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VOL. VI

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NO. 341.

BANKRUPTCY OF CAPITALISM.

BY PAUL LAFARGUE

Translated for the Chicago Socialist by Charles H. Kerr.

The nineteenth century was the century of capitalism. Capitalism filled that century to overflowing with its commerce, its industry, its manners, its fashions, its literature, its art, its science, its philosophy, its religion, its politics and its civil code, more universal than the laws imposed by Rome upon the nations of the ancient world. The capitalist movement, starting from England, the United States and France, has shaken the foundations of Europe and of the world. It has forced the old feudal monarchies of Austria and Germany and the barbaric despotism of Russia to put themselves in line; and in these last days it has gone into the extreme East, into Japan, where it has overthrown the feudal system and implanted the industry and the politics of capitalism.

Capitalism has taken possession of our planet; its fleets bring together the continents which oceans had separated; its railroads, spanning mountains and deserts, furrow the earth; the electric wires, the nervous system of the globe, bind all nations together, and their palpitations reverberate in the great centers of population. Now for the first time there is a contemporary history of the world. Events in Australia, the Transvaal, China, are known in London, Paris, New York, at the moment they are brought about, precisely as if they happened in the outskirts of the city where the news is published.

Civilized nations live off the products of the whole earth. Egypt, India, Louisiana, furnish the cotton, Australia the wool, Japan the silk, China the tea, Brazil the coffee, New Zealand and the United States the meat and grain. The capitalist carries in his stomach and on his back the spoils of the universe.

The study of natural phenomena has undergone an unprecedented, an unheard-of, development. New sciences, geology, chemistry, physics, etc., have arisen. The industrial application of the forces of nature and of the discoveries of science has taken on a still more startling development; some of the geometrical discoveries of the scientists of Alexandria, two thousand years old, have for the first time been utilized.

The production of machine industry can provide for all demand and more. The mechanical application of the forces of nature has increased man's productive forces tenfold, a hundredfold. A few hours' daily labor, furnished by the able-bodied members of the nation, would produce enough to satisfy the material and intellectual needs of all.

But what has come of the colossal and wonderful development of science, industry and commerce in the nineteenth century? Has it made humanity stronger, healthier, happier? Has it given leisure to the producers? Has it brought comfort and contentment to the people?

Never has work been so prolonged, so exhausting, so injurious to man's body and so fatal to his intelligence. Never has the industrial labor which undermines health, shortens life and starves the intellect been so general, been imposed on such ever-growing masses of laborers. The men, women and children of the proletariat are bent under the iron yoke of machine industry. Poverty is their reward when they work, starvation when they lose their jobs.

In former stages of society, famine appeared only when the earth refused her harvests. In capitalist society, famine sits at the hearth of the working class when granaries and cellars burst with the fruits of the earth, and when the market is gorged with the products of industry.

All the toil, all the production, all the suffering of the working class has but served to heighten its physical and mental destitution, to drag it down from poverty into wretchedness.

Capitalism, controlling the means of production and directing the social and political life of a century of science and industry, has become bankrupt. The capitalists have not even proved competent, like the owners of chattel slaves, to guarantee to their toilers the work to provide their miserable livelihood; capitalism massacred them when they dared demand the right to work—a slave's right.

The capitalist class has also made a failure of itself. It has seized upon the social wealth to enjoy it, and never was ruling class more incapable of enjoyment. The newly-rich, those who have built up their fortunes by accumulating the riches from labor, live expatriated in the midst of luxury and artistic treasures, with which they surround themselves through a foolish vanity, to pay homage to their millions.

The leading capitalists, the millionaires and billionaires, are sad specimens of the human race, useless and hurtful. The mark of degeneracy is upon them. Their sickly offspring are old at birth. Their organs are sapped with diseases. Exquisite meats and wines load down their tables, but the stomach refuses to digest them; women expert in love perfume their couches with youth and beauty, but their senses are benumbed. They own palatial dwellings in enchanting sites, and they have no eyes, no feeling for joyful nature, with its eternal youth and change. Sated and disgusted with everything, they are followed everywhere by ennui as by their shadows. They yawn at rising, and when they go to bed; they yawn at their feasts and at their orgies. They began yawning in their mother's womb.

The pessimism which, in the wake of capitalist property, made its appearance in ancient Greece six centuries before Jesus Christ, and which has since formed the foundation of the moral and religious philosophy of the capitalist class, became the leading characteristic of the philosophy of the second half of the nineteenth century. The pessimism of Theognis sprang from the uncertainties and vicissitudes of life in the Greek cities, torn by the perpetual wars between rich and poor; the pessimism of the capitalist is the bitter fruit of satiety, ennui and the impoverishment of the blood.

The capitalist class is falling into its second childhood; its decrepitude appears in its literature, now returning to its starting point. Romantic literature, the literary form proper to the capitalist class, which started out with the romantic Christianity of Chateaubriand, is returning to the same point, after passing through the historical novel and the character novel. (Witness in this country the immense sale of "Ben Hur" and its imitations. —Translator.) Capitalism, which in its virile and combative youth in the eighteenth century had wished to emancipate itself from Christianity, resigns itself in its old age to practices of the grossest superstition.

Capitalism, bankrupt, old, useless and hurtful, has finished its historic mission; it persists as ruling class only through its acquired momentum. The proletariat of the twentieth century will execute the decree of history; will drive it from its position of social control. Then the stuporous work in science and industry accomplished by civilized humanity, at the price of such toll and suffering, will engender peace and happiness; then will this vale of tears be transformed into an earthly paradise.

*I allude to the Days of June, 1848. The insurgents demanded the "Right to Work."

WAKE UP AND WORK!

What are you doing towards spreading the message of Socialism?

You are now or at one time may have been a member of the Socialist party.

You may be doing good work for Socialism in your individual way.

If we are ever going to get Socialism we must also work together as an organization. We Socialists must follow some mutually satisfactory plan.

Imagine an industry, even to-day, being run as some Socialists seem to be willing Socialist agitation and organization and party affairs should be conducted. Imagine a railroad; one fellow running along with a car door; another with a coupling pin; another with a cow catcher or switch, etc. This railroad would get mixed up. These parts must be assembled, systematized,

organized. One crazy Socialist running here, another there, about as the milk wagons cross and recross each other's routes instead of as the postman, each in his own place.

The local meeting of the Socialist party is the place where the members should come together and devise ways and means so that all may work without one-half working against the other.

Any plan, even if a poor one, is better than none at all.

If you are not active; if you do not pay your dues regularly and take part in all the activities of the party, although you know ever so much about Socialism, you are not a Socialist in all that that term implies.

Think it over. Analyze yourself. Do you want Socialism or are you only playing?

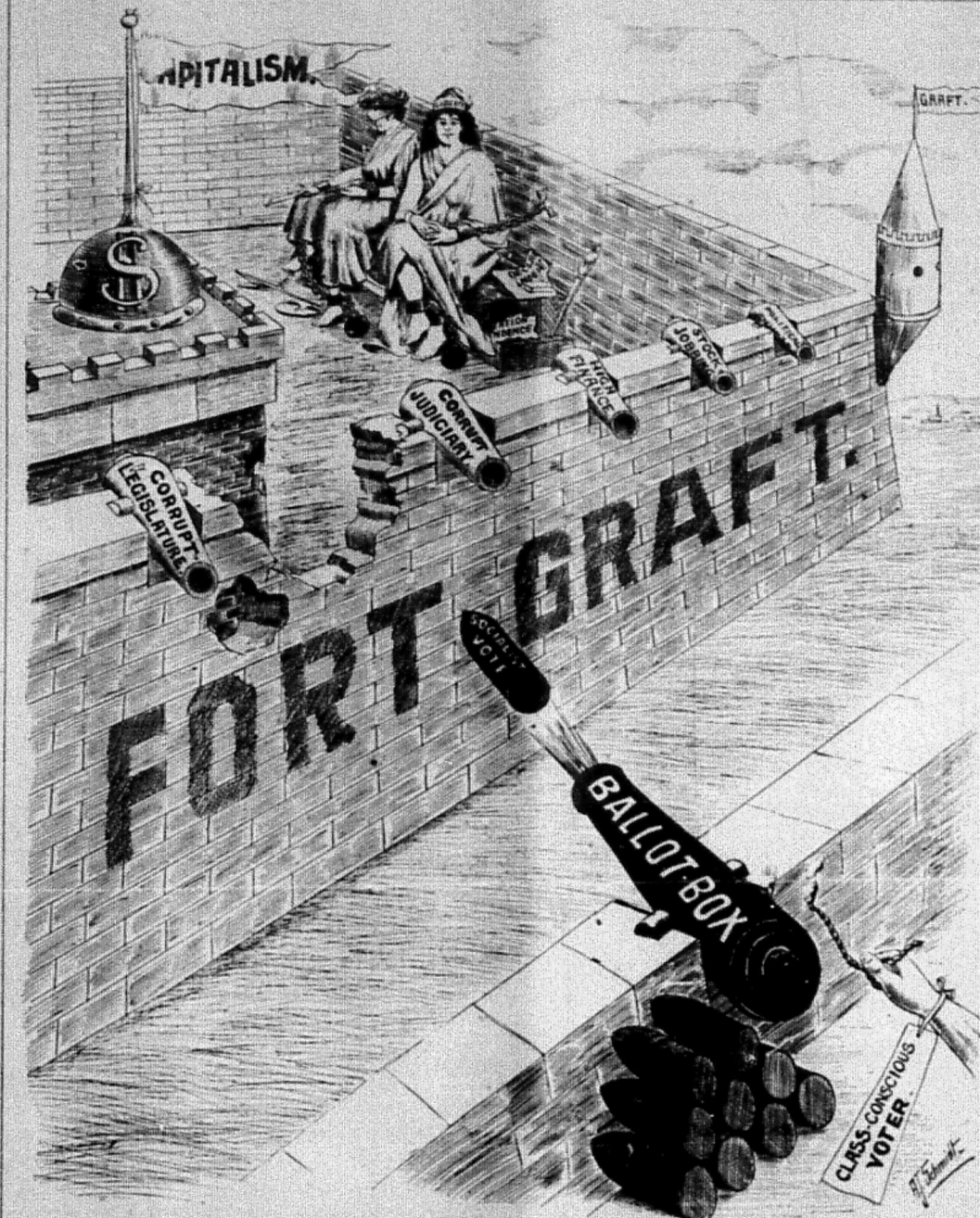
Pay up your back dues. Attend the local meetings. Get your local to take an active part in the general State and national movement.

Crowd the work. Show the rest how to run the business. You know you know how it should be done. Haven't you stood on the street corner with the other comrades that don't attend meetings and said so?

Now is the time you were peeling off your coat and seeing how it seems to join with the comrades that have done the work heretofore.

We will have to work together under Socialism. Do it now.

More important than all this; those



The Ballot Is the Weapon, Class Consciousness the Power.

who have been faithful in the work need your advice and counsel.

Come in with your fresh vigor. The old workers are tired. Give them new life and energy by your presence.

You will be surprised to find how pleasant it is to work for Socialism.

"Workers of the world, unite. You have nothing to lose but your chains. You have a world to gain."—Geo. T. Cramton in the New York Worker.

MR. DOOLEY ON THE OPEN SHOP.

(With apologies to F. P. Dunne.) "What is all this talk 'bout in the papers about the open shop?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Why, don't ye know?" said Mr. Dooley. "I really, I'm surprised at yer ignorance, Hennessy. Sure, 'tis starved he sich patriots as Dave Parry, Fred Job an' President Elvart of Harvard 't bust up th' la-abour unions. They are afraid, Hennessy, that th' la-abour unions will over-run this grand an' glorious country of ours, an' there would be no wan left t' organize into Citizens' Alliances an' Business Men's Associations. An' so they 'boot th' open shop. What is th' open shop? Sure, 'tis a shop where they keep th' dare open t' accommodate th' constant stream of min comin' in t' take jobs cheaper than th' min what has th' jobs. 'Tis like this, Hennessy—suppose you of these free-born American citizens Dave M. tells us about is workin' in an open shop for th' princely wages of wan large iron dollar a day of tin hours. Along comes another free-born son-of-a-gun, an' he sez t' th' boss: 'I think I cud handle th' job for ninety cents.' 'Sure, sez th' boss, an' th' wan-dollar man gets th' crew, jinglin' can, an' goes out into th' cool world t' exercise his inalienable rights as a free-born American citizen an' scab on some other poor devil. An' so it goes on, Hennessy. An' who gets th' benefit? Three, it says th' boss money, but he don't care no more for money than he does for his right eye. It's all principle wid him. He hest t' see his min robbed of their independence, regardless of iverrin' else."

"But," said Mr. Hennessy, "these open-shop min ye minshun say they are th' unions, if properly conducted."

"Sure," said Mr. Dooley, "if properly conducted. And there ye arse. And how wud they have th' conducted? No strikes, no rules, no contracts, no scales, hardly by wages an' dam few numbers."

"'Tis a fine man t' work in an open shop," said Hennessy.

"An' A. P. A.," said Mr. Dooley.—Typographical Journal.

Milwaukee's multi-millionaire Paster estimates the damage to his character and business reputation for being indicted for embezzling \$14,000 at \$800,000. Prosecuting millionaires comes high.

STRUGGLES OF THE TOILERS.

5,000 Freight Handlers Now Walk Out — Demand Ten Per Cent Increase in Wages — Printers Stand Good Chance to Secure Eight-hour Day.

At the time we go to press this week there is a good prospect that several thousand freight handlers will be on strike for a 10 per cent increase in wages by the time the paper reaches our readers.

The freight handlers' union held a mass meeting last Sunday and almost unanimously decided to make a demand for an increase in their wages. The companies were given forty-eight hours to decide. If at the end of that time the union had not received a satisfactory answer, the strike would have been called Wednesday morning. The railroad managers have conceded so far as to meet the committee from the union, thus delaying the calling out of the freight handlers for the time being.

Should the railroad companies refuse to grant the increase demanded when the conference takes place, it is almost certain that the strike will be called.

It is reported that the companies are making extensive preparations to house and feed strike breakers if the freight handlers go out. Tuesday night they had already advertised for men and were establishing commissary departments and equipping them with beds for the strike breakers at or near all the freight sheds.

It is stated that if the strike is called that it is likely to affect from 4,500 to 6,000 men. It is probable that the railroad companies will endeavor to make some sort of a compromise with the freight handlers. For although they know that they can defeat the workers if they make up their minds to do so by the use of the injunction and the police force and their great ally, the poverty of the workers, they are also aware that it is a very expensive undertaking to break a strike.

If the working class in Chicago had sense enough to comprehend the necessity of using their votes as a class to place working class judges on the benches, and a class-conscious worker in the Mayor's chair as commander-in-chief of the police force, the companies would think twice before they would attempt to starve the workers into submission.

PRINTERS MAKE GOOD SHOWING.

President Lynch of the I. T. U. has just issued a statement showing where the eight-hour day has been won, and where strikes for the eight-hour work-day are now on.

Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 12.—President Lynch of the International Typographical Union gave out the following statement this evening:

Since the first notices were sent out from headquarters here on Sept. 8, the following unions have secured eight-hour agreements:

Elmira, N. Y. Lafayette, Ind. Lockport, N. Y. Ottumwa, Iowa. Springfield, Ohio. Ottawa, Ill.

Frankfort, Ky. Cleburne, Texas. Olean, N. Y. Jacksonville, Ill. Traverse City, Mich. Coshocton, Ohio. Mount Vernon, N. Y. Pontiac, Ill. Marshalltown, Iowa. Canon City, Colo. Tiffin, Ohio. Fostoria, Ohio. Delwin, Iowa. Dunkirk, N. Y. Coffeyville, Kan. Houghton, Mich. Berlin, N. H. Waterville, Me.

Men are now on strike in the following cities:

Albany, N. Y. Peoria, Ill. Grand Rapids, Mich. Syracuse, N. Y. Toledo, Ohio. Richmond, Va. Jersey City, N. J. Newark, N. J. Niagara Falls, N. Y. Saratoga Springs, N. Y. Ann Arbor, Mich. Sioux Falls, S. D. Aurora, Ill. Watertown, N. Y. Indianapolis, Ind. Chicago. Detroit, Mich.

The printers are skilled workers, whose places it is impossible to fill with unskilled labor so plentiful on the "labor market." They also have one of the most perfect labor organizations in existence, and a well-filled treasury, which enables them to keep their men out without entailing great suffering.

The present indications are that the printers will succeed in securing an eight-hour day without a reduction of their present scale of wages.

THE CRY OF CREATION.

"There are some who tell me that I deny the charms of the country. I find in it something far higher than charms—infinite glories. I can see in it, as well as they, the little flowers of which the Savior said that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of them. I see, very well the golden aureoles of the dandelions, and the sun also, which spreads abroad, down there far away beyond the fields, his glory in the clouds; but not the less for that, in the plains I see the spoke of the horses at the plough, or on stony-hearted spot of land a back-broken man (I have been listening to his 'haws' since morning), painfully trying to raise himself upright for a moment to breathe. The tragedy is surrounded by glories. That is no expression of mine; the expression le cri de la terre was invented long ago." (Jean Francois Millet.)

How comes it that the railroads can hire so many prospective scabs at \$5 per day to do nothing but wait for a strike, while their freight handlers receive only \$1.75 per day?

Don't fail to call for your ballots. Mr. Ward Chairman.

UP TO THE WORKING CLASS.

Most working men are still of the opinion that there is no hope of relief from the reign of exploitation, graft and inhuman, murderous competition.

They are aware that man's capacity to conquer his environments and control and utilize the forces of nature have progressed beyond even the dream of the most imaginative minds of past generations. But despite the almost miraculous achievements of science and invention the class in our modern society that performs all the useful and productive labor finds itself more dependent and in a worse condition of slavery than at any period in the history of the human family. Men find themselves, through the perfecting of machinery and the organization of industry, competing with their own children, sisters, sweethearts and wives for a job.

At those callings where woman and child labor cannot be utilized none but the strongest and most active have any chance of finding employment. And those who succeed in finding employment are worked at a pace that lands them on the scrap heap at the age of thirty-five or forty.

There is no limit to the quantity of wealth that can be produced by labor, as it is applied in our modern industrial plants. When the modern working man or statesman considers the problems of the future, that of production of wealth never gives them a moment of anxiety. They both are aware that that problem has been solved and solved forever.

There is food in abundance, clothes in abundance, and no limit to our capacity for building shelter suitable for all conditions of climate. Every necessary and reasonable luxury that the human mind can desire, can now be produced in super-abundance.

But no matter how perfect and automatic becomes the machine. No matter what productivity labor may reach, so long as the capitalist mode of production and the private ownership of the tools of production prevails, want and the haunting fear of want must be the portion of the class whose labor produces all wealth.

Here is a prediction of John D. Rockefeller printed in the papers Sunday, Sept. 10th. Mr. Rockefeller predicts that there will be a great panic in 1907-08, that will be due to over-production in all lines of manufacturing, which will force from 7,000,000 to 10,000,000 into idleness.

Is there any remedy for this absurd and ridiculous state of affairs? There is, but no mere reform or patching of the present system will give any effective relief. Nothing short of a fundamental change in the motive for producing wealth can bring relief to the toilers.

The change that will solve the problem of distribution and over-production will be nothing short of the change from private to collective ownership of the means of producing and distributing wealth. Commodities will then be produced for use. When this is so can any one imagine a panic and untold suffering because there are too many good things produced?

The working class alone have the power to bring about this change. They are the ones who will be most benefited by the change. When they once understand this, as they will before long, they will also then have the incentive to bring about the change, and woe to the class who will attempt to stand between the working class and the opportunity to live full, complete and sane lives, which the working class themselves have created.

The weapon to be used by the working class to get access to the fruits of its toil is the ballot. The power behind the ballot will be the intelligent, self-disciplined class-conscious workers of the world.

Workers, it is up to you to choose whether you want collective ownership of the means of life, and a life worth while, or whether you want to perpetuate the present outthroat system, with all its accompanying horrors of child slavery, sweatshops, prostitution and want and the fear of want constantly haunting you and your class.

Workers, it is up to you, take your choice.

WOULD EXPEL SOCIALIST ALDERMAN

Health, Milwaukee Socialist Alderman, Sifts Up Old Party Members—Propaganda Among the Farmers—Socialists Deliver Principal Labor Day Address.

There has been great excitement this week over an attempt of the old party politicians to expel one of the Social Democratic Aldermen from the Common Council. The capitalist papers have come out with big scareheads and the matter has been town talk and a nine days' sensation. To make a long story short, Alderman Heath (Social Democrat) in a report upon the building of a viaduct over which the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road passes, and which that corporation refuses to rebuild, intimated that certain Aldermen owed their elections to the Milwaukee road. The old party politicians affected to resent such an imputation upon their honesty (?) and vowed that only the expulsion of Comrade Heath from the Council would satisfy their wounded honor. A number of Republican and Democratic Aldermen declared themselves ready to vote for his expulsion. The matter has been laid over until the next Council meeting, when some interesting developments are expected. It is also proposed to expunge the charge of Comrade Heath from the minutes, blackening it out with a stamp, in which case, says the Milwaukee Journal, "the proceedings of that honorable body will look like an American newspaper after the Russian press censors have gotten through with it."

The Social Democrats only hope that the old party politicians will carry out their threat of expulsion, as this would mean the re-election of our expelled comrade by a greatly increased majority. The incident merely serves to show the state of excitement and terror to which the Social Democrats have brought the capitalist parties.

Fifteen thousand copies of a leaflet entitled "Why Farmers Should Vote the Social Democratic Ticket," will be distributed by our comrades at the State fair next week. The distribution of literature has been the basis on which the Wisconsin movement has been upheld, and it is the weapon which we shall continue to use in our future battles.

Assemblyman Aldridge and Comrade Buech addressed the visitors at the Milwaukee county stock fair Sept. 4. It was noticeable that after the speakers ended the audience broke up into small groups, animatedly discussing the truths of Socialism to which they had just been listening.

The Labor Day celebrations in Wisconsin, as usual, were characterized by many Socialist addresses. Comrade Thomas Morgan of Chicago gave a plain and vigorous talk to the immense picnic of the Milwaukee Federated Trades

Council at Schiltz Park. Comrade W. A. Arnold addressed a crowd of nearly one thousand in Watertown. Alderman E. T. Melus gave a sound Socialist talk in Sheboygan at the Labor day picnic, and on the preceding day lectured under the auspices of Local Sheboygan, Comrade Frank Weber spoke on Sept. 3 at Fond du Lac, under the auspices of the auspices of the central labor body.

The Labor day audience was small, as most of the trades unionists were required to work on that day. Fond du Lac is the town in which only property holders can serve as Aldermen. Comrade Feeley reports a fine Labor day crowd at Marinette, which listened with great attention to his address. Our Labor day speakers give no uncertain sound, but make straight Socialist talks, and are invited to come again. The trades unionists are the backbone of the Wisconsin movement.

E. H. THOMAS, State Secretary.

WHY NOT THE WHOLE TRUTH?

The Chicago American, during the course of a page editorial about the changes worked by Father Time, says, caps and all: "Machinery, multiplying the hours by a hundred, feeds us all, AND IT WILL FREE US ALL, as soon as the masses of the men shall know enough to own their machinery and be made free by it, instead of being owned by the machines and BEING SLAVES OF THE MACHINE OWNERS."

Volumes of truth boiled into a short sentence. The American might have added that the Democratic party, of which it is a spokesman, does not believe the foregoing, no more than does the Republican party. Those parties believe in the private (trust or corporation) ownership of those machines, which condition makes the masses of men "slaves of the machine owners." What's the use of telling only part of the truth?—Cleveland Citizen.

One of the best evidences that the Socialist agitation is bothering the capitalist class very much at present is the spontaneous effort of the police from the Atlantic to the Pacific to break up our open air meetings. How short sighted the capitalists are after all. Every meeting they attempt to break up is more effective than four they let alone.

The more the insurance scoundrels are probed the worse they appear to show up. Everything under highly developed capitalism is rotten to the core. Socialism and the abolition of the profit system offers the only relief to an over-worked and exploited public.

NOTICE TO JUDGES

The Election Commissioners desire to announce herewith that all Primary Election Judges are expected to call at commissioners office between 7 and 11 a. m., Saturday, September 16, to get supplies. This notice is given as an urgent reminder and also to announce that the office has not been moved, and that they call, as in the spring, top floor, City Hall. Bear this in mind.

CHAS. BRECKON, Corresponding Secretary.

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THE NEW CHIVALRY.

A STORY, BY BERTHA S. WILKINS.

(Continued from Last Issue.)

The telegram was already written but he changed words here and there as he read it over. It was as follows: Mrs. Margaret Elliott, Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Aunt Margaret—You are a good Socialist, I am a bad capitalist. A pair of comrades of yours, husband and wife, will be on the train which gets into Union Station at 8:30 to-morrow evening. The wife has a baby and it so happened that she saved my baby's life as the nurse was ill and baby starving. We were wreck-bound and only just well started now. They are fiercely proud, will accept nothing from me. I want you to ignore me entirely when you board the train. I want you to ask Mr. Philip Gunther in the tourist sleeper which is just ahead of the Pullman car "Ypsilanti." You must have a flat all ready for them. Take them in a street car—a carriage would frighten them. Don't make the flat too fine—they would suspect. You are a simple old-fashioned woman who has received a telegram from comrades in Denver asking you to meet them. Call up Tom Heath for me and tell him that if Philip Gunther comes to his shop for a job to put him on anyhow. Give Gunther Heath's address the very first evening, so they may have as little worry as possible. If she feels inclined, I should be glad to have Cousin Lucy meet me in the car "Ypsilanti." Harrington will be there to represent the boys from the club. They will go with me to follow my dead. You, mother Margaret, will go with my little one.

"Answer at Burlington. Don't fail me. I know what a hustler Lucy is. She'll get the flat all ready and have a good girl on hand to help. Let her be a Socialist instructed to keep mum. Don't let them suspect my hand in this. They are too proud to do anything with. I never was so abused in my life. I'm worth about 15 cents."

"M. P. Burnham." Next morning at the stop for breakfast Burnham was hesitating at the door of the tourist sleeper when Mrs. Gunther emerged carrying his little one, followed by Mrs. Stearns with the older child.

"We're going to take a turn with the babies while the men clear up the camp," Mrs. Gunther said, gaily. "Babies need fresh air. We had a splendid night until about 5 o'clock, and since that time the little citizens have kept us moving."

Burnham took his baby from her arms. They made several brisk turns on the platform. Gertrude between them with a hand on the arm of each. On their return to the car, Burnham began to look through a pamphlet—it was an economic discussion on the evils of rent, profit and interest.

"By the way, Mrs. Gunther, the theory of the Socialists is to divide the property of the country among its citizens, isn't it?"

"No, we want to stop the dividing up. That's what we have now," she answered, alert and ready for a discussion. "What part of the United States post office system do you or I own, Mr. Burnham? Divided up, we might each get a nail or a piece of wood; as it is we are served at cost. A dividing would make the postal service of no value to us."

"But the abuses in the management of the postoffice are an argument against the public management of other industries," argued Burnham.

"The cure for the evils of democracy is more democracy," we say with Carlyle," she began with ready response. "We would not turn our postal system into private hands, would we?"

"The great railroads and telegraph corporations have attached themselves to the postal service and robbed the nation of hundreds of millions of dollars annually. The government pays a certain railroad which is especially well represented in the United States Senate, nine cents for every pound of mail carried, while the privately owned express company gets the same service on the same road for less than two cents a pound. But notwithstanding drains of this kind, our postal service is the best, the cheapest and the most satisfactory public service that we have. Do the express, telegraph or railway companies serve us as well or as cheaply?"

"Go on," he said, smiling. "I catch your argument."

"If the government owned the telegraph system, for instance, we should be sending telegrams to all parts of the country for a few cents, as we now send letters. The postal service is planned to serve the people. The telegraph service is planned to insure profits to its owners. If all business now run for profits were carried on with the one purpose of giving the people the best service possible at cost, then the co-operative commonwealth would be practically established. Food, clothing and shelter would become matters of course as the air that we breathe. If a child takes a loaf of bread to-day, to keep from starving, he is punished; the bread is cared for—the child is not. Bread is property; our government is planned to protect property not to serve the people nor to protect them from starvation nor anything else."

"You do not seem to deplore the great consolidations of capital," he remarked, tentatively.

"No, we know that concentration of capital is inevitable. It is childish to think of going back to the good old days of competition, and it is futile to spend time trying to prevent combinations of capital. We can not make history backward as a man can not wear the garments of the boy. Industrial development pushes irresistibly toward the crisis when the combinations of wealth will be so obviously national in scope, controlling the judicial, legislative and executive departments of the government, that the change from private ownership to collective ownership will be inevitable. In the beginning of manufacture there was practically no competition and no men out of work because the work of many hands was required to provide the necessities of life for all."

"As the machinings were invented and improved, competition became general and even deadly until all but a few were out of the game and the final consolidation into the trust resulted. The trust controls the price paid for the raw material, the transportation facilities, the wages of the workers yet necessary, and the price to be charged the consumers for the finished product. Under the trust there is no competition."

"Your labor unions are simply trusts doing away with competition in the labor market," Burnham remarked.

"When a man raises a club to strike your head, don't you instinctively raise your arm to protect the vital seat of consciousness?" she asked. "The organization of the labor unions was like the raising of the arm. Labor unions are a pitiful attempt at self-protection. They are a part, a result of capitalism. However, only one worker in ten is in this labor trust, although the standard of living is kept up by the unions; what of the men, women and children working desperately on the outside? We must arouse the workers and by a great sweep of the popular will ownership of all the wealth produced shall be vested in the people who produce it. In ownership lies power. The trusts are good for the people when they own them. The labor unions are not keeping pace with the employers' unions. Capital is entrenched irresistibly, but as at present organized labor unions are not ready to cope with organized capital, we must make our union complete, and then guard against the traitor who comes in as a misleader. When we have our unions organized into a great vital, universal industrial phalanx, then we shall be ready to demand of the capitalist the whole of our product. We will refuse to give the employer four dollars out of every five that we produce. The old unionism is like an old coat which we must wear yet a little longer until the new coat is ready to wear. There may then be a radical and rather sudden change or crisis, as a man takes off the old coat, which has done him noble service, and puts on the new coat. It will be a changing of the competitive system, with its privately owned trust and its labor unions, to collective ownership and co-operative production."

"Each and every citizen of the country will then have a stockholder's interest in each and every productive and distributive plant of the country. Instead of throwing men out of work as it does now, the machine will shorten the hours of labor for all. We will produce in profusion what we ourselves need; there will be no desire to work for foreign peoples nor to fight for foreign markets. The people of each country will be as well equipped to do their work as are we to do our work. Do you call this plan of absolute concentration a dividing up, Mr. Burnham?"

He shook his head dubiously. "No, but such an arrangement would lead to degeneracy, Mrs. Gunther. There would be no incentive to work!"

"To those of us who see that the best work has been done without the incentive for gain, and in the very teeth of those who stood for the system of exploitation, there is no fear for the race under the freedom which the co-operative commonwealth will insure to all citizens. Under a rational social adjustment we should be prepared for our various vocations in the necessary social service, be that work raising

wheat, making shoes, filling teeth, teaching music, or painting pictures. Our work might then be a joy to each one of us because free from the anxiety, risk and overwork which harass us to-day. Degeneracy among the poor is the child of hunger, despair and hopeless endeavor."

"But what will you do with the lazy ones who will not work?"

"You mean what will we do with the non-producer?" she asked. "Yes, with those who refuse to work."

"That includes the tramp riding the brake-beam and the tramp in the palace car; it includes the quack doctor, the highway robber, the pickpocket and the mining stock broker." She paused, smiling.

Burnham seemed confused for a moment. "Pickpockets!" he repeated.

"All these non-producers will get what they produce," she went on, placidly. "If they produce nothing by their own effort, they will be entitled only to the income from their inheritance."

"Inheritance? Haven't you wiped that off your slate?" he interrupted.

"Yes, and no. As the child of a certain man I am not entitled to an inheritance; as a human being I inherit an undivided share of all the lands of the earth and of all the achievements of the human race. No billionaire can leave to his son such an inheritance as each human being is by right of his humanity entitled to. I have a right to machinery, to art, to literature. I am heir, in short, of all the wealth of the world. The unfortunate, prevented by some disability from taking part in the social service, will not depend upon public charity for their maintenance. They will be amply protected from want by a universal inheritance which is theirs. So the lazy tramp who is fed at our back doors, and the lazy tramp who lolls at ease upon his yacht, too languid to draw the smoke from his rare cigar, both alike are heirs to the wealth of history." She looked at Burnham uneasily. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Burnham, I am tiring you!" she exclaimed. "I absolutely refuse to make a bore of myself with this message of mine. But when I feel the pressure of a little head on my arm and the drain of a little life at my breast, I want to cry out the good news to all my weary mother-sisters that the day is not now so far away which will give them deliverance from the struggle for bread at the same time that they are rearing their little ones. So I forget myself and talk to you as I should to a working man." She looked up into his troubled face.

"I can not make you understand my interest in this, Mrs. Gunther," he began, huskily. "My wife was studying along these lines, and since I have met you a great light of understanding has been thrown upon the character of that sensitive, tender woman. I did not know what the poor child wanted; I tried to buy everything with money and then I left her with the hired people. Her sympathies were entirely with the miners in our fight. She was heart-sick with sympathy. So do not say that you tire me. I should be glad to make restitution for my thoughtlessness by giving every dollar that I call my own, and beginning over again with a better understanding of what she suffered."

Mrs. Gunther's eyes were swimming. "I'll go on with my argument then," she said, "for it is a vital point, it seems to me. We were speaking of work. As I know children and human nature in general, not one in a thousand dislikes pleasant, inspiring work. We need work as we need food—children cry for work to do, men fight for work to do."

"To-day the man who works with all his might is starving to death, while the men who produce nothing corner the richness of the world for themselves."

Burnham was thoughtfully looking out of the window.

"It's a new point of view to me, all this," he said, eagerly, as she paused. "Won't you discuss that further? I am slowly taking it in."

"Among us revolutionists," she began, "there is a type which I think of as a scientific tramp. He is logically lazy. He reasons out his leisure in this way: 'When I produce five dollars' worth of wealth at the shop, I get one dollar in wages—my boss gets four. He uses this wealth which I produce for him to club me into submission. I starve when I work, so it's pleasanter to starve and rest. I work enough to barely live, then I have some leisure to spread the revolutionary doctrines which will put an end to all starving and to all exploitation.' That's our scientific vagabond. Isn't he logical, Mr. Burnham?"

(To Be Continued.)

RUSSIAN GRAND DUKES AND AMERICAN CAPITALISTS

"If what we read in the newspapers is true," said a well-known union man at headquarters the other day, "the conditions in Russia seem almost unbearable. I clipped this item from one of the papers, and it just shows how those oppressed people over there are being robbed by the Tsar and his dukes." He produced a clipping with the remark: "Nothing like that would go in this country, I don't believe." It reads:

Thereupon the second person took from his pocket a clipping from the New York Press, a leading capitalistic daily, in which it was announced that the income of our esteemed fellow townsman, John D. Rockefeller, had reached \$65,000,000 per year—the salary paid him just as involuntarily by the American people for being in possession of certain great industries as the Russian people object to paying the stage-strutting grand dukes.

"The twenty-three nearest male relatives of the Tsar each receive a salary of \$400,000 a year from the government. They own together about 5,000 square miles of land and 325 palaces. They employ about 20,000 servants. The rest of the Russian people work to pay the salaries of the twenty-three relatives."

In other words, there is one individual in this country who annually receives over six times more wealth than the twenty-three relatives of the Tsar combined! Then there are the houses of the Vanderbilts, Armours, Goulds, Senator Clark and a number of others, either of which have incomes in excess of the Russian aggregation of dukes.

"It looks bad," another man admitted. "But let's study a few figures." We did and discovered that the total fleecings of the dukes amounted to \$16,380,000 a year.

And talk about owning land! In a recent magazine article there is a description of land-grabbing that makes the average Russian duke look like a

door-mat thief alongside of the frenzied monopolists in America. We are told that Henry Miller, for example, owns 22,717 square miles, or 14,539,200 acres of land on the Western coast. Further: "That is a territory as large as the States of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Delaware. It is three times as large as New Jersey. It is twice as large as Belgium. It is bigger than Switzerland. It is much larger than Denmark. It is greater than all Greece."

Here is one man who owns four and one-half times more soil in this 'land of the free and home of the brave' than the twenty-three Russian dukes combined, and there are any number of individuals and syndicates, American and foreign, that have titles to a greater amount of land in this country than the whole pack of dukes in Russia.

As for palaces, twenty-three American plutocrats may not have quite the number the twenty-three Russian dukes claim to possess, but it is a fact that the former own mansions that make the Russian residences of the nobility look like tumble-down rock heaps in comparison. Carnegie's palace in New York would arouse the envy of any king, as would the marble mansion of Schwab. It is the boast of a Vanderbilt that there is no habitation in the old world that contains the modern advantages of his North Carolina summer home. Senator Clark purchased a quarry outright and a brass manufacturing plant and wood-working establishment in order to retain the profits that would go to middle men in the expenditure of millions on his new home in New York.

True, we may not be directly employed by Rockefeller or Morgan or Armour, or even by Standard Oil, the bog trust, iron and steel, railway, coal or other combines, but we take our orders from those gents, nevertheless. They manipulate the markets and send prices skyward pretty much to please themselves. Result: We pay what the magnates dictate. The purchasing power of the mechanics and laborers' dollar is lessened and they must strike to 'make even'; the unorganized workers who cannot strike are forced to curtail expenditures and purchase cheaper foods, clothing, etc.; the professional and middle class people, who live and work on the labor side one day and the capitalist side the next, feel their mortgages tightening, are compelled to beat the butcher and baker and landlord, and finally land in the ranks of the working class, which they secretly despise.

Admittedly we are not yet thrown into dungeons or deported to a Siberia or shot down in cold blood for demanding our rights, but judging from the way things have been going in the past decade we are not so sure that the imitators of the Tsar and the grand dukes will not go to the last extreme to keep their grip on the throats of the people—unless the workers awaken and file notice upon plutocracy, through their industrial organizations and a political party of their own at the ballot box, that they will stand for no nonsense and that they intend to wipe out a system that puts more wealth and power into the hands of a Rockefeller than all the grand dukes combined.

There is no theorizing about this. In this country, as in all others, it is either Socialism or slavery. Let those who are skeptical read and think for themselves.—Cleveland Citizen.

THE REAL PROBLEM. The fact that there are ten times as many murders and suicides in the United States as in any other country on the globe ought to show that something is essentially wrong in our commercial and industrial system. Tom Lawson says, "Sell your stocks and bonds" and all will be right. A large per cent of the population have no stocks nor bonds to sell. Lawson, while a brilliant writer and a hustling business man, has a very meager knowledge of economics and true statesmanship. According to Lawson the only people worthy of consideration are the stock-holding and moneyed interests. The real question that is troubling the working people is not one of production or the stock-jobbing interests. It is the question of the distribution of what is produced. That question transcends all other questions. The working class must own the machinery of production. They built the machines and of right the builders should own them. The government must be administered by the working class in the interest of the working class. They maintain and make it possible for society to exist and they should enjoy all its benefits.—Union Sentinel.

A WORLD OF DIFFERENCE. Ten leading slate producing firms in Vermont and Northern New York have entered into a combination to limit production to 200,000 squares of roofing slate annually for a period of five years. This involves an aggregate business of about \$1,250,000. The capitalist organs do not offer a word of comment upon this question. Had the dispatch read that ten leading labor organizations entered into agreement to limit production the "molders of public opinion" would have set up a howl that might be heard at the North Pole.—Cleveland Citizen.

The Socialist is charged with trying to stir up class hatred. This charge is false, because the Socialist is endeavoring to abolish the classes, and by this doing destroy class hatred. When the master and the slave become men, there will be no class hatred. Socialism is struggling to banish from our civilization exploitation, and when that is done, the seeds of class hatred will find no place in the human breast.—Miners' Magazine.

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THE CHICAGO SOCIALIST

Issued every Saturday at 163 E. Randolph St., R. 15, cor. Randolph and La Salle Sts., CHICAGO, ILL.

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EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS: To secure a return of unused manuscripts postage should be enclosed. The fact that a signed article is published does not commit The Chicago Socialist to all opinions expressed therein.

Editor, A. W. Mahon; Business Manager, Louis Dalgaard; State Sec., J. S. Smith; C. L. Breckon, County Secretary.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, Ill., as second-class matter, March 18, 1902.

RANK AND FILE MUST DECIDE.

Out in Minnesota they are having quite an interesting time finding out just who is boss of the public ownership (Socialist) party. The State Committee expelled local Minneapolis. And apparently were sustained in their action by a referendum vote of the membership of the State.

The warring factions are each striving for control of the party organization in Minnesota. Each faction charging the other with all kinds of irregularities and unconstitutional proceedings. This is one of those unpleasant incidents that so often arises in our party in its growing stage.

It is the old clash between the fanatical "impossibilists" and the extreme "opportunists," which we have witnessed so often in different localities. Fortunately we may rest assured, judging from all past experience, that after the smoke of battle has cleared away and passion has cooled down, it will be found that the good common sense of the rank and file has prevailed and that neither the policy of the fanatical "impossibilists," which would congeal us into a narrow, disputatious sectarian organization, nor that of the compromising opportunists have been endorsed as a party policy.

We do not believe that any outside parties can settle the Minnesota strife. The future of Socialism in Minnesota, the same as all other places, depends on the calm judgment and good sense of the rank and file, who are neither looking for "leadership" nor notoriety. We confidently predict that in a short time the rank and file of the party in Minnesota will have made it quite plain to both the compromising opportunists and the absurd impossibilists that they will not stand for the domination of either of these extreme factions.

This has been the result of similar factional fights in the past in all parts of the world. In the meantime it is well to keep in mind that industrial development goes on apace and that economic pressure in all industries is loudly, eloquently and logically driving home to the minds of the real toilers the absolute necessity of society collectively owning the means of life.

The Socialists of Minnesota cannot afford to countenance compromise in any form, neither can they stand by and see their party organization dominated by a few absurd fanatics. The final settlement of Minnesota's trouble rests with the rank and file of the Socialists of that State. A signed statement from each side to this controversy will be found in another column of this issue.

SPECIAL NOTICE

In the issue of The Chicago Socialist of August 26th, we published an article based on a letter sent out to business men by the Manufacturers' Association written by E. M. S. There was such a demand for the paper containing this article that by Monday night there was not a copy of that issue left. Since then our business manager has received letters from all over the country ordering bundles of the issue containing this article aggregating almost 6,000 that could not be filled.

We will reproduce the article, revised by the author E. M. Stangland, in our issue of September 23. We will also have other articles by well known writers dealing with the subject of Manufacturers' Associations, Citizens' Alliances and Civic Federations and their relations to the class struggle that will make that issue powerful propaganda matter to put in the hands of working people. Especially organized workers.

Individuals, Locals and Branches desiring bundles of that issue should send in their orders at once. 50 cents per hundred.

AERIAL NAVIGATION.

The news items in the daily papers relating to airships are becoming so familiar that they no longer attract special attention. The management of White City announces that beginning with Sept. 18 Knabshaus, the American airship expert, will, weather permitting, make a daily trip from the White City tower to the Masonic Temple and return, a distance of over 14 miles.

When we remember that it is only a couple of decades since electricity-propelled cars were an exhibition as curiosities, it causes one to pause and wonder what strides aerial navigation will make in the near future.

One thing is certain—that the moment airships capable of carrying a few hundred pounds of modern high explosives are perfected the costly views of the world will be absolutely useless for the purpose for which they are at present maintained.

It will be most interesting for all students of social and industrial progress to watch the development of this new mode of navigation. It is worth much to live in this age and to be both an actor and a spectator on the stage of the world theater. To none is the play so interesting as the well-informed Socialist. He alone understands that every new invention, every turn in the screw of industrial develop-

WORKERS IN THE FIELD.

With the passing of summer and the advent of cooler weather greater activity should be displayed by the comrades in the work of propagating the principles of Socialism. During the past summer the work has been somewhat slow, owing to the fact that out in the States many of our best workers have been out of employment as a result of the shut-down of many of the mines, and to the slight apathy which set in among the comrades of Cook County, apparently a reaction from the strenuous work of the campaigns last spring and fall. But with the advent of fall and the approach of the judicial election the comrades should once more get down steadily to business and push, above all things, the Chicago Socialist, which is the best means of propaganda the movement possesses in the West.

We have now instituted a grand prize contest for the purpose of increasing our circulation, the advertisement of which may be seen in another column. We ask you to read it and then enter the contest.

Comrade Elsie Shultz, of Elgin, Ill., sends in money for several subs and states she is endeavoring to get more. Keep at it!

Why not enter the contest, comrades? Good prizes are offered. See list in another column.

Two dollars for subs comes from Comrade Jacobson, of Oklahoma City. He also gets the "Evolution of Man."

Comrade Horning has "met the enemy and they are his'n." He sends in a bunch of subs this time from Cincinnati, and intends to keep it up.

Theo. Schroeder is after the enemy at Chicago Heights. He has issued fourteen of them recently and forwarded their sculps this week.

Hugh C. Kennedy, Bisbee, Ariz., orders a bundle of 100 papers of the Campaign Edition. With this ammunition he should force the "pluties" in his neighborhood to take to the tall timber and open the eyes of many of the deluded workers.

Comrade A. G. Eckols, secretary of Iron Molders' Union, No. 412, Granite City, Ill., writes: "Enclosed please find \$7.20 and list of eighteen subscriptions for one year, all of which were secured Labor Day. I had no trouble at all in securing these and had I had a little more time in which to work I think I could have secured fifty more. Will send in a few more ere many days have passed." Other comrades, if they would try, can do as well as this.

Remember our prize contest. Five yearly or ten half yearly subs enter for \$2.00 and also any one copy of the following books: "The Sale of an Appetite," "A Story of Pullmanstown," "Origin of the Family," "The Germ of Minds in Plants," "The Impending Crisis."

Comrade Christensen, Hartford, Conn., captured a bunch of sculps last week and says that he can do the trick again.

Would you like to have a fine mirror stand in your parlor? Well, you can have, by only a very little effort.

Comrade Nelson, Kewanee, Ill., came to the front with a bunch of subs from his town. Come again, comrade; we cannot get too many.

We received a token of appreciation in the form of a \$5.00 bill from the Bohemian Branch of the Thirty-third Ward Branch, and wish that some more of the branches and comrades would go and do likewise.

Comrade Mathews, of the Fifteenth Ward, has six patients this week to be treated for Capitalism.

COUNTY COMMITTEE MINUTES. The session of the County Committee on Sunday, Sept. 10, was not attended by delegates from wards 1, 12, 20, 23, 29 and 30. Minutes of previous session read and approved.

Applications for charter were granted to N. W. S. Lewis, 29th, second district; Town of Leyden, Thirty-third Ward, fifth district. Personal applications were passed to a grand total of 150.

After long debate it was again decided to waive that part of the new constitution pertaining to delegates until Dec. 1. This was found to be necessary in order to give time for reorganization under new constitution.

A collection of \$3.25 was taken up for Robert O'Connell of the Fourth Ward. Chas. Fritz was elected member of Executive Committee, vice P. J. Riordan, resigned.

Minutes of Executive Committee were read and approved. Business Manager Dalgaard made report, showing business done and urging to greater activity in getting new subscribers.

Grievance Committee made no report. M. Marcus was elected to fill vacancy on Entertainment Committee.

R. J. Riordan was elected on Auditing Committee, vice R. Ogo, resigned. Motion prevailed that books of party should be audited once each month, and same reported to County Committee.

Twenty-fifth Ward communication about Wisconsin matter was laid on the table. The La Salle Political and Educational Club made informal application for charter. Matter was left with County Secretary for report and club was advised to make application according to constitution.

Announcement was made of meeting to be held at Ulich's Hall on Sunday, Sept. 24, and all Socialists and sympathizers urged to be present.

On motion, adjourned. CHAS. L. BRECKON, County Secretary.

STREET MEETINGS.

Owing to the fact that next Saturday is primary election day, and everybody will be more than busy, the street speakers will be given another week's rest. For this reason no special list will be published until next week. Ward and district chairmen are perfectly free, however, to secure the services of whatever speakers possible to man their corners. There is some trouble reported on permits. Whenever policemen order a meeting discontinued, write out the facts and send them to headquarters, along with the name and number of the policeman. This is necessary in order to get our case before Superintendent of Police Collins.

NOTICE TO JUDGES AND CLERKS.

Each district should have its affairs so arranged as to know which ONE of the judges would call at the election commissioners' office next Saturday morning in time to get the supplies. Only ONE needs to call, but it is not safe to leave it to one man, something might happen. The full list of judges and clerks should be at polling places in ample time to open polls sharp at 12 noon. Every district should so plan its work as to make sure of a complete list, with all the names and addresses, of every voter on primary election day. This will be of great value in future work. Plan among yourselves who will do this work. The list can be started with the first voter and kept complete as they come along. Be wise in your day and preparation.

AROUSING MEETING.

Mass Meeting for Members and Sympathizers on Sunday, September 24.

The plans now under way promise to make the meeting for Sunday, Sept. 24, at Ulich's Hall at 2 p. m., a record breaker. This meeting will follow immediately on the heels of the convention and after our ticket has been nominated. Many matters that have been pushed aside in order that attention should be given to the primaries, will have to be taken up and discussed, and conclusions reached that will result in an organization in Chicago second to none. Lay your plans to be present. Bring your friends, your wife and your sweetheart. Make this day ring with the proletarian echoes of a militant Socialist that knows no such word as fail. Remember the place, Ulich's Hall, 25 N. Clark street, at 2 p. m.

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

Following is the report of the secretary for the past six weeks: Receipts—One stamp, \$5.00; delegate dues, \$40; donations, \$45; literature, \$2.85; miscellaneous, \$22.75; balance on hand Aug. 29, \$6.75; total, \$161.85. Expenses—Due stamps, \$50; postage, \$6; agitation and organization, \$7.50; literature, \$1; secretary's salary, 2 weeks, \$40; office help, rent and supplies, \$19.20; balance on hand, \$38.10; total, \$161.85.

Stamp Account—Balance on hand, 63; purchased, 500; total, 563. Sold, 509; on hand, 54; total, 567.

STANTON, ATTENTION.

The comrades will please take notice that carnival of the Stanton local has been postponed to Nov. 4, owing to the inability of the workers to complete the hall by the original date. All branches and locals receiving tickets will please make a new effort to dispose of them and make the settlement by the above date, and oblige.

Fraternally yours, HERMAN RAHN, Secretary Local Stanton, Ill.

WARD CHAIRMEN.

All ward chairmen should issue an order to their respective district chairmen where they wish such individuals to get ballots for their district. The ballots will be done up by wards. There is danger of confusion and possible failure unless this is done. Plan wisely and well and see to it that everything is done in order. It takes good planning to avoid errors. By the time this reaches you the ballots will be ready.

JOLIET, ATTENTION.

All readers of the Chicago Socialist in Joliet are invited to attend an open Socialist meeting every Friday night at 8 o'clock in Trade and Labor Hall. All welcome. Free discussion.

OUR NEW NEIGHBORS.

The International Bakery and Confectionery Workers' Union of America and the office of the Bakers' Journal have been moved to 163 Randolph street, room 45. The bakers here have an effective union, which is ably supported by their official organ "The Bakers' Journal," edited by Joseph Schmidt. We are pleased to have the bakers for neighbors.

Comrade Salliel, the editor of Neues Leben, has secured desk room at the headquarters of Chicago Socialist, 163 Randolph street. Send all mail intended for Neues Leben to above address.

A terrific sword combat on a pair of pickety old steers, in which one man defeats a dozen hoodlums, and a superhuman exhibition of strength, when this same man supports the weight of a huge bridge while a genuine horse and his rider pass over it in safety, are among the illusions in "For His Brother's Crime," Chas. E. Blaney's new melodrama, which comes to the Columbus Theater for one week, beginning Sunday matinee, Sept. 17.

Mr. Robert Gaillard, the modern Hercules, plays the dual role of the two brothers. Two carloads of special scenery are carried for the production. —Adv.

WE DON'T KNOW.

A correspondent writes asking what truth there is in the statements made in the articles of the Chicago American concerning George D. Herron starting a social colony in New Jersey. So far as we have been able to learn there is no truth in it whatever. There is scarcely a doubt but that it is simply one of Hearst's yellow sensational productions, intended to pander to the morbid capitalist minds and willfully misrepresent the Socialist movement.

We are informed on good authority that Comrade Herron called for Europe this week. There is no depths of infamy that Hearst will not stoop to to sell his screeching yellow sheets.

One day Roosevelt preaches against trusts, next day lunches with Friek, and appoints Knox member of cabinet. —Judge Tarvin, at Bryan banquet.

SOCIALISM AND THE CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH.

By Dr. J. F. Sanders, Bloomington, Ill.

Socialism is the science which treats of the principles and forces involved in the evolution of society and in the organization of a rational system of society based upon justice to all of its members.

Many Socialist writers and speakers confound Socialism with the Socialist state or co-operative commonwealth. This is a serious mistake. Socialism and the co-operative commonwealth are two entirely different things. The co-operative commonwealth, when it shall have been inaugurated, will be the art of reducing to practice the principles of Socialism. It will then be a fact, but it will not be Socialism.

The co-operative commonwealth is a thing of the future, but Socialism is a thing of the present. We have Socialism now, and have had it ever since Carl Marx discovered it and gave it to the world. When Socialist writers and speakers use such expressions as "When Socialism comes," "When we get Socialism," etc., they refer to the Socialist state.

There are two kinds of Socialists, scientific and ideal. A scientific Socialist is one who understands scientific Socialism. An ideal Socialist is one who does not understand scientific Socialism, but who is merely charmed by the beauties of and the advantages to be derived from the Socialist state, or co-operative commonwealth. He is prone to ask the question: "How can Socialism be a science when Socialism does not exist?" Thus, we see one of the fruits of the mistake of confounding Socialism with the co-operative commonwealth.

The fundamental principle of Socialism is termed "The Economic Interpretation of History, or Economic Determinism." By this is meant that the prevailing method of production and distribution of the means of life during any given epoch in human history form the basis of all social institutions, moral standards, etc., during that epoch, and that these social institutions, moral standards, etc., change with the change in the method of production and distribution.

According to this principle of Socialism the thought or idea of Socialism did not come into the world by chance or accident, but as the legitimate and inevitable result of the present method of production and distribution.

The change from the competitive to the co-operative method of production and distribution which is now rapidly taking place is not the result of Socialism, but the present method of production and distribution is the cause of the thought or idea of Socialism evolving from Marx's brain. Thoughts on Socialism or on any other subject do not evolve from people's brains accidentally or spontaneously. Every thought is the legitimate and inevitable effect of an adequate cause, and could not otherwise exist. The reason why Marx wrote his treatise on Socialism at the time he did is because the evolution of industry had reached that stage of development which forced the thought of Socialism to germinate in his brain. And the same cause is, today, forcing the people of all civilized nations to think along the same lines. Thus,

CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE.

The campaign committee held its second session last Sunday. It accepted copy for a leaflet, copies of which will be gotten out as quickly as possible. A live committee was elected to arrange for the Debs meeting on the last three days in October. Everything seems to argue a magnificent campaign. Lists will be sent out shortly calling on the comrades for rousing contributions, that will enable our propaganda to reach every corner of Cook County. Subsequent meetings of the committee will be held at headquarters at 10 a. m. Sunday mornings. All delegates should take notice and be on time.

GRAND PICNIC.

Given by Cigar Makers' Union, No. 15, at Elm Tree Grove, Dunning, Sunday, Sept. 17, 1905. Afternoon and evening. Grounds open at 10 a. m. Tickets 15 cents a person before day of picnic. Take any North Side car, or Milwaukee avenue and Elston avenue, transfer to Irving Park boulevard car, which brings you in front of the grove. Twenty-five per cent of the proceeds of this picnic goes to the Socialist party.

PERSONAL.

Comrade A. Harrack has just returned from an extended speaking tour through the towns of Illinois. He will rest up for a few days, when he will take to the road again. It is Comrade Harrack's ambition to make a trip through the towns where there are no Socialist organizations.

Comrade John Collins, who has performed such effective work in Illinois as State Organizer for the past three years, is at present speaking every night on the street corners of New York City. We judge by the number of meetings advertised that our New York comrades are putting up a red-hot campaign.

Mother Jones is at present campaigning in New York City. With "our John" and Mother Jones bombarding the workers of New York with Socialist logic there should be something doing down East.

Comrade Carr, of Danville, called at the office of the Chicago Socialist this week on his way home. He has been lecturing at the Chautauquas in various parts of the country during the past two months.

Comrade Bentoh has had quite a strenuous time out in Kansas. He has been arrested a couple of times for putting his finger on the source of the capitalists' power and pointing out to the workers how they may make the cap-

italist's power look like less than 30 cents by casting a class conscious ballot for socialism.

Comrade Dalgaard, our business manager, states that he can find time to place a few more names on the mailing list. Read our book offer and send in and get a bunch of sub cards and the Evolution of Man for \$2.

At last we hear Breckon cheering from the other room. He has finished that herculean task of mailing the polls for the Socialist primaries next Saturday. We will not be surprised if he so far forgets himself as to shout halldayah a few times before the week is over.

WHO WILL DO THE DIRTY WORK?

Clothes washing by electricity, without soap, is the idea of a Hungarian. The stream of electrified water is claimed to remove all spots and dirt, and the three hundred garments held by the machine are washed in less than fifteen minutes.—Boston Transcript.

STANDARD OIL JOHN.

Ten million laborers sweat and toil, Increasing my wealth and fame, With wages small. But I tell them all, Our interest is all the same.

Their labor leaders repeat my words, And politics hold at bay, Which pleases me, as I like to see Them vote in the good old way.

For some stand pat for the Democrat, And some for the G. O. P., But both will use the riot gun Whenever it pleases me.

They split their forces in the great sham fight, And strike for an eight-hour day; To whichever wins of my faithful twins, I "whoodle" the same old way.

They cast their vote for a twelve-hour Boss, And strike for an eight-hour day; Which cheers me so that I overflow With mirth and reduce their pay.

They strike like men, but they vote like seals, And land in the big bullpen; Hence I laugh "Ha ha" but my interests are

The same as the working men. —Baltimore Sun.

C. J. Lamb says: "Social evolution is a movement of society."

"It is our foolish little self-conceit that makes us think we are steering the course of progress."

"We take a name. But we do not take the movement. The movement takes us."

Why will the railroads fight better pay to the freight handlers?

THE RECORDING ANGEL.

A Socialist Novel

BY EDWARD ARNOLD BRENHOLTZ.

Opinions of Comrades and of Critics.

APPEAL TO REASON: It stands alone in a class by itself as a book heralding the New Time. Brenholtz has a genius that will entitle him later on to be known as the Walt Whitman of the Social Revolution. His book should be in the library of every Socialist—it can be loaned and returned to good advantage among your neighbors.

CHICAGO DAILY NEWS: The particular struggle between the steel trust and the labor unions is made the basis of a story, which is cleverly written, with an absorbing plot and several well-defined characters. One at least is a creation, "a jewel of a knave," Archibald Chambers, the private secretary of a trust magnate. By means of a machine of most ingenious mechanism, called "the recording angel"—on the order of the graphophone—he obtains incriminating evidence against his employer, which he uses in a blackmailing scheme of ingenious and stupendous proportions. He is an enigma to his associates in the story, as well as to the reader. The fermenting out of several well entangled mysteries keeps up an exciting interest in the story, which has a becoming thread of sentiment in it also. As a Socialist tract it seems to present fairly the tenets of the cult.

A. M. SIMONS: Of all those who have sought to write such a work up to the present time, Comrade Brenholtz has come the nearest to accomplishing his great object. . . . He has written an absorbingly interesting book. . . . No one can deny to him or his work the possession of three important characteristics—strength, interest and a novel plot.

BOSTON GLOBE: There is a great deal of inventive genius displayed in the tale, not alone in its construction but in the substance of the narrative.

GEORGE D. HERRON: I am glad you are to publish Brenholtz's novel. He writes because he has deep and urgent things to say, which we Socialists as well as all who set their hopes beyond the great human wrong would do well to read for our enlargement and purification. The spirit and purpose of the novel are noble and beautiful, and can do only good.

GRAND RAPIDS HERALD: There are strongly realistic touches in the narrative; the plot is ingenious and well worked out; the struggle between the steel trust and the labor union is set forth dramatically.

SOCIALIST REVIEW, West Hoboken, N. J.: The reader does not have to understand Socialism before he can get interested in "The Recording Angel," but he will have a pretty fair notion of what Socialism means by the time he finishes it. . . . The book should be of service in introducing the subject of Socialism to those who do not care for anything "very deep" at the start. . . . The book is very attractively bound in gray cloth and presents a handsome appearance.

Price, including postage to any address, \$1.00.

Comrade Brenholtz has made a free gift of the copyright of this book to help along the work of our co-operative publishing house.

The help is needed, since we have for five years published the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW at a heavy loss, which has been made up not by those best able to bear it but by those who best realized the importance of the Review to the Socialist movement.

We have now reached the point where the Review must have more subscribers or stop. To get the new subscribers we will send the REVIEW one year and a copy of THE RECORDING ANGEL both for \$1.25. Mention the Chicago Socialist and write to-day.

CHARLES N. KERR & CO., 56 Fifth Ave., Chicago.