

every one who desires to see the workers victorious to donate as much as possible to the fight.

Mayor George R. Lunn of Schenectady was fortunate in getting away from this city today with his life.

Through his attorneys he wished to make it known that the Socialists of Schenectady had nothing to do with the trouble this morning.

EAST SIDE WORKERS WILL MARCH TODAY

of London and Karlin. "Three cheers for Meyer London! Hurrah for Karlin! What's the matter with the Socialists? They're all right!"

Another criterion of the growth of Socialist sentiment on the East Side may be gained by observing the manner in which the meetings of the Bull Moose are received.

Even as early back as one or two years ago, the asking of questions at a capitalist party meeting was a mighty risky thing for the inquirer.

A special meeting of three organizations comprising the Socialist Campaign Committee of the 12th Congressional District will be held at Clinton Hall, 151 Clinton street, at 8 o'clock tonight.

Former Railroad President Says New Haven Road Directors Get Rake-off From Purchases.

BOSTON, Oct. 30.—Charges that the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad is controlled by interests hostile to New England, were made today by Edward D. Codman, former president of the Fitchburg Railroad, at a hearing held by the Interstate Commerce Commission on complaints of New England shippers.

Codman's statements were denied by Edward G. Buckland, vice president of the New Haven Railroad.

Buckland said that the road was not controlled by interests outside of New England, and declared that the charges of preferred contracts had been investigated and disproved.

Charles A. Prouty, chairman of the commission, remarked that he had been under the impression that great financial interests of New York were of the highest potentiality in the control of the railroad.

"My statement amounts to a complaint that discrimination against New England has resulted from trunk-line ownership of New Haven shares," said Codman.

Trunk-line directors, James McCrea and T. DeWitt Cuyler for the Pennsylvania and J. Pierpont Morgan and L. C. Ledyard for the New York Central, are the active directors in the New Haven management.

"It is a moral certainty that with such directors their greater New York interests prevail, and the New Haven Railroad and the New England public suffer."

JOHN T. MEEHAN BURIED. John T. Meehan, proprietor of the famous "beef and" eating house in Park row, was buried yesterday in Woodlawn Cemetery after a requiem mass in the Church of the Holy Spirit at Aqueduct and Burnside avenues.

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NEWARK DRIVERS OUT FOR MORE PAY

Truck Teamsters Walk Out When Firm Refuses to Yield to Demands of Their Union.

Thirty truck drivers employed by H. A. Geiger, general truckman, 27 State street, Newark, N. J., went on strike yesterday morning because the firm refused to grant the demands presented to them by a representative of the workers.

After negotiating with the union for some time, Geiger announced that he would not grant the demands of his employees and would not recognize the union, and the strike was called as a result.

The strikers demand a ten-hour work-day, recognition of their union, \$2.50 per day, that they be paid 30 cents an hour for overtime work and the abolition of Sunday work.

Colby stated yesterday that the workers have not been paid weekly and that they were compelled to work long hours.

Colby and John P. McDermott, organizer of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, took charge of the strike, and they stated that the international union will support their workers in the fight.

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BURNS WILL WATCH POLLS FOR T. R.

New York Voting Places to Be Guarded Against Election Frauds by Sleuths Agency.

OYSTER BAY, Oct. 30.—Theodore Roosevelt announced today that he had retained William Travers Jerome and the Burns Detective Agency to look out for frauds at the polling places on election day.

Burns came to Oyster Bay today to take luncheon with Roosevelt and go over with him the plans for election day.

"Burns and his men will watch for frauds at the polls," the Colonel continued, "and the sleuths will be in active consultation with them from now on."

Senator Joseph M. Dixon, Colonel Roosevelt's campaign manager, arrived during the day from Chicago with the prediction that Taft will not finish ahead of the Socialist candidate in the West.

Determined to put a stop to the nuisance, Magistrate Krotel, in the Harlem Police Court, yesterday imposed the maximum fine of \$10 upon twenty-four drivers of automobiles taken before him charged with allowing their machines to smoke on public highways.

Anti-Socialists here admit that were it not for the withdrawal of Gould, Van Lear's election would have been a foregone conclusion.

WALTER KILLS BOY. While chasing a hockey ball in front of a wagon yesterday, Louis Hochberg, 6, of 345 East 15th street, was run over and killed.

TO SERVE OUT TEN DAYS. Appeal From Workhouse Sentence for Mashing, Vested.

FREDERICK PINKUS OF 76 East 10th street must serve out the ten-day workhouse sentence Magistrate Krotel gave him on September 26.

After Pinkus had served five days his lawyer appealed and the sentence was put over several times until yesterday.

JOHN KNAAPP SIMMONS, 28, agricultural inspector employed by the York Board of Underwriters, was arrested in 1059 Convent avenue, Brooklyn, locked up in the Queens County Jail on a charge of bigamy.

JOHN DRUZA, 30, a farmer, was arrested in the Havemeyer mansion in Williamsburg, yesterday, when he was found doing a favor for a farmer done to feed the poor.

Turkish Marines on the Dock in Constantinople; The Sultan Going to Prayer at the Mosque



CONSTANTINOPLE, Oct. 30.—The efficacy of prayer is strongly believed in by the Turks, and the Sultan makes daily visits to the Mosque, where he offers prayers that his troops may be successful in the war against the combined Balkan States.

DEBS HELPS FIGHT IN THE FLOUR CITY

Three Meetings Held—Capitalists Combine in Race for Mayoralty.

MINNEAPOLIS, Oct. 30.—Three large halls were packed tonight by enthusiastic Socialists who came to greet Eugene V. Debs, the Socialist party candidate for the Presidency.

After the Auditorium was filled to its capacity, an overflow meeting was held at the Auditorium Annex, where fully 1,000 more persons heard the Socialist campaigner.

Addresses were also made by Thomas Van Lear, the Socialist candidate for the Mayoralty; T. Latimer, the Congressional candidate, and Tom Lewis, an organizer of the Socialist National Committee.

The meetings this evening have thrown a scare into the capitalist ranks, where the fear has become so great that Van Lear will be elected that they have combined forces and are now safely tucked away in one friendly camp under the blanket of anti-Socialists.

Charles D. Gould, who was one of the three nominees for the office, withdrew today from the race in order to add strength to the anti-Socialist candidate, Walter G. Nye, the business men's choice.

The Socialist candidate is Thomas Van Lear, a prominent member of the International Association of Machinists, who two years ago, as candidate for the same office, polled about 12,000 votes and gave the victorious candidate a close race.

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SPARGO'S AUDIENCE CROWDS BIG HALL

Socialist Meeting at 14th Street Labor Temple Larger Than Those of Capitalist Parties.

The last and the best of a series of four political meetings was held by Branch 1 of the Socialist party at the 14th Street Labor Temple, on Second avenue, last night.

John Spargo, a member of the National Executive Committee of the Socialist party, was the speaker of the evening, and his remarks were applauded to the echo.

Spargo described the sufferings of the little children under capitalism and symbolized Socialism with motherhood. The audience enjoyed it and expressed its approval.

The audience's chance came at the close of the speech. Questions were called for and questions came.

Other people wanted to know if Socialism was against religion, would there be despotism under Socialism, etc. All these questions were dealt with quickly and capably, and Spargo's witty and pointed replies were loudly applauded.

CITY MARSHAL REMOVED. Gaynor Ousts Official Collector on Charge of Legal Aid Society.

Frederick J. Walter, a City Marshal, 574 West 83d street, was removed from office by Mayor Gaynor on a charge made against him by the Legal Aid Society that he withheld \$49.54 collected on an execution.

Walter has turned over his shield to Freer, of the office of the Commissioner of Accounts. As each City Marshal is under a \$2,000 bond, the Legal Aid Society will now try to recover for its poor clients the amounts collected and unlawfully retained by Marshal Walter by presenting his official bond.

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MORE ORGANIZATIONS PREPARE FOR PARADE

Socialist Procession Grows Beyond Expectations—Final Arrangements Made.

The great Socialist torchlight procession to start from East 84th street Saturday night has grown beyond all expectations.

Yesterday's additions to the long line of Socialists and union organizations were: Pearl Button Workers, Local 14077, Brotherhood of Machinists Local 8, Ladies' Garment Workers Local 35, Workmen's Sick and Death Benefit Societies.

The downtown parade will start at Rutgers Square and march from East Broadway to Pike street, up to Monroe street, to Clinton street, to Henry street and down to the junction of Grand street, from Grand to Grock street and then to Rivington street, then to Suffolk street, from Suffolk street to Broome, through Broome to Eldridge, from Eldridge to Houston, from Houston to Avenue A, up to 4th street, to Second avenue, thence through 17th street to Union Square.

The Fur Workers' Union will start from their headquarters at 10th street between Third and Fourth avenues, march down to Second avenue, through second avenue to 4th street, through 4th street to Avenue A, from there to Rutgers Square.

Bring your big and little flags. Bring canes if you have one or more at home—they help to hold and snivel your lines.

Bring your red sashes if you have any. Make the lines impressive, says the Parade Committee.

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Ratification Meeting

IN BURLAND'S CASINO Westchester Ave. and 158th St.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1

SPEAKERS—John Spargo, Frederick Paulitsch, Candidate for Congress, 23d District; Marion H. Laing, Candidate for Assembly, 32d District.

HELD BY THE Bronx Agitation Committee ADMISSION FREE

12,000 FLOCK TO GARDEN TO LISTEN TO ROOSEVELT

Many Are Turned Away From Big Bull Moose Rally Johnson and Straus Also Speak—Senator Dixon Presides—Great Enthusiasm.

Theodore Roosevelt attracted about 12,000 persons to the Bull Moose rally at Madison Square Garden last night. The Garden was filled quite early and several thousand had to be turned away.

Although the meeting was held under the auspices of the National "Progressive" party, there was scarcely anything inside the Garden to indicate that. In one corner of the interior of the Garden a banner of the "Progressive" party peeped above the folds of an American flag.

It was clear that the audience had come largely out of a curiosity aroused by the recent shooting in Milwaukee, perhaps—to see the great hunter. The "Progressive" party was palpably a very inferior consideration.

Before the "leader of leaders" made his appearance, his personality was being frequently cast upon a screen above the speaker's stand in a series of moving pictures. Each time he appeared on the screen the audience cheered, and all that was necessary to make the atmosphere complete were the ponderous platitudes.

While the great crowd waited for the speechmaking to begin they listened to patriotic and popular airs played by several bands in different parts of the Garden. There was plenty of singing.

Hiram Johnson, Governor of California, and the Bull Moose Vice Presidential candidate, struck the keynote of the situation when he said that the purpose of the "Progressive" party was to "bring into his own again Theodore Roosevelt."

While there were plenty of vague references to "social and industrial justice," "human rights" and "the principles of progressivism," all mention of T. R.'s previous affiliation with such "progressives" as J. P. Morgan, E. H. Harriman and John D. Archbold were scrupulously avoided.

Neither was it at any time mentioned that the sins of war for the "Progressive" campaign are being furnished by such unquestioned friends of the people as G. W. Perkins, Frank Munsey, Dan Hanna and Medill McCormick.

The meeting was presided over by Senator Joseph Dixon, of Montana, chairman of the National Committee of the "Progressive" party. Besides Roosevelt and Johnson, Oscar Straus, Bull Moose candidate for Governor, spoke.

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ST. PETERSBURG, Oct. 30.—The Carolina is prostrated by the attempt on the life of her only son, the Casperitch, and is under the constant care of physicians.

White Rose CEYLON TEA. Yes, imitation is a compliment, that's some satisfaction.

Daughter of Gen. Grant Lost an Emerald Ring She Valued at \$25,000. TO SERVE OUT TEN DAYS. Appeal From Workhouse Sentence for Mashing, Vested.

The New York Call

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE WORKING PEOPLE

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RESOUNDING BLOWS



EVERY BLOW ON THE HEAD OF A STRIKER IS AN ECHO OF THE VOTE CAST AT THE LAST ELECTION.—Debs.

Shall We Have a Caesar?

By ROBERT HUNTER.

About two years ago I wrote the following article which was published in the Socialist press: The Republican party is in a very bad way, and all the big leaders are fearful and very much discouraged. Cannonism is on trial, and it is possible that instead of a "star controlling Congress" a board of directors will hereafter control that body. The Legislature of New York has got itself muddled up with political corruption, only to teach us that nearly everybody, dead or alive, in the Republican party had been getting his price. And now Root, much disturbed about his halliwick, is trying to get its affairs in shape for the fall election. Clifford Pinchot, trying to force an issue on Congress and trying to get Ballinger investigated, and he getting himself investigated and jailed. In Ohio there is a lot of trouble between the old bosses and the new bosses. Between the administration that wants to control and the others that do control. And poor Taft, wringing his hands with grief, moves over the country weeping big salt tears as he goes, rebuking the insurgents, scolding the press and urging his followers to get together. It seems that whenever men get at the head posts they begin to quarrel, and the Republican party has had the flesh pots for many a day, and it is now fighting and quarreling over the divide. And, and—and the worst of it all is Teddy the Terrible is soon to return. The Mighty Hunter will within a few weeks arrive in New York to be given the most tremendous demonstration that any American has ever known. He will be met like an emperor and treated like an emperor, and it may be he will decide to become an emperor. And so confusion reigns in the camp of the mighty G. O. P. Cannon and Aldrich are troubled, Morgan is worried, Practical Harrison is dead and without influence, and jovial Taft is reduced to tears, for nobody knows what impends or can do up the point toward which all things move. The impression, however, is abroad that the Republicans have finished the republic, and that the party of Lincoln has fallen into the hands of aspiring monarchs. In any case, that party is now dominated by financial princes and potentates, and in the ranks all is wild confusion and dismay. Drunk with victory and power, the leaders are fighting and destroying each other. They cordially hate each other, mutually fear each other, and woefully suspect each other. Taft, Cannon, Aldrich, Root, Gallinger, and Tawney, trying desperately to hang together, are very fearful that they may yet hang separately. And amidst these pleasant quarrels, enmities, suspicions and confusions through the camp of the mighty dynasty becomes a panic because Teddy is soon to return. Few prominent Republicans will deny that we need an emperor, an imperial hand to rule us, a person somewhat on the caliber of Caesar or Napoleon. But they cannot agree on the man or the plan. They fear Caesar, Roosevelt and Cæsarism, Cæsarism, and Brutus would like to destroy him. It would be easy to supply those blanks with names if it were at all necessary. And so the Republican party is in a very bad way. And we—well, we, the people, can watch and wait. Well, friends, we have watched and waited, and what I feared has now arrived. Cannon and Aldrich have gone. Pitt, Gray and a multitude of other bosses have disappeared. Our political life is in a state of mad confusion that may mean anything. Socialism is growing by leaps and bounds. The old parties are torn asunder by internal disorder. Had we the press, organization, and money, we could in this election take the government into our hands. Morgan, Perkins, Munsey, and all the big boys, whether Democrats, Republicans or Bull Mooseers, scent disaster. But unfortunately for them the big fellows can't agree. Some are loyal to Taft, others to Wilson, still others believe that only Roosevelt can save the country. And at this moment there is bitterness and quarreling in Wall Street. "As a result of war," said Lincoln, "corporations have been enthroned and an era of corruption in high places will follow, and the money power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working upon the prejudices of the people until all the wealth is aggregated into a few hands, and the republic is destroyed." Well, to my mind, that hour is here. What do you think about it?

Free Speech of "The Right Kind"

Hon. William Sulzer, the well known friend of labor, and presumable opponent of the oppressors of labor, spoke in Little Falls the other day, and thanks to the stubborn fight put up there by the Socialist Mayor of Schenectady and his associates, did not experience the slightest interference from the local authorities. Nor does it seem that the wrothen mill owners of Little Falls entered any objection whatever to his speaking. What he said has not been reported in the press. But what he did not say is perhaps more important. He made no allusion of any kind to the fight for free speech put up by the Socialists a few days before, nor did his running mate on the gubernatorial ticket, Mr. Martin Gynn, though the latter spoke also. This might seem rank ingratitude. If it be assumed that Little Falls would not have permitted such a champion of labor as Sulzer to speak had not the way been cleared for him by the Socialists. However, Mr. Sulzer really owes nothing to any Socialist. He relies altogether upon his own dauntless courage, and will tolerate no "boss," neither Murphy nor the local bosses of Little Falls. And an untutored politician who will beard the giant Murphy in his Tammany lair is not likely to

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SHOULD HAVE BEEN MENTIONED Editor of The Call: In your issue of the 24th inst. the Debs meetings held in Brooklyn are very ably reported. As far as the enthusiasm displaced by the audience and the description of the forcible address made by Comrade Debs are concerned, you have beyond question given the readers the true story of the happenings of that evening. It seems to me, however, that the speeches which preceded and followed Debs' address should have also received their share and been dealt on more specifically. You say that Mr. Mackenzie and W. F. Ries made addresses and not a word about the interest with which the audience followed their lectures. As a matter of fact, Comrade Ries held the audience for two hours with a splendid lecture. While he expounded in simple language the true principles of Socialism, he knew how to intersperse his remarks with wit and humor, and the rousing applause which often interrupted the speaker is proof of how effectively he had the audience in hand. This was a telling sign of the spread of our cause, and should not have been overlooked in your report. J. E. New York, N. Y.

IS THERE ANY SOCIALISM IN ONTARIO? Editor of The Call: Some months ago you had an article in The Call entitled "The Socialist Party in Canada." I have been traveling two years in Ontario and make Toronto my headquarters, and in spite of the fact that I keep my peepers open, have never discovered any signs of a Socialist party. One sign I did see in Lindsay, Ontario—a real blue enameled sign, saying that Socialist meetings are being held every Monday at 8 p.m. The Monday I was there the sign was still up, but no sign of a meeting. I learned subsequently that a local manufacturer (located in Bradford's for \$50,000) was a few years ago the Socialist (?) Mayor of Lindsay, but as usual with Socialist administrations, was defeated at the expiration of his term. That sign seems to be the only sign that tells a tale to me, the slight observer. If I only had the time I would write an article for you about the Socialist party in Ontario that does not exist, as Ontario seems to present the same phenomena as Paterson, N. J., where we had about twenty years ago several Socialist Aldermen. Cities like Hamilton, London, Guelph, Berlin, etc., all had their quota of Socialist votes at one time, but now there is no political Socialist party in existence. If there is, they are eminently successful in concealing their whereabouts. SYDNEY KANN. Toronto.

SOAP BOX EDUCATION. Editor of The Call: In your issue of October 17, under an article headed "The Inspiration of the Soap Box," by Nicholas Aleinikoff, there is discussed the subject of proper, rational answers to questions on Socialism asked of "Soap Boxers." You are calling a meeting of such speakers for the purpose of discussion and instruction on the subject. This step is important and must certainly be very gratifying to all Socialists. Now, for the intent of this letter. Would it not be a good idea to devote some space in The Call for a few days, especially at this time, toward the same purpose? Every Socialist is more or less of a "speaker" in his or her home, among friends and acquaintances, and if the "soap boxes" need fuller equipment in answering such off-occurring questions as "The incentive under Socialism, standard of equality or service and mode of compensation for service," etc., surely the Socialist, too, would be benefited by a published explanation as to how these topics should be answered. At any time of the year you might readily reply that Socialist literature is published for those who would seek information, but at this critical moment when so little time is left, every detail that might possibly help should not be overlooked. Also, such articles would make good reading matter for any non-Socialist who might happen to read them. BERTHA BLOOM.

A POLITICAL EYE-OPENER. "The reason for the rapid gains said to have been made by the Progressives was ascribed by Senator Dixon as principally due to the fact that the attempt to assassinate Colonel Roosevelt had opened the eyes of the voters throughout the country, and that they realized that Mr. Roosevelt was the greatest living American." So runs an item in one of yesterday's papers, in which the chairman of the Progressive National Committee is reported as declaring that the "situation has changed in an astonishing manner" since the attempted assassination. Before that auspicious event Dixon was dubious about Progressive victory; now he is certain of it. From which we deduce that while assassination changes nothing when it succeeds, it is of tremendous potency for change when it is attempted and fails. The Roosevelt career seems to be closely connected with firecrackers, shooting and murder generally. It was a successful attempt at assassination that gave him the Presidency for the first time, and what more natural than that an unsuccessful attempt may give him his second—or is it third?—attempt at the prize. There is something supremely elevating in the suggestion that millions of presumably intelligent American citizens cannot recognize "the greatest living American" until a madman points him out to them with the muzzle of a pistol. It is surely an "eye-opener." Mr. Roosevelt many years ago made the wonderful discovery which he imposed upon the neural mind of that day, that "it is only the shots that hit that count." His versatile chairman is now endeavoring to make Sebrank's marksmanship count in the returns, which they are. "The American people are really as idiotic as he assumes them to be."

REMEMBER IT

- The present industrial system—capitalism—with its private ownership of the exploiting industries, enables the private owners to secure for themselves the bulk of the value of the labor of the masses of the people. All the great social evils of the day—poverty, overwork, lack of work, child slavery, prostitution, intemperance, crime, immorality, excessive luxury, material groveling, disease, waste, graft, bribery, lockouts, injunctions, police and military oppression, judicial usurpation, food adulteration, degeneracy, parasitism, intellectual prostitution, pessimism, ignorance—all these are primarily due to the private ownership of the exploiting industries—capitalism. The only remedy for these evils is the collective ownership and control of the exploiting industries—Socialism. The Republican, Democratic and Progressive parties are therefore for the continuation of capitalism. The Socialist party stands for the abolition of capitalism and the introduction of Socialism. The Republican, Democratic and Progressive parties are therefore fore opposed to your interests. And the Socialist party stands directly for your interests. Remember it. When you come face to face with the commonplace monstrosities of capitalism, remember it. When you see the idealism of youth assassinated, remember it. When you see a wage worker look up timidly at his master, remember it. When you see a boy leave school and look for a job, remember it. When you see an old man competing with youth, remember it. When you see an overworked man gulp his lunch, remember it. When you see a drunken man reeling about the streets, remember it. When you hear foul jokes and coarse laughter, remember it. When you see delivery wagons cross each other's path, remember it. When you see a quart of pale blue milk, remember it. When you see a child playing in the street, remember it. When you mark what a preacher does not say, remember it. When you see a hobo stealing a ride, remember it. When you count your income, remember it. When you pay your rent, remember it. When a man asks you where he can get a job, remember it. When you see a woman bending over a washtub, remember it. When a harlot beckons to you, remember it. When you see a girl working for \$4 per week, remember it. When you wait for a funeral to pass by, remember it. When you see a workman risk his life for \$2 per day, remember it. When a factory burns down, remember it. When miners are burned alive, remember it. When the policeman's club descends on the head of a striker, remember it. When the troops are called out to help the capitalists to win a strike, remember it. When the judge issues an injunction, remember it. When the editorial policy of a newspaper is dictated by the business office, remember it. When the doctor sends in his bill, remember it. When you breathe smudge and drink filth, remember it. When you buy a pound of meat or a ton of coal, remember it. When an agent bores you, remember it. When a beggar stops you on the street, remember it. When a tramp asks you for a handout, remember it. When there are bribes and rumors of bribes, remember it. When you see a hovel or a tenement, remember it. When a witness perjures himself, remember it. When you see a grown man or woman unmarried, remember it. When you hear of a marriage for money or for a home, remember it. When the divorce court is busy, remember it. When you see lines of worry, remember it. When you eat adulterated food, remember it. When you see a coal wagon stalled in the street, remember it. When you buy a gallon of kerosene oil, remember it. When you see a briefless lawyer, remember it. When you see a lawyer sell his opinions to a corporation, remember it. When you see a man seek the office, remember it. When you see a faker selling cheap jewelry, remember it. When you hear the chink of cash on the bank counter, remember it. When you see a liveried servant, remember it. When you see a blind man turning a hand organ, remember it. When you hear men haggling over a price, remember it. When you read of a railroad wreck, remember it. When a workman is killed by whirling machinery, remember it. When you hear the silly gibbering of an idiot or the blood-curdling shriek of a maniac, remember it. When a mob lynches its victim, remember it. When you learn that the suicide's bullet reached home, remember it. When you visit the scene of a gruesome crime, remember it. When a criminal stands up to be sentenced, remember it. When a murderer swings off the gallows, remember it. When you hear the innocent laughter of a child, remember it. When you see your fellow men and women starving themselves mentally, morally and spiritually in order to keep from being physically starved, remember it. When the election clerk hands you a ballot, remember it. When you step into the square canvas booth and see melted wax running down the side of the candle, remember it. When you take up the stubby pencil to mark your ballot, remember it.

"MAN'S HEART IS IN HIS WEAPONS?"

Yesterday, at Brooklyn, in the presence of many thousands of people, was launched the superdreadnought New York, claimed to be the latest word in naval construction for the purpose of naval destruction. This vessel is nearly 600 feet long, weighs 27,000 tons, is to be equipped with engines that will drive her twenty-one knots, or nearly twenty-four miles per hour, and carries ten monster guns, each weighing some eighty tons and each firing a shell 1,400 pounds in weight, capable of piercing sixteen inches of steel armor at a range of five miles. The vessel will probably cost, when complete, some \$12,000,000, will require the services of 1,100 men while in use, and will cost some \$2,000,000 annually for maintenance and repairs.

The first New York, built about 1776, is described as a "gondola," which means a small gunboat propelled by oars. She was floated on Lake Champlain, carried three light guns and forty-five men, and was destroyed in action with the British naval forces on the lake.

There is no way of comparing the relative force, size and cost of the two vessels. Figures cannot do it. There is nothing common to both except the name and the fact that they floated in water.

One gun alone of the 1912 New York would in all probability weigh twice as much as the first New York, ship, crew, stores and guns, all told. And in all probability the three guns of the original New York, if cast in the form of a shell, would fall something short of making a 1,400-pound projectile for one of the guns of the new ship.

We are fond of comparing the crude implements of production of the revolutionary period with the wonderful productive machinery of today, but the contrast between the implements of destruction of that day and the present dwarfs the other into absolute insignificance. There is an immensely greater disparity between the two New Yorks than there is between, say, the weaving loom of 1776 and that of 1912.

"In the arts of peace," says George Bernard Shaw in one of his plays, "man is a bungler. I have seen his cotton factories and the like, with machinery that a greedy dog could have invented if it had wanted money instead of food. I know his clumsy typewriters, his bungling locomotives and tedious bicycles; they are toys compared to the Maxim gun and the submarine torpedo boat. There is nothing in Man's industrial machinery but his greed and sloth; his heart is in his weapons."

The character into whose mouth these words are put is the Devil, who thus delivers his opinion to Don Juan in the famous play of "Man and Superman." And there is much truth in the statement, even though the source of it is the reputed "Father of Lies."

At the same time, the Devil does not tell the whole truth. For the "heart" that is put into the construction of these incomparable forces of destruction finds its stimulating power in the greed of the ruling classes, and the desire to maintain their system of robbery intact. The "heart" action is quickened by the greed and necessities of capitalism, by the prostitution of "patriotism" to its own ends. And it may be noticed that at the launching of the tremendous vessel referred to, the Secretary of the Navy, in his address, confined his remarks almost exclusively to stimulating the "patriotism" of the builders, from the chief designer down to the commonest navy yard laborer. And after the launching, Taft made an address of a somewhat similar character at the Naval Young Men's Christian Association.

The sneer of the Devil may seem justified in this connection, but, in the last analysis, it is not man's "heart" that is at fault so much as his head. The capitalists themselves, whose supremacy is conditioned on the continual construction of these instruments of death, part very reluctantly with their plunder to defray the expense of their building, and even while they continue to build, declare that the whole procedure is a craze, an obsession, an insanity. Nevertheless, they never fail to stimulate the latent destructiveness which lies more or less dormant in the minds of the builders, and which must be aroused if these implements of death are to be produced at all. For the building of a merchant vessel, an instrument of production, no such incentive is needed.

The "heart" of the capitalist is not in these gigantic murder contrivances. It is in his money bags instead. He has no "heart" for actual fighting, and never by any chance exposes his precious life to the risks of battle, murder and sudden death in any of these floating instruments of destruction. He stimulates the "hearts" of others to take that risk, just as he stimulates the "hearts" of those who construct his implements of murder.

The "heart" of man will remain in "his weapons" only so long as he can be induced to fight the battles of those who rob him and use him to defend them against capitalist robbers of other groups. When that inducement fails, as it will fail, his "heart" will turn to perfecting the instruments of production instead of those of destruction, when the atavistic impulses of his "heart" are conquered by the development of his brain and he perceives the insensate folly of permitting himself to be used as a cutthroat and a bully in the service of hypocritical and cowardly exploiters who can only maintain themselves by appealing to his meanest and basest passions under cover of a prostitution of "religion and patriotism." Or, in short, when he discovers that Socialism means life and capitalism means death, and he deliberately chooses life and all the possibilities that the term implies.

WHY ISN'T THIS STOPPED?

When, at the beginning of the campaign, the wisecracks of the Republican party withdrew Mr. Taft from the public rostrum, they acted with prudence and political foresight. But they should have completely silenced him by forbidding him to make public the letters he writes.

A fool may pass for a philosopher if he can keep silent and look wise, and Mr. Taft is at least capable of making an attempt to look wise. "Billiken," god of things as they are, sits crosslegged on his throne, contemplating his toes, smiling and saying nothing, and is by no means unpleasing, though perhaps a somewhat ludicrous figure. But how would it be if he began talking and would not be stopped? Would not the effect be finally so exasperating as to compel his luckless hearers to dethrone him from his lofty station on the mantel and cast him forthwith into the garbage barrel?

The analogy with Taft is by no means strained. This unfortunate creature, since being withdrawn from the public platform, has taken to letter writing, and the contents of these letters are fully as fatuously exasperating as the contents of his speeches. We are almost tempted to say, even more so, but, on second thought, that of course is not possible.

These epistles—and why they are made public is a mystery which we have not yet solved—all leave the impression that the prosperity of every human being in the country is inseparably bound up with the re-election of Taft; that everybody is happy and prosperous at present, and will continue in that enviable condition if they only re-elect Taft; that the workingmen are actually becoming lopsided from carrying their savings to the banks; that the farmers are driving the automobile manufacturers to despair by smothering them with orders for the latest models; that the small business men are simply overloaded with surplus cash in the form of profits; that the trusts have been "dissolved" and no more trouble need be expected from them; that, thanks to Taft, we have had abundant grain crops; that he, Taft, is an infallible preventive of panics, and his opponents are certain to bring them into existence;

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WHY ISN'T THIS STOPPED?

(Continued from columns 1 and 2, this page.) In short, human well being in the western hemisphere depends exclusively upon the re-election of one large, fat man named Taft. And all this irritating jabber comes at a time when even Democrats, stupid and reactionary as they are, recognize more or less vaguely the need of some essential change, when even the "social justice" and a rearrangement of matters economic, Socialism is growing and spreading throughout the land with amazing rapidity, and when practically all people who think at all realize that we are on the eve of fundamental economic change. "Billiken" Taft, the obese god of things as they are, chatters stantly and monotonously his exasperating refrain of "let well alone, and elect me, Taft." Why is such an exhibition permitted him? Taft is a stupid creature, and, if peremptorily ordered to close up, would doubt obey promptly. If he were not a Presidential candidate, it would not matter, as no one would notice him, but as it is, he hardly escape notice. That he is not stopped almost makes us suspect that his "friends" have decided to hand him the "double" by merely permitting him to publicly write himself down as a fool. It is hardly possible that they are sufficiently credulous to believe that there is a "public" numerically adequate to elect Taft, and swallow this fatuous driv without question. It may be that those who have banked upon the ill-credulity and long suffering of the voting public in past years often received proof that their confidence has not been misplaced, but it seems to us that to allow Taft to go on with his letters is taking long chances. There is a limit to everything, and the folly of political puppets and the credulity of the public, certainly looks as if Taft had really reached that limit in his letter writing. If it is found after election that "nobody loves a fat man," be the fault of the fat man's "friends" who stood by and let him to queer himself by unrestrained babbling.