

On earth peace,
good will
toward men

The Social Democrat

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Vol. IV.

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A Labor Day is Coming.

A Labor Day is coming, when a workingman shall stand
As free, as independent as any in the land.
When he shall be rewarded for his work of
brain and hand—
The right is marching on.

A Labor Day is coming don't you hear the grand
refrain,
Sweeping round the country, from the Golden
Gate to Maine,
That workmen are free, and have sundered
every chain—
The right is marching on.

A Labor Day is coming, when Truth shall have
full sway;
When justice, full enthroned, like the noontide
god of day,
Shall set no more, forever—for its coming let
us pray—
The right is marching on.

A Labor Day is coming, when our starry flag
shall wave
Above a land whose famine no longer digs a
grave;
When money is not master, and a workingman
a slave—
The right is marching on.

—J. B. MAYNARD.

A LITTLE SERMON

Delivered to the Social Democrat Reader
by Richard J. Hinton.

"Unto him that hath shall be given."
Who will deny that the age of materialism
has its apotheosis in a jurisprudence which
places property above man?

The world's history is reeking with the
reckless worship of things made.
The golden calf destroyed the power of
Moses.

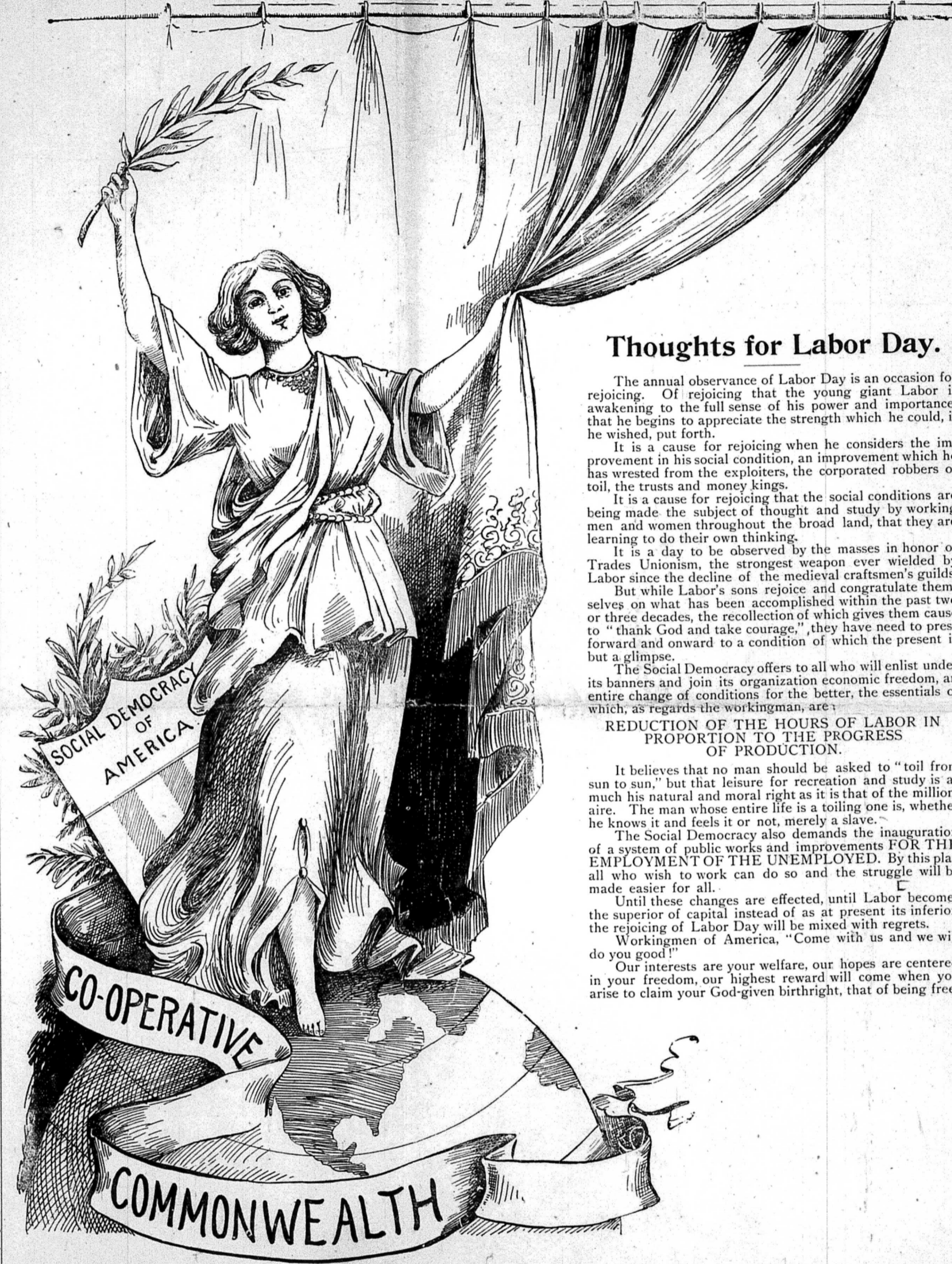
The Rabbis set up their Talmud and
Prophets and Psalms were as naught.
Buddha taught men and women "to
lead a virtuous life of love, righteousness,
charity and truth for their emancipation
from suffering and misery," and is forgotten
in the whirl of the Lamian prayer-wheel.

The Christ who declared that "the
poor ye have always with you," and
led the Mediterranean world out of the
brutality of that Hellenism which
made the heads of the family the sons
of God and denied all but inferiority to
the others into a spiritualizing democ-
racy which found voice in the declara-
tion that men are "children of one
Father," is buried under the piled-up
sneers of mammon worshippers. The
prophet of the golden rule and the
sacrificial Calvary—the emancipator of
labor and the inspirer of equal com-
munity and brotherhood—became in
name the supporter of the Byzantine
emperor. The holiness of sacrifice
was made the foundation of the state
church, the ecclesiastical hierarchy
and the sacerdotal infamies which for
many centuries reddened Europe with
flame and blood, until it filled life with
horrors, making the artistic imagina-
tion therein so vivid, that a modern
man once expressed and epitomized it
after weeks of sight-seeing in the great
art galleries of Italy by the remark:
"What a frightful world it must have
been. I have seen nothing but rapes,
crucifixions and the gambols of wan-
tons, I am tired of it all, let's go."

The coarse materialism of power, in-
fecting institutions, bends all service to
its blatant will. Let us see to it then,
that what man makes shall serve man,
not master and oppress him. Property
is the product of law, and law was
designed, however rudely, for
righteousness. Property as power tor-
tures righteousness into oppression.

One-third of a million workers in
darkness and misery dig the coal that
makes the steam, sets wheels turning
and warms the dwellings of those who
can pay for it. Those who dig a ma-
terial resource from the bosom of
mother earth shiver in the cold and
live in squalid misery while toil is
made bestial to them. They see their
loved ones in degraded conditions and
find only suffering and despair in the
wondrous ways of life and living. And
the law oppresses when they murmur.
The constable and the cannon that
labor pays for and forges is used to
defeat and subdue.

These are the excrescences of sys-
tems; the sewerage of institutions.
But the earth may be drained. Destruc-
tion wins no conquest over them. The
streets may be cleaned. Blind force
only breeds other bacteria to create
new oppression and eat out of human-
ity the burning veins with the blood-
thirst of would-be Napoleons. Construc-
tion is our need as well as our
duty. We know somewhat more than
our forebears did. Let us build our
knowledge into action. What man-
kind knows should become the Provi-
dence of the race. Invention must be
our handmaid, not our mistress.
Wealth is as ready to be the reward
of progress as it is the slave of ir-
responsible power. All things are open
to those who have entered the school
house doors. The gates of the labora-
tory; the mines of the earth; the
waters thereof and the fertility of its
breasts are all at their command. Dar-
win's and Huxley's observations show



Thoughts for Labor Day.

The annual observance of Labor Day is an occasion for
rejoicing. Of rejoicing that the young giant Labor is
awakening to the full sense of his power and importance,
that he begins to appreciate the strength which he could, if
he wished, put forth.

It is a cause for rejoicing when he considers the im-
provement in his social condition, an improvement which he
has wrested from the exploiters, the corporated robbers of
toil, the trusts and money kings.

It is a cause for rejoicing that the social conditions are
being made the subject of thought and study by working
men and women throughout the broad land, that they are
learning to do their own thinking.

It is a day to be observed by the masses in honor of
Trades Unionism, the strongest weapon ever wielded by
Labor since the decline of the medieval craftsmen's guilds.

But while Labor's sons rejoice and congratulate them-
selves on what has been accomplished within the past two
or three decades, the recollection of which gives them cause
to "thank God and take courage," they have need to press
forward and onward to a condition of which the present is
but a glimpse.

The Social Democracy offers to all who will enlist under
its banners and join its organization economic freedom, an
entire change of conditions for the better, the essentials of
which, as regards the workingman, are:

REDUCTION OF THE HOURS OF LABOR IN PROPORTION TO THE PROGRESS OF PRODUCTION.

It believes that no man should be asked to "toil from
sun to sun," but that leisure for recreation and study is as
much his natural and moral right as it is that of the million-
aire. The man whose entire life is a toiling one is, whether
he knows it and feels it or not, merely a slave.

The Social Democracy also demands the inauguration
of a system of public works and improvements FOR THE
EMPLOYMENT OF THE UNEMPLOYED. By this plan
all who wish to work can do so and the struggle will be
made easier for all.

Until these changes are effected, until Labor becomes
the superior of capital instead of as at present its inferior,
the rejoicing of Labor Day will be mixed with regrets.

Workingmen of America, "Come with us and we will
do you good!"

Our interests are your welfare, our hopes are centered
in your freedom, our highest reward will come when you
arise to claim your God-given birthright, that of being free!

how the movement of uncountable
worms made the fertile soils of Eng-
land, by which in the marvelous chem-
istry of cosmic motion, has come the
bread of the people.

Let us use the worm-dust of our past
to make the star-worlds of our future.
Let us take the waste fertility and by
organized industry create from unre-
claimed wilds the living evidences of
the brotherhood of man. It is a pro-
cess, perhaps, as unrelenting as that
which turns the worms of the world
into smiling fields, building homes and
making prosperity thereby.

The mud volcano is not lovely to
sight or smell. It is terrific in mo-
tion; hideous in appearance. Yet the
mud cools. The winds blow. The sun
shines. The birds drop the seeds as
they fly; and lo! the wild flowers
bloom and the lush grasses shed their
verdure over the black scoriae. Then
the husbandman comes. Fields all

made. The grain is golden and the
purple grapes cluster and bloom be-
neath the sun rays.

Shall we always permit the toil of
the peasant to become the property of
the plutocrat? Shall we serve always
as the bayonet-bearers for the en-
placed brigands of the State? There
is no reason for either. We are the
State, and if we will but act together
for the commonwealth, the deeds and
power of the exploiters will fade as
the growing grain does in the fiery
breath of a Sirocco. Let us co-operate
then for justice, for self-preservation;
for the protection of all, so that each
may live its life and serve also for
the upbuilding of others.

We do not need to submit to op-
pression; we are not compelled to
adopt destruction as a means or an-
archy as a rule of action. If we stand
together we may administer all in
beneficence.

Let us construct, not destroy; let us
use, not overthrow; let us build up, not
tear down. All that has been is ours.
The human race needs for its steadfast
emancipation all the wealth that can
be made.

Let us make a commonwealth in-
deed, so that all who make the wealth
shall control in equity all the wealth
they make.

Let us co-operate and build a true
Democracy; the Democracy of right-
eousness, not robbery. This is the les-
son alike of the coal mine and of Cuba;
of Canovas and of Galli.

Let us co-operate. "Unto him that
hath shall be given," and we have it
all, if we only so will it and stand,
"each for all and all for each."

By all the gods; rights of free pub-
lic assemblage and free speech must
and shall be preserved, injunctions or
no injunctions.—Minneapolis Union.

A Man Must Live.

A Rondeau by Charlotte Perkins Stetson.
(Written for the Social Democrat.)

A man must live. We justify
Low shift and trick to treason high,
A little vote for a little gold
For a whole senate bought and sold,
By this self-evident reply.

But is it so? Pray tell me why
Life at such cost you have to buy?
In what religion were you told
A man must live?

There are times when a man must die,
Imagine, for a battle cry,
From soldiers, with a sword to hold—
From soldiers with the flag unrolled:
This coward's whine, this liar's lie—
A man must live!

When in any country there are un-
cultivated lands and unemployed poor,
it is clear that the rights of property
have been so far extended as to violate
natural rights, for the earth is given
as a common stock for man to labor
and live on.—Thomas Jefferson.

The "anarchist" whom we need to
fear in these days is the man who
tramples under foot the rights of his
fellowmen, who by the power of wealth
forces his will upon the people in spite
of their protecting helplessness. Such
a man, be he ever so high in church or
state or society, is to be feared and
dreaded and restrained. Such men and
the ideas which they embody have been
the primary cause of the downfall of
the great nations of the past.—Chicago
Commons.

Every man ought to stand in pri-
mary relations with the work of the
world, ought to do it himself, and not
suffer the accident of his having a
purse in his pocket, or his having been
bred to some dishonorable craft, to
lever him from those duties—and for
this reason, that labor is God's educa-
tion.—Ruskin.

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The St. Louis Republic and the Chicago Tribune are the antipodes of politics, but they have an equator in their malice against Eugene V. Debs.

Under the reign of capitalism labor day is simply a day when labor rattles its chains and dances to the music. Eugene V. Debs.

That's all right about "law and order," but when the other fellow has both the law and the order and won't give any of it up what are you going to do? How are you going to keep something which you haven't got?

Mark Hanna says the Standard Oil Company is a great deal stronger than the government. Of course it is! We knew that all along; in fact, that's one of the main things we're kicking about.

The two Socialist parties of Great Britain, the Social Democratic Federation and the Independent Labor Party have buried the hatchet and will in the future work together harmoniously.

What will the farmers do with all this money they are getting for their wheat? Why, they'll take it to the banks and pay their debts with it.

slaves with greater severity—that's all the difference there is between him and deacon Rockefeller; their objects and principles are the same.

Some of the readers of the Social Democrat seem to have ignored the notice under the caption of "From Our Contributors," in which it is distinctly stated: "The editors are not responsible for the opinions of correspondents."

Under the present system man is the slave of machinery. There is something terribly tragic in the fact that as soon as man had invented a machine he began to starve.

The "human nature" objection to Socialism is equivalent to saying that it is natural for men to lie, cheat and steal; to plunder and murder each other whenever they get the opportunity to do so.

The sun of prosperity is now shining with resplendent effulgence upon that noble and heroic sovereign and freeman—the American working man!

The preachers who spend so much time in teaching the poor that it is their duty to remain contentedly in that station in life "to which it has pleased God to call them" would do well to explain how they became so familiar with God's intentions.

Just as the worst slave owners were the St. Clairs, not the Legrees—those who were kind to their slaves, and so prevented the horror of the system from being realized by those who suffered from it, and understood by those who contemplated it—so the worst capitalists are the Pingrees, not the De Armits or Pullmans.

In a society where the possession of property confers immense distinction, social position, honor, respect and other pleasant things, man will go on striving to accumulate property long after he has got far more than he can use or enjoy.

Altruism is born of self-interest. When men form society and come in close contact with each other, that which in ethics is called the altruistic principle must be made a virtue of by the selfish and put in practice of necessity.

There is all the difference in the world between the selfishness of a capitalist and the selfishness of a labor organization. The one means an increase of selfish luxury for one man or a single family.

To the Hosts of the Social Democracy of America

There are periods of time in the course of human events when every sentiment of fealty to humanity prompts men to make declarations involving new departures from the old beaten pathways in which men have tramped and wrought and starved and died, and left as an inheritance to their children the same deplorable condition—a condition in which hopes are strangled as soon as they are born—lives in which the agony of trial, beginning in the cradle, pursues its victim until death closes the scene; a condition in which high aspirations and noble ambitions live for a time to allure their possessors and then

I would not, if I could, exaggerate conditions. I know of no words in the lexicons of our language which, though they were pigment and brush in the hand of a Raphael, could be made to paint a darker picture than the unadorned facts present for our contemplation.

It is told of Parrhasius, an Athenian painter, that his ambition was to "paint a groan," and for the purpose subjected a slave to torture.

I do not care at this time to discuss strikes as a means of securing better conditions for working people. To a limited extent, in some instances, strikes have succeeded, but in almost every instance the victory won has been ephemeral.

Present conditions startle the most apathetic. If there are those who can discern emancipation from spoliation by nursing into a more vigorous life the schemes of robbery now ripe and growing in strength and ferocity, the theory must be that poverty is a crime to be denounced and punished while wealth is a virtue to be protected and applauded.

The coal miners were adjured to "keep the peace," to perpetrate no "act of violence." Betrayed, robbed, degraded and enslaved by corporate capital, half fed and half clothed, feeling the deep damnation of their wrongs—women wailing and children crying, but still obedient to law, they simply exercised the right of free speech.

The capital city of Indiana has a corporation known as the "Citizens' Street Railway," which has issued \$9,000,000 stocks and bonds as an investment of \$2,000,000, upon which it has by exorbitant charges of transportation compelled the people to pay dividends.

In this supreme hour, when hope is giving way to despair, and stout-hearted men are yielding to what they term the "decree of fate," the star of the Social Democracy, like that which the wise man saw when Christ was born, blazes above the horizon and hope revives and again is heard by ears attuned to the minstrelsy of humanity.

The Social Democracy deals with the possible, with the practical, with axiomatic propositions in the every-day affairs of life. It lays hold upon fundamental principles with unrelaxing grasp and challenges criticism. It makes humanity the focal, converging and animating idea and proposes to lift it above chicaneery into the clear, serene and unbefogged realm of common sense.

degrees until the fangs and pangs of poverty disappear, until in his own home fears of eviction no longer breed despair, until wife and children, the recipients of the benedictions of co-operative prosperity, enjoy the fruits of peace and prosperity, and under their own vine and fig tree live as free from carking care as the song birds of the woodlands.

Here is a theme for Labor Day worthy of the genius of orator and poet. Fancy may plume its wings for flights to where the "universe spreads its flaming walls," but will find no object more worthy of its powers than a home where love and contentment reign supreme—a home beyond the reach of an injunction—a home amidst pathways of peace and prosperity—a home where the call to labor has no note of degradation, but is attuned to life and liberty and joy, as when a Switzer salutes the rising sun with his Alpine horn, and from peak to peak and from crag to crag the shout is heard "Praise God."

In writing this message to Labor and to the Social Democracy of America, I would emphasize the fact that a new departure has been inaugurated in response to a demand voiced by conditions in which calamities are forever treading upon the heels of preceding disasters and like the tracks of animals to slaughter pens no footprint indicates the escape of the doomed victims.

Nearly a hundred years ago Shelley, one of England's great poets, sounded the tocsin of the Social Democracy when he wrote an "Appeal to the Men of England," which I transcribe, because it rings out an appeal to the men of America to-day:

Men of England, wherefore plough For the lords who lay ye low? Wherefore weave with toil and care The rich robes your tyrants wear? Wherefore feed, and clothe and save, From the cradle to the grave, Those ungrateful drones who would Drain your sweat—nay, drink your blood?

TERRE HAUTE, IND., August 30, 1897.

Business Principles in Politics

Those persons who imagine that there is some peculiar virtue in "business principles," who are continually howling for a "business administration" of political affairs, would do well to take a few kindergarten lessons in statecraft.

The Editor's Letter Box

NEW YORK SOCIALIST: You write: "To my knowledge the attitude of the Social Democracy of America towards the existing Socialist Labor party has been one of fully ignoring the latter."

