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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1904.

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CONGRESSIONAL

SENATE MEMORIAL ADDRESSES ON THE LATE SENATOR HANNA.

Poetry and Eulogy Lavished in the Memory of the Friend of Perry Heath, the Dodger of Taxes, the Would-be Looter of the Federal Treasury and the Founder of the Fishy Civic Federation.

We learn that the custom among the Egyptians of holding a post-mortem examination of the deceased person's life was highly conducive to the morality and the stability of the state. The post-mortem examination was severe. The deceased person's every act was scrutinized, and freely was testimony admitted. In that way virtues were extolled, vices were condemned, and the final funeral oration rendered exact justice—to the departed and to society. It was to all present a spur to virtue and a threat against vice. Whatever might happen on the last and heavenly day of judgment, all felt that there was a certain and sure day of judgment on earth, when the bright spots and the dark spots of a man's life would be brought out before interment and judgment passed upon him accordingly. We also learn that the relaxation of the pristine strictness observed at the Egyptian post mortem examination kept even step with the nation's decline; it was a symptom; until the day came when the post mortem examinations wholly ceased to be what they were, and changed into the exact opposite—encouragers of vice, discouragers of virtue. Those were the days when the judgment passed upon the deceased was controlled, not by the facts, but by the power of the position he held and his family continued to hold.

We have had no such post mortem examinations in America, in the strict sense of the word. Nevertheless, by parity of reasoning, ominous conclusions must be drawn from performances that the Senate Chamber was the theatre of on the 7th inst., on the occasion of the memorial addresses delivered on the late Senator Hanna. The homely wisdom of Don Quixote, expressed at a certain ticklish pass in his adventures with Sancho Panza, would have been eminently fit on the occasion—"Better not stir it!" But the Senate did "stir it."

Senator Scott, for instance, praised the virtues of the deceased, pronounced him "immortal," and clinched the point with verse:
"To Live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die."
Query—Is it of no importance whose hearts it is a man lives in? Unquestionably the heart of Perry Heath, the gentleman whom the law of limitations protected against prosecution for complicity in the postal scandals, and whom Senator Hanna kept, despite all, at the post of Secretary of the Republican National Executive Committee,—undoubtedly his heart keeps green the memory of the departed!

Senator Perkins also seemed to have the Perry Heaths in mind, when he shed tears over "departed friends" saying:
"Friend after friend departs;
Who has not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end."
Exactly what the Perry Heaths must be thinking—and mourning their loss.

Then there was Senator Elkins. According to him Senator Hanna was a god-like man of giant stature. This point he condensed in these lines of poetry:
"For tho' the giant ages heave the hill
And break the shore, and evermore
Make and break, and work their will;
Though world on world in myriad myriads roll
Round us, each with different powers
And other forms of life than ours,
What know we greater than the soul?
On God and god-like men we build our trust."
Query—Was the giant work of dodging taxes to the extent of having property owned by Senator Hanna and worth \$10,000,000, appraised at \$500,000—was that giant work "god-like?" Or was the subsequent work of having the law so changed that the State Government, controlled by him, received the power tooust the tax appraisers who got onto

him,—was that "god-like?" Or was the attempt to loot the United States Treasury of millions to subsidize his ship industry, was that attempt on the part of a "Socialist-killer" who talks "individualism" and "anti-paternalism"—was that "god-like?"

To take one more instance, there was Senator Daniel; he also winged his thoughts with poetry—they all did over the prosaic Hanna. Said Daniel to illuminate the mightiness of Hanna's intellect:
"Chaucer, at Woodstock with the night-ingles,
At sixty wrote the Canterbury Tales;
Goethe at Weimar, toiling to the last,
Completed Faust when eighty years were past.
These are indeed exceptions; but they show
How far the gulf stream of our youth
may flow
Into the arctic regions of our lives,
Where little else but life itself survives."

Query—Is the Civic Federation a counterpart of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales and Goethe's Faust? Faust and the Canterbury Tales display powerful and noble minds; can the same be said of the Civic Federation—an impossible scheme, if honestly meant, to harmonize the vampire, Capital, and its victim, Labor; or a Jerry Sneak's scheme to debauch the workers?

That eulogies, and such fulsome ones, are pronounced in memory of a Hanna portends nothing good to the living;—nor is there much consolation in the thought that if the spirit of the ex-Senator's hovered around the Senate hall, it must have writhed in spiritual agony at hearing so much poetry lavished upon it, so much time devoted to idealism. It must have whispered itself hoarse whispering the request: "Stop your poetry, talk dollars and cents and practiced wire-pulling!"

MISSOURI S. E. C.

Meeting called to order by Comrade Bilbarrow. All members present. Minutes of previous meeting adopted.

Communications: From Comrade Blake-more, Lanforth, Mo., and Comrade Howard, acknowledging receipt of tickets, also pertaining to ticket for coming election. From Tanner, enclosing \$2 for due stamps. All placed on file.

Reports: Comrade Nickmann reports having sent tickets to Kansas City; also having visited St. Charles Sunday last. Comrades McHugh and Knight having organized a workingman's club in that town, numbering seven members. Sent leaflets to Minnen Mines and Topoka.

Auditing Committee requests extension of time on Vaughan-Pierson fund. Granted.

All Sections heard from on delegate and alternate to National Convention. Kansas City made no nomination.

Unfinished business: Moved that, inasmuch as there are only one delegate and one alternate to the National Convention, namely, Billsbarrow and Dieckmann, these candidates be elected. Carried.

Comrade Danne was elected recording secretary.

Financial:
Balance on hand.....\$7.78
Receipts N. C. due stamps..... 1.92
\$9.70

Expense, March 22, sample Weekly People.....\$3.00
Expense, March 22, subs. Weekly People..... 3.05 6.05

Balance.....\$3.65

Geo. Danner, Rec. Sec.

P. S.—Owing to an oversight, financial report was omitted from last report.

St. Louis, Mo., April 5. G. D.

COLLINSVILLE'S INCREASED VOTE.

Collinsville, Ill., April 6.—The S. L. P. polled the following vote in the township election yesterday: For Assistant Supervisor, A. P. Sands, 39; last year, 27. Assessor, Moses Fennell, 47; Town Clerk, Wm. Cox, 55.

It was discovered (and the fact is being talked about to-day) that 39 straight ballots were cast for the S. L. P. candidates. Notwithstanding that there was a hot fight on between the five candidates for Collector, not one of them was voted for by the 39 who cast these ballots; hence we can count 39 clear votes here.

BUFFALO LECTURE.

Sunday, April 17.—Mr. John D. Golden, on "William Morris as a Socialist and Craftsman."

At 3.15 p. m. under the auspices of the Labor Lyceum, in Florence Parlors, 527 Main, near Genesee street.

MILWAUKEE S. L. P.

Despite Social Democratic Slander, Polls 3,587 Votes.

Big Increase As Result of a Clear-Cut Campaign—Social Democrats, By Pursuing Radical Bourgeois Municipal Tactics, Elect a Few More Borne Aldermen.

Milwaukee, Wis., April 6.—The Socialist Labor Party's vote at yesterday's municipal election, after a campaign of clear-as-a-pike Socialism, rose, from 211 votes in 1902, to 3,587 yesterday.

The Social Democratic campaign was conducted upon the radical bourgeois municipal reform plan. There was not a line printed, or a sentence spoken by them that taught Socialism. In fact, they avoided teaching Socialism as one would avoid the pest: It might interfere with their prospect of catching votes. They expected to carry (!) the city. Theirs was a regular fly-paper campaign.

But they also betrayed their kinship to the betrayers of the working class. The S. L. P. was a thorn in their flank. They stood rebuked by its clean and sound campaign. They could not ignore it. How did they recognize it? By arguing against its arguments, or meeting its documentary indictment? No! Simply by slandering! Slandering again! Still more slander! All the slanderous epithets and charges brought against the S. L. P. by the scabby crew of the Gompers crowd were rehashed, and its papers printed every trashy lie against the S. L. P. that ever was gotten up. The result shows with what effect. The S. L. P. redeemed over 3,000 workmen and multiplied its vote more than fifteen times, while the Social Democratic vote comes mainly from the middle class. They claim 17,000 votes. Erhabs, they got that, and they affect great joy. Fact is, they are bitterly disappointed. Their increase, even if they got 17,000, is trifling. They expected to elect the Mayor; they only elected a few Aldermen—who will furnish them a few more Borne to have to repudiate afterward. Whatever intelligent workingman, who had a chance to hear the S. L. P. side, and still had a doubt, was sent over the line to us by the Social Democratic slanders.

THE PEOPLE said sometime ago to the Social Democracy: "Git up, horsey!"—so say we all! The horsey is all that is needed to convince the workmen that the S. L. P. is their party. It helped us here—over 3,000 workmen are rejoicing over the fact.

Milwaukee, Wis., April 7.—The following is the detailed S. L. P. vote cast in the municipal election on April 5:

FOR MAYOR.		1904.	1902.
		F. R. Wilke.	Hans Hillmann.
1st Ward.....	44	1	1
2d Ward.....	154	10	10
3d Ward.....	17	2	2
4th Ward.....	61	2	2
5th Ward.....	136	2	2
6th Ward.....	129	22	22
7th Ward.....	31	2	2
8th Ward.....	95	5	5
9th Ward.....	287	21	21
10th Ward.....	233	16	16
11th Ward.....	357	13	13
12th Ward.....	247	7	7
13th Ward.....	259	19	19
14th Ward.....	233	19	19
15th Ward.....	120	3	3
16th Ward.....	25	2	2
17th Ward.....	83	6	6
18th Ward.....	72	4	4
19th Ward.....	123	6	6
20th Ward.....	314	26	26
21st Ward.....	518	15	15
22d Ward.....	426	4	4
23d Ward.....	295	2	2

3,615 211

Our candidates were on the ballot as individual nominations. Voting machines were used for the first time in this election.

Victor L. Berger, S. D. P. candidate for Mayor, received 15,333 votes, in 1902, 8,453 votes. The S. D. P. elected nine Aldermen and four Supervisors.

The S. L. P. is now an official party in Milwaukee, and will appear as such on the ballots in the next municipal election—1906.

Three cheers for the fighting S. L. P.!

Hartford, Ct., April 5.—For Mayor the S. L. P. polls 68. In 1902 the S. L. P. polled 118 votes. The vote of the Bogus Socialists was 531 in 1902; now it is 369.

If you receive a sample copy of this paper it is an invitation to subscribe.

HARTFORD ELECTION.

Results in the Defeat of "Labor" Mayor Sullivan—The Cause of It.

Hartford, Conn., April 4.—Favored with a beautiful day, our city election has come to a close, and has again verified the old adage that, if fair weather prevails, the Republicans will win. But whether the weather has anything to do with it or not, the fact is that Judge Henney, a corporation lawyer, has been elected Mayor of Hartford, and, consequently, the Democratic "Labor" Mayor, Sullivan, who was running against him, has been defeated.

The city of Hartford, one of the richest of its kind, has swung back again into the Republican line. No more is a Democratic "Labor" Mayor at its head, and very likely the election of such a Mayor will not happen so easily again. That it could happen two years ago is anything but a credit to the labor movement, and merely shows what sort of overgrown children the average workmen are in political affairs. To make this plain, the following few lines may not be amiss. They may, at the same time, refresh the memory of those who eventually may learn by experience.

If both old parties are considered corrupt, with a distinction, then the Democratic party had carried off the palm in city affairs, and for this reason there would not be any chance for them to elect a Mayor except the Republicans would have shown openly the same corruption. Such were the conditions two years ago. Knowing this, some delegates of the Central Labor Union started that "famous" "Economic League," not, however, as may be supposed at the expressed will of their constituency, ah, no! It was a sort of a back-stairs affair, all their own. For if it had been by the authority of their constituency, these self-styled delegates to that "League" would be under certain control and responsibility, but a genuine labor fakir shuns that as much as the proverbial devil shuns holy water. Everybody who knows the average pure and simple trades unionists knows that they would take one for the other, or both combined, and that was just what these labor fakirs wished.

They, therefore, set to work with a vim, and managed affairs in such a way that a certain number of these "Leaguers" could participate in the Democratic caucus. As stated above, the Democrats were in a fix, yet their machine opposed the nomination of Sullivan, but finally he was accepted.

The Republican machine, being cocksure of success, had nominated a man who was not known at all in general, except that he was his father's son. But in doing this it had slighted another Republican faction, that favored the re-nomination of the then Mayor. This split in the Republican ranks favored Sullivan more than anything else, and thus he became Mayor.

As Mayor, Sullivan has done as much, or as little, as any of his predecessors, perhaps somewhat less, for the simple reason that the majority of the City Council was always opposed to him. Herein lies the eminent lesson for the working class; for if it is able to elect a "Labor" Mayor, the same number of votes will also elect a majority of the City Council. But this was not done, and, therefore, demonstrates what big political children these workmen are. If they had voted for "principle," as some boldly proclaim, then it merely shows that there was no "principle" in it at all, or those claimers have not the least idea what a principle is, otherwise they could not have voted for opposing forces at one and the same time. But for this disgusting feature of workmen's politics, none is to blame more than Sullivan himself, and the other labor fakirs, for they are the ones who maintain the right to vote as every one pleases, for the so-called "best" man, just as if political parties were maintained for the fun and pleasure of any man, "best" or bad. As a matter of fact, no political party will or can allow such nonsense. The material interests of a party is organized to foster and to maintain must and will be carried into effect every time, whether the men be "best" or worst.

As we predicted two years ago, such a nonsensical and shameless fraud as that "Economic League" was could not be used a second time. The thing is not even mentioned any more, and "our" ex-"Labor" Mayor was running this time simply as a Democratic candidate. So here it is shown again that Sullivan succeeded in climbing into office over the backs of the workmen, as many others have done before him. Argus.

VASSALBORO STRIKE

WEAVERS OF L. A. 392, S. T. & L. A. STILL FIGHTING WITH DETERMINATION TO WIN

Men Whose Ancestors Fought for Freedom Getting Taste of Capitalist "Liberty"—High Handed Bluster and Sneaking Treachery Alike Used to Defeat Strikers—Men Won't Scare.

(Special to The Daily People.)

North Vassalboro, Me., April 6.—The bravely-fought strike of the woolen and worsted weavers of L. A. 392, S. T. & L. A., against the unbearable conditions sought to be imposed upon them by the brutal officials of the mills of the American Woolen Company, is furnishing the wage slaves and residents of North Vassalboro with a vivid illustration of the bitterness of the class struggle such as they have never before encountered. The unscrupulous methods which the capitalists and their henchmen will stoop to, the relentless cruelty with which they carry out their plans and the bitter hatred of the working class they exhibit when it is a question of grinding more profits from the bones of the class which they affect to so heartily despise, are all being brought home to the workers of this vicinity in a way that is causing the more intelligent of them to fling back contempt for contempt, and display their manhood and womanhood by defiantly refusing to be crushed or bulldozed.

That the weavers of this town are putting up a brave fight can be seen when one considers what it means to persons who have lived for years, or perhaps all their lives, in the place, to find that unless they can compel their exploiters to let up, they will have to seek a living in distant towns. However, the weavers are confident of winning, and are determined to fight it out. Many of them declare they will leave the town if necessary rather than give in, so indignant are they over the many mean tricks resorted to by the representatives of the American Woolen Company in their efforts to scare and defeat the weavers—but they don't scare, and are a long way from being defeated.

Despite all the efforts of the bosses to get scabs, after all these weeks, out of a total of 105 looms, but 20 are running, and nearly half of those at a dead loss to the concern, at that.

Eight of those looms are being run by learners, who are getting paid to make a show of doing something. What their bluff amounts to is shown by the fact that twelve cuts of cloth have been already totally spoiled by them and had to be sent to the shoddy mill to be picked into wool again and made up into shoddy, no small item when it is considered that the cuts range from 56 to 85 yards in length and the market price of the cloth from \$1.50 to \$2.50 per yard. Other cuts have been turned off in such a state as to need days of "mending" to make them fit to sell. Thus it will be seen that the attempt to break our strike is a costly one for the enemy, and they have made practically no headway, as far as getting their mill going is concerned. Besides the expense for the few miserable strike-breakers, they have spent money like water to offset our plans or to make trouble for us.

The names of some of our ancestors can be found on the rolls of honor of those who fought and died in the War of Independence, and freedom from the yoke of King George. As instances of the kind of "freedom" their descendants are enjoying up here in the good old State of Maine, under the rule of the robber capitalist class, let me relate a few of the tricks resorted to by the agents of the American Woolen Company since this strike began. L. A. 392 had been making its headquarters in a building owned by one Samuel Williams, of Boston, but standing on land belonging to the American Woolen Company.

The agent of the mills, while in Boston, notified Williams that if he did not stop the striking weavers from meeting in the building he would be compelled to order him to move it off the company's land. The result is, we now have to hire the Town Hall if we want to hold a meeting. Another high-handed piece of capitalist "freedom" bestowed on us was the attempt to get the railroad company to

refuse transportation to those who secured work out of town, and are in the habit of coming home on Saturday nights. It is said that they even threatened to find other means of bringing in their freight. However, the trains used are mail trains, and cannot very well be taken off the schedule, and the railroad people as yet will hardly dare to refuse transportation to citizens of the State.

We are being continually watched and harassed in the hope of getting an opportunity to arrest some of us on one pretext or another. Four officers are on duty at the mills, and a deputy and six officers in the village.

In pursuance of this game, a strike-breaker was sent out last Wednesday with the deliberate purpose of picking a row with Comrade Conroy. Upon meeting Conroy, the scab struck him in the face and ran down the road. Of course Conroy, aroused by the insult, gave chase, but just as he caught the rascal and knocked him down, he was set upon by a bunch of scabs in waiting for that purpose, and badly beaten. The next thing he knew he was arrested on a warrant sworn out by the very fellows who had assaulted him, and was fined \$10 and costs, a total of \$20.50, this despite the fact that his blackened eyes and battered appearance was proof of the correctness of his story. Of course, the American Woolen Company controls the courts as well as everything else in the town. Another comrade had to pay \$12.50 over getting in a row with a scab who was flinging vile epithets at the comrade's sister. Unlike the Conroy case, this thug had no "gang," and received the sound thrashing he deserved. The comrade has appealed, and will show that he will fight in the courts as well to defend the women of his family from the degenerate pets of the American Woolen Company.

Speaking of degenerate pets, the other day a young girl telephoned to Superintendent Williams of the mills, telling him that she was 19 years old and good-looking, and would like a job weaving if he would give her a good loom and good work, such as he used to give a certain other girl she named, who was "very close" to him. Of course, he jumped at the proposition, but the girl, after drawing him on, gave him the laugh and told the story.

We know that the agent is getting very nervous over the firm stand taken by the weavers, and has told a certain person that he will either have to close the mill, give into the weavers, or find some way of fooling them into returning without getting their demands. He finds he cannot get along without the old hands, and the depopulation movement now started is scaring him. Some thirty families have already picked up and moved to other centres, and more will do so rather than submit.

As stated in a former letter, enough of natives can't be had to play scab, and the outsiders wouldn't stay up here under normal conditions. This puts Mr. Jealous and his plans in a bad hole. The vigilance and determination of the members of L. A. 392 and their friends is disturbing the poor fellow's slumbers.

From what has been stated, it will be seen that we are putting up the best fight we know how, and bravely teaching our exploiters a lesson as well as learning a thing or two ourselves. Such experiences are valuable educators, and breeders of revolutionary spirit that will not fail to bring forth good fruit when the time for the final demolition of the capitalist system, with its robber tyrants in the woolen and every other industry, arrives.

The publicity given our strike in the columns of The People has been of considerable assistance to us in divers ways, and we would again urge upon its readers to assist and encourage the hardy band of men and women involved in this fight, and back them up in their determination—now so near attainment—to compel the mill officials to give in or get to other towns and compel the mill to shut down.

As an indication of the contempt of the strikers for those against whom they are fighting, we append the following, which is being circulated here under the title of

"THE SCABS' PRAYER":

"Our father who art in the mill office, Jealous is thy name, may thy scabs come to come. Thy will be done throughout the village as it is in thy scab mill. Give us this day our daily crust of bread and forgive us for asking so much, as we forgive the insults thou hast heaped upon us. Grant us, O Father, a small bit of butter each day. May we always bow in humble submission to thy will, for to
(Continued on Page Six.)

CALIFORNIAN EVENTS

IN THE LABOR WORLD ARE VERY NUMEROUS AND BITTERLY FOUGHT.

The Citizens' Alliance and the S. F. Labor Council—Strikes in Eureka, Sacramento and Other Towns—Lithographers Out—S. L. P. Doing Good Work.

San Francisco, March 29.—The unusual rainfall with which California has been visited this spring has had a depressing effect upon the State, especially in the northern part, where the floods are doing much damage. This, of course, materially affects the labor market here. The San Francisco Labor Council reports building operations slack in the city, owing, no doubt, to the constant fall of rain.

The event of the month in California has been the rising into local prominence of the Citizens' Alliance. The enviable part lately played by that honorable institution in Telluride, Colo., and elsewhere, has evidently aroused its co-workers in this vicinity to emulation.

The Citizens' Alliance of San Francisco is an association of 14,000 persons, organized for "protection against boycott, coercion, persecution of non-union labor and other usurpations and oppressive acts of the unions." This body is now engaged in a lawsuit against the Cooks, the Waiters' and the Cooks' Helpers' Unions, because of their recent boycott of Puná's restaurant, on Mason street.

The following resolutions, passed by the S. F. Labor Council a week or so ago, speaks for itself:

"Whereas, The history of the labor movement clearly shows that its most inveterate enemies have always been found in the ranks of the commercial and trading class, who, as individuals, have at all times, strenuously opposed any effort on the part of the actual wealth producers to better their condition; and whereas, this tendency has at last developed into an organized body known as the Citizens' Alliance, the avowed purpose of which is to disrupt and destroy all labor organizations, and thereby render the great mass of wage earners absolutely powerless to defend themselves against the forces of organized greed and rapacity; therefore be it

"Resolved, By the San Francisco Labor Council, in regular session assembled, that a committee of five be appointed by the chair to draft a system of co-operative commercialism that will render organized labor and its sympathizers of said Citizens' Alliance, and that such matter be referred by this body to all affiliated unions."

The whole building industry of Sacramento has been practically tied up for the past week. This strike seems to be due, in a great measure, to a disagreement between the Sacramento Citizens' Alliance and the Building Trades Council.

Eureka and other coast towns have been seriously affected by a strike of the Steam Schooners' Engineers. There is a rumor current that this affair has been settled, but nothing definite has been given to the public. No settlement has as yet been reached in the strike of the Federated Trades at Stockton.

The Oakland butchers are still out.

The San Francisco lithographers, lithographic artists, engravers and designers have obeyed the orders of their international union in refusing to sign a certain arbitration agreement presented by their employers, and are now either striking or locked out, as the case may be.

The cannemakers' strike is not yet settled, and the Union Theatre is still under boycott.

The vice-president of the International Union of Painters has come to San Francisco to render his decision in regard to the dispute in the local union here.

The members of the Free Speech League have voted to eschew halls and betake themselves to the street corners, where they will hereafter hold four meetings a week.
Section San Francisco, S. L. P., held a rousing Commune celebration this year. The affair was a success in every way. The Section is making plans for new and more aggressive work, to begin as soon as the rainy season is over.

FRANZ VON SICKINGEN

A Tragedy in Five Acts

Translated from the German of Ferdinand Lassalle by
DANIEL DE LEON

Copyright 1904 by the New York Labor News Company

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

It is not the grandeur of its conception, nor its mechanical perfection, nor yet the sublimity of its diction, in short, it is not its literary merits that have driven me—for driven I was—to undertake the translation of Lassalle's "Franz von Sickingen." In all these features English literature is abundantly wealthy. Happy he who has the taste and time to drink at that rich fount. Translations into English, even the best, would be a wasteful taking of coal to Newcastle.

Franz von Sickingen was a distinguished German knight—distinguished in wealth, in character, in genius and in arms—on that borderland of the world's events when the scroll of the Middle Ages was being rolled up, and the scroll of Modern History began to unroll. Sickingen's stature is almost legendary. His mind and heart were fired by the rays of the rising sun. The aim he set to himself, and which he devised jointly with Ulrich von Hutten, had he succeeded, would have saved Germany the devastating Thirty Years' War, unified the nation along a direct and less thorny path than it was forced to travel, and materially changed the history of Europe for the better of mankind. He failed. He had a purpose firm, but the rock on which he suffered shipwreck was to fail to make his purpose known. Impossible as it was to conceal his purpose from the detection of the keen instinct of the usurpator elements to whom his success meant destruction, nothing was easier than its concealment from the masses, to whom his success meant salvation. Assailed by the former, who penetrated his designs, and left in the lurch by the latter, to whom his designs remained a secret, Sickingen went down.

In these our own days of transition, when individuality—before taking the imminent leap that will enable it to bloom as never before in the history of man—is reduced to a minimum; when the modern machine-compelled interdependence of man upon man—that is the earnest of civilized manhood—has for its present effect the nipping of self-reliance; when the present vastness of wealth producible—that is the pledge of a social system where, untrammelled by the brute's requirement of arduous toil for physical existence, the intellect can freely spread its wings—now bears the ashen fruit of tongue-tying the intellectual lest the physical part of man pay the penalty;—in such days as these no tactical maxim of conduct has the value of that which this tragedy of Lassalle's preaches, whose observance it enjoins, and whose neglect it superbly warns against. With a majestic historic setting, draped in poetic elegance, and planted upon a pedestal of golden maxims that converge upwards, and illumine the principle itself, "Franz von Sickingen" raises in thrilling yet statuesque solemnity the principle—not merely to have a purpose firm, but also to dare to MAKE IT KNOWN.

So demoralizing on the will are the economic conditions that this generation is traversing, and so vital is the lesson in the tragedy of "Franz von Sickingen" to expedite the transition from the present to the better era that is beckoning our race, that I undertook the arduous task of rendering this work into English, undeterred even by the additional difficulty of preserving, as needs had to be preserved, the metrical garb—blank verse, or unrhymed meter, of standard lines of iambic pentameter—in which the original is decked. On this score my apprehensions were silenced by the thought that the best part of poetry is ever translatable, and will shine even through an imperfect rendition, while the substance remains in unimpaired lustre.

To "Franz von Sickingen" pre-eminently applies what, on the occasion of other translations I have said before regarding other works—this work deserves the broader field of the Socialist or Labor Movements of the English-speaking world, hereby afforded to it; and inversely, the Socialist or Labor Movements of the English-speaking world, entitled to the best, and none too good, that the Movement produces in other languages, can not but profit by the work, hereby rendered accessible to them.

New York, April 9, 1904.

DANIEL DE LEON.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

EMPEROR CHARLES V.
ELECTOR LUDWIG, of the Palatinate, Palgrave and Duke.
RICHARD VON GREIFENKLAU, Archbishop and Elector of Treves.
PHILIP, Landgrave of Hesse.
The Papal Cardinal-Legate.
HANS REINER, Imperial Minister and Councilor.
FRANZ VON SICKINGEN.
ULRICH VON HUTTEN.
COUNT WILLIAM VON FURSTENBERG.
COUNT EITHELFRITZ VON ZOLLERN.
BROWIN VON HUTTEN, Grandmaster and Chamberlain of Elector-
Archbishop Albrecht of Mayence.
KNIGHT PHILIP VON RUDENHEIM.
KNIGHT HENRICH VON SCHWAZENBERG.
KNIGHT WILLIAM VON WALDECK.
KNIGHT HENRY VON DRAX.
KNIGHT PHILIP VON TURCKHEIM.
KNIGHT WOLF VON DALBERG.
KNIGHT VON BENNINGER.
KNIGHT VON FALKENSTEIN.
KNIGHT HARMUTH VON KRONBERG.
KNIGHT FRITZ VON SOMMERFELD.
KNIGHT HILCHEN LOSCH.
OEROLAMPADIUS, Lutheran Chaplain in Sickingen's household.
BALTHASAR SLOER, Sickingen's private secretary and confidential man.
CAPTAIN JOSEF VON AUOSBURG, Sickingen's master of ordnance.
JOS FRITZ, a peasant agitator.
MARIE, Sickingen's daughter.
COUNT SOLMS.
KURT, an attendant of Sickingen.
The Private Secretary of the Palgrave Ludwig.
A Knight of Treves.
A Captain of the Treves Lancers.
An Imperial Herald.
A Herald in the service of Sickingen.
An Inn-keeper.
An Armor-bearer.
A Physician.
Two Messengers.
Knights, lancers, monks, attendants, peasants, townsmen and women of Treves.

Friends and followers
of Sickingen.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A room in the castle of Ebernburg.

MARIE, folding away some needle-work, at which she was engaged.
BALTHASAR a man about sixty years of age, completely grey, but still in full vigor, and of clear, strong voice.

MARIE. I know not, Balthasar, my father is,
For some time since, not cheerful as before.
He, oft'ner than his wont, secludes himself.
And then, when letters come, I find
Most oft his brow with brooding clouds bedimmed.

BALTH. The consequence it is—you'll pardon me,
My habit ever was to speak straight out—
The consequence it is of his—own folly.

MARIE. How, Balthasar! Folly and my father?
And is it right to say so to his daughter?

BALTH. My gracious maid, a full-fledged lass,
You may well stand a word plain said.
Besides, you know full well, though you his daughter be,
You love not Franz more warmly than myself.

MARIE. (Reaching out her hand to him with tenderness.)
And that is true! You are a faithful servitor.

BALTH. A faithful servitor! What wonder!
I could not to myself be true
Were I aught else to him. When I was persecuted;
When, lustful after power, the magistrate of Worms
High-handed drove me out; 'gainst law and right
Dispoiled me of all my goods, and into a beggar turned me;—
Who was it that my quarrel then took up?
In vain I cried to Emp'r'r and to realm!
The mighty city balked me everywhere:
The Emp'r'r needed it, and none dared venture
To break with it on my account.
Your father, then, I turned to in distress.
My faith! That was a counselor at law!
Another such the land does not contain!
He took me up, cross-questioned my behavior,
And when he saw that violence had been done me,
He simply said these words: "Well, Balthasar,
Sith not the pen may stand, be it they the sword!"
And as Worms laughed at his petition,
Refusing justice to my suit,
And arrogantly threatened him
With bans from Emp'r'r and from realm,
He took about ten thousand first-class reasons—
Pikes, I mean, my gracious maid—and drew
With them before the town of Worms, where he
Began to "demonstrate" and to "distinguish."
He knoweth how!

So well did he "distinguish" that the walls recoiled.
Nor Kaiser's anger, nor the danger himself ran
Could frighten him to drop my cause.
A scamp were he who such a favor could forget.

MARIE. You are a trusty, faithful soul!
BALTH. I thank you, gentle maid!—And yet, for all
These reasons and so very many more,
That to the knight bind fast my steady love,
My love does not my old eyes blind
To what I still must call—his folly.

MARIE. (Sportively.) Oh, now, I see you come back to th' assault;
There's something, master, sits upon your heart.
My father must, again, have had his way. (With comic pathos.)
Well, then, before our throne set forth your plea.
We ready are to hear you, faithful subject!
Right will be done to you!—On that
Take our imperial word.

BALTH. You badger,
Wanton girl! Yet all the same,
Old Balthasar is quite in earnest.—You know, my noble maid,
That Francis, France's king, has on your father
Bestowed the marshal's staff?

MARIE. (Continuing her assumed rôle of grandeur.)
We know as much.

BALTH. And do you know the manner how?
MARIE. [As above but somewhat embarrassed.] No—Yes—partly!
The cares of State have made us
Almost forget the incident.

BALTH. [Aside.] The charming monkey! Truly,
My grey hairs notwithstanding, I could kiss her.
[To Marie.] Now, hearken unto me:
It was, then, when your father Lorraine's duke
—The same who since became our ally—
O'ercome by arms;—when, thereupon,
For reasons highly just he warred 'gainst Metz,
And others there, like I myself in Worms,
Having been wronged, and having turned to him,
And he with twenty thousand men
On foot and twenty thousand horse,
Sat down before the place, and pressed it close,
So close that the besieged patricians were
Constrained to apologize and make redress—
'Twas then that series of processes drew
King Francis' eyes upon the knight, who, single-handed,
Without ado, could muster up such armies
As not himself the Emp'r'r could bring up
Without a mighty effort, and oft failed
To fetch a-field. He sought
To win him o'er; invited to Sedan
The knight; sent thither Count La Mark, also
The Duke of Bouillon and the Marquis of Fleuranges
To lead him through half France
With honors great, in princely style.
At last they took him to Amboise,
Where then King Francis held his court.
And, then, indeed, the wild carous began!
The King behaved as tho', without the knight,
He could not live; and at full court,
Himself a golden chain around his neck he placed,
And to the knight the marshal's staff delivered
With his own hands! The grandees were constrained
To act as if, for very love, they would devour him.
Nor was their wonder slight
At sight of Franz's cavalcade—
Behind him rode for retinue,
The choicest noblemen of Germany,
The realm's most mighty Counts
Far more illustrious than himself,
Of houses far more ancient—him they follow'd,
And built his noble guard.

MARIE. Us seems Sir plaintiff, that as yet
There is no cause for a complaint.

BALTH. 'Tis but the introduction!
MARIE. Please drop the introduction,
And to the subject! The process lasts too long.
Else from the court I must dismiss you!
[Laughing.] And I have yet to see to dinner.

BALTH. To that our Bridget will attend. Young lady,
You would not hold such language, had you seen
The brilliant ladies at the French King's court.

MARIE. [Quickly.] Indeed? They're handsome, do you think?
BALTH. [Quickly.] What hours, by my soul!

And talk they did that our mouths
Ran water. They all
Were wonderfully drilled, and constituted
The heavy ordnance wherewith King Francis
The steel-cased knight bombarded;—
For, sweet maid, our neighbors fashion 'tis
That women stand, no less than men,
At service of their King! But all that was
As with me now, so also with King Francis,

The introduction only. Kaiser Max was old,
His tribute soon to Nature would be due,
That was the point objective. King Francis speculated
Upon our crown imperial. Aye, already
The Palatine and him of Treves he had,
But well he knew that Franz, your father,
Tho' not the peer of any of the sev'n, who,
At Frankfurt, hold the privilege,
Yet when it comes t'elect, would cast a vote
As strong as all the seven put together.
Accordingly, when Kaiser Max his eyes did close,
King Francis sent a special envoy here
To Franz, the knight.—You surely could not
That ornate Frenchman from your mind have lost
Who then arrived at our Ebernburg?

MARIE. [Laughing.] Oh! whether I recall him! Velvety
And silken, gold-brocaded was his jacket.
I would have feared the man to touch
For fear I spoiled his gear. Indeed,
He was, of men, the handsomest I ever saw,
If he but held his tongue! When that he wagged—
Then all was o'er! Such compliments he paid me—
More pointed far than were his pointed shoes,
So sugar-sweet, it was no easy thing
For me to keep from laughing outright in his face.
Poor man, to bring his whole supply
Of monkey-tricks from Paris
And waste them here! I gladly would
Have packed up for him all his costly sweets,
And kept him free from loss with us!

BALTH. Although the man displeased you, miss,—
He was of mighty lineage and distinguished house.
What mattered what he spoke—
To please you he'd have held his tongue.
You two a stately couple would have made.

MARIE. Oh, Balthasar! On that you're inexpert.
With us, the women, so the saying goes,
The soul sits in the eye. May be. I do not know
And yet I know,—
It sits upon the tongue of man.

BALTH. Indeed?
Have you your studies made in that?
Perchance experience gathered on the head?

MARIE. (Blushing.) Oh, Balthasar, how you run on!
I know you understand me well enough,
But force yourself to misinterpret me.
The man, I mean, whom noble thoughts possess,
Makes himself, by his own words known to us.
The hour, as well and more than what he says,
Reveals to us the inner soul of man.

BALTH. Hm! Hm!
I see!—At Albrecht's, the Elector's Mayence court,
Where you a while sojourned,
Where arts and sciences bloom luxuriantly,
Oh, there, I see, the thoughts of these new times
Have made their lodgment in your head. But yesterday,
A German knight knew but about stout blows:
They now must also have stout minds.—Well, well,
I blame, you not, young lady. Myself,
Am heartily pleased to see the change!
And fitting 'tis that you,
The daughter of Franz Sickingen—
The but too ready shield of the new stream—
Should think like that. Nor is it strange
Your father's standard should inspire you—
For thought and speech are equal great with him.
The Marquis of Fleuranges, acquainted with
The leading men of Germany as well as France
Where elegance of speech is sedulously nursed,
Said once to me, that never, all his life,
So powerful an orator he met.
Indeed, th' heat of inspiration on,
There flows a stream of lava from his tongue
And carries all along with mighty rush.
But, otherwise, he's rather taciturn,
Keeps house, let's others do the talking.

MARIE. So, Balthasar, I far prefer to see you
When you my father praise, than when you
You scold at him.

BALTH. Quite so, and thereby
I am reminded to resume the thread of my
Complaint. Well, then, the Frenchman, who
Such sweet civilities bestowed on you—
To Franz himself brought others still more sweet,
From France's King, and much more solid ones withal,
Full thirty thousand kronen-thalers cash,
Besides, for life as yearly revenue,
Eight thousand thalers more,
Well patented on land and men, he proffered,
If Franz but promised faithful to support
Him at the Imperial vote then pending;—
And should he still want more, he sent him word,
He would not haggle on the difference.
But Franz, misguided by his foolish
Adherence to King Charles, as Max's kin,
Rejected flatly ev'ry offer—
And wrote upon the spot
To Charles, the proffered trade to apprise him of!

MARIE. [Impetuously.] Fie!—Shame upon you, my old Sloer,—
Oh, never from you, had I thought to hear
My father blamed for his declining
To sell the crown abroad, and then, at that,
For dirty gold!

BALTH. Do not bite me, noble girl—
How Franz's blood wells up in this young child—
It was not that that I would blame him for.
Considered well, though of Max a grandson,
The young King Charles himself is none of ours.
Per contra, did King Francis at the time
Through learned men prove everywhere
He was a German, tracing his descent
From th' Emp'r'r Charles the Great.—'Tis odd!
No sooner is th' Imperial crown at stake,
When "Germans" all proclaim themselves. But when
The German realm is in distress—then
The kinship none recalls!

Now, then, admit yourself the difference null
There is between King Francis and King Charles—
They're aliens both. The only difference lies
In ancestors a brace.
That difference, meseems, the many thalers
Could amply have planed down.
Still—'tis not that I'm driving at.
So slight a foolish act your father
Soon I'd pardon for. Broad enough are his estates;
Needs not King Francis' coin. And, in the end,
'Twould be the same to him whether the German tarone
Was filled with Francis or with Charles. All one!

No, young lady, no; a far more foolish act
Is that I blame him for.—
To slip by he allowed a juncture, that
Perhaps, may never more return again
If he alert had been to his advantage,
He would quite otherwise have done!

MARIE. What was it then?
BALTH. Young lady, this it was:
Perchance I yet may see the hour for
Amends—perchance it may not strike
Until old Balthasar is dead!
If so, I bind it now upon your soul
To stir him up. Some day, perhaps, your lead
He'll follow readier than Balthasar's to-day.

Athwart the wrappage of your mirthful mind
The heroine's soul I long have spied,
That swift is seized by great designs,
And steadily pursues them—will develop further!

MARIE. [With comic pathos.]
Upon that heroine's soul, as yet to me
Unknown, detected by yourself,
I swear—
What you demand, fulfilled shall be!
With all the easier conscience,
Seeing—that I grasp not your intent.

BALTH. Now, listen!—When, at last, the time had come
For balloting at Frankfurt, and
The choice for Emp'r'r trembled in the scales,
Your father gathered—in the interest of Charles,
And pressure on the pious realm's Electors—
An army of more than twenty thousand men;
Marched with it upon Frankfurt; and
He comfortably sat him down before
The walls. It was a pleasure to behold
How Franz the whip-hand seized and held.
E'en our Elector Palatine—the only Prince,
Besides th' Elector of Mayence, who loves the knight—
Protested, but in vain.
Now, see! Your father held the dice in hand.
All to his fiddle then were forced to dance.
They lay there at his will and mercy!
Both nation and nobility were with him—
Indeed, it had been for their best—and at
His own disposal stood an army ready
To be torn to pieces for his sake! Oh,
How I vainly argued them! Th' Electors,
Aye, all the seven, had he in a bunch—
[Making the motion.]
Flap—

FRANZ. [Behind the scenes.] Feed well the nag;
He earned his fodder, well to-day!

MARIE. [Jumping up.] Keep still, my father!

SCENE II

The former; FRANZ VON SICKINGEN

FRANZ. [Stepping in briskly.] Good morning, child!

MARIE. [Running to him and falling on his neck.] Beloved father!

FRANZ. [Contemplating her.] You charmer! Lovely child! Give me
A kiss, you sprightly thing!

MARIE. [Kissing him.] And glad, too! You seem
To-day in happy mood. How glad that makes me!

FRANZ. I had a brisk and early canter o'er the fields;—
The wind blew fresh upon me.
Good morning, Balthasar!

BALTH. I thank your honor!

FRANZ. I heard you stiffly perorating.
No doubt you did yourself full justice, and
As usual, laid it hard upon me.

MARIE. [Roguishly.] On that head, father, not this once
Could you with justice chide him. We
Were playing court, Sir, Balthasar
Accused you, and I—I was the Kaiser!

FRANZ. [Laughing.] My old man, Sloer, of that tribunal,
Before which you as my accuser stand,
'Twere hard that evil came to me.

BALTH. You err, Sir! Oh! if the tribunal I but knew
That you to alter had the pow'r—full soon
You'd see me your accuser! I was just engaged
In strongest strokes to tax you
With all the seven mortal sins, that I
So oft, have vainly combated in you—
Misplaced magnanimity; excessive
And idle abnegation, where, hand in hand,
Your own advantage and the common weal
Keep step; confiding, as though others, like you were;—
Besides, what all the sins may be, that, yet
Some time may be avenged upon you.

FRANZ. Do I interpret right? Why, Balthasar,
It looks to me, with yonder maid you have
Been chopping politics. Art not ashamed,
You grey-head?

BALTH. Not at all! There's Margaret of Parma
She is a regent, truly as wise, Sir,
As any Prince in Europe, now-alive.
Whence had she learned as much,
Had it not timely in her been drilled?

FRANZ. Yes, Balthasar, I see it clearly—with you
No man will ever be found right!
I know, a councillor imperial
Was lost in you.

BALTH. [With emphasis.] Yours, Sir, the fault
If none as yet I am.

FRANZ. Oh! I see
You still are aiming high.
[Sits down.] To something else!
The learned, worthy Reuchlin,
Of science the restorer,
Has written me a second letter.
The parsons of Cologne, that pack in black,
Those tansured panters after burning pyres,
They still are bent upon molesting him.
They annoy and tantalize the man; refuse
To indemnify him for the process' costs;
Prefer to appeal to Rome; and contemplate
To see him yet condemned a heretic!

Now, write to the provincial of Cologne:
Franciscus humbly sends his greetings,
Is at his patience's end—insists on peace.
I also wish you write them clearly—
Tell them I hope at last they hear,
If I can, I'll have to use my speaking trumpets,
You know—

BALTH. I understand you, Sir; I understand you fully!
I know your speaking trumpets! Quite unique!
That man were deaf who could not hear them!
Could name them all to you. First, the Nightingale;
The Rooster next, and then whatever names the rest may have—
The matchless culverins, the mortars and the falconets,
The cannonades, that master Stephan
Has elegantly cast for you in Frankfurt. Heard
You speak with them in front of Worms and Darmstadt—
Philip of Hesse still feels at ev'ry limb
The language that so plain you held to him
That day!

FRANZ. Now, write that I demand, within a month,
To see the matter settled, once for all;
And if not promptly done to date,
Before Cologne acquaintance will they make
With Franz of Sickingen.

BALTH. Sir, 'twere hard
For you to give me a pleasanter commission—
I only wish the tansured pates gave it
No heed. How soon would they
Not to their patron Saint,
The holy Dominicus, occasion have to pray!
Yet—that's a pleasure that I must forego.
They know you but too well.

FRANZ. And now, I must
A word speak with this lassie.
[While he turns to Marie a servant enters.]

SERV. A knight is at the gate, and asks admission;
Ulrich von Hutten his name he gives.

(Continued on Page 3)

(The scene takes place during the years 1520 and 1523.)

Franz von Sickingen.

(Continued from Page 2.)

Franz. [With joy.] What! Ulrich?

Marie. [Blushing.] Ulrich von Hutten!

Franz. A happy day! Ne'er rode

A better guest into the Ebernburg!

[To Marie.] The best man of all Germany

You're now about to see!

[To the servant who has remained standing.]

What, fellow, stand you there still?

Make haste, take wings,

And lead him quickly hither! [Exit servant.]

[Again turning to Marie.] My child,

When this our German land in deepest sleep still lay,

When still no breast to breathe did dare,

'Twas he who first the mighty impulse gave.

Ere Luther did, did he the word pronounce,

And bravely flung his gauntlet at the face

Of mighty Rome, and in the impulse of his heart

Declared war on usurpation. He

Alone!—And with his proud device, "I've dared it!"

Himself a freeman spoke. "Wake up, wake up,

Thou noble freedom!" was the fervid cry

That bold he sounded through the land's confines

With might, throughout the fettered nation,

The hearts of men within their breasts inflaming,

Like none a wak'ner of the people!

Now well the man, my child, that you

May learn to know how great men look.

Marie. [Embarrassed.] Oh, Sir,

I know him—Met him at the court of Albrecht—

For four months there I dwelt.

[Hesitating.] When, at the tourney that th' Elector gave,

The knight my colors wore.

Franz. Indeed?

And did, perchance, he look you in the face?

Marie. I know not that. It almost seemed to me

'Twas rather, father, in honor of yourself—you see,

Nowise like th' other gentlemen was he,

Forever at the heels of us the girls;

And, on the whole, he spent but little time

With us.

Franz. I dare say!

Quite other thoughts engage his mind!

Marie. [Quickly.] But when he was with us,

He ever markedly distinguished me.

Franz. Indeed! You're an important personage!

I fancy he has made you proud.

SCENE III.

The former; ULRICH VON HUTTEN.

Ulrich. [Stepping in briskly and with outstretched arms towards Franz.] Franz von Sickingen!

Franz. [Likewise hastening towards him.] Ulrich von Hutten!

They embrace warmly.

Ulrich. [Noticing Marie, takes a step towards her and bows.]

Accept, young lady, my respectful greeting,

How happy it makes me once again to see you!

Marie. Sir knight, my thanks; in truth, I'm also glad.

Franz. I hear you know each other from Mayence.

Ulrich. Yes; at

The tourney I wore the lady's colors,

Although with less of luck than pleasure.

My own was holding well; already had my lance

Unhorsed some three or four tall knights,

When all along there came a cyclop—

From Brandenburg, sent by th' Elector's brother—

Square-built and like a bull in strength.

He roughly brought me down.

Marie. Sir knight, believe me, it pained me to the heart

To see you drop, and all on my account.

I feared the heavy fall had done you hurt,

Myself I could have pardoned nevermore!

Ulrich. [Smiles and bows.]

Not that it was that pained me, noble maid,

The trifling fall was quickly shaken off;

But that your colors, as they would deserve,

To victory I failed to carry,—that

Perchance, myself in poorer light might stand

In your esteem, than I would wish—

That pained me much.

Marie. [With scornful though bashfully.]

How can you hold such language!

Who's he who ne'er in arms has found his master?

And is the rough-rude sword the only weapon

That us with wonder fills us for man?

You wield still other far more mighty weapons,

And fame proclaims it that your pen of fire

In Christendom's broad field finds not its equal!

That brilliant falchion of the mind—

You wield it in humanity's great service,

For freedom and for light, for all that's noble;

For virtuous aims you wield it like a hero

With a triumphant power.

[Deeply blushing, as if having allowed herself to be carried too far, steps back.]

Franz. [Smiling to Balthasar.] Now, list, Balthasar, to that,

What all the minx can say!

[Stepping towards Marie and Ulrich.]

A great word have you uttered, child of mine.

[Laying his hand on Ulrich.]

Upon this pen the nation's hope does rest;

None better, stronger, in all Christendom!

And yet is that not yet the best about him.

Mayhap some day as mighty pens may flourish,

Mayhap still mightier—but never

A more undaunted valor, or a nobler mind.

Balth. [Stepping towards Ulrich.]

Accept, Sir knight, my homage too.

From one it comes whose aged heart

You oft have set aglow.

Ulrich. [Shaking his hand.]

Your name is Sioer! Who should not know you!

Abroad your reputation reaches far,

The praises of your diplomatic skill.

'Tis said of Sickingen's arm'd forces

You are at least one half.

Franz. And rightly too. If but he did not ever

So high persist in soaring, an abler head

It were quite hard to find.—But, Sir knight,

You come, if I am right, from Brussels,

From the Emp'r's brilliant court?

Ulrich. [Sighing.] I do!

Franz. Enlighten us! How did you find our Charles?

Ulrich. [Turning his head away.]

I trust no prince hereafter.

Balth. [To Franz.] There's your Charles!

As I foresaw—

Franz. [Interrupting him.] Oh, silence, Balthasar!

Pray, triumph not.—If so it be—

'Tis all the worse for me, as well as him.

[To Ulrich.] Report what'er it be. I should be posted well.

Ulrich. Sir, short is my report. I moved to Brussels.

Intending with the newly chosen Emp'r

For the new doctrine and the cause endear'd

Of German freedom diligent to labor.

In that young stripling's soul I hoped to kindle

Enthusiasm, that purest heritage of youth,

Into a mighty thirst for noble deeds,

Whose lusty breath and travail should give birth

To a rejuvenated, brighter world—

You know what great hopes all of us,

All Germany, and most of all yourself,

Did pin upon that young man's head—

[He stops short. Sickingen motions him to proceed.]

Now watch!

[With half concealed disgust.]

Not e'en an audience could I gain

With the Emp'r, or his brother,

The Archduke Ferdinand!

Franz. A sinister beginning!

Ulrich. By Romanists and courtesans,

The creatures of the Pope, found I

The Emp'r's ears besieged. Uncanny

And as if moved with glee malicious, born

Of secret joy at my discomfiture,

Sir, scoffing on me the en'my's eye

Regaled itself. But soon it all came out!

Our friends flocked anxiously to warn me

Pope Leo, thus it ran, had ordered I be seized

And, bound, delivered up to him in Rome.

The emp'r's and the Princes' temp'ral arm

He all had summoned to fulfill his will.

Franz. [Mechanically grasping his sword.]

Is't possible! They mean to go so far!

And do they think we would submit? And you,

Sir knight, who bravely 'gainst oppression rose,

'And, for the sake of your own people's cause,

'A spokesman of the nation, you shall now

Yourself be subjugated to such dire

Such ignominious treatment!—Never!

Ulrich. Conscious of no guilt,

Upon my pure cause firmly resting,

At first I laughed at all the warnings. But

The signs came thick; our friends' anxiety

Increased, their importunity apace.

The Emp'r, I was told, was being pressed!

Till, finally, from certain sources, I

Was told I had not e'en a day to lose!

Nor was that all, Sir knight, I learned, aye, learned

That if the Emp'r seemed to waver

'Twas all the surer sign of death to me.

The hatred of the Romanists had fixed

With poison or with sword I should be slain.

Regardless of the means, I was to be

Wiped off the earth in shortest order!

I had to flee in haste! Not one more hour

My life was thought to be in safety.

Marie. [Who, like Balthasar, had followed Ulrich's narrative in wraps attention.]

Good God!

Ulrich. Such was the source of all these tidings,

So well confirmed from many sides.

I dared no longer nurse my doubts. I fled!

As then, through Germany I rode along

The Rhine, I came across some travelers,

Proceeding fresh from Rome. Their tidings was

At Rome the people looked to have me soon:

The Pope beside himself was in hot rage.

Aye, ev'rywhere, in ev'ry town I heard

Of my destruction open converse held—

Some said I was imprisoned; others, dead.

When, finally, in safety I rode into

Mayence and Frankfurt, there came

To meet me, weeping, many friends,

Who long for lost myself had given up,

Saluted me like one who dead was thought,

And sobbing hung upon my neck.

Marie. Poor man!

Franz. [Significantly.] Now are you, Ulrich, truly knighted!

Ulrich. [Proceeding with a painful expression.]

But many a friend I also met, who now,

Quite fearfully and timid drew himself

Away, affrighted by the papal ban.

Some openly, less frank some others,

Yet plain enough their meaning was to me

That I a burden now was deemed by them.

And yet, some others, who, in threatening days,

My voice had given aid and comfort,

And whom an anchor I had been

In many a storm—their language to me now

Was that they secretly remained my friends,

But that, as I would have to admit, could not

In public by me take their stand,

They could not wholly break with Rome, they thought!

[After a moment's pause.]

Sir knight, to meet such treatment from one's friends,

From men on whom, with ever ready heart,

One freely poured his warm, unstinted love,

Oh, that pains sore!

Franz. Sir Ulrich, be a man!

Be not cast down by th' ev'ry day occurrence—

How can it sadden your experienced mind

That you yourself must undergo a trial

At once so natural and obvious!

Them all does Rome hold fettered in her hands

Through terror—and their interests 'bove all!

Know this: Of them each one is after this or that;

Still off'ner, anxious not to lose what'er he

Has! E'en he, who seeks naught for himself,

Has brothers, sisters, mayhap children,

Whose interests restrain him to break off

Too sharply with the powers that be. Thus e'en

The holy bonds of family—

That noble teacher of morality,

Us here below by Nature given

To tutor us upon the duty of man,

To learn to rise above his petty self—

Become a spur and lure to meanness,

With th' aid of sentimental sophistry

Our better selves into the mire dragging.

Well did the Vatican its business know

When, at the goal of universal power aiming,

And the creation of a fighting army,

That, free from all entangling hindrances,

On one great aim its complete efforts bends,

Upon the clergy imposed the sinful duty

Of celibacy!—Yet you, Sir Ulrich,

You may not by the painful lessons of

Experience bitter let your strength be lamed.

Whoe'er your mighty mission taketh up,

Such vipers he should, undeterred, let free

Around his breast coil and uncoil themselves,

But buckle all the firmer on his mail

Himself against their pois'nous sting to shield.

Still firmer buckle on the matchless mail,

On you bestowed by Nature as her gift!

The brilliant inspiration, you 'twill ne'er

Deny!—The truth of that that you proclaim

That wavers ne'er, however, men may waver.

Ulrich. [With animation.]

WEEKLY PEOPLE

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SOCIALIST VOTE IN THE UNITED STATES:

In 1888.....	2,068
In 1892.....	21,157
In 1896.....	36,564
In 1900.....	34,791
In 1902.....	53,763

Socialists do not want public owner-
ship with the capitalists in control of the
government. That would be merely put-
ting more power in the hands of the ex-
ploiter.

"HOT-AIR."

After a particularly hard day's work
on the third of this month by the em-
ployees of the New York, New Haven &
Hartford Railroad at the Harlem River
yard, the following telegram was sent
by the General Superintendent, O. M.
Shepard, to the trainmaster:

T. H. Fennell, N. Y.
Kindly post following on Harlem River
yard bulletin boards:
We congratulate you upon the excel-
lent work at Harlem River yesterday.
O. M. Shepard.

The following answer was telegraphed
back:

O. M. Shepard.
I thank you very sincerely for kind
congratulations in behalf of all yard em-
ployees at Harlem River, to whom all
credit is due, and of which they have
been advised.
T. H. Fennell.

The two despatches were jointly type-
written on telegram blanks of the Rail-
road Company and posted on the bulletin
boards.

Not many years ago, wage slaves, jol-
lied in that manner, "rewarded" with
congratulations for intense work per-
formed, would have felt highly elated;
they would have boastfully pointed to
their exploiter's "gratitude"; they never
would have stopped to consider that the
wages they received for ordinary work,
already insufficient to restore the tissue
expended at work, would fall much fur-
ther short of the needed recuperation; they
never would have stopped to consider
that telegraphic congratulations but-
ter no parsnips; ay, it never would have
occurred to them, when the doctor had
to be fetched in, or the horses, hitched to a
hearse, stamped their feet before the door
of one of their fellow congratulatees, to
connect these apparitions with the "con-
gratulations," that is, with the hollow
pay they had received for expended life
tissue, while their exploiters kept to
themselves the substance and lived in
clover. That is the way it would have
been years ago.

It is not so now. The congratulated
employees looked at the bulletin boards
and read the telegraphic interchange of
compliments to them and thanks in their
name. Many, no doubt, felt as all used
to feel before; but not a few had gradu-
ated beyond then, and one of them,
whose collective hand expressed the col-
lective thought of the graduates into
sense, wrote in pencil at the foot of the
telegrams:

"HOT-AIR."

One of these telegrams is in this office.
It will enrich the archives of the So-
cialist Labor Party and the Socialist
Trade and Labor Alliance. The day may
come when, as the humble leathern apron
of the Turkish march in motion, the
telegram, with its "Hot-Air" commen-
tary foot-note, will be festooned on the
cloth that shall lead the march of the
proletariat to their emancipation from
the congratulatory-padded yoke of cap-
italism.

The action of the House Committee in
killing the 8-hour bill by referring it to
the department of commerce and labor,
is a national demonstration of the ef-
fectiveness of Gompers' plan of obtain-
ing favorable legislation through "the
influence of organized labor."

THE BREWERS' COLORADO.

A glance at the "Brauer-Zeitung," the
organ of a sort of United States, with
a State that is called "Union No. 1,"
and which is located in the city of New
York, suggests a serious question. The
"Brauer Zeitung" is running over with
items about the brutality just now being
perpetrated upon the workmen in
Colorado. The question that these items
suggest is, What about the Colorado, or
Union No. 1, of the Brewers? The
facts are out with regard to the Brew-
ers' Colorado; what is the difference
between the two?

Has the capitalist government of Colo-
rado abolished the writ of habeas cor-
pus towards the striking miners? So
virtually did the officers of Union No. 1
do towards the rank and file that struck
against the infamous contracts with the
brewer bosses!

Has the capitalist government of Colo-
rado railroaded striking miners into jail?
So did the officers of Union No. 1 do
to Valentine Wegner, by trying him in
his absence and fining him out of his
eyeballs for striking against their
iniquitous proceedings!

Has the capitalist government of Colo-
rado driven striking miners out of the
State? So did the officers of Union No. 1
drive Valentine Wegner, for one, out
of work and outraged him high-handedly.

Has the press of the capitalist govern-
ment of Colorado, bribed by the said
government, suppressed the side of the
striking miners? So did the "Volk-
zeitung" and "Worker," the press of the
officers of Union No. 1, bribed by these
officers and the brewer bosses with ad-
vertisements, suppress the side of the
rank and file that struck against the
contracts' infamy!

And so all along the line the parallel
holds good between the two Colorados—
to the greater joy of the capitalist class!

Does not the "Brauer-Zeitung" know
this? And knowing it, are its anti-Colo-
rado articles meant as a covert attack
upon its own Colorado here in New
York? When the "Volkzeitung" and
"Worker" indulge in anti-Colorado arti-
cles every sensible man knows it is the
"stop-thief" cry, seeing they side with
the capitalist rulers (fakirs and brewer
bosses) of Union No. 1, and are paid
for such dirty work. But what about
the "Brauer Zeitung," and why does it
not turn its guns on the scamps of its
own Colorado?

"LEVY" AND "SMOKING-OUT."

The Stocks Coal Company of Georgia
brought an action against a dentist
named Burt, and got judgment; execu-
tion was levied upon Burt for the col-
lection of the judgment, and the only
thing of value found was his "dentist's
chair," which was seized and sold. Burt
then brought an action against the coal
company for the recovery of his "dentist's
chair" on the ground that the
same was "a common tool of trade,"
as such was needed by him to earn his
living, and, consequently, was exempt
from levy. The court decided that a
"common tool of trade" was exempt
from levy; but did not consider a den-
tist's chair to be such a tool, and it
dismissed Burt's complaint.

Leaving aside the question whether
the court's opinion was wrong or right
as to whether a dentist's chair is "a
common tool" under the purview of
the law, the principle recognized and
bowed to by the court is the point of
importance, to-wit, that the tool needed
by a man to work with, technically
called his "common tool of trade," is
sacred, and may not be taken away.

The whole brigade of professional
rangers against Socialism as a "despoil-
er" and wrong-doer goes to smash
against that principle of the Common
Law.

Already the tool of production had
assumed a significance which it did not
have before the Common Law princi-
ple was established. The principle, in
fact, reveals an economic development
or stage, in which without the tool man
"fell from grace," so to speak. The
law, ever the product of the class that
is "in grace," so to speak, told accord-
ingly quite clearly what was the con-
ception of that class on the matter.
If laid down the principle, and a just
one it is, seeing it is a sound one.

Now, then, by what process of reason-
ing can that power be denied to the
law which is tolerated otherwise. If
the law may not order the sheriff to
deprive a man of the tools, without
which he can no longer hold his own,

by what right can individuals deprive
a man of those same tools? What is
the difference between a "levy" by law,
and a "smoking-out" by more powerful
capital and the pressure of competition?
If the former is wrong, how can the
latter be right? Finally, is not the
spirit of that Common Law outraged
by capitalism?

As we have more than once shown,
the constitutional provision vesting Con-
gress with the power to "regulate com-
merce" is ample power to expropriate
the capitalist class and set up the Co-
operative Commonwealth; so now may
be added: The principle that underlies
all the homestead and exemption laws
in the land is an ample morality to
act like molten lead down the throats
of all the "moralists" of capitalism and
anti-Socialism preachers of honesty.

**THE BEAUTIES OF "IMPROVE-
MENTS."**

The rent riots on the East Side will
soon be followed by similar outbreaks
north and west of the city, and who
knows what manifestations these riots
will assume when the subway shall have
been in full blast six months.

It was under the pretext of "easing"
the crowded parts of the city, incidentally
also the crowded city cars, that the ele-
vated railroad received its franchise. The
effect was just the reverse of the one
promised. What the elevated roads did
was to draw a large population from
outside the city into the new sections that
were made accessible by the railroad. The
crowded parts of town remained
as crowded, if not more so, travel be-
came more unbearable. The real ones to
profit were the landlords of the districts
that the road had made accessible. Wealth
flowed in torrents into their pockets,
and, of course, the elevated got its
full share of the shower.

Now comes the subway, besides the
tunnel for the Pennsylvania Railroad
terminus in New York—and immediately
the effect is felt. The influx into the
city is large, the crowds that the pro-
posed subway was to dispel are so much
more swollen that many more subways
would be needed to do the job; the
street and elevated roads are doing a
kiting business and the landlords are
raising rent.

Such are the beauties of the "improve-
ments" that the people are periodically
gulled into shouting and voting for, and
that is what lies at the bottom of them
all—schemes to throw more nickels into
the pockets of the property holders and
place heavier burdens of toil and discom-
fort upon the masses.

It is hard to tell what new scheme
will be proposed to "ease" the crowded
city and travel. Theoretically there is no
end to the gullibility of the masses
so long as they fail to perceive that the
only scheme that will work is the scheme
that will remove the cause of crowding.
Leave in the hands of private persons
the land on and the tools with which man
must work to earn his living and crowds,
ever larger, denser crowds will aggre-
gate in mammoth cities, and will be
superinduced by designing schemes, such
as those of landlord and capitalists to
"ease" the crowd. The census tells of
the flow of the rural population into our
towns. The phenomenon is not new. It
is well understood—and while it lasts
landlords and capitalists propose to ex-
ploit it.

Nor are they seriously incommo-
ded by the riots of the unthinking, who, like
mice caught in a trap, squirm wildly
about. Have not these capitalists and
landlords the police and militia in their
hands, placed in their hands by the iden-
tical "common sense" that supported the
schemes to "ease"?

The news from New England gives
evidence of considerable discontent in the
textile industry. Strikes, mainly against
wage reductions, or changes in output
reducing earnings, are recorded from there.
Apparently, the employers regard the
present bad labor conditions as favorable
for the imposition of any change likely
to maintain or add to the present rate
of profits. Under capitalism, in the tex-
tile, as well as every other industry, the
distress of the employe is the oppor-
tunity of the employer.

"Bradstreet's" announces that prices
have taken a downward turn. They are
now 1.2 per cent. lower than on March
1st; but still fully 39 per cent. higher
than they were on July 1, 1896. In view
of the recent wage reductions, ranging
all the way from 5 to 50 per cent., this
slight reduction in prices of 1.2 per cent.
actually means little. It is in no wise a
great proportion of either the great ad-
vance in prices over July 1, 1896, or the
recent general decrease in wages. But,
then, this is the best that capitalism can
do for the workers!

REFRESHING.

It has become so monotonous to see
and hear every whippersnapper would-be
reformer whom the Socialist Labor Party
convicts of impudence, ignorance or in-
eptness, stand on his hind legs, and de-
clare that "the S. L. P. does not know
it all," that "the S. L. P. is not infallible,"
that "the S. L. P. finds fault with
everything," and more of such puerile ut-
terances, that it is positively refreshing
to see the capitalist enemy's camp split
in two, and hear the identical charges
flung at each other. A strong illustration
in point is furnished by the Seattle
(Wash.) "Post-Intelligencer," a rab-
boned Roosevelt "imperialist," "expansion-
ist," and man-eater in general.

A school superintendent of Georgetown
named Kingsbury is the occasion for the
refreshing spectacle. Mr. Kingsbury is
of the opinion that "the teacher who
sends the child out into life deeply im-
bued with a type of patriotism bolstered
up by the view that the present govern-
ment of the United States is an expres-
sion of the same principle that were
voiced in the Declaration of Independence,
whether the teacher knows it or not, he
has been teaching a lie;" and Mr. Kings-
bury has boldly given utterance to his
views.

Of course the Declaration of Inde-
pendence is sufficient of an annoyance to
people who realize that expansion and
imperialism is a direct violation of the
principle that governments are to be
"with the consent of the governed." But
the annoyance becomes a positive thorn
in their flesh when stirred in the manner
that Mr. Kingsbury does. Can he not
keep quiet and let our rulers serve the
devil in God's livery? He does not
choose to keep quiet. And thereupon
after snarling at him the "Post-Intelli-
gencer" turns its face eastward, reaches
its long arm clean across the continent,
and grabbing by the neck the Spring-
field (Mass.) "Republican" and the New
York "Evening Post"—two capitalist
papers that are of the opinion that it
is unwise to accentuate by "expansion"
the violation of the Declaration of Inde-
pendence as practiced upon the working
class at home—the "Post-Intelligencer"
reads them a lecture. Its mildest term
applied to these papers is that their sole
"purpose in life is to spread abroad the
idea that everything which this country
does is necessarily wrong."

Has not that sentence a familiar ring?
Every convicted labor fakir and his
helper declares that "the S. L. P. claims
that everything the unions do is wrong,"
every convicted crook in the movement
declares that "the S. L. P. calls every-
body a crook." And so forth. It is
refreshing, indeed, to see our foes giving
each other a dose of their own medicine.

SOME MORE STRAWS AND BEAMS.

Could such a dispatch as the following
be imagined to have appeared a hundred
years ago in the press of America:

"Paris, April 6.—Ex-Queen Isabella of
Spain is suffering from a severe attack
of influenza. Her condition has greatly
alarmed the Spaniards, who entertain a
warm devotion for the ex-Queen. She
was born in 1830."

Impossible! A hundred years ago such
a directly false and insinuatingly false
color would not have been given to a
dispatch of that nature.

Here we have a being who as woman,
as wife, as mother and as Queen set
such an example of immorality that her
name alone became a stench in the nos-
trils of civilization, and her people rose
en masse and drove her and her smut
out of the country in 1866. So disreput-
able a being was the ex-Queen, and such
was the "devotion" of her people for her,
that more than seven years later, when
they found that no royal house of Europe
cared to allow any of its members to
occupy the throne made vacant by the
revolution which threw her out, and
when they found that they would have
to return to Isabella's dynasty, they in-
vited her son to reign, and expressly
provided that she was to stay away! Such
is the being referred to in the dispatch,
which slurs over her despicable antec-
edents, and even seeks to dignify her!

Impossible, a hundred years ago for
such a dispatch to have appeared in the
American press—but a hundred years ago
the "delusion of popular sovereignty"
was still bowed to here; whereas, now our
ruling class seeks to mesmerize the peo-
ple with respect for royalty.

These are something stronger than
straws—they are beams.

Bryan's declaration that Parker is not
available might have some force if Bryan
was the capitalist class. As it is,
Bryan is a little wrong in the matter
of availability.

Senator Patterson has expressed the
conviction that "unless additional legis-
lation is had before Congress adjourns,
every barrier against Chinese immigra-
tion that has been built will be removed
on the 7th of December next, and the
ports of the country thrown open to the
unrestricted coming of the Chinese hordes,
whose invasion of the United States was
arrested twenty-two years ago."

Senator Patterson traced the prospec-
tive trouble to the failure of Congress in
its vote of 1902 to duplicate the act of
1892, continuing in force for ten years
the exclusion act of 1882.

It is quite likely that the failure of
Congress in 1902 was deliberately com-
mitted. The argument against the ex-
clusion of the Chinese is not the same
to-day as it was twenty-two years ago.
Then certain Western railroad interests,
wanting cheap coolie labor in the con-
struction of their lines, were the only
ones to oppose exclusion. Now all
the capitalist factors interested in
Chinese export trade, from the
Southern cotton manufacturers to the
Northwestern flour miller and the
Pacific coast shipper and ship-builder, are
favorable to Chinese immigration. They
regard it as a reciprocal measure neces-
sary to the expansion of the industries
and commerce dependent on trade with
China; that is, they favor the removal
of restriction from Chinese immigration
because such a step is advantageous to
their interests. In the light of these
facts, it is highly probable that the present
exclusion act will be allowed to ex-
pire in the manner and with the results
expressed by Senator Patterson. Cap-
italist interests require it; and, under
modern conditions, they always prevail.

The workmen who believe Austra-
lia an ideal place would do well to read
the following report of Orlando H. Parker,
U. S. Consul at Sydney, New South
Wales:

"The arbitration law of New South
Wales has been in operation over a year,
and it has been found that so long as
its decisions are in accordance with the
wishes of the employees there has been
no resistance, but whenever a decision
has been adverse to them they have
shown a spirit of resistance. In April
last the Colliery Employees' Federation
brought action against the company for
which they were working, asking more
favorable terms from the court than
were given them by the company. The
case was tried by the court and a de-
cision rendered, under which the men
made less money by the scale fixed by
the court than they had formerly made,
they resolved not to work any longer
and 400 miners ceased, refusing to
abide by the order of the court. This
was, it was claimed by the employers,
clearly a rebellion against the law and
order. The conduct of the strikers was
brought before the court and a decision
rendered that the employers had their
remedy in a prosecution, for damages, of
the men who refused to work. In a gen-
eral way the employers hold that it is
incumbent upon a union whose officials
profess to be loyal to the court to expel
all its members who are not."
How is that for "ideal conditions"?
Ten to one the Australian coal operators
took a hint for their American counter-
parts in the anthracite field, and delib-
erately provoked the above case. Ten
to one that the yellow journal advocates
of "ideal Australia" will not use this
incident to substantiate their arguments.

Addressing the graduates of the New
York Trade School at the twenty-third
annual commencement, R. Fulton Cut-
ting, president of the Board of Trustees,
deplored what he called "The economic
fallacy that teaches a man not to do as
much work as he is able on the ground
that work is thereby provided for more
men."

"That," he said, "is an immoral
heresy. It gives the man who is superior
no chance to show his superiority."
This is a typical capitalist retort. It
dodges the point at issue. There is no
doubt that, other conditions remaining
unchanged, workmen who do not work to
their full capacity supply work for
others. That is too self-evident to need
substantiation. This doctrine is, never-
theless, an "immoral heresy" to the cap-
italist, for in so far as he must employ
more workmen because of its practical
adoption, in so far does he lose profits;
while contrariwise, if he succeeds in in-
ducing his employes to show their "su-
periority," that is, reduce the number
of workmen needed to do the work on
hand by their greater output, he saves
wages and thereby increases his profits.
Then, what is now no longer an "im-
moral heresy" to him, becomes an "im-
moral heresy" to the workmen who
suffer the loss of wages. They condemn,
as fish whom the bunco men say are
born every minute, the workmen who do
the work of two of their class.

Capitalism, through its system of an-
tagonistic interests between employer and
employe, forces this shirking of work and
this conflict of interests. The develop-
ment of individual superiority will not
overcome this condition. Only with the
substitution of Socialism for capitalism
will men do all they can do without
harming the interests of others. In fact,
only then can man so work as to promote
the interests of all.

GIVING THE CASE AWAY.

The Evening Post of Saturday, April
2nd, publishes, under the heading:

"Savings of the Rich—Who Use the
Savings Banks and Who Have a Right to
Use Them—A System Which May Be
Misused."

A letter in which the following appears:
"To the Editor of The Evening Post:

"Sir: On the principle that what is
worth the having is worth the seeking,
many, in fact, most of the banking in-
stitutions of the metropolis have each its
trained adept in the persuasive art,
whose duty it is to represent that the 2 1/2
per cent. which his institution is will-
ing to pay is a better quality of 2 1/2
per cent. than is offered by any other in-
stitution. When it is further assured
that only paper money of virgin newness
is passed through the teller's window,
the argument is complete, and the gen-
tleman who controls the \$100 or \$100,000
is convinced forthwith and opens an ac-
count."

"The man that looks with disdain upon
a 2 1/2 per cent. drawing account, or a 3
per cent. certificate or deposit, is your
dealer in things sumptuary. Your
butcher, grocer, baker, tailor or haberd-
asher will tell you, 'when I have too
much money in my business bank, I put
the excess in the savings bank.' Is not
this on the part of a wealthy patient
seeking treatment at a free dispensary?
Those in charge of benefactions guard
more against the unworthy rich than
against the unworthy poor. Is it not
eating of the 'children's bread,' this
putting of profits of a prosperous retail
business into a savings institution or-
dained primarily to promote habits of
thrift and frugality among wage earners?
The result would be astounding if, in
New York State alone, it could be ascer-
tained what percentage of business
funds in the savings banks bears to the
whole. The writer feels safe in averring
that here in New York city it is in ex-
cess of 40 per cent."

"The savings banks in this city,
founded for the savings of the artisan,
clerk, domestic and sailor, now stand as
the open depository of the funds of the
well-to-do. It is anomalous that the
funds of the affluent should mingle with
those of the self-denying and of those of
meagre income and that a certain
sanctity should attach to the whole. Pub-
lic sentiment has prompted legislation of
a benign and most extraordinary kind in
favor of the savings bank depositor, but
in the savings bank to-day there is no
gulf fixed between Lazarus and Dives."

"New York, March 29.
D."
On all occasions, in season and out,
savings bank deposits have been at-
tributed solely to the wage workers, and
as such have been made to do duty in
support of existing conditions. If a work-
ing man arose to advocate the cause of
his class, "the enormous increase in
savings banks deposits by the wage
earners" was straightway hurled at him.
When depression threatened, "the afflu-
ence of the workmen, as reflected in sav-
ings bank deposits" was conjured up to
stave it off. Wage reductions were jus-
tified on the ground that "the increase
in savings bank deposits show the wage
earners to have reaped enough during the
fat years of prosperity to tide over the
lean years of adversity;" while this
same "increase" was used to resist de-
mands for more pay and less hours.
And now it is made plain that those
self-same "increased savings bank de-
posits by wage earners" are mainly the
deposits of business men and capitalists.
The correspondent of the Evening Post,
who is, evidently, a banker losing a lucra-
tive trade through the practice, shows
that business funds bear a very large
percentage of the deposits in savings
banks; while further on he says:

"The savings banks in this city,
founded for the savings of the artisan,
clerk, domestic and sailor, now stand as
THE OPEN DEPOSITORY OF THE
FUNDS OF THE WELL-TO-DO."

It would be interesting to know how
much IN EXCESS of 40 per cent. busi-
ness funds in savings banks are. The
Post's correspondent's cautious figure
and the emphatic manner of his protest
indicate that the excess is great, so great
as to warrant action. Be that as it may,
"D." in showing that savings banks
"stand as the open depository of the
funds of the well-to-do," has given the
case of capitalism in the matter of "the
increased savings of the wage earners"
away. He has shown that it is based on
falsehood and should be thrown out of
court.

The spirit of the present opposition
to labor unions on the part of the em-
ployers' associations is plainly one of de-
struction. The employers, realizing that
times are favorable, owing to the de-
pression, are moving in this matter with
great unanimity. In all branches of in-
dustry, the slogan of the day is, "We
must destroy unionism." Of course, it is
folly to suppose that this ideal is at-
tainable. The interests of employer and
employe are antagonistic; and since they
are such, it is inevitable that employes
will organize in opposition to employers
at every opportunity. This opportunity
will come when conditions improve, and
the demand for labor will increase. Then
employers will change their plan of de-
struction to one of diplomacy, through
which it will once more dominate trades-
unionism as it did through the Civic
Federation, during the days of "pros-
perity."



**UNCLE SAM AND BROTHER JONA-
THAN.**

BROTHER JONATHAN (looking as if
the skies had closed over his head)—If
I understand things right, your party—
the Socialist Labor Party—will establish
Socialism.

UNCLE SAM—Bet your bottom dollar
it will!

B. J.—But that would be very bad!

U. S.—Inasmuch as to which?

B. J.—Don't you see? Under Social-
ism no one would have a chance to set
up a little shop, say a little grocery—

U. S.—One of those cockroach stores?

B. J.—Well, call them "cockroach
stores." They are cockroach stores, I'll
admit. Nevertheless, the man who has
one of them can on a summer day tip
back his chair against his front door,
take it easy, and boss things in his
own shanty. And that surely is some-
thing. Under Socialism there could be
no small stores. Big stores only would
do the retailing. No one could have
his own store. We all would have to be
workmen.

U. S.—You understand, don't you, that
"workingman" under Socialism is not
what "workingman" means to-day, under
Capitalism?

B. J.—Yes, I understand that. The
workingman under Socialism is a free
being—

U. S.—Who enjoys the full fruit of his
labor; he is part owner in the Co-Oper-
ative Commonwealth; he works under
conditions that he himself has a voice
in deciding—

B. J.—Yes; whereas now he has noth-
ing to say upon that; the shop rules are
determined by the employer, and the
worker is treated as a galley-slave. I
recognize all that. And yet—

U. S.—One moment! And you un-
derstand, also, don't you, that the small
shopkeeper to-day is everything but a free
man?

B. J.—I know there are many thorns
to that rose.

U. S.—The small shopkeeper has to
wear himself to a bone in order to make
two ends meet—

B. J.—I know that.

U. S.—He is subject to a thousand and
one vexations, inflicted upon him by the
politicians—

B. J.—That's so, I know it! Tho' I
am not a shopkeeper myself, my shop-
keeper friends have told me some very
galling experiences.

U. S.—The small shopkeeper travels
on the ragged edge of ruin, carrying on a
losing, hopeless competitive struggle
against the large department stores—

B. J.—I know all that; and yet—

U. S.—The existence of the small shop-
keeper is bound up in petty things, and
he is bound to find his mind and his fam-
ily's mind warped by his pursuit, and
become petty—

B. J.—I grant all that.

U. S.—And yet you would like that
petty, crawling "independence" that you
see in the small shopkeeper?

B. J.—Yes, I do.

U. S.—When our forefathers kicked
out King George, the political system
that leaves room for these petty lackey-
lords was overthrown.

B. J. (very proudly)—Totally over-
thrown!

U. S.—A new political system was set
up, where, politically, all were

CORRESPONDENCE

CORRESPONDENTS WHO DESIRE TO APPEAR IN FULL UNDER AN ASSUMED NAME WILL ATTACH SUCH NAME TO THEIR COMMUNICATIONS, RESERVE THEIR OWN SIGNATURE AND ADDRESS. NONE OTHERS WILL BE COGNIZED.

SELF-EXPLANATORY

(Copy.)

City Clerk's Office, St. Paul, Minn., March 29, 1904. Mr. A. W. M. Anderson, 533 Marion Street, St. Paul, Minn.

Dear Sir:—Replying to your favor of March 28, 1904, I beg leave to quote in full the opinion of Mr. Michael, Corporation Attorney, expressed in a communication addressed to me as City Clerk, with reference to your rights, or rather the rights of the Socialist Labor Party to representation on the official ballot, to be used at the General City Election, May 3, 1904. His communication follows in full:

"In answer to your communication of the 17th inst., concerning the respective rights of the Socialist Labor Party and the Socialist Party to representation upon the official ballot at the ensuing city election, under these respective party designations, I have to say that the verbal opinion expressed you a few days ago in presence of a representative of one of these parties, was based upon a misrepresentation and suppression of the true facts relating to the history of the previous contentions between these parties as to the right to use the word 'Socialist' as a party designation.

"Upon investigation I find that the Socialist Labor Party has continuously been represented upon the State and city ballots since, and including the year 1896, that its candidate for Governor in 1902 was represented on the State ballot under this designation, and its candidate for Mayor in the city election in 1902 was on the ballot under the same party designation.

"I also found that in the case of Brown vs. Jensen, 86, Minnesota, 138, the Supreme Court denied the right of the Socialist Party to use the word 'Socialist' as a party designation in our city election of 1902, on the ground that the Socialist Labor Party had a previous right to the use of this designation.

"In the case of Davidson vs. Hanson, 87, Minnesota, 211, the Supreme Court likewise denied the right of the Socialist Party to use that designation of their candidate for Governor, for the reason that the Socialist Labor Party had the prior right to use such designation, the result being that in both cases, the so-called Socialist candidates were placed upon the ballot without any party designation whatever.

"In view of these decisions of the Supreme Court, I am of the opinion that if the Socialist Labor Party have filed proper petitions of nomination that their candidates so nominated are entitled to go on the ballot under the designation of 'Socialist Labor,' and that the so-called Socialist Party are not entitled to use the word 'Socialist' as a party designation, but if their nominating petitions are otherwise regular and sufficient, that you are authorized to place the candidates so nominated upon the ballot without any party designation after their names."

With this opinion before me, I desire to state that the names of the candidates filed by you, will be placed on the official ballot, under the party designation 'Socialist Labor Party,' and any effort made by others to use the word 'Socialist' in connection with a party designation, will be denied a place on the ticket, except as individuals without party designation. Yours very truly,

G. T. REDINGTON, City Clerk.

AS TO WAGES, MARRIAGE AND THE CHURCH.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—I was greatly pleased with the promise of Connolly's discussion for last Sunday's People, but when I read his article and the Editor's reply, I felt disappointed, because it appeared to me that all the wind was knocked out of that discussion. I expected a fight and saw only a knock-out blow.

J. HOLMES, Guttenburg, N. J., April 6.

[The comrade takes a wrong view of the incident. There should not here be any thought of "knock-out blows." A criticism, concerning vital matters of Socialist policy and even principle, has been made against the posture of THE PEOPLE. The criticism was published simultaneously with the Editor's answer. The Editor of THE PEOPLE, elected by a general vote of the Socialist Labor Party, is chosen by the members in the belief that he represents the Party's collective views, and he, in turn, accepts the office in the belief that the collective views of the membership are his. In the course of time there may be shiftings of views. The criticism and the answer, the latter of which presumably embodies the Party's views, having been published, it is now for the membership to express themselves to one another. All should know where each stands.—Editor THE PEOPLE.]

PRINTERS ARE ASKED QUESTIONS IN MINNEAPOLIS.

To The Daily and Weekly People.—Answering "C. C. W." in "Correspondence" Weekly People of April 2:

Yes; at least, some of Minneapolis' employers in the printing trade have recently required from their employees answers to the questions: "Name? Ad-

dress? Age? Nationality? How long employed? Last employer? Why did you leave him?" etc.

It was impossible to get any satisfactory reply to the question, "Why do you want this information?" and I won't inflict my guesses, but, no doubt, the reason will be made plain later.

Printer. Minneapolis, Minn., April 2.

SOME MORE SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC FUSINGS.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—In spite of all their efforts to catch votes in the spring election, which took place yesterday, and in spite of their capture of all the offices of the "Central Labor Council," and other pure and simple organizations, the local Social Democrats, alias Socialists, lost a considerable number of votes. They also claim a victory. The following facts and figures will show their loss, and explain their so-called victory.

Last fall the Social Democratic, alias Socialist party, polled 419 votes. At yesterday's election the head of their ticket polled 376 votes. But even with this decrease, the whole vote is not a Social Democratic, alias Socialist vote. Further facts and figures will show this.

At yesterday's election, the Republicans had a full ticket, except for the office of Game Constable. The Democrats, on the other hand, had only two candidates in the field, one in the Socialist Aldermanic Ward, and the other for Overseer of the Poor. For the office of Overseer of the Poor, the Social Democrats, alias Socialists, polled only 269 votes. This polling 376 votes, had a good many Democratic votes, for he it recollects, THE DEMOCRATS HAD NO MAYORALTY CANDIDATE.

Now, as to "the victory"—they were bound to get it, no matter how many votes they cast. The Social Democratic, alias Socialist party, as already shown, was the only party to put up a candidate for the office of Game Constable—so he got it. He couldn't have helped it, if he wanted to! His party got something which even the capitalists don't care for; or, perhaps, there is some deal behind it. This is likely, for, though the office don't amount to anything, the Social Democrats, alias Socialists, are liable to go into any deal, just to have a chance to boast that they have elected a candidate in Jamestown.

FOR THE NATIONAL CONVENTION TO CONSIDER.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—Many of the comrades have written about questions that should be discussed and acted on by our coming national convention. They have brought forward mainly the necessity of altering the N. E. C. and advancing the interests of the party press. While these are important matters they are not the only ones. "There are others." One of these is our attitude toward trades unionism.

There can be no doubt that trades unionism is now the uppermost question, especially in the mind of the working class. The newspapers are devoting many columns to it, strikes, more defensive than offensive, abound, and the subject meets on from many sides in many ways, as was shown at the Harlem Paris Commune lecture, delivered by Comrade De Leon. All this leaves no room for any conclusion but that the question of trades unionism is a question of the hour.

There can also be no doubt that the S. L. P. attitude on this question is the true one. Experience has demonstrated that the S. L. P. claims regarding the character of the Civic Federation and its alliance with the trades unions, the Roosevelt-Mitchell coal strike arbitration, and the fraudulent "prosperity" wage increases of the pure and simple trades unions, together with their inability to prevent present reductions in the face of ever-increasing prices and rents, were true, and made in the interest of the working class. Our trade union attitude is also impressing itself most strongly upon the honest rank and file of the bogus Socialist party, who now perceive, to a greater extent than ever before, that our criticism of the Gompers' Unions as bulwarks of capitalism, is to the point, and in accord with the facts, as the recent A. F. of L. convention brought home to them.

In brief, S. L. P. trades unionism is shown to be the right trades unionism, in and out of the Socialist ranks; but the rank and file of the working class are not aware of this truth. This arises from a lack of appropriate propaganda literature, that it should be the aim of the national convention to supply.

At present our trade union attitude is maintained by a running record and commentary in our press, or it is expounded in pamphlets, like "Two Pages of Roman History," such as cannot be easily and freely distributed, owing to their cost and scholarly character. Our leaflet, "The Trade Union Attitude of the S. L. P.," while theoretically correct, is historically and practically out of date, because it is not abreast of recent events. And so to with "The Manifesto of the S. T. and L. A." What is needed is a new body of up-to-date leaflets that

can be printed and spread broadcast by the millions.

It is the belief of the writer that in the present campaign more than in past ones, will the trade union attitude of the S. L. P. be the pivot of attack upon it. The S. L. P. should, therefore, prepare to drive home to the workers what time and experience has demonstrated to be a fact; viz., that the S. L. P. trade union attitude is the only trade union attitude in the interest of the working class. The national convention should map out a comprehensive and effective plan of action with this end in view. Let other questions be considered, but, comrades, don't overlook this important one of trades unionism. In so far as we meet it and act upon it, in so far will we be successful. GUS EB. New York, April 6.

GOOD WORK IN E. ST. LOUIS, ILL. To The Daily and Weekly People:

With the Paris Commune celebration last Sunday the three months' series of lectures, given under the auspices of Section East St. Louis, was closed. This series, as has been reported from time to time in The People, has been very successful. Perhaps not from the point of view of great numbers in attendance, but from the attention given. This has been much the greater, and from an educational point of view there is no doubt but this series has been of great value.

At the Commune celebration, musical selections were rendered by Miss Florence Bloemsma and speeches on the Paris Commune and Its Lessons were made by Wm. Billsbarrow and Mrs. Olive M. Johnson. From the interest shown by the workers, on this occasion it is safe to say that they learned something of value about this great proletarian attempt at self-government, and the lessons its failures teaches to the workers of to-day.

With Sunday, April the 3rd, the open air meetings will commence. The comrades will then have a chance to reach out to the crowds that cannot be gathered into a hall. In other words, some new ground will be plowed. To start with, one meeting a week will be held every Sunday at 3 p. m., at the corner of Collinsville and St. Louis avenues. Later on, as the campaign approaches, more meetings may be held.

Considerable literature has been distributed and sold during the winter months. This work will be pushed even more vigorously during the summer months and the campaign. Nor have the comrades here forgotten the, perhaps most important work, that for the Party Press. They have not, as some appear to do, kept themselves busy making up plans and schemes for other sections and individuals to follow and then end; but they have gone out and hustled, no matter where or when they can find a workman to approach in their homes, in the shops, on the street cars, at the meetings, etc. If the workers spring the excuse that they have no money with them, they are told that the agent will collect at their home soon after the first copy has been received. Our comrades here lose no opportunity of impressing upon their fellow-workers the absolute necessity of reading the only workingman's paper in the English language in the United States—The Weekly People.

Press Committee, Section E. St. Louis, East St. Louis, Ill., March 31.

AS TO "REFLECTOR'S" LETTER.

To The Daily and Weekly People.—Enclosed find money order for \$5.00, for which you will send subscription cards per enclosed order blanks. The letter signed "Reflector," in last week's Weekly People, was very much to the point, and I, like he, cannot understand why the party membership does not put more efforts into building up the Party Press. A method that I put in practice while working in San Francisco a few years back was between pay days to solicit all the promises to subscribe for The Weekly People that I could. Of course, many would say they had no money. They were told that it would be all right to give it to me pay day. As some of them always break their promise if they were not cornered when they had money, and as it was always a go as you please race to the pay master's window, I usually managed to get well to the front of the line. Then, on getting my pay, I got out on the street and waited for my promised subs. Frequently, some of them would get away, but I usually managed to get about \$5 each pay day. Aside from the good that was done, in aiding to build up the party press, I rather enjoyed the fun of rounding up the men, and after holding up a fellow who was trying to get away on me, and he would put up his 50 cents, we would have a good laugh together. J. E. F. Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., March 30.

A CARD FROM H. KRUSE.

To the comrades of the S. L. P. of the State of New York: I have been nominated a delegate to the National Convention, but as I will not be able to attend the same, owing to removal, I take this means of informing you to strike me off the list. Fraternally, H. KRUSE. Schenectady, N. Y., April 5.

STURZ PIANO.

Sold on Easy Terms Direct from FACTORY WAREHOUSES. AT 142 LINCOLN AVE. 142th St. Block East of Third Avenue.

"IDEAL" AUSTRALIA

Some Conditions There That the Yellow Journal Does Not Depict.

In yesterday's People mail the following letter was found:

"Syracuse, N. Y., April 4. "To The Daily and Weekly People, Correspondence Department—

"I would like to know, through your offhand answers department, if it is a fact that the Australian Government is an ideal one for workmen to live under? My friend, who takes the N. Y. 'Journal,' and has been reading the articles on Australia running through that paper, contends that that is the kind of government we should have in this country.

"Please inform me through your paper if this is a fact, and if not where I can get the data to refute this argument.

"Yours for the truth, F. H. E." The People, in articles in past issues, on the collapse of the Victorian strike and the fraudulency of New Zealand arbitration, written by Australian workmen, has shown that the idealogy of the Australian Government is purely a figment of the imagination of American middle-class radicals.

The above letters recalled to mind an editorial right in line with these articles which appeared in The People, of Sydney, New South Wales, Australia. As it will shed considerable light on the questions raised, it is herewith reproduced:

"OUT OF WORK. "Out of work! What a horror these three words mean to the working class! They stand for poverty and degradation and the most wretched state of existence possible to imagine. They mean sordid homes, starving children, wives and mothers dragging on their weary and dreary lives hopeless and helpless. They mean loss of self-respect, manhood and womanhood debased and degraded. Where'er you look, in every land, the same gaunt spectacle presents itself. No matter how abundant the earth's harvest, or how wonderful the industrial, mechanical or scientific development, 'out of work' is a complementary supplement. In every city, town and bush track in Australia a growing army of unemployed exists. Yet, according to the capitalist daily press, the whole country is in a state of unprecedented prosperity.

"The recorded harvest is triumphantly paraded as spreading plenty and gladness for all, yet outside the 'wheat belt' no one can put their hands on this universal beneficence. It has now become a settled institution in Australia to always have an 'unemployed,' and it has also become part of the recognized system that the workless should demand work from the State Government. Last week the Premier of this State, the opulent John See, one of the richest men in Australia, whose wealth is produced by the workers while he sleeps, was waited upon by a deputation to 'do something for the unemployed.' But he told them he could not and would not do anything beyond the usual scratching. In an interview with the 'S. M. Herald,' he is reported as saying:

"It would be impossible for the Government to find work for all the workless, and it will not attempt to do so. We have an abundant harvest. It is unprecedented in the history of the State. We had thanksgiving services to-day for the plentiful rain and bountiful harvest. I attended church in the thankfulness of my heart to Almighty God for His blessing in that respect. The Government is only required to carry out those works that are apparently necessary, and which come within the means of the State. We are not going beyond that. It may happen—and I am sorry for it—that mechanics and others are out of work, but the Government feels that it has done everything that was possible during the most critical times to give employment to the workless. But for the work thus provided, many men would have starved; but now, when a good harvest is being garnered, when the wool-clip is large and the mining industry is prosperous, with good prospects all around, men will simply have to look and help themselves, and not depend upon the Government to find work for them."

"The abundant harvest' is garnered in, and has given very little employment to outside labor, so See should tell us how the workless are to be benefited in that connection. It is little wonder that his heart is gladdened, and that in his fullness he thanked the 'Almighty' for a bountiful harvest, because he and his class have reaped the full benefit of this bounteousness. The wool-clip will only absorb the shearers, and others who follow that occupation, and this year will not be much better than the last, as the

number of sheep have not grown to any appreciable extent during that period. As a matter of fact, it will take a good number of years, with favorable seasons, before the sheep flocks will reach the figures previous to the drought. In the mining industry the prospects are far from encouraging for the workers, though they are to See and his class.

"In the coal mining centres the introduction of the coal-cutting machines are displacing men—according to a report, it is estimated that before the end of 1904 fully half of the miners in the Newcastle district will be ousted by the machine. This may be an exaggeration as to the numbers, though it is only a question of time when it will prove correct. The 'S. M. Herald,' true to its class instincts and interests, backs up See and company, and sneers at the men out of work, telling them to go and reap the 'bounteous harvest,' etc. It concludes its screech with: 'The unemployed must simply do what our fathers did in similar circumstances—take what work they can get at whatever price is offered, and do it well, struggling and hoping for better days.' This has been written by a wage slave of the crowd who own and control that sheet, and receiving pay so to do, the same fellow probably would not be worth his salt outside the 'Herald's' cloister. If Fairfax was asked to accept less for their advertisements and paper and 'trust' to better days, class-conscious Cook, the boss of the saintly concern, would show the difference between preaching and practice.

"The unemployed will always exist so long as capitalism lasts, because they can't do as their fathers did. All the best of the land has been taken, the machine is larger and more complex, and the mass of the people of the working class are more specialized and enslaved. 'The cause is private ownership of the means of life. The cure—permanent and complete—Collective Ownership—Socialism. This must be the work of the working class acting consciously in their own class interests at the ballot box and vote into political existence the only Party standing for Socialism—The Socialist Labor Party."

In a land where such conditions exist, and such remedies are necessary, the government is ideal in its protection of capitalist interests only. Is that the kind of idealism the Syracuse reader of the Yellow Journal is hankering after?

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT NOTES

Two hundred and seventy-three subscriptions to the Weekly People were received during the week ending Saturday, April 9. Better work is expected next week, as \$111 worth of prepaid subscription cards were sold last week. As an inducement to our hustlers, we will offer five dollars' worth of prepaid subscription cards to the person securing the largest number of subscribers for the week ending Saturday, April 23. The offer does not apply to Sections, but individuals. It must be plainly stated who subs. are to be credited to.

In a prize contest arranged by the S. E. C. of Connecticut, Jacob Breuer, of Hartford, secured 52 yearlies and 1 half-yearly; F. Lechner, 22 yearlies, and J. D. Carlson, of New Britain, 10 yearlies and 1 half-yearly. Others took part in the contest, and Comrade Breuer, the winner of the prize, set a fast pace for them all.

Comrade La Voie, of Newport, R. I., sends in five dollars' worth of subs. and gets a copy of the "History of the Commune." Section Providence, R. I. takes twenty-five dollars' worth of sub. cards. That's a good beginning. We hope the comrades of that city will sell them as fast as possible and in that way run up a good list of Weekly People readers.

It looks as if the comrades of East St. Louis, Ill., do not intend to let up. Twenty-six more subs. just came from there. Thirteen were secured by Comrade Stevens, 7 by Comrade Johnson, and 6 by Comrade Jenning. These comrades certainly know how to get subscribers.

Five or more subs. were secured as follows: H. Weiss, Brooklyn, N. Y., 14; R. Goodwin, Pomona, Cal., 13; 34th A. D., New York, 10; Ben Hilbert, Jr., Hamilton, O., 9; J. T. L. Remley, Indianapolis, Ind., 8; F. Brown, Cleveland, O., 7; Jacob Loven Marion, Ind., 7; Section Boston, 5; 7th A. D., Brooklyn, 5; John Farrell, Lowell, Mass., 5; Section St. Louis, 5.

Don't forget the prepaid postal cards for yearly subs. It is often as easy to get a sub. for one year as for six months. We are no longer able to supply lack numbers of the Weekly People containing the story of "The Pilgrim's Shell." The story will be issued in book form about May 1st, and those who failed to get it during its publication in The Weekly, will have an opportunity to read it then.

FOR OVER SIXTY YEARS An Old and Well-Tried Remedy. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over SIXTY YEARS BY MILLIONS OF MOTHERS FOR THEIR CHILDREN WHILE TRIPLED WITH PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, AND BRINGS DOWN COLIC, AND IS THE BEST REMEDY FOR DIARRHOEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP, AND TAKE NO OTHER KIND.

LETTER-BOX OFF-HAND ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

[NO QUESTIONS WILL BE CONSIDERED THAT COME IN ANONYMOUS LETTERS. ALL LETTERS MUST CARRY A BOX FIVE SIGNATURE AND ADDRESS.]

A. N., PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Yes; the price of labor is like the price of beef; and consequently must decline; and there is no contradiction between that and the article showing that the price of beef has gone up. Being merchandise they are both affected by the identical economic laws; but being merchandise of different qualities the same thing is not possible with both. The same sun-ray that melts away the ice brings forth the fruit; are the facts contradictory? Labor cannot be put in cold storage, it cannot be the subject of a monopoly; beef can; as it can, the law of the cheapening of merchandise is in its case counteracted, whereas with labor it is not subject to any such strongly counteracting currents. The trades union is the only counteracting force, and that is trifling.

S. W. E., NEW YORK.—Conviction is an essential thing for the achievement of great ends. How can petty folks, pursuing pennies, and temporizing and "possibilitating" be expected to have the convictions needed for achievement? Their "convictions" are those of the root-hog.

H. J. B., FLORENCE, COLO.—Certainly! Send the full account of the situation. Take as little space as possible, and all the space that is necessary. Such a matter as that of Colorado should and will have the right of way.

J. C. M., FALKIRK, SCOTLAND.—Very well.

F. H. F., SYRACUSE, N. Y.—An article from the Sidney, Australia, "People" will be published. It will answer the question. Australia was a "workingman's paradise" only in the sense that where cattle are few they are dear. Such booming days for the chattel labor went by. And the seal of its termination was stamped upon the end when pure and simpleminded took hold of the government.

E. R., OMAHA, NEB.—That sort of reasoning will not stand. In 1892 the Rev. George D. Herron dedicated a religious book to his then wife. The dedicatory says: "To my wife, Mary Eberhard Herron, who has been to me a living conscience." A "living conscience" does not change so quickly into a "mental clog" and "incompatibility." Either the Rev. Herron flabbergasted when he wrote that—in which case no reliance can be put on his utterances; or he was then sincere—in which case he today deserves reprobation only, and the title "speculator in rich wives," given him by The People, not only is not cruel, but fits and is luminous. In either case, he belongs in the so-called Socialist, alias Social Democratic, camp. Such a man could not breathe in the S. L. P. He has not, and never will have money enough to follow the members of the S. L. P. into his "breadness."

E. G., PATERSON, N. J.—The despatch had been sent before. The re-admission of the Jesuits by the German Empire is but illustrative of the bundle of economic-political blunders that the much-boasted Falk exclusion law was. For one thing, much that the German government objected to in the Jesuits was not at all theologic, as the Jesuits claimed and the German government blundered into admitting;—just now, for instance, Senator Snoot is being investigated and objected to; the American government does not bother about whether he calls certain features of his church organization "religion" or "theology;" they are infractions of the secular law of the land; and if found to be actually binding upon him, he will be unseated. The German government would Falk-law the Smoots instead of dealing with them as citizens—an egregious blunder. For another thing, the German Government was too purblind to see, thirty years ago, when the Falk exclusion law was passed, that Canossa is a way-station for the Imperial Government—another blunderous oversight. It has found out.

A. E. K., CHICAGO, ILL.—Before publishing the praises of that Council Bluffs "Home" for Children, we shall have to know more about it. Many and many of these homes are but breeders of slave pens for the West, where orphaned children of the East are sent to be sold into virtual slavery.

J. C. TROY, N. Y.—Your reply is riled out. We have both been heard. It is now for the Party membership to speak, if they choose to. For the two of us to continue the discussion would be to have it degenerate into a literary and personal clippercrawl between two combatants—such clippercrawls as the German "Neue Zeit" and Ben Tucker's "Liberty" are periodically the theatre of. The editor of The People, for one, has neither time nor taste for that sort of thing. The Party membership are not children. If there is any "misrepresentation," "confusing of the issue," "ridiculous reasoning," etc., etc., the Party membership can be trusted to find it out without the help of either of us. Their facility to do so has been secured by the precaution

adopted by The People and fair treatment to you of publishing your criticism and the answer thereto, alongside of each other, simultaneously, before the identical audience. You are referred to the N. E. C. if you wish to appeal from our decision.

H. G. K., CINCINNATI, O.—The Uncle Sam and Brother Jonathan dialogues are good matter for such purposes. Several have been put into leaflets.

W. J. T., HAMILTON, CANADA.—The "Corporation Auxiliary Company" appeared in the Daily of August 23, 1903, (Weekly, Aug. 29.) The article on the subject in the "Appeal to Reason" appeared five months later in "Appeal to Reason," of Feb. 1, 1904. That settles the point that, whichever paper lifted the matter from the other, the lifting could not have been done by The People. Moreover The People's article, which appeared under the title, "Important Documents on the Noble Waging of the Class Struggle," was a much fuller one than the "Appeals," it contained all the documents. 2. The strike on the "Appeal," as the letter of one of the strikers, republished in this paper from a so-called Socialist party paper stated, was due to Wayland's bestowal upon his employee on the paper's sweat shop wages and treatment.

D. G., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—It is not only against the Americans and Irish that the "Volkzeitung" rants its nativist rantings. They also indulge occasionally in stupid vapors against the English language.

S. B., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—You are wise to wait patiently for an answer. You will have to wait a little longer. In the meantime get you a copy of Bebel's "Woman" that the Labor News Co., 24 New Reade street, has just issued, and read and ponder over the translator's footnote on page 372. Your mind will then be attuned to understanding why no European country can at present be transformed into a Socialist Commonwealth. Our further answer will come in due time. The work in this office leaves just now little time for the Letter-Box.

P. D., NEW YORK; T. E. H., SEATTLE, WASH.; Y. R., MINNEAPOLIS; MINN.; M. N., TACOMA, WASH.; M. M., DETROIT, MICH.—Matter received.

LABOR NEWS DEPARTMENT. In Marion, Ind., where a spring campaign will be held, the Section there has taken 10,000 leaflets for distribution. During political campaign the workers are in a mood for reading, and our comrades should push the distribution of literature.

The Progressive Litho. Alliance 170, S. T. & L. A., has sent out over 2,000 of its address to lithographers throughout the United States, the leaflet being addressed and mailed direct from this office. The Labor Library, being a newspaper, is entitled to second-class mailing privileges, and the expenses of sending out the leaflets was small. Comrades should remember this when getting up addresses for distribution. Every S. L. P. facility should be utilized to further its propaganda.

Next week's sales will probably exhaust the first thousand bound copies of Bebel's "Woman Under Socialism." The demand for it is growing, and numerous Sections and members throughout the country are energetically pushing it.

Advance orders for "The Pilgrim's Shell; or, Fergan, the Quarrman" are coming in but slowly. The number in the first edition will depend upon advance orders. Price, 75 cents. Place your orders now.

OHIO S. L. P., ATTENTION! Cleveland, O., April 4, 1904. Comrades of the S. L. P. in Ohio: Greeting:—Through The People your State Executive Committee desires to call your attention to the fact that it has engaged Comrade Bohm, of Ann Arbor, Mich., to agitate for the party in our State. He will be put upon the road just as soon as we have the necessary funds on hand. Section Cleveland has taken up the plan of issuing monthly pledge cards, and so far has done very well. The money in the hands of the S. P. C. is small in amount, and we must augment it by all means before we put on a speaker. We must strive to keep him out for a couple of months at least. He will be instructed to push party literature and the party press, and cannot reasonably be expected to do very much in any time under two months. If he can be kept on the road longer, so much the better. Use every effort Comrades to enable us to have Comrade Bohm in Ohio in a short time. The vote on the holding of a State convention and on the candidates to the national convention has not come in as they should. Your committee extends the time for the last returns of these votes, until April 15, so that all Comrades will have a chance to express their wishes. Organizers will please try to have their returns in by that time. Fraternally, OHIO STATE EXECUTIVE COM. JAS. RUGG, Sec'y, 1625 Osage Street.

