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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1910.

The day Socialism should come into power, that day would my supremacy, the supremacy of the God CAPITAL, be at end.

OUR TO-DAY'S CARTOON.

Volumes of Reason, illustrated by ripe Experience, and couched in diction elegant and incisive, is the cartoon from the pen of the Socialist Labor Party's talented San Francisco artist, Sidney Armer.

Organization, the organization of the Useful Labor of the commonweal, is a condition precedent for the overthrow of the organized Idle Class that, under the regime of capitalism, lives upon the toil of the workers.

Unionism means the organization of the whole working class. Unionism, accordingly, implies methods that enable all the workers to be classified in their several tool-dictated regiments, battalions, and companies, as integral parts of an army—the Army of Labor, drilled and equipped to overthrow the reign of Capital by taking and holding the reins of government.

THE OPPORTUNITY OF IRELAND.

With only forty-seven more electorates to be heard from, the conclusion is safe that the Liberals, though returning with a plurality to the House of Commons, are not returned with an absolute majority, and that their plurality is so small that, even if re-inforced by the Laborite contingent, the allies of the Liberals, the two combined will still fall short of a majority.

the hypocrite praises of the ex-president Eliots of being "heroes"; they will gather up their loins, and calling to their side the rank and file that Gompersism keeps lashed to the chariot wheels of the exploiter, organize to a purpose.

A second Mahmood the Image-Breaker, Un-organized Labor, kept un-organized by Gompersism, will prelude the day of that final Strike that will strike the shackles from the working class, with that downright strike that will smite the monstrous image at whose shrine Capitalism officiates as High Priest and Gompers as candle-bearer.

Fifty times the Brahmins' offer will deluge all the floor.

THE SECRET POLICE.

In the course of the short address delivered by Vladimir Burtseff, at the Grand Central Palace on the evening of the 21st of January, he said:

"Russian conditions make the Secret Police issue the most prominent one that we have to deal with in Russia. One spy, the Zhuchenko woman, for instance, operating in our ranks, frustrated for many years all revolutionary activity.

It is no figure of speech to say that here in America also the Capitalist Regime has its Secret Police. It is no figure of speech to say that here also the Secret Police is a leading issue. Nor would it be much of a strain to say that, here also, the Secret Police being destroyed the whole regime would tumble down.

In Russia the Secret Police arises from the circumstance that the Revolution has no means other than secrecy to combat the Czar's Regime. A Free Press and Free Speech being expelled in Russia the Revolution is compelled to work underground.

Otherwise in America. Here Free Press and Free Speech are in force. Here, accordingly, secrecy is unnecessary; the Revolution, not being driven underground, it is not forced to resort to the methods that invite underground counter methods.

In Russia, as in America, the Secret Police must be torn down. The parallel ends there. In Russia, differently from America, the Revolution requires a Burtseff to paralyze the malignant outgrowth of Russian conditions; in America, differently from Russia, the Revolution calls for conduct that of itself takes away the occupation from the Secret Police, to wit, an open, over and above board policy.

NEEDED, A GUARDIAN.

In the course of a severe criticism of brutal vivisection methods Mr. Sidney Trist, editor of the English Animals' Guardian, puts the pertinent and pointed question: "In the whole history of the world has any man or woman ever been found who was fit to be trusted with unlimited power and unrestricted opportunity?"

England and Scotland, down to the beginning of the 17th Century, were virtually two armed camps against each other. A unity of the two could not have been conceived except as the consequence of the conquest of one by the other.

Indianapolis despatches have been foreshadowing the "solidification" of the United Mine Workers of America with the Western Federation of Miners, and the incorporation of the "solidified" body with the American Federation of Labor.

The announcement is being acclaimed from two opposite quarters as a wise move in behalf of Labor. There can be no doubt of the sincerity, but all the doubt in the world of the wisdom, of one set of acclamers—the uninformed working masses; there can be no doubt of the wisdom, but all the doubt in the world of the sincerity, of another set of acclamers—the Top Capitalist.

He who knows anything with regard to the United Mine Workers of America knows a number of things:—He knows that, without the check-off system, a system under which the employer acts as Financial Secretary for the Union, the body could not be held together; he knows that one of the boasts of the Union's officers is the large funds they have on deposit in banks, that is, in spots where the capitalist masters can conveniently lay hands on them as loans with which to purchase improved machinery that displaces Labor in mines and elsewhere; he knows that the "contract" system, a system by which one Union can be tied down to work while its brothers are on strike, a system, in other words, that compels mutual scabbery of Union upon Union, is one of the salient tenets upheld by the body's officers; he knows that, as a consequence of these and kindred tenets, one wing of the Union, the bituminous wing, scabbed it, had to scab it, in fact was made to believe that it gloriously upheld the Cause of Labor when it scabbed it upon the anthracite wing by remaining at work during the anthracite strike.

As to the Western Federation of Miners, it has generally enjoyed a reputation for class-instinct, if not for class-consciousness; some have called it revolutionary spirit. Indeed, it cannot be denied that more than one of its constituent bodies deserved the praise. If we look no further, if there were nothing else to look into, the question would come, "Which of the two bodies will leave up the other: will the U. M. W. of A. drag down the W. F. of M., or will the W. F. of M. draw up the U. M. W. of A.?" Opinion might differ as to the upshot; but Hope might be justified, at least allowed to spread its wings. Unfortunately, there is more that demands looking into than the general reputation of the W. F. of M.

THE CIVIC FEDERATION ON TOP

He who knows anything about the Western Federation of Miners also knows a number of things:—He knows that the W. F. of M. was the leading factor to convene the Chicago convention of 1905, which launched the Industrial Workers of the World, an economic organization, broad-based over the whole land, that, recognizing the historic mission of Unionism, called upon the working class to unite upon the political as well as the industrial field, on the political to preach, propagate, agitate for and organize the Social Revolution in the open, and on the economic field to "take and hold," or execute the revolutionary act; he knows that the very following year, the President whom the I. W. W. elected having been convicted not of financial corruption only, but of downright reaction A. F. of L.-ward, Moyer, Mahoney, O'Neill and others, all of them leading officers of the W. F. of M., and now leading forces in the move to solidify with the U. M. W. of A., took, under various pretexts, a stand against the element which fought Shermanism, and with the aid of various and devious devices succeeded in withdrawing the W. F. of M. from the I. W. W., thus dealing the first open and heavy blow to that promising body. Nor is the knower of all these things left at sea to understand these things. He knows other things, besides. He knows that at the first, the constituent convention of the I. W. W., the clause, subse-

AT THE BIER OF BEN HANFORD

"De mortuis nil nisi bonum"—nothing but praise is in order concerning the dead—is one of those maxims which, while laying claim to a high moral standard, actually subserve an immoral one. If death is a sanctifier, then death would be the worst scourge to afflict humanity.

Obviously, duty to the living and charity for the dead dictate a course that avoids both extremes. This is all the more imperative when the duty to the living involves a great Cause in behalf of which the deceased was a struggler.

Ben Hanford was at one time a member of the Socialist Labor Party. So firmly did he adhere to the tenets which the S. L. P. considered cardinal that he resisted the shock of the night of July 10, 1899; and, when that night's events dug sharp and deep the chasm that separated the two conflicting camps, Hanford was found and took his stand under the symbol of the Uplifted Arm and Hammer. Not many months later, when the "Sun" strike offered him a lucrative committee post, Hanford deserted his colors, leaped back over the chasm, and, as usually happens in such cases, displayed against his former comrades and the principles he had upheld the peculiar vindictiveness that characterizes the apostate.

Those materialists, whose dry-as-dust theory justifies the charge of the visionaries that materialism is purely groveling, will find in Ben Hanford's desertion of, and subsequent unhandsome and generally undignified posture towards the S. L. P., nothing but a confirmation of materialism. They will see in his conduct nothing but one more proof that the source of bread and butter determines the tune of the singer. This would be a mistaken judgment. In so far as Hanford's conduct illustrates the close connection between the stomach and the mind; in so far as it illustrates the truth of the principle that, under class rule conditions, not Man rules Property, but Property Man—in so far as that is concerned, the life of Hanford would have contributed only cumulative evidence to a principle that needs proof no longer.

WAGES AND PROFITS.

Where They Both Come From — As One Grows, Other Must Shrink. Labor produces all wealth; capitalists control labor and the wealth produced by labor. The function of producing wealth is to divide the product into two portions; one to be retained by the laborer, the other to be retained by the capitalist. The portion retained by the laborer, is called wages; the portion retained by the capitalist is called profit.

Labor produces all wealth, but can purchase only such portion of its own product as is meted out by the wage fund. In other words, the consuming power of the laboring class is limited to such a portion of its own product as equals the value of its wage. The remainder of the product is retained by the capitalist class.

UNCLE SAM AND BROTHER JONATHAN.

BROTHER JONATHAN—It does seem to me that there is something decidedly perverse in Socialism. UNCLE SAM—That's something new. As a rule Socialism is sniffed at because it is taken to be too angelic. B. J.—I don't think it ought to be sniffed at; what ought to be done to it is to burn it out. U. S.—That's severe. And why this severity? B. J.—I'll tell you. There are thousands upon thousands of people, say hundreds of thousands, who are content with their lot, and submissive to the existing order of things. I don't say they are as happy as I'd like to see them. But they are happy now with their lot. Down comes Socialism upon them, stirs the discontent, and turns their happiness into unhappiness. I say that such a thing is perverse. U. S.—Let's see. You can't fly. You are perfectly happy with your legs for locomotion; down comes somebody upon you and descants upon the great pleasure that you could enjoy if you only had wings, besides legs, and could fly; and he prevails upon you so much and he impresses you to such an extent with his arguments about the pleasures you are foregoing for want of wings that you cease to enjoy your legs and actually grow miserable. B. J.—Bravo, well put! U. S.—And your understanding of the effect of Socialist agitation is of the nature of such agitation for wings? B. J.—Exactly! Now, is not that perverse? U. S.—Yes; THAT would indeed be perverse; but such is not Socialist agitation. B. J.—What else is it? U. S.—Now, let's suppose this state of things: You imagine you are in good health, and are very happy in that, nevertheless it is only appearance; there is death gnawing at your vitals; you have a tapeworm inside you sucking up the substance of your nourishment and undermining your health; at times you feel a sense of lassitude, but you get over that, your recuperative powers not yet having lost their elasticity, and you preserve your happiness. Some knowing one comes along and discovers the evidence of the mischievous parasite inside of you; he tells you of it; informs you of your danger, and thoroughly arouses you out of your ignorance of your condition into a thorough appreciation of the danger you are in. Has he not "destroyed your happiness"? B. J.—He has for the moment; but for my own good. What he tells me makes me take measures to rid myself of the parasite within me, and to become positively happy. U. S.—And that is good? B. J.—Certainly. U. S.—And such is the case with Socialism; and this is what it does for those who enjoy the happiness of stupor, are disturbed therein, and aroused to rid themselves of a danger not understood by them, but sure to undo them if not overthrown. B. J.—What danger? U. S.—The danger of the existing of a capitalist system. More insidiously yet than the tapeworm undermines the constitution of an individual, does the capitalist system undermine the health and, with it, the happiness of a nation. It renders the living of the working people, the masses, harder and harder; it gathers their substance into the hands of a small parasite class; and the day will surely arrive when it will knock them down for good and all, unless that day is prevented by the alarm signal given by Socialism. B. J. looks contemplative. U. S.—The only perversion in this case is the conduct of the paid brood of politicians, pulpsters and professors, who seek to lull into security a nation that is now being sucked dry by day by the tapeworm of capitalism which it ignorantly is carrying in its inside. Until the workers know Socialism they are the hopeless victims of Capitalism. Spread the light!



UNCLE SAM AND BROTHER JONATHAN.

