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WEEKLY PEOPLE.

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VOL. X, NO. 15

NEW YORK, JULY 7, 1900.

PRICE 2 CENTS.

ITALIAN ELECTIONS.

Complete Rout of the Reactionist Forces.

The Government Meant to Crush the Socialist Labor Forces and Its Own Slate Was Smashed—Fourteen Socialist Members of Parliament Are Re-elected, and Twelve New Ones, Too.—The New Italian Renaissance.

ROME, June 18.—General Pelloux failed to exterminate the constitutional opposition, and behold, defeated in the north, and in the face of the supporters of the Ministry the double election of Zanardelli.

General Pelloux wished to decimate the "Extreme Left." (In the Italian Parliament the Socialists, Radicals and Republicans constitute what is called the Extreme Left.) Behold, its members return to Parliament stronger, more numerous, more united and more resolute than ever. He intended to drive from the Chamber of Deputies forever those that had dared sing "L'Inno del Lavoratori" (The song of the workers) and behold, the country re-elected, almost intact, the old Socialist parliamentary force, adding to it nearly as many new recruits.

General Pelloux had found in Giuseppe Colombo the faithful sponsor for his low frauds, and behold, Milan indicates its good Lombardic name, and sweeps out the ex-president of Parliament. Could he suffer a defeat more shameful? Could he encounter a Sedan more irreparable?

The country had to choose between liberty and reaction, and the country has chosen liberty. All the intellectual powers of our land—that is not dead, that does not wish to die, but now rises up to begin its new life—have co-operated in this wonderful awakening. Thus the new Italian renaissance now begins its first glorious period.

What will the bats do in the Braschi Palace? Will they wish to resist this new light that rises, or will they prefer to skulk into the dark, to lie in ambush? (Braschi Palace is the seat of the Ministry of the Interior at Rome, near the University; it was built in the last part of the eighteenth century and has a magnificent marble stair-case.) We do not know and we do not care to know. We are certain that if the will of the people be supreme in this country Minister Pelloux ought to do nothing else than present his resignation to the new Parliament.

The re-elected Socialist members of Parliament are:—Quirino Nofri, from Pisa II; Oddino Morgari, from Turin II; Prof. Enrico Ferri, re-elected from Bologna, newly elected from Ravenna II; Gerolamo Gatti, from Ostiglia; Filippo Turati, from Milan V; Prof. Ettore Cozzati, from Milan VI; Nicola Badaloni, from Badia; Agostino Berenini, from Borgo S. Donnino; Camillo Pranzani, from Reggio Emilia; Adelino Rossi, from Guastalla; Gregorio Agnini, from Finale; Alfredo Bertesi, from Cuneo; Andrea Costa, re-elected from Reggio, newly elected from Imola; Giuseppe Pescetti, from Florence III.

The newly elected Socialist members of Parliament are:—Prof. Adolfo Zerbini, from Alessandria; Annibale Vigani, from Vignale; Rinaldo Rigola, from Biella; Dr. Dino Rondani, from Cossato, and until his election, Editor of the Italian organ of the Socialist Labor Party in New York, "Il Proletario," Professor Luigi Maino, from Milan II; Prof. Luigi Montemartini, from Brescia; Mario Todeschini, from Verona II; Pietro Chiessa, from Sampierdena; Prof. Alberto Borciani, from Ancona; Guido Albertelli, from Massa; and Giovanni Noc, from Messina; Giuseppe Marchesano, from Palermo IV.

If the Socialist members of the present Parliament have been re-elected, De Marinis, Bissolati and De Felice, it is not yet known whether the new named De Felice, has been elected. Up to June 6, fourteen Socialist members of Parliament had been re-elected, and twelve new Socialist members elected, making twenty-six in all, representing twenty-eight districts or seats, as Prof. Costa was elected from two districts, and Costa from two. Up to June 6, the "Extreme Left" had eighty-four seats, having gained 16 new ones.

ATTENTION.

TRADES, EAST, WEST, NORTH AND SOUTH. THE DAILY PEOPLE is now out. It is so interesting a paper that our friends throughout the world, in many ways, give a helping hand to the office whatever interesting news comes to your notice; report local news of interest to workingmen; send newspaper clippings deemed of importance; in short, constitute themselves committees of one, each to furnish what information he can. Don't let each one imagine that the particular item he sends in must be of great value. It will come handy in some way. To get more information at this end, go to the line and out of the mass of material received, the best can be picked out for the paper. Go to work and do your share to make the DAILY PEOPLE really and truly the product of our movement. ED. DAILY PEOPLE.

CANDIDATES OF THE SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY



FOR PRESIDENT
Joseph Francis Malloney
MACHINIST
OF MASSACHUSETTS



FOR VICE-PRESIDENT
Valentine Rimmel
GLASSWORKER
OF PENNSYLVANIA

THE "CHINA QUESTION" AND THE AMERICAN WORKING CLASS.

Senator Frye Says That The American Capitalists Seek Markets in China to Prevent a Working Class Revolution at Home. Capitalism Must Expand or Burst.

B. F. Keinard, Formerly Stenographer in the Employ of the American China Development Company, Exhaustively Shows that American Capitalists Have Been After China For Years.

In China to-day history, evolution, is writheing like huge leviathan. The world spirit is striving to utter itself; the energy and interest of the whole world are there shaping to themselves lips, and speaking through them with cannon and gouts of blood. What is the utterance of this great social earthquake now toppling over the walls of old Chinese institutions? We cannot understand this utterance by merely considering the fissure of the earthquake or the gases and lava issuing therefrom. It is the source of these things that we must consider; and as to the source, we shall find that, just as a great earthquake that overwhelms a Lisbon may have its seat in Java or the Andes, half way round the globe, so with this social earthquake in China, its source is immensely remote; located, in fact, in the far-away countries of America and Europe. These troubles are a rash on the skin coming from distant vital organs, bubbles under the ice, rising far distant from the source of their beginning. Hence, superficial contemplation of the matter is worse than useless. China to-day is simply the weaker part of the crust of the social world, through which passes the high pressure of American and European expanding capitalism. The trimmers may, after this temporary outbreak, subside for a time, only in the end, however, to gather an irresistible force, that, along with the weakening of the American and European crust will

produce an irreparable vent in those countries, spread asunder the old scales and shell, and release the chrysalis within—the glorious, golden chrysalis of Socialism. MISSION OF THE CAPITALIST CLASS IS FINISHED. It means that the capitalist system of the leading countries of the world has reached maturity of development, the last stage prior to the social revolution. The mission of the capitalist class, to transform production and ownership of property has been finished. Under it the individual producer has been pulled up by the roots from his soil and property; these myriad single, petty properties have been merged into great agglomerations (called capital), while the stripped and formerly self-directing independent workers have been gathered into great groups about these gigantic modern tools (capital), working there en masse, obedient to a common direction and well located outside of them in an irresponsible capitalist. Said irresponsible capitalist now finds in his hands a terrible engine, subdivision of labor, monster machines, together with the accompanying human acceleration of the speed of the human machine itself. This, on the one hand, pours into his hands floods of wealth, while, on the other, it is for him a hydraulic press with which he presses down the nations (or wages) of the workers, thus leaving to himself greater and greater surplus value, or profits. This point has been reached to per-

fection. Now comes the trouble to dispose of that surplus value, to turn it into cash, to find purchasers. The producers themselves must be depended upon for the greater part of the consumption, especially as they become more and more, from the bankruptcy of the middle class, and increase of their own population, the greater part of the population. Wages, however, go down, or remain stationary at best, while the product per capita goes up. Production and "consumption" (i. e., power and purchase) go opposite directions, more and more part company, with greater and greater imminency of bursting. Hence, the country, not having sufficient customers within its own borders, must find additional purchasers beyond—"we" must "expand." If necessary bring other people within the borders of our own sacred, specially Providence-guarded country; teach them the blessings of civilization and syphillization, and make them wear "pants," so they can buy them. Along with this goes also the necessity for finding outlets for surplus capital wrong in larger quantities every year from the working class in America and Europe, and which in those countries finds avenues for investments fewer and fewer, owing to the already existing completed industrial equipment of those countries. Again, lack of markets means stoppage of the mills, idle men and "an idle brain is the devil's workshop," a situation considerably aggravated by the growing approach of the naval to the backbone. This state of affairs, especially in the United States, with the Socialist proletariat in the world tethered in to groups

where communication is easy, and having nothing behind them to lose in their break for liberty when they choose to take it, is bad, bad, very bad, for the "industrious" robbing class. As they themselves have so often put it, they must "throw a sop to Cerberus," they must not neglect to throw him a chunk of meat too long, or "be hiving" he'll take a leg off, if not worse. CAPITALISTS MUST EXPAND OR BURST. When we look at the gigantic development of American industry, we stand astounded; and the dullest must see "why the capitalist is compelled to expand" as Lucien Sanial has said, "or burst." Take a single steel rail producing plant, like Carnegie's at Braddock, Pa., producing daily thirty miles of steel rails, which in ten days is 300 miles of rail, and in 100 days is 3,000 miles of rail, and in another 100 days is another 3,000 miles of rail, or the equivalent of 3,000 miles of track (two parallel rails), sufficient to cross the American continent. Remember that in recent years the average new mileage of all the railroads of the United States has been less than 2,000 miles. Here, then, we have a Carnegie concern in 200 days, or less than eight months, producing 1,000 miles more of track than all the new mileage of the United States for a whole year. In twelve months the Carnegie concern produces 4,500 miles of track, or two and one-quarter times as much as the total new railroad mileage in the United States. Recollect the various other large rail producing establishments in the United States, and it becomes self-evident why they must favor expansion.

Ditto as to the textile, shoe and various other industries. Go back as far even as 1878, and you will find in a yarn mill of Philadelphia that the operatives produced every day more than 36,000 mile of yarn, or sufficient to girdle the globe once and a half every day, producing yarn faster than the sunlight moves over the face of the earth—nineteen miles a minute. About 150 employees producing as much as by the old hand methods would have required 61,063 operatives. That is the force which, divided and parceled by the capitalist, the prostitute of the ages, to-day operates upon Chinese affairs. Great transportation machinery has simultaneously developed to destroy distance at time and reduce the whole world more and more to one market. On the American Northern Road—so deeply interested in Chinese and Japanese trade—single engines now pull fifteen and one-half million pounds at a single haul. In ocean steamers the improvement is such that, where formerly it required 2,000 tons of coal to make the Atlantic voyage, now it is 3,000 tons. To-day a ton of freight, along with its proportionate portion of ship bulk, is transported about two miles by the consumption of a piece of coal that would pass through a finger ring. The weight of marine engines and machinery has been so reduced and the efficiency thereof so increased that the horsepower of the machinery in a ship like the "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse" could not have been duplicated in the machinery of thirty or forty years ago except by the use of a mass of machinery that would fill the whole ship, the "Kaiser Wilhelm," and leave no room for cargo and passengers. (Continued on page 6.)

BELGIAN ELECTIONS.

Rapid Strides of the Labor Party in Votes and Seats.

The Clerical Party Retains Control of the Parliament, but with Reduced Majorities—Inroads Made by the Labor Party Into the Old Parties—Smash-Up of "Reformers" and Reactionists.

BRUSSELS, June 13.—The first experience, made on a large scale, of the new system of proportional representation, drew much attention on the occasion of the late general elections for Parliament held here on the 27th of last month.

The Chamber and the Senate have both been elected anew by this new system. Nevertheless, the change is not as complete as some had anticipated. The majority remains with the Clerical Party. This Party is sufficiently strong in the Senate to assure it the preponderance there, without awaiting the result of the supplementary elections. In the Chamber, however, its majority has been reduced down to 18 votes from the 72 majority that it had before.

A majority of 18 in a total of 153 votes is surely not inconsiderable. A large part of the Belgium proletariat remains still under the material, and consequently, the intellectual servitude of the Clerical Party which exploits it. It is right into the ranks of this clientele of parsons that the Belgium Labor Party is about to carry the war, by sending its organizers there to carry on the work of propaganda, which has already borne good fruits.

The Belgium Labor Party, which is the name of the Socialist Labor Party of this little kingdom, constitutes in the Chamber about one-half of the opposition. It is quite certain that, without the system of plural votes, it would be the absolute majority. In the late Chamber it controlled 28 votes; it now controls 33 votes; and for the first time it penetrates into the Senate, where it now holds two seats. Most significant of all, however, is its total increase in voting strength—fully 100,000 more votes. No wonder that when the return came in, the streets of this city swelled with streams of joyous parades of workmen to celebrate their victory of to-day, which forebodes the triumph of to-morrow.

The party that cut a truly sorry pleasure is the Liberal party. In vain do they boast about an increase in seats. But their boastfulness is hollow. Indeed, they are now 30 in lieu of the 47 that they were formerly. But this is a greatly short of their expectations. They had meant to take votes away from the Socialists, but they didn't.

As to the Progressists party, it has suffered a complete knock-down, it managed to pull through just 4 candidates: Paul Janson and Ferns here in Brussels, Lorenz in Vitoron, and Combari and after that, nothing. Behind them stand only the so-called Christian Democrats. During the campaign they bragged, that they would draw to themselves a large contingent of votes formerly given to the Clericals. To-day one of their own organs the "REFORM" admits that "the 20,000 votes which we all thought of have been grabbed by the Clericals."

As Harlequin truly says: "All the world is patterned after our own family." What we see happening elsewhere, is happening here in Belgium also. The further the Party of the Revolution progresses, all the more do the workmen draw together and organize in a body and all the more does the capitalist class, menaced in its felonious existence, rally around emblems of superstition.

In the course of the struggle, the half-way parties, the groups of the Hypocrites are smashed and vanish from the surface. The late elections contribute to prove this truth. Another feature that the late elections presents is the almost total absence of those unexpected alliances, those hidden combinations to which often and in many other countries the craving for so-called success is often led. Scarcely a straight out fight offers. In Belgium the Liberals and the Socialists made common cause; and they have little to show for it. On the other hand, it is with a clear cut program and with colors flying to the breeze that the Socialists carried on the campaign against the whole capitalist class, and all shades of color, and recorded a decided progress. The total Socialist vote was 464,813.

It is becoming quite clear that a workingman must be idiotically attached to the notion of fusion if he renounces the opportunities for his own progress, that a straight out fight offers. The following are the names of the Allard, Anseele, Berlos, Louis Bertrand, Bregez, Calluwaert, F. Carrot, A. De-fuisseaux, Defnet, Delbaeste, Delporte Demblon, Hector Denis, J. Destree Farnemont, Gierbouts, Gouters, Harisot, Hubert, Lambilliotte, Leonard, Malinbre, Mansart, Marville, Pouille, Schinler-Smeets, Terwagne, Trociet, Vanderelde van Langendonck, Wettinek.

The following two were elected to the Senate:—De Vos and Fernand Defuisseaux. If this paper is being sent to you without yet having ordered it, don't refuse it. It has been paid for by a friend of yours. Read it, and re- new when the trial subscription expires. You will find the date on the wrapper.

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SOCIALIST VOTE IN THE UNITED STATES.

Table showing Socialist vote in the United States from 1888 to 1899. 1888 (Presidential) 2,068; 1890 18,881; 1892 (Presidential) 21,157; 1894 33,183; 1896 (Presidential) 86,564; 1898 82,204; 1899 85,231.

For President, JOSEPH FRANCIS MALLONEY, of Massachusetts. For Vice-President, VALENTINE REMMEL, of Pennsylvania.

Ring out false pride in place and blood, The civic slander and the spite; Ring in the love of truth and right, Ring in the common love of good.

"AMERICAN" EXPANSION.

The Republican national platform is throwing fits in favor of what it pleases to call "American" expansion. Again is the term "American" being overworked. From this time forth until the campaign is over will every speaker of the Democratic or Republican stripe overwork himself in denunciation of the other fellow's un-Americanism and praise of his own Americanism.

BRYAN IN OVERALLS.

The Hon. William Jennings Bryan not only rejoices in presidential aspirations, but he also has a new pair of overalls. Let us hope they will prove to be a platform broad enough for anyone to stand on. It is a great pity he does not wear them on his neck. This is the first campaign that was ever fought out on the nether garment issue.

NO TIME TO WASTE.

The National Anti-Tobacco Smoke League is the name of the latest frank organization to come over the asinine pike. Its projectors are sending out postals requesting the public to "use their influence to the end that the tobacco smoke nuisance may be driven out of all street cars, elevated roads, ferries, parks and all public places when the people have the right to expect pure air, uncontaminated by vile fumes, produced by thoughtless or supremely selfish men."

ROOSEVELT ON BRONCOS.

The campaign managers of the Hon. THEODORE ROOSEVELT have decided that Teddy must go into severe training so that he can tour the country as a brave man, giving spectacular exhibitions on a bronco.

CHINESE DISMEMBERMENT SPELLS "PRO-IMMIGRATION."

The news from China during the past few weeks would seem to indicate that the time is near. Eagle, Lion, Bear and other animals, zoological and international, are about to fall on the Dragon, and with beak, paw and claw tear his carcass into strips.

FRATERNITY BETWEEN CAPITAL AND LABOR.

The commander of an army who invites the general of the opposing forces to select not only the battle-field, but also the method, weapon and tactics by and with which both armies are to fight, would be regarded as crazy, or a traitor to his own side.

UNCLE SAM AND BROTHER JONATHAN.

UNCLE SAM.—Upon the very principle that the working class should have all the wealth and the capitalist class none. BROTHER JONATHAN.—I claim upon what principle Socialists claim that the working class should have all the wealth and the capitalist class none.

FRANKLIN E. BURTON.

An American Pioneer of the Socialist Republic. PROVIDENCE, R. I., June 29.—On Saturday, June 16, at Providence, R. I., Franklin E. Burton, the veteran of the Socialist Labor Party in Rhode Island, died in his 58th year.

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Uncle Sam and Brother Jonathan.

UNCLE SAM.—Upon the very principle that the working class should have all the wealth and the capitalist class none. BROTHER JONATHAN.—I claim upon what principle Socialists claim that the working class should have all the wealth and the capitalist class none. U.S.—What's not so? B.J.—That the capitalists do not let me know. U.S.—Did you ever hear of Gould? B.J.—Did you ever read his raphy? U.S.—Several of them, and they my statement. B.J.—You must have been while reading them; or you must read very imperfect ones. U.S.—Neither. B.J.—Why, I remember distinctly it is recorded in the one I read that used to work regularly 10 hours a U.S. (puts his hands to his hips) roars. B.J.—What are you roaring about? U.S.—At your blunder. I now the funny error that you have fallen B.J.—What error? U.S.—You are getting mixed upon word "work." See here. Does a pocket "work" or does he not? B.J.—Guess he does. U.S.—Does a pirate "work," or he not? B.J.—Guess he does. U.S.—Does a forger "work," or does not? B.J.—I guess he, too, works. U.S.—Now don't you see the difference between "work" and "work"? B.J. (puckers up his eyelids and shed of light is pouring into his eyes) U.S.—But there are two sorts of "work." One sort is productive and fits to society; it either directly enriches its store of wealth, or of knowledge, it does so indirectly. This sort of work is the work done by the worker class. The other sort of exertion is unproductive of nothing but a loss of much that is good, and may be productive of a bad. Not an additional blade of grass, or an additional string, not one particle of the wealth needed by man is brought forth by the exertion of the pirate, the pickpocket, or any other criminal, nor does their exertion bring forth a bit of useful knowledge. The wealth of all such people does only transfers to their own pockets the wealth created by the productive workers. This sort of exertion is work of the capitalist class. U.S.—Well, I must admit that a new light upon the subject. U.S.—The capitalist class does not do any useful work. It schemes, in tricks by which it transfers from the hands of the working class the wealth it produces, and its several members cudgel their brains and "work" or more hours a day upon devices to cheat one another. The of work, so far from being entitled any reward, is entitled only to punishment. That's why we Socialists think that the capitalists are entitled to the pickpocket's bolts and bars. B.J.—If that's the only sort of work they do surely deserve it. U.S.—On the other hand, the manual and manual workers, the class exerts itself in the interests of mental and manual efforts to do things that produce all the things that civilized man desires for that life requires. That's why Socialists say that all the wealth belongs to the working class. B.J.—So say I now! U.S.—Don't ever again allow yourself to be deceived by the words of the capitalist class. They are all about. WORK is noble. No words, except in the sense of the millionaire father in the following: Muti-millionaire to applicant for daughter's hand: "Do you work?" Applicant for the hand of muti-millionaire's daughter: "I do sir." Muti-millionaire, to applicant for daughter's hand: "Whom do you work for?"

Catching Files.

Files that are caught with honey may be smart, tricky and shrewd. But their stomachs are full of sweetness. That they cannot digest soft food. The Arm and Hammer—the Party will strike at the root of the trouble. We're not out to catch—but to educate. There's no files on the grand R. Then forward, comrades! make your charge! Don't say you "can't" or you "won't" do it. The enemy's at it! Class-conscious men to the front! There are traitors in camp? They came without being asked. New-minted if they rant, bluster and tear from their faces the mask.

PURE AND SIMPLE CORRUPTION.

Washington Typographical Union Raises a Fund of \$30,000 to "Persuade" Congress to Increase Government Printers' Wages.

Interesting Details of How the Game was Worked—The President of the Union, Edwin C. Jones, Handles the Cash, and Handles It So Well that the Bill Passes Congress Without a Murmur—Jones Never Turned in an Expense Account—Samuel Gompers Lent "Valiant" Aid, and Public Printer Palmer Suddenly Became a Zealous Friend of the Printers.

During the last year and a half there has been going on in the city of Washington a little deal which is full of meat in support of the contention that capitalism has latent in it the power to corrupt everything it touches.

Washington is the seat of this capitalist government. There the lawmakers gather, and there, likewise, gathers that kind of parasites known as lobbyists, who, for a consideration varying from one hundred dollars to half a million, will guarantee to lobby through Congress bills that otherwise would slumber in the details of the committee rooms, or be held up by the veto of the President.

In these later years of capitalism, a man with cash in his bank never thinks of making a personal attempt to get Congress to look favorably on a bill he may wish to get passed through Congress. He has learned from experience that such efforts always end in defeat, and, guided by the light of experience, he draws a check payable to the lobbyist "for professional services rendered," and goes his way with the knowledge that in the course of time his bill will become the law of the land.

This course has been followed by capitalists of all degrees ever since the days of corruption that came with the close of the Civil War. It is only lately, however, that such practices have made their impression on the proletariat, and it is well that the working class be provided with the historical facts of the present instance of pure and simple corruption.

The Government printing office was started soon after the Civil War. From the time it was opened down to 1876, the printers and bookbinders received \$4 a day. In 1876 Congress became economical and reduced the wages of the printers and bookbinders to \$3.20 a day, which scale prevailed until July 1, 1890.

Since July 1, 1890, they have been receiving \$4 a day, and thereby hangs a tale. The printers in the Government printing office in 1876 did not take kindly to the cut, and every man of them brought the member of Congress to restore the wages, but those gentlemen had reasons of their own for not doing so.

But your printer is nothing if not industrious, especially when it gets down to a matter of an increase in wages amounting to eighty cents a day. No one did a new Congress materialize at Washington than Columbia Typographical Union took up its collections and subscriptions and appointed its committees to wait on the rural and present to the Congress to show its friendship for labor by passing a bill empowering the Public Printer to pay the desired four a day.

But Congress, after Congress met, and Congress after Congress adjourned; Columbia Typographical Union took up dollars after dollar, and hundreds of dollars after hundreds of dollars, and sent committees by the score to Congress—and still the printers in the Government printing office were compelled to starve on \$3.20 a day. Those who made the first money after the reduction grew feeble with age, their hair grew gray, and their teeth fell out, and they died, and their children took their places in the Government printing office, and still that \$4 a day hovered in the distance. But the printers toiled on with Congress.

In the fall of 1894, shortly after the third session of the fifty-third Congress, a more earnest attempt than ever was made to get the four-dollar-a-day bill passed. A subscription amounting to over \$1,000 was taken up and given over to a committee of the most influential men in the union—the money to pay for printing, corresponding, lost time, etc. All reports this committee worked on for the bill. A baker's dozen of politicians with working class constituents introduced a number of bills favoring the printers. The bills were referred to the appropriate committees. Encouraging reports were made to the union. Special meetings were called. Practically every typographical union in the country passed a resolution requesting the Congressman from that district to vote for the bill when they came up.

More than this. Every employe in the Government printing office held his position through political influence. If a Congressman can get a member of Congress to appoint him to an office, that printer will have some pull with the Congress. At last it was definitely known that one of the bills would be reported. Circulars were at once sent to every member of Columbia Typographical Union urging them to see their Congressman at once and urge upon their Congressman several reasons why the bill should pass. And the compositors and bookbinders saw, and they urged.

February 20, 1895, the bill was introduced. It was debated for half an hour. One or two feeble voices were raised in its favor. Naysers jumped on it from all feet and two hands. Dockery vigorously opposed it. So did Dingley and Brosius.

It would increase the appropriation for the printing \$320,000 a year. There was a full house that day. Nearly every seat was occupied by a friend of labor generally and of printers in particular. Yet out of the whole collection of lawmakers, not three men spoke in favor of the bill. It was considered for about half an hour, and then the committee on Labor, which committee had called it up, withdrew the bill "for the time being."

The "time being" proved of long duration, for the proposition to raise the wages of the printers and bookbinders was not broached again in the House during that session of Congress.

The printers, however, took a new tack. The Sundry Civil Appropriation bill is always regarded with eager eyes by the lobbyists when it comes up in the Senate. It is a flexible bill, as its name indicates, and is always loaded down with amendments making appropriations for everything from a writing desk to a ten-million dollar bridge. And the printers turned to the Sundry Civil bill as a last resort. Again the wires were pulled, and it was said that the Senate would acquit itself in grand shape; and it did. The bill reached the Senate on February 25. The printers in the gallery held their breath in suspense when the paragraph making appropriation for the printing and binding was reached; and if they had held it until a Senator spoke in their favor, they would all be dead now, for the dignity of the occasion was unruined by even a word relative to \$4 a day for the Government printing office people.

And that session of Congress adjourned. And the printers and bookbinders were compelled to content themselves by looking hopefully to the future. And they looked.

The scene now changes to the next session of Congress, and many new printers and bookbinders are in Washington. Benedict, who had been the Democratic public printer, had lost his job, and Palmer, who had been public printer under Harrison's administration, was reappointed by McKinley. Palmer had but few qualms of conscience relative to the Civil Service, which the Democratic administration had extended over the Government printing office in the hope that it would shield the Democrats, and before Palmer had been in office many weeks, his Republican appointees began to appear. They came from all parts of the country. They came from Texas; and they came from Kansas.

Among the Kansas contingent was one able, energetic young man. He had set type in the Government printing office during Palmer's former administration. His name was Edwin C. Jones. He had also studied law at one of the Washington law schools. He had also been discharged by the Democrat Benedict. With his discharge in his pocket he hid himself back to Kansas and began to practice. And it is probably probable that all he did do was to practice, for when Palmer became public printer again, Jones hid himself back to Washington. He had more influence now than four years previous, and this time he became a foreman at about \$2,000 a year.

Shortly after Congress convened the Government printing office printers began to work up another four-dollar-a-day bill agitation. All at once the agitation stopped, and the rumor began to circulate throughout the printing office that Jones was all right. Interested parties began to make tours of inquiry, and the main basis of inquiry was: "Will you pay \$25 to have the four-dollar-a-day bill passed?"

"Why not?" "Too much money."

It was then pointed out to the kickers that they would more than get their money back in three months after the bill went into effect.

And the interested parties replied that they had no assurance that the bill would be passed.

The bill floaters found it difficult to get over this obstacle. But get over it they did. And one morning in the middle of December the chairmen of the various chapels in the Government printing office came loaded with copies of the note that is reproduced elsewhere on this page.

If in a certain division a hundred persons were eligible to the increase of wages, the chairman of the chapel in that division was given one hundred notes. In the evening he was supposed to return to the president of the union the one hundred notes, signed or unsigned. If a few hesitated about signing the notes it was explained to them how the money was going to be used. There were lawyers to pay for the energy spent in drawing up the bill. Members of Congress would have to be "seen." And a good deal of work would have to be done, all of which would require money.

Some of the men resorted to figures, and discovered that at \$25 apiece, in the neighborhood of \$30,000 would be collected in the Government printing office. If it was suggested that this was a pretty large sum to use to pay for having a bill drawn up and for a few incidental expenses, the reply was a ready one: "You see, this work has always been touched heretofore. Jones is a lawyer. He knows how to go about such things. He says the bill will have to be very carefully drawn; good lawyers don't work for a song."

fully drawn; good lawyers don't work for a song.

To cut a long story short, practically every printer, bookbinder and proofreader in the Government printing office signed the notes, and they were turned over to Jones.

Nothing was heard of the matter for a couple of months. On February 27, 1899, the Senate committee on appropriations had the floor. The committee was composed of the following "friends of labor": Allison, Hale, Quay, Perkins, Sewell, Cockrell, Gorman, Teller, Faulkner, Pettigrew, Berry and Murphy.

The amendments to the Sundry Civil bill were being considered, and the tale is told very concisely and prosaically by the Congressional Record. The Record proceeds in this fashion:

"The next amendment (of the Committee on Appropriations) was under the head of Public Printing and Binding, on page 130, line 7, after the word 'cents,' to insert 'books of reference'; and on line 10, after the word 'dollars,' to insert the following proviso: Provided, That in the expenditure of this appropriation the public printer may, in his discretion, pay all printers and bookbinders employed in the Government printing office at the rate of fifty cents per hour for time actually employed."

This amendment was read in the open Senate, and a most remarkable result followed. Senators who continuously for twenty years had defeated every bill monkeying with wages in the Government printing office said not a word. For a number of days they had opposed amendment after amendment on the ground of economy; they had knocked out light-houses and life saving stations galore to save a few thousand dollars; and at every previous session of Congress they had sat down heavily on the printers in their "exorbitant demands"—but Jones had evidently "seen" them, and they offered

no word against this amendment, which increased by over \$300,000 the expenses of public printing.

And the richest part of the deal is to come. While the Senate had always with more or less dignity refused to entertain the \$4-a-day bill, the House had usually gone into hysterics over it, and many members of the Union feared that the Senate amendment would fare disastrously in the House. But those on the inside said:

"Never you mind. Jones has this matter in charge this year. He'll get that bill through all right."

And they knew whereof they spoke. The Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill with amendments went to the House, and the customary conferees were appointed to confer with the Senate conferees. On March 3, the House conferees reported to the House the Senate amendments to which they had agreed, and the Senate amendments to which they had not agreed. They were very methodical, these House conferees, and presented a list of the "principal amendments" calling for appropriations to which they had agreed. Among the amendments enumerated was one appropriating \$245,000 for a Government hospital for the insane. There was also an amendment calling for an appropriation of \$4,000 for a lighthouse at some little coast town called Salem Creek. There was also an amendment calling for an appropriation of \$1,500 for a telephone line to Table Bluff, off somewhere in California. These were all "principal" items, which the House conferees saw fit to put before the Representatives. But for some strange reason, which no one but Jones can explain, they did not regard an increase of \$300,000 in the appropriation for the printers and bookbinders in the Government Printing Office as a "principal" amendment. Fifteen hundred dollars for a telephone to some washed rock on the Pacific coast was of enough importance to demand the earliest consideration of the House conferees, but a little bagatelle like \$300,000 for 1,200 printers and

bookbinders was worthy of no mention at all. So much for the House conferees.

There still remained the 300 and over other members of the House. There remained those who two years before had prevented the passage of this identical bill. Surely they will have their eyes opened and call attention to it.

Some of the printers in the galleries that day feared this, and after the amendment had run the gauntlet of the conferees, they had whispered consultations as to the probability of some yahoo from the backwoods getting up and letting the cat out of the bag. Others said, however: "Never you mind: Jones has this thing in charge; we will get our four per all right."

And they got it. The Senate amendment increasing the wages to four dollars a day was agreed to along with the other amendments. The Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill passed Congress, was signed by President McKinley, and became operative on July 1, 1899.

The wording of the amendment left it optional with the Public Printer to pay the four dollars a day or not, as he saw fit. The faint at heart saw in this provision a possible defeat. But again those on the inside quieted all criticism by saying:

"Never you mind. Palmer is all right. Jones has this thing in charge. He knows how to work Palmer. We will get our four per all right."

And they got it. The first pay day after July 1 came. The envelopes were passed around, and then it was seen that the long-looked-for had happened—a man could set type for eight hours in the Government Printing Office and get four dollars for the work. Those who had put in two full weeks' time found \$48 in their envelopes.

They drew these wages for three months, and then the settlement took place. By twos, by threes, by dozens, the G. P. O. printers began to call on Jones or his agents and pay their notes.

A copy of a note submitted to practically every Printer and Bookbinder in the Government Printing Office (and signed by the most of them) in the month of December 1898.

Washington, D. C., December 1898.

I, the undersigned, a member of Columbia Typographical Union, No. 101, of Washington, D. C., and employed in the Government Printing Office, hereby promise to pay to the President of said Union the sum of TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS, to enable him to pay, satisfy and discharge the contract and agreement made by said President to pay for legal and professional services employed by said President to secure the passage, by Congress, of an Act, which shall provide for the restoration of the wages of the Compositors employed in said Government Printing Office to fifty cents an hour; and in case the said increase is to an amount less than fifty cents an hour, then I agree to pay an amount proportionate to the benefit derived by me, based on the compensation of fifty cents per hour. This note to be payable sixty days from the date of the commencement of the operation of any provision in any Act of Congress in which the pay of compositors shall be restored to fifty cents per hour, or increased over the amount now received; or, if an Imposer, Maker-up, or Proofreader, to a consequent increase in the rate of compensation equal to the face of this note in sixty days. This agreement not to be binding on me if I shall not be employed as a Printer in said Government Printing Office when said Act shall take effect, and unless I shall be a beneficiary thereunder for sixty days.

And again Mr. Jones showed himself very cunning. Usually, when a man gives his note for \$25 due in six months from date, when he pays the \$25 he gets his note. Not so with those who dealt with Mr. Jones. Evidently he feared publicity, for when a man paid his \$25 Jones did not give him back the note, but very faking

On the back of each note appeared this blank indorsement.

AGREEMENT. With President of Columbia Typographical Union No. 101, of Washington, D. C.

shly tore off the man's signature and handed him THAT. This was covering up one's tracks with a vengeance, and when the last note was paid in—and the laggards did not all of them settle up till last December—when all these signatures had been torn off and the signatures

notes destroyed, Jones thought all traces of his clever rascality had been covered up for all eternity. How his cleverness was balked will be seen by the reproduction of the note given on this page.

Shortly after the bill became operative, the various chapels in the Government Printing Office began to resolve to thank everybody. Of course Jones came first, and we reproduce herewith one of the resolutions. It was passed by the First Division of the Government Printing Office:

"RESOLUTION OF THANKS.

"Whereas, numerous efforts have been made from time to time to have the wages of compositors employed in the Government Printing Office restored to 50 cents per hour; and

"Whereas, at a meeting of the chairmen of the various divisions of the Government Printing Office, Mr. Edwin C. Jones, President of Columbia Union No. 101, was requested to take charge of the interest involved; and

"Whereas, he has, with the assistance of others, succeeded in having legislation enacted tending to the desired end, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the First Division Chapel, hereby tender our sincere thanks to Mr. Edwin C. Jones and to all who aided him in any manner for his and their real and untiring efforts in our behalf.

T. M. RING, B. F. CONSTANTINE, E. S. MOORES, Committee.

Of course no human being could resist such an outburst of emotionalism as that, and Jones, with his \$30,000 in notes in his inside pocket replied after this fashion:

T. M. Ring, B. F. Constantine, and E. S. Moores, Committee: Sirs—I am in receipt of your resolutions of March 8, 1899, tendering the thanks of the First Division to myself

WASHINGTON LETTER.

Queer-Looking Cats Coming Out of Innocent-Looking Bags.

A Close, Good Understanding Between War Departments—Seemingly Organized Against One Another, They Exchange Secrets and Pull Together in the Common Purpose of Dragging the Workers Into Submission.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 30.—Congress not being in session at present, the city has again assumed a quiescent condition. A few recent murders, assaults, and robberies and some prospective hangings serve to supply the alleged newspapers here with padding material to supplement their advertising columns.

The high officials of the various departments who are not cooling their heated brows at the mountains or at the seashore, are busily engaged in the joyful pastime of devising new schemes to twist the tail of the Chinese dragon, while at the same time trying to guess to what extent the people of the United States can be enticed into supporting the capitalist Republican party as against the middle-class Democratic party, in case the said Chinese dragon shows his teeth and claws.

Of course, we all understand that, if the present government is compelled (?) to go to war with China, it is because of the manner in which the Chinese have abused the pauper laborers of China, and this abuse will never, no, never allow. Hence, it seems peculiar that one of the capitalist papers of this city should contain the following:

Our great trusts and corporations have built up a flourishing trade with China in oil, flour, cotton goods, tinned goods, machinery, and many other commodities. Last year it amounted to about forty million dollars. At the recent rate of increase, it would be double and perhaps treble that in a few years. Much money, labor, and brains have been expended to establish this commerce. The Standard Oil Company has extensive plants at Tientsin and other Chinese centres. The Flour Trust has worked hard and successfully to make a market for its product, displacing rice. Our steel and structural iron manufacturers have acted similarly. Are all these enterprises to be swept away? Not if the influences that have always dominated the Administration still control it.

War with China, in which we are practically engaged to-day, will give Mr. McKinley the chance he needs: The participation of an American contingent in the operations between Taku and Peking, and perhaps elsewhere will make the United States a party to the general world movement and to the settlement of a quarrel. Ultimately, that settlement will take the form of a division of the Empire, but precedently there may be a falling out between the powers interested. We are one of them and will have to take sides. Denial of that proposition is impossible. We are in the game and will have to see it through. This may be a most favorable opportunity for the Administration in a Presidential year, but it is the rock bottom truth.

This is from the editorial columns of a wild mouthed Bryanite paper, the "Times," of June 27, 1900. One would judge from the said newspaper being a mouthpiece of Democracy and its allusions to the denunciation of the administration to trust influences, that it was to some extent sarcastic and opposed to the prospective war. How then can we account for its criticism of the unpreparedness of the War Department for the expected war, as expressed in the following extract from the editorial page of the same paper:

As usual, the United States Navy is up to date with its preparations for hostilities, while the War Department staff officers are slowly unwinding the red tape in which they are bound up, and are getting ready to begin to think about arrangements preliminary to doing something. It is a great pity that the army reorganization could not have been effected a year ago. The need for reform is very much in evidence now that the menace of a fresh war is upon us.

Why should the Democrats become so urgent in their demands for action by the War Department if they are opposed to a war with China?

This war business is funny to a man up the tree. Probably two-thirds of the voters of the United States have never heard of the internationality of capitalism, and no doubt would scoff at the idea of this internationality going so far as to pervade even the war departments of the various countries. To the unsuspecting mind there is something ridiculous in the idea that such organs of the capitalist states, which are formed theoretically for the purpose of defending the citizens of their own states against the war departments of all other states, should, in fact, act in the greatest harmony with each other. Of course, to those who think this way, there is nothing of importance in the sight now presented of British, German, Russian, Indian, Japanese, Italian, and last, but not least, American troops, fighting side by side with a common purpose in view, viz., the spread of capitalism in China. This may, to such minds, be explainable on other grounds, but the following statement of Senator Perkins seems to make clearer the comity between the war departments in a way to render it impossible to avoid the conclusion that war departments are intended more for the purpose of suppressing their own citizens, than for defending them. Senator Perkins said in a committee meeting, as I am informed:

"One of the English experts who came to the United States went to the ordnance department and was given the formula that we had for making smokeless powder. It was said: 'While it is a trade secret, yet it is a courtesy to you, and we will give it to you.'"

An acquaintance of mine who has had some experience in endeavoring to sell a new invention in ordnance to the various countries, said that he was startled to find, when he laid his invention before the various military attaches of the foreign governments, that said attaches were already in possession of the results of the tests of his invention by the United States War Department, and they also coolly informed him that they would apply to the Ordnance Department of the United States for its opinion of the said invention, and, if such opinion was favorable, would then make a report on the invention to their own respective war departments.

This acquaintance was under the impression that war departments were made to fight each other, and that, if one found something good for that purpose, it would carefully refrain from giving any information about it to the others. An appearance of this virtue is kept up as a "bluff," for, if a citizen of the United States should apply to his own war department for any such information, it would be refused him, but as to foreign military attaches—well, that's different, you know.

LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE.

By the Minnesota Socialist Labor Party Candidate for Governor.

To the Socialist Labor Party of Minnesota.

Greeting—Having received the nomination for the office of Governor of the State of Minnesota by my fellow working men I desire to express my appreciation for the honor conferred upon me. While a nomination for any office in the gift of the American people, given by any of the old capitalist political parties, whether Republican, Democrat, Populist or Debaite, could be nothing but an insult to a class-conscious proletarian, I regard the mere recognition of services rendered, and tokens of confidence which this nomination implies, as the highest honor which a proletarian can receive from his fellow proletarians. I desire to thank you one and all, new volunteers and battle-scarred veterans of the army of emancipation. You who have upheld apostles and unstained the banner of international revolutionary Socialism; you who have, in spite of the sneers of the ignorant and the persecution from the powers that be, unfurled the flag of international solidarity, and held it aloft through the recent trying days within our Party, as though planted by the gods on an inaccessible mountain.

Defying alike the wrath of the parasite capitalist class, and the scorn and contempt of the ignorant dupes of the Labor Fakirs, in spite of all opposition, you have carried this banner unstained through all the din of conflict, which ever is the accompaniment of a rising movement, and planted it on high, causing the oppressed proletariat to look upward and view with enthusiasm and a new born courage, the banner which it is destined to follow, through trials and tribulations, over all obstacles placed in our way by the combined enemy.

With new born courage, inspired by that glorious flag, emblem of the conquering hosts of labor, we shall march on, hurling defiance at the foe, neither asking nor giving quarter, until victory perches on our banners, and triumphant labor shall enter into its own, rearing its banner of international brotherhood upon the crumbling throne of capitalism.

You who have by your dauntless courage and energy changed darkness into light, have transformed chaos into order and harmony, now place in your front ranks one who has but few years' experience in the movement, placing in my hand the honored banner of our Party to lead the hosts of the Socialist Labor Party in its onward march to victory.

With such men, as you have proven yourselves to be, in our movement, victory is certain. To thank you, my comrades, as my heart prompts me is beyond my command of language. But what my words fail to convey, I trust my efforts in behalf of our grand principle, will give evidence of the pride I feel at the honor you have done me. If constant effort and an untiring zeal to further our cause can repay the confidence you have reposed in me, it shall be carefully given, and when you see fit to place an able man in my position I shall turn over to him our banner of international solidarity as spotless and un tarnished as it was when placed in my keeping.

As war has been declared against the capitalist system, it is in order to rally our forces, and call upon the oppressed proletarians to rally to the standard of human emancipation. In this war there is no room for the faint hearted, but only for those who possess the spirit of manhood, with a firm determination to slake off the chains of wage slavery. To forget the word surrender and enter this struggle to conquer or die we call upon the wage workers to make manifest this spirit of unconquerable determination, and speak in thunderous tones that will send a quiver down the spine of brutal capitalism, by registering their will at the ballot box in November.

Let us have the consolation whether in victory or defeat, to be able to stand erect.

I pledge my word as a man and Socialist that, whatever ability I may possess, with an energy that knows no fatigue, and an undying devotion to our Party, its principles and tactics, I will carry the message of the Socialist Labor Party to all whom I can reach. The battle is on. The trumpet sounds. So onward, comrades, ever onward with our banner of light unfurled to the breeze. There can be no backward step. Forward or death must be our battle cry. The die is cast, and come what will, forward I go, those who know no duty but to humanity, who are eager to obey the will of the Party, will meet me on my pleasure.

The Party looks to all to do their duty. The future is ours, and the day is fast approaching when we will wrest it from the hands of those who now wrongfully possess it. Speed this day, and let all who labor by brawn or brain do their duty that liberty, justice and equality may be the common heritage of all men of this glorious nation. Yours for the oppressed, EDWARD KEEL.

(Continued on page 5.)

EDUCATION.

Its General Trend in the Past and Present.

A Clear Analysis of the Path that Education Has Followed—Why Our "Educators" are so anxious to Educate the Cubans—Capitalism is in the Saddle, and has Its Own Way.

(Synopsis of an address delivered before Section Lincoln, Nebraska, May 20, 1900, by H. S. Alex.)

Not long since a student of the Nebraska State University asked me to define education, also to give its purpose or object. Off-hand I answered that education is the training necessary to fit one for the duties and responsibilities of life, and that the purpose is or, at least, should be the protection and conservation of the body social.

A short time after I noticed an article in the "Literary Digest" commenting on the late census returns from Cuba, especially the educational. One of the Philadelphia papers quoted, placed particular stress upon the large number of illiterates, and at the same time declared it the bounden duty of the United States to see that the people of Cuba were given a free school system.

Since then other leading capitalist papers have taken the same stand, in fact, I know of none who have opposed it.

The more I thought over my definition the more I became dissatisfied with it, and the more I contemplated the comments of these papers on the Cuban educational statistics the more I wondered why this philanthropic impulse on the part of these capitalist mouthpieces, who, as a rule, are so utterly oblivious to the dense illiteracy among our slum proletariat. On the surface, the action of these papers is plainly contradictory to Socialist philosophy, which teaches that the capitalist class, individually and collectively, are dominated in the last analysis by their material interests and all of their attempts, philanthropically and charitably—such as endowing hospitals, colleges, public libraries and other institutions—is done with an eye single to their class interests.

It is looking up the history of education, and the outside appearances may be. Each philanthropic move on the part of capitalism, our philosophy teaches, is a move to fasten more securely the shackles on the limbs of the proletarian class that bind them in wage slavery to the capitalist class. In the history of education, we are to correct how can we account for this philanthropic wave that is sweeping through the capitalist class of this country and is being made manifest in their demands for a free school educational system in Cuba?

The question of the student and the attitude of the capitalist press on the illiteracy in Cuba, caused me to look more deeply into the educational question, past and present and the following is the result of my efforts in this direction.

In looking up the history of education, I find in all ages that it has been viewed from two standpoints, namely, the idealistic and the utilitarian or practical, and while both these conceptions have each had a powerful influence in molding the educational systems of the world, the utilitarian has been the one that, for the time being, has dominated. The influence of the idealistic conception has been more upon future generations. On account of these two conceptions of education running through the whole historic period, I thought, if I could frame a definition that will cover both conceptions, hence we give two; the one embodying our idea of the utilitarian and the other in harmony with our ideal.

First, from a utilitarian or practical standpoint, education may be defined as the training given by society to the rising generation to fit them to protect and conserve existing institutions and customs in the interest of the then dominant class.

Second, from an idealistic standpoint education is the training that should be given by society to the rising generation that will strengthen their physical, develop their intellectual and cultivate their moral capacities in such a manner as to best fit them for the social and personal responsibilities of life.

For convenience we have accepted the classification given by Professor Paoluter in his history of education, in which he divides the subject into: first, oriental; second, ancient classical; third, Christian nations. Under oriental he includes the nations of China, India, Persia, Israel and Egypt. Under ancient classical, Greece and Rome. Christian education he divides into two periods, namely, before and after the reformation.

Herbert Spencer says, in all ages it has been the rich and powerful who have fixed the standard, and he might have added the same is true of the standard of education, from a utilitarian standpoint. Since the beginning of history all acts and thoughts that tended to protect the interests and consolidate the power of the then dominant class, have been considered moral, and any act or thought that militated against these has been considered immoral, and the same is true to-day. While there is and has been at all times an individual standard of morality, there is and has been at the same time a social standard, which standard is simply a composite of the different individual standards, comprising the dominant class. The aspirations, hopes and fears of the hewers of wood and the drawers of water have not in the past, and do not in the present, count in the formation of this social standard of morality.

The same is true in fixing the standard of education. There are individual standards or ideals and a social standard, the latter being fixed or determined by the dominant class. All the educational systems of these different nations have been dominated by the social ideal or standard, as personified in the existing dominant class, and the trend of education in each historic period has been such as to protect and conserve the interest of this class. Our educational system to-day is no exception to this rule.

of India has been for the purpose of perpetuating the caste system; the teachers of which come exclusively from the so-called class Brahmins. That of the Greeks tended to perpetuate the state as personified in the dominant class. The education of Israel was purely theocratic and tended to perpetuate the power of the Patriarchs and Prophets. That of Egypt was pre-eminently ecclesiastical, all of which was in the interest of the priest-hood who ruled Egypt, including the king, with an iron hand. In Sparta the education was physical and was for the purpose of keeping the Helots and Perioecae in subjection to a few thousand Spartans. That of Athens was aesthetic and tended to perpetuate an intellectual aristocracy. In Rome the educational system was purely practical and was primarily for the purpose of making that country the mistress of the world.

Christian education, from the downfall of Rome up to the reformation, was dominated by priestcraft, and which tended to perpetuate the power of the priest-hood who ruled Europe, including the king, with an iron hand. In Sparta the education was physical and was for the purpose of keeping the Helots and Perioecae in subjection to a few thousand Spartans. That of Athens was aesthetic and tended to perpetuate an intellectual aristocracy. In Rome the educational system was purely practical and was primarily for the purpose of making that country the mistress of the world.

Magnificent specimens of these we find in Confucius, Zoroaster, Guatama, of the oriental world; Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, Quintilian, Seneca, of the ancient classical world; Bruno, Bruni, Galileo, Montaigne, Milton, Rousseau, Pestalozzi and Froebel and many others of the Christian world.

Viewing the trend of education since the advent of history, from the standpoint of our first definition, we think we have found the key to the motive that is prompting the capitalist press in its advocacy of a free school system for the Cubans. To us at least the theory is a very plausible one. The economic basis of capitalist society being the private ownership of the means by which wealth is produced and distributed, it behooves the dominant class to protect this system, to shape the trend of the moral, religious and secular educational systems as to best protect the material bases on which capitalist society rests, and all who are not blind to the trend of education to-day must see how essential this task has been accomplished. To-day private property is a fetish worshipped even by the class who are propertyless, throughout the length and breadth of the capitalist world. Even the Communards of 1871 were so thoroughly imbued with the idea of the sacredness of private property, that never has that institution been safer than it was in their hands during the reign of the Commune. This was fully demonstrated in their leaving untouched the millions of francs deposited by their enemies in the bank of Paris, and the whole time they held full control of Paris.

During the strikes and lockouts, that have occurred in this country and England during the past fifty years, again and again the cry has been raised among the strikers and locked-out men, "private property is sacred and must be protected," and in many instances they have gone so far in the worship of this fetish as to appoint guards from their own ranks, to protect the property of their masters. The knowledge that their property was safe in the hands of the strikers and locked-out men, has been one of the strongest factors in weakening the cause of the laborers and, at the same time, strengthening the cause of their masters.

The Boer commission—according to the press dispatch, June 9, 1900,—in their report on the Boers evacuated Pretoria and Johannesburg, an agreement had been entered into between Kruger and Roberts that private property should be protected. Socialists have contended from the start that England would forgive the Boers no matter how many British soldiers they might slay, if they only left uninjured the gold mines of South Africa.

Our whole educational system, from the backwoods school to the State University, is dominated by property interests, and any teacher who should attempt to instill into the minds of his pupils ideas contrary to this, could not hold his situation for a moment.

Last May Day, the G. A. R. of Lincoln detailed a sufficient number from among their ranks to go to the different schools in the Island of Cuba, and deliver to the children on the subject of the rights of the proletariat? No! a thousand times No! But to return to Cuba. Again we ask, Why should American capitalists care to give to this people a free school system? Our answer is this, since 1492 the Island of Cuba has been under the domination of a nation that has never, as yet completely rid itself of Feudal shackles. Even to-day, Spain as a nation, is half Feudal and half capitalist, and the whole Spanish People, including the dependencies of Spain, are influenced and controlled by the same Feudal customs and prejudices. This is true of the beggar as well as the Don. Feudal society was a cross between primitive communism, and capitalism never completely rid itself of the social obligations that existed in the early commune; hence the lord of the manor never was allowed to forget his social obligations. While in a sense he came to have a legal claim to the land, that at one time belonged to his commune or clan, he never lost sight of the idea that the people who tilled the land were at least entitled to subsistence from the produce their labor had garnered.

The Catholic Church, the religious exponent of feudalism, teaches, that if a man be without money or food, and no one will give him the one or the other, he has the right to steal the bread of labor, then he has the right to steal the means necessary to satisfy his wants. It is said the Spanish Don will often apologize to the beggar he meets if he has not the means to bestow charity. In the case of the American or English capitalist doing the same thing, he would be considered a scoundrel among these, doubtless, the one that is the hindmost.

The Cuban people for hundreds of years have lived under and been controlled by this semi-feudal system, which clings to many of the Feudal customs and prejudices, among these, doubtless, the one that is the hindmost. The Cuban people for hundreds of years have lived under and been controlled by this semi-feudal system, which clings to many of the Feudal customs and prejudices, among these, doubtless, the one that is the hindmost.

(Continued on page 5.)

THE POLITICAL SITUATION ON JULY 1.

SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY.

Its Convention, Its Platform, and Its Presidential Candidates.

The most noticeable fact this year was that the lines along which the Party works were brought into more vivid relief. That is an excellent indication that we are stronger, and that we feel firmer ground under our feet. All the years of groping and blind wandering are ended, and henceforth our history must be that of a sturdy, steady, triumphant march to the promised land. All the resolutions passed meant something, and this is true of the resolutions of no other party. The delegates were fired with determination to carry the resolutions into effect, whereas, in all other conventions of this present year, the resolutions were for the simple purpose of brazenly acknowledging a given policy, or stilling a clamor long enough for the parties concerned to trench themselves strongly enough to ignore that clamor.

The trades union resolution was a shot which destroys more than one defense of capitalism. The next convention will undoubtedly see a resolution calling upon all members to withdraw from organizations which become every day a greater menace to the working class. Yet as things move to-day, such a resolution may be unnecessary. The old trades unions have been almost invariably used for the purpose of misleading the workers on the economic field. We have placed many men at the head of the different organizations, but the corrupting forces have been of such a nature that we have invariably lost both the men and our standing. For years our best have gone to prop up a forlorn hope, and we have suffered much as a consequence. On that altar, however, we sacrifice no more men.

There are no indications that the Democratic Convention will dare to touch upon the Bull Den outrage. The Republicans passed over it in absolute silence, giving a sullen, brutal approval to the horrible crimes that were committed. Each party has added another stain to their already long list, and no amount of resolving can wash them away. McKinley shared the guilt by sending troops. His convention shared his guilt by remaining silent. The Democrats of Idaho have already commended the measures, and the coming Kansas City convention must stand by its own.

The Socialist Convention spoke in their clear manly tones upon the subject. It brought home the fact that the two capitalist parties act as one in the oppression of the working class, and that no deed is too foul and black when committed in defence of private property. "Remember the Bull Den" will be a rallying cry for the advancing forces this year, and the Socialist Labor Party is the only one which has raised that cry.

The revolutionary work, in which we are engaged is no local or even national affair, but it is one which embraces every country which has felt the oppression of modern capitalism. Our comrades of the French Labor Party sent fraternal greetings and words of encouragement which do much to urge on the ranks of our party. It is this solidarity among the workers of all countries which must do most to win the fight. Each year, almost every day, sees the army better drilled, knit together because of clearer understanding, more ready for conflict.

There is a single incident that did not tend to show the fact that we have eliminated for good and all the confusing, conflicting elements which held us back. Class conscious decision will win all that is worth winning. On the contrary, altruistic utterances, no matter how beautiful they may be, will gain only what they have gained in the past—a respectability hearing and complete forgetfulness. The world has had too much talk of humanitarianism, and too little knowledge of the course that should be followed. All that might sap our strength was cast aside. Much that contributes to our force and vigor was added. It was a memorable convention, because the conditions which produced it will be memorable. It was a stirring convention, because each man present felt the influence of the gigantic movements of the present age.

The control of the party press, the greatest weapon for good or ill in the hands of any body of men, was so placed that the party itself is the sole arbiter, and its mandate is final in all cases. In all other parties the press is a private enterprise, and the success or failure of a paper is an individual affair. The Democratic and Republican papers receive all instruction from the few men concerned in their publication. Their mission is to blind and confuse. The Socialist press is the property of the Party, and its policy is dictated by the wants of a great class. Whenever that class is clear upon an issue, and dares to meet it in its true light, then must the Party press be clear and firm. As the Party grows, becomes stronger and more sharply defined, in just such a measure does the Party press rise. When the convention placed the official press in a position where there could be no evasion or weakness, it marked one of the greatest advances we have made in recent years. The rank and file control the press. On the other hand, the capitalist press dictates the rank and file.

The men selected this year have the right revolutionary pulse. Both understand the necessity for the modern trades union movement, and both have worked long and faithfully in the Party. None but a revolutionary movement, such as the Socialist Labor Party, could have produced such men, and this year they will do much in helping at the great mass of material whence we are to draw our strength.

Contrast McKinley with the candidates of the other parties; a workman, who, if he had toiled in the factory, was yet ready to assist in the hard work of the speech making and organizing. Contrast Hemmel with the other candidates for vice-president. He, too, is a workman, and the Party has never called upon him in vain. The working class is fortunate in its candidates, its platform and its convention. They are children of the revolution.

REPUBLICAN PARTY.

Its Convention, Its Platform and Its Presidential Candidates.

A political party which "recognizes that interest rates are a potent factor in production and business activity," as the Republican party does in its platform, is not in line to understand the general drift of society. It is in the convention of a party, its makeup, the utterances, above all the conflicts—real or spectacular, inevitable, or merely for publication—that we grasp the realities in the case.

There was not an industry that did not contribute its man. The mine owners, the mill owners, lumber, cotton, tobacco, steel, railroad, steamboat and real estate kings all sat together in the utmost harmony. It was the most magnificent indication of the solidarity of capital the world has seen for some time. Among all the great and rich men sat Mr. Eaton, of Illinois, a former member of the Knights of Labor, and Mr. Eaton urged a labor plank. In this there was a magnificent indication of the craftiness of capital. Mr. Eaton was simply tolerated there; he was not part of the convention, but the convention needed him in its business.

The platform adopted has the virtue of being more shadowy, more misleading, more bombastic than those of former years. There is, however, one thing that is not shadowy—the outspoken capitalist class interests.

No analysis of the platform would, or could, do it justice. For example, they favored expansion, and they favored the restriction of immigration. Despite the juggling of words, expansion so far has meant the control of a country. The control must direct the country's development along certain lines. The restriction of immigration places the great army of workers in another land. Thus, with the craft of a snake, and the blindness of a bat, the great kings of industry would have the wage slave placed where he could be out of sight, but still might be reached in time of trouble. They would train the men of the Pacific Islands, of China and the West Indies, for the working class at home is becoming restless, and the "uncivilized" millions of Asia may be coined into gold. Protection and expansion; the new cabinet position and expansion; restriction of immigration and expansion; excess of the exports over imports and expansion—the whole Republican convention resolved itself into one long barbaric chant, the chant of a cannibal who has "drowned" his enemy.

William McKinley was commended for his unfinching policy, his bravery and intelligence. Yet there are many who have listened during the administration and have heard no decisive utterance. During his three years in office he has not once dared assert himself as chief executive of this country, nor has he dared incur the anger of the men who hold him in thrall. He did nothing towards shaping the policy of his party during the war, or during the little parades in the Philippines, and its entrance into the Chinese complications.

He must go down in history as one of two things: a man who dared not once assert that he was president, or else must be known as the most complete and subservient tool of Caesar since the world began. They pronounced fulsome eulogies, they praised him as though he was as good as a dead man in when a clergyman has received a fat fee for preaching his funeral sermon. McKinley was pictured as a statesman greater than Jefferson, a soldier more skillful than Caesar, an orator more forcible than Burke, and a man the peer of Lincoln in every way. His oratory can be summed up in one speech, his great piazza effort at Canton, delivered to hundreds of people on hundreds of different days. You see the man's work, there are few as it is in the hands and hearts of every child in the land it will never be found trailing on the ground.

Roosevelt was supported to represent a new element, but were it not for the polish, the thin waxing of would-be statesmen, Roosevelt would stand forth as fossilized, as reactionary as McKinley. Was he bullied into accepting the nomination, or were all his protestations mere sham? Two points were brought out by this contest: Roosevelt is either a weak tool, a braggart and a sneak, or a strong man, and every man stands forth as fossilized, as reactionary as McKinley. Was he bullied into accepting the nomination, or were all his protestations mere sham? Two points were brought out by this contest: Roosevelt is either a weak tool, a braggart and a sneak, or a strong man, and every man stands forth as fossilized, as reactionary as McKinley.

Conditions in New York point to the former explanation. Roosevelt wished to retain the position of Governor, while Platt and the Republican machine wished him out of the way. Despite the aggressiveness that shines through every line of his program, work, there are few as it is in the hands and hearts of every child in the land it will never be found trailing on the ground.

The great changes that have taken place in our country's relations, and the unparalleled growth of the past few years demand a figure-head that will command respect. That figure-head must be a sphinx, and McKinley can at least look wise. Conditions necessitate a man who seems energetic, courageous, and incorruptible, and Roosevelt has had his picture taken many times in all these attitudes.

Roosevelt has trifled and equivocated; he has played fast and loose with the men in his party. As for his war record it is no more than the record of a big game hunter, who tired of shooting rabbits, turns to the more exhilarating sport of shooting down human beings. Farmers' loss to rotation in crops, and amateur Nimrod like diversity in sport.

The convention represented but one thing—capitalism; it declared for but one thing—capitalism; and it could declare for and represent nothing else. It was clean cut because the delegates instinctively at least, felt their class position. The farce element was added by a few renegade workmen who crept in for the purpose of protecting the capitalist class.

DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

Its Coming Convention—Its Platform and Its Presidential Candidates.

The Kansas City Convention will be less "harmonious" than was the Philadelphia convention, because the elements which are to compose it are such that a conflict must ensue. There is much for apology, much for extenuation, much for explanation. Bryan will undoubtedly come on as a warmed over dish, but the piquant peppery flavor of four years ago is fled. This year a lingual debauch will have no effect, as the pressure on the middle class has been eased somewhat, but it is such ease as comes to the pile while the weight is ascending before it comes down again with greater force and sinks the log in the mud.

The decline of the party and the passing away of the Democrats of the old school, the Jeffersonian school, the Jacksonian school, as well as the little red school are best explained and understood by a short study of the principles and history of the party. It is a survival. It needs revision and bringing up to date, a thorough overhauling, but all this would make it the Republican party. Each successive campaign it does revise some part of its anatomy, and it will have a slick, snug capitalist head and an ante-deluvian tail. Then it re-edits the tail and makes its appearance with a brand new caudal appendage and an ossified cranium.

Four years ago it was absolutely certain that free silver was a winning card. This year it is not so certain; four years hence it will be certain that free silver is pernicious. The Populists who returned to the fold had for a time an exhilarating effect, but the reaction left the Democratic party more dead than ever. Fusion is always bad, and the party is now confronted with the necessity of clearing away all its former mistakes.

Bryan will be nominated. Dewey was used as a blind and a bluff, and he listened in ecstasy to the deafening calls which those close to his ear were raising. He was glad that the American people had given him a "call," because he thought that he had a divine vocation to the office and the emoluments thereof. Then when he found that he had done most of the yelling himself, he was glad that he had not received a "call" because that was the easiest way to avoid admitting that he had been used, and that someone had made an egregious ass of him.

The vice-president is not yet decided on: Belmont, Hearst, Hill, Cholly Knickerbocker would do. The latter would be an excellent choice, as he could decide the conflicting claims which now rend Washington society asunder, and decide whether or not lumber takes precedence of cotton, tobacco or oil, steel of coal, the army or the navy. Our "republican institutions" demand this, and our "democratic simplicity, and disregard of form" make it necessary that social etiquette be settled once for all.

These possibilities are brought forward in order to quiet all noise while the real candidate is in preparation. It is more than probable that a strong effort will be made to find a war candidate, as it is necessary to give the people a full spicing of the belligerency this year. There is no one with quite such a dramatic career as Roosevelt's, and probably no one with a published career and a real career quite so contradictory. It would not be safe for Bryan himself to insist on the fact that he wore a uniform, but was too ill to go where bullets were thick. Therefore a man must be found to make good the deficiency.

The usual labor issue will be brought up, this year in the form of an anti-trust—a Republican issue; anti-immigration—another Republican issue; anti-imperialism—an issue that is already settled, and therefore most fitted for the Democratic party. The Democrats must not offend the Northerners who shoot down the negroes of the South, and it must not offend the Northerners who shot down the negro's fellow white slave. A labor plank is a good combination, and while it did not win in 1896, it is possible, if you play a gig often enough, to pull some little prize.

The Democratic party is a thing of the past in every way. This year it is especially hard pressed for an issue, and good issues do not come unless you have lots of money to pay for them. The Republicans purchased all that were around, and even on the trust question they have taken the position that they are against the trusts, but still wish to retain property. This means nothing, but it will prove of sufficient force to make it impossible for the Democrats to do more than resolve against the Republican trusts, while they protect their own. It matters very little whom the Democrats nominate, as they only go to Kansas City to bury their dead, and attempt to resurrect a ghost or two of their former greatness.

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TALES OF THE CITY & TOWN.

Delia and Mike Callaghan, the Irish Immigrants.

CHAPTER I.

This is a tale about one Delia Callaghan and her husband that should make red blood run hot and cause us to swing that hammer a little harder and make the buzz-saw buzz more.

She was a child of Mary in Dublin 20 years ago, and sang her infantile songs to the Virgin. The nuns in the Parochial school said she was watched over by the angels; now she is walking rag-time on the Bowery.

This is how it happened.

When she met Mike Callaghan, she was 19 and impressionable. He told her that Mother Nature had searched all the heavens to find the bright blue for her eyes. Delia could not resist blarney like that, particularly when the young fellow was as handsome as any gossoon that ever whistled "The Rocky Roads to Dublin." So the orange blossoms bloomed for Delia.

One month later, they stood on the deck of an Atlantic liner, with hopes as high as their pockets were low, and sang together:

"Oh! we are going to the land, Where freedom the flag of liberty unfurls. And when we get rich together we'll return. To dear old Dublin Where the apple praties grow."

The voyage was uneventful. They came in the steerage because there was not anything cheaper, so they were stilled like cattle and fed like hogs; but their youthful optimism made the steerage a palace, and the coarse food an epicurean feast.

They landed at the Barge Office, and fell into the hands of the political crooks in charge, lost one of their last five-dollar bills, escaped with their lives and made a bee line for the home of their friends, who dwelt in the Mixed Ale Flats.

There was a hot time in Bed Bug Row that night. Barney Mulligan sang a "Come all ye," entitled "Down by the Tan-Yard Side." It consisted of 76 verses, but Barney broke down on the 58th, and apologized for poor memory. The tenement house piano (accordion) was worked overtime; three different harmonicas made matters worse; mixed ale flowed by the pail. The women took Delia aside to give her pointers on American feminine frills, whilst the local politicians told Mike in suggestive whispers of the respective strength of their pulls. Would he like to twist a brake on the front of the cross-tow car? or may he be would rather work in the Park, chasing sparrows?

As Mike listened to all these offers, born of a heated mixed ale imagination, he felt that he was indeed a lucky man. He would yet be as prosperous as McGarrey, one of the contractors from the "Hall," who gave a \$900 bell to the Catholic Church and "employed dirty eyetalians for \$1.25 per day." Then, again, did he not have a trade of his own? He was an expert marble cutter. Did he not chip blocks of it on nearly every monument in Glasnevin since he could first read the names on a tombstone? Did they not pay big wages in New York? Why of course they did. He would be a politician and visit the "ould dart" with a big plug-hat, and Delia, resplendent in silks at his side, wow! but America was a great country sure enough! While he heard that there were some arid lands and deserts in it, New York was the great oasis for the Irish. So optimistic did Mike become that he proposed to amuse the Company by fighting the best man in the house. But cooler heads quieted him down, and he was put in bed shouting "Death to the Sassenach!" and singing "The Harp Bowed Down."

CHAPTER II.

The next day, Mike kissed Delia, and started out to look for work. At the first shop he was asked by a queer-looking fellow for his union card. Mike had none, but professed entire willingness to join the "boys," and fight for the biggest wages with the best. He was told to come around to the meeting of the Marble Cutters' Union next night. He came. There he was told that he would have to put up \$50 as "initiation fee," or he could not work. This staggered Mike. All he had in his wallet was \$25. If they would only take a promissory note for a year or two, why it would be easy to give ten times that sum; but at present,—well, he would hustle around and see.

A relative in Harlem raised the money, and Mike, proud as a peacock, showed up at the next meeting of the Union. Instead of being met with the glad hand, as innocent Mike expected, he was given the marble heart by this Marble Cutters' Union. This time he was told that, since his application, the Union had raised the initiation fee to \$100. Mike stood aghast. He was making experience. Again he hustled for \$50 more, for he would not be a scab, if he knew anything. Delia was pressed into service. She journeyed up to an uncle in Newburgh who was fairly well-to-do and, after much pleading, got the other \$50.

Again did Mike go to the Union, this time with \$100, but only to have the door banged in his face after being coolly informed that the Union would take no more men in at present.

Mike, bursting with rage, denounced them all as a band of rascals. Had he known them as much as he learned later, he would have branded them as brigands who prostituted the name "Union," and made a close corporation on capitalist

lines for the benefit of the few who are in control.

At a council of war, held at midnight, Delia advised her husband to go to his political friends, and get a job somewhere. After all a fine man like him was bound to make a hit in politics; a lot of candidates in point were cited about men that had not and could not know half as much as he.

Down to the alderman who kept the corner saloon Mike went next day. All sorts of promises were made. Why, he could be a policeman or a fireman, if he was only a citizen; the good old times when shields were given out in Castle Garden had gone, but he, "Alderman Casey, would see that he went on the street cars.

Now ensued a time of misery for Delia. To get the job drinks had to be bought, and Mike was frequently in Alderman Casey's saloon. The place was dubbed the "Glue Pot" by the knowing ones; for once a fly got in, it was a hard job to get out. Night after night Mike came home maudling drunk, until his money gave out. Delia's wedding finery was pawned; and hunger, grim-visaged, loomed in sight.

One night Mike came home with the glad news that he was to go to work in the morning. He was to be broken in on the Nassau. All would soon be well. The breaking in process meant that three days on the front of the car was the regular motorman, instructions at the barn, and then a weary wait each day after that for a tripper, that is, a man that only makes trips during the rush hours. From 4.30 a. m. until 8 p. m., Mike hung around the barn killing time as he could, getting a car now and then and making from \$2.50 to \$3 per week for his pains. Half starved, thin as a stick in winter, worried almost to insanity about his wife, who was about to become a mother; Mike was an easy victim to pneumonia when it tapped on the walls of his chest. A small funeral procession left Far Down Row shortly after, and Delia wore crape where a short time earlier there bloomed the orange blossoms.

CHAPTER III.

Delia Callaghan, friendless, save for those of her class as poor as herself, was turned to Alderman Casey for help to keep herself and baby alive. The flat was given up with many a sigh, for each inch of it was sacred to the memory of her baby's father.

Casey promised to get her a job as scrub woman in the City Hall. Frail as she was, she jumped at the offer, and on the appointed day marched with some of the old-time spirit with bucket and brush to the Hall.

The baby was placed in a day nursery on Livingston street, where it kicked up its pink heels, and cooed with 200 other unfortunate nites, who were being reared for the wage-slave mart while their mothers toiled for starvation wages.

As Delia received \$1.50 per day, she considered herself lucky;—but not so long; economical Mayor Schure reduced the wages of the unfortunate women who went to work before dawn, thus splendidly supplementing his crime-stained efforts to degrade the wage-earners of Brooklyn, the trolley strikers' portion of which he had ordered shot and clubbed.

In disgust, Delia quit, and went to work washing dishes in Lyon's restaurant on the Bowery; wages \$1 and board for fourteen hours per day. A physical smash-up had to come, and Delia was carried in a delirium of fever to the Island, to moan with the dregs of the city's streets.

After two months Delia returned to the city, emaciated, a wreck of her former self, and learned that her baby had died in her absence. Heart-broken and desolate, she took some whiskey on the advice of a woman friend, "just to cheer her up." The whiskey was good; it produced forgetfulness temporarily. Under its influence she could even sing about "going to the land where they paved the streets with money." Many false efforts she made to get work. Having to live, she sank still lower. Now she is singing coon songs and walking rag-time on the Bowery. Pursued to the end by the political powers that be, she is nightly held up by the Tammany fly-whisker who takes her last dollar from her stock-in-trade although it is the price of her shame fund that Paddy Keenan and his Tammany "labor" assemblyman, Samuel Prince, apply to the dissemination of patriotism in the 16th Assembly District of New York.

CHAPTER IV.

This story is told without frills, and in the rough; but it is chiselled from the granite of truth. The Delia Callaghan and Mike are all over the Irish quarters of New York. They came to America from Ireland full of hope and ambition, only to be crushed under the Juggernaut car of capitalism that has their countrymen on the driving seat.

The Callaghans are types of the Irish proletariat. When the Irish proletariat lands in Castle Garden, they differ from the wage workers of every other nation in this, that they have their religious and national feelings interwoven. Tammany Hall, with its Crokers and its Keenans, its Kellys, McLaughlins, Crimmins, and Gratts, and scores of others, takes hold of them, sings the siren song of "Bravo Bragh" in their ears; reuder them submissive with lying tales of their power, and they, arch traitors to the Irish race that they are, lead them into the shambles of capitalism to be exploited by the Jew and the Gentle, the Turk and the atheist.

But the tears of the Delia Callaghans are raising a Niagara flood that is sapping the foundations of the "Hall" along with its Platt Republican Assembly. So, here is to you, Delia Callaghan, may your blue eyes not be dimmed with dissipation, and may the breath of life remain in your body until you can see the army of the outraged members of your race, who, awakened to their consciousness, are joining the outraged wage workers of all other races to send their misleaders as they march under the banner of the Socialist Labor Party and the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance to the emancipation of their class and the redemption of the human race.

ALOY...

HENRY CABOT LODGE. Echoes of the "High Ideal" and "Moral" Republican National Convention.

A Permanent Chairman Who Typifies the Body That He Presides Over.—An Idler Eating What Others Produce and Having Them as a Standing Rebuke to Himself.

The presiding officer of the Republican National Convention held at Philadelphia typified the makeup of the Republican party in general, and, as a matter of course, of capitalist society as a whole. John D. Long, who thought he was to be nominated for a second place, represents society in its "higher and nobler" aspects. He also represents the broad and liberal culture, which, despite improved weapons, finds itself utterly unable to produce more than poor, makeshift work.

Lodge, another man of the Long stamp, was certain of the position of presiding officer, because many years in politics have taught him most of the tricks which must be played in order to win. There is no doubt but that Long would have been nominated had he possessed the support of Lodge. There is also no doubt but that Lodge would not have presided had there ever been any indications of his giving that support. He has trimmed his sails for years, and in this case he simply trimmed his sails again.

When he left college he was of the old line New England copperhead Democracy, with a strong touch of the race prejudice such as New England alone can produce. His attitude to-day on the matter of the Chinese Boxers is hard to explain, as the Boxers are the A. P. A.'s of their time and generation. Nye said Lodge's position for good and all when he said that Demosthenes was the Henry Cabot Lodge of his time. The intense capitalist development of Massachusetts left little or no hope for election in the Democratic party, so Lodge left the party of his fathers, his sisters and his aunts, and became a Republican. After a campaign in which he spent the money which is blackened with the skin of more than one slave torn from the shores of Africa, and the wealth which his privateering ancestors gained during his war of 1812, he won out in the old Sixth Massachusetts District. From that he stepped into the Senate, and there he waits and watches for the day when he will become President. The blood-stains on his health have been dusted over by a few years of inactivity, during which the Lodge family has had time to sit and think half more or less of a "good old family" of the English squire type. He removed from Boston to Nahant in order that he might escape the payment of taxes on the stocks and bonds which he holds. Boston has a strict tax limit, and therefore finds it necessary to value all property at very nearly its full rate. Nahant has an almost exclusively summer population and has little or no need of taxes. Lodge, the good American, took advantage of this, and escapes the payment of taxes on several millions of taxable property.

Like Roosevelt he is a literary cad. He may not lead the strenuous life with all the wild and reckless abandon of a toucan on a backyard fence, he may not hunt and fish in order to improve his intellect, but he throws off a few books every year. The book-hack finds men so dangerous a competitor in such men as Lodge and Roosevelt because both of them can afford to pay for the publication of their effusions. The work Roosevelt has done towards writing a history of the development of the West, Lodge's compilations, history of the American Revolution, historical and literary studies, could be done just as well by a fairly competent private secretary. A fifteen-hour-a-day machine writer could do it much better. Such books are not produced because these men have something to say, but they are in the nature of advertisements, points upon which a reputation can be hung. Lodge's culture, literary attainments, superior education, thorough Americanism and social position have been the main basis in all his campaigns. It seems a little strange that a book should be so potent among people who have no money to buy books, and no time to read them when they are given to them. It is also strange that the real man should be so completely overlooked.

At Nahant, Lodge has most extensive and beautiful grounds on which he succeeded in growing a healthy crop of "isms" which read, "No trespassing," and "Any person found trespassing on these grounds will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law." These signs are as numerous as the sands on the neighboring beach, and are so famous that people travel many miles to see them. The grounds are beautiful, and the buildings are artistic, and Henry Cabot Lodge is a very artistic, and very capable person worthy of the support of the working class, or else the editor of the "World" merits the severest condemnation and execration of that class. It would be more to the purpose if the laborers took a day off to raise the flag of revolt, and make a fire on the whole code of laws which makes it necessary for the workers of Japan to wait for such grand occasions in order to get a day off from toil.

plotter and sweater, an idler and literary trifter, and he reaches his proper level as presiding officer of a Republican convention. Neat, natty, smug, he repels none but those who toil to make him so. It would have been almost impossible to make a better choice, and one which could give to the working class a more thorough idea of the attitude of the Republican party.

Lodge crowded himself into Congress, and his money was the instrument that assisted him. He forcibly pushed aside old Senator Daws at a time when Daws was in his dotage—the best possible attribute in the upper house—and at a time when Daws' salary as a legislator meant bread and butter, and again it was Lodge's money that gave him the propulsive force. This year he presided at a great national convention, and no one can for a moment doubt but that it was his money which gave him the necessary leverage.

He never worked and yet he controls great wealth. His utterances, both in "his" books and in his speeches betray no wondrous intellect, yet Lodge is a power in the land. He is sent to make laws for a whole nation, and he persists in breaking the laws of his own state. He lives upon the wealth produced by the workmen, and he despises them. Is he to blame because he is an idler, a trifter and a leech? Is it his fault that his money can speak more loudly than the intelligence of a state where the wage working class has a voting strength which outnumbers that of other classes almost ten to one? Is he to blame because he deals honestly with his own and assists in passing none but capitalist laws? Lodge has not a blot in this respect. His record is clean and clear. Since he first went into Congress he has not once been guilty of "selling out" to the working class.

With such a mark placed by its presiding officer upon the convention, the question naturally rises as to whether the workers will support its doings, and concur in its utterances when the time comes to vote. The Democratic convention officials will be the same, on a cheap-John scale, and the degree of advance made by the proletariat during the past four years will be registered by the stand taken at the ballot box—by the vote polled for Mallony and Rimmel.

HE WILL KNOW BETTER.

A Policeman Tries Some Little Politicks on His Own Hook, and Gets Left.

A few evenings ago, at the corner of 12th street and avenue B, a policeman tried to create a sort of "catch-as-catch-can" fight with the Socialists; or rather, a "catch-any-thing-you-can-fight." The Socialist Labor Party was holding an orderly open air meeting. When the policeman straggled up against this meeting, a "catch" loomed up in his eye in the shape of the speaker, Dow Hosman. As quick as a Bowers pugilist, the cop made his "catch" by pulling the speaker down from the platform. Quicker than it takes to tell it, up bobbed another speaker, Harry Shade, on the vacated platform. The policeman turned loose his first "catch" and made a "catch" for the second speaker by pulling him off the platform. Then the first speaker again mounted the platform. The policeman then turned loose his second "catch" and made a lunge to recapture his first "catch." The second one having immediately re-taken the platform, and as by this time a big crowd had gathered and was jeering the cop, he left him in peace, and pompously conveyed the first to the station house. This first "catch" was at once discharged and immediately returned to the meeting.

When these Socialists remonstrated with the policeman for trying to deprive them of their constitutional right of free speech, he said, he didn't "give a dam" for the Socialists or the Constitution. After the spectators quieted down in their jeering of the policeman, they began to wonder what all this policeman's catch-any-thing-you-can-disturbance really meant. On inquiry, the crowd learned that the Socialists of New York had started the first Socialist daily newspaper in the United States by the name of the DAILY PEOPLE. As the paper was known in advance to come out as a fearless representative of the wage-earning class, it naturally aroused the opposition of the powers that be. The cop in question took the open air meeting as a good opportunity to ingratiate himself with his hip-Dem backers by trying to stop it. But he now knows better. He ran up against the Buz Saw. The Socialist workmen are not the sort that know not their rights, or dare not maintain them. The cop's officiousness only helped to advertise the paper. Such expressions as the following were heard among the crowd: "The Socialists are all right." "There's no back-down with those people." "They know what they're after and how to get it." "They're the stuff." "These people are going to get there."

On the 10th of May, 1900, the Imperial wedding of the H. I. H. the Crown Prince and Princess Kujio will take place. The whole nation will rejoice at this occasion by lighting lanterns and raising the flags. Our laborers who cannot get a Sunday rest will get an opportunity to celebrate this grandest, solemnest and gladdest occasion of the Empire! ("Labor World," Tokio, Japan.) Thus was the world, and either the person worthy of the support of the working class, or else the editor of the "World" merits the severest condemnation and execration of that class. It would be more to the purpose if the laborers took a day off to raise the flag of revolt, and make a fire on the whole code of laws which makes it necessary for the workers of Japan to wait for such grand occasions in order to get a day off from toil.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

Much has been said and written about this famous document. It has furnished the theme of all Fourth-of-July orations, and has served as the subject of numbers of essays. All that in itself would not be sufficient ground to reproduce it in full on this anniversary, much less to join to it a sketch of its historic setting. But the document deserves reproduction and comment on this date; above all at this time. It marks an epoch in the human race, an epoch which Karl Marx tersely summed up in the statement that it, and only it, rang the knell of Feudalism in Europe as well as America, and broke ground for the overlordship of Capitalism. Read by the light of this historic estimate, the "Declaration of Independence" makes the past so clear that it illumines the present, and points the path to the future.

When the power of Great Britain and the weakness of the colonies are considered—when the reader remembers that the patriots were walking on untried ground, with no example in history, except that of the United Netherlands, sufficiently resembling theirs in the value—the boldness of the step which they took, and the credit which their leaders deserve, are forcibly impressed upon the mind. On the 7th of June, 1776, Richard Henry Lee, at the request of his colleagues, and with the special authority of Virginia, offered a series of resolutions. "That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be totally dissolved; that it is expedient forthwith to take the most effectual measures for forming foreign alliances, and that a plan of confederation be prepared and transmitted to the respective colonies for their consideration and approbation." John Adams seconded these resolutions; and the members were enjoined to attend punctually the next day at ten o'clock, in order to take them into consideration. It is a fact suggestive of the lack of sectional feeling in the Congress that these resolutions were moved by a representative man from the North. The antagonism could only break out when there was a divergence of industrial interests. Both section then looked upon slavery as just and proper. The question was debated for several days, and on the 10th of June the decision was postponed for three weeks, to permit some of the delegates to consult their constituents. The resolutions had been opposed, not as bad or improper in themselves, but as premature; and to prevent loss of time, it was made a condition of the postponement that a committee should during the interval prepare a declaration in harmony with the proposed resolutions. This committee, which was appointed June 11, consisted of Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman and Robert R. Livingston. It was elected by ballot; and as Jefferson represented Virginia, from which colony the proposition had gone forth, and as he had been elected by the largest number of votes, to him was allotted the momentous task of writing the Declaration.

The three weeks of delay expired on the 1st of July. A large portion of that day was taken up with what would now be called "personal explanations"; and on the 2nd the resolution was adopted, and the completed work came before Congress for revision. During the remainder of July 2, and upon the two following days, the language, the statements and the principles of the paper were closely examined. Several omissions were made, the most notable of which was that of the following remarkable passage: "He has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating the most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of a distant people who never offended him, captivating them and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of infidel powers, is the warfare of the Christian king of Great Britain. Determined to keep open a market where men should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or restrain this execrable commerce. And that this assemblage of horrors might want no fact of distinguished dye, he is now inciting those very people to rise in arms against us, and to purchase that liberty of which he has deprived them, by murdering the people upon whom he also obtruded them, thus paying off former crimes committed against the liberties of one people by crimes which he urges them to commit against the lives of another." It was the method whereby war is prosecuted. All other changes in the language were either very slight or were improvements, condensing the language or correcting slight inaccuracies of statement.

Upon the 4th of July thousands of anxious people, who knew that the final vote would be taken on that day, were gathered in the streets of Philadelphia, anxiously awaiting the announcement of the result. An old bellman took his post when Congress convened in the morning, and he placed a boy at the door below to give him warning when his services were required. The historic bell (now in Independence Hall) hung ready to obey its prophetic motto, and in a manner and to a degree never dreamed of by its designer or its founder, to "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof." Hours passed, and the bellman grew nervous and despondent. "They will never do it!" he said, shaking his head. Suddenly, at nearly two o'clock, a loud shout came up from below. He looked down, and saw the little boy clapping his hands, and heard him shouting, "Ring! Ring!" He did ring; and, in the words of one who writes as if he had been an eye-witness, "the excited multitude in the streets responded, with loud acclamations; and with cannon-peals, bonfires and illuminations the patriots

held a glorious carnival that night in the quiet city of Penn."

Within the hall, when the decision was announced, a deep silence pervaded the assembly. It is said that Dr. Franklin was the first to break it, by faintly remarking, "Gentlemen, we must now all hang together, or we shall surely hang separately." The pledge of their lives and fortunes was no empty form of words. By their assenting votes upon the adoption of the Declaration they incurred (should the colonies fail to successfully sustain them) all the penalties of treason inflicted by the English law, confiscation of property, an ignominious death, and corruption of blood—i.e., their children would be rendered incapable of inheriting their property, or, in other words, the confiscation was perpetual. Like the working class to-day, they had all to gain. Unlike the working class, they had much to lose, but they dared and won.

The Declaration went out to the world with only the signature of John Hancock, the president of Congress. It was afterward engrossed on parchment, and on the 21 of August the fifty-four delegates then present signed it. Thomas McKean, of New Hampshire, and Dr. Thornton, of Maryland, adding their names afterward. An incident which occurred at the time of the signing shows what manner of men they were. Each man, as he affixed his name to the document, knew that he risked putting his neck into the halter; and when Charles Carroll of Carrollton was writing his name, one of the members, who knew that Mr. Carroll was a man of great wealth, said, "There go a few millions." "There are several of the name," was the reply. Mr. Carroll overheard this remark, and he immediately took up the pen and wrote after his name, "of Carrollton," so that there could be no possible mistake. It is a remarkable fact that this man, who showed himself so ready to abide by the consequences of this act, was the last survivor of the signers. He died in 1832, at the age of ninety-five.

All the signers were natives of America except eight, who had immigrated in youth or in early manhood, and among whom were Robert Morris, John Witherspoon and James Wilson. Of these, two were from England, three from Ireland, two from Scotland and one from Wales. Of those born in America, taking them by sections, sixteen were natives of the Eastern, fourteen of the Middle and eighteen of the Southern colonies. Taking them by States, one was born in Maine, nine in Massachusetts, two in Rhode Island, four in Connecticut, five in New York, four in New Jersey, three in Pennsylvania, two in Delaware, five in Maryland, nine in Virginia and four in South Carolina. Nearly one-half of the number, or twenty-seven, had been regularly graduated in the colleges of Europe or America. The odd seven, or one-fourth of this number, may be credited to Harvard College. Twenty others had educations which, though not regularly collegiate, were at least academic, or by dint of unaided energy, as in the case of Franklin, they had supplied, or more than supplied, the lack of a university course.

The pursuits in life of the signers are of interest, as indicating their character and social position and those of the classes and interests which they represented. Twenty-four, or nearly one-half, were lawyers; thirteen were planters and farmers, the former being wealthy land-owners rather than practical agriculturists; nine were merchants; five, physicians; two, mechanics; one was a clergyman, one a mariner and one a surveyor. Many of these were engaged in mingled pursuits, and nearly all were more or less interested in agriculture. The age of the signers at the date of the Declaration exhibited a singularly just representation of the different stages of human life. The mass of them were in the most vigorous season of existence, forty-one out of the fifty-six being between the ages of thirty and fifty years, while the youngest (Rutledge) was twenty-seven, and the eldest (Franklin) seventy years of age. Of the document itself little need be said. It sets forth the causes for separation in language so firm, yet so moderate—so dignified yet so forcible—that no words of praise from critic or historian can add to the effect produced upon any one who reads it. We therefore, without further comment, give the reader an opportunity to peruse the—

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

A DECLARATION BY THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, IN CONGRESS ASSEMBLED, ADOPTED JULY 4, 1776.

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly, all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of

abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present king of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these States. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good. He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operations till his assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the Legislature—a right inestimable to them and formidable to tyrants only. He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable and distant from the repository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people. He has refused for a long time after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected, whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large for their exercise, the State remaining, in the meantime, exposed to all the dangers of invasions from without and convulsions within.

He has endeavored to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose obstructing the laws for the naturalization of foreigners, refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

He has obstructed the administration of justice, by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers. He has made judges dependent on his will alone for the tenure of their offices and the amount of payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers to harass our people and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us in times of peace standing armies, without the consent of our Legislatures.

He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to, the civil power.

He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitutions and unacknowledged by our laws, giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation: For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us; For protecting them, by a mock trial, from punishment for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these States;

For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world; For imposing taxes on us without our consent;

For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury; For transporting us beyond seas to be tried for pretended offences;

For abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies: For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws and altering fundamentally the forms of our governments;

For suspending our own legislatures and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated government here by declaring us out of his protection and waging war against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burned our towns and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is at this time transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to complete the works of death, desolation and tyranny already begun with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow-citizens taken captive on the high seas to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren or to fall themselves by their hands.

He has incited domestic insurrection among us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes and conditions.

In every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms; our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in our attentions to our British brethren. We have warned them, from time to time, of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our immigration and settlement here; we have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation, and hold them as we hold the rest of mankind—enemies in war—in peace, friends.

We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in general Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the

name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare that these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as free and independent States, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce and do all other acts and things which independent States may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor.

Education.

(Continued from page 4.)

inant class do owe to the working class certain social obligations. Under the teachings of the Catholic Church they, without doubt, have become imbued with the idea that at least owes him a living, or at least the right of an opportunity to earn one. The right of private property, in a capitalist sense, doubtless, has not yet become to them a fetish, as it has to the American working class. They, however, capitalism is in the saddle in all the South and the American capitalist, if not already, at least soon expects to be, the dominant force in that island, from a property standpoint. In the foot steps of capitalism follows, sooner or later, over-production as a result of under-consumption on the part of the working class, and for the most part, the inevitable industrial crisis or panic.

Taking these facts into consideration, can anyone conceive of the working class of Cuba during one of these crises starving in sight of the bursting warehouses and granaries their labor had produced? So long as the system is dominated by the old feudal idea of property rights, we answer—No. Then how can these people be made to worship at the shrine of private property and accept the idea that above all else it must be considered sacred, and again we answer by instilling into the minds of the capitalist, the fact that all may become propertyless, and that all may become capitalists; many can become millionaires, and for the bright boy there is an excellent opportunity to become president of the United States. To accomplish this task in the shortest possible time nothing can succeed like our free school system, which you can now see how the capitalist press is so interested in the education of the Cubans.

The American working class having breathed nothing but the atmosphere of capitalism for four generations, and the negro in the South having been stifled by the same for the past thirty years, we repeat, have come to look upon the institution of private property in the means of production as a fetish, standing head and shoulders above all others. To-day it is no longer necessary in this atmosphere, to spend millions of dollars to try to teach the masses, but into the minds of the rising generation, when it is and will be sucked in at the non-class conscious mother's breast; hence the explanation for the attitude of Charles V. Warner and others who can no longer see any utility in educating the negro in Cuba, and in the United States regarding the question? Our answer is, in Cuba they should take and utilize, without thanks, all the capitalist have to offer in the way of educational facilities, and at the same time use this education as a weapon to strike down the basis of their servitude, namely, private property in the implements of production and distribution, by voting the Socialist Labor Party ticket at each and every opportunity.

In this country the proletariat should fight to the bitter end any and all measures towards the disenfranchisement of the negro, and demand at each and every opportunity better and better educational facilities for themselves and their children. Capitalistic patriotism and capitalist social science, as taught in our schools and universities, should be frowned down by the working class in Cuba, and the United States regarding the question? Our answer is, in Cuba they should take and utilize, without thanks, all the capitalist have to offer in the way of educational facilities, and at the same time use this education as a weapon to strike down the basis of their servitude, namely, private property in the implements of production and distribution, by voting the Socialist Labor Party ticket at each and every opportunity.

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Pure and Simple Corruption.

(Continued from page 2.)

some night, and fall to talking to his sleep, and let us have a stenographer nearby to take down his sleeping thoughts. Whatever Capitalism touches, it corrupts. Among the employees of the Government Printing Office there are but few who would deliberately set out to pay every member of Congress as much for his vote in favor of a bill of this character. But after years of what along honest and legitimate lines they had failed to get their wages increased. Along comes a lobbyist like Jones with an offer to get them what they want for \$25 per head, and they do just what the capitalists from whom they take their cues do—they BUY LEGISLATION.

Columbia Typographical Union has long been a disgrace to organized labor. It is now and has never been anything more than a political club for getting politicians Government jobs. It has sheltered within its portals more labor fakers and all around capitalist hoodlums than any other union in the country, and that notorious Bull Pen adviser, John L. Kennedy, even now carries one of its membership cards.

And this record of its corruption is published in this hundred thousand edition of the DAILY PEOPLE in order that honest laboring men everywhere may know full well the moral standing of Columbia Typographical Union of Washington, D. C.

JULIAN FIENECH. A member of Columbia Typographical Union until January 3, 1900, and now a member of "Big Six" in New York city.

THE NEW PLATFORM

Will not be distributed until the acts of the convention have been ratified by a general vote. The returns from the vote will not be in for three or four weeks. In the meantime, the leaflet

WHAT IS SOCIALISM?

Is a good propaganda material as can be obtained. It contains the platform, with instructive comments on the same. We can supply it in English, in French, in German and in Italian at \$1.50 per thousand. NEW YORK LABOR NEWS CO., 2-6 New Beale street.

DAILY PEOPLE.

INAGURATED WITH A NON-STER PARADE.

Starts from 89th Street—Marches along the Way Down to the Daily People Square Amidst Fire Rockets—Gathers into an Open Air Mass Meeting—Enthusiastic Speeches—First Copies of the Paper Received Amid Wild Cheers.

Did you ever see a parade of New York Socialists? Not such a one as passed the DAILY PEOPLE Building last night! Never again will there be quite such a demonstration, or for quite such a purpose. There they were, five thousand strong, with bands, banners and transparencies, the pick of the American proletariat, fired with all the enthusiasm of a great cause.

The streets were lined with spectators, cheering, jostling, yelling encouragement at the top of their lungs. There was a perfect stream of fireworks, and the crimson flag of the working-class floated and flouted defiantly in the flood light. Such men and women march through the streets of a city on no other occasion.

Those who did not know its cause stood in amazement. Usually a parade is a most perfunctory affair. On this night everybody connected with it took the most intense delight in the whole proceeding. As they rounded the corner leading to the PEOPLE Building there was an outburst of cheers that rose like a mighty cresting wave, sweeping all before it. The cormorants on Newspaper Row heard, and trembled. The thousand sturdy workmen were ebullient with joy on the birth of the new Socialist daily; ten thousand workmen were sounding the knell of journalistic corruption and treason.

After the paraders had circled the building they joined with the already large crowd before the PEOPLE Building editorial rooms, and again they cheered. Paul Dinger then ascended the platform, and Carlos, Katz, Hunter, Schoed, Hickey and others sent the red blood coursing through the hearts of the audience. Every time the word, DAILY PEOPLE was mentioned, there was renewed cheering, and the new additions to the crowd soon burned with the same enthusiasm that had sent our organized thousands marching through miles of New York streets.

Party organizations from far and near were present with their bands and drum corps. Party speakers told the story of the difficulties that had been met and overcome. To-day the DAILY PEOPLE tells the world that the new movement surrounding its birth harbinger the growth of the Socialist movement; the solidification of the working class; the elimination of all reactionary weakness; the death of the capitalist press."

The first congratulatory telegram was received from Canton, Ohio, "McKibben's Home," and after that they came in thick and fast. When the last one was read, and when the last speaker had left the platform, the crowd, hoarse and weary, still lingered.

The staff ground away; the linotypes rattled, and the great press whirled. Still the crowd stayed. As the hands of the clock slowly turned to the small hours of the morning, the crowd slowly pressed nearer and nearer to the doors. Then there was a mighty, overpowering rush, and another wild cheer. One point was the center of agitation, and all seemed determined to reach it. It continued for over an hour, and as the crowd melted away it left a half dozen newboys, without papers, and with very little vitality left, but with increased knowledge of the avidity with which Socialists can buy papers. They were not content with one each; ten each, and in some cases fifty, went to one man, and the only thing that limited the purchase of the first issue of the DAILY PEOPLE was the system against which the PEOPLE is the strongest protest. The morning light had already reddened the house-tops when the last Socialist, tired and exhausted, but still full of fight, left the DAILY PEOPLE office, glad that he had taken part in the greatest event since the declaration of independence.

Pure and Simple Corruption.

(Continued from page 2.)

some night, and fall to talking to his sleep, and let us have a stenographer nearby to take down his sleeping thoughts. Whatever Capitalism touches, it corrupts. Among the employees of the Government Printing Office there are but few who would deliberately set out to pay every member of Congress as much for his vote in favor of a bill of this character. But after years of what along honest and legitimate lines they had failed to get their wages increased. Along comes a lobbyist like Jones with an offer to get them what they want for \$25 per head, and they do just what the capitalists from whom they take their cues do—they BUY LEGISLATION.

Columbia Typographical Union has long been a disgrace to organized labor. It is now and has never been anything more than a political club for getting politicians Government jobs. It has sheltered within its portals more labor fakers and all around capitalist hoodlums than any other union in the country, and that notorious Bull Pen adviser, John L. Kennedy, even now carries one of its membership cards.

And this record of its corruption is published in this hundred thousand edition of the DAILY PEOPLE in order that honest laboring men everywhere may know full well the moral standing of Columbia Typographical Union of Washington, D. C.

JULIAN FIENECH. A member of Columbia Typographical Union until January 3, 1900, and now a member of "Big Six" in New York city.

THE NEW PLATFORM

Will not be distributed until the acts of the convention have been ratified by a general vote. The returns from the vote will not be in for three or four weeks. In the meantime, the leaflet

WHAT IS SOCIALISM?

Is a good propaganda material as can be obtained. It contains the platform, with instructive comments on the same. We can supply it in English, in French, in German and in Italian at \$1.50 per thousand. NEW YORK LABOR NEWS CO., 2-6 New Beale street.

