion of him. in Lithuanian, which he did not understand, and then in Polish, which he did. Having the advantage of her in altitude, the driver had stood his ground and even ventured to attempt to speak; and the result had been a furious alterwhich, continuing all the way down Ashland avenue, had added a new swarm of urchins to the cortege at each side street for half a mile.



THE PACKINGTOWN BRIDAL PARTY.

This was unfortunate, for already there was a throng before the door. The music had started up, and half a block away you could hear the dull "broom, broom" of a 'cello, with the squeaking of two fiddles which vied with each other in intricate and altitudinous gymnastics. Seeing the throng, Marija abandoned precipitately the debate concerning the ancestors of her coachman, and, springing from the moving carriage, plunged in and proceeded to clear a way to the hall. Once within, she turned and began to push the other way, roaring, meantime, "Bik! Eik! Uzdarek-durys!" in tones which made the orchestral uproar sound like fairy music.

"Z. Grajczunas, Pasilinksminimams darzas. Vynas. Sznapsas. Wines and Liquors. Union Headquarters"—that was the way the signs ran. The reader, who perhaps has never held much converse in the language of far-off Lithuania, will be glad for the explanation that the place was the rear room of a salcon in that part of Chicago known as "back of the yards." This information is definite and suited to the matter of fact—but how pitifully inadequate it would have seemed to one who understood that it was also the hour and place of the apotheosis of one of God's gentlest creatures, of the wedding feast and the joy-transfiguration of little Ona

She stood in the doorway, shepherded by Cousin Marija, breathless from pushing through the crowd, and in her happiness painful to look upon. There was a light of wonder in her eyes and her lids trembled, and her otherwise wan little face was flushed. She wore a muslin dress, conspicuously white, and a stiff little veil coming to her shoulders. There were five pink paper roses twisted in the veil, and eleven bright green rose-leaves. There were new white cotton gloves upon her hands, and as she stood staring about her she twisted them together feverishly. It was almost too much for her—you could see the pain of too great emotion in her face, and all the tremor of her form. She was so young—not quite sixteen—and small for her age, a mere child; and she had just been married—and married to Jurgis, of all men, to Jurgis Rudkos, he with the white flower in the button-hole of his new black suit, he with the mighty shoulders and the giant hands.

One was blue-eyed and fair, while Jurgis had great black eyes, with beetling brows and thick black hair that curled in waves about his ears—in short, they were one of those incongruous and impossible married couples with which Mother Nature so often wills to confound all prophets, before and after. Jurgis could take up a two hundred and fifty pound quarter of beef and carry it into a car without a stagger, or even a thought; and now he stood in a far corner, frightened as a hunted animal, and obliged to moisten his lips with his tongue each time before he could answer the congratulations of his friends.

Gradually there was effected a separation between the spectators and the guests—a separation at least sufficiently complete for working purposes. There was no time during the festivities which ensued when there were not groups of onlookers in the doorways and the corners; and if any one of these onlookers came sufficiently close, or looked sufficiently hungry, a chair was affered him and he was invited to the feast. It was one of the laws of the veselija that no one goes bungry; and, while a rule made in the forests of Lithuania is hard to apply in the stock-yards district of Chicago, with its quarter of a million inhabitants, still they did their best, and the children who ran in from the street, and even the dogs, went out again happier. A charming informality was one of the characteristics of this celebration. The men were their hats, or, if they wished they took them off, and their coats with them; they are when and where they pleased, and moved as often as they pleased. There were to be speeches and singing but no one had to listen who did not care to; if he wished, nontime, to speak or sing himself, he was perfectly free. The resulting medley of sound districted no one, save possibly alone the babies of the guests invited. There was no place for the babies of the guests invited. There was no place for the babies

to be, and so part of the preparations for the evening consisted of a collection of cribs and carriages in one corner. In these the babies slept, three or four together—or wakened together, as the case might be. Those which were still older and could reach the tables, marched about munching contentedly at meat-bones, and bologna sausages.

The room is about thirty feet square, with white-washed walls, hare save for a calendar, a picture of a race-horse, and a family tree in a gilded frame. To the right there is a door from the saloon, with a few loafers in the doorway, and in the corner beyond it a bar, with a presiding genius clad in soiled white, with waxed black mustaches and a carefully oiled curr plastered against one side of his forehead. In the opposite corner are two tables, filling a third of the room and laden with dishes and cold viands, which a few of the hungrier guests are already munching. At the head, where sits the bride, is a snow-white

cake, with an Eiffel tower of constructed decoration, with sugar roses and two angels upon it, a generous sprinkling of pink and green and vellow candles. Beyond opens a door into the kitchen, where there is a glimpse to be had of a range with much steam ascending from it, and many women, old and rushing hither and thither. In the corner to the left are the three musicians, upon a little platform, toiling heroically to make some impression upon the hubbub; also the babies, similarly occupied, and an open window whence the populace imbibes

sights and sounds and odors.

Suddenly some of the steam begins to advance, and peering through it you discern Annt Elizabeth, Ona's stepmother—Teta Elzbieta, as they call her—bearing aloft a great platter of stewed duck. Behind her is bittle Kotrina, one of Ona's unnumbered step-sisters, staggering beneath a similar burden; and half a minute later there appears old Grandmother Majauszkis, with a big yellow bowl of smoking potatoes, nearly as fat and as round as herself. So, bit by bit, the feast takes form—there is a ham and a dish of sauerkraut, boiled rice, macaroni, bologna sausages, great piles of penny buns, bowls of milk, and foaming pitchers of beer. There is also, not six feet from your back, the bar, where you may order all you please and do not have to pay for it. "Eiks:! Graicion!" screams Marija Biarczynskas, and falls to work herself—for there is more upon the stove inside that will be spoiled if it be not eaten.

So, with laughter and shouts and endless badinage and merriment, the guests take their places. The young men, who for the most part have been huddled near the door, summon their resolution and advance, and the shrinking Jurgis is poked and scolded by the old folks until he consents to seat himself at the right hand of the bride. The two bridesmaids, whose insignia of office are paper wreaths, come next, and after them the rest of the guests, old and young, boys and girls. The spirit of the occasion takes hold of the stately bartender, who condescends to a plate of stewed duck; even the fat policeman—whose duty it will be, later in the evening, to break up the fights—draws up a chair to the foot of the table. And the children shout and the babies yell, and everyone laughs and sings and chatters—while above all the deafening clamor Cousin Marija shouts orders to the musicians.

The musicians—how shall one begin to describe them? All this time they have been there, playing in a mad fronzy—all of this scene mest be read, or said, or sung, to music. It is the music which makes it what it is—it is the music which changes the place from the rear room of a saloon in back of the yards to a fairy place, a wonderland, a little corner of the high mansions of the sky.

The little person who leads this trio is an inspired man. His fiddle is out of tune, and there is no rosin on his bow, but still he is an inspired man—the hands of the muses have been laid upon him. He plays like one possessed by a demon, by a whole horde of demons. You can feel them in the air round about him, capering frenetically: with their invisible fiest they set the pace, and the hair of the leader of the orchestra rises on end, and his eyeballs start from their sockets, as he toils to keep up with them.

Tamoszius Kuszlejka is his name, and he has taught himself to play the violin by practicing all night, after working all day on the killing-floor. He is in his short-sleeves, with a vest figured with faded gold horse-shoes, and a pink-striped shirt, suggestive of peppermint candy. A pair of military trousers, light blue with a vellow stripe, serve to give that suggestion of authority proper to the leader of a band. He is only about five feet high, but even so these trousers are about eight inches short of the ground. You wonder where he can have gotten tham or rather you would wonder, if the excitement of being in his presence left you time to think of such things.

For he is an inspired man. Every inch of him is inspired—von might almost say inspired separately. He stamps with his feet, he tosees his head, he sways and swings to and fro; he has a wizened-up little face, irresistibly comical; and, when he executes a turn or a flourish, his brows knit and his lips work and his cyclids wink—the very ends of his necktle bristle out. And every now and then he turns upon his companions, nodding, signaling, beckoning frantically—with every inch of him appealing, imploring, in behalf of the muses and their call

For they are hardly worthy of Tamoszius, the other two members of the orchestra. The second violin is a Blorak, a

tall gaunt man with black-rimmed spectacles and the mete and patient look of an overdriven mule; he responds to the whin but feebly, and then always falls back into his old rut. The third man is very fat, with a round, red, sentimental nose, and he plays with his eyes turned up to the sky and a look of infinite yearning. He is playing a bass part upon his 'cello, and so the excitement is nothing to him; no matter what happens in the trable, it is list task to saw out one long-drawn and lugubrious note after another, from four o'clock in the afternoon until nearly the same bour next morning, for his third of the total income of one dollar per bour.

Before the feast has been five minutes under way. Tamoszius Kuszlejka has risen in his excitement; a minute or two more and you see that he is beginning to edge over towards the tables. His nostrils are dilated and his breath comes fast—his demons are driving him. He nods and shakes his head at his companions, jerking at them with his violin—until at last the long form of the second violinist also rises up. In the end all three of them begin advancing, step by step, upon the banqueters. Valentynaicza, the cellist, bumping along with his instrument between notes. Finally all three are gathered at the foot of the tables, and there Tamoszius mounts upon a

Now he is in his glory, dominating the scene. Some of the people are eating, some are laughing and talking-but you will make a great mistake if you think there is one of them who does not hear him. His notes are never true, and his fiddle buzzes on the low ones and squeaks and scratches on the high; but these things they beed no more than they heed the dirt and noise and squalor about them-it is out of this material that they have to build their lives, and with it that they have to utter their souls. And this is their utterance; merry and boisterous, or mournful and wailing, or passionate and rebellious, this music is their music, music of home. It stretches out its arms to them, they have only to give themselves up. Chicago and its saloons and its slums tade away—there are green meadows and sunlit rivers, mighty forests and snowclad hills. They behold home-landscapes and childhood seems returning; old loves and friendships begin to waken, old joys and griefs to laugh and weep. Some fall back and close their every some best upon the table. Now and then one leaps up piter in Tamoszus's eyes, and he flings up his fire Prips brighter in Tamourus's cree, and away they go in mad career. The company takes up the chorases, and men and women shout like all possessed; some leap to their feet and stamp upon the floor, lifting their glasses and pledging each other. Before long it occurs to some one to demand an old wedding song, which celebrates the beauty of the bride and the joys of love. In the excitement of this masterpiece Tamoszius Kuszlejka begins to edge in between the tables. making his way towards the head, where sits the bride. There is not a foot of space between the chairs of the guests, and Tamoszins is so short that he pokes them with his bow whenever he reaches over for the low notes; but still he presses in, and insists relentlessly that his companions must follow. During their progress, needless to say, the sounds of the cello are preity well extinguished—but at last the three are at the head, and Tamoszius takes his station at the right hand of the bride and begins to pour out his soul in melting strains.

Little Ona is too excited to est. Once in a while she tastes a little something, when Cousin Marija pinches her elbow and reminds her; but for the most part she sits gazing, with the same fearful eyes of wonder. Teta Elzhieta is all in a flutter, like a humming-hird; her sisters, too, keep running up behind her, whispering, breathless. But Ona

seems scarcely to hear themmusic keeps calling, and far-off look comes back, the she sits with her hands heart. Then the tears begin to come into her eyes; and as she is a hamed to wipe them swav, and ashamed to let them ren down her cheeks, she and shakes her head a little, and then flushes red when she that Jurgis is watching When in the end Tamos-Kuszlejka has reached side, and is waving his magic wand above her, Ona's checks are scarlet, and she looks as if she would have to get up and run away.

In this crisis, however, she is eared by Marija Biarczynskas, whom the muses suddenly visit. Marija is fond of a song, a song of lovers' parting; she wishes to hear it, and as the musicians do not know it he has risen and is proceeding to teach them. Marija is short, but powerful in build. She works in Smith's canning factory, and all day long she handles cans of beef that weigh fourteen pounds. She has a broad Slavic face, with prominent red cheeks. When she opens her mouth it is tragical, but you cannot help thinking of a horse. She weers a blue-fiannel shirt-

waist, which is now rolled up at the sleeves, disclosing her brawny arms; she has a carving-fork in her hand with which she pounds on the table to mark the time. As she rours her song, in a voice of which it is enough to say that it leaves no portion of the room vacant, the three musicians to wher, is boriously and note by note, but averaging one

gaunt man with black-rimined spectacles and the mete note behind; thus they toil through stanza after stanza of patient look of an overdriven mule; he responds to the a lovesick swain's lamentation:

"Sudiev' kvietkeli, tu brangiausis; Sudiev' ir laime, man biednam.
Matau—paskyre teip Auksoziausis,
Jog vargt ant svieto reik vienam!"

When the song is over it is time for the speech, and old Diedas Antanas rises to his feet. Grandfather Anthony, Jurgis's father, is not more than sixty years of age, but you would think that he was eighty. He has been only six months in America, and the change has not done him good. In his manhood he worked in a cotton null, but then a coughing fell uponthim, and he had to leave; out, in the country the trouble disappeared, but he has been working in the pickle-rooms at Anderson's, and the breathing of the cold, damp air all day has brought it back. Now as he rises he is seized with a coughing fit, and holds himself by his chair and turns away his wan and battered face until it passes.

Generally it is the custom for the speech at a veselija to be taken out of one of the books and learned by heart; but in his vonthful days Diedas Antanas used to be a scholar, and really make up all the love-letters of his friends. Now it is understood that he has composed an original speech of congratulation and benediction, and this is one of the events of the day. Even the boys, who are romning about the room, draw near and listen, and some of the women sob and wipe their aprons in their eyes. It is very solemn, for Antanas Rudkos has become possessed of the idea that he has not much longer to stay with his children. His speech leaves them all so tearful that one of the guests, Jokubas Szadwilas, who keeps a delicatessen-store on Halsted street, and is fat and hearty, is moved to rise and say that things may not be us had as that, and then to go on and make a little speech of his own, in which he showers congratulations and prophesies of happiness upon the bride and groom, proceeding to particulars which greatly delight the young men, but which cause Ona to blush more furiously than ever. Jokulus possesses what his wife complacently describes as "postically spidinture"—a postical interioration.

ed many of the guests have finished, and, there is no pretense of ceremony, the hanquet b break up. Some of the men gather about the bar; son wander about, laughing and singing -here and there will be a little group, chanting merrily, and in sublime indifference is the others and to the orchestra as well. Everybody is more or less restless—one would guess that something is on their minds. And so it proves; the last tardy diners are scarcely given time to finish before the tables and the debris are shoved into the corner, and the chairs and the babies piled out of the way, and the real celebration of the evening begins. Then Tamoszius Kuszlejka, after replishing himself with a pot of beer, returns to his platfer and, standing up, reviews the scene, then taps auth upon the side of his violin, then tucks it carefully under chin, then waves his bow in an elaborate flourish finally smites the sounding strings and closes his eyes floats away in spirit upon the wings of a dreamy waltz. His companion follows, but with his eyes open, watching where he treads, so to speak; and finally Valentynaicza, after waiting for a little and beating with his foot to get the time casts up his eyes to the ceiling and begins to saw - "Broom!"

The company pairs off quickly, and the whole room is soon in motion. Apparently nobody knows how to waitz,

out that is nothing of any con sequence—there is music they dance, each as he pl most of them prefer the "two-step," especially the young, with whom it is the fashion. The older people have dances from home, strange and com-plicated steps which they execute with grave solemnity. Some do not dance anything at all, but simply hold each other's hands and allow the undisciplined joy of motion to express itself with their feet. Among these are Jokulas Szadwilas, and his wife, Lueijs, who, together, keep the delicatessen-store and cor ame nearly as much as they ther are too fat to dance, but they stand in the middle of the floor, helding each other fast in their arms, cocking slowly from side to side and grinning seraphically, a pic-ture of toothless and perspir-

ing ecstasy.

Of these older people many wear clothing reminiscent in some detail of home—an embroidered waisteder or atomacher, or a gaily-colored handkerchief, or a cont with large cuffs and fancy buttons. All these things are carefully avoided by the young, most of whom have learned to speak English and to affect the latest.



"YOU SHALL NOT GO TO THE PACKING HOUSE TODAY, LITTLE ONE."

style of clothing. The girls wear ready-made dresses on shirt-waists, and some of them look quite pretty. Some of the young men you would take to be Americans, of the type of clerks, but for the fact that they wear their hats in the room. Each of these younger couples affects a style of its (CONTINUES ON SECOND PAGE.)

wanted the title to remain in the government, for a reason that I shall show.

So far no money had been taken out of the bank, although the ownership had passed to the bank from the government, and the bank had legal possession of the



monly referred to as the General Manager of the United States, has just salled for

Burope.

Some people may be interested enough to enquire how a man who is paid a salary of \$5,000 a year for representing a state in the sanate can go off in the middle of a session of congress, when he is supposed to be rendering some kind of public service, without asking permission of those who hire him. The answer is that although the people pay him they have nothing to say regarding his election. He is elected by the exploiting afterests of the country, who pay him for his services more than the people's paltry \$5,000 a year. He works for those who pay him the most, although he does not disdain to incidentally accept the people of Rhode Island.

As Mr. Aldrich represents the people of Rhode Island.

As Mr. Aldrich represents the people of Rhode Island just as little when he is in Washington as when he is in Europe, none of the hard-working population of that state need feel lonesome at the absence abroad of the chairman of the finance committee of the senate Mr. Aldrich's absence has no significance, locally, for Rhode Island, but it has an immense significance to the country from end to end.

Mr. Aldrich's departure indicates that the important legislation of this session of congress is finished. Were it not for the mere formality of passing the measures which Mr. Aldrich's employers have consented to, congress might adjourn and go pleasure riding on its railroad passes—which congress fifteen years ago made it an offense against the law to accept. There is nothing so funny as the law when its application is attempted in any case where the offender is not poor.

When a poor man is convicted of anything whatever he goes to jail and there is an end of it. When the Beef Trust is convicted the newspapers all congratulate each other over the "victory," but no one goes to jail—and no one pays any less for meat.

What kind of a "victory" is it when a criminal stands convicted isstore the world and there is ut enough manhood in the whole legislative, executive and judicial organization of government to put the rich criminal in jail?

Mr. Aldrich, general manager of the United States, Mr. Aldrich's departure indicates that the importan

Mr. Aldrich, general manager of the United States, has as fine a contempt for law as anyone, not to exclude the traffic manager of the navy, Mr. Morton. But Mr. Aldrich is a bigger man than Mr. Morton, and craftler, and is hired by bigger interests.

Of all the powerful and corrupting forces that poison be stream of our national life two stand emipently Or all the powerful and corrupting forces that poison the stream of our national life two stand emigently supreme at this moment—the Pennsylvania railroad monopoly and the Standard Oil monopoly. No legislation of any vital character can receive consideration in the national legislature until it has been passed upon fanational legislature until it has been passed upon the corably by the directories of these corporations, advising with their special attorney in the senate, Mr. Aldrich, chairman of the finance committee. Mr. Aldrich what might be called a dead one. He is one of the most mans to the senate in 1981. For nearly twenty-five honest of the lot. No one questions his integrity in cars his power has been cumulative, we was selected by the exporations because he was of the character of anything outside of the petry grafts of petromage, railing the exportations because he was of the character of mileage and the other things which are allways man they wanted; and he represented a state whose legislature was so small as to render it the most economical or subsidize. He is intrenched for corporate service so one as the people do not directly elect their servants.

There are no fine time old man who has been railroaded into the influential committee committee on the influential committee committee committee on the influential committee revolution of 1776. He is what might be called a dead one. He is one of the most anything outside of the petry grafts of petromage, railing the exportations because he was of the character of road mileage and the other things which are always and t rears his power has been cumulative. ...e was selected by the exporations because he was of the character of north man they wanted; and he represented a state whose legal lattire was so small as to render it the most economical of subsiditive. He is intrenched for corporate service so mag as the people do not directly elect their servants.

There are no fire-enters in the senate. The senate. When one reflects upon how easy it is for a persistent of the company of the common of the common of the that were not directly in a possibility of the people do not directly elect their servants.

There are no fire-enters in the senate. The senate. The senate, of cocupying property whose ground value alone is over the reformer, is too much like a padded cell. A

Graft in Washington

By FRANKLIN H. WENTWORTH, Staff Correspondent of Appeal to Reason

rascal, under the cloak of an honored and respectable office, to serve silent and powerful financial interests, Mr Aldrich's knowledge and skill, acquired by twenty-five years in the senate, must appear an inestimably valuable asset to the Pennsylvania and Standard Oil companies. He is the man, the experienced operator, to command their lesser men, and get them what they want. His power as chairman of the committee on finance enables him to so organize the monoplistic forces of congress as to drive into private life, with the help of the newspapers, any ambitious legislator who wants to become a popular here by standing against the pernicious financial ring, or who has qualma of conscience regarding the representation of his constituency. It is long since anyone attempted to stand for any principle in the senate.

in the senate.

Friends of Robert M. LaFollette, recently elected to the senate from Wisconsin, say that he will continue his railway fight in the senate, and that he will be bold and outspoken at all times. This will make him a unique and picturesque figure for a little while—until the newness wears off and he gets tired. Young Lochinvar will find a spirit of inexpressible weariness croeping over him as day after day he stands in his place and second and receives but receives her receives. over him as day after day he stands in his place and taunts and vocally scourges—but receives no response. No answer will come from the Aldriches, the Platts, the Depews, the Gormans, and the rest of the slick and smooth retainers of monopoly. They do not have to speak. All their work is done as quietly and systematically as running a railroad. Their plans are formulated in committee; their votes are quietly counted; they are sure of their moves and their men; they are sure of the cash to bribe what they need; and so they will sit quietly reading, or they will stroll into the lobby, or they will tell smutty stories to each other while young Lochinvar is raving at them.

"There is something about the United States senate which is very discouraging to reform," said a Washing-ton paper innocently, the other day.

I should say there is. To fight a fog-bank is not much

Those who remember what a fire-cating representa-tive of democracy (as he understands it) B. R. Tillman as when he came into the senate would hardly recog-nize him in the tame old man who has been railroaded

man alone in a padded cell may but his head against his environment awhile, but his spirit is soon broken by a recognition of the futility of effort.

The Pennsylvania company, and the Standard Oil company, with the twenty-five years of such service as Mr. Aldrich has been able to render, have spun a web about the government at Washington. If you stay in it you can feed at the public crib agreeably and comfortably; but if you attempt to break out of it it strangles your political life.

There is a mute poetic harmony in the physical fact.

bly: but if you attempt to break out of it it strangles your political life.

There is a mute poetic harmony in the physical fact that the Pennsylvania company is now tunneling under the capitol to get to its new passenger depot in Washington. What it did so long ago abstractly now becomes a concrete illustration. The only additional feature to the concretion is the endangering of the foundation of the beautiful congressional library by the physical tunnel. The constant and persistently growing influence of the Pennsylvania company at Washington for the past thirty years is typified very interestingly in the status of its depot site at 6th and B streets, in the heart of the city. Here, for over thirty years, it has occupied its depot grounds and satisfactures space, all property of the United States, a property now over one million dollars in value, without paying a penny of rental to the government for the privilege.

In order to advantageously compete with the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, which road it has now absorbed, its lobbyists secured by act of congress, approved May 21, 1872, the right to lay its tracks across the government park called "The Malli," and to build and occupy a depot upon one corner of it, which brought the Pennsylvania trains about five blocks nearer the center of town than those of the B. & O. and gave the Pennsylvania company a foothold from which it has reached

town than those of the B. & O. and gave the Pennsylvania company a foothold from which it has reached out and occupied whole streets like Virginia and Maryland avenues, S. W.

As there was evidently some one in congress in 1872 who was not ready to give away the whole United States to a corporation, we find the following slight string tied to this astonishing grant:

"That portion of the Mall occupied by the company to be subject to tax by the District of Columbia the same as other property in the District of Columbia." In other words, the company gets this enormously valuable privilege by paying nothing at all to the government of the United States, but simply local taxes assessed upon real estate in the District, which is invariably undervalued as is the case in every city.

And for thirty years this direct and bare-faced tob-bery has gone on. Congresses have come and congresses have gone: Washington knows it well; everyone speaks of the Pennsylvania company as a "squatter" on govern-ment property, but no one does anything, in congress or out, to end the injamy. And no one will. Things are not working that way. The Pennsylvania company is getting more, not less, as the years go by. Its influence and that of its allied interests are tightening their grip upon the capitel.

Indeed, Mr. Aldrich's principal employer, the Stand Indeed, Mr. Aldrich's principal employer, the Standard Oil company, is now enjoying a graft in the city of New York, which was put through by that monopoly and Secretary Lyman J. Gage, of Mr. McKinley's administration, and which Mr. Roosevelt has been careful not to disturb, which, for slickness and dishonesty within the law, makes this local graft of the Pennsylvania crowd lock like a broken stick.

About the middle of the year 1899 the government advertised for bids for the purchase of the old United States custom house in New York, which it offered for

it is still occupying, and will continue to occupy for at least two years longer, is known only to the Standard Oil company, which bought it, and the surviving officers of the McKinley administration.

The Standard Oil company bid in the property through the City Bank of New York. The City Bank is a Standard Oil institution. The Standard Oil company has its stool pigeons, or dummy directors, in the management of all the principal banking houses of the country, but this City Bank of New York is its own private property. organized to cover its predatory raids upon the stock market, and, as appears, upon the treasury of the United

This City Bank of New York bought of the government of the United States the old custom house, to-

gether with the land under it, for \$3,265,000.

Lyman J. Gage was then secretary of the treasury, and he permitted the city bank officials to conclude this exceedingly slick arrangement with the United States appearance.

The bank paid in cash \$3,215,000 to the government, which the government immediately deposited in the bank again, without interest, as part of the government's deposits of surplus in such institutions. The difference, deposits of surplus in such institutions. The difference, between this amount and the full purchase price, namely,

property.

Then the bank rented to the government the building, which the government was, and has been, occupying, for \$130,000 a year.

which the government left with for \$130,000 a year.

The purchase money which the government left with the hank would be worth to the bank, in interest at 4 per cent, about \$130,000 a year more.

Hence we see the bank getting a revenue, with corernment assistance, of \$260,000 a year without paying

out a cent.

But this is not all.

By allowing the title to remain in the government the bank crades all taxes upon the property.

The tax assessor's list of property in New York city exempt from taxation shows that this old custom house and the ground under it would now be assessed at a valuation of \$4,500,000. This is to say that the bank made over a million dollars on the property almost as soon as the bargain was made.

At the present rate of assessment in New York this property should be paying to the city, county and state, about \$70,000 per year. Through the present slick arrangement it does not pay a cent. It is not taxed because the United States government used to be the owner and the title to the property continues to reside in the government. in the government.

But the real owner is the City Bank of New York: that is to say, the Standard Oil company.

This arrangement is now in operation and will be until the new custom house is completed, which, in any event, will not be before 1907.

event, will not be before 1907.

Why did the government sell this old custom house, which it is now using and paying rent for, when it was to continue to use it for eight years longer? Why did not the government itself make this million and a quarter of dollars in increase of land values which the Standard Oil company has made? Why did it not save this million dollars in rental paid to the Standard Oil company during this eight year period by retaining legal possession as well as legal title?

Perhaps Lyman J. Gage, who went from the office of secretary of the treasury to the presidency of a certain trust company in New York, might be able to say; or perhaps the information might be had of Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, Mr. Gage's assistant secretary of the treasury, who went from his government office to as afficial position in this same City Bank.

The Roosevelt administration is still in collusion with

The Roosevelt administration is still in collusion with The Roosevelt administration is still in collusion with the City Bank of New York to enable it to evade it public obligations. Every day the title to this property remains in the government the City Bank is permitted by Mr. Roosevelt to rob the city Bank is permitted by Mr. Roosevelt to rob the city Bank and state of New York at the rate of \$70,000 a year.

But the president is out after wife-beaters, and people who get divorces.

The corporations, who are robbing the treasury of the United States on the one hand and the people of the United States on the other, are great admirers of the president and his determination to safe-guard the home. They like to have him devote his attention to "race suicide" and whipping posts and other things not directly in the control of t so,000, the bank held back as a final payment when it should formally take title to the property. The bank



(Continued from first page.) own in dancing. Some hold each other tightly, some at a cantious distance. Some hold their arms out stiffly, some drup them loosely at their sides. Some dince springily, some glide sortly, some move with grave dignity. There are bosterous couples, who tear wildly about the room, knocking everyone out of their way. There are nervous couples, whom these trighten, and who cry, "Mustok! Kas ira." at them as they pass. Each couple is paired for the evening—you will never see them change about. There is Alena Jasnitis, for instance, who has This is quite irresistible, and everyone in the room joins in, until the place becomes a maze of flying skirts and bedies, quite dazzling to look upon. But the sight of sights at this moment is Tamoszius Kuszlejka. The oid fiddle squeaks and shrieks in protest, but Tamoszius has no mercy. The sweat starts out on his forenead, and he bends over like a cyclist on the last lap of a race. His body shakes and throbs like a runaway steam engine, and the ear cannot follow ed unending hours with Junzas zis, with whom she is engaged. Alena the beauty of the evening, and she idd be really beautiful if she we e so proud. She wears a white shirt-st, which represents, perhaps, half reek's labor painting cans. She holds skirt with her hand as she dances, h stately precision, after the manner the grandes dames. Juozas is driving

The guests form a great ring, locking hands, and, when the music starts up, begin to move around in a circle. In the center stands the bride, and one by one the men step into the enclosure and dance with her. Each dances for several minutes—as long as he pleases; it is a very merry proceeding, with laughter and singing, and when the the guest has finished be finds himself face to face with Teta Elzhieta, who holds the hat. Into it he drops a sum of money—a dollar, or, pernaps, five dollars, according to his power, and his estimate of the value of the privilege. The guests are expected to pay for this entertainment—if they be for this entertainment—if they be proper guests they will see that there is —and no sooner be fairly started than would carry her away; and so she dances, and will dance the entire evening, and would dance forever, in cestacy of bliss. You would smile, perhaps, to see them—but you would not smile if you knew his estimate of the value of the privi-lege. The guests are expected to pay for this entertainment—if they be proper guests they will see that there is a next sum left over for the bride and bridegroom to start life upon.

Most fearful they are to contemplate, Mikolas, and her heart is sick. They would have been married in the beginning, only Mikolas has a father who is drunk all day, and he is the only other

bridegroom to start life upon.

Most fearful they are to contemplate, the expenses of this entertainment. They will certainly be over two hundred dollars, and may be three hundred; and three hundred dollars is more than the year's income of many a person in this room. There are able bodied men here who work from early morning until late at night, in ice-cold cellars with a quarter of an inch of water on the floormen who for six or seven months in the year never see the sunlight from Sunday afternoon till the next Sunday morning—and who cannot earn three hundred dollars in a year. There are little children here, scarce in their teens, who can hardly see the top of the work benches—whose parents have fled to get them their places—and who do not make the half of three hundred dollars a year, and perhaps not even the third of it. And then to spend such a sum, all in a single day of your life, at a wedding feast!—for obviously it is the same thing, whether you spend it at once for your own wedding, or in a long time, at the weddings of all your friends. speak to you or you strike a bone. Then your hand slips up on the blade, and there is a fearful gash. And that would not be so bad, only for the deadly contagion. The cut may heal, but you never three years, Mikolas has been lying at home with blood-poisoning—once for three months and once for nearly seven. The last time, too, he lost his job, and that meant six weeks more of standing at the doors of the packing-bouses, at six o'clock on bitter winter mornings, with a foot of snew on the ground and more in the air. There are learned peo-ple who can tell you out of the statistics that beef-boners make forty cents an

mean, not merely to be descated, but to asknowledge descat—and the difference between these two things is what keeps the world going. The reselija has come down to them from a far-off time, a time when money was made for man and not man for money—when the fruits of the earth belonged to the person who tilled it, and when plenty and to spare was the reward of honest toil. And the meaning of it was that one might dwell within the cave and gaze upon shadow, provided only that once in his lifetime he might break his chains, and feel his wings, and behold the sun; provided that once in his fifetime he might testify to the fact that life, with all its cares and its terrors, is no such great thing after all, but merely a bubble upon the surface of a river, a thing that one may quaff, like a goblet of rare red wine. Thus, having known himself for the master of things, a man could go back to his toil and live upon the memory all his days.

In the meaning the tribute of the most of the more intimate friends of the fact that one may quaff, like a goblet of rare red wine. Thus, having known himself for the master of things, a man could go back to his toil and live upon the memory all his days.

her skirt with her hand as she dances, with stately precision, after the manner of the grandes dames. Juozas is driving one of Anderson's wagons, and is makeing big wages. He affects a "tough" aspect, wearing his hat on one side and keeping a cigarette in his mouth all the evening. Then, there is Jadviga Marciultus, who is also beautiful, but humble. Jadviga likewise paints cans, but, then, she has an invalid mother and three little sisters to support by it, and so she does not spend her wages for shirt waists. Jadviga is small and delicate, with jet black eyes and hair, the latter twisted into a little knot and tied on the top of her head. She wears an old white dress which she has made herself and worn to parties for the past five years; it is high-waisted—almost under her arms, and not very becoming—but that does not trouble Jadviga, who is dancing with her Mikolas. She is small, and so she is great event of the evening, which is the fight of two smoky oil it is high-waisted—almost under her arms, and not very becoming—but that does not trouble Jadviga, who is dancing with her Mikolas. She is small, and so she is great went of the great event of the evening, which is the figure of the very becoming—but that does not trouble Jadviga, who is dancing with her Mikolas. She is small, and so she is small, and not very becoming—but that does not trouble Jadviga, who is dancing with her Mikolas. She is small, and so she is small, and so she come to the deal of the very becoming—but that does not trouble Jadviga, who is dancing with her Mikolas. She is small, and so she is small, and so she come to the deal of the very becoming—but that does not trouble Jadviga, who is dancing with her Mikolas. She is small, and when they came to the darkness had fallen and the room the propare for three or four hours, and it involves one uninterrupted dance. The great very terminal transfer to the past five years; the five of the very sound fail to begin again, put instead would sink back exhausted; she may be a received to the dark

and she would go back to the chase of it.

—and no sooner be fairly started than
her chariot would be thrown off the
track, so to speak, by the stupidity of
those thrice accursed musicians. Each
time. Marija would emit a how! and fly
at them, shaking her fists in their faces,
tiamping more the floor words and it. at them, shaking her fists in their faces, stamping upon the floor, purple and incoherent with rage. In vain the fright-ened Tamoszius would attempt to speak, to plead the limitations of the flesh; in vain would the puffing and breathless panas Jokubas insist, in vain would Teta Elzbeita implore "Szalini" Marija would scream "Palauk! isz kelio! What are you paid for, children of hell!" And so, in sheer terror, the orchestra would strike up again, and Marija would return to her place and take up her task.

She bore all the burden of the festivities now. Ona was kept up by her ex-

She bore all the burden of the festivities now. Ona was kept up by her excitement, but all of the vomen and most of the men were tired—the soul of Marija was alone unconquered. She drove on the danoers—what had once been the ring had now the shape of a pear, with Marija at the stem, pulling one way and pushing the other, shouting, stamping, singing, a very volcame of energy. Now and then some one coming in or out would leave the door open, and the night air was chill; Marija as she passed would stretch out her foot and kick the door knob, and stem would go the door? Once this procedure was the cause of a calamity of which Sebas

mean, not merely to be defeated, but to tijonas Szadwilas was the hapless vic

vietim, sesting him from the har, and standing beside him and holding to his lips a forming schooner of beer.

In the meantime there was going on in another corner of the room an anxious and frightened conference between Teta Elzbieta and Diedas Antanas, and a few of the more intimate friends of the family. A trouble was come upon them—a terrible trouble. It could not precisely be called a new one; it was becoming cruelly common—but it was something in which no one could believe until he had actually experienced it, from whileh with blind confidence they had felt certain of escape. It was so hard for the old people—it was something which meant the collapse of all the world which they knew, of all faith and religion, all decency and honor. Old Diedas Antanas was all a-tremble at the lips, and Ona's step-mother wrung her hands together wailing, "Ail skausmas! What times are come upon us—what vipers are we cherishing." For the vesseligs is a compact, a compact not expressed, but therefore only the more binding upon all, and one which no man in all Lithuania would ever have was different—and yet everyone knew perfectly well what his share was and ever, since they had come to the new country, all this was changing; and it was just like feeling the ground failing that one breathed here—it was affecting all the young men at once. They no longer cared about the laws of the coselije, or about any laws; they no tonger cared about the good opinion of men—they cared only about themselves. They did not believe in faith and honor, but made fun of such things; it was the fashion, and they thought that it was smart. They would be no simple-minded victims, not they they had learned the rules of the game. There was common among them a wittleism which they had picked up somewhere, and which they never tired of laughing over: "Do unto others as they would do unto you, but do it first." And this meant in Factice.

was all gone and ruin staring them in the face. Ona stood by, her eyes wide with terror; for the tale lost nothing in its telling by the old women, and this in its turn was magnified by the imagination of the child. Those frightful bills -how they had haunted her, each item gnawing at her soul all day and spoiling her rest at night. How often she had named them over one by one and figured on them as she went to work—fifteen dollars for the hall, twenty-two dollars and a quarter for the ducks twelve dollars for the musicians, five dollars at the church, and a blessing of dellars at the church, and a blessing of the Virgin besides—and so on without an end! Worst of all was the frightful bill that was still to come from Graje-zunas for the beer and liquor that might be consumed. One could never get in advance more than a guess as to this from a saloon-keeper—and then, when the time came he always came to you scratching his head and saving that he scratching his head and saying that he scratching his head and saying that he had done his best—your guests had gotten so very drunk. By him you were sure to be cheated unmercifully, and that even though you thought yourself the dearest of the hundreds of friends he had. He would begin to he was the head of the hundreds of friends he

was that it was so hard on the few that had really done their best. Some tried to do still more, hoping to turn the tide had really done their best. Some tried to do still more, hoping to turn the tide and to shame the recreant. There was poor old panas Jokubas, for instance—he had already given five dollars, and recently poeni Lucija had danced also and given two more; and did not everyone know that Jokubas Szadwilas had just mortgaged his delicatessen-store for two hundred dollars to meet several months overdue rent? And then there was withered old panei Aniele—who was a widow, and had three children, and the cheumatism besides, and did washing for the tradespeople on Halsted street at prices it would break your heart to hear named. Panei Aniele had given three dollars—and that meant that she had saved the enth- profit of her chickens this year. Eight of there she owned, and she kept them in a Bitle place fenced around on her back stairs. All day long the children of panei Aniele were raking in the dump for foot for these chickens; and sometimes, when the competition there was too fierce, you night see them on Halsted street, walking close to the gutters, and with their mother following to see that no one robbed them of their finds. Money could not tell the value of these chickens to old Mrs. Juknos—she valued them differently, for ahe had a feeling that she was getting something for nothing by means of them—that with them pricked up somewhere, and whish they never tired of laughing over: "Do unto others as they would do unto you, but do it first." And this meant in runtice that instead of caring for their old people, their little brothers and sisters, and being true to their sweethearts, they spent all their money upon shoddy clothing and vanities and went downtown after women as dreadful that one could not speak of them. It meant that when there was a creatija they came in crowds and filled themselves with a fine dinner and then sneaked off. One would it throw another's hat out of the window, and both would go out to get it, and neither would be seen again. Or now and then half a dozen of them would get together and march out openly, starting at you, and making tue of you to your face. Still others, worse at would crowd about the bar, and at the apense of the host drink themselves sodiated and leaving it to be thought that either they had danced with the bride already, nor meant to later on. Now and then one of these might be shamed into going forward, but when he did so, the amount of his contribution would be an insult. All these things were going on now, and the family was helpless with dismay. So long they had toiled, and such an outlay, they, had made—and now it beta had one learned to the family was helpless with dismay. So long they had toiled, and such an outlay, they, had made—and now it beta had one learned to the family was helpless with dismay. So long they had toiled, and such an outlay, they, had made—and now it beta had one learned to the family was helpless with dismay. So long they had toiled, and such an outlay, they, had made—and now it beta had one learned to the family was helpless with dismay. So long they had toiled, and such an outlay, they, had made—and now it beta had one learned to the family was helpless with dismay. So long they had toiled, and such an outlay, they, had made—and now it beta had one learned to the family was helpless with dismay. So long they had toiled, and such an outlay, they, had

for a few days and saved her from being furned out of her house.

After and more friends gathered round while the lamentation about these things was going on. Some drew nearer, boning to overhear the conversation, who were themselves among the guilty—and surely that was a thing to try the patience, of a "int. Finally there came Jurgis, urged by some one, and the story was retold to him. Jurgis listened in silence, with his great black eyebrows the would have liked to go at some of those fellews with his big clenched fista, but then, doubless he realized how little good it would do him. No bill would be any less for turning out any one at this time; and then there would be any less for turning out any one at this time; and then there would be any less for turning out any one at the scandal—and Jurgis wanted nothing except to get away with Ona and to let the world go its own way. So his hands relaxed and he merely said quietly: "It is done, and there is no-use in weeping. Teta Elzbieta." Then his look turned toward Ona, who stood close to his side, and he saw the wide look of terror in he respectively. The said, in a low voice, "do not worry—it will not matter voice, "do not worry—it will not matter." even though you thought yourself the dearest of the hundreds of friends he had. He would begin to serve your guess out of a keg that was half full, and finish with one that was half empty, and finish with one that was half empty, and then you would be charged for two kegs of beer. He would agree to serve a certain quality at a certain price, and when the time came you and your friends would be drinking some horrible poison that could not be described. You might complain, but you would get nothing for your pains but a ruined evening; while, as for going to law about it, you might as well go to heaven at once. The saloon-keeper stood in with all the big politics men in the district—and in the city, and in the nation, so far as any your man's eye could-reach; and when you had once found out what it meant to get into trouble with such people, you would know enough to pay what you were told to pay and shut un.

The last sob of little Sebastijonas has been stifled, and the orchestra has once more been reminded of its duty. The ceremony begins again—but there are few now left to dance with, and so very soon the collection is over and promiscuous dances once more begin. It is now after midnight, however, and things are not as they were before. The dancers are dull and heavy—most of them have been drinking hard, and have long ago passed the stage of exhilaration. They dance in monotonous measure, round after round, hour after hour, with eyes lixed upon vacancy, as if they were only half conscious, in a constantly growing stupor. The men grasp the women very tightly, but there will be half an hour together when neither will see the other's face. Some do not care to dance, and have retired to the corners, where they sit with their arms enlaced. Others, who have been drinking still more, wander about the room, bumping into everything; some are in groups of two or three, singing, each group its own song. As time goes on there is a variety of drunkenness, among the younger men especially. Some stagger about in each other's arms, whispering mandlin words—others start quarrels upon the slightest pretext and come to blows and have to be pulled apart. Now the fat policeman wakens definitely, and feels of his club to see that it is ready for husiness. He has to be prompt—for these two o clock in the menuing fights, a they once get out of hand, are like a forest fire, and may mean the whole reserves at the station. The thing to do is to crack every fighting head that you comes up to Ona, who turns with any comes, are sound easier in their strength and all their strength, and all their strength, and all the thereafted out all their strength and all the them-and still there is income a lend them—and still there is no own this working elothex. If one of them have danced out all their strength and lend them—and still there wend in the them—and still there will all them—and still there is no own to stop the minute of them have danced out is they once get out of hand, are like a forest fire, and may mean the whole reserves at the station. The thing to do is to crack every fighting head that you see, before there are so many fighting heads that you cannot crack any of them. There is but scant account kept of cracked heads in back of the yards, for men who have to crack the heads of

even think of getting away from it. it is three o'clock in the morning, and they have danced out all their joy, and danced out all their strength, and all the strength that unlimited drink can lend them—and still there is no one

HOT CINDERS

No man ever does good work unless he is doing the things he likes to do. Under Socialism that is what he will do.

Kansae is learning more about the Standard Oil crowd by actual experi-ence than Tom Lawsen could tell them in ten years.

Between the trusts and the Socialist agitators the seed of Socialism is being planted in the minds of the people at a rapid rate.

Tis good to see the growing class-consciousness of the world's workers. In every civilized country they are coi-lecting money to asist the working class of Russia achieve their freedom.

A New York doctor wants it made legal to kill off all the fools. If all the fools are slaughtered who does he ex-pect will be left to do all the work while the capitalists roll in luxury?

The Standard Oil crowd have secured

They are raising a great fuss about the president riding on a pass. That's nothing there are thousands of workingmen in this country, who voted for him, who are riding without a pass—

as an evidence of prosperity, but if you will notice you'll find that the ranks of yed always increase as the

farmers how to raise two ears of corn where one grew before. What the Mis-souri farmers want to know is how to raise two ears of corn without having to give the trust owners one of them and part of the other.

send it to this office with 25 cents silver, the paper will be sent to you for one year. No single subscription will be ac-cepted at this rate unless accompanied by the coupon. At the end of the year, if you are not satisfied with your in-vestment, state that fact on a postal card and your 25 cents will be returned.

The Ouestion Box ???????? ? ????????

Information for the Eager

Croperty. Rare Questions. Human Nature.

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THE GOSPEL OF WEALTH; IT FORE-SHADOWS REVOLUTION.

By Pather Ducey, St. Leo's Church, N. Y.

By Pather Ducey, St. Leve Charca, N. Y.

"It is the gospel of wealth, corrupting and destructive. It cannot be finally successful, for it violates divine justice. Its teachings are professedly material. No grand moral idea underlies it."

"We are moving we hardly know whither. One thing is certain—the ultra individualism of the past is doomed. Whatever the future brings forth, the voices of the social prophets and economists will not have been heard in vain. There is some truth in the phrase, We are all Socialists now.

"To the observant and thoughtful it is

Under Socialism that is what he will do.

To get the full social product of one's labor is desirable but no more so than to be able to do the things one wants death by the power of a few men who live by avarice, greed, and injustice in luxury, while the God-given rights of the people are trampled in the dust?"

"Some days ago it was publicly stated that in New York City there were are transposed in the dust."

"In worrid's a wilderness of woe."

This worrid's a wilderness of woe.

This worrid is not our home."

With the average workman all a hing needs to be respectable and right age. Because he always has been exloited he thinks it right.

"Some days ago it was publicly stated that in New York City there were over 100,000 unemployed and 50,000 children who, every morning, went breakfastless who, every morning, went breakfastless to school. With such facts confronting us, it is the duty of the priesthood to point out the dangers that threater human society and every form of gov-ernment that loses sight of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Jesus Christ."

The subscription rate to this paper is the subscription rate to this paper is 50 cents per year. If you will cut out the subscription coupon in this issue and send it to this office with 25 cents silver, the paper will be sent to you for one year. No single subscription will be accontrol of the San's resystem. In this connection it is well to remember that check and that dishes out the annual passes also shapes most of the legislation of the country.

The same resystem. In this year, No single subscription will be accompanied to the coupen. At the end of the year, if you are not satisfied with your interest from the country.

THE JUNGLE.

Continued from second Pare

Diedas Antanas is asleep, and so are the Szadwilases, husband and wife, the former snoring in octaves. There is Teta Elzhieta, and Marija, sobbing loudly—and then there is only the silent night, with the stars beginning to pale a little in the east. Jurgis, without a word, lifts Ona in his arms, and strides out with her, and she sinks her head upon his shoulder with a mean. When he reaches home he is not sure whether she has fainted or is asleep, but when he has to hold her with one hand while he unlocks the door he sees that she has unlocks the door he sees that she has

So widespread has become the distress in Russia that fathers have been forced to sell their daughters and busbands their wives in order to secure money with which to pay government war taxes. A cablegram from St. Petersburg says that in some districts the sale of women is carried on openly. The trade thrives. Agents for American cities pay \$50 for these young women and sell them to the keepers of disorderly houses for \$500. This is war, and war is hell. The capitalist class of Russia want markets for the things which the Russian peasants produce. This is simply one of the incidents of the system.

"Girls almost Slaves" is the heading over a New York telegram printed in the Kansas City Star. It tells of the violation of the child labor law in New violation of the child labor law in New York, citing the cases of two little girls—one 13 and the other 14 years of age. The girls had worked 68 hours in six days, for which they received 83. One of the girls had been fined len cents for talking during working hours and two cents for being late five minutes one morning. No slave master was ever able to secure labor so cheaply.

If you are out of a job borrow \$5 and start a bank.

VERDICT

Taking Their Capital Out of the Country.

Wan av th' things phat is very in-t'ristin' t' yours truly is th' threat phat's bin made slathers av times b' th' cape: tilists t' th' e-fiet that just as some dispersion of the consumed more, not less. It will tilists t' th' effet that jist as soon, d' ye mind, as th' Sow-shil-ists captyoors th' garrier, as it is today, but an indu operated for the good of the people.

If we men were allowed to rote would thimsilves them and the sound to rote would be a gam'. counthry, an' we'll do that same wan av these days, yez kin 'xpict t' see th' Yan-kee pluthrocrats give th' greatist 'x-he-be-shuus av stringth an' indoorince iver

This is phat yez will see.
Young John D. Rockyfeller, lade-in



class Misther groanin', d'

Followin' uncle Russill comes Misther Vanderbilt wid th' wires av th' Bell Tillefone company wr-rapped ar-round his toothpick body an' th' poles under s ar-rms. Ditto Misther Gevild wid th' wires an

poles av th' Wisthern Unyun Tillegraft

Thin comes th' "Laird av Skibow."
Misther Andy Carniggy, all dickerated wid his "Bissimer Midal," his "Patint Hero Midals," an' all th' other diffr-int kinds av midals, carryin' on his showlders a couple a hundred av his "Carniggy Librayries, Fray t' th' Payple," an draggin' wid a string the munster furnaces an' masheenery av th' Carniggy Stale Company.

After th' "Laird av Skibow."

Okia.

How do you pay your expenses now Don't you know the last time you traveled in Europe you found that no one more than you would taken an English. French or Italian piece here? When you started (and just think of a working in Europe') you got a bill of exchange from some banker and paid him forms.

Stale Company.

After th' 'Laird av Skibow,' comes opened her eyes.

After th' 'Claird av Skibow,' comes opened her eyes.

You shall not go to Smith's today, little one,' he whispers, as he climbs to the stairs: and she catches his arm in terror, gasping: "No! No! I dare not: are bazin' away like th pillar av fire are little one; he where her again: "Leave it to me; leave it to me; leave it to me. I will cance the "Nashunal Physician and the result of the stairs and the continuent," (no Be convinuen.)

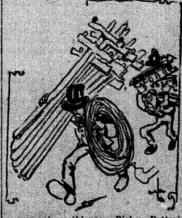
I'the second installment of this story will appear in No. 484—two weeks from the date of this paper. This gives you it ime to get in your subscriptions and not miss any chapters of this great story if you send today. The subscription, price of this paper is 50 centas year, but to make it possible for all to read Upton Sinclair's wonderful werd picture of life as it is lived by millions of the working class, we will send you the paper one year for 25 cents if secompanied by the apecial subscription coupon which you will find on the fourth page.]

So widespread has become the distances the incoment war taxes. A cablegram from St. Pe.

Thin comes th' "Nashunal Physicin and hunse did the subscription and the subscription and the subscription of the working class, we will send you that the segment of the subscription coupon which you will find on the fourth page.]

So widespread has become the distances the first and the paper one year for 25 cents if secompanied by the apecial subscription and the paper one year for 25 cents if secompanied by the apecial subscription and the first and this paper with which to pay government war taxes. A cablegram from St. Pe.

Thin comes th' "Nashunal Physicin and hunse for a ship lead of wheat or other hunse for a ship lead of wheat or other hunse of the subscription and the s



proovment av th' poor, Bishop Potter's wor-rkin' payples subway grog shops, an' all th' other little side isshues

wor-rkin' payples subway grog shops, an' all th' other little side isshues phat are bred an' thrive under th' capitalist systim av guv'rmint.

Th' funniest par-rt about th' whole perfoormince will b' whin they thries t' locate their capital in some other counthry, for the capetilists av iv'ry country in th' whole wor-rld will be on th' move, d'ye mind, at about th' same time as our pluthrocats are hittin' th' pike.

Like Derius Grane, they might like th' flyin' well enuff, but it won't b' sich a thunderin' sight av fun whin they thries to light.

Shure an' th' blissed privilige av see in' th' show Oi hev discribed above, shud b' suffecint incintive for annywan t' vote for Sow-shil-ism. Yis, indade, an' it will b' a inspirin' sight an' no mistake.

is emade from the fibest grain grown on the Kansas prairies—scientifically blended, reasted and ground ready for use. It's use leaves the hody in a perfect physical condition, and the brain clear and active.

So sure are we that you will like it that we make this proposition: Send 20 cents (silver) for large size mample package, which will be sent postpaid. If, after using it in accordance with the directions you are not satisfied that it is the "most delicious ever," tear the top from the box and return it to Girard Cereal Company and your 20 cents will be returned.

THE GIRARD CEREAL CO., GIRARD, KANS our large of the subscription rate to this paper is 30 cents per year. If you will cut out the subscription coupon in this issue and send it to this office with 25 cents silver, the paper will be sent to you for one year. No single subscription will be accepted at this rate unless accompanied by the coupon. At the end of the year, Address, all orders to

claims, would it decrease in value?—Wm Mamsron, Mt. Carbon, W. va.

No, it would not decrease in value, except it required less labor because of better methods of production. The public will not mine more coal than is needed. It will mine as much as is needed. It it were found that more coal was being mined than needed some of the workers in the mines would be put at other work, producing things that were needed. The price of coal will be the average amount be a gambling

they were subjects; not free. And the old custom has come down to us and we are still voting to be taxed like so many I would like to see it abolished. makes the poor man work the roads a the rich man can ride in his carriage.

A large number of the millionaires have accommisted their fortunes have sit. What will socialism do to them?—C. J. Reynold, Murray Socialism will not molest any honestly equired possession. All these people acquired possession. All these people will have to do is to prove that they Sr. have produced the equivalent of what ye they possess by their own exertions and mind, under the weight av a dozint or two av' th' He out a v th' has puwled up Wells phat he ground an' is carryin' out av th' country. It will not answer in equivatent for what he possesses. Each must stand upon his own therefore, I am entitled. That is the sill Sage, puffin an' blowin' wid th' "L' throne to rule the foots. He must do less than 414.703 pieces. Cost. \$12.72.77. thry.

Nixt t' John D., marches Misther Russill Sage, puffin' an' blowin' wid th' "L" roads av New Yor-rk sling across his back—Ha, ha, ha! Jist think av it; yer ould uncle Russill, strisslin' an' struggiin' under sich a ponderous load as right to expect something of him. One can i've without society, and, therefore, I am entitled. That is the claim by which princes ascend to the throne to rule the focus. He must do something for society is to do anything for him. None can i've without society, and, therefore, society has a right to expect something of him. Of one thing rest assured—the grows him nestul of one thing rest assured the drones and leeches will do something useful or starve when Socialism comes.

Finder Socialism how could we pay o penses when travelling in other nations? weaks we pay for goods estapped from nations when we had no money to pay What proof have you that each worker excelled a pay 1 money to pay

you started (and just think of a work-ingman traveling in Europe') you got a class than both of the bill of exchange from some banker and paid him for it, all right. When you

You remind me of a story I beard a th' long time ago. A girl was sitting in letter, front of a large fireplace when she suddenly began crying in a most hysterical im denly began crying in a most hysterical manner. When asked what was the matter, she finally calmed herself enough to answer: "I was just thinking that if I were to marry the red-headed butcher boy and we had a baby and the baby head fall into any collars."

Professor Holdeson, for the lowa Agri-cultural college, stadying the massle of cultural college.

CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT,

PROGRESS OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY

the party membership at the present time is probably not less than 25,000.

There are now, in the United States thirty seven state and territorial or-ganizations affiliated with the national

During the year 1904 there were fifty-nine new locals chartered direct by the national office in unorganized states and On January 1, 1905, the liabilities of

the national office totaled \$1,566.16, and the assets \$2,645.83, leaving a balance of \$1,079.67. Comrades of Dawson, Yukon Territory,

Canada, report the perfecting of a So-cialist organization at that point with

office during the year 1904 supplies, such as due stamps, charters, membership cards, pamphlets, buttons, etc., etc., not less than 414,703 pieces. Cost. \$1,272.77.

Comrade Henry L Slobodin, of New second ballot, which closed February 6th. tion?

The average payment per month, into the national office during 1963 was upon 15,975 members, while in 1904 the average payment per month was upon 20,146 members, showing an increase in the members, showing an increase in each buy a machine. 20,146 members, showing an increase in the party membership over 1903 of 4,171

At Madison, Wis., the five Socialist members of the legislature tone senator and four assemblymen, are attracting more attention and presenting more more attention and presenting more measures in the interest of the working class than both of the old parties have

Some of the bills introduced by the Wisconsin members: Annulling all unlimited and exclusive franchises; and thorizing cities to acquire construct and maintain public utilities; public lands; for free text books; for a forestry commission; to limit the working day to mission; to limit the working day to mission; on all city or state commission. mission; to limit the working day to eight hours on all city or state con-tract work; for making contributory negligence he excuse in damage suits, and a number of other bills.

The Wisconsin legislature has been employing pages under age in violation of the child labor law. One page was only thirteen years old and four others were also under age. Comrade Brockhausen brought the matter to light by a strong protest. The legislature tried

aged eighty years, died in Philadelphia, Pa. February 4, 1805. Comrade Fritsche was one of the few Socialist members of the German reschstag in the early secenties and was again elected from the fought as a volunteer in Schleswig-Holstein and was wounded in battle in 1848, and in 1849 took part in the May revolution at Dresden, and was made a prisoner at the first barricade. For more than ten years be has resided in Phila-ilelphia, and has held the position of Li-

were to marry the red-headed butcher boy and we had a baby and the baby had red hair and it should fall into such a fire and hurn up-hoc) hoo?' and she went off into hysterics again. I think the probabilities of the average worker owning fifty acres and falling heir to a million from a rich unde in Europe are just about as good as of that unborn haby falling into that particular fire Under Socialism, each worker will get the full social value of his labor, and the Socialism since her bruil social value of his labor, and the Socialism since her bruil social value of his labor, and the Socialism in Europe will probably take care that millions of their labor is not left to some fellow who never did saything to earn it. At least we shall not ston the evolution of society for fear that such an incident might occur.

SIOO FOR AN IDEA

THE APPEAL WANTS

A SUGGESTION TO INCREASE ITS CIR.
CULATION.

AND AND AND EAST AND IS WILLING TO PAY YOU SISE JOB IS NOT THE APPEAL WANTS IT AND IS WILLING TO PAY YOU SISE JOB IS NOT TO PAY YOU SISE JOB IS

THE SOCIALIST PARTY.

J. Maklon Barnes, National Secretary, 300 Sauthorn St., Chicago, Illi., to whom all com-mutantions regarding party matters, should be

SOMEBODY KINDLY ANSWER.

Algernon (aged 10 years)—Pa, who was the six automobiles in this pen?

Algy-Pa, didn't God make the trees from which the wood comes, and the ore out of which the iron and steel are

Pa-Yes, my son; the Bible teaches

you that. Algy-Well, if God made 'em, they must belong to Him. Did you buy the wood and iron that's in these automo- ing Thousands. Any Rheumatic

biles from God?
Pa-Silence, boy. Don't you know that such talk is sacrilegious? You are taught at Sunday school that God made this earth and that all that therein is Send Your Address and Get for the benefit of all His children.

Algy-Are common workingmen God's children, just the same as we are, pa? Pa-Why, certainly they are, my son. Algy-Then why can't the workmen

in your factory have wood and iron to build automobiles of their own? Shut up, boy; you don't know what you are talking about, nor how foolish are your questions. Look at the man up there working that big searchlight! Third Party Nearby-Algy is work

ing a searchlight of his own.

Algy-I don't care for the searchlight. Just one more question, pa.
Pa-Well, you're making a nuisan York (ity, was elected a member of the Pa-Well, you're making a mussare National Executive Committee on the of yourself; but what is your ques

Algy-Will the men who made these automobiles that you say are yours over got a chance to take their little boys and girls out riding in them?

have to save to buy this car here, which will hold a family of six per-

Pa-The price of that car is \$4,000. Now give me a rest, will you?
Algy-Just one more question, pa realiv

Pe-Well, now, this is the last; what

Righman whom you write the med all subscriptions to

out having to give up what they produce to those who do not produce. Of Algernon (aged 10 years)—Pa, who the six automobiles in this pen? Algy Pa—I do, my son.

Algy—Did you make 'em all, pa?

Pa—No, Algy; my men made them.

Algy—Do you own some men, too, themselves instead of having for themselves instead of having the molysment conventions. Pa—I don't "own" the men, but they as kings controlled by the capitalists ork for me.

Alex. Why don't they work for ason. Work for me.

15,000

Algy—Why don't they work for themselves, pa?

41,000

41,000

Algy—What do you mean by ma
167,778

Algy—W terials?

Pa—Why, the wood, the iron and be to industry what the directors' meetother things which are required in the
construction of the cars and machinery.

Algy—How did you get the wood, the
iron and other things, pa?

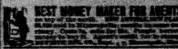
Pa—I bought them, of course? What
a foolish question for such a bright boy
as you are.

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of you and cash prizes for the two best hustlers. It's a good the whether you win one of the prizes or not. Your pay will depend the time you are willing to put in.

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BOOKMAN, Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kan.

Walter Thomas Mills, A. M. Teaches Socialism By Correspondence

Over Four Thousand Comrades now actively at work in the Socialist movement have studied Socialism by regular, systematic personal correspondence with Walter Thomas Mills. His great book

The Struggle for Existence

fore with a rept or at 12 year and do so of allege, and do so of allege, and do so of the Specialist

URING the past month several thousand sample packages of "Nutrito," the New Cereal Coffee, have been sent to readers of the Appeal. It is not hard, as a rule, to persuade the average man to tackle something new, but, unless that something new has real merit, it is not likely that he will come back again. This is particularly true of anything which goes on the table, where the entire family must be consulted. It is, therefore, very gratifying and encouraging to receive a letter like the following, which is but one of several along the same line:

"I have looked for something to take the place of coffee, which I am convinced is not good for me. Have been using Postum for sometime, but didn't like it on account of its source. Five of us have tried your "NUTRITO" and all pronounce it superior to Postum. Pleass find enclosed \$2.35, for a case of the small size. Would send for a case of the larger packages, but want to send some through the mail to friends."—C. McKinney, Sierra Blance, Tex.

We are outle sure that you will be as enthusiastic over "Mutrito" as our Texas friend it you will permit the Girard Cereal Company to send you a rackage by mail, postpail. "Mutrito" is anture's substitute for coffee. "Nutrito" is a made from the finest grain grown on the Kansas prairies—scientifically hierded, reasted and ground ready for use. It's use leaves the body in a perfect physical condition, and the brain clear and settive.

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Address, all orders to



What the Strife is all About.

What the Strife is all About.

Norder to enforce the relationship of the mastery of the few and the servitude of the many it is only necessary for the few to have control of the means by which the many live. In order to control the means by which all the people live it is not necessary for the few to own the people, provided they control the use of the earth and the industrial equipment by the use of which the earth is made to yield the means of life. In order to secure this control it is not necessary to own all the earth. It is only necessary to own that share of the

not necessary to own an the earth it is only necessary to own that share of the earth and that share of the industrial equipment which is so related to all the rest that whoever owns this share wil be able to enforce the payment of tribute from all others as the condition on which they may use any share of the earth or of the sindustrial equipment.

equipment.

A small group of the people now own and so control that share of the earth and of the industrial equipment, which makes them the masters of all the rest. They are the direct masters of what they own and through the power which this private ownership gives them the few are able to compel all others both to sell where they sell and to buy where they buy at the price fixed by this small group of the private owners of the public bounty. It does not matter whether one offers his labor or the products of his labor, he is equally and in either case the victim of this private monopoly in the ownership of the principal means of producing the means of life.

Here is the Issue.

Here is the Issue.

For the millions of tollers there is no hope but the continuance of this relation of mastery for the few and servitude for the many, or the system which is forever

making fewer masters and more servants must be so changed as to make an end of industrial mastery and a beginning of industrial democracy.

This is the dominant question of the twentieth century—the culminating question of all the centuries before and of fundamental importance to all the centuries to follow. Economic controversies and political organization of the control of the control of the control of the centuries to follow. to follow. Economic controversies and political organiza-tions and campaigns can deal with nothing else, while re-ligious and educational enterprises must come to the final test and trial of their ability to serve their own day and generation as they are related to this cause of war between the beneficiaries and the victims of current industrial servitude.

The Parties to the Conflict.

The Masters. On the side of mastery are the masters They are ever lessening in numbers as they increase in economic power. Their relation to industry and com-merce is ever more and more that of an absentee benefeiary, while the work of the world goes on by the toil of the hired man under the direction of the hired boss, Ownership is ever more and more transferred, not by the achievements of productive service, but by the chances of the games of chance played by the manipulators of the Stock Exchange with stacked decks and loaded dice. The Screants. On the other side would be all the

The Servants. On the other side would be all the rest of all mankind did they know their own interests. The Chicago Tribune said editorially, on January 16th, that "There is one point where the lofty financier and the lowly Socialist come together in loving harmony. They both believe that monopoly is an inevitable outnoted by the content of machinery, and factories, and railroads, and the other features of modern industrial life." This means that those who have come to be the masters of the market know the forces which made them masters and the ket know the forces which made them masters of the mar-processes by which the industrial combinations have been forced into existence, and hence they know that a return to the old order of multitudinous, small and helpless industrial competitors is impossible. return to the old order of multitudinous, small and helpless industrial competitors is impossible. The Socialists take the same position, not because they have personally done these things, but because they have studied the economic forces and have traced out the industrial processes which the masters have carried forward. The Socialists know from investigation what the masters have learned by experience. The trust magnate and the Socialist both know that the evolution of industry, of commerce and of civil institutions is forward and not backward. Socialists do not know this because they ot backward. Socialists do not know this because they te Socialists. They are Socialists because they know it.

The Dangerously Incapable.

Only those deny this position of the trust magnate and of the Socialist who neither know by experience nor by investigation. Their voice is necessarily the voice of the ignorant or of the incapable. As the ignorant investigate they will become Socialists. As the incapable struggle on against the necessary industrial trend of things, unable or unwilling to investigate, they will fall if they have not already fallen, the penniless victims of monopoly, and, if unaccustomed to the hard fare of the toiler, being ignorant of the philosophy of Socialism, they will be an element of danger both to the workers and to the masters. Plotting personal revenge and urgto the masters. Plotting personal revenge and urg-disorder, they will be as useless for worthy pur-ses in the ranks of the toilers as they were helpless in the hands of the masters.

se most dangerous man of all is he who hears the nor of this world-wide conflict and yet neglects or es to study the situation in order, to act with the

refuses to study the situation in order, to act with the understanding and not with the fatal carelessness of the studeornly uninformed.

The real parties, then, to this conflict are only two, and they are the beneficiaries and the victims of monopoly in the ownership and management of the means of producing the means of life which are of controlling emportance in the industry and commerce of the world.

The Tactics of the Masters. The masters have adopted two general lines of war-fare, the open-handed and the under-handed, or, in a general way, the methods of the Manufacturers' Asso-ciation and of the Civic Federation.

gh the Civic Federation the masters confer and te with the representatives of the labor organiis in securing industrial peace, the terms being sat-ory to the masters and the proceedings such as the workers to submit to lengthening hours and order pay. The late Senator Hanna, then presishorter pay. The late Senator Hanna, then presi-ent of the Civic Federation, about two years ago, do ared in a newspaper controversy with Mr. D. M. Parry, able to secure the settlement of important controversies between labor and capital. And he further said that if it were not for confidential reasons he would name es where he had done these things. The fact the instances where he had done these things. The fact is that in not a single instance had he secured any advantages to the workers, if he had they would have known about it. Then it must be that in some way such settlements had been made as led the workers to go on with their jobs, without redress of grievances, and they were led to do so through the co-operation of the "labor leaders" with the Civic Federation, in such a way that Senator Hanna declared that there were confidential reasons why he could not name the instances in hand

sons why he could not name the instances in hand.

Through the Civic Federation the masters are able to use the "labor leaders," whose co-operation they have been able to secure, to circulate a literature and to push

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The Tactics of the Masters

BY WALTER THOMAS MILLS, A. M.,

Principal of the International School of Social Economy, and Author of "The Struggle for Existence"

up the hope of a kingdom to come where he himself will be a capitalist and he asks that the reward

will be a capitalist and he asks that the reward for his work be given to him as a workingman.

There is not even a necessary, fundamental antagonism between the laborer and the capitalist. Both are men with the virtues and vices of men, and each wishes at times more than his fair share, Yet, broadly considered, the interest of one is the interest of the other; the prosperity of the one is the prosperity of the other."

Through the Civic Federation the masters are able to attract attention to themselves as the special friends and champions of labor. The election to the presidency of the National Civic Federation of August Belmont, the special friend and adviser of Grover Cleveland and the American representative of the International Rothschilds Banking Syndicate, together with the election of the president of the American Federation of Labor to the vice presidency of the same organization, will make Bel-mont as much the spokesman for labor, in the public mind, as is Compers himself, in the same way that the late Senator Hanna was able to overshadow Gompers in all matters of public controversy as related to the wel all matters of public controversy as related to the wel-fare of workingmen. It is not unreasonable to expect more settlements of labor disputes in such a way as to secure nothing for the workers while the settlement is secured in such a confidential manner as will not do to tell.

President Parry's Underground Tactics.

While the Civic Federation is mainly the public spokesman for the friendly way of beating the working sman for the friendly way of bearing in it does not have a monopoly on underhand ods. I called the other day at the office of Secretary Job, of the Chicago Employers' Association. There I was told that the Industrial Alliance deals only with conflicts with Trades Unions, while the Manufacturers' conflicts with Trades Unions, while the Manufacturers' Association deals with all questions of legislation, or politics, or court proceedings, or any work of any nature, in any way affecting the manufacturers' interests. Mr. Parry is the president of both organizations. When the workingman is to be hit squarely between the eyes, in an open fight, it is the Industrial Alliance which does it. When he is to be hit in any other place or to be used up in any other manner, it is the Manufacturers' Association.

What are the underlanded or underground resibility.

What are the underhanded or underground possibili-ties of this double organization of the activities of the interests represented by the Parry organizations and their

The Senate is Theirs.

The United States senate is not a "craft organization," The United States senate is not a "craft organization," as a labor unionist would say. It is purely an "industrial organization." The membership is made up of the representatives of the great industries—oil, railways, banks, land grabs, express companies, baking powders, the lumber trust, beef trust, and so on to the end. I am not complaining of this. I am convinced that a little further on the great industrial groups, instead of geographical localities, will very likely make up the sub-divisions of political power, only the workers in the industries will then be represented instead of those who privately own the industries. Former Senator Mason, of Illinois, declares that ninety per cent of the bills before congress are there all the time. They are introduced at the beginning of one congress only to go out of existence on the clearing of the calendar at the beginning of the next congress, only to be re-introduced, to hang on for two years longer, to die again and rise out of existence on the clearing of the calendar at the beginning of the next congress, only to be re-introduced, to hang on for two years longer, to die again and rise again, while congresses continue to come and go. This, he says, is because the private interests in the senate will not permit these bills to come to a vote and so reach a settlement of the questions involved. The same private interests which thus control the United States are the active factors in the Parry organizations.

senate are the active factors in the Parry organizations. This is the way it works: What controls the congress, the legislatures, the city councils? Political parties. Who control these parties? Great private interests. How? We learn from the office of Secretary Job that the American Manufacturers' Association is in politics. We learn from Senator Mason how it does if politics. We learn from senator Mason how it does its work in Congress. We learn from Mr. Parry that his organizations are especially responsible for the slaughter of the eight-hour and anti-injunction bills.

What are those same organizations, together with the Civic Federation and the labor leaders, who are under its influence, teaching the workingman? That working-men must not go into politics. It would ruin the labor means colling its influence, teaching the workingman? That workingmen must not go into politics. It would ruin the labor organizations. What was Mitchell's message to Colorado? He stood in the midst of the most outright use of political power by the bosses, for private purposes, in a now on record anywhere. He denounced Peabody and the delegation of the lowest type, kept all the delegation is a storage of the support of strikers; the organization of professional strike breakers, men of the lowest type, kept all the delegation of the lowest type. now on record anywhere. He denounced Peabody and then declared his loyalty to the same party, which was using its governor from Denver, and its rifles from Washington, to drive into the bull pens the workingmen who was triking for a better chance for the man at the

who to re striking for a better chance for the man at the bottom, and he then warned the workers against using their political power in their own behalf. This is a great porgram, but it cannot last.

When Mr. Bryan was the candidate of his party for the presidency he thought that silver republicans ought to vote for him because he stood for silver and that gold democrats ought to vote for him because they were democrats. Sensible citizens vote for what they want regardless of parties. The masters vote for themselves. They know no party lines, but they never urged the duty of party loyalty on the workingman so hard as since they have abandomed it themselves. There is no such thing as republicanism or democracy. Both parties are controlled by the industrial and commercial masters. These masters have no principles to stand for. They have only interests to protect—the interests of a master as against his servant. And the servants vote for the masters no matter to which of these parties they may give their support.

Disfranchising the Workers.

Disfranchising the Workers.

At the time of the adoption of the United States constitution only about one man in seven was permitted to vote in this country, and it was rarely the case that that one had been a soldier in Washington's army. The men who fought the battles of the American Revolution were obliged to cross the Alleghenies to the weat in order to secure any voice in the management of the government which they had helped to establish. The landlerds, who would not permit the workingmen to vote on the Atlantic border, consented to their having the ballot in the wilderness, in order to sell them land, the only possible title to which had been secured by the buttles these same workingmen had themselves fought. Fast of the Alleghenies the workman was finally given the ballot, so far as he has it, as a reflex of the political life of the western frontier.

The same considerations which led Marshall, Madison, Monroe and John Tyler, in the South, together with Hamilton, John Adams, Justice Story and Daniel Webster in the North, to dany the sole soveraignty of man, and to mists on the representation in government of property, as well as people, and with the property in terests always having a controlling voice over the voice of the people—these same considerations are leading modern property interests they should cease to vote the power of the people—these same considerations are leading modern property interests they should cease to vote the power of the people—these same considerations are leading modern property interests to look to the disfranchisement of the toilers lest they should cease to vote the power of the people—these same considerations are leading modern property interests they should cease to vote the power of the people—these same considerations are leading modern property interests they should cease to vote the power of the people—these same considerations are leading modern property interests they should cease to vote the power of the people—the same consideration of the property interests to look to the disfranchisemen At the time of the adoption of the United States con

The Way They Do It.

This is to be accomplished in many ways. The ballot box is to be corrupted with the money of the bosses and by their political agents, and then the very men who corrupt the ballot box are to deny its authority because it is corrupt. Look at Colorado.

Restrictions as to residence, not necessary in order to identify the citizen or to justify his voice in the mastery of public affairs, are to determine the qualifications of voters, and then the corporations can disfranchise a veter whom they cannot corrupt by changing his place of employment or by enforcing his absence from home in quest of labor, through wholesale dismissals, or under a reign of terror. Look again at Telluride and Cripple Creek, in Colorado, at Butte and Anaconda, in Montava, and at Northport in Washington.

In a western village during the last summer when an effort to suppress a Socialist meeting had threatened a pitched battle, a sudden and unexpected alignment of forces gave to the Socialists so overwhelming a majority that the invaders withdrew and the meeting went on. But a later investigation revealed the fact that of all the men who rallied so suddenly to the defense of free speech only one was a legal voter. They were American citizens whose irregularity of employment and the sudden, frequent and unwassonably enforced changes of employment from place to place by their corporation employers gave them no legal residence.

The Masters Control the Courts.

The Masters Control the Courts.

The masters control the courts and by an enlargement of the power of the courts directly administer public affairs regardless of popular majorities. The last resort of every old abuse is always to the courts. Governor of every old abuse is always to the courts. Governor Peabody has been the most lawless of all the citizens in Colorado during the last year, but it is boasted in Chicago that, white Peabody did many things in dealing with labor, the thing of most importance to the interests he served was his part in giving to the mine owners the control of the supreme court for many years to come. No matter, so it is said, the citizens of Colorado may now elect new governors and new legislatures if they will. The supreme court will annul the laws and enjoin the officers and the mine owners continue to control the state.

If a jury could not be packed to convict Debs for vio-lating the law, the same court which refused to finish the trial, when it was evident that the case was lost, could still send him to jail without the law for his very just contempt for a court which could so busely pro-titute itself.

titute itself.

If the force of the presence of Mother Jones in a Utah mining camp could not otherwise be broken, she could be quarantined by the health officers, under the pretense of pretending to protect the miners, who were starving to death at the hands of the mine owners, from dying of the smallpox instead.

If the miners maintain the peace, the hired tools of corporations can destroy both the property of the corporations and the lives of their workmen, in order to create a case for the public herror, and then may destroy the local court in order to so reorganize the court as to prevent the investigation of their own crimes and the punishment of their hired villians.

The Masters and the Muskets

The Masters and the Muskets.

Congressman Campbell, of Kansas, arges action against the Socialists at once "before they become too numerous for the militia to withstand." The recent military reorganization, the unusual military power given to the President of the United States, the military maps with all factories located and all centers of industry covered all factories located and all centers of inquestry comby military stations, are indications of the final program of the masters. Just how Congressman Campbell proposes to use the militis is not in evidence. Surely he cannot answer the Socialist arguments that way. He cannot answer the Socialist arguments from voting by poses to use the mittia is not in evidence. Surely he cannot answer the Socialist arguments that way. He cannot propose to prevent the Socialist from voting by the use of soldiers, and when the Socialist shall have outvoted him they will be in command of the militia, and then there can be no disorder unless Congressman Campbell and his industrial masters turn traitors to the day. Neverthaless the masters have account their the day. Campbell and his industrial masters turn traitors to the flag. Nevertheless, the masters have avowed their program. It is to work us to death when we work, starve us to death when they cannot sell our products at a profit and then shoot us to death if we don't starve quietly. The fact that such atrocities can be deliberately planned for by these men, made mad with the power of mastery above every other argument, proves their unfitness for mastery, as well as the wrongfulness of all mastery and servitude and reinforces the words of Lincoln. "No man has ever lived who was good enough to be the master of another."

sional strike breakers, men of the lowest type, kept all the time on pay, temporarily employed wherever needed to break a strike, armed while so employed and trained to shoot and to shoot to kill; the open shop, the refusal by organizations of dollars to treat in any way with organizations of men; the denial of the right of organized workingmen to have any voice whatever in fixing the hours which they shall work, the speed with which they shall work, or the wages which they shall receive—these are the direct proposals of Parry's organizations in the open warfare of the masters against the workers. Mr. Parry directly affirms that no union can be permitted which attempts to deal with hours, speed or wages. According to Parry, the unions may care for the sick and bury the dead, but they must not interfere with the process by which the sick and the dead are provided for their attention.

An Educational Campaign of Falsehood.

An Educational Campaign of Falsehood.

Besides this, Parry and his friends, including some church organizations whose help he has been able to secure, are going to estry on an, educational campaign against Socialism. None of these clergymen who are in his service, nor Mr. Parry, nor any of his papers, pamphlets, or speeches parmit the simplest statement of what Socialism really is to reach their readers, or their listeners. Public discussion has been proposed, but they can handle a bogus Socialist, of their own creation, so much easier than a real one that they will not come to time. It is not their fault; they could not do it if they wished to do so. No truthful man can attack Socialism and retain his self-respect. No self-respecting man will attempt to defend capitalism—it is incapable of defense. Their educational campaign consists in teaching that the Socialists are trying to cause disorder; that they want to take other people's property away from them; that they do not believe in the family and that they are irreligious. But in doing these things they are not without ancient and infamous examples.

Some Interesting Antecedents.

servitude and to make the labor organizations them selves the means of enforcing this servitude. John Mitchell's book begins with uses words:

The Way They Do It.

This is to be accomplished in many ways. The ballot box is to be corrupted with the money of the bosses and special spokesment in the private control of the industrial deliverence of the victims of this oppressor saw Hamen himself on the scaffold which he had built for another.

When Cicero and his associates were using the authority of the Roman senate to collect thirty per cent per annum on their private investments he became the special spokesment of the victims of this oppressor saw Hamen himself on the scaffold which he had built for another.

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When Cicero and his associates were using the authority of the Roman senate to collect thirty per cent per annum on their private investments he became the special spokesment. anium on their private investments he became the special spokesman for law and order and made his most telling points against Catiline by proving that he must have been plotting disorder because he had been found in conference with the victims of these Roman massters. To plead with all the subtlest forms of speech for the dignity and henor of the "Conscript Fathers of the people," for the authority of the laws, and for the necessity of public order, while the same men who do the pleading use these same authorities to fleece the people, is as ancient as human slavery and is as modern as the Manufacturers' Association.

But the most interesting of all instances in pitiable mimiery of the disowned and dishonored past is the

mimiery of the disowned and dishonored past is the work of the Manufacturers' Association as compared with the pro-slavery literature and the pro-slavery schemes of organization and defense. They match each other as if born from the same order of brain and made to serve the same kind of a cause, as indeed they were. Debs was jailed for contempt of court and Moyer held without judge or jury by the masters of today. George Thompson was seven years in the Missouri penitentiary. Thompson was seven years in the Missouri penitentiary and John Brown was hanged for treason by the master yesterday.
Whole communities have been driven from their home

in the pretense of manitaining order by the masters of today, and from all the states at the South those who today, and from all the states at the South those who differed with the ruling class traveled nights to save their lives, while in every northern state broadcloth mobs, made up of the friends of the constitution and the defenders of the peace, treated abolitionists to every outrage from private insult to public murder under the guidance of the masters of yesterday.

Today Dixon, with his "One Woman," and thousands of others whose lying, if less literary, is none the less infamous, seek to fasten on the Socialists a contempt for woman and a disregard for family ties. So did the

not at one and the same time consistently demand free soil by act of congress and deny the wisdom of mixed

Kirby, member of the Constitutional Committee John Kirby, member of the Constitutional Committee of the Manufacturers' Association, speaks for the masters of today. Notice some utterances of his in an address at Pittsburg, May 18, 1904, placed in contrast with passages from speeches by Robert Fair, a representative slave bolder, speaking at Abbville, S. C., in 1854, and by President Lord of Dartmouth college, both speaking for the masters of yesterday.

Speaking for the living Masters John Kirby said:

"We need and apprehend we shall soon have a na-tonal bureau of education dedicated to the work of educating the masses to a better understanding of economic law and of the many questions that enter into our industrial and social life. Its principal mission should be to place its publications in the homes of the working people; that is to say, the people who are amenable to membership in labor unions. But it should not stop there; it should extend its ramifications into the minds of all our people lacking in intelligent understanding of the extend its ramifications into the minds of all our people lacking in intelligent understanding of the principles which enter into the vexed problems. Its publications should be issued, not with a view of producing only temporary impressions and then to be thrown aside and forgotten, but they should also be issued collectively in permanent, well bound, book form and systematically distributed gratuitously, or sold at cost, that they may become family educators of long standing.

"To be sure the plan here contemplated will require money, and lots of it, but a national association, such as this one can be expanded into, will command the confidence of the monied interests of the country and the necessary revenue with which to carry on its great work will be forthcoming, for where is better investment offered?"

Speaking for the Masters of vesterday Robert Fa

Speaking for the Masters of yesterday Robert Fair

we should not be startled at the announce-ment of the fact that two-thirds of our slave popu-lation do not know or believe that the subject of slavery, or their condition, is even alluded to in the bible—that two-thirds of them are ignorant of the authorist by which we essay to hold them in bond-age, or demand at their hands obedience or service. Now, relieve their minds of ignorance and declare-"We should not be startled at the announce age, or demand at their hands obedience or services. Now, relieve their minds of ignorance and darkness and thoroughly educate and innoculate, them into the clear sound and intelligent scriptural views of the whole subject, and of what a burden would the bosoms of the slaves and masters be relieved."

"Again I ask the question, is there any danger of a majority of the people of this country rising up to destroy individualism and establish Socialism." A candid review of the situation must compel us to acknowledge that the outlook is the most favorable. I have said that our only guard is in the intelligence of our people. I think I should also add that much depends upon the moral character of the people. I venture to say that the teaching of Socialism is causing many to break away from the traditions and long estabthat the teaching of Socialism is causing many to break away from the traditions and long established institutions which bind men to a civilized way of living. It is causing men to have a contempt for law, to sneer at religious sentiment, and even to faver the doctrine that might makes right. Men who believe that physical force to demand or seize and hold property, is the most valid title for its possession, which belief is the essence of Socialism and also of trade unionism, cannot possess high inteals of individual hones y or of the duty the individual owes to society to perform faithfully a mans work in the world.

"The greatest danger ever threatened to our democracy will come whenever a voting majority considers itseu no longer bound by the fundamental planks of our constitution and the stronger Socialism and the present day trades unionism grow the nearer will we approach that time. Some may regard this as the statement of an alarmist, but surely those to whom I would appeal do not uphold the Socialistic creed and surely they must acknowledge that it is at least something of an issue when organizations composed of millions are theroughly saturated with it.

"When your house is on fire you do not wait until it is burned to the ground before turning in an alarm. Neither should you wait until Socialism becomes rampant and uncontrollable before you begin to check us growth."

Speaking of the abolitionists and for the Masters sterday. President Lord said:

eaking of the abolitionists and for the Masters

sterday. President Lord said:

"They were at first a small class of speculative enthusiasts, intoxicated by the airy pantheism of France and Germany which has covertly breathed its spirit into the glittering generalities of the Declaration of Independence, and by that instrument insensibly effected the public mind. Abolitionism became an institution, organic and vital, body and soul, a working power. It was envious of God's appointment. It labeled the constitution

"A covenant with death and an agreement with hell." Gaining confidence as it acquired ascendency over the simple, the curious and fearful, the undisciplined; it aspired to popular control and revolutionary distinction. It is false and wrong. It destroys the ancient landmarks. It obliterates the old paths. It puts its heel on constitutional realism. It sunders what God has united and unites what God has sundered."

To all of the foregoing, what have the Socialists to

Here is Our Answer.

Our only weapon is an appeal to reason. Our only battel ground is at the ballot box. Our only bope is in making the workingmen understand how their interests can be secured only by standing together at the place

where their power will be resistless.

If they disfranchise the ignorant, that will increase our power, because only the ignoramus will vote against himself and for his master.

they disfranchise any portion of the working class,

that will only make the majority which will finally give to us the power of the state all the more overwhelming in the day of our victory.

If they corrupt and mislead the labor organizations, that will only hasten the day when labor organizations will stand for an economic program so open and so directly in the interests of the workers that no misleading of leaders can mislead the organizations.

ing of leaders can mislead the organizations.

If they set the Presbyterian and Catholic churches to attacking Socialism, as active workers in these churches assert they are doing, they cannot long talk against what Socialism is not without both the teacher and the hearer coming to a knowledge of what Socialism is, and then they must take up Socialism or give up their re-

If they tell us that we are not religious, then we ask Since when is it irreligious to ask for justice between man and man? Since when is it irreligious to believe that the Creator gave all natural bounties to all his children, and to all alike? Since when is it irreligious to hold that one "has denied the faith and is worse than to hold that one "has denied the faith and is worse than an unbeliever who provideth not for his own household." but instead "is a hard man, reaping where he did not sow and gathering where he did not scatter?" Since when is it irreligious to stand for the justice of the part-ing promise of the Christian scriptures: "To render to every man according as his work is?" Wheever could to every man according as his work is?" Whoever

bring himself to defend capitalism in the name of re-ligion could easily bring himself to enter the service of Herod and Join the dancing wanton for the reward of any prophet's head who dared to tell the truth. If they tell us that we are the enemies of the family, the answer is that we alone can turn the countless thou-sands of the homeless men and women, whose presence in the world through a shadow across the safety of every in the world throws a shadow across the safety of every household, into stalwart friends and defenders of the fireside by placing a home of their own within the reach

If Gunsaulus insists that a technical knowledge of tools will head off Socialism, we shall wish him god-speed in the undertaking, knowing that the more a man knows of the value of tools the more he will demand that the great tools of industry shall be placed within he reach of all.

If they control congress in behalf of private interests, the more openly it is done the sooner it will be discovered that congressmen represent great interests and that they cannot represent both the interests of the beneficiaries

If they bankrupt the treasuries of the unions, by the use of political power in behalf of the masters, that will only drive the workers all the sooner to capture the courts and law making bodies by the court the courts and law making bodies by the authority of their citizenship, the one thing which a workingman has which cannot be attached for debt, nor can he be en-

ioned from its use.

If they teach the workers through the leaders, whom they are able to influence, that the workers ought not to enter politics, while the masters continue to use the political power against us, they will make it easier for us to recognize their spokesman in our own ranks and to

ns to recognize their spokesman in our own ranks and to act accordingly.

If they tell us that the proposals of the Socialists—that is, collective ownership of the means of producing the means of life democratic management by the workers of the processes of production and the equal opportunity for all to become producers, involve the loss of liberty, the answer is that the only way to the perfection of political and religious liberty is through the industrial independence of the worker, which the Socialists alone processes.

propose.

If they tell us that their associations are the champions of liberty, our answer is that their rallying cry is not sincere. They do not seek for the liberty of all the workers to be employed. If they did, they would join the Socialists in their effort to provide the tools and the industrial organizations which would make this possible. What they want is to maintain conditions under which no workingman can be employed unless he shall first be forced by economic conditions to forfeit his right to live at all except as the servant of another.

If they tell us that we would disregard the "funda-

his right to live at all except as the servant of another. If they tell us that we would disregard the "fundamental planks of the constitution" our answer is that the most fundamental plank in the constitution is the provision for its peaceful amendment, in order that, without confusion or insurrection, the civil institutions may grow with the growth of the nation. The constitution has been fourteen times amended and, if necessary in order to prevent its use by the masters as an instrument for the exploitation of the workers, it can be amended again. It was General Sherman Bell, while trampling on the constitutions, both state and national, when in the employment of Parry's organizations, while when in the employment of Parry's organizations, while using United States guns and Colorado troops to herd the workers in a bull pen, who said: "To hell with the constitution.

If they tell us that we deny the right of property and desire to possess that which is not our own, the answer is that we only desire to possess what we ourselves shall be permitted to produce and that we pledge our lives to protect for every other all that we ask for ourselves. If they suppress our propaganda and imprison our teachers, nothing will so quickly reveal to all the workers the outrage of the rule of the masters—the silence of the Socialist teacher within prison walls has always been louder and more resistless than his voice without.

been louder and more resistless than his voice without.

If they cannot employ us, and then turn the guns in our faces because there is no bread, the torn and bloody our faces because there is no bread, the torn and bloody lips of every gaping wound will cry with voices that alone can call to action all there is in our human naatone can call to action all there is in our human na-ture. It will awaken the fierceness of a million years of ancestral struggle for existence, captured and har-nessed, and crowned at last with an unutterable long-ing for a world-wide brotherhood.

If they charge us with the wish to promote disorder,

If they charge us with the wish to promote disorder, the answer is that nothing can serve our cause so well as peaceful agitation. Nothing could be so fatal to our movement as to give the masters the slightest shadow of excuse for turning the guns against us. The ruthless murder of the defenseless workingmen of St. Petersburg is not the work of Socialists, but of that military power on which the masters in every European country have depended for twenty years, more than on any other, as the enemy of Socialism. The civilized world cries out in horror at the pitiless spectacle. But American masin horror at the pitiless spectacle. But American maters should be silent now. They should remember Hazleton, and Homestead, and Coeur d'Alene, and Cripple Creck, and Telluride.

And This is the Outcome.

And so it is seen that capitalism can do nothing for its own deliverance. In the hour of its culmination capitalism is lost in the midst of a boundless waste of quicksand. If it stands still it will sink: if it moves in any direction it will sink all the faster for its trouble. Parry, Belmont and Bishop Messmer and their associates, by their activities in its behalf, only hasten the coming of its disappearance. They cannot prevent its sinking nor recover it when it has gone forever.

Neither can they prevent the coming of Socialism, for the falling of the faded and useless leaves of the withered flowers of springtime is but the promise of the coming harvest, born out of the everlasting process of "first the blade, then the ear and then the full corn in the car." And This is the Outcome