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THE VANGUARD

MAY, 1906



Just as the old feudal road was blocked and cut up at every step by toll rights and dues, so, for the proletarian, the road of life is cut by the feudal rights imposed upon him by Capital. He can neither work nor eat, clothe nor shelter himself, without paying a sort of ransom to the owning and capitalist class.

Jean Jaures.

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THE VANGUARD

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Yet never strength we borrow,
And where the Vanguard camps today,
The rear shall rest tomorrow."

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MILWAUKEE, WIS., MAY, 1906.

Whole Number 39.

Mr. Bryan on Socialism.

By Benjamin Fay Mills, Minister of The Los Angeles Fellowship.

William J. Bryan has written an article for the *Century Magazine* on "Individualism versus Socialism." Although ostensibly an impartial consideration, it appears to me as a confession of faith in Individualism as opposed to Socialism.

My purpose in this article is not to discuss Mr. Bryan, but to point out the apparent failure of his essay to thoroughly appreciate the significance of the so-called Socialistic movement of our time.

The writer says: "The individual believes that competition is not only a helpful but a necessary force in society, to be guarded and protected; the Socialist regards competition as a hurtful force, to be entirely exterminated . . . Taking man as we find him, he needs, as individualists believe, the spur of competition. Even the Socialists admit that advantage of rivalry within certain limits, but they would substitute altruistic for selfish motives. Just here the individualist and the Socialist find themselves in antagonism. The former believes that altruism is a spiritual quality which defies governmental definition, while the Socialist believes that altruism will take the place of

selfishness under an enforced collectivism . . . There is a marked distinction between voluntary co-operation upon terms mutually satisfactory, and compulsory co-operation upon terms agreeable to a majority."

The Socialist does not assert that laws would make men good, but he does believe that an economic constitution, by which the gain of one would be for the benefit of all, and not, as now, when the success of one necessitates the failure of others, would provide better soil for the development of character.

Wise and good men will make good laws, and good laws would tend to produce better men, so that they could enact still better laws.

Mr. Bryan's statement of the distinction between voluntary and compulsory co-operation, so far as it implies the impossibility of the latter, is a distinction between anarchy and democracy, when applied to government. If he really believes in nothing but voluntary co-operation, he is an anarchist. If he believes in the statement which he quotes from Mr. Bancroft, "that the expression of the universal conscience in history is the nearest approach to the voice of God," and

that this is rightly applicable to political association, why should he hesitate to apply this principle to economics?

But this would produce Socialism, for Socialism is industrial democracy.

The Socialist claims that the whole tendency of altruistic economic legislation would promote human freedom. What he is trying to do is to take the economic fetters from society, in order to give the human spirit larger opportunity.

To intimate, as Mr. Bryan does, that Socialism is contrary to human nature, is to beg the question, for his decision would depend upon what is meant by human nature, and whether we are to regard human nature as the characteristics of men at their best or at their worst. When the individualist says that in order to establish Socialism, you must change human nature, the answer is that human nature was meant to change, that it has always been changing and is still developing. Almost all modern men believe this.

The writer says that individualism has been tested by centuries of experience, and that altruism has grown in spite of individualism, and not on account of it, and so far as it has grown, it has abolished selfish individualism.

He intimates that Socialism has not yet been tried, and that therefore we cannot tell what its effect would be in the production of altruism, but the fact is that Socialism has worked successfully so far as it has been tried, and it has been, and is being, tried to very considerable extent; while, on the other hand, pure individualism marks the relative failure of the race.

The author uses the expression "taking man as we find him," but

we do not find man a fixed quantity. He is better than he used to be, and not yet what he expects to be.

For the modern man who believes in altruism, to justify the present economic system, is as inappropriate as it would be for men and women to crawl upon their bellies as their ancestors did in the reptilian age. The only justification of the seeming disorders in human society lies in the discernment of the tendency toward altruistic amelioration.

Mr. Bryan goes far enough to imply that a necessary stimulus to altruism is provided under individualistic practice, because of the appeals to the fortunate to practice benevolence toward the "disinherited of fortune." This is like burning down houses in order to provide work for the unemployed. The greatest benevolence would be manifested in abolishing the need of it. What the world needs is "not palliative charity, but remedial justice."

The author thinks the best practical illustration we have of Socialism, is the Civil Service. Why not rather say any public service? Our politics may be practically wrong, but our political ideals, so far as they concern the devotion of the citizen to the common good, are right. From the president to the constable, every public officer is supposed to be actuated by devotion to the public welfare. Why do some of our citizens fill public positions at great self-sacrifice, and without any remuneration, as in school and library boards?

Mr. Bryan says that many individualists agree with the Socialists in their program to a considerable extent. He does not state, however, what is true, that where they agree the program is at least partially, if not fully, Socialistic.

He says that under individualism, we may justify the national Post Office, the public schools, and any form of public ownership or administration, because individualism will not work satisfactorily unless socially restricted.

This might be called individualistic Socialism, but where shall the application of this principle cease? should it stop short of freeing the land from the selfish control of the few, and how far should it go in controlling industry and commerce by socialistic laws, in order to guarantee a "square deal for every man?"

The writer says that "justice requires that each individual shall receive from society a reward proportionate to his contribution to society," and intimates that what this reward shall be is impossible for the state to determine. So long as the artists starve, and the frenzied financiers grow rich, does he think that the "rewards" are equally distributed now and for the welfare of all?

Socialism claims that it would remove artificial restrictions and make it possible for every man to do his best work in the best way, and translate the whole idea of rewards to a higher plane, and "render to every man according to his deeds," instead of, as now, according to his luck or cunning or worse.

Mr. Bryan says that it is a necessity of individualism that all should be "put on an equal footing," but this can never be while men differ in ability, and competition is the rule of life.

At present we approach the domestic table with the gracious consideration of one department of human association conquered by the Socialistic spirit, but we wildly rush at the economic table with the greed of the primitive savage. What

our economic society needs is the substitution of the regime of the home in place of the individualistic anarchy of the jungle.

The author well says that what will finally prevail in every department of human activity is that which is ethically best. The principle which underlies Socialism is the foundation of all ethics. Ethics presumes that the individual is an organic part of a larger individual, and can come to his own only by the voluntary devotion of his lesser to his larger interests, that is, to the welfare of society. If we recognize this as truth, why should we withdraw the whole realm of economics from its operation?

There really is only one ethical question, and only one practical question: Ought men to live as brothers, or as enemies?

If it is noble and wise to be altruistic, if unselfishness shall inherit the earth, if it be right to enact the best social conscience of the people into economic laws, then the Socialistic philosophy is true, and will ultimately prevail in practice.

The program will not all be put in practice tomorrow morning, but we can gradually go as far and as fast as possible along the line of the establishment of an industrial and commercial association in which we shall truly live, one for all and all for one.

Is There Any Other Way?

By Victor L. Berger.

THIS world is a veritable hell for the larger half of the population. Truly, they need salvation. They need it in this world. What, then, must we do to be saved?

And yet, if we look closer, there are all elements at hand to make a comparative heaven out of this hell. There are all the things that laborers need, and in all countries. Especially is this true in America, where there are plenty of all good things, for the laborers who have produced them. And if there should not be enough, they would produce more, if permitted to do so.

* * *

Right here we catch a glimpse of one of the cardinal points of the whole question—the question of all the misery in the world.

The workmen would and could produce everything in plenty, but they cannot do so at will. They must wait for somebody else to permit them to do so, to give them work, for they do not own the tools or the raw materials.

The tools (i. e. the machines) are expensive now-a-days, therefore they are under complete control of the capitalist class. And the tools of today also require a great amount of raw material and to buy that requires capital, which is another reason why capital controls production.

You see then that “capitalism” is the wall that the devil has put up between the laborer and his product.

But the machinery and all the progress in implements of production we cannot and do not want to destroy. Civilization does not want to go back to the middle ages or be reduced to barbarism. But as long as these implements of production — land, machinery, raw materials, railroads, telegraphs, etc., remain private property, only comparatively few can be their sole masters. As long as such is the case they will naturally use this private ownership for their own private advantage.

And capitalism is marching on. In 1901, when the terrible Theodore Roosevelt became president, the trusts controlled about nine billions worth of property. Now they control twenty-nine billions, out of a total of ninety billions.

* * *

Now what are the people to do? Must progress stop? Are we to go back to feudalism and barbarism because the economic interests of the capitalist class dominate both of the old parties? Our progress, our production on a large scale, the mighty accumulation of capital makes monopoly a necessary condition. Monopoly is here, whether we wish it or not.

The question, therefore, is only, shall it be a private or a public monopoly?

The question is, do we wish to leave the products of this country

in the control of a small number of irresponsible men, whose only interest is to exploit us up to the last limit of our endurance?

Do we wish to leave to a small clique the monopoly of all things which make life good and desirable? Do we wish to make them absolute masters of all the necessities of our lives?

Do we wish to let a small number of capitalists decide how much meat and how much bread we shall eat, how much we shall spend for coal and how much for oil, how nicely or how poorly we shall be clothed and housed—in brief, how well or how ill, how long or how short time we shall live?

The same economic causes which developed capitalism are leading to Socialism, which will abolish both the capitalist class and the class of wage workers. And the active force in bringing about this new and higher order of society is the Social-Democratic party.

* * *

We still have one way left to conquer these powerful economic lords. We still have the ballot and can avail ourselves of political power. Shall we use this power?

The capitalistic parties, the Republican as well as the Democratic, are both upholding the present system with its exploitation and its trust rule. The question is then: Shall we put the Social-Democratic party into power, which will take hold of the meat trust, the oil trust, the coal trust, and every other trust, and put them into the possession of the whole people and thus make all the people shareholders?

If this is impossible, why is it possible for a comparatively small clique—the trust owners—to have this control? These people as a rule do not know anything about the production and distribution of this country. They have no more to do with it than the man in the moon, outside of the fact that they now reap the benefits. Now if that is possible for this small number of people, why should it not be possible for all the people?

The Social-Democrats propose the change in the mechanism of society which has been made necessary by the invention and application of machinery, by the concentration of wealth, and the formation of trusts. This change will not mean the "division of property," the plunder of the Haves for the benefit of the Have-nots. It will take place legally, for the majority of the people have a right to make the laws, and the new system will make it possible for everybody to live out his own life and to develop his personality, as long as he does not infringe upon the right of others. Is this Un-American?

* * *

Under a Social-Democratic system then, the workmen will get the full value of their labor and you will all get the benefit of the riches of this great country. We will settle the "bread and butter" question, the question of property which is underlying all the other social questions of the day. Is there any other solution for the question? And is any other solution of this question a final solution?

Victor L. Berger.

The "Right" of Economic Might - A Fable.

By D. K. Young.

Once upon a time there was a chicken yard which afforded ample room for all the chickens that lived in it and afforded a great plenty of worms, so that none went hungry who cared to scratch for a living. And the yard belonged to all the chickens and each had a right to scratch where he pleased and all the worms that he found belonged to him. So they were all as happy and as fat as all good chickens ought to be.

But one day a wise man became disgusted with a work on "Political Economy," for the book contained a lot of nonsense about the "Rights of Capital," "Rent," "Profit" and interest." So the wise man, tearing the book to pieces, threw it out of the window.

The wind caught the chapter that had made the wise man so furious and carried it right into the chicken yard. It fell in front of an old able-bodied rooster who looked over it thinking he might find on an advertising page some new kind of food. He soon became absorbed and said to himself:

"What a fool I have been to scratch all my life for a living when this book tells me how I can get a living for nothing and without work, for why should I work when I can make the other chickens work for me?"

So he said to the chickens:

"Here is a large fat and juicy worm, and as I am not hungry you can have this worm if you will give me just one little square yard of this big chicken yard and let me have it for my own."

"Why, of course, you can have it, you idiot," said the others in a

roar of laughter at his folly, "what is one little square yard of our Vast Domain? There is plenty left for the rest of us. Give us your worm and take your square yard wherever you choose."

"Well, then, I will take the spring in the corner of the yard."

"Well, you must be crazy. There are no worms in the spring."

But he held his peace until one of the chickens becoming thirsty started for the spring to get a drink. Then he cried:

"Here, you, keep away from that spring. It is mine."

Then they all began to cackle and said they would take the water anyway. But the rooster read to them out of his "Political Economy" and showed them they would encroach on his Vested Rights if they drank water without his permission. They argued until they were all so thirsty that they could stand it no longer. Then the rooster said:

"Come now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll sell you a drink all round for one more square yard of the chicken yard. Of course you will not miss it out of your Vast Domain."

They were dying of thirst, so they were compelled to accept his offer. All had a good big drink and the rooster "owned" another square yard of their land. It was not so many days before he "owned" the whole chicken yard. Then he said, "Where you going to live now?"

"Why, in the yard," they said.

"But this is 'my' yard. I bought it as the 'Reward of Abstinence.'"

"Stuff; you only abstained from

eating one single worm."

"Ah, yes. But then I 'Invested the Proceeds,' and by exercise of 'Business Acumen' I acquired possession of the whole yard, and now you cannot live on my land unless you pay me rent."

"What's Rent?" asked a cockerel.

"Why all you have to do is to give me one-half of the worms that you find and then you can still live in my yard. But as 'The Rent must be paid in advance' you must give me every first worm and then you can have the second worm for yourselves."

"What nonsense. We are still going to eat all the worms that we find just as we have always done."

But the old rooster showed them from his "Political Economy" how the "Interests of Labor and Capital are Identical," because if they did not pay him rent he would Close the Works and declare a Shutdown and not allow them to scratch in his yard at all, and so they would all starve to death. From this time they found that they had to work just twice as hard for a living as they did before, as they had to give half their worms to the rooster for Rent, but the rooster did not have to scratch or work at all, as he received for his Rent as many worms as all the rest of the chickens put together. Soon his pile of worms began to grow very fast, and no matter how many he ate he could not keep it down. He became very fat and lazy and sneered at The Working Classes. So he began looking around for a way to Dispose of the Surplus, and one day said to a pert young hen with matrimonial intentions:

"Marry me and you can live off my pile of worms and not have to scratch for a living. And the hen, nothing loth, became his wife.

Then the other chickens objected.

It is true that you claim to have Bought our yard with your abstinence, but from what has the hen Abstained that she gets the product of our labor for nothing?"

"Now, see here," said the rooster.

"This whole land belongs to me and I am Going to Do With My Property as I Wish. It is Entirely a Matter of Private Business, with Which You Have Nothing To Do."

"But excuse us, it seems as if we had something to do with it. when you get half of all the worms that we dig. We are compelled to work one-half of each day for you and have only the other half to work for ourselves."

"Well, if you do not like the way the Business Interests of this yard are conducted, you can get out of it and get off the earth."

So the other chickens had to submit, and the Capital of the country grew larger and larger, until it "smelled to Heaven." Then the chickens said:

"You cannot eat all those worms if you live a hundred years. What is the use of piling them up?"

"Oh, but," he said, "I am going to have a Large Retinue to help me Consume the Surplus."

So he told one of them to spread out his wings in front of him so as to shade him from the hot sunshine, and another to fan him with his wings, as he was now too fat and lazy to do it for himself. Then he had a nice little hen for a manicure to trim his claws and a massage chicken to rub him down in the effort to keep down the fat. And he told all of his Retinue that they could live off of his pile of worms. But it was not long before the rooster and his wife and their one little chick were complaining of

the Incompetency of Domestic Help.

The rooster was coaxed by his wife to have a new palace coop with golden roosts. The golden roosts were not as comfortable as the wooden ones, but were more swagger.

But all this time the chickens had been raising broods of their own, and the yard now began to be well filled, so that it became harder to find enough worms for all, especially when they had to give one-half to the old rooster. So the rooster said:

"I see that I will have to raise your rent, and after this you will have to pay me three-quarters of all the worms you find instead of one-half."

Then the chickens made an outcry and said:

"When you first made your bargain with us there were only one-tenth as many chickens in the yard as there are now, and so you are getting ten times as many worms as we bargained for, as we still have to give you one-half of all the worms that we dig."

"Why of course," said the rooster, "that is the Natural Increase."

"Well we cannot afford to pay any more Rent, because it is much harder to make a living now than when there were fewer chickens."

"That is just the reason why you MUST pay more. Any Political Economy will tell you that the harder it is to make a living the more the living is worth. You must be fools not to know that Density of Population Makes High Rents. And now, I want to tell you that if you do not stop grumbling I will import a lot of other chickens from the outside. We will have Foreign Immigration to keep down the price of labor and keep up the

price of Rents. In short, we will Open the Doors to the Poor and Oppressed of All Nations and they shall come to live in The Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave to find with us a Refuge from the Tyranny and Injustice of the Iron Heel of Despotism."

But the chickens were now in a very bad way, and many of them actually starved to death. So the rooster said:

"You must not do that. It would be the Height of Ingratitude if you should all starve to death, for if you should all die what would become of me? Why, I might actually be compelled to scratch for my own living, and my Vast Domain, without its Teeming Millions would be worthless."

"Well, then, we do not see," said they, "if the Teeming Millions give all the value to the Vast Domain, why the Vast Domain does not belong to the Teeming Millions."

"Well, I certainly do despair of ever teaching you anything about Political Economy," said the rooster.

"Now," continued he, "when you get to the verge of starvation come to me and I will generously lend you some of my worms and you shall pay me Interest."

"What's Interest?" said they.

"Why just before you starve come to me and I will lend you enough worms to keep you alive, and for every ten you borrow, you shall pay me back eleven."

And often the chickens were so hungry that they were, in desperation, compelled to borrow from the pile of worms, but they soon discovered that it was easier to go without than it was to pay back both Principle and Interest.

And now, many of them de-

clared that if they could not get enough to keep themselves alive it was a sin and a shame to hatch any more chickens in the world. Then the old rooster read them a long lecture on Race Suicide, because if they all died he and his Retinue would be compelled to scratch for a living.

One day, after reading his "Political Economy," he beamed all over and said:

"The trouble is Overproduction."

"Overproduction," cried the chickens in astonishment. "We call it underconsumption. The idea of calling it Overproduction when we are starving to death."

He got out his "Political Economy" to convince them that they could not get enough to eat because there were too many worms, and that the only way in which they could get any worms to eat was to dispose of the Surplus, so that there would not be so many worms, and they could go to work and dig more worms. The chickens fled, fearing some new disaster, but he explained to the few that were left that what they needed was an outlet for the Surplus, and that they must Build up a Large Foreign Trade, and that if they made their land The Workshop of the World, and Sold More than They Bought; and Rolled up a large Balance of Trade, they would all get rich. So now he advocated the Open Door and Foreign Missions to Convert the Heathen, and went into the world and bought all kinds of tinsel and gew-gaws and gim-cracks to hang around the necks of his wife and daughter. These gim-cracks were not at all comfortable, but they tickled the vanity of the fat hen and her silly daughter and made the starving chickens envious and miserable.

But the pile of worms still grew.

Then the old rooster said:

"See how prosperous we are. See what an enormous Foreign Trade we have built up."

But the chickens said:

"It may be General Prosperity, but it is also Private Starvation and as usual the General gets all the honors, while the Private gets the knocks."

"Why," said the rooster, "see what a Profit I have made. I now own all these Foreign Gim-cracks and my pile of worms is greater than ever before. The High Tide of Prosperity will enable us to Drive all the Rest of the World Out of Business and we shall Have the Entire Market to Ourselves."

"Well what good will that do us?" said the chickens. "Shall we have to pay less Rent?"

"Why, of course not, stupid. Rents will advance on account of General Prosperity and Increase in Population through Foreign Immigration. And I want you to understand that I will not have any fool talk about Labor Troubles and Arbitration from Crazy Agitators, who only Stir up Strife and Array One Class Against Another. You must understand that There are no Classes in This Country and that There is Nothing to Arbitrate."

But the chickens were getting so restive that he said to some of the clever ones:

"Come, now, you preach to the chickens and tell them that God Made One Rich and The Other Poor, and you can live off of my pile of worms. You tell them that Poverty is a Blessing, that they Must be Content With Their Lot and Must Not Rebel Against the Will of the Most High."

This quieted them for a while, for they said: "If we have a hard game here, we shall have just so much better time hereafter."

But it was only for a while, for their poverty was awful, and the Upper classes used to say that The Lower Classes Really Liked to Live in Dirt and Filth, but the chickens said:

"We have no time to plume our feathers or even to take a dust bath. We are too busy trying to get enough to eat. Give us enough to eat and you will see that we will keep clean."

But the old rooster said:

"We will found Charities, and I will give ten worms every day if you will give the same, and we will get up Charitable Organization Societies."

"Oh, yes," said the ungrateful chickens, "you take a thousand worms from us every day and give us back ten and think you are very holy and righteous."

"Now, see here," said the rooster, "you have been listening to the Agitators again. Let me tell you that the Interests of the Laboring Chickens Will not be Looked after by the Labor Agitators, but by the Christian Rooster, to Whom God in His Infinite Wisdom Has Confided the Property of This Country."

One day he came home from his foreign tour all in a flutter. For he said that a Duck, or a Duke, as he called it, had asked him for the hand of his daughter in marriage. The Duck had told him that he was awfully in debt but that it would be a fine thing for his daughter to be called a Duchess, as he called it, and that papa rooster could pay off all the debts of the Duck with his immense pile of worms, and in that way he could effectually Dispose of the Surplus and be relieved from Overproduction. The Duck also told him that they could all still live off of the interest and the Profits of the chicken yard. The

rooster said further that they were all going to Live Abroad with his daughter and son-in-law, the Duck. and that he bought a place which he had called Skylow Castle, and that the chickens must all be very proud that their country chick was going to be a Duckess.

"Glory Hallelujah," shouted the chickens, "when he is gone we can have the yard to ourselves again."

But the Rooster had left an Agent to Look After his Interests, and the chickens found that the Agent was harder than the master, because the rooster had a big lot of rotten debts of the Duck to pay off. But when they all came back and the wedding day arrived the chickens all kissed the feet of the rooster and the roosteress, and the Duck and the Duckess, and said how proud they were that one of them was to be a duckess, and begged her if possible, to make Ducks and Drakes of them, which she solemnly promised to do.

It was not long after that the news arrived that the rooster had so swelled up that he had burst and was dead.

"Hail, Columbia," cackled the chickens. "Now we shall surely have the yard back again for ourselves, just as we had it before."

"Not much," said the Agent, "he has left a will and has given the whole yard to the Duck and the Duckess."

"But what right," said the foolish chickens, "has the dead rooster to give away our land. He is dead and no longer has any interest in it. It is bad enough to pay Rent and Interest and Profit to a live rooster without being compelled to pay it to a dead one. The Duck and the Duckess have not practiced Abstinence, nor do they even earn the Wages of Superintendence, and they are not entitled to seven-

eighths of the product of our labor. They do not even live here. Why should we be compelled to give them seven-eighths of our time when we are starving?"

"Now, I want to tell you," said the agent, "that we are living under the Capitalistic System, and a man has the right to do with his own property as he pleases. When we first started the Capitalist System, in this yard we were the only chickens that could boast of it, but now all the other chicken yards in the world have this same Capitalist System, and they are one and all producing a bigger pile of worms than they consume. For that reason we can no longer sell from our pile of worms, and unless you use it to support the Duck and Duckess in idleness and luxury, we shall be compelled to stop all digging of worms and shut down the works."

"Well, if we cannot dig worms how are we to live?" cried the chickens.

"That is just it. You will all starve, so you might as well submit."

"Well, now, see here. We are not going to starve, nor are we going to submit. We are going to take this chicken yard and stop paying Interest and Profit."

"What," shouted the Agent, horrified, "would you violate the sacred rights of Capital? Would you trample on Vested Rights? Would you break the laws of Rent and Interest and Profits? Would you treat with disrespect the laws of Political Economy? Would you confiscate other chickens' property? For shame, you are no better than Socialists."

"All right," said they. "If that be Socialism, then we will all be Socialists. This can be borne no longer, and we are going to have

that which was stolen from us. We are going to own our own yard and we are going to eat all the worms that we find."

And when the Agent saw that they were determined he decamped and was never seen in the yard since. And the whole yard once more belongs to all the chickens, and they all have a right to scratch where they please, and all the worms that each finds belong to the finder and all have enough who are willing to scratch for a living.

"Well, we did not think it was so easy," said the chickens.

—D. K. Young.

THE CAPITALIST CANDIDATE

Who comes and shakes me by the hand,
When in the street I chance to stand?

Who says he'll be at my command?
The candidate.

Who calls me to my door at night?
Asks my advice to put things right?
Who yearns with me 'gainst wrong to fight?

The candidate.

Who speaks of my intelligence?
Who "puts it to my common sense?"

Who "looks at me with confidence"?

The candidate.

Who, when the election fight is o'er,
Moves swiftly past my cottage door,

Disdaining me, he loved before?

The winning candidate.

What is there for which life gives us opportunity, that can be compared with the efforts to do what we may — be it ever so little — to improve social conditions — and enable other lives to reach fuller, nobler development.—Henry George.

Socialistic London.

[The following is from Charles Edward Russell's remarkable article in the February *Cosmopolitan* magazine on "Socialistic Government of London." Of course Socialism does not merely consist in the work that has been begun in London, as it stands for the collective ownership and operation of the *means of production and distribution*, but the following account is interesting nevertheless as showing how far in a Socialistic direction the metropolis of the world has already gone.]

THE real Government of the *real* London is the London County Council, and its principal business is to introduce plain, bald, unqualified Socialism—Socialism as Karl Marx dreamed it.

While theorists and philosophers have utopian visions of Socialism as an ultimate state, and while other men have proved conclusively that it is utterly impossible and absurd, lo! among the least imaginative of all people, among people least given to change and innovation, you can see Socialism daily rising into a tangible, definite, undeniable structure. London is the last city in the world that one would select for a Socialistic experiment: **IT IS THE FIRST CITY IN THE WORLD TO ADOPT SOCIALISM AS A PERMANENT POLICY.**

To be sure, the London County Council's Socialism was *forced upon it by conditions* and without its wish. But in "municipal trading" the London County Council has gone so far that its total operations are calculated to make any Socialist gasp.

The vast operations of this unique body, its *remaking* of London, its intricate and varied enterprises were wholly unforeseen and unsuspected when the Council was created.

Forty years ago London was one of the most hideous and repulsive of all places of human habitation. Trade alone concerned it. While the continental cities, led by Paris, had rebuilt themselves with taste and pleasing designs, London wallowed on its medieval way, forlorn, ugly and content.

Moreover, the *huge* thing was, on the whole, as badly governed as Philadelphia or St. Louis or Milwaukee under the gang. In the area we call London were twenty-seven district cities, boroughs and political divisions, all having separate, independent, and frequently incompetent, governments. Metropolitan London spread into six counties and was practically without any head or central organization or unified control except as Parliament legislated for it. The administrations of contiguous boroughs were incessantly warring about repairs and improvements.

The bad government might have been tolerable, but the slovenly and unhandsome aspect of things, the increasing and terrifying problems created by overcrowding, and the congestion of traffic gave rise to a waxing clamor of protest. For some years a Metropolitan Board of Works struggled feebly with the situation and evolved nothing but a choice collection of grafting scandals. Then Parliament in 1888, as a kind of forlorn hope, created the London County Council, with somewhat enlarged powers, to supersede the Metropolitan Board and

try again. If England were favored with a supreme court like ours, the London County Council long ago would have been bowled out of existence as "unconstitutional," null and void. Having no Supreme Court to boss it, overrule it and tell it what it ought to do, Parliament has blessed London by retaining and supporting the revolutionary County Council. It consists of one hundred and eighteen members chosen by the qualified voters, and of nineteen aldermen. Two members are elected from each parliamentary division (answerable to our congressional districts) and four from the portion that was the ancient city of London. These elective members serve without pay and work like cart-horses at that!

The administrative County of London has one hundred and eighteen square miles and a population of 4,536,541. The ancient City of London consists of six hundred and seventy-three acres and has a population of 26,923 including the almost useless lord mayor and his medieval gilt coach.

The county council in the beginning merely dealt with problems of public works. It found certain of the chief streets of the city so laid out as to choke the traffic of the district. Notably was this so of the Strand and Fleet street, which joined each other like tubes, but with the point of jointure a narrow space forty feet wide, this stricture caused by a block of ancient, unsightly buildings, which shut it in like a bottle. At this neck of the bottle the hourly congestion and profanity was appalling. The council went at it heroically. It began a third of a mile away to widen the streets, piece by piece as it could buy the properties, so that at present it looks like a checker

board, but in time it will get the properties that make it look thus.

But up at the bottle neck, where the ancient buildings blocked the way and the omnibus stood thirty deep, waiting to get through, the Council threw away patience and went in for revolution. It got from Parliament what legislation it needed, and bought up everything on both sides of the street. Acres of old, ramshackle structures were demolished, the Strand was widened from forty to ninety-five feet. The old lane of Holywell was incorporated with the Strand. In the places of the old, ugly structures arose new, sunbright, handsome buildings, and a clear vista being now opened, this pleasing prospect framed the picture of the church of St. Mary-le-Strand at the end.

Melancholy are the vicissitudes that befall cities. Once Drury Lane and Clare Market were the fashionable regions of London; no longer ago than Queen Anne they were the Park Lane and Mayfair of the times. But the Drury Lane precincts became in the end most unsavory and not altogether safe. They smelt to heaven, or thereabouts, they ran over with a pale-faced, sickly and mostly starving population, and, whenever there was epidemic of any kind, THE MORTALITY IN THOSE REEKING TENEMENTS WAS TERRIFYING. Criminals swarmed in the dark alleys; in the rank sub-cellars and foul areas were more diseases than medical science has had time to name. IT WAS A PLAGUE SPOT.

Into this nest of misery the Council determined to let the light. Kingsway, a handsome and broad avenue, was laid out to be cut through the densest parts of the tenement region, and, in the Strand just beyond the bottle neck, there

was planned to connect with Kingsway, a great, widely curved plaza, called Aldwych, a notable thing in modern street-making. The main part of the new thoroughfare is one hundred feet wide.

This monumental work, a matter of years and enormous outlay, is now well in hand. Aldwych is opened for traffic, Kingsway has been driven an appreciable distance through dirt and squalor; the curved plaza is clear, and London sees the new quarter slowly created before its eyes.

But the Council purchases ground as it goes along and it has thus become one of the largest property holders in London. Some of the land it leases for building purposes and on some it erects buildings of its own. In either case it will allow nothing to be built except after designs furnished and approved *by its own committee of architects* and conforming strictly to the total plan. Hence there will be no incongruous note in the splendid spectacle when it shall be done. But I need hardly point out that for the state to go into building and renting of houses is mere Socialism and untenable with the theory of Individualism which we have hitherto held.

What inevitable necessity forced upon the Council as an expedient, became its fixed policy and chiefest business. It is a great landlord. It owns and rents many buildings and is interested in many more. It has devoted public funds to purposes for which they have never been used in any Anglo-Saxon community. It invested two hundred thousand dollars in an advance upon the handsome Gaiety theatre. It just lent money to other enterprises. It has gone far into business and trafficking and buying and selling like a merchant AND IT

HAS MANAGED EXCEEDINGLY WELL. The outlay of public funds required by the improvements in the Strand region was \$27,500,000, but already the Council sees from the sales and leases of property enough returns to reduce the actual expenditure to no more than \$4,000,000, and no one will be astonished if, when all is done, there is still a better showing. Considering the community's advantages from the changes, **THEY ARE THE CHEAPEST IMPROVEMENTS EVER MADE BY A MUNICIPALITY.**

The gross annual profits of the street-car lines operated by the Council are about \$250,000. *Fares have been reduced and wages have been increased.*

We may sum up the balance of Mr. Russell's article as follows:

At present the council owns and operates one street car line in the south side of London, and at one point it has a street car subway. It will in time spread a network of tracks all over London. It owns and operates a line of steamboats on the Thames and has placed an order for forty more boats. Enormous numbers of passengers are carried, one destination being a popular bathing resort on the sea-shore. Three great steel free ferry boats, each carrying a thousand passengers, are employed at Woolwich.

With the housing problem the L. C. C. has gone very far into Socialistic experiments. At Millbank it has eight acres and has built flat dwellings for 4,394 persons. Its rents in 1904 were \$94,070. The two-room flats rent for \$1.50 a week, the best four and five room flats for \$2.80 to \$3.12 a week. The council is overwhelmed with applicants for these dwellings for there is nothing else in London so

good and so cheap. And this is only a beginning. At Tooting, five miles from Westminster bridge, it bought thirty-eight acres of farm-like land. It has laid out a town with six wide streets and built 1,250 pretty cottages. The rents range from \$1.50 to \$3.12 a week, not by contract, but under the council itself, day by day, by labor, and labor was paid higher than the prevailing rates. Yet there will be a profit. At Tottenham it bought 225 acres and is building cottages for 42,500 persons. At Norbury it is building cottages to accommodate 5,800, at Holloway 1,050 persons, at Hammersmith 9,200 persons, at Islington 1,388 persons, at Lambeth 718 persons, in Deptford 440 persons, and throughout London it has in process of construction 13 smaller groups of dwellings. For the 3,700 people displaced by the widening of the Strand it built new dwellings in the same region. It operates two big lodging houses also!

It has provided 51 parks and breathing spots, beside playgrounds and athletic fields. Has erected 23 gymnasiums. It has taken the boat privileges away from contractors on the park lakes and lowered the rates. It provides free bathing places in Summer and skating rinks in Winter.

It provides 1,500 band concerts in the parks a year. It maintains free manual training and technical schools. It regards the theater as a place of education and keeps a supervision over 14 playhouses. It looks after stores, sees that the sales people have seats and that the childworkers are not overtaxed. And besides all this it has its varied and incessant public works duties to perform.

"It is destined in time," says Mr. Russell, "and that not long, to rule the whole city of London. And by that time, unless it is checked, it will have 'Socialism' in full career in the greatest city in the world!"

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Pointed Paragraphs.

By Frederic Heath.

Something wrong when honest men starve and crooks wear broad-cloth.

The fittest to survive are the slickest under our capitalistic morality.

Wall street authorities place Rockefeller's income at ten thousand dollars an hour. How much is yours, Mr. Workingman?

If there were more crooks in prison and fewer in the law-making bodies of this glorious country the people would be out of bondage the sooner.

Capitalism works the same on the sea as on the land. On the land the fortunate live in palaces and the people in huts. On the sea the fortunate ride in richly furnished salons and staterooms and the common herd in the steerage.

Prof. Albion Small of the Chicago University, in a book recently published announces it as a demonstrable fact that the thing that moves the present society is class interest. This claim is shaking some of the fellows who have been denouncing the Socialists for holding the same view, charging them with wanting to "stir up a class strife," and all that kind of stuff.

"Our country is booked for Socialism," admits the capitalistic Portland *Oregonian*. Beginning to see the handwriting on the wall! The capitalistic parties have made such a mess of governing the people

and the capitalists have been unsuccessful in robbing the people without the people discovering it, that they now see that nothing under the heavens will stop the tidal wave of Social-Democracy from raising the people into power.

Rev. Josiah Strong, editor of *Social Progress*, says a prominent contractor in New York told him it was cheaper to kill men than to protect them. "Nine men are killed every day in New York," says Dr. Strong, "in accidents which are for the most part avoidable."

London, April 18—The Countess of Warwick today admitted that she had sold her jewels in order to support Socialist candidates in the recent election. The Countess said:

"Why all this fuss about a few paltry diamonds—a drawer full of jewelry! It is foolish, considering that greater sacrifices are made daily by men and women who are giving real things for their faith, sacrificing time, health, worldly advantage and even life itself. Money or no money, Socialism will come. It is only a question of time."

While the capitalist press is trying to smooth over the great labor gains in the British parliament by claiming that the new members of parliament are not, as a body, revolutionary, Joseph Chamberlain, the conservative leader, declares that England has accepted Social-Democracy instead of protection or even

liberalism. Edward K. Pease, the well known newspaper correspondent, says that there are twenty-five straightout Socialists in parliament, with many sympathizers.

My, but these capitalist paper editors are a highly educated lot! Here's the editor of the Milwaukee *Journal* telling its readers that Japan used to be an almost perfect Socialistic state! Positively, that's the limit! Socialism is only possible after capitalism has prepared the way for it, and Japan has only begun to enter upon its capitalistic era. Social-Democracy requires the common ownership of the already concentrated control of the machinery of modern industrial production. Society moves upward by stages. Feudalism prepared the way for capitalism. Capitalism has prepared the way for Socialism. Socialism will probably prepare the way for a still better organization of society. Human freedom, justice and happiness is the goal.

Few people who revere the name of Lincoln as the embodiment of all that is truly democratic and unselfish in our American traditions realize that his son, Robert T. Lincoln, is one of the most typical ultra-capitalists the country affords. He is at the head of the great Pullman car monopoly and is amassing wealth out of the people. The company treats its porters like slaves. The men get \$25 a month, must buy two suits of clothes from the company out of their wages each year, and must piece out their beggarly wages by tips from the traveling public. There is something about capitalist America that can be relied on without fail to sooner or later tarnish a name, be it ever so honored.

The coal miners are on the verge of a strike to secure **LIVING CONDITIONS** in the mines. They live amidst the most abject want and deprivation. While the coal barons *riot in luxury and hold us up on the price of coal*, the miners go about with flabby stomachs. **THEY ARE ABOUT TO PIT THOSE FLABBY STOMACHS AGAINST THE MILLIONS OF THEIR ECONOMIC OPPRESSORS**, and yet where is there a true American citizen who will say they should not revolt and fight for their rights of decent citizenship and for the right to the great wealth their labor produces?

Where, also, is there a man who will *dare* deny that the coal beds **BELONG TO THE PEOPLE** and that the people ought to exhibit as much **SPUNK** as these poor, wretched miners!

Pittsburg, Pa., April 6.—In court this afternoon Mrs. Lizzie Lambert Walters declared that for the love of her daughter, now 14 years old, so she might obtain a good education, she lived a life of shame.

Ruth, the daughter, was present when the confession was made. It was more than a minute before she seemed to realize fully what her mother's statement meant; then, with a piercing shriek, she tried to reach her mother's side, but before she could do so she fell unconscious. She was carried into an ante-room, where a physician worked with her several hours before he could restore her to consciousness.

It was expected the mother would attempt to deny leading a dual life—one that of a fond mother, the other that of a wo-

man of the town. But she only said:

"What I am, I am for my daughter's sake. That she might be educated and be properly clothed I have sold my body and my very soul. I could die happy with the thought of doing so, for O, I love her so."

Ruth Walters is a student at the fashionable Ursuline academy of this city and has had everything she wished for. She is one of the best dressed students. Her mother, who lives on Craft avenue, was supposed to receive money from wealthy relatives.

According to the story of Mrs. Walters, her supply of money became exhausted a year ago last November. In order to continue her daughter's education she started on her life of shame.

Mrs. Walters is a handsome woman, about 22 years old. She was dressed entirely in black. Her former husband, who is twice as old as she, sobbed convulsively as she told her story.

Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, the eminent scientist, and discoverer, independently of Darwin, of the law of Evolution writes thus in his recently published memoirs:

"Although I had, since my earliest youth looked to some form of Socialistic organization of society, especially in the form advocated by Robert Owen, as the ideal of the future, I was yet so much influenced by the individualistic teachings of Mill and Spencer, and the loudly proclaimed dogma, that without the constant spur of individual competition men would inevitably become idle and fall back into universal poverty, that I did not bestow much attention upon the subject, having, in fact, as much

literary work on hand as I could manage.

But at length, in 1889, my views were changed once for all, and I have ever since been absolutely convinced, not only that Socialism is thoroughly practicable, but that it alone can secure for mankind continuous mental and moral advancement, together with that true happiness which arises from the full exercise of all faculties for the purpose of satisfying all their rational needs, desires and aspirations."

—

And still they come!

From the Philadelphia *Ledger* we learn that another young millionaire, Reginald W. Kauffman of aristocratic Philadelphia, and a leader in the recent "Vigilant Committee of Three Thousand" to clean out the Republican gangsters in that city, has quit the new move and announced his conversion to Social-Democracy.

He is described as a powerful force in the recent Philadelphia elections and the turning of his own ward (an aristocratic part of the city, from the usual thousand majority for the Republicans to a stronghold for reform, is attributed principally to his efforts. He was a fellow college mate with J. G. Phelps Stokes.

—

In Germany the post office department acts as an express company and transports packages to other foreign countries that also maintain a post office system.

Thus, a package weighing eleven pounds can be sent from, say, Freiburg clear to Algiers for only 20 cents, to Egypt for only 38 cents, to Spain for only 33 cents, to England for only 26 cents, and so on.

That's what they do in monarchical Europe.

You cannot do such reasonable things in this great republic, we're too much filled with the idea that we are way above the foreigners in common sense, you know! They are ruled by kings and all that sort of titled trash. But we are ruled by commercial kings, and of course we have to take the consequences. And, besides, the private express companies advise us not to go back on Individualism, for fear we would lose our "liberties."

Upton Sinclair's story "The Jungle," which has just been issued in book form is creating no little comment in the newspaper reviews. The purpose of the book is to show what the capitalist system, as represented by the great industry of "Packingtown" in Chicago, does for the human lives over which it presides, and its stunning, nature-blunting, demoralizing work seems to have been so unmistakably laid bare in the pages of the book, that capitalism is forced to admit that it is shocked at the revelations. Says the *N. Y. World*: "Out of the jungle has come a voice. It is not a pleasant voice. It is not a gentle, well-bred voice. It is a voice that JARS and SHOCKS, and *tears away the veil from the naked truth* in a way that has never been done here in America before. It grips you with its *chaos of social enormities*. It is the RAW, TERRIBLE STORY of the murder of a man's soul under the industrial conditions of the state of society he lives in. Besides this story of industrial conditions in Chicago and America, every other similar 'personal experience' book, reads like a pleasant fairy tale told to children. It is a story of the

hidden dens and lairs, a story of the hunt, and the fight for life and mastery in the jungle. It strikes a mighty chord of appeal. It is insistent, vibrant, compelling in its demand on humanity to listen and understand. It is the CRY OF THE PEOPLE, not the protest of one man. At times it sweeps the reader along through a perfect labyrinth of revelations that SHOCK and ALMOST PARALYZE ONE'S REASON."

Says the *Springfield Republican*: "The Jungle" puts into concrete form the common charges that have been becoming unpleasantly frequent in recent years, as to the decline of honor, not to say common honesty, in American business. A SHODDY CIVILIZATION FED ON GARBAGE—such is the America that the Trusts have created—as Mr. Sinclair pictures it. It is an appalling picture, too revolting to be given here even in outline."

The food product that comes out of the great packing industry of Chicago is not the flesh of mammals. IT IS HUMAN FLESH. WE EAT WHEN WE CONSUME ITS HAM, AND SAUSAGE, AND BEEF! The very lives of the wretches who slave in the great packing house district go into the product.

The revelations in the book as to the filth, and the unwholesomeness that more or less surrounds the turning out of the product, were so revolting that before the publishers dared put the book on the market they sent their lawyer to Chicago to investigate. His report was that the conditions were even worse than set forth in the story.

The packing industry is only one. But it serves well as an example of the man-killing work of capital-

ism, the fell dilapidation of humanity under a system where the dollar is everything and human life a mere nothing.

COMRADE PATTERSON.

As a usual thing a new convert to Social-Democracy does a good deal of wobbling before he gets seasoned in the philosophy and the practical necessities of the cause. Usually, in the raw days, he finds it very easy to fall back on a demand for the whole thing, which is very useful and easy, not realizing that evolution must always precede revolution, and that the Socialist advance has to be gained by constructive work and a grappling with actual conditions. The "rest" must be taken afterwards.

There has just burst upon the land a new and a notable convert to Socialism. He is no less a personage than Joseph Medill Patterson, Commissioner of Public Works under Mayor Dunn, son of the publisher of the *Chicago Tribune* and formerly *chief editorial writer* on that paper, and a man of considerable inherited wealth.

There is no question about his conversion to Social-Democracy, for he has the courage to proclaim it fearlessly in a letter which he has just written to Mayor Dunn, declining to serve longer on the board of public works. He says he gives up the position because he has come to believe in Socialism, and this is the most singular thing about the letter, for whereas the old line Socialists are striving for a conquest of the governmental activities in order to work toward their goal, this new line Socialist exactly reverses the process. Mayor Dunne himself, expresses mystification over

the reasons given for the resignation. "Because he has not accomplished everything the Socialists want accomplished he has evidently become disheartened," is the mayor's comment.

Of course he was not put in the office as a Socialist, and may have felt in honor bound to relinquish it when he ceased to be merely a municipal ownership advocate.

But the letter written by Mr. Patterson to Mayor Dunne, is interesting, as indicating the genuineness of his conversion to our principles. There's high consecration to the people's welfare in every line. Thus, he says:

"It was through a common belief in the cause of municipal ownership of municipal utilities that I first became acquainted with you, and in this letter of resignation I desire to express publicly just how my views on this subject have changed. They have not diminished. They have enlarged. I used to believe that many of the ills under which the nation suffers and by which it is threatened would be prevented or avoided by the general inauguration of public ownership of public utilities. But my experience in the department of public works has convinced me that this policy would not be even one-fourth of the way sufficient."

He then refers to the insufficiency of municipal ownership as a remedy for social wrongs and shows how in Europe in spite of such ownership the poor are growing poorer and the rich are growing richer with an acceleration hardly less than that "so evident in the United States."

He then calls the attention of the mayor to two instances in Chicago where large corporations have attempted, as he says, to override the law. The first case is that of the

Illinois Tunnel company, which, despite the fact that its franchise provided that its conduits shall always remain twenty-seven feet under ground, has sought continually to avoid the provision. It repeatedly made application to run its cars near the surface in one section of Chicago, and, when the application had been as often refused, it, according to the words of Mr. Patterson's letter, "attempted to steal in the connection early one Sunday morning. They were caught and stopped. Within a week they made the same attempt again, and were again stopped."

The other case cited is that of the Illinois Steel company, which, the letter declares, has filled in large sections of the Chicago lake front without having legal warrant. A suit is now in progress to oust the company, but, Mr. Patterson declares, it can only be successful after a long lawsuit.

The letter concludes as follows:

"The universal ballot gives every male citizen an equal political opportunity. The common ownership of all the means of production and distribution would give everybody an equal chance at music, art, sport, study, recreation, travel, self-respect and the respect of others. I for one can not see why those things should be concentrated more and more in the hands of a few. Two hundred years ago a proposition for equal political opportunity would have seemed more absurd than today seems the proposition for equal opportunity in all things on this earth for which men strive.

"By distributing money evenly, I do not mean to say that all money in the country should be cut up into equal bits and that everybody should get a bit. But, on the contrary, I believe that *the ownership from which money springs* should

be vested in the whole community. In other words, as I understand it, I am a Socialist. I have hardly read a book on Socialism, but that which I have just enunciated I believe in generally to be their theory. If it be their theory I am a Socialist. You will find, and other advanced liberals and radicals who believe as you do will also find, that you are merely paltering with skin-deep measures when you stop short of Socialism."

It's a remarkable letter, anyhow, and shows how Social-Democracy is **REACHING TO ALL CLASSES**. There's many a man *thinking* Socialism these days, whom the public does not suspect. These men vote quietly a "silent vote" for their new convictions. **"GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE!"**

Robert Hunter, whose marriage to the daughter of the multimillionaire, Stokes, in New York two years ago, was the talk of the town, because he was a radical reformer, in an interview the other day said:

"There are in the United States about 10,000,000 poor people. By that I mean people who are in actual want, or else who are living from hand to mouth, and who frequently go hungry. Why, in New York City alone from 50,000 to 60,000 children go to school every morning who have had no breakfast, or else who have had but a crust of bread. Think of these figures when you hear people say that the United States is prosperous.

"From investigations that I have made I find that out of 1,000,000 babies in the tenement districts of this country at least 200,000 die annually. Out of 1,000,000 babies born to the wealthier classes only

about 50,000 die annually. These figures speak for themselves.

"New York has the most congested and the largest proportion of poor people of any large city in the world. Conditions here are terrible. One thing can be said of the poor of New York, that they will undergo any hardship and suffering to bury their dead decently. The poor have a horror of the Potter's Field, and when a member of the family dies all will spend their last cent to see that the deceased is buried in consecrated ground."

There are only so many jobs to go round. There are a lot of people for the jobs. Two men cannot very well hold the same job, so that some will have work and others will continue to look for it, or be laid off for varying periods. Every day machinery is being invented. It is labor *saving* machinery, else there would be no sense in installing it. Machinery has to be made, so of course the number of people at work is increased (here's where the capitalistic arguer gets in his crow) but the machinery that is made goes out in all directions to take the place of workers and throw them out of their jobs (and here's where the anti-capitalist arguer does the crowing!).

A machine that would not throw out many more workers than are taken on to make it in the first place, would have no value to capitalism. It is figured that on the average machinery works for eight cents a day as compared with the pay that *human* machines get.

More and more the machines will invade industry. More and more men will be thrown out of work. And all this is helping to make Socialism the burning question of the day.

Why hurry into Politics?

"We are asked, Why hurry into politics? We see the benefit of going into politics. We rush into politics because politics is the safety valve. We could discuss as well as you if you would only give us bread and houses, fair play and leisure, and opportunities to travel, we could sit and discuss the question for the next fifty years. It's a very easy thing to discuss, for a gentleman in his study, with no anxiety about to-morrow. Why, the ladies and gentlemen of the reign of Louis XV. and Louis XVI., in France, seated in gilded saloons and on Persian carpets, surrounded with luxury, with the products of India and the curious manufactures of ingenious Lyons and Rheims, discussed the rights of man, and balanced them in dainty phrases, and expressed them in such quaint generalizations that Jefferson borrowed the Declaration of Independence from their hands. There they sat, balancing and discussing sweetly, making out new theories, and daily erecting a splendid architecture of debate, till the angry crowd broke open the doors, and ended the discussion in blood. They waited too long, discussed about half a century too long. You see, discussion is very good when a man has bread to eat, and his children all portioned off, and his daughters married, and his home furnished and paid for, and his will made; but discussion is very bad

"Ye hear the children weeping
O my brothers!

Ere the sorrow comes with years:"

when discussion is bad when a class bends under actual oppression. We want immediate action."

Wendel Phillips.

THE YANKEE "MERRIE ENGLAND"

THE YANKEE "MERRIE ENGLAND"

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