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## THE LAST PROPHECY OF GROVER CLEVELAND.

The article on the present campaign and its probable results, written by Grover Cleveland just before his death and published in the New York Times last Sunday, is interesting and significant from more than one point of view. It is interesting that this lifelong Democrat—the only Democrat who has been able to get elected to the Presidency in the last fifty years—should declare himself for the Republican candidate. It is equally interesting that he should feel it necessary to devote so large a proportion of his space to Socialism and its significance as a factor in national politics.

Never, perhaps, did any prominent politician become so cordially hated within his own party as did Cleveland soon after his second election. But that hatred was not directed only against the individual, well as he deserved it. It was directed against all that he stood for. And what he stood for was the only element of vital strength in the Democratic party. A reactionary party ever since its birth in 1828—the party of the slaveholders, the party of disunion, the party of oligarchy in the South and of corruption in the North, the party of unprogressive capitalism, of propertied "anarchy plus a policeman"—all its backward tendencies were better represented in Cleveland than in any other leader since the Civil War. But just those reactionary characteristics were also the great sources of its political strength. And the outburst of hatred against Grover Cleveland was, in effect, just the expression of the rage of the befooled and betrayed masses of the Democracy against a party which could win only when it was at its worst as an enemy of liberty and progress, and which became fatally weak whenever any liberal tendencies asserted themselves within it. In a word, the outburst of hatred against Cleveland was the first great step in the breakdown of the Democratic party.

From 1875, when the Southern states had regained their political rights, till the end of Cleveland's administration in 1897, the Democratic party was at least able to share with the Republican party the power of the national government—controlling either the Presidency or the Senate or the House, or even two of these branches, nearly all the time. Since 1897 it has held neither the White House nor either wing of the Capitol. When it repudiated its historic policy of reaction in 1896, it sealed its doom as a party with a chance of winning. From that time on, its existence has been a gradual disintegration. Cleveland's endorsement of Taft, on the one hand, and the Hearst secession and Bryan's double-faced attitude in the present year on the other hand, mark the beginning of the final death-agony of a party that ought to have been in its grave thirty years ago.

That Cleveland was a man of brilliant intellect, not even his most servile flatterers would suggest. But not even his worst contemners could consider him a fool. A certain soundness of practical judgment he had, and he was the last man to overestimate the importance of any minority party or of any movement which was not backed by wealth and respectability. It is no wild guess when such a man, hating Socialism so virulently as he did, says that the Socialist vote this year will probably number at least a million and that even twelve hundred thousand would not be surprising. We are pleased with the prediction, and we are not sure enough of Mr. Cleveland's Divine inspiration to be alarmed by his statement that "the Hand of the Almighty" will intervene to save his class from "the fallacies of a non-competitive state of society!"

"Charity is born of a good hearty laugh," says John D. Rockefeller; "it spreads kindlier feeling among mankind." Doubtless he

wishes the people to laugh, for if anyone in the world stands in need of kindly feeling it is he.

How much braver and more honorable are civilized methods of warfare than those of the savages? The Indian used to hide behind a tree and shoot his enemy with bow-and-arrow. We use smokeless powder, noiseless guns, and submerged mines.

Lyman Beecher used to pray: "Lord, keep us from despising our rulers; and Lord, keep them from behaving so we can't help it." We are often tempted to echo that prayer, but we doubt if the Lord would interfere to save the rulers. "Those He would destroy," says the proverb, "He first makes mad."

The difference between man and beast, or between civilized men and savages, is that we can partly control and direct our own social evolution. We are not wholly the playthings of forces about us, but can use those forces to realize our ideals.

Point out to us any great step in human progress, and we will point out to you a discontented man who has led it. As Josh Billings put it, "The contented man is first cousin to the clam."

There is one thing that exceeds Mr. Bryan's eagerness to convince the organized workingmen that he is their particular friend. That one thing is Mr. Bryan's eagerness to assure the Southern Bourbons that he is no friend of the Negro.

The British and American governments have been asked to cooperate in compelling the abolition of slavery in Portuguese West Africa. How would it do for the American government to make a beginning by abolishing slavery in its own Philippine possessions?

The Chinese Emperor has issued an edict assuring his people that a constitutional form of government will be established in China in 1917. But perhaps, with the examples set by the Persians and the Turks before their eyes, the Chinese people may have a word to say as to the date. They might prefer 1909.

## LABOR AND CAPITAL AND OBEDIENCE TO LAW.

It is about time the workingmen of this country began to resent the insulting tone in which President Roosevelt always addresses them, and which Candidate Taft is imitating, just as he imitates every other habit and mannerism of his patron. "You've a right to organize, but you've got to obey the law"—that is the one stock phrase each of these men has ready whenever he finds himself before an audience of workingmen. One might suppose that the working people were a body of habitual criminals, to hear these politicians lecture and warn and threaten them.

But Mr. Taft, in his speech at Athens last week, did not content himself with thundering at the labor unions about the majesty of the law. He had the temerity to say: "The labor organizations must exercise their power within the law EXACTLY AS COMBINATIONS OF CAPITAL EXERCISE THEIR POWER WITHIN THE LAW."

We have had some investigations in the last few years. The insurance companies have been investigated, and a number of the big banks and trust companies, and great railway corporations, and rich municipal franchise corporations, and the Meat Trust, and the Standard Oil Company, and a good many others. The one result of these investigations has been to show that the COMBINATIONS OF

**CAPITAL DO NOT EXERCISE THEIR POWER WITHIN THE LAW, EXCEPT WHEN THE LAW HAPPENS JUST TO SUIT THEIR PURPOSES;** that any law which conflicts with their schemes is a laughing stock for them; that, with few exceptions, the great capitalists in control of them are guilty of perjury, bribery, breach of trust, misappropriation of funds, and a whole series of offenses against the common and statute law, and that **THE PARTY WHICH HAS NOMINATED MR. TAFT AT MR. ROOSEVELT'S COMMAND IS A REGULAR PARTNER IN A LARGE NUMBER OF THESE CRIMES AND HAS SYSTEMATICALLY CONNIVED AT THE REST.**

If Mr. Taft wants to preach obedience to the law, let him get together an audience of bankers, railway presidents, manufacturers, merchants, and contractors, and tell them that they have got to obey the law as faithfully as the average union workingman actually does.

We should like to see him try it. But, if he is prudent, let him accompany the speech with a very obvious wink. For if he should convince the big business men that he really meant to try to make them obey the law, the result would be to convince the most "respectable" elements in his party that Bryan or even Hearst is a "safer and saner" candidate than he.

Two men in khaki held up and attempted to rob a citizen in Bay-side Park Saturday. A few days earlier, an army officer, aided by his brother, perpetrated a cowardly murder and is now counting on his uniform to save him from the electric chair. A few days before that, eighty drunken soldiers on their way to the Philippines took possession of a railway station in Georgia, drove out the employees and the waiting passengers, assaulted the policeman who tried to maintain order, and generally terrorized the community. About the same time, out in Wyoming, thirty-two soldiers brutally assaulted and maltreated a young woman, who will probably die as a result of the hideous experience. And in the face of these four instances of militarist lawlessness, in various degrees, within a single month, we are still called upon to treat the uniform with respect, and any criticism of the system of militarism is treated as the next thing to treason.

The New York Press, commenting on the fact that a hundred homeless men on a stormy night last week could find no place to sleep but the floor of the Morgue, declares that the city that will permit such a scene ought to hang its head in shame. It adds: "The guilt for this belongs to the McClellan administration of the municipal government. It is made all the deeper by the fact that McClellan and Controller Metz have done much to maintain the great standing army of the unemployed!"

That is very true, so far as it goes. The Democratic city administration is guilty of criminal apathy in all matters concerned with the RELIEF of the condition of unemployment, and even of positively making that condition worse by obstructing the subway construction and other public work. But, let us ask the Press, who is responsible for the EXISTENCE of the army of the unemployed, not only here, but in all parts of the country? By its own reasoning, it must, in order to be consistent, condemn the Roosevelt administration of the national government as severely as it condemns the McClellan administration of the municipal government.

The fact is, the two old parties are equally to blame, since both support the system of private ownership of the means of production, which involves industrial depressions as an inevitable consequence; and since both represent the propertied classes, who are unwilling to have taxes levied upon their property for the relief of the victims of their own maladministration of industry.

As Mark Twain would say, the Republican and Democratic parties are "kin in sin."

Answering a question put by a machinists' delegate in the Brooklyn Central Labor Union last Sunday, Mr. Raymond Robins, settlement worker and Bryan boomer, admitted that an injunction against labor issued by a Democratic judge is as bad as one emanating from a Republican judge. "We must hammer those judges also," he said; "Mr. Bryan expressed his opinion of the courts in 1896." Very good—only twelve years behind the time. In 1896, Mr. Bryan did express some contempt for the contemptible judges who distort the law to the injury of the labor movement. But ever since 1896 Mr. Bryan has been growing more conservative, and this year he joins with Taggart, Connors, Murphy and the rest of the corrupt and reactionary politicians of his party in proclaiming his veneration for the prostituted judiciary. What good is it going to do to "hammer" certain judges and yet vote for the party that supports and controls them?

"Mr. Hisgen believes that government is business," says Mr. Hearst's "American!" Right here is where we and the Hearstites part company. Our ideal of government is not a business ideal. We have had too much of business government—government which is founded primarily on property interests. The Republicans and conservative Democrats would have the government run on the principles of big business; the "radical" Democrats, Hearstites and Populists would have it run on the principles of small business; the Socialists alone would put human interests to the front and make government something else than a business matter. "Business is business" is a maxim that has justified every form of fraud and inhumanity; and it does not become a better maxim by being carried into the realm of politics.

**YOU'VE MADE A BAD BREAK, MR. GOMPERS.**

We do not need to defend Eugene V. Debs against the attack made upon him by President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor. Mr. Debs' record of faithful service and of aggressive and progressive activity in the labor movement is well known to the workers of the land. It speaks for itself. It grows all the brighter by comparison with the record of Mr. Gompers, who has always lagged behind in the development of the American labor movement, who has never taken a forward step until the pressure of the rank and file became too strong for him to resist.

Eugene V. Debs needs no defense. The tone of Mr. Gompers' attack upon him will but raise him in the estimation of all thinking workingmen; and for those who have not yet thought seriously of political affairs, it will arouse their attention and prompt them to investigate for themselves—and we are not afraid of the result.

We Socialists are not much given to taking the defensive. We are used to being attacked and to seeing the attacks turn to our advantage. Roosevelt and Parry and Post and Van Cleave and Eliot and Day have all taken their turn, and when Gompers adds himself to the list he does not alarm us.

**BUT LET MR. GOMPERS LOOK TO HIS OWN REPUTATION.** There is one thing above all others that a man in his position cannot safely do. That is, to lie, by direct assertion or insinuation, about a matter upon which it is possible for every person to inform himself. And that is just what Mr. Gompers has done.

We quote from Mr. Gompers' editorial on page 737 of the "American Federationist" for September:

"We note the 'Socialists' Special' train is to make a tour of the country, carrying Mr. Debs with all the luxurious accessories which modern transportation can accomplish. The train is said to cost \$23,000 for the campaign. Now we would like to inquire who finances the Socialist campaign? It seems hardly probable that such luxurious style of transportation would be authorized by those voters of small means whose contributions are alleged to be the chief support of the Socialist campaign. Why not publish a list of your campaign contributions, Mr. Debs? It would be inter-

esting to know who contributes the \$23,000 campaign train. There is a strong suspicion in the minds of many that the money has the same similarity of source as the abuse." (That sentence does not make any sense; but we have quoted it exactly as it appears in the "Federationist.") "In other words, that the interests behind the Parry-Post-Van Cleave-Taft-Debs opposition to unions furnishes the money for any branch of the campaign where it is expected to do the most harm to the unions and their friends. Come out into the open, Mr. Debs. Where does your party get the money?"

Now Mr. Gompers knows perfectly well where our party gets its funds. Mr. Gompers reads the Socialist press and has done so for years. **IF HE HAD NOT BEEN MAD WITH RAGE WHEN HE WROTE THAT ARTICLE, HE WOULD HAVE REMEMBERED THAT HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF OTHER PEOPLE READ THE SOCIALIST PRESS AND KNOW WHERE THE SOCIALIST PARTY GETS ITS FUNDS, AND THAT FOR HIM TO WRITE THAT PARAGRAPH WAS SIMPLY TO PUT HIMSELF ON RECORD AS A MALICIOUS AND IMPOTENT FALSIFIER.**

Mr. Gompers knows that there is no occasion for Mr. Debs to "publish a list of his campaign contributions"—for the simple reason that the Socialist party organization itself regularly publishes such lists, that it has done so ever since it came into existence as a party, that Mr. Debs could not prevent it from doing so if he would and would not if he could.

The "luxurious accessories" of the Socialist special train are the figments of Mr. Gompers' imagination. The cost of the train is estimated at \$20,000, and that certainly would not provide for a very "luxurious" train for such a tour as the "Red Special" is making, covering 10,500 miles and stopping at 240 cities between Los Angeles and Boston.

The plan for the "Red Special" was formulated by the National Executive Committee of the party early in July. It was submitted to the National Committee, consisting of sixty-three members in all the

states, and in due time was approved by them. Meanwhile, as soon as the plans were announced in the Socialist press, enthusiastic endorsements began to flow in from the local organizations of the party all over the land. When the Executive met again in August, about \$6,000 in cash had been received and about \$2,000 more pledged, and it was considered safe to sign the contract for the first half of the projected tour. And at that time, although the collection was not yet complete, **THE NATIONAL OFFICE OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY SENT OUT A SPECIAL LIST OF THE CONTRIBUTIONS, WHICH MR. GOMPERS PROBABLY HAD ON HIS DESK AT THE TIME HE SENT HIS MENDACIOUS EDITORIAL TO PRESS.** That list included about eight hundred separate items; perhaps half of these represented donations from individuals, most of them ranging between ten cents and ten dollars, with one solitary donation as large as \$200 from a man whose integrity not even Mr. Gompers would have the impudence to impeach; the rest of the items represented appropriations by party and labor organizations or sums collected on lists. **SEVERAL THOUSAND DIFFERENT PERSONS COMBINED TO RAISE THAT \$6,000.** And several thousand more will raise the balance that is needed.

The Socialist party has over 40,000 members who pay regular dues of twenty cents a month and contribute besides to its regular campaign fund and its special funds. Besides these, it has several hundred thousand unorganized sympathizers ready to vote its ticket—four hundred thousand of them voted it four years ago—and a large proportion of these also contribute their dimes or their dollars, as they can afford, to carry on its work.

That, Mr. Gompers, is where the funds of the Socialist party come from—the funds for keeping its speakers in its field, for maintaining its papers until they are put on a self-sustaining basis, for paying its regular secretaries and organizers, for hiring halls and printing leaflets and doing all its work. And every cent of it is accounted for in regularly printed statements which are open for inspection by you or by anyone else who chooses to see them. And you know it, Mr. Gompers. And plenty of other people know it. And be pretending that you do not know it, by hinting that the funds come from some other source than the rank and file of the Socialist movement, you have branded yourself as a slanderer—and a rash, reckless, foolish slanderer, at that—in the eyes of all those hundreds of thousands of people who already know and of many more hundreds of thousands who will know before this campaign is over and who will be aiding in our work in spite of all your calumnies.

The prosperity-faking newspapers of the United States evidently have not yet succeeded in fooling the Europeans. The number of immigrants in July was only 27,570, as against 97,132 in July of last year.

Poverty is hell, but it isn't the sort most of the ministers preach against.

Workingmen and friends of freedom and of progress, do not throw your votes away. The only way a workingman can throw his vote away is to vote against the rights and interests of the working class. The only way any lover of liberty and peace can throw his vote away is to vote against the party that stands for liberty and peace in industry as well as in politics, in fact as well as in phrase.

To vote in the minority is not necessarily to throw your vote away. To vote right, whether in minority or majority, is to use your vote to the best of your ability. To vote wrong is to throw your vote away, and **WORSE**, even though you are one of an overwhelming majority.

The men who voted the Republican ticket and were defeated in 1856, the still smaller minority who voted the Abolitionist ticket in the preceding elections—those voters won in the long run. It was their **MINORITY** votes that drove chattel slavery to bay, that aroused the minds of the nation, that made possible the slaveholders' defeat at the polls in 1860.

You may vote for the winning party; but unless that party's principles and policy really represent your interests, you have thrown your vote away.

No vote can be so pitifully thrown away as that of a workingman who casts his ballot for the Republican party and "prosperity," and then gets wage-reductions backed by injunctions and night-sticks—no vote can be so badly thrown away as that, except the vote of the workingman who casts his ballot for the Democratic party and "personal liberty," and then gets wage-reductions backed by night-sticks and injunctions.

Do you think a minority vote has no effect? Do you think the

governing party and the ruling class are not influenced by it? If you think so, you are very much mistaken. **THE VOTES THAT THE POLITICIANS ARE MOST WILLING TO CONCILIATE ARE THE VOTES CAST CONSISTENTLY AND DEFIANTLY AGAINST THEM.**

So long as you vote thoughtlessly or timidly—so long as you do not think for yourselves or do not dare to vote as you think—so long as you allow the past to do your thinking for you or allow the "leaders" to dictate your vote—in a word, **SO LONG AS THEY ARE SURE OF YOU, THE LEADERS TREAT YOUR INTERESTS WITH CONTEMPT.**

But when you begin to think for yourselves and adopt new ideas to suit new conditions—when you vote against the old-party politicians and their capitalist backers—when you oppose them uncompromisingly—when you begin to show **CONFIDENCE IN YOURSELVES**—when, in one election after another, you steadily pile up more and more ballots against existing evils—when the evidence of your awakening intelligence and your growing self-respect begins to frighten them, then they will respect you and consider your demands.

Until you do that, you will get just what you have been getting all these years—fair words for three or four months before election, insult heaped upon injury the rest of the year.

The old-party politicians have never given you anything out of love for you—the love they profess for you during campaign time. They have never voluntarily given you better conditions of labor, in this or any other country. They have yielded you reforms only as you demanded them and struggled for them, on the industrial field or the political field or both, and shown your resolution to win them, and **ALARMED YOUR OPPONENTS BY YOUR UNITED POWER.** So it has been in the past. So it is to-day. So it will be, as long as class divisions continue—that is, until Socialism is triumphant.

If you double or treble the straight Socialist vote this year, as compared with 1904, you may be sure that the capitalists and their politicians will do some serious thinking.

If you elect a dozen or so of Assemblymen and two or three Congressmen on the Socialist ticket this year—we shall still be in the minority, of course, but our influence will be felt. The capitalists will realize that next time it is likely to be a dozen or so of Congressmen and two or three Governors. And they will think twice before they risk arousing your hostility again by their flagrant misrule.

The four hundred thousand and more who voted the Socialist ticket in 1904—of course they are going to do it again. Some hundreds of thousands more have firmly resolved to follow their example. But it is to you others—you who sympathize with the Socialist party, who would like to see it grow fast and win soon, but have not quite made up your minds whether you will vote for or against it this time—it is to **YOU** that we say, **DON'T THROW YOUR VOTES AWAY!**

The King of England, the French Premier, and the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs took lunch together at Marienbad the other day. It augurs ill for the people when such a meeting takes place. Just what is the next international crime to be perpetrated remains to be seen.

If people tell you this is a commonplace and ignoble age, don't believe it. The little man cannot see the greatness around him. No age is unheroic in the minds of noble men.

Better be a beast of the field, born to no higher destiny, than a man, gifted with the divine power of progress, who has refused to use that power and thrown away his birthright.

Mr. Hearst's "American" editorially declares: "Old Ben Butler was right when he said: 'The **TOO LATE, MR. HEARST.** Democratic party is like a man riding backward in a carriage. It never sees a thing till it's by.'" Yes, Ben Butler was right. He was right when he said it, twenty-four years ago. Socialists said the same thing before 1884 and have been saying it ever since.

Mr. Hearst cast his first vote the same year Ben Butler uttered those words—and he cast it for that reactionary Democratic party. He supported that same backward-facing party in 1888, in 1892, in 1896, in 1900, and in 1904. Only now, when he has been disappointed in his hopes of controlling the Democratic national machine, does he recall Ben Butler's description of that party and herald it to the world as a great discovery of his own.

Your discovery comes too late, Mr. Hearst. Eight years ago, even four years ago, had you had the courage to come out against that reactionary and corrupt capitalist party, you might have had a chance to make yourself a place as a radical leader. But yesterday it



## AN OPEN LETTER TO MR. BRYAN.

By JOHN SPARGO.

Hon. William Jennings Bryan,  
Lincoln, Nebraska.

My Dear Mr. Bryan—In your speech at the notification of your colleague, Mr. Kern, at Indianapolis, you made a bold bid for Socialist support in the coming election.

This action upon your part is significant of the great and growing political importance of Socialism in America. A few years ago, as you will admit, such an appeal would have sufficed to defeat any candidate making it. But in this campaign Socialism is practically the issue, as the late Senator Hanna predicted it would be. The Republican platform devotes much space to it, following the lead of Mr. Roosevelt, misrepresenting the principles of both Socialism and the Republican party. By sheer force of electoral circumstances, you have been forced to follow suit in this pathetic and futile appeal for Socialist votes.

"Pathetic and futile appeal," I call it, for the reason that I know very well, and you ought to know, that no Socialist votes will ever be given for a party that is so reactionary as that which you represent, nor, if you will pardon the frankness, for a candidate who since 1896 has gone steadily backward, as you have done, and whose chief characteristic is an entire lack of stability and devotion to any fundamental principle.

**Mr. Bryan in Bad Company.**

No magic of oratory, nor skill of political leadership, will lead enough Socialist voters to ally themselves with Messrs. Taggart, Sullivan, Auffy, and Conners (to name only a few of your most illustrious associates) to change the result in a single election precinct in the smallest city in America. What the Democratic party needs in this campaign is someone to keep the sheep in the fold that are already there; it is a futile thing to hope to get any from the Socialist fold.

You say that the Democratic party believes in Individualism and that it recognizes that "Socialists are honestly seeking a remedy for the 'known abuses' admitted by Secretary Taft." So far, good and well. But, Mr. Bryan, I observe that in the South, where the Democratic party has almost undisputed power, Socialist speakers are being hounded and imprisoned almost daily by Democratic officials, and denied their constitutional rights. Why? Is it because they are "honestly seeking a remedy for the known abuses"—abuses which are nowhere more flagrant than in that same great solid Democratic South? Ah, Mr. Bryan, it is not easy to shirk this question. The Socialists of America will demand an answer—and get it! "It is all very well to dissemble your love,

But why do you kick us downstairs?"

**In the Democratic South.**

I say that the "known abuses" for which Socialists, like all good citizens, seek a remedy, are nowhere more flagrant than in that section of the country which is almost wholly Democratic. Nowhere in America is the condition of the laboring masses worse; nowhere in America have child slaves been bound to the wheels of industry more relentlessly; nowhere in America has child labor been more bitterly opposed—and that by the very men who constitute the great fighting strength of your party.

You have said that the issue in the present campaign is simply "Shall the people rule?" Very well! Let us accept that issue. Is there any part of the United States where the basic principles of Democracy have been more seriously violated than that same South—and by your friends? What have you to say—you who profess to voice the ideals of Jefferson—against the disfranchisement of thousands of citizens, both black and white, in the South where your friends rule? Are they not taking away the right of the people to rule? Or, is it possible that you do not regard a poor negro, or a poor white citizen who cannot pay a poll-tax, as belonging to "the people"? They have lives, they are

human souls, but are without money—thanks to capitalist exploitation unrestrained by Democratic rule. Yet it is the party you represent, Mr. Bryan, which is denying these human souls a share in the rule of the country! What, then, becomes of your cry "Shall the people rule?"

In that same great section of the country, where your main strength lies, in which your supporters rule with almost invaluable power, there has been developed a form of slavery as vile as anything in our history. Human beings have been tracked by bloodhounds, and beaten almost to death, with the full knowledge of the Democratic rulers there—indeed, they were sold to that torture by Democratic office holders! The peonage of the South, where the Democratic party is supreme, is answering your cry of "Shall the people rule?" with a bloody grin, Mr. Bryan!

**Yes, We Have Studied It.**

You ask the Socialists of America to study the Democratic platform. The request was not necessary, Mr. Bryan. By no body of American citizens will that platform be more carefully studied than by the Socialists. I venture to say that we could go together into any great American city and take the first hundred adherents of both parties to be found and find that the Socialists knew far more about the Democratic platform than the Democrats themselves. We have been studying that platform of yours, Mr. Bryan—reading it, as it needs to be read, backward and from the middle to the ends, as well as forward—in the light of the past record of yourself as a candidate, the past record of the Democratic party, and your recent speech of acceptance, in which you declared yourself quite as much bound by the silence, the omissions, of the platform as by its utterances. And both as regards the utterances and silences, we are in a position to say that the Democratic platform is nothing more hopeful than a cry to the American people to go backward, when no such return is possible.

**That Anti-Injunction Plank.**

Notwithstanding all the parade and fuss made over the so-called "anti-injunction" plank in your platform, upon which the organized workers of the country are asked to support you, candor compels the assertion that it means just exactly as much, and no more than, the Republican platform means. All that your party has done is to frame the plank with greater astuteness, so that it may appear to be what it is not. Do you think that the workers will not remember that Democratic Judges have been just as ready to serve injunctions, and Democratic employers to seek them, as the Republican? From the point of view of Labor, arcades ambo fitly summarizes the position of both parties.

**Does Mr. Bryan Remember 1896?**

I ask you, Mr. Bryan, to recall, if you can, after all the many changes your political views have endured, the "labor plank" in your 1896 platform. I ask you whether you do not consider that plank far more progressive than anything in the platform upon which you are standing to-day, and why you should adopt in 1906 a less advanced position upon the labor question than you took twelve years ago, in spite of the fact that the labor problem is far more serious now than it was then? By what logic do you expect to get the votes of organized workmen, and of Socialists, upon a platform which marks the retrogression of the Democratic party and its standard bearer?

**One of the Omissions.**

Reading your platform, and bearing in mind your solemn declaration that you will be bound by its silences no less than by its pronouncements, we find that there is no mention made of the greatest and most vital issue of our time, the unemployment of millions of willing workers, with resultant poverty and

distress. Not a word about it—and you, a presidential candidate, bound to silence about it? Never was there a more humiliating spectacle than that of a candidate claiming to represent progress and the cause of the people, muzzled, bound to silence upon so grave a question. That silence, Mr. Bryan, is the silence of cowardice and impotence.

Somehow, Mr. Bryan, I cannot help connecting that silence to which you are bound with another silence to which you were not bound, a silence that was voluntary and self-imposed. Now that you are posing as the friend of Organized Labor it may be well to remind you of it. You will remember that when Messrs. Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone were kidnapped in Colorado, and shamefully denied their legal rights, you were as silent as the proverbial clam. And when President Roosevelt made his disgraceful attack upon these men, while they were waiting for trial, thus creating against them a great and unjust prejudice, those who believed in you as a moral leader, a champion of personal liberty, and a friend of the oppressed, waited in vain to hear your voice raised in protest. Never once by word or deed did you take the side of those miners. You were as silent as your platform is now upon the most vital of issues. Constitutional rights were at stake, but you spoke no word. Only when the trial was over, and the men were acquitted, and your help was no longer needed, did you come out in your "Commoner" and declare that you had believed them innocent from the very first. But what can you say in justification of the silence of those months—that shameful, craven silence—far more shameful and craven than President Roosevelt's attack, even?

Men worthy of election to the highest office in the nation do not bind themselves to silence at the behest of such men as Messrs. Taggart, Conners, Murphy, and others whose names will occur to you, Mr. Bryan. They do not keep silent when a great wrong is being done and wait until others have won the fight for justice before condemning the wrong. No man of that calibre need ask for or expect a single Socialist vote.

**Turning the Clock Back.**

When you were nominated at Denver, Mr. Bryan, some of your friends, under the spell of superstition, set back the hands of the clock in the convention hall. How symbolic and fitting, that was! How aptly it illustrated your personal attitude and that of your party! Under the spell of the economic superstition that competition is a holy thing, and regardless of the fact that at no time have conditions been worse than under the unrestrained competition, you want to set back the hands upon the clock of human progress. You want to go back a hundred years! This is your dilemma and the dilemma of your party, Mr. Bryan—the forces of progress are pushing us onward by an irresistible force and you vainly clamor and urge us to go back. Mrs. Partington's hysterical attempt to sweep back the waves of the Atlantic with her mop is a fitting analogue of your position. Not eastward, toward the morning stars, is your face turned, but westward, toward the night.

You ask the Socialists to read and study your platform, and we reply that we have done so. We reply that the platform seems to us a pathetic exhibition of the lack of economic wisdom, intellectual integrity, and moral courage, which characterizes your party and yourself. I venture to say that you will not dare, in spite of your statement that the Socialists are sincerely seeking a remedy for the evils of our present social condition, to meet Mr. Debs before any public audience in America, to defend your platform or your party in public debate.

No candid man, whose viewpoint is that of the interest of the wealth producers, can, it seems to me, study your platform and the personnel of your party without coming to the conclusion that every Democratic vote cast at this election will be a vote of approval of infamous wrongs done to Labor by that party; a vote of approval of the most criminal and cowardly silence upon great issues, and of your own silence at a time

when silence was not golden but black and shameful.

Every vote for the Democratic party is a vote for class privilege and the oppression of the laborer, quite as much so as a vote for Mr. Taft and the Republican party. Every Democratic vote is a shout of approval of the shameful servitude of little children in the Southern mills, to whose cries you and your party are indifferent. Every such vote is a sign that the voter has no desire or hope to see the great problem of unemployment solved, or even considered. There is no place in the Democratic party for men who are looking and hoping for better and more just social conditions. All such will find their rightful place under the banners of the Socialist party.

Believe me, very truly yours,

JOHN SPARGO

Yonkers, N. Y., Aug. 26.

## BRYAN AND THE MACHINE

By ROBERT HUNTER.

Many good people wonder doubtless why so many electoral crooks, machine politicians and municipal monopolists favor Bryan.

It is curious that so many BAD people in so many State machines should be strong for William.

If the Republican party were the only party that stood for corruption all the corruptionists would be in the Republican party.

If the Republican party were the only party that stood for robbing the people all the highwaymen would be in the Republican party.

But every sensible man knows that the Democratic machines throughout the country are equally corrupt with the Republican machines, and all the corrupt Democratic machines ARE for Bryan.

Let me tell you why.

The rank and file of machine politicians are office-holders, and most of them receive immense sums for taking care of certain interests of Ryan, Belmont and other corporation men. They know that Bryan is the strongest man in their party with the people, and to keep in power in various States and cities it is necessary to have a popular candidate.

This means that in doubtful States Taft and Bryan will run about equally well; and where the chief candidates poll about the same number of votes the machine politician reaps his harvest.

Let us take New York. Suppose there are one million votes in New York State—a half million for Bryan and a half million for Taft. That means that the Democratic and Republican machines by the use of a few thousand repeaters can defeat Bryan and elect the corrupt men on both tickets.

The machine politicians do not want Bryan to be President, and they will turn the organization vote over to the Republicans to elect Taft, providing the Republicans turn over their organization vote to elect the Democratic State tickets.

By a change then of a few thousand votes Bryan will be defeated and the corrupt machines kept in power.

Wait until election day and see if this does not happen.

Roger Sullivan will win out in Illinois and Bryan will be defeated. The corrupt candidates of Pennsylvania will win some valuable seats, and Bryan will be defeated. Tammany Hall will put the old gray wolves back into the Legislature, and Bryan will be defeated.

This old trick has been played before, and Bryan has twice been the victim. It will be tried again, and Bryan will again be the victim.

The people have not even begun to realize that the real political fight of this country has yet to be fought.

There is no fight between the machine men behind Mr. Bryan and those behind Mr. Taft. No matter who wins or who loses the machine men will not lose.

The fight that must come is between the people and the corruptionists of both parties.

If you want to reach the people that buy, advertise in *The Evening Call*.

# HISTORY OF THE GREAT AMERICAN FORTUNES.

BY GUSTAVUS MYERS.

Author of "The History of Tammany Hall," "History of Public Franchises in New York City," Etc.

## PART III.

The Great Fortunes from Railroads.  
(Copyright, 1908, by Gustavus Myers).

### CHAPTER II (Continued).

#### A NECESSARY CONTRAST.

##### II (Continued).

##### The Workers' Struggle.

Again and again the workers attempted to throw off some of their shackles, and every time the whole dominant force of society was arrayed against them. By 1825 an agitation developed for a ten-hour workday. The politicians denounced the movement; the cultured classes frowned upon it; the newspapers alternately ridiculed and abused it; the government prepared to take summary action to put it down. As for the capitalists—the shipping merchants, the boot and shoe manufacturers, the iron masters and others—they not only denied the right of the workers to organize while insisting that they themselves were entitled to combine, but they inveighed against the ten-hour demand as "unreasonable conditions which the folly and caprice of a few journeymen mechanics may dictate." "A very large sum of money," says McNeill, "was subscribed by the merchants to defeat the ten-hour movement." (2) And as an evidence of the intense opposition to the worker's demands for a change from a fourteen to a ten-hour day McNeill quotes from a Boston newspaper of 1832:

"Had this unlawful combination had for its object the enhancement of daily wages, it would have been left to its own care; but it now strikes the very nerve of industry and good morals by dictating the hours of labor, abrogating the good old rule of our fathers, and pointing out the most direct course to poverty; for to baffle several of the most useful hours of the morning and evening will surely lead to intemperance and ruin."

These, generally speaking, were the stock capitalist arguments of the day, together with the further reiterated assertion that it was impossible to conduct business on a ten-hour day system. The effect of the fourteen-hour day upon the workers was pernicious. Having no time for reading, self-education, social intercourse or acquainting themselves with refinement, they often developed brutal propensities. In proportion to the length of time and the rigor with which they were exploited, they degenerated morally and intellectually. This was a well-known fact, and was frequently commented upon by contemporaneous observers. Their employers could not fall to know it, yet, with few exceptions, they insisted that any movement to shorten the day's labor was destructive of good morals.

This pronouncement, however, need not arouse comment. Ever has the propertied class set itself up as the lofty guardian of morals when all the time it has been actuated by sordid self-interest and nothing more. Many workers were driven to drink, crime and suicide by the exasperating and deteriorating conditions under which they had to labor. The moment that they over-stepped the slightest bounds of law, in rushed the authorities with summary punishment. The prisons of the period were full of mechanics whom serfdom or poverty had stung on to commit some crime or other.

##### The Capitalist's Tactics.

The whole of uppermost society was aligned against the hard-driven working class. The employers deplored the audacity of the workers in forming unions and attempting to get shorter hours of labor. The capitalist changed his tactics like an acrobat. If the workers struck for a less burdensome workday he would assure them that he could not recognize such an untenable position; he might sympathize with their efforts for higher wages, but he must combat any effort for shorter hours. But when the workers struck specifically for more

wages, then the capitalist summoned in the judiciary to help him out, as happened in New York City in 1836 when twenty-one journeymen tailors were fined by Judge Edwards sums ranging from \$100 to \$150, and, as many of them could not pay it, they were despatched to jail. As for the clergy, they virulently assailed the trade-union movement. "We regret to say," read a statement of a general meeting of the mechanics of Boston and vicinity, issued on January 8, 1834, "that no one of our respected clergy are present. Application having been made to twenty-two different societies for the use of a meeting house on this day for trades unions, the doors of all were shut against us." . . .

Year after year the struggle continued for a ten-hour day throughout the North and East. Time after time the workers were driven back to their jobs by utter impoverishment. Repeatedly defeated, they renewed the attempt as often. Wherever they applied for aid or sympathy they met with hostility. In 1836 a Baltimore trades-union memorialized Congress to limit the hours of labor of those employed on the public works to ten hours a day. The pathos of this petition! So unceasingly lied to had the workers been by politicians, newspapers, clergy, employers, that they did not realize that in applying to Congress or to any legislature that they were begging from men who represented the antagonistic interests of their own employers. After a short debate Congress laid the petition on the table. Congress at this very time was spinning out laws in behalf of capitalist interests; granting public lands, public funds, protective tariffs and manifold other measures demanded or lobbied for by existing or projected corporations.

##### Employment of Militia.

But it was not only the National government which used the entire governing power against the workers. State and municipal administrations did likewise. In 1836 the longshoremen in New York City struck for an increase of wages. Their employers hurriedly substituted non-union men in their places. When the union men went from dock to dock, trying to induce the newcomers to side with them, the shipping merchants pretended that a riot was under way and made frantic calls upon the authorities for a subduing force. The mayor ordered out the militia with loaded guns. In Philadelphia similar scenes took place. Naturally, as the strikers were prevented by the soldiers from persuading their fellow workers, they lost the strikes.

Although labor-saving machinery was constantly being devised and improved to displace hand labor, and although the skilled worker was consequently producing far more goods than in former years, the masters—as the capitalists were then often termed—insisted that employees must work for the same wages and hours as had long prevailed. By 1840, however, the labor unions had arrived at a point where they were very powerful in some of the crafts, and employers grudgingly had to recognize that the time had passed by when the laborer was to be treated like a serf. A few enlightened employers voluntarily conceded the ten-hour day, not on any humane grounds, but because they reasoned that it would promote greater efficiency on the part of their workers. Many capitalists, perforce, had to yield to the demand. Other capitalists determined to break up the unions on the ground that they were a conspiracy. At the instigation of several boot and shoe manufacturers, the officials of Boston brought a suit against the Boston Journeymen Bootmakers' Society. The court ruled against the bootmakers and the jury brought in a verdict of guilty. On appeal to the Supreme Court, Robert Rantoul, the attorney for the society, so ably demolished the prosecution's points, that the court could not avoid

setting aside the judgment of the inferior court. (3)

Perhaps the growing power of the labor unions had its effect upon those noble minds, the judiciary. The worker was no longer detached from his fellow workmen; he could no longer be scornfully shoved aside as a weak, helpless individual. He now had the strength of association and organization. The possibility of such strength transferred to politics affrighted the ruling classes. Where before this the politicians had contemptuously treated the worker's petitions, certain that he could always be led blindly to vote the usual partisan tickets, it now dawned upon them that it would be wiser to make an appearance of deference and to give some concessions which, although of a slight character, could be made to appear important. The Workingmen's party of 1829 had shown a glimmer of what the worker could do when aroused to class-conscious action.

##### Cajoling the Labor Vote.

Now it was that the politicians began the familiar policy of "catering to the labor vote." Some rainbow promises of what they would do, together with a few scraps of legislation now and then—this constituted the bait held out by the politicians. That adroit master of political chicanery, President Van Buren, hastened to issue an executive order on April 10, 1840, directing the establishment of a ten-hour day in the navy yards between April and September. From the last day of October, however, until March 31, the "working hours will be from the rising to the setting of the sun"—a length of time equivalent to about ten hours. The political trick of throwing out crumbs to the workers long proved successful. But it was supplemented by other methods. To draw the labor leaders away from a hostile stand to the established political parties and to prevent the massing of workers in a party of their own, the politicians began an insidious system of bribing these leaders to turn traitors by either appointing them to some minor political office or by giving them money. In many instances the labor unions in the ensuing decades were grossly betrayed.

Finally, the politicians always had large sums of election funds contributed by merchants, bankers, landowners, railroad owners—by all parts of the capitalist class. These funds were employed in corrupting the electorates and legislative bodies. Causes and primaries were packed, votes bought, ballot boxes stuffed and election returns falsified. It did not matter to the corporations generally which of the old political parties was in power; some manufacturers or merchants might be swayed to one side or the other for the self-interest involved in the re-enactment of the protective tariff or the establishment of free trade; but, as a rule, the corporations as a matter of business contributed money to both parties.

##### Basis of Political Parties.

However these parties might differ on various issues, they both stood for the perpetuation of the existing social and industrial system based upon capitalist ownership. The tendency of the Republican party, founded in 1856, toward the abolition of negro chattel slavery was in precise harmony with the aims and fundamental interests of the manufacturing capitalists of the North. The only peril that the capitalist class feared was the creation of a distinct, disciplined and determined workingmen's party; this they knew would, if successful, seriously endanger and tend to sweep away the injustices and oppressions upon which they, the capitalists, subsisted. To avert this every ruse and expedient was resorted to; derision, undermining, corruption, violence, imprisonment—all of these and other methods were employed by that sordid ruling class which claimed for itself so pretentious and all-embracing a degree of refinement, morality and patriotism.

Surveying historical events in a

(3) Commonwealth vs. Hunt and others; Metcalf's Supreme Court Reports, Vol. IV, 111. The prosecution had fallen back on the old English law of the time of Queen Elizabeth, making it a criminal offence for workmen to refuse to work under certain wages. This law, Rantoul argued, had not been specifically adopted as common law in the United States after the Revolution.

large way, however, it is by no means to be regretted that capitalism had its own unbridled way, and that its growth was not checked. Its development to the unbearable maximum had to come in order to prepare the ripe way for a newer stage in civilization. The capitalist was an outgrowth of conditions as they existed both before and during his time. He fitted as appropriate a part in his time as the predatory baron in feudal days.

But in this sketch we are not dealing with historical causes or sequences as much as with events and contrasts. The aim is to give a sufficient historical perspective of times when government was manipulated by the capitalist class for its own aggrandizement and to despoil and degrade the millions of producers.

##### Fear of Workers' Uprising.

The imminence of working-class action was an ever present and disturbing menace to the capitalists. To give one of many instances of how the workers were beginning to realize the necessity of this action, and how the capitalists met it, let us instance the resolutions of the New England Workingmen's Association, adopted in 1845. With the manifold illustrations in mind of how the powers of government had been used and were being increasingly used to expropriate the land, the resources and the labor and produce of the many, and bond that generation and future generations under a multitude of law-created rights and privileges, this association declared in its preamble:

"Whereas, we, the mechanics and workingmen of New England are convinced by the sad experience of years that under the present arrangement of society labor is and must be the slave of wealth; and, whereas, the producers of all wealth are deprived not merely of its enjoyment, but also of the social and civil rights which belong to humanity and the race; and, whereas, we are convinced that reform of these abuses must depend upon ourselves only; and, whereas, we believe that in intelligence alone is strength, we hereby declare our object to be union for power, power to bless humanity, and to further this object resolve ourselves into an association."

One of the leading spirits in this movement was Charles A. Dana, a young professional man of great promise and exceptional attainments. Subsequently he was bought off with a political office; he became not only a renegade of the most virulent type, but he leagued himself with the greatest thieves of the day—Tweed and Jay Gould, for example—received large bribes for defending them and their interests in a newspaper of which he became owner—the New York Sun—and spent his last years bitterly and cynically attacking, ridiculing and misrepresenting the labor movement, and made himself the most conspicuous editorial advocate for every thieving plutocrat or capitalist measure.

(To be continued.)

##### GUESSING ABOUT OUR VOTE.

Speculating on the probable strength of the so-called minority parties in the coming election, the Washington Times thinks it not at all improbable that the Socialist party will increase its vote from the 400,000 of 1904 to 800,000 or even a million this fall. "The Socialists are not in the habit of losing strength," it remarks; "the voters they once get they generally hold, and depressed industrial conditions are expected to play into the Socialists' hands this year." The Times says the Democratic politicians think the Socialist gain will be made mostly at the expense of the Republican party and will thus offset the Democratic losses caused by the Independence nominations. The Republican politicians, on the other hand, according to the Times, think that the new Socialist votes will be drawn about equally from both old parties.

##### THE ONLY SAFE PLACE.

"Can you lay this carpet so the won't wear it out?"  
"Where shall I put it, madam—on the roof?"

(2) The Labor Movement, 339.

**THE TRUST—THREE POINTS OF VIEW.**

By W. W. PASSAGE.

The Republican View.—“Control the trust,” but do not “run amuck,” in other words, let the controlling be done by the friends of the trusts.

The Democratic View.—“Bust the trust,” and return to small independent industry as in the good old days of Jefferson; in other words, put the rooster back into the egg shell; and the attempts of the Democratic party to do so when in power have been as futile as they were foolish and insincere—as foolish as the attempts of the workingmen a hundred years ago to destroy improved machinery because it threw labor out of employment.

The Socialist View.—“Own and enlarge the trust.” Our complaint is not that it is too big, but that it is not big enough to take us all in as equal owners. It is not because of its bigness that we should object, but because it is a privately owned monopoly of the means of employment. Like the dog in the manger, the trust steps between the workers and the machinery and natural sources of wealth production, and will neither work itself nor allow others to work—unless under conditions enabling its private owners to extort the larger portion of the product in the name of rent, interest and profit.

One of Shakespeare's characters truly says: “He takes my house who takes the props that do support my house; he takes my life who takes the means by which I sustain it.” Just so with the workers. Owning no means of employment, the conditions of labor are so unhealthful, exhausting, dangerous and underpaid, that the average life of the workers is but thirty-five years, while the average life of those who dictate these conditions is fifty-five years.

The capitalist system not only robs us of our products, but actually murders us, in that our lives are shortened twenty years; and there can be no difference so far as consequences go, between this and the stab of an assassin's knife. And its most atrocious feature is not that it slaughters the actual workers, but that it “slaughters the innocent,” as indicated by the statistics of mortality, showing that the death rate among the infants of the wage workers is one in four, while among the rich it is only one in twenty. Three to five million workers unable to get even such poorly paid jobs as the rest of us have; ten million people constantly in want of the necessities and comforts of life; 3,500 murders yearly; 3,000 suicides; 60,000 fatal accidents; 50,000 divorces. Graft galore! Crime, drunkenness and insanity increasing! Nearly two million little children having their lives crushed in the profit factories! Verily doth the capitalist, paraphrasing the gentle language of the meek and lowly carpenter of Nazareth, say: “Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not (by child labor laws), for out of the cheap labor and crushed lives of such do I gather surplus values and live in my heaven of idleness and fantastic extravagance.”

And this is what the capitalist politicians would have us believe is “prosperity!” What a fiendish hypocrisy that they should thus, with their ghastly deception, strive to perpetuate such a damnable industrial system!

So the Socialist insists that we can preserve our rights and our lives only by the collective ownership of these things upon which we must depend for employment, guaranteeing all an equal right to the natural resources of the earth; to the use of the most scientific machinery of production; to the most orderly arrangement of our labor in co-operation with the labor of our fellows, in order that each shall receive a share of the multiplied products of this perfected industrial organization equal in value to the amount of energy and ability individually expended. And all this in order that “takeoffs” for the creation of millionaires, multi-millionaires and billionaires, or for the support of their parasitic and sycophantic retainers, shall come to an end.

That there will be a still greater multiplication of products under Socialism can not be disputed, since our experience in the use of improved machinery with steam and electric power,

has already demonstrated it. With the use of this machinery, one man, or even a girl, can produce as much in one hour as our forefathers could produce in eight hours. Why, then, do not the workers of to-day have eight times as much? Or why could they not have an equal amount of products by working one hour per day instead of eight? Why is it that right here in the United States, where the utilization of these improvements has been the greatest and with its inexhaustible, natural sources of wealth, the workers receive a smaller percentage of their products than those of any other country in the world? And finally, why should there still be a condition of general poverty? The Socialists demand that this increased product shall go to those who produce it. The production of our forefathers, with crude and primitive tools, operated by hand, was necessarily small, but because of the ownership, or at least the easy possibility of ownership, of these tools by the individual, they were able to retain eighty per cent. of the value of their products and had to give up only twenty per cent. for the payment of taxes and other similar expenses of their time. In spite of the very small production, these conditions made them independent. There were no millionaires and no tramps. The processes of capitalist development have given us both. The figures representing the proportion of the products retained by the producers have been exactly reversed. They are now able to purchase with their wages only twenty per cent., while eighty per cent. is taken from them by the wastes, the chaos, the anarchy and the robbery of the capitalist system. These processes have transformed both the character and the ownership of the means of employment. Both land and machinery are monopolized. The shoemakers' garment workers' and other artisans' simple hand tools have become gigantic, intricate and expensive factories. They do not even own them nor any part of them, nor can they do so as individuals. Nevertheless, since they have lost their product owing to this loss of ownership, there can be no escape from the conclusion that if they would regain their product, they must regain the ownership of the land and tools of production, and since they can not do this as individuals, it must be done by them as a collective body. This is the Socialist proposition. Nothing short of it is worth a single moment of our consideration.

**THE MEN BEHIND THE SCENES.**

To one who has lived all his life in cities, to one who has spent most of his days and nights with the men who write the great daily papers of the cities, it is perfectly evident that ninety out of one hundred editorial writers on the press to-day are men who are in intellectual and sympathetic revolt against present-day conditions. You will find the average editorial writer a Socialist, and as for the reporter, he is most likely to be an anarchist. The reason of this is plain enough. The men who make the newspapers are behind the scenes; they see the workings of the wires, they note the demagoguery of politicians, they are familiar with the ramifications by which the public service corporations control the old parties down to the smallest offices, and even at times finance reform movements, which always stop at the election of some respectable figurehead or dummy, but never proceed to any attack upon the fundamental evils of our social and economic system. It is my firm belief that were it not for the capitalists at the head of the great daily newspapers, if it were possible for the men who write the news and the editorials of all the newspapers in the United States to take absolute charge of their publications and print the news exactly as they see it, and write their views exactly as they feel them, for a space of three days, there would be such a revolution in the United States as would put that of France to shame. The only possible reason why this might not occur is that the editorial writers and reporters actually believe in nothing—not even in the various remedies, rational or wild-eyed, which occasionally, in private, they proclaim.—William Marion Reedy in the St. Louis Mirror.

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—Lord Dunderbary.  
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—Camarado.

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CHILD LABOR MAKES TRAMPS.

By JANE ADDAMS in "Charities."

We have a municipal lodging house in Chicago largely filled with tramps. In addition to housing them, an intelligent effort is made to get them into regular industry. A physician in attendance makes a careful examination of each man who comes to the lodging house, and last winter we tried to see what connection could be genuinely established between premature labor and worn-out men. It is surprising to find how many of them are tired to death of monotonous labor and begin to tramp in order to get away from it, as a business man goes to the woods because he is worn out with the stress of business life.

This inordinate desire to get away from work seems to be connected with the fact that the men have started to work very early, before they had the physique to stand up to it, or the mental vigor with which to overcome its difficulties, or the moral stamina which makes a man stick to his work whether he likes it or not. But we cannot demand any of these things from a growing boy. They are all traits of the adult. A boy is naturally restless, his determination easily breaks down, and he runs away. At least this seems to be true of many of the men who come to the lodging house.

I recall a man who had begun to work in a textile mill quite below the

present legal age in New England, and who had worked hard for sixteen years. He told his tale with all simplicity, and as he made a motion with his hand he said, "I done that for sixteen years." I give the words as he gave them. "At last I was sick in bed for two or three days with a fever, and when I crawled out, I made up my mind that I would rather go to hell than go back to that mill." Whether he considered Chicago an equivalent for that I do not know, but he certainly tramped to Chicago, and has been tramping for four years. He does not steal. He works in the summer and wanders about the rest of the year, getting something to do when he can; but the suggestion of a factory throws him into a panic and quickly causes him to disappear from the lodging house. The physician has made a diagnosis of general debility. The man is not fit for steady work. He has been whipped in the battle of life, and is spent prematurely because he began prematurely.

What does this mean? That the young cannot stand up to the grind of factory life; that they break down under it, and that we have no right to increase the list of paupers—of those who must be cared for by the municipal and by state agencies because when they are still immature and undeveloped they are subjected to a tremendous pressure.

THE FREING OF LIFE BY SOCIALISM.

By HANFORD HENDERSON in "Education and the Larger Life."

Nor is it true that when the social state, through association and cooperation, reduces the bread-and-butter problem to a minimum, to its proper place, it will rob a man of wholesome initiative and enterprise. The same argument might have been used against the suppression of the robber barons of the Middle Ages, or the Algerian pirates in the early days of the republic.

The social state is not an entity outside the hearts of men, alternately coaxing and brow-beating them. It is an expression of so much of the individual will as is common to all or to a majority of the community. The social state would mean, not that men had lost initiative and enterprise, but rather that they had preferred to spend their initiative and enterprise in better and more social ways than by exploiting their neighbors, preferred to spend this force in the more interesting and delightful occupation of perfecting the self and realizing some of the magnificent possibilities of the present moment.

To give over the quest of profit and the Shylock view of life generally is not to give over initiative and enterprise.

Every increase in strength, in beauty, in accomplishment, in goodness, brought about by the betterment of the life conditions through the amelioration and idealizing of daily toil, means increased power to use this lengthening leisure to advantage.

One need not make personal trial of the shop-keeping and bookkeeping and time-keeping and the various other forms of holding tight by which

men waste and lose their lives, to see that on the very face of it such occupations are infinitely less worth while than art and science and letters, investigation and travel, religion and music, love and comradeship, field and forest, sunshine and fresh air, even than swimming and boat racing and tennis.

The old remark that a man can be doing worse things than making money is a very cheap and nasty disposition of the august possibilities of a human life. When we realize the social state and so reduce the bread-and-butter toil to a minimum, we shall have time for this more moral and esthetic side of occupation. There is infinite opportunity for initiative and enterprise in the use of leisure.

The carpentry of Jesus undoubtedly served him, and that number of persons who received of his good handiwork, but the beautiful ministry of his life came from his industrial leisure. The fishing of his disciples was certainly useful, but their world-service flowed out of the time they stole from their fishing, a service quite in excess of that of all the subsequent commercial enterprise of their fellow countrymen. It is out of the serenity and non-compulsion of industrial leisure that the great and good things of life have come.

We are great cowards if we believe that the masses of our people, kept in health by a wholesome amount of daily toil, and once more erect and alert with self-respect, are going to squander a leisure to which they bring good health and high spirit and a social heart.

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MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP

PAYS IN GLASGOW.

Consul J. M. McCunn, of Glasgow, Scotland, reports that the official details of the operations of the municipal street railways of that city for the year ended May 31 show good results, and gives the following particulars:

The number of passengers carried was 226,948,290, an increase of 2,885,192 over the previous year. The revenue from passenger fares reached the record figure of \$4,416,321, an increase of \$97,883 over the previous year's total.

The average track mileage (single), open during the year was 179 miles, an increase of 10 miles. The rates of fare charged ranged in regular gradations from 1 to 8 cents, over 60 per cent of the traffic being carried at the 2-cent rate.

NOT NECESSARY.

"To-day, dear Edgar, our union is sealed for life."  
"Oh, my dear, you needn't take matrimony so tragically."

BIG BUSINESS MEN CHIEF SOURCE OF CORRUPTION.

Now the typical American citizen is the business man. The typical business man is a bad citizen; he is busy. If he is a "big business man" and very busy, he does not neglect, he is busy with politics, oh, very busy and very businesslike. I found him buying bootlers in St. Louis, defaming grafters in Minneapolis, originating corruption in Pittsburg, sharing with bosses in Philadelphia, exploring reform in Chicago, and beating good government with corruption funds in New York. He is a self-righteous fraud, this big business man. He is the chief source of corruption, and it were a boom if he would neglect politics—Lincoln Steffens.

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THE FARMER'S DILEMMA.

Everything the farmer uses from the outside world; his sugar, his coffee, his clothes, his shoes, his hoes and his milk pails, pay tribute to capitalism through the tariff, the railroads and through indirect taxation; and on the other hand, everything he sells is met by competition with every other farmer in the world. Capitalist society plays the farmers against each other and thus monopolizes the food products at its own price, and then lifts the cost of living to the industrial workers by deliberate combination. This is how the workers of the world are made to enslave one another, and it will continue until the workers on the farm and in the shop become class-conscious; that is to say, until they realize that their salvation lies in standing solidly together against their common exploitation.—Franklin H. Westworth.

OBEYED TO THE LETTER.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell tells with a keen enjoyment of the experience of a medical friend of his who engaged a nurse, recently graduated, for a case of delirium tremens. The physician succeeded in quieting the patient and left some medicine, instructing the nurse to administer it to him if he "began to see snakes again." At the next call the physician found the patient again raving. To his puzzled inquiry the nurse replied that the man had been going on that way for several hours and that she had not given him any medicine.

But didn't I tell you to give it to him if he began to see snakes again?" demanded the physician.

"But he didn't see snakes this time," replied the nurse confidently. "He saw red, white and blue turkeys with straw hats on."—Philadelphia Record.



**WHAT WILL SOCIALISM DO FOR WOMEN.**

By HEBE.

Your letter, written to the Editor of The Call and published in last Saturday's issue, has voiced the sentiment of hundreds and thousands of thoughtful women and young girls who have begun to understand Socialism and are eager to embrace its lofty principles, but are looking in vain for an answer to the question which naturally is of greatest interest to them. "What will Socialism do for women?" Permit a sister who is more than anxious to serve both Socialism and the woman's cause, to tell you where women may learn.

The open-air meeting is of course not the proper place. It is arranged, especially before elections, primarily for campaign purposes, and you cannot blame the speaker who seeks to do his share toward increasing the Socialist vote for appealing mainly to the enfranchised men and not paying much attention to the voteless women. For, after all, it is the vote that counts. To make Socialism possible we must convince a majority of the voters and thereby become a political power. That is the main reason why we Socialist women have ushered in a special campaign in behalf of woman's suffrage. Neither are the indoor meetings and the lecture rooms places where women may learn. The party meetings are, of necessity, chiefly devoted to business routine, and the lectures, excellent though they may be along various lines of Socialistic thought, rarely if ever expound the relation of Socialism to the woman question. Our lecturers, with very few exceptions, have not yet learned the importance of instructing and winning over the mothers of the race.

To be quite sincere, until recently there was no place at all where women could learn. There were books, of course, some splendid books, which women could read and study by themselves, but as in your own case, very few working women have sufficient time and leisure for self-instruction, and moreover it is not very inspiring to take up a cause all by one's self without the encouragement of congenial companionship and common endeavor. Realizing that there was a void somewhere in our movement as far as women are concerned, the Socialist women have taken it upon themselves to create places where women may learn. On July 4th and 5th, in conjunction with the State convention of the Socialist party, Socialist women from all over New York State held a conference in the Labor Temple of this city to discuss ways and means for conveying the message of Socialism to women. The result of this conference was, among others, the founding of the "Socialist Women's Society of New York State," an organization based strictly upon the platform of the Socialist party with only party members elective as officers, but its membership open to all women who are willing to learn. This organization will fill the void that has heretofore existed. It will teach women what women are most anxious to know. It will seek the overburdened workman's wife in her kitchen, and the worn-out working woman in store and factory. It will tell them all of the only cause that bears for them a message of hope and deliverance. It will battle, not from the narrow viewpoint of the wealthy, tax-paying woman, but from the working woman's point of view, in behalf of women's political enfranchisement. It will bring Socialism to women, and women into the Socialist party. We have only just begun our work, but already we have three branches in New York, two in Brooklyn and one in Yonkers, and we will have many more in the near future. During the coming winter there will be special lectures and series of lectures and study courses and discussions that will be duly announced in The Call, and to which all women will be cordially invited. There will also be in connection with every branch a circulating library, consisting of appropriate books and pamphlets and at the service of each member. For further particulars and for places and

dates of meeting I request you and all who are interested to apply to our State organizer, Miss Jessie W. Hughan, 61 Quinlan street, Brooklyn, N. Y., who will be pleased to give all desired information.

Woman, and especially the working woman of to-day, is doubly exploited and oppressed, both as a member of the disfranchised sex and as a member of the exploited class. Therefore Socialism will be to woman an even greater liberator than to man. Socialism is essentially the woman's cause, and it is time that women should know it.

Come to us then and join our ranks, you girls, all of you, who "have taken an interest in Socialism!" We want you, you above all others, for you are the toilers of to-day and will be the mothers of to-morrow, and yours will be the great and joyous task of implanting the seeds of Socialism in the responsive hearts and awakening minds of the coming generation. HEBE.

**THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD.**

By JOHN DAVIDSON.

Above the mists that veil the future  
Oft my fancy takes its flight  
And I see a wondrous prospect  
Spread before my inward sight.  
I see a world by war unravaged.  
Unscathed by want, unweaved by fear;

A world of love, of peace, of plenty,  
Would, O would, it now were here.  
Yet these visions are no fleeting  
Day dreams of a mystic's mind,  
But fair fore-gleams of a morning  
Bright with promise for mankind.  
Then work and watch and wait, my comrades,  
Grim Mammon's might is waning fast.

The dreary night draws near an ending;  
A better day will come at last.  
Unnumbered millions watch with you  
The rising light to herald  
The rulers, they, of that new day;  
The Workers of the World.

Backward glance across the ages  
What a scene is there enrolled,  
See the blood on history's pages,  
Mark the greed for land and gold,  
Yet each merciless despoiler  
Sought one end, pursued one aim,  
The right to rob the helpless toiler  
Was the goal of every game.  
Slaves, the workers were, for ages,  
Ages chafed in serfdom's chains,  
And though now in name they're free men,  
Still the servitude remains.

Yet in spite of all oppression,  
Spite of all the galling load,  
Slowly, wearily, but surely,  
They have come an upward road.  
And now to gain the nearing goal  
They march with flags unfurled,  
While hope of victory cheers their souls—  
The Workers of the World.

Not through grace of greed repenting  
Will the new time come to pass  
(Futile to expect relenting  
Of a robber ruling class),  
Only when th' awakened workers  
Realize their powers and rights  
Will they break the bonds which  
make them  
Slaves of social-parasites.

There will be no place for shirkers  
In the new Society.  
Of, and for, and by the Workers  
All of government must be,  
Comrades shall we be and neighbors,  
Priest nor plutocrat nor king  
Shall live in luxury on our labors  
In the days of which we sing.  
Then, comrades, speed our cause  
sublime,  
And let us proudly herald  
The destined heirs of Earth and  
Time—  
The Workers of the World.

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"Mamma, why do so many ladies cry at a wedding?"  
"Because most of them are married themselves."

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**THE CLASS WAR IN KENTUCKY.**

By R. R. MAYNARD, Socialist Party Organizer.

A peculiar phase of the class war now being waged by the farmers and workers of Western Kentucky is the fact that in the tobacco districts where the Society of Equity is to be found, there is at present no night riding, nor has there been but little at any time. The Society of Equity, as is well understood, is a strong organization, both in membership and resources.

In the territory of the Dark Tobacco Belt Growers' Association nearly all the night riding has been done. This is a local organization, the jurisdiction of which is confined to the counties of Southwestern Kentucky, and while its membership includes nearly all the citizens of these counties, it yet does not possess the strength of the Society of Equity, either numerically or financially. It is against this association that the Tobacco Trust is employing its heaviest batteries, and most disreputable methods.

It is well to bear in mind that the charges which are made by the officials and which they, led by the Governor of the State, are endeavoring to prove in the courts, is that the night rider organization is a part of or auxiliary to the Dark Tobacco Belt Growers' Association. At Murray, in the trial of Jake Ellis, the alleged night rider, one Wiley Stewart, one of the Harry Orchards of this class war, testified that the following is the oath taken by every member of the night riders' organization:

"I, in the presence of Almighty God and these witnesses, do solemnly promise and swear to become a member of this order. I do solemnly promise and swear that I will not reveal or cause to be revealed the secrets of this order by signs, lips, or writing. I do solemnly promise and swear that I will obey all orders that are given me by the captain and I will go at any time they may call upon me, unless I or my family are sick. If I should betray this order in any way, I shall have to submit to the penalty which may be put upon me, which is death. To all this I do most solemnly promise and swear, so help me God."

Yet when one remembers that nearly the entire population is included in the membership of the Tobacco Growers' Association the absurdity, to say the least, of testimony of this character at once appears. As substantial, reliable citizens are to be found in this section as in any other portion of Kentucky, or of the United States. This is a district of churches, schools and colleges. I was in one of the prosperous towns of this section last week, where the district Association of Missionary Baptists was convened with 4,000 people in attendance. I asked a citizen—not a Socialist—"what proportion of the men in attendance at this meeting are members of the association?" He replied, "Fully 75 per cent." Yet the opponents of the association would have the public believe that these earnest members of one of the leading religious denominations of this section are night riders engaged in murdering their fellow citizens and have taken the blood-curdling oath to do so whenever it is demanded by those in authority in the organization. At present feeling is running high against both of the old parties. The association members are persuaded that Governor Wilson, Republican, who is urging prosecutions of night riders on such testimony as that of the character heretofore given, and who is responsible for quartering the militia in the cities and towns, ostensibly in the interest of law and order, "both protest too much" and too vigorously in his own defense when charged with having a sympathetic feeling for the Tobacco Trust.

On Aug. 9 there was issued from the Governor's office a statement of which the following is an excerpt: "On this occasion, the county attorney went into the newspapers to say that he had telephoned the Governor

that if he had taken as much trouble to punish the trust as he had to put down the night riders, it would have been better for the county. After the severe rebuke which the county attorney received for failure to do his duty, he did telephone in substance this way, but he did not mention the Governor's answer that the county attorney knew that the Governor could not prosecute the trust; was not an officer of the judicial department; that only the law officers, commonwealth's attorneys and county attorneys, elected by the people, could institute such prosecutions, and that he was complaining of the Governor for not doing that which he had the power to do and the Governor had not the power to do, but he published nothing of this in the local papers."

As a citizen of Colorado, I remember that Governor Buchtel of that State took substantially the same position when called upon to inaugurate an investigation of public gambling in the State, contending that he had no power to compel county officials to perform their duty unless these officials were so disposed. It is also true that Governor Buchtel some months subsequently, when public sentiment had become too strong for him to withstand, suddenly discovered a statute previously overlooked by his legal advisers, which gave him the necessary power to deal with these officials who had been recreant to the trust imposed by the people. But be the fact what it may in this regard, the voters of Western Kentucky are at present disposed to hold the Republican party of State and Nation responsible for the official acts of the Governor.

On the other hand "Mars" Henry Watterson of the Louisville Courier-Journal, the leading Democratic journal of the State, is also making vigorous defense in his own behalf and, say the citizens of this district, assuming facts to exist when quite the contrary is true. I quote from the Courier-Journal editorial of Aug. 9:

"During the past two years of disorder in Kentucky the Courier-Journal has declined to line up with one faction or another. Persons blinded by prejudice or limited by narrowness, making it impossible for them to consider the situation in its broadest aspects, have insisted that the Courier-Journal should 'line up' with every one fighting the Tobacco Trust by any means and methods whatsoever, and have construed its refusal to become an apologist for crime as its refusal to extend sympathy to the farming element—or rather to one faction of the farmers.

"Throughout Kentucky during the last year or two many otherwise excellent citizens, their better judgment over-ridden by their sympathies in one direction and their prejudices in the other, have lined up with the night rider element to such an extent as to constitute the bulwark of the strength of outlawry. They, and not the miserable hoodlums who apply the torch and flourish the 'gun' upon the premises of isolated farmers, make mob rule possible. But for their having lined up, the conviction of actual perpetrators of crime would be a simple matter. There is the responsibility for the conditions that exist."

With public sentiment in this section smarting against the treatment accorded, and the course pursued by both the Republican and Democratic leaders of the State, this entire country offers a rich field for the Socialist party, whose leaders tell the farmers that so long as they shall continue simply to organize on the economic field they cannot hope to win a permanent victory. The results of co-operation here ought to teach them what may be accomplished by united effort at the ballot box, when they vote as they strike. At Russellville in this district my talk on Saturday was the first ever given in the city. Four thousand people were present, and at the close of the meeting a local of thirty members was organized. Meetings held in all the large towns and cities in this district during the remaining weeks of the campaign would yield great results for Socialism.

**Dogged! Jailed! Ruined!**

WHY? READ "SILENCE"

"Perhaps the most extraordinary book which has come under our notice in many a day. One gasps for breath, positively, as one is rushed from chapter to chapter in head long flight. She (SILENCE) is the pivotal point of a story that moves with astonishing rapidity through dramatic incidents as startling as they are unconventional. Certainly we have never read the like of this extraordinary literary production.—New York American.

Startling exposures of a Jekyll and Hyde existence of a defender of Law and Order (?) are exploited, cleverly woven in romantic story of love and passion. Save for the local publication of certain facts cited, the rest of the world has lived in an eclipse of IGNORANCE concerning this SCOURGE, now for the first time presented in the pages of a novel by an author who nearly lost his life whilst gathering the data.

Well-known politicians of New York, Jersey City and New Orleans are handled with lance and sword. Truth is blunt, rasping to those who detect their personality in this fearless book, and stinging to their Conscience. AGGRESSIVE, DETERMINED, COMBATIVE, with a moral in its pith,

"SILENCE"

will burn its crusade against evil into the hearts of its readers and cause certain offenders to tremble in their boots if they chance to peruse the pages of this great American novel by STEWART.

Note: To determine the results of several advertisements of "Silence" appearing in different papers throughout the country, the Publishers offer to the readers of the N. Y. Socialist a copy of the above book, prepaid, at \$1.00. Fill out the following Coupon and enclose with \$1 bill or money order and you will receive, by return mail, a copy of "Silence," attractively bound in cloth. At booksellers, \$1.50.

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**'RAH FOR THE KING.**

By SARDONICUS.

What's the trouble? Come and see;  
 "Way for King Prosper-tee!"  
 Let each henchman crook the knee,  
 So early in the morning!

See him waddle down the street,  
 From the hall where drummers meet,  
 What's the matter with his feet,  
 So early in the morning?

Steady! Let a plutocrat  
 Grasp each arm so round and fat,  
 While they pass around the hat,  
 So early in the morning!

If they gather up enough  
 Of the yellow, shiny stuff,  
 He will brace up good and tough,  
 So early in the morning!

Then they'll make each furnace glow,  
 Good and hot (just for a show)—  
 Every man to work shall go,  
 So early in the morning.

Then they'll jog the idle mills,  
 Give the housewife gladsome thrills—  
 Money now to pay the bills,  
 So early in the morning.

Soon all other industries,  
 Too, shall buzz like busy bees—  
 Dinner palls on Christmas trees,  
 So early in the morning.

Every dinner pail shall be  
 Bursting full for you and me—  
 Drink to King Prosper-tee,  
 So early in the morning.

What, you don't believe it? Eh?  
 You are out of work, you say.

**Books of MARXIAN SOCIALISM**

It is a waste of time to read or to circulate booklets that spread ideas of socialism, so that the reader is obliged later to undergo much of what he has learned. Our co-operative publishing house, not having to earn profits on its material, can offer the best socialist books at prices lower than are asked for the poorest. Here are a few of the best:

- The Socialists, Who They Are and What They Stand For, by John Spargo.
- Socialism, Utopian and Scientific, by Frederick Engels.
- Value, Price and Profit, by Karl Marx.
- The Communist Manifesto, by Marx and Engels.
- Class Struggle in America, by A. M. Simons.

Any one of these will be mailed in cloth binding for 50 cents or in paper for 10 cents. The International Socialist Review, an 80-page monthly, is the one periodical that thinking socialists find indispensable. For 25 cents we will send the Review six issues and the five books in paper. For \$2.00 we will send the Review a year and the five books in cloth. Mention this paper and address.

**Charles H. Kerr & Company**  
 153 East Kinzie Street, Chicago.

Like two million more to-day,  
 So early in the morning.

What of that? Just make a show,  
 Just believe—the wheels will go  
 And the furnace fires will glow,  
 So early in the morning.

'Rah for King Prosper-tee!  
 Workers, crook the willing knee—  
 Then you'll see what you shall see,  
 So early in the morning!

**OUR WONDERFUL LANGUAGE.**

"What caused that awkward break in the conversation?"  
 "Someone dropped the subject.—Argonaut."

**MEN, FORM A WORLD ALLIANCE!**

Translated from the French of Jean Paul De Beranger (1780-1858), by Kate Brownlee Sherwood of Toledo.

Dedicated to Eugene V. Debs, who, like this great poet of a people struggling for liberty, fraternity and equality, has suffered imprisonment for conscience sake and, like him, has won the crown of immortality.

I saw the goddess, Peace, descend from high,  
Strewing with golden glory hill and plain;  
With holy calm she hushed the war god's cry,  
And tumult ceased on many a war-scourged main.  
"Men," she proclaimed, "equal in power and pride,  
French, English, Belgian, Russian, German, stand!  
Men, form a World Alliance, side by side,  
And give a brother's hand!"  
"Men, long down-trodden, crushed by pomp and pride,  
Forced, fleeced and frightened, eyes a-strange to sleep,  
Rise, claim your own; the world is good and wide;  
Beneath the sun none need to want or weep;  
Cast off the galling yoke of fratricide,  
And march, erect, as men who claim the land;  
Men, form the World Alliance, side by side,  
And give a brother's hand!"  
"Against your kin you wage wild war and wrack,  
And tempests wake and wrath and ruin spread;  
And then your mad exploiters drive you back,  
With shattered arms to earn your bitter bread."

In sight of your high heritage, in vain described,  
The blood of innocence stains stream and strand.  
Men, form a World Alliance, side by side,  
And give a brother's hand!  
"Tyrants in sight of harried homes aflame,  
With their proud boasting number great and small,  
And draft your sons to reeling ranks of shame,  
Whence all their ghastly triumphs loudly call.  
Like sheep into the slaughter shorn and tied,  
You wait in dumb despair and trembling stand!  
Men, form a World's Alliance, side by side,  
And give a brother's hand!"  
"Down with the hell-born god of war and dread!  
Hail to the comradeship of kindlier age!  
No more let brother's blood by man be shed,  
Though kings command and petty tyrants rage.  
Their evil stars pass downward with the tide,  
They pale and sink upon the sea and land;  
Men, form a World Alliance, side by side,  
—And give a brother's hand!"

**THE SERENE SOCIALIST.**

By FRED LONG.

(The little gem of Socialist thought and of English writing that we give below was written more than eight years ago for our Socialist weekly paper, the forerunner of, The Call. Since that time, through years of sickness and pain, our brave comrade, Fred Long, has exemplified in life the spirit he then described.—Ed.)

The distinguishing mark of a Socialist is his serenity of mind. No wave of trouble rolls across his peaceful breast. Neither grief for the past nor fear for the future wrinkles his brow. He leaves to the dead past the burial of its dead, and to the dying present the management of its tearful obsequies. It is none of his funeral. The shades of departed splendor do not satisfy his longing for the beautiful, nor has the chant of choir invisible any music for his soul. He stands in the sun. With eye touched by living light he sees to-day the substance of to-morrow's glory; with ear attuned to all the harmonies of the human heart he hears already the laughter of the children of the morning.

The Socialist's equanimity is not accidental. It comes from heaven. His house is builded upon the eternal rocks, and his peace of mind has always been the portion of those who obeyed the Biblical injunction to keep their feet out of the sand. The rains may descend, the winds blow, and the floods come and beat upon his dwelling, yet he is not dismayed. He blithely whistles the "Marseillaise" as he prepares to go out when the tempest is over and plant roses in the garden.

It frequently happens, when a foundation is being delved for, that the workmen uncover a well-spring. When the sinful world once begins any serious examination of the foundations of Socialist faith its reward will be twofold. Incidentally it will run across a virgin fountain of humor. It will then know why the Socialist's eyes twinkle when he reads the profound obituaries of Socialism penned by our great molders of public opinion; it will then understand why he does not weep when he sees a large number of well-fed gentlemen (whose calling would indicate that they enjoyed the confidence of the Almighty) hasten with eager footsteps to their respective tabernacles to serve notice that our

loving Heavenly Father looks with a disapproving and angry eye upon the proposal to abolish the wage-slave traffic in His children. Once the glorious light has broken upon the world's benighted mind, it may be able to discover something incongruous in the prevailing notion that the Creator put in six long days building a hog-pen and then gave it His blessing with instructions to the pigs to be fruitful and multiply.

The Socialist didn't invent his faith, nor find it in a graveyard. It has its roots in his logical conception of the great undisputed facts of history, backed up by the evidence of his own eyes. Looking over the past, he sees one long line of tombs containing the remains of kings and other confidence men, who imagined that, as they didn't notice the undertaker, the undertaker didn't have his eye on them. Looking about him, he sees the latter-day cheap counterfeiters of divine right and the old undertaker still following his beloved trade, with such a partiality for regal interments that he is willing to bury even imitation princes for nothing.

The Socialist does not mingle his lamentations with the reformer's tears over "the decay of popular government." He has heard of the lachrymal proclivities of the crocodile. He hasn't noticed any symptoms of consumption in the sunburned features of the democrat, and considers him able to survive a breeze from the Philippines. The Rocky Mountains are mush compared with the fixity of the democratic idea, in his opinion.

So the Socialist is serene, and from the abundance in his heart and mind he offers hospitality to every wayfarer.



CAN YOU make the other man see just why it is that he can not get all he produces under the wage system? If not, read **Value, Price and Profit**, and then try again. Marx is easier reading and better reading than most of his interpreters. Study him for yourself. Cloth 50c, paper 10c, post paid. Socialist Book Bulletin free. **Special Offer:** Mention this paper and for 45c we will send the International Socialist Review, 6 mos, and a paper copy each of Value, Price and Profit, the Communist Manifesto, Engels' Socialism, Utopian and Scientific, Spargo's The Socialists, and Simons' Class Struggles in America. If you prefer, we will substitute 1 of these in cloth for the 5 in paper. Address Charles H. Kerr & Company, 153 East Kinzie St., Chicago.

**A WAGE, A LODGING AND A GRAVE.**

By SARDONICUS.

Margaret Chanler Aldrich sings a song of Ellis Island in the August American Magazine:

"From ancient states where burthens alle Extortionate upon the poor."

She sees "men rise like flocks" and "pass into the morrow of our race." And what is the bright, compelling guerdon which urges them to come to America? Listen:

"Our laws with Liberty are brave; Beneath them men will take content A wage, a lodging and a grave."

'Tis well, oh fair bard of Plutocracy. Surely these foreigners could ask no more. Just enough of a wage to give them a temporary lodging and then a grave. Nothing being said about food and clothing, we presume they can live on sewer gas and dress in last year's bird nests. But in the meantime the self-appointed makers of the earth and this fair land of liberty shall be arrayed in fine linen and eat terrapin and ride in automobiles—all produced by the fortunate candidate for the lodging and the grave!

**ALL PRETTY.**

A rash paper announced for its columns a forthcoming story, entitled "The Prettiest Girl in the Town."

A hundred young ladies immediately sent post-cards warning the editor not to use their real names.—London Globe.

**WHY HE GRIEVED.**

"I notice," said the sexton, "that you visit Mr. Enpeck's grave a good deal."

"That's right."

"You seem to regret his death."

"I do."

"Close relative, I s'pose?"

Not very. You see, I married his widow."

**THE DINNER PAIL.**

By HENRY T. JONES.

The full dinner pail! And the empty dinner pail! Both will soon be relics of barbarism. Under the Co-operative Commonwealth no such things as dinner pails will be. When we reach that state of society where its members believe in and practice the doctrine of "Each for all and all for each," instead of the individualistic idea of "Each man for himself and the devil take the hindmost," then dinner pails will be unknown. And why? Because if it becomes necessary for the workers to eat their noonday meal or any other meal at the mill, mine, factory, office, or shop, spacious dining rooms, dressing rooms and bath rooms will be provided. Pleasant eating departments with the best of food, including luxuries, and elevating music will be there together with all the modern appointments of a banquet hall. All this the workers may have if they so decide.

The foregoing is a picture of Utopia, fellow workers and comrades. Well appointed, well ventilated, well lighted dining rooms, where adulterated food will be unknown, will take the place of the capitalist dinner pail of 1907-8. The dinner pail is one of the evidences of Twentieth century brutality. It has no place in real civilization and it will not be here when the workers claim their own. It is one shining evidence of the class struggle.

And the day of the passing of the full dinner pail and the empty dinner pail is at hand. It is nearer than many of us imagine. In 1912 very likely it will be consigned to the scrapheap—a doom that is as certain as the Co-operative Commonwealth has a right to come.

**HER WHEREABOUTS.**

Jinks—How's your wife?

Binks—My wife is lost to sight, to memory dear.

Jinks—Why, my dear fellow, I never heard your wife was dead!

Binks—She isn't. I'm paying her \$50 a week alimony.



**GETTING AROUND IT.**

Trust Magnate—Here, Willie, is a check for \$10,000. Sign it and send it to the Republican National Committee. We have deposited a similar amount in your name.—From Puck.

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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 5, 1908.

## REFLECTIONS OF A CAPITALIST.

By EMANUEL JULIUS.

"Hello! Yes, I've just returned from my trip to the sea-shore, and I certainly did have a good time. What do I think of Taft's chances? Well, the only thing that's bad about him is his labor record when he was judge on the circuit bench in Ohio. But we've fixed that up all right, all right.

"You remember the Phelan case—when His Honor, Judge Taft, sent him to jail for six months for violating an injunction? Well, we saw the possibility of the Socialists kicking up a great rumpus on that and a lot of other things Taft did, so we got our gray matter working and this is what we did:

"We got a scribe to write a dandy article for one of the big magazines. By Jove, it was great!

"Here's what he did. He made it appear that Phelan—And by the way, the chap is dead and buried now, so he couldn't deny it—he made it appear that after Phelan served his six-months sentence he came to Judge Taft and took him by the hand, and

with a loving shake and tears in his eyes and pathos in his voice and humility in his manner, he thanked Taft from the bottom of his heart for having sent him to jail—that he was wrong and deserved the punishment he got.

"What do you think of that? Don't that scribe deserve the Honorary Presidency in the Ananias Club?

"Just imagine where we poor plutes would be if we didn't have those wary-eyed individuals to help us out of our danger every time we got into it.

"Those Socialists would have had a good argument if it hadn't been for that timely article. So now, any time we have to explain Taft's record, why we'll just refer them to what Phelan 'said' and 'did' on the subject, and then we'll be all right.

"Don't worry. The dupes will go up to the polls next November, just as they've done in the past, and cast their ever-ready ballot for their 'dear friend Taft' with big, juicy tears bobbing out of their wool-covered eyes. You can stake your last dollar on that. Just wait till next November and see."

## LION OF LIBERTY OPPOSES CORRUPTION.



Before the proclamation of freedom of press and speech there were only 20 papers published in Constantinople. Now there are almost 300 newspapers. The above cartoon is taken from a Turkish monthly. The lion on the right represents Liberty, that with a club in his hand tries to protect the world from a hydra, each of whose heads is the head of a corrupt Turkish official. The names read: 1, Selah; 2, Fehim; 3, Kaba Sakal; 4, Sorluri; 5, Kaiserli Hamdi; 6, Izzet. The Turkish script over the lion translated into English reads: "Long live Liberty." The one over the six-headed hydra reads: "The attack of some ignominious creatures with the intention of ruining the world."

### GAVE HIMSELF AWAY.

Mr. Sportby had given it out that he was going to spend the day in the country and commune with nature.

"What sort of a day did you have, dear?" asked his wife that evening at dinner.

"Poor," was the absent-minded reply, "five favorites were beaten."

### TO KEEP THEIR COURAGE.

The "Optimistic League," of Montclair, N. J., believes that the business depression is due to a lack of confidence and advises everybody to smile once a day and be prosperous. The patent on this plan was taken out by the boy who whistles as he passes a graveyard at night.—New York World.

# THE SOCIALIST PARTY.

National Secretary, J. Mahlon Barnes, 180 Washington Street, Chicago.

### OUR CANDIDATES:

For President **EUGENE V. DEBS**  
 For Vice-President **BENJAMIN HANFORD**  
 For Governor of New York, **JOSHUA WANHOPE**

### GROWTH OF THE SOCIALIST VOTE.

1888 .....	2,038	1896 .....	36,564
1892 .....	11,157	1900 .....	96,961
1904 .....	408,230		

## THE BLUE ENVELOPE.

By E. S. EGERTON.

"Grandfather, every time you look at that blue envelope it seems to sadden you. If it brings unpleasant recollections to mind, why don't you destroy it?" Thus spoke a girl of about fourteen years of age, in the year 1925, to an old man with stooped shoulders, gnarled hands, and a face that bore evidences of having suffered.

Tenderly replacing the envelope in a drawer of the desk at which he was sitting, he replied to the girl, as she lovingly wound her arm around his neck, "Yes, Nina, dear, it brings many, many unpleasant recollections to my mind. But as you are old enough to understand what it meant to me, what blue envelopes meant to many in the years of misery, the years of wage slavery, happily gone forever, I will tell you the story of the one I have so carefully kept, kept to ever be a reminder of the past."

"Oh, do! Oh, do!" the girl exclaimed. But upon reflecting, softly said: "Dear grandfather, an impulse seized me to say what I did. If it will pain you to tell the story, let it not be told."

The old man replied, "No, no, my child. We may forgive but cannot must not forget the past. And that the young may know something of its horrors they should be given object lessons. The story of my blue envelope will be a good lesson to give you now. It contained the last week's wages I had earned, and also my discharge from the shops of the B. X. Railway, where, as boy and man, I had worked for over thirty years."

"Discharge, grandfather? What do you mean?" was Nina's query.

The old man answered: "Well may you ask the question, Nina. From the annals of the capitalistic era you will never be able to comprehend what discharge meant for me. And that you may get an understanding, it will be necessary to relate the saddest chapter of my life's history."

With a deep sigh the old man began:

"On the last Friday in October, 1907, as usual, the pay car came to the shops. As some of us entered we were given blue envelopes, and it fell to my lot to get one. Never shall I forget the expressions on the faces of some of the unfortunates. But being comparatively young and full of hope, and being a skilled machinist, I was not particularly worried, as I had been taught and religiously believed that there was work for every willing hand. My only concern was about your grandmother, who had been an invalid since the day of your mother's birth. To give her the needed care had exhausted my resources. But as I said, being young and filled with hope, I was not particularly worried.

"At the time of my discharge the greatest and last of all the panics had just begun. Mines, mills, shops and railways discharged most of their workers, and curtailed expenditures in every conceivable way. Thousands, yes, millions were given blue envelopes, and poverty ran riot until there was destitution throughout the land.

"For many months I was idle. I could neither get work at my trade nor work of any kind. When the grocer, the baker, and the butcher refused to give me credit, I had to resort to the pawn shop. Bit by bit all of our jewelry—even to your grandmothers' wedding ring—was pledged. Piece by piece our furniture was sold, until all we had left was an old table, two chairs, and a bed. Then followed our clothing until we had nothing but the rags

upon our backs. Your mother had to leave the Normal College, where she had hoped to graduate and then become a teacher. But, that we might exist, the poor child went to work in a filthy factory, where she curled feathers for her more fortunate sisters. Her getting employment afforded us some relief. But it was but temporary, as within a few weeks she got her blue envelope.

"We drained the cup of misery to its dregs. Matters went from bad to worse, until at last we were evicted from the dirty tenement to which we had moved. For a day and a night we aimlessly wandered through the streets of this great city. Your grandmother, becoming exhausted, sank on the steps of a church and there she passed away. The next day, with other pauper dead, she was buried in the Potter's Field."

As the girl's arm tightened around the old man's neck and the tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks, he waveringly whispered: "Nina, Nina, you know now what the blue envelope meant for me."

### THE FATE OF SKILLED LABOR.

If, as we are being daily told, men have a right to work, why are so many out of employment? The simple answer is, there are a greater number who want work than there are jobs. As a result of this condition the employers begin at the cheap end of the line. They first utilize the children; then the women; then the cheapest men who can be used. As improvement in machinery becomes more perfect the less need there will be for skilled men. The time is not far distant when the skilled, high-priced workers will have the "last chance."—T. Fisher, in Los Angeles Common Sense.

### THINK OF THIS PARADOX.

To think that here, of all places in the world, where for the first time in history the ballot of the common man is equal to the ballot of the priest or the soldier or the judge, where, by this ballot, expression may be given to every political and economic faith—to think that in the face of the greatest opportunities for freedom which the world has ever seen, it should now be possible for any workingman to stand penniless and hungry outside a factory door within which lie the privately owned tools and opportunities which should be his own—opportunities possessed by the ruling class by political consent of the working class themselves.—Franklin H. Wentworth.

### TYRANNY BREEDS REBELS.

They take us, metal pliant to their will,  
 And on their anvils strong we helpless lie.  
 Then, blow on blow their hammers fall, until  
 Grown cold with pain we utter not one cry,  
 But fiercer grow and stronger. Unaware

The blacksmiths forge their own steel fetters there.  
 —Ethelyn Bryant Chapman.

### A GOOD SUGGESTION.

Mr. Mason's scheme for reforming the alphabet provides that the sound of "sh" shall be replaced by the dollar mark. The sound of "sh" is associated with a good many dollars now.—Washington Times.