

THE VANGUARD

"We're beaten back in many a fray,
Yet newer strength we borrow,
And where the Vanguard camps today,
The rear shall rest tomorrow."

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The Month's Story.

Give Us More Such Defeats

Dear Fellow-Socialist, when you read in your morning paper of "another Socialist knockout" in Germany, London, or some other remote locality, don't let it spoil your appetite for breakfast. Don't be afraid that "Socialism is going back." Just paste in your hat the little cartoon which forms the frontispiece for this issue of the VANGUARD, and look at it upon all such occasions. Remember, that it commemorates one of these Socialist "defeats."

Notice that the sturdy Social-Democratic giant, who towers above the political pigmies around him, has added several inches to his stature in the last German election. And all the capitalist papers gloried in the result of this election as a Social-Democratic Waterloo!

Oh, for a few more such Waterloos!

A few more such years of growth, and our giant will be able to stride over the heads of the German parties. And then the German Social-Democrats will be in a position to do away with the infamous gerrymander which keeps them a minority party in the Reichstag, although the largest party in the Empire.

Give us more such Waterloos!

From London, also, comes the news of "another Socialist knockout!" As the Progressives defeated in London were *not* Socialists, this crowing of the capitalist papers is rather funny.

And thereby hangs a tale. The Duke of Westminster, as is well known, is the great landlord of London, and owns a big share of its real estate. He and the "noble" vampires of his class lease their property, and the lease-holders are obliged to pay the taxes. Now, the Progressives, very justly, felt that the slums of the East End of London are the blackest disgrace of England. They tore down a great number of these horrible dens, and replaced them with model tenements, comfortable and sanitary. This, and all the other improvements made in London by the Progressives, of course greatly increased the value of the noble duke's property. But the noble duke does not pay for them. The lease-holders and tenants foot the bill. The taxes being raised by this class of expenditures, middle-class John Bull has rebelled. Hence the turn-down of the Progressives in the last London elections.

In the end, the gain will be for the Socialists. The English reformers will be forced to go deeper. They will be compelled to at-

tack the land question, which, in England, underlies the whole capitalist system. So the "Waterloo" of the Progressives will be a good piece of Socialist propaganda.

Yet, at the same time, the sneers against the London County Council's expenditures for improvements, which are now going the rounds of the capitalist press, are about as bad an example of the spirit of commercialism as can often be found.

Suppose a thousand times the price of these improvements had been spent in shooting holes through human beings by way of "opening up a world market." This would have been a good investment, according to the cruel notions of our capitalist editors. But for London to spend her taxes in saving the lives of her own children, in removing the conditions which breed disease and death, in giving men and women the chance to live like human creatures instead of filthy wild beasts—oh! that is terrible extravagance!

Good heavens, what sort of a civilization do we live under?

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The Paternal Bogie-Man

Next to "extravagance", "paternalism" is the pet bogie-man with which the capitalist press likes to scare the public from all Socialistic, semi-Socialistic, or even *quarter-Socialistic* measures. They are "un-democratic", "un-American", they are "contrary to the genius of our institutions," and they "savor of paternalism."

Now, this is a queer kind of bogie-man, indeed. Certainly, the present system is not exactly "paternal." It is not fatherly to the little children in southern factories, or northern mines or glassworks, yearly murdered by our *un-paternal* system. It is still less fatherly to the thousands of innocent young girls, scarcely more than children, who are yearly forced into a life of shame, by economic conditions.

Surely, a really paternal despotism could not be worse than this unnatural system of physical and moral infanticide.

Yet whether Socialism is or is not un-American, we cannot say. The two opposite principles, democracy and plutocracy, are now at war in America, and it remains yet to be seen which will finally triumph as the "American" idea.

Already the American experiment of giving democracy the right of way in the political field, and enthroning plutocracy in the economic field, is beginning to prove a most dismal failure. Democracy is decidedly getting the worst of it in this division of powers. The two are oil and water. They never can mix. "Democratic" America has broken up into classes. And the plutocracy is fast becoming the ruling class.

So we cannot yet say whether Socialism is American or un-American, because it is not yet decided whether democracy shall be American or un-American.

For Social-Democracy is the economic side of democracy. It is democracy applied to the economic sphere.

What is more un-democratic than for one man to rule the economic destinies, the wages, the conditions of labor, the employment or

non-employment of his fellowmen? Such a system is much farther removed from true democracy than is the concentration of mere political power in the hands of a king or an emperor. The lords of the bread are worse tyrants than the lords of the laws, because they enter into our very lives, into our very homes, and dictate all the details of our way of living.

And what more genuinely democratic arrangement of our industries is possible than for the American people, collectively, to own and operate the factories, the plants, the mines, the railways of America, all the machinery by which the wealth of our country is created or transported?

Then, and then only, shall we be real democrats. Then, and then only, will our political liberties stand on a solid foundation. Then, and then only, shall we enjoy that genuine equality, which alone can guarantee the permanent success of democracy.

And if the capitalist press perversely chooses to call this "paternalism"—well, the Social-Democratic rose under that name will be just as sweet for the working class.

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Russian vs. American Muzzles Some ten years ago, the editor of the VANGUARD chanced to spend a few months in Russia. A frightful silence then reigned throughout the Czar's domains. For those who knew where to find it, a strong and bitter undercurrent of discontent even then flowed under the surface of things, like a sullen river under the ice. But in public it was invisible. The press was muzzled. From Russian newspapers, magazines and books, you could scarcely get a hint of the real state of things. The men who dared to speak their thoughts, were buried alive in the stone-bags of the Peter and Paul fortress, or were marched to Siberia in leg-fetters.

"Free" Americans used to ask, rather contemptuously, how one hundred and twenty million men could be gagged by one tyrant? And they pointed with pride to their "free" press and the blaze of publicity lighting up, as they supposed, every corner of American life.

It is so easy for Brother Jonathan to see an evil across the Atlantic through a telescope. And it is so easy to hide from him an evil at home, while you flatter him with Fourth of July speeches.

For it is a shameful fact, that the Czars of our big industries shroud their dealings with their employes in as much mystery as that which covered Russian affairs ten years ago. And it is almost as hard to find out what is done within their plants as to investigate the grim fortress on the quay of the frozen Neva.

A few years ago, when the agitation was started against child labor in Southern factories, some New England women learned, for the first time, that the industries in which they owned a few shares of stock were among the most criminal in their employment of children. These New England women undertook to assist the investigation of conditions in those industries. They personally visited the Southern industrial districts, and in their capacity of small stock-holders sought

admission to the factories. The doors were closed upon them. In the very factories of which they were joint-owners, they were refused permission to examine conditions, or even to enter the premises!

Nor is it only in the dark corners of the remote south where capitalism hides its tracks. In the suburbs of the second largest American city, a despotic secrecy prevails, almost equalling the mysterious power of the Czar in the palmiest days of his autocracy.

"At South Chicago," says Charles Edward Russell, "the Illinois Steel Company, a part of the steel trust, owns a great tract of land, whereon are situated its rolling mills and factories, and in that area the company acknowledges no authority but its own. It will not admit to that area policeman, nor constable, nor coroner. Ordinarily, if a man is killed on that territory, the coroner holds no inquest, the police make no report. If a man is injured there, he cannot be taken to any public hospital; the company has a hospital of its own on its territory, the injured man goes there, whether he wishes to go or not, and no authority can make any investigation into the manner of his wounding. It may have been criminal, he may have been assaulted; that makes no difference. The Illinois Steel Company takes care of that, it has its own laws, its own jurisdiction. In the midst of the United States, it is an independent principality, wherein the laws that apply to the rest of us do not exist."

Is that pleasant reading for you, patriotic American citizen, who loves to boast that wherever Old Glory flies, there American laws and American freedom go hand in hand?

Let me tell you, my patriotic friend, that unless you and men like you do something pretty quick, "Old Glory" will have to change its name.

The New York Herald, some years ago, published a series of articles about conditions of labor in the coal mines. The information was taken from some miners' monthly bills, showing that at the end of the month, after their employers had deducted every thing which it was possible to deduct, sometimes only sixteen or eighteen dollars remained to the miner for his month's work. Facsimiles of six of these bills were printed, no names, of course, being given. But the men who furnished these bills were somehow ferreted out by the lords of the mines and promptly dismissed. No bones were made of the matter—the men were bluntly told that they were discharged for giving information to the New York Herald. And they were not only discharged, but also blacklisted in every mine of the anthracite coal regions. Five years later, this blacklist was still in force.

No, if you are going to have a press censorship, the Russian method is more humane than this, and causes less suffering.

And, by the way, how much information about the Moyer-Haywood case have you obtained from your capitalistic newspapers?

In fact, there are two ways of working a press censorship. The Czar's way was to compel every editor to submit all his articles, news items, stories, jokes, and squibs to the persual of a government censor. If he did not approve of the editorial comments, or if he thought the news might damage the autocracy—whack! down came his big black stamp on the editorial or the news item, and when you opened

your paper next morning, there was a tantalizing inky mess in the place where your news ought to be.

The American plan is not so crude and barbarous. It consists in the ownership of the press by the capitalist class, who may generally be trusted to be their own censors in behalf of their own class interests.

Since we visited the silent Russia of ten years ago, the Russians have uprisen against these conditions.

But Americans, who are proverbially "good-natured" and "patient," meekly submit to the American system of suppressing facts.

Yet there is a time when "patience ceases to be a virtue", and may be rebaptized with the ugly name of—COWARDICE.

The Failure of "Big Men"

By EASTERN SOCIALIST

Capitalist papers never tire of telling us how well private interests are served, and with what extravagance and inefficiency public business is conducted. They say that public service breeds indolence, shelters incompetence, and rewards mediocrity; that it destroys incentive, lowers energy, and corrupts moral character in most persons who are so unfortunate as to become connected with it.

It is somewhat surprising, therefore, to find the New York Evening Post, a capitalist paper of the most uncompromising type, paying a fine tribute to the character and integrity of men in public service, and drawing comparisons between public and private service which are distinctly favorable to the former, though, of course, all this is unconsciously done. In discussing the resignation of John F. Stevens as chief engineer of the Panama canal, in its issue of February 28, the *Post* said:

"The discouraging feature to Secretary Taft and other officers of the administration is that the so-called 'Big Men' who have been connected with the canal enterprise, have viewed their positions solely as money-making jobs, and have squabbled for precedence, the limelight and glory, like so many soubrettes in a musical show. Shonts and Stevens were jealous of Magoon. Stevens was jealous of Shonts, and, in his day, Wallace was jealous of his superiors and associates. None of them has ever been able to take the view that Schley crystallized into a phrase at Santiago, 'There's glory enough for us all.'

"None of these men showed himself of the fiber that can endure from Congress, the press, and the public, the hostile criticism, often unintelligent, and the close scrutiny of their acts that men in the public service have to endure and accept as part of the day's work. This criticism is a necessary and valuable attribute of Government service. Men of broad understanding and a wide outlook on public affairs and their relations to the people whom they serve, understand and appre-

ciate this. Wallace and Stevens had never had to endure any sort of public criticism, and they found it intolerable."

In this statement the Post calls attention to a fact that has been too little commented upon, namely, that continual criticism by the press and the representatives of the people is a "necessary and valuable attribute of government service." The man who is performing service for the whole people has the public eye constantly upon him. His official acts are subjected to the closest scrutiny. If he fails in the slightest degree in the performance of his duties he is immediately pounced upon, and in the fire of criticism that ensues he is either forced out of the service or compelled to effect a reformation in the practice complained of.

The result of all this is that men who occupy public positions are constantly striving to conduct the business of their departments so as to escape criticism. They are continually in dread of being called to account for some real or fancied neglect of duty, and are insistent that their subordinates shall walk in the straight and narrow path of perfect rectitude. There are a few exceptions to this rule, it is true, but they soon find themselves in hot water. Grafters and incompetents are quickly discovered and placed on the rack, as note the post-office and public land thieves who were quite recently sent to prison.

It is worth noting, also, that those who are convicted of dishonesty in the public service are almost invariably men who have obtained positions of responsibility through pull instead of through merit. They are generally politicians of unscrupulous character, who have been useful in rounding up votes for the party in power or for some individual leader of the party, and have been placed in office as a reward for this sort of service. The men who have risen to responsible government positions through merit have generally escaped all suspicion of graft, and it is undoubtedly true that the proportion of defaulters in government service is far less than in private service.

President Roosevelt has scoured the country for "Big Men" to whom he has entrusted the job of digging the Panama canal, and they have all conspicuously failed him, notwithstanding the princely salaries paid them, and the honor which would inevitably come to the man who successfully carried through such a project. Indeed, this latter consideration seems to have affected these big men not at all. Wallace, Shonts, Stevens, all have "viewed their positions solely as money-making jobs," and as soon as they began to be criticised and requested by Congress to make explanation of their acts and policies, they found their positions intolerable. Mr. Roosevelt has finally been compelled to fall back upon the services of men who have been trained in the public service, and the canal will be dug under the direction of army engineers. These men can stand criticism, and are always ready to explain their acts when called upon to do so.

As a matter of fact, the assumption that all the ability and virtue in a particular line of endeavor are to be found in the service of private industry is the veriest rot. The truth is that private industry reeks with corruption and inefficiency. The plunder and utter incompetency, or worse, that have been uncovered by the recent insurance and railroad investigations are something appalling. These men of transcendent

ability that have been held up to the public gaze for years past by the capitalist press as paragons of everything that is to be desired, are shown to be mere sordid grafters without a single redeeming quality. In spite of their enormous salaries they were responsible for executive acts of which any two thousand dollar clerk in the public service would have been ashamed, and which would have caused his immediate dismissal if they had been performed by him in the discharge of his duty.

Private industry does not demand that its captains shall work in the limelight of publicity; on the contrary, it generally requires the opposite. Its ways are dark and devious, and its profits are often the result of processes that are indefensible, even from the capitalist standpoint. The only thing private industry requires of its captains is that they maintain its rate of profit. The means by which they accomplish this are of no consequence. Under such a regime men who are charged with responsibility develop into Czars, whose simplest word cannot be questioned. It was men of this type whom the President selected to dig the canal, and it is small wonder they failed when they were subjected to the criticism which "is a necessary and valuable attribute of government service."

The testimony in the trial of Steve Adams, out in Idaho, brought out the fact that he had been subjected to torture in jail in order to force him to sign a confession that was not a confession, so as to bolster up the Moyer-Haywood case. Police torture is bad enough when it is used for the "legitimate" purpose of trying to get a truthful confession from some crook who is believed to be actually guilty, but it is an affront to humanity and to civilization when it is used for the purpose of fixing guilt on innocent men as part of a capitalistic conspiracy. Poor devils can be browbeaten, and given the "third degree" by brutal police officials at will, and this sort of outrage is going on in our larger cities every day of the year, but it is only when it is employed in some such case as that of Steve Adams that the public gets a clear idea of it. Adams has friends, and the poor devils, as a

rule, have not.

The police "sweat box" ought to be abolished just as the old inquisition was abolished. It is a sprig from the same old, cruel tree. And if the courts were not so hopelessly in the control of capitalism it would be abolished, for the courts would not tolerate it. Every arrested man, under the guarantees of our form of democratic government, should be given the right to a hearing before a court official, and should be informed by that official of his constitutional right not to answer, the same as any one else under arrest. In other words, the poor man should have the same consideration as the rich man. When a man in a police sweat box has been treated to the "water cure," that is, has had water poured down his throat to force a confession, he is quite apt to admit anything false as well as true to escape the pain.

The Mistakes of Mallock

By INDEX

W. H. Mallock, one of the last of the old Individualist croakers who hold that the only way to keep men good, and honest, and thrifty, is to keep them at each other's throats through competitive strife, has just come across the ocean on a visit and has been quite warmed up by the joy with which Yankee capitalism has taken to his anti-Socialist fulminations. It is so long since he was able to get an audience among Englishmen to listen to such out-of-date stuff that the change he has met here has been simply captivating.

Some of the things he is saying are really amusing. As soon as the people become better educated they will see through Socialism, he says, and will no longer be fooled by it. Great stuff, especially considering that that great exploiters' aggregation, the National Civic Federation, is the agency that has secured Mallock for his American lectures! Such talk is mighty encouraging to the Belmonts and other broadcloth fleecers, who had begun to worry for fear the naughty Socialists were going to open people's eyes and spoil *their* chances of further parasitism. When people get their eyes open a little way Socialism looks good, but when they get enough education to open them wide, it will all look different and the rules of the game called Thrift, in which the stakes go on to the non-producer and want and anxiety to the producer, will be seen to be the most complete justice imaginable! Mallock says so, and it sounds fine—to the Belmonts!

Mallock's great specialty is to reason from false premises. As an instance of this is his claim that the Socialists have gone back in Germany, upon which false ground work he starts off in his reckless fashion to show why this is, he holding that many non-Socialists formerly allied themselves with the party because they were discontented but have now shifted to other parties, and so on. But how can he know this when his premise that the party went back is false—it having gained a quarter of a million of votes—and if anybody shifted, the returns certainly cannot show it!

We cannot imagine that any Social-Democrat is distressed by the coming of Mallock. He will only serve us by making people discuss our principles. In England, where he has resided all this time, Socialism has been making big gains without so much as asking his pardon. Besides all this, the Civic Federation unmasks itself and its real capitalist aims by seeking an avowed British anti-Socialist to come here to try to dissuade people from becoming Socialists. And this helps to discredit the false labor leaders in the Civic Federation, and to open the eyes of the rank and file to the fact that the men whom they keep in well paid positions are off doing capitalism's bidding against the interests of the toiling, drudging class. All this ought to be eminently satisfactory.

Fruits of the Tree

By VICTOR L. BERGER.

THE murder trial of Harry K. Thaw in New York is still the sensation of the day. It has been going on for weeks, but it still holds the front pages of our daily papers. There are murder trials of that type to be found in nearly every city of the United States at almost any time. But the Thaw trial creates more attention because Thaw is many times a millionaire.

The worship of the Dollar-god shows its power on this occasion as on any other.

We may also state that if Harry K. Thaw was a poor man and not a member of the Pittsburg trustocracy they would make short work with him. The best thing that he could then do would be to declare himself guilty and throw himself on the mercy of the court. It is probable that under the circumstances he would get off with a few years. But the Thaw family would not be satisfied with that. Their intention it to get Harry "scot free." And for that purpose they want to use the theory of insanity and to prove that he is a degenerate.

Now, there can be no doubt of the fact that Harry is a degenerate. He is one of the "*second generation*" of very wealthy people in America who spend their youth in idleness and folly. They very soon have to pay with a crippled body and a crippled mind for the greatest sin of the capitalist system—the sin that is committed by permitting one class of our nation to go to perdition through idleness and over-plenty, and the other class, infinitely larger in number, to go to waste through misery and want.

The personality of Harry Thaw is of very little interest in this matter. Whether there is one more millionaire, who is spending the money taken away from the laboring class in riotous living, or whether he is sent to the electric chair, is of little moment. Probably the best thing for the human race would be to put him out of the way, as it is a good thing that the other monster, Stanford White, is out of the way.

But Harry Thaw is a type. And his case is typical. There are plenty of others of the Thaw kind in every large city of the United States. They all lead the same sort of life in their youth. They all are brought up in superabundant luxury, do no useful work, learn nothing from books, and "graduate themselves." They all are a part of the social evil—its "upper crust." What we are to do with them is becoming a serious question, since we cannot make "boy wonders" out of them all.

And so much must be obvious to all intelligent observers, that society as a whole—that the present economic system—is responsible for them. And society as a whole—as long as the present system lasts—ought to legislate so as to put them and society out of danger.

A graduated income tax—a confiscatory inheritance legislation—might help some.

Nor is the woman in the case, Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, particularly to be condemned. She is also a creature of conditions. Of course there are plenty of prostitutes in New York, Chicago or Milwaukee fully as "good" as she is. But her case also is one of many.

Her mother was very poor, so poor that the family was once ejected by the sheriff for not paying rent. There were no assets in that household except Evelyn's pretty face and fine figure. She became an artist's model at thirteen in order to make money. There was more money to be made on the stage, and so she became a chorus girl. Evelyn naturally wanted to enjoy life, or what is called "enjoying life" in New York in the circle of the chorus girls. So she fell an easy prey to White.

And there is the mother. She shows up very badly, because White evidently got the girl with her consent. But even this mother is a product of the present economic system. She had tasted abject poverty. Here was a chance to live in affluence. She was weak, and fell. Capitalism, with its misery and its temptations, is as much to blame as she.

So, after all, Harry K. Thaw is only possible in a world where the class distinctions are so fearful as they are in our society—but here the Harry Thaws are numerous.

Affairs like the connection between White and Evelyn Nesbit are going on continually in every large city of the United States; and also in very many small cities—only in the overwhelming majority of cases the story never comes out.

Of course, there is not often a case where a Harry K. Thaw really falls in love with a woman like Evelyn Nesbit. As a rule, these men and women are not capable of love.

Yet the question is whether Harry K. Thaw, leading exactly the same kind of a life as White did, had really any right to shoot White. But, of course, the plea is "insanity."

And we might add that anybody can make the same plea for the working of the entire system—it is insane. And it is clear to see that it is incurable, and will, therefore, come to a very bad ending.

In a Socialist society, where there will be no beggars and no millionaires, where nobody will sell and nobody will buy love, affairs of this kind will be impossible. Love will be free from economic fetters, and lust will be suppressed. But it is more than ridiculous when our opponents say that Socialists want to destroy the family in favor of what our opponents call "free love." Love of the type that we see exposed in the Thaw trial is, of course, not free; it is all paid for.

And the capitalist class feels that this trial is one of the many things that destroy the respect of the masses for our plutocracy. We can readily understand why the president wants to exclude the New York papers even from the mails. And it is significant that the Socialist press of the country has given less attention to this trial, with its disgusting details, than even the church papers.

But the trial itself cannot be expunged. We can always point to it and say once more: "Ye shall know the tree by its fruits."

Victor L. Berger.

Night Side of London

By JACK LONDON, in "People of the Abyss"

"To carry the banner," means to walk the streets all night; and I, with the figurative emblem hoisted, went out to see what I could see.

Men and women walk the streets at night all over this great city, but I selected the West End, making Leicester Square my base, and scouting about from the Thames Embankment to Hyde Park.

The rain was falling heavily when the theaters let out, and the brilliant throng which poured from the places of amusement was hard put to find cabs.

The streets were so many wild rivers of cabs, most of which were engaged, however; and here I saw the desperate attempts of ragged men and boys to get a shelter for the night by procuring cabs for the cabless ladies and gentlemen.

I use the word "desperate" advisedly; for these wretched homeless ones were gambling a soaking against a bed; and most of them, I took notice, got the soaking and missed the bed.

Now, to go through a stormy night with wet clothes, and, in addition, to be ill nourished and not have tasted meat for a week or a month, is about as severe a hardship as a man can undergo.

Well-fed and well-clad, I have travelled all day with the spirit thermometer down to seventy-four degrees below zero; and though I suffered, it was a mere nothing compared with carrying the banner for a night, ill-fed, ill-clad, and soaking wet.

The streets grew very quiet and lonely after the theater crowd had

gone home. Only were to be seen the ubiquitous policemen, flashing their dark lanterns into doorways and alleys, and men and women and boys taking shelter in the lee of buildings from the wind and rain. Piccadilly, however, was not quite so deserted.

Its pavements were brightened by well-dressed women without escort, and there was more life and action there than elsewhere, due to the process of finding escort. But by three o'clock the last of them had vanished, and it was then indeed lonely.

At half-past one the steady downpour ceased, and only showers fell thereafter. The homeless folk came away from the protection of the buildings, and slouched up and down and everywhere, in order to rush up the circulation and keep warm.

One old woman, between fifty and sixty, a sheer wreck, I had noticed earlier in the night, standing on Piccadilly, not far from Leicester Square. She seemed to have neither the sense nor the strength to get out of the rain or keep walking, but stood stupidly, whenever she got the chance, meditating on past days, I imagine, when life was young and blood was warm.

But she did not get the chance often. She was moved on by every policeman, and it required an average of six moves to send her doddering off one man's beat and on to another's.

By three o'clock she had progressed as far as St. James street, and as the clocks were striking four I saw her sleeping soundly

against the iron railings of Green Park. A brisk shower was falling at the time, and she must have been drenched to the skin.

Now, said I, at one o'clock, to myself, consider that you are a poor man, penniless, in London Town, and that tomorrow you must look for work. It is necessary, therefore, that you get some sleep in order that you may have strength to look for work and to do work in case you find it.

So I sat down on the stone steps of a building. Five minutes later a policeman was looking at me. My eyes were wide open, so he only grunted and passed on.

Ten minutes later my head was on my knees, I was dozing, and the same policeman was saying gruffly, "'Ere, you, get outa that!"

I got. And, like the old woman, I continued to get; for every time I dozed a policeman was there to rout me along again.

Not long after, when I had given this up, I was walking with a young Londoner (who had been out to the colonies and wished he were out to them again) when I noticed an open passage leading under a building. A low iron gate barred the entrance.

"Come on," I said. "Let's climb over and get a good sleep."

"Wot?" he answered, recoiling from me. "An' get run in fer three months! Blimey if I do!"

Later on, I was passing Hyde Park with a young boy of fourteen or fifteen, a most wretched-looking youth, gaunt, and hollow-eyed and sick.

"Let's go over the fence," I proposed, "and crawl into the shrubbery for a sleep. The bobbies couldn't find us there."

"No fear," he answered. "There's the park guardians, and they'd run you in for six months."

Times have changed, alas! When I was a youngster I used to read of homeless boys sleeping in doorways. Already the thing has become a tradition. As a stock situation it will doubtless linger in literature for a century to come, but as a cold fact it has ceased to be. Here are the doorways, and here are the boys, but happy conjunctions are no longer effected. The doorways remain empty, and the boys keep awake and carry the banner.

"I was down under the arches," grumbled another young fellow. By "arches" he meant the shore arches where begin the bridges that span the Thames. "I was down the arches, w'en it was rying its ardest, an' a bobby comes in an' chyses me out. But I come back, an' 'e come too. 'Ere,' sez 'e, 'wot you doin' 'ere?' An' out I goes, but I sez, 'Think I want to pinch (steal) the bleeding bridge?'"

Among those who carry the banner, Green Park has the reputation of opening its gates earlier than the other parks, and at a quarter-past four in the morning, I, and many more, entered Green Park.

It was raining again, but they were worn out with the night's walking, and they were down on the benches and asleep at once. Many of the men stretched out full length on the dripping wet grass, and, with the rain falling steadily upon them, were sleeping the sleep of exhaustion.

And now I wish to criticise the Powers that be. They *are* the Powers, therefore they may decree whatever they please; so I make bold only to criticise the ridiculousness of their decrees.

All night long they make the homeless ones walk up and down. They drive them out of doors and passages, and lock them out of the

parks.

The evident intention of all this is to deprive them of sleep. Well and good, the Powers have the power to deprive them of sleep, or of anything else for that matter; but why under the sun do they open the gates of the parks at five o'clock in the morning and let the homeless ones go inside and sleep? If it is their intention to deprive them of sleep, why do they let them sleep after five in the morning? And if it is not their intention to deprive them of sleep, why don't they let them sleep earlier in the night?

In this connection, I will say that I came by Green Park that same day, at one in the afternoon, and that I counted scores of the ragged wretches asleep in the grass.

It was Sunday afternoon, the sun was fitfully appearing, and the well-dressed West Enders, with their wives and progeny, were out by thousands, taking the air. It was not a pleasant sight for them, those horrible, unkempt, sleeping vagabonds; while the vagabonds themselves, I know, would rather have done their sleeping the night before.

And so, dear soft people, should you ever visit London Town, and see these men asleep on the benches and in the grass, please do not think they are lazy creatures, preferring sleep to work. Know that the Powers that be have kept them walking all the night long, and that in the day they have nowhere else to sleep.

A Shameless Class Organ

By WAYFARER

American Industries, the Parry-site organ which in all conscience should be rechristened the *Labor Skinners' Own*, is one of the most unashamed capitalistic stand-pat organs of all. It makes no bones of capitalism's predatory character nor of its class hatreds based on a pocket book conscience, and virtually says, in the language of the late lamented Tweed, "What are you going to do about it?" Just as the slave drivers of ante-bellum days insisted that it was a social duty to keep the nigger in his place, so the *American Industries* is published for the express purpose of stiffening the backbone of the masters of the present day in keeping their dependents "in their places." The aspiration of the toiling class, the builders of this nation, for better citizenship, is treason in its eyes.

The working class was intended by an allwise providence as the spoil of capitalism, to be plundered legally and thrown on the scrap heap after being used up. Something of the conscience of the paper may be understood by the manner in which it is being published. It set up a number of type-setting machines and then got in a number of young men under an offer to teach them the trade of type-setting, manned the machines with these victims, replaces them with others when they get to the point of wanting wages for their work, and thus gets its type-setting done labor free. This is its ideal of free labor, of the "open" shop, and it cannot abide labor revolts.

Now there are two ways by which men treated with the kind of capitalistic brutality that is advocated by *American Industries* can seek redress. One is by striking, when all peaceable methods of gaining their point have been exhausted. The other is by using the ballot as a labor weapon through which to force better work conditions and better citizenship for those who must consent to a wage labor existence. Naturally, therefore, the paper is violently bitter against both the strike and the ballot as a labor weapon. If it could have its way the wage workers would be disfranchised, and so it loses no opportunity to besmirch the Socialists. In regard to strikes its specialty is to help on strike-breaking, and to foster the growth of firms making a specialty of furnishing detectives and strike breakers. "We Break Strikes," reads the top line of one advertisement that it prints, The specialty of this particular agency is to supply detectives to work midst the men in shops where there is fear that the men are organizing, so as to ascertain the fact, become members of the union and play a traitorous part in it—a part which the editor of the paper does not hesitate to applaud. Another like agency announces that it performs "special service" during strikes, which we presume includes the procuring of immoral women for the strike-breakers in big factories as a means of keeping them from wandering away from the place at night, for this has been done in several strikes in recent years. And in the current issue we are not at all surprised to read in Pres. Van Cleave's department his gloating laudation of Secretary Straus's recent ruling that the alien contract labor law be gotten around by having the state governments act for the capitalists in making the contracts. "I favor Mr. Straus's plan," he says, "as one of the steps we will have to take to strengthen our system."

All of which shows how thoroughly *American Industries* is devoted to the plunder and exhaustion of the working class and to keeping it in its place where it can be kept tractable while being skinned. And the Citizens' Alliance, which is back of the paper, has its branches in most industrial cities, and always works the "patriotism" game. But predatory patriotism is not the kind that will eventually prevail in modern society, as all the evidences are going to show. There is no power strong enough to keep an enlightened working class from aspiring to higher citizenship, and any success that Alliance methods may gain are but temporary at best.

Every third man over the age of twenty-five in Germany is a Social-Democrat, according to the showing of the recent elections.

To a large audience in St. Patrick's church in Washington, the

Rev. Father Stafford declared that Socialism was the most important question up for consideration at the present time, and urged his hearers to make an unbiased investigation of its principles.

“Disagreeable” Work

By VICTOR L. BERGER.

A LAWYER who has read our answer to Mr. Hoyt, is very much disturbed, lest in the Socialist Republic nobody could be found who would do the “disagreeable” work. He fears that everybody would want the “easy” jobs.

In answer to this we would first say that the decision as to what work or employment is “agreeable” and what is “disagreeable” will no doubt differ according to personal taste and inclination. Agricultural pursuits, which, for example, are the most agreeable occupation to some, might be perfectly intolerable to others. Office work and bookkeeping, which to some people seem very desirable, would be the last occupation I would choose.

One could therefore wager ten to one that almost every “disagreeable” employment might find its lover.

To this must be added the fact that the machine will do more and more the work of men. Today competition is the incentive of the capitalist to let the machine do as much work as possible, in order to save money. In the Socialist society the prospect of the alleviation and embellishment of life for everybody will have that effect even in a greater degree.

But to those who point to street-cleaning, scavenging, etc., I should like to draw their attention to the fact, that not only in foreign countries, but also in America, there are many cities which use machines for that kind of work. It is perfectly clear that a society which makes its special aim to fashion human life as humanely as possible, will endeavor much more than the present society to have as much labor as possible done by machines.

* * *

That all “disagreeable work” will ever be entirely abolished in this world, I do not believe.

Of course, nobody knows the future. But I am sure that such labor will be limited to the smallest possible amount. Maybe even then there will be a good deal more disagreeable labor than will please most people.

Suppose this should be the case, what would that prove against the Socialist Republic?

Is it not a fact; that even *today* the most disagreeable work is done without remuneration, without wages or material gain, simply from a feeling of solidarity? Or from friendship and love?

Just think of the care of the sick, the nursing of little children and the efforts for the salvation of fallen women. You will then agree that if even a society like our present capitalist society, built on egotism and greed, and which, therefore, necessarily must promote and strengthen egotism and anti-social impulses—if even such a society is capable of bringing forth deeds of unselfish sacrifice, how

much more a society founded upon the feeling of solidarity, which naturally will endeavor to strengthen that side of humanity.

* * *

And even if we should not succeed, at least not immediately and from the very first, in resurrecting the altruistic spirit to such a degree that it will be strong enough to secure the performance of the "most disagreeable labor" because it is necessary, we should still have the expedient of securing the performance of such labor through the greatest shortening of the working day for those performing such labor, and by granting of special premiums, or even by assigning such work as a punishment to those who have broken the laws of society.

I believe, therefore, that after calm consideration, even this objection will lose the illusive power which it did seem to have at first glance to our lawyer friend.

* * *

And if our friend should bring up the other notion, that in the Co-operative Commonwealth men would lack the incentive to activity, this only proves what wrong ideas our perverted order of society has produced. Because today *greed* and *graft* are the basis of society, some people believe that society will fall to pieces the minute that greed and graft make room for a noble and stronger basis.

Does not the sight of every child teach that a healthy human being cannot exist without activity?

And is it not clear that a society which for the first time makes us all bodily and mentally healthy will bring this inherent impulse towards activity to its fullest development?

This inherent impulse to work will be mightily strengthened in a society which offers opportunity to every one to choose that kind of work which is best suited to him or her, and which will burden nobody too much, and which will secure to every one the fullest equivalent of his or her labor.

To this must be added the stimulating thought—that *only* work is being done which is *necessary* and *useful* to the community.

Where *everybody* must work, the idea of compulsion vanishes of itself.

On the contrary, work will then become the only badge of honor that society knows. Today money and inherited wealth are the golden keys.

And where *all* work which is done, is necessary from a social standpoint, by and by the different valuation of different kinds of work will also cease.

* * *

For, if we look at it more closely, we find that today it is the wages of labor, i. e. money, which decides the higher or lesser respect which is accorded to a skilled trade or profession. In a society which no longer knows such standard of value, the valuation of the different kinds of work which depend solely upon the money earned, will also come to an end.

* * *

Far from destroying in men the joy of work or even diminishing it, the Socialist Republic, on the contrary, will rather bring it to its

fullest development. It is only in the Socialist Republic that the time in human history will have been reached when labor will cease to be a burden and become a joy.

There for the first time labor will cease to be a sign of degradation and become a title of honor.

In reality it is the society of today which is the great penitentiary, which some—and not only Herbert Spencer—suppose the Socialistic society is to be. On the contrary, it will be the Walhalla of labor, flooded with light and air, in which the song of freedom, of happy human beings will never cease.

The Socialist Republic does not mean the destruction and downfall of our culture and civilization—this is threatened by the present society—but its *salvation* and *maintenance*. Our victory will be the victory of civilization.

* * *

Whoever still doubts this should be taught by the fact that the Social-Democratic party alone is called upon to defend more and more the immortal achievements of the Declaration of Independence, of true democracy. All other parties will grow more and more into one reactionary mass—look at the attitude of the courts, Congress, and the various legislatures in the Moyer-Haywood case.

* * *

There is no doubt that a great historical day is again approaching when men will separate to the right and the left. This will be done whether we want it or not.

Those who remain true to the ideals of liberty, equality, and fraternity can follow no other flag than the red international banner of Social-Democracy.

One Michael Kelley has been dropped from the Chicago police force. He was appointed because as a labor leader he offered to give the employers' organization valuable information by which Cornelius Shea of the teamsters could be proven to have encouraged slugging in the big strike of some months ago. He and Al. Young and others were the great hope of the employers' organization when they forced the trial of Shea and others, on a charge of conspiracy. The trial simply showed that Kelley and Young and others <i>had</i> been doing the devilish work they	claimed was done in the strike, but that Shea was innocent of it. Ungrateful capitalism has now dumped Kelley out into the cold, cold world, and now the question is asked whether it will add to its ungratefulness by sending him up for the crimes he confessed to in the hope of injuring Shea. The trial itself was sensational and disclosed an adulterous relation between the department of justice in Chicago and the capitalistic organization. It showed also that the case was not brought for the sake of justice but for the purpose of giving organized labor a black eye.
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Telegraphers' Hours

By CARL D. THOMPSON

The safety of the traveling public, as well as the welfare of the men who do the work, demand that the telegraph operators upon our railway lines should not be permitted or required to remain on duty more than eight hours per day. Socialist Assemblyman Thompson has presented a bill before the Wisconsin legislature providing for an eight-hour day for all telegraph operators. In the following article is presented a part of the facts and arguments which he is making in support of this measure.

1. Excessive duties:

The duties required of telegraph operators are so numerous and excessive that they should never be required to work for more than eight hours during any day.

The following list of the duties that are required of the general run of railroad telegraphers, and station agents, will show the great number of matters which these men must carry constantly upon their minds:

1, sell tickets; 2, telegraph, Western Union and railway business; 3, handle express; 4, handle freight; 5, carry mail to and from the post office; 6, check baggage and help load it; 7, deliver orders to all trains; 8, keep books, there are 14 different sets of books that have to be kept as follows: (a) freight receipt book, (b) local abstract book; (c) foreign abstract book; (d) cash book, (e) deal records, (f) car book, (g) out freight book, (h) out freight abstract local book, (i) out freight abstract foreign, (j) abstract for company material forwarded, (k) abstract for company material received, (l) out billing of company material, (m) baggage book daily, (n) ticket book daily; 9, reports, daily, weekly and monthly; 10, answer phone, generally two lines; 11, keep fires in stoves,

coal bin sometimes 200 feet distance, and one agent reports being required to take care of six stoves; 12, sweep office and clean platform from snow, etc.; 12, keep lamps inside and signal lights outside; 14, seal all cars; 15, inspect cars.

As one of the operators writes in regard to his duties: "Go into a small railroad office about twenty minutes before a passenger train is due, and you will find one lone man doing the various duties of delivering freight, carrying United States mail, selling tickets, checking baggage, waiting on a freight train crew, waiting on the public, answering a thousand and one questions, getting his report ready for the passenger train, etc., etc. During all this confusion, he must be on the alert for the train dispatcher, who may call him on the wire for train orders. He takes the order in a hurry, and the moment he is through he must attend to his other duties; he has no time to look over his work carefully, to see that he has done everything properly. He may forget to turn the semaphore, he may forget to deliver all of the orders for that certain passenger train, in his hurry to perform his other duties and to get the train out. He would lose his position if he delayed that train a moment, and therefore he works with nervous swiftness."

And when it is remembered that these men have no recess or vacation, or holiday, but work 365 days per year, year in and year out, it would seem that their condition is very serious.

When there are such a multitude of duties, involving the life and

death of so many people, where so much depends upon the slightest error or inattention, we submit, in the name of justice and humanity, that eight hours a day is all that any man should be asked or allowed to work.

No mortal man can be subject to the strain necessary to perform these duties for a longer period without sooner or later breaking down. Neither the working class nor the public at large should consent to allow such a wrong as this to be forced upon men in our state.

2. Long hours:

Telegraph operators are required to work longer hours than any other class of railroad employes. Nearly all of the office men work on an eight-hour day, or at most ten hours. The train men, of course, may, under certain circumstances, have much longer hours, but as a rule not so long as the telegraph operators.

Up to about a year ago, the hours of labor required of the telegraph operators were practically without limit. The men have succeeded, however, through their labor unions, in securing a concession, so that the railroad companies now pay for overtime at the rate of twenty-five cents per hour for all time over twelve hours. Since this is more than the regular rate of pay, the railroad companies are less inclined to overwork the men than formerly. However, the regular day now required for telegraph operators is twelve hours, which is at least four hours too long.

It is also provided that this day may be lengthened one-half hour more without allowing the men for overtime.

This, therefore, makes the day at least twelve and a half hours.

Of course, when a man is kept on

duty for twelve hours over time, and, therefore, has worked twenty-four hours, he must then remain on duty for twelve hours longer without overtime, for the reason that it is held, not only by railroad companies, but by all corporations, that the third period of twelve hours constitutes his regular shift, so that in many cases the men work thirty-six hours in one stretch without being allowed overtime except for the middle period of twelve hours.

It is probable that 75 per cent of the men are required to do overtime work for which they are not paid. The men are required to fill out reports, to make their books balance, to keep the correct account of cash, etc., and all of these matters are supposed to be accomplished within the twelve hours. But, with the multitude of other duties required, this cannot be done within the hours allotted. It is not infrequent, therefore, that the men who have put in the full twelve hours of work for the companies, at the ordinarily required duties, have had to work on over their books and accounts until 10, 11, 12 at night, and even until 2 o'clock in the morning, in order to finish this work for which they are never allowed any overtime.

One division chairman, reporting the hours of labor for the men on his division, and explaining that he thought that the men to which he referred, were not nearly so much overcrowded as in other parts of the state, shows that in only one case were the hours limited to 12. In every other case, the hours required of the men exceeded 12 by from 30 minutes to three hours. From this it will appear that the average number of hours which these men were on duty, was 14 hours. Many other operators testify to a day of 14 hours and upwards.

Many cases of extreme excessive long hours have been discovered. The following are a few illustrations:

An operator on duty 60 consecutive hours without relief, which means two full days and three consecutive nights.

Another case in a different section of the state is reported by one of the O. R. T. men of 60 consecutive hours of work without rest. This was on account of sickness, but it was claimed that the matter could have been adjusted had the official seen fit to do so.

Another case is reported of a man on duty from 6:30 a. m. until 9 and 10 o'clock at night, so pressed with work that he had his wife assist him without pay, and still could not give satisfaction, to the auditing departments on account of not being able to render his reports in time. He finally gave up and resigned his position. Still another telegraph operator reports:

"We have worked at this station 60 consecutive hours without relief, and it is a common occurrence that we are subjected to work 36 hours. This, however, has been somewhat better of late for the reason that we are now allowed for overtime, and they do not like to pay extra."

One operator writes: "I have been putting in from 14 to 24 hours a day for seven years, and am disgusted with the work.

"Some nights the dispatcher would hold me until the night train, which came after 9 o'clock, not even allowing me to go to eat. I have dinner about 11 a. m., as a rule, and to wait for supper until 9 and 10 p. m., is very unpleasant.

"I got a cold in February last year, but kept at these ungodly hours until I finally went to bed in March with pneumonia and pleurisy, and was sick for three months. I have no doubt in my mind that it was the unreasonable hours that was the sole cause of my sickness. I have got to get out of the work. I can see that the ungodly hours at this kind of work are slowly but surely breaking me down. I am figuring on throwing up the work. But if, eventually, we shall get an eight-hour day, I might try again."

Another operator writes that "as a rule, operators are expected to meet an early train and a late train, which often brings out the hours of service to 14 and 15 hours a day."

Still another telegraph operator reports:

"It is easy for almost any operator to recall instances when he has been obliged to remain on duty from 36 to 48 hours, or even more. I remember very distinctly one instance, when I was obliged to remain on duty for 36 hours without even getting to my meals."

A case is reported of one operator in a small office who used to be called at 3:30 every morning to get orders for a certain train, and so held on duty until 10:30 or 11 o'clock p. m. at night. At one time this nearly resulted in a very serious railroad accident.

In fact, nearly every one of the telegraph operators interrogated reports excessive hours in one form or another.

We all ought to stop with the mad rush of the world and pay our respects now and then to the boys and men who stand between us and death. They work extremely long hours, at very low pay, and as a rule they do their duty with remarkable precision.

The marvel is that they do not oftener forget, in the increasing stream of business, where forty or fifty trains a day are rushed over one single track. It is only now and then that these guardians of public safety fail us, and usually in these cases they are half dead for want of sleep. Not long ago a lad of 18 years of age, who was kept on duty for three days and nights, at last on the last night of his long vigil, fell across his table as he reached for his cord to signal an approaching train. He was awakened by the engineer who climbed to the tower to get his orders.

Such hours of labor, so brutally long, so fraught with peril, constitute a crime.

3. Injurious effects upon the men:

Long hours and excessive duties, especially when they carry extreme responsibility, inevitably overburden the men who work. The work

of a telegraph operator and train dispatcher is extremely trying upon the nervous system. Not infrequently the men have been rendered temporarily insane from the strain involved. The least mistake in the discharge of these duties is liable to cause an accident, destroying the lives of many people, and perhaps thousands of dollars worth of property.

The work is so trying that many men find themselves unable to endure the nervous strain, and in many cases men become nervous wrecks and are forced to give up the work.

Dr. Chas. H. Hughes of St. Louis, a noted neurologist and brain specialist, writing in a comprehensive monograph, which appeared in a recent number of the "Alienist and Neurologist", speaking of the effect of long hours of work upon the mind, insists that "the hours of those employed in the train engineering and switch service, are entirely too long. Six consecutive hours' service for train dispatching, with sufficient opportunity for brain and nerve rebuilding, are most desirable if the service is to be conducted with the minimum possibility of accident."

It is not unusual for telegraph operators, conductors and engineers to work 24 hours at a stretch; less frequently they do a 48-hour's trick. While in extreme cases of emergency men have been called to work 72 hours.

The pathological results of such unendurable exertion in positions of great responsibility are brain strain, paralysis, morbid conditions, approaching epilepsy, true epilepsy, and nervous prostration.

Dr. Hughes recounts an instance in which a train dispatcher, who was suffering from toothache and neuralgia, asked to be excused long enough to have the tooth extracted. He was informed that if he was well enough to report for duty, he was able to continue. He remained at his desk until a condition resembling epilepsy developed, and he was obliged to quit the service and lay up in a hospital.

Another dispatcher remained at his desk until he fell to the floor in an epileptic fit.

Farther he says, "the railroads are wrecking men and blasting lives in other ways than collisions and derailments," and holds that an eight-hour day all round would be nearly the daily limit of endurance of the strained brain's recuperative capacity.

This neurologist also contends that the attitude of the railroad managers is wrong, regarding the non-employment of men past 35 years, for the reason that the terrible punishment to which they are subjected earlier in life, is responsible for prematurely wrecked lives.

Here in the state of Wisconsin, we have already records of a number of men who have broken down completely—Don Chandler, who worked years ago in Baraboo, became insane as a result of the nervous strain and finally died from its effects. F. L. Pearson, who for years was a chief train dispatcher, first at Madison, and later at Baraboo, became insane, and died in the asylum.

The following press dispatch tells the sad story of this reckless disregard of the physical and nervous condition of working men in this line:

"Causes Wreck; Now Insane. Wisconsin Operator Whose Error Resulted in Three Deaths Loses His Mind.

Ashland, Wis., Feb. 20.—W. J. Daugherty, a train dispatcher for the Northwestern road, whose error is blamed for a collision last week, resulting in three deaths, near here, is insane in a hospital at Ironwood. He may not recover."

The following press dispatch from Cincinnati, of Feb. 22, gives us another view into the life of these men: "Commits Suicide in Signal Tower. Ohio Man Believed to Have Been Unbalanced by Four Years' Continuous Work.

Cincinnati, O., Feb. 22.—After four years of service at his post, without a single week day or Sunday off for recreation, Charles W. Snook, watchman in the signal tower at the B. & O., S. W. and N. & W. junction, near Bond Hill, ended his life last night by sending a bullet through his brain. His body was found in his bunk shortly before daylight this morning by the members of a train crew that stopped to ascertain why the lights had not been manipulated when the train approached.

"That the unknown series of long night watches affected his mental bal-

ance is indicated by his remark to his sweetheart, Miss Norma Echler of Bond Hill, who often called upon him to relieve in a degree the tedium of his continuous service.

"Yesterday evening she called at the tower and chatted with him for a short time. He complained of the demands of the position, she said today, and exclaimed as she was leaving: "I can't stand this slavery any longer."

"His mother and brother stated to the coroner that the loneliness of Snook's surroundings made him despondent. He was 27 years of age."

4. Railroad accidents from the over-work of telegraph operators:

The most appalling feature of recent railroad management has been the murderous wrecks. With every year they seem to increase in frequency and deadly effects. And, of all the railroads of all the world, the American roads seem most reckless and most murderous.

Perhaps no record has been so dreadful, destroying so many lives, and so much property, as the wreckage on the railroads of this country during the two months beginning Jan. 1, 1907, and ending with the last of February.

During the first fifty-three days of this year there have been thirty-three railroad wrecks recorded, in which 150 people have lost their lives, and 395 have been wounded—and how much property has been destroyed cannot yet be known. And even this does not complete the list.

In looking over the causes for these disasters, we discover that very frequently the trouble lay in the system of regulating the movement of trains.

And in almost every case where the accident is a result from this particular cause it has been shown that the men had been on duty extremely long hours.

For example, in the Rock Island wreck of Jan. 2, in which 35 people were killed and 40 wounded, it was discovered that the cause of this dis-

aster was the fact that the operator at Volland made a mistake in delivering the messages to the train. This boy was 18 years old, and had been on duty for 36 hours.

The accident on the Oregon short line, Jan. 1, was also due to a similar condition, one killed and two injured.

Collision reported in the congressional record, Fifty-ninth congress, page 812 following, in which 34 were killed and 24 injured, the cause was the operator had fallen asleep and allowed a train to pass. He had been on duty 16 hours.

A wreck on the Baltimore and Ohio, Dec. 30, 1906, in which 39 were killed and 50 injured, was due to the failure of the signal system.

The wreck at Tacoma Park, near Washington, in which 30 were killed, was due to the fact that there was no night operator. The day operator had set the signals at danger, and left them so, before the trains had regularly passed by these dangerous signals.

The collision on Jan. 15, was due to misinterpretation of signals.

And in looking over the reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission, on their investigations of the cause of railroad wrecks, one is struck with the frequent occurrence of references to some failure on the part of the telegraph operator or train dispatcher. And in view of the fact, as we have already shown, these men are almost universally overworked with excessive duties, long hours, it is evident that here is a wrong that needs correcting more than any other in the railroad mismanagement of today.

During 1905, 9,703 were killed, and 86,008 injured by the railroads of this country. It is claimed that the railroads have killed 46,632 people and crippled 346,417 during the last few years. In Wisconsin alone the total killed by railways in one year (June 15, 1905 to June 30, 1906) was 211, injured 1,783. The total stationmen killed and injured were 46.

This may truly be called a murderous industry. The blood of these men, killed and wounded, cries out to us for reform and the methods of railroad operation. And the sob of the orphaned child, and the pathos and pain of the widowed mother call upon us today to make some earnest, some mighty effort to protect our people from these reckless, these brutal, these murderous, ravages of corporate greed.

Let it be understood in conclusion that our demand for the passage of this eight-hour law rests upon two great interests.

In the first place, we need this law in order to insure the safety of the traveling public, as well as the safety of the thousands of men employed on the railroads. There is hardly a man, woman or child in this state who does not travel more or less. Thousands of our people are almost constantly upon railway journeys. And every moment that people spend upon the railway trains their lives and limbs are in jeopardy. It is of absolute necessity, that every possible precaution shall be taken to make this travel safe, to reduce to the minimum the possibility of accidents.

And no part of the railway service is more vitally essential to the safety of railway traveling than efficient train dispatching and direction of train movements.

Our lives are constantly in the hands of these men.

In the name of the public, therefore, we demand and urge the passage of this law.

In the second place, we base our appeal for this law upon the needs and welfare of that vast army of men who work as telegraph operators and train dispatchers in this state.

Here is an army of men who are today working, all of them at least twelve hours a day, and some of them fourteen, and some on into the night, and not a few for twenty-four and thirty-six hours, and even sixty hours at a stretch.

And, besides, these men never have a day of rest. They work Sundays. They work holidays. They work every day of the year or every night of the year, 365

days or 365 nights every year. They work year in and year out.

Such work, without a rest or relief, will make the life of these men, if continued, a life of drudgery and servitude.

And, too, during all the hours that these men are on service, their duties are excessive. They are of a kind that are exhausting. They are a constant strain upon the nerves. They are a constant weight upon the brain. Human flesh and blood cannot endure this fearful strain during these long, relentless hours without at times breaking down.

The mad rush of our commercial life, the brutal greed of our calculating capitalism, is grinding out their hope, their joy, their strength and their sanity. Shall we consent to this? Shall the people of Wisconsin know these facts, and remain silent?

And, too, the families of these men should not be forgotten. You and I go home at night to spend an hour amid the romp and laughter, the smiles, the caresses of those who love us at the hearthstone. These are the things that make life worth living. But what shall we say when a whole section of our working class is plied with burdens so hard, and with hours of labor so long, that they are hardly permitted to see their children awake? Men who are never allowed to go with wife and child to some place of amusement or social gathering; who work so long and work so hard that not infrequently they read off their train orders in their dreams through hours of troubled sleep; who bear burdens so heavy that joy is forgotten, smiles are unknown, and homes are shadowed with hopelessness and despair.

Reward to Perjurers

By R. A. DAGUE

The governor of the state of Washington recently appended his signature to as iniquitous an act of the legislature as capitalism has been guilty of for many years, perhaps. The *Tacoma Daily News* correctly states the provisions of the law as follows:

Governor Mead, yesterday afternoon, signed the tax exemption bill, which contained an emergency clause and became effective at once.

This relieves all depositors from paying taxes from money on hand, and also all mortgage holders.

In the list of non-taxable effects included in the scope of the bill are bonds, tax certificates, shares, money on hand, notes secured by real estate mortgage, book accounts, bills receivable and judgments secured by real estate mortgage.

The assessor's books must be dated March 1, and with the emergency clause in the bill the assessor will be relieved of the work of listing the property exempt from taxation.

"This measure," says a well-known real estate man, "will put an end to a tremendous lot of lying and consequent tax dodging. It is a good thing for the state."

Now, what are the reasons given for enacting this law? But one reason is given and that is that bankers and money loaners and speculators, and the rich generally, are so addicted to false swearing and tax-dodging that it will be better to exempt them from paying any taxes at all. Instead of sending them to the penitentiary for perjury, they shall be made a special privileged class and be allowed to go free from all burdens of carrying on the government. It was thought best by this Republican legislature and Republican governor to pass this class legislation and shift all taxes on to the farmers and workers who own homes. The farmer who is in debt must hereafter pay double taxes and the tax-rate must be heavily increased on the small property owner. This is "class legislation" pure and simple.

"Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad."

The law is both unconstitutional and vicious.

An officer of the Chicago juvenile court has made a report with regard to the department stores in which appears this item: "It is needless to estimate the *moral significance* of the fact that from twenty-five to fifty per cent of girls employed in the big department stores do not make enough to live on by store work and do not live at home. *Yet they live.*" In the face of such things the concern of certain members of the capitalist class for the

souls of the benighted in Africa and their unconcern for the souls of the civilized here at home becomes all the more suspicious.

Because the state of Wisconsin has decided that insurance companies must deal honestly with the state and people, the insurance companies threaten to stop doing business in the state. Confessing they don't want to do business honestly, eh?

The Tyranny of Dress

By ROSE PASTOR STOKES

Rose Pastor Stokes, who recently publicly took the New York banker Morisini's daughter to task for claiming that she was helping the workers by spending vast sums of money on dress, has now launched another drive at the criminal rich under the title of "The Tragedy of Extravagant Dress." She says:

A cat may look at a king. At the opera the poor may look at the rich. The poor do come and look. The rich are so far down below; in the boxes and the parquet. Tiers upon tiers of boxes—rows upon rows in the parquet! To the "rail birds"—as some one has designated the 'or'nary lot' in the galleries—the folks below, in their shimmer and glitter, seem birds of paradise. Between the acts those above crane their necks to see and better observe the gorgeous ones below. Those below, however, observe and study those below; they are not interested in the galleries, tho' fully aware of the interest taken there.

What is the "rabble" to them!

The people 'up there' are moved to various moods of thought and feeling as they look down from the poorer heights to the richer depths below.

Who are they up there?

In the first place there are music lovers who are there in great numbers. Those who can afford to pay least and must sit nearest the ceiling are perhaps the luckiest. There is less there to distract the sense—no glitter, no scenic and dramatic tomfoolery near them—nothing but the music floating up to them.

Types in Galleries.

But there are other types in the galleries, too, particularly in the lower ones. Mingled among earnest people there are the vain and foolish.

There is the little Capitalist, for instance, who has for years been striving for a securer footing on the slippery rungs of the ladder of success. He has his dreams of finding his way some day to wealth and luxury, and into the charmed circle of the Most Secure. He is foolishly eager to become a part of that 'enviable' thing called 'Society,' and to some day escort his wife and his daughter to their seats amid wealth and fashion.

Still others are there, both men and women chastened by much sorrow and great spiritual awakening, who pity the throng wrapped heartlessly and joyously in their jeweled raiment. 'Pity them,' say these, 'who see not their part in the Social Whole. That despite fine clothes and jewels and yachts and mansions they lack a wholesome, happy life.'

Peril to Poor Women.

And some hard-working women there are who, stunned by the sudden first flash upon their vision of the outer glory of jewels and finery in that atmosphere of light and music, are seized with the first temptation!—"light, music, jewels, fine clothes!"—without the struggle for bread, without the dark shop, without slavery!—a sub-conscious or vague thought at first, perhaps, but a thought that grows concrete, conscious, powerful, insistent! And

some are strong and banish the thought, and some are weak and yield, sinking into endless depths of degradation beyond recall.

What interested me most was the condition of the people there. I had never before in a public place seen so many women in all their extravagance of dress—their satin and silks and gold cloth, their laces and jewels. And yet I was told by one who knows that this was a quiet moderate display compared with that of other evenings; that Wednesday's assemblage is rarely so 'brilliant' as those on Monday or Friday.

Here was represented no slight amount of human labor. A gown, a glove, a shoe, a jewel, its setting, a bit of lace, a fan. A million men and women—aye, and children!—laboring for these idle sisters! If we consider also all they possess that they have not brought with them—a heap of gowns, of jewels, wardrobes bursting with their store; houses, yachts, automobiles, carriages, silver and gold plate, collections of wonderful things of the world, rich carpets, tapestries, ornaments, many books, fine paint-

ings—and leisure! leisure! Think of it! Time to grow, time to learn, to see, time to hear, to absorb the best things of life; time to get culture, refinement, learning, knowledge, wisdom.

A million people working for them! And they render no service in return. And yet no widespread, keen realization among them of the deep injustice of grinding the lives and the health and the hopes of the workers into unearned profits!

Need of Education.

Yet there seems to be absolutely no true reason why people in any class who know how to read and have had the advantages of education should remain ignorant of the deep injustice of a system which produces dividends for idlers.

But the world that works is waking up! Those already fully awake are the Socialists; some unfortunately with bitterness and hatred against the master class; a bitterness and hatred which is the product of injustice of idle capitalists, but no less deplorable on that account.

The world that works is waking up.

Capitalism has been rather staggered by the fact coming into the consciousness of the people of Great Britain that the paupers in the almshouses live longer than the people outside. It has been a little disquieting, for the capitalists have been telling people that Socialism meant a dead level existence, and that this was bad for humanity. Now, Socialism proposes something very much different from a dead level existence, as a matter of fact, but it has also been pointing out that

it is capitalism that is killing people off, and this poor house report seems to bear the claim out. These old people sheltered by the almshouses from the rigors of a capitalistic, competitive existence are found to be quite sure of long life. Socialism proposes to safeguard the lives of *all* and without penning people in almshouses to do it. Worry and care and poverty have killed millions on millions. Change the system and give mankind a chance to live its normal life.

Wisconsin Socialists

By WALTER THOMAS MILLS

During the last four years it has been my privilege to be a frequent visitor, and often a helper in the party work in Wisconsin. I am sure I can do the comrades everywhere no better service than to give them the result of impressions gained from sharing in the campaigns, attendance at party meetings and conventions, visiting the city council when in session and maintaining various business relations with its executive committees and its publishing association.

And here it seems to me are the sources of the strength of the Wisconsin movement:

1. *Its Effective Organization.*

1. They know more men, and more about them, who are very near being Socialists than any other state, and their campaign is always directed to these men.

2. They use all the most effective methods of reaching these men, no such man is overlooked, and no means of reaching him is neglected.

3. All committees are given definite work to do, are trained in the best method of doing it, and report when it is done. There is no mixing of legislative work and there is no escaping responsibility for doing definite things when once definitely assigned.

4. As a result all party workers are all the time in training for more and more responsible positions, and promotions always follow effective service, and hence personal favoritism does not exist, and incapacity has no pull.

2. *Its Dependence on Literature.*

Among the means for reaching the most hopeful man, literature,

books, pamphlets, and newspapers are given the first place. Over and over again throughout the year, to every house in the city of Milwaukee are distributed—to each reader in his own language—the arguments for Socialism. They can and do reach every house in the city on twenty-four hours notice, and then they can reach direct, by mail, every one known to be at all in sympathy with our party within six hours, or in the first mail delivery after it is decided to do so. Having the names of all such persons carded, classified and ready for use on a mailing machine—they do not even have to wait for addressing the envelopes, the machine does that. And this again is often done. It is practically impossible to mislead or stampede the Milwaukee movement.

3. *Its Public Meetings.*

It is quite likely that there is less talking and more working for Socialism in Milwaukee than anywhere else. But when meetings are held they are in the largest halls, the speakers selected with care. The doubtful man in the ranks and the hopeful man just outside are surely in attendance. The speaking is to the point or the speaker ceases to be a speaker. Moreover, the meeting is made a center for promoting organization, the distribution of literature and the raising of party funds. There are many well-known speakers in the Socialist party who are never heard in Milwaukee and likely never will be till they learn the knack of making Socialists rather than making trouble for those who are Socialists.

Street meetings are rarely held. When they are held, the speakers are selected and preparations made as carefully as for the largest hall. The best meetings of all are at the shops where the noon hour puts the speaker in direct contact with the workers only. Here the time is short, the men in earnest. Trifling doesn't go. Short, plain, direct conclusive arguments alone count, and these count as nowhere else.

4. *Its Finances.*

The bills are paid by dues, profits on literature, special contributions, and the money made by entertainments and the annual picnics.

The sums of money thus raised and the world of work accomplished in its use is one of the most remarkable things in the Wisconsin movement.

Milwaukee made its picnic the greatest propaganda meeting of the whole year, gathered together more than twenty thousand people and cleared three thousand dollars. But every dollar was accounted for to the people who raised it and more and more is coming for the same purposes which are as often approved as accounts are given.

5. *The Headquarters.*

The headquarters is purely a place of business. No provision is made for a loafer's hang-out, where those who won't help may kick about those who do help.

6. *The Men in Office.*

As soon as a new man enters any public office anywhere in the state, he is at once put into communication with those already in office, and the frequent meetings of those men in office, to discuss together the task before them, constitute the most effective school in effective political work and public service of which I have any knowledge anywhere. They do not wait for mistakes to

be made, and then complain. They help each other avoid mistakes and everywhere become the most valuable men in any of the offices entrusted to their care.

They are winning public confidence by doing things which the public must approve, and are rapidly establishing conditions under which members of the working class will not fear to put the Socialist in office; instead, they will fear to put him out of office because of the comparative incompetence of those officials who are not Socialists.

7. *The Labor Unions.*

There is no danger of the organization of a Union Labor party in Milwaukee. The Social-Democratic party is such a party now. This has been achieved, not by capturing central bodies, nor by passing resolutions. It has been done by the Socialist's party at all times being the defender of the working class.

Those who are the most active among the Socialists are at the same time most active in the unions. They are not there for the purpose, secretly or openly, to use the union for personal political purposes, but to help do effectively the work of the union as a union in its conflicts with employers. The result has been *no divisions among the unions* on account of the Socialists and *no divisions among the Socialists* on account of the unions.

8. *Its Platform.*

Nowhere else have I been more frequently assured, in my public addresses for Socialism, that the effort is never to be to secure voters for Socialism who are not Socialists, but always to make Socialists who will of their own accord and always be voters for Socialism, simply because they are Socialists. Nowhere is the whole revolutionary

program more constantly emphasized than in Wisconsin. No other utterance is more constantly on the lips of its candidates than the caution that no one is to vote for special Socialist candidates unless they

vote for the whole ticket.

The result is a solid, compact voting force with fewer split tickets in proportion to the number voting than anywhere within my knowledge.

Shots at Capitalism.

By FREDERIC HEATH.

Says the *State Journal*, of Madison, Wis., in an editorial article: "Several of the amendments to the child labor law of Wisconsin, which are now before the legislature, it would seem to the outsider, ought to be accepted with little discussion. But merchants and manufacturers chiefly from Milwaukee are opposing them." Now, what are these amendments which have been proposed by the Social-Democratic legislators? Cutting the child worker's day down to at least nine hours. Merely a beginning, you will say, and rightly. Prohibiting night work by children. The very thought of children working at night arouses every parental and humane instinct within us. Forbidding the employment of children in various dangerous occupations. Certainly humanity has a stake in such safeguards. Requiring an educational test before a child may be permitted to enter on his factory career. If we provide a public school system, who shall say that any child is not entitled to some education before his school days shall be closed by capitalism? And lastly, the requirement for a physical examination before the child can be employed. It is simply barbarous that

this has not been required before. In every large child labor factory there are children unfit for work, and who are being slowly murdered by capitalism for the sake of profit. Now all these amendments, as the Madison paper says, are reasonable and humane, and they are certainly according to public policy. But what happens? Trooping out to Madison go the highly paid lobbyists of the merchants and manufacturers to try to prevent the enactment of these amendments. And, mind you, these lobbyists are composed of "leading" citizens, the flower of American business life, the kind of men whose opinion is usually secured by the capitalist press whenever matters of public moment and civic betterment are up for consideration. But business is business, and profit-hunger is profit-hunger, and out they go ready for battle every time the attempt is made to protect the children a little more from the rapacity of the business system these men stand representative of. According to the statisticians there are nearly three thousand children under fourteen years of age in the Milwaukee factories alone. And this shocking state of things, this grind-

ing of baby flesh into profits in order that our Grand avenues and our Prospect avenues may scintillate, not only has the sanction of the big business man, but he insists upon it. And then we are told that the interests of capital and labor are identical!

Emperor William has been so energetic in his campaign against the Socialists that he presented a medal to the Village of Lunow, a place of some 1,500 inhabitants, because it was the only community he could find in the empire that did not cast a single Socialist vote. Wilhelm has made himself rather ridiculous with his presentation of medals and statues for almost any old reason or none. It is also reported that during the recent campaign an engineer was arrested for using a red flag with his surveying chain; five hundred people were arrested for wearing red neckties, and in one case a widow was locked up for decorating her poodle dog with a red ribbon.

We take the following paragraph from the sermon of an Episcopal clergyman at one of Milwaukee's oldest and most sedate churches a Sunday ago, as showing how at last the clergy are daring to defy the rich pews and discuss the situation as it really is:

"If there is no higher law in the industrial world than the law of competition—if cheapness of production, the value of commodities, is more vital to us than human life and character—then let us give up our cant and frankly confess that twentieth century industrialism can't be Christianized—that the

laws of business and the laws of Christ are eternally at enmity, the one with the other."

The mothers of India, we are reminded, feed their children to the crocodiles in the sacred Ganges river. A good many mothers in this country are feeding their children to the almost equally deadly operations of our sacred capitalism. Two "men" were injured in the Duluth yards of the Northern Pacific road, in a wreck, the other day, and both died. One, a fireman, was only sixteen years of age, The telegraph operator, whose mistake cost forty people their lives in Kansas last week was only eighteen years of age.

In the discussion of the child labor amendments before the Wisconsin legislature, the Social-Democratic legislators pointed out the significant fact that there were no parents on hand to protest against the changes in the law, only rich manufacturers. And yet the manufacturers always put forth the excuse that they don't believe in child labor, but the parents insist on it!

The government has decided that it is unlawful to use the United States flag in connection with labels. But the flag, under its present auspices, is used for business purposes, just the same.

The desire of the large employers not to hire men over forty-five is counterbalanced by their grim determination not to give up their right to employ "men" under fourteen.



UPTON SINCLAIR.