

## World-Wide Socialism

Eight policemen at Ft. Worth, Tex., handed, in their stars rather than protect strikebreakers. Who says the world does not move?

Morgan is after Roosevelt to have him take Cleveland's old place as trustee for the Equitable Life. Might as well be a Morgan puppet openly as secretly.

In the recent municipal election at Cannes, France, the Socialist candidates were all elected. For a reactionary town like Cannes this constitutes a remarkable success.

"We are going ahead cheerfully in our struggle," announces Secretary Orlando of the Lake Seamen's union. "We have already been out fifteen months, and we are good to last that much longer without asking for any outside aid."

A Socialist Mayor and Adjoints have been elected at La Seyne, France. The Mayor is Comrade Jules, and the Adjoints Comrades Tontel and Gay, United Socialists, and Lesquoy, Independent Socialist.

John J. Keon, the Illinois Socialist that refused to pay his poll tax and was sentenced to prison on April 15th, was released last week through the efforts of friends in St. Louis, who paid his fine and costs amounting to \$83.

Oskar Tokoi, a famous Socialist member of the late Finnish diet, has promised to visit America in the fall. He will enter the country from the East and work his way westward, lecturing in all the centres of Finnish population.

Socialists have won a great victory in their fight with the police of Chicago, forcing the police department to back down in its efforts to stop meetings arranged under the auspices of the Socialist party from being held.

In the city of Thun, Switzerland, the naughty Socialists have captured three more seats in the city government and at Soden, the big watch center, the new city judge will be a Socialist. He was elected by a large majority.

The organization by the Western Federation of Miners of a labor party in New Mexico and Arizona for the purpose of placing articles favorable to organized labor in the constitutions of these two states will be recommended by President Moyer in his annual address.

German statesmen who give special attention to foreign politics believe Greece will become a republic within a short time. King George is in deep disfavor with his subjects and in imminent danger of being removed from the throne to which he was called forty-seven years ago by popular election.

Because of an article by Theodore Roosevelt in the Outlook the last issue of the magazine has been barred from sale in Hutchinson, Kansas. The magazine comes under the ban of a recent ordinance which prohibits the exhibition of prize-fight pictures and the sale of newspapers or magazines printing such stories as prize fights. This is the town in which Comrade England lives who has so frequently contributed to Cotton's Weekly.

From the many state conventions of the U. S. Socialist Party held during the last two weeks reports have been received that each was the most largely attended and harmonious convention yet held; that the state organizations are in a better condition than ever and that the prospects for the campaign are promising. The plans made for organization and campaign work exceed anything heretofore attempted.

Pablo Iglesias, Socialist member in the Spanish chamber of deputies, is trying to get arrested, and cannot succeed. His failure is interfering with his plans for forcing an investigation of King Alfonso's and former Premier Maura's responsibility for last summer's bloody disorders at Barcelona and elsewhere in Spain. On the other hand, it is doubtful if the government's prestige could suffer more seriously than it is from its failure to imprison Iglesias.

The great strike in the German building trade is at an end. One hundred and thirty thousand bricklayers and 70,000 assistant builders are to receive an increase in wages of 5 pfs., 7,000 bricklayers and 3,000 assistant builders an increase of 4 pf. (a halfpenny) per hour. Further, in 56 places the working hours are to be reduced from 10 to 9½ hours, in 600 places where the hours at present exceed 10 they are to be reduced to 10. This decrease affects bricklayers, carpenters and assistant builders—altogether 30,000 persons.

For two weeks the French chamber discussed the policy of the new premier, Briand, the renegade Socialist. Our alert and brave Comrades continued to emphasize the demands and aspirations of their constituents, the producers of wealth. On the

other hand, the long debate once more proved that the bourgeoisie in all its various political disguises stands for the maintenance of the existing order of things, even if brute force is necessary to prop that system. Briand himself, clever manipulator, left no doubt whatever as to his readiness to use brute force whenever the workers would, by insisting on their rights, frighten the repose of the bourgeois class.

## The Economic Foundation of Freedom

By W. W. Passage.

THE SOCIALIST PREMISE.—The foundation of fundamental justice upon which the demand for Socialism is based is:

1. Our equal and inalienable right to the resources of nature as our common heritage from a common Creator.

2. Our right to the socially necessary tools of production and distribution, both by reason of our part in their creation and as our heritage from the genius and labor of the thousands of generations of workers of the past.

3. Our right to the systematic co-ordination of our labor with the labor of our fellows, each to receive of the multiplied product of this perfected industrial order in proportion to the degree of skill and energy individually expended.

THE SOCIALIST SEQUENCE.—In order to establish and safeguard this modern interpretation of the rights of man, Socialists hold that, just as through the substitution of public ownership of law and government, or political democracy, we have escaped the tyranny of privately owned law and government imposed by the decree of a king, so also must we escape industrial despotism by substituting for private ownership of industry, industrial democracy, or collective ownership of industry, in short, socialize industry just as we have socialized government.

THE SOCIALIST METHOD.—To accomplish this, it will be necessary to show the working class the fact, and method of its exploitation so that the workers may become conscious of the conflict of interest between capitalists and non-capitalists and also conscious of the necessity for a separate political party through which they may take possession of and use all the powers of government to inaugurate the co-operative commonwealth in which industrial class divisions, poverty and strife shall give way to fraternity, abundance and universal peace.

There is what is known as the Consumers' League. This is a reform league whose members pledge themselves not to buy any sweatshop goods. This league has been leading a life and death sort of existence. I remember ten years ago a little branch of it in Montreal. This is reform from without. This league has accomplished little. Sweatshops still continue and will continue until the workers resolve to better their own conditions. There was a strike among the garment workers of Montreal last winter. The strike improved the conditions of the workers. Incidentally it forced several little sweaters out of business. They were manufacturing under such uneconomic conditions that their continued career as employers of labor would have meant continued unbearable conditions for the workers. In New York last winter the cloak makers struck, and won better wages. Now they are on strike again seventy-five thousand strong. The conditions in the production of garments become improved only when the garment makers themselves take it upon themselves to improve their own status.

Laurier has been seen by the western contractors and railroad builders and the immigration regulations are to be modified. Immigrant labor is to be admitted without restriction if it be for the purposes of railway construction. Recently a circular was put out by the government explaining what a wise regulation the government had adopted in exacting twenty-five dollars from each immigrant before landing. This was to give the workers a chance to be free from the necessity of working for the first boss that offered, no matter what the wages. But the railroads want immigrant labor and Laurier will give it to them. One good, however, will result. No matter from what country the labor comes it is bound to be more or less revolutionized. And the revolutionary fever will infect the Canuck workers. One thing Laurier cannot do for his pets, the labor thieves. He cannot provide them with immigrant labor untainted by the spirit of Socialism.

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## Toilers and Idlers

Our Social Story

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SYNOPSIS.

A rich young man goes to work in a foundry which he discovers to be his own property. He learns social conditions and gets next to union people, anarchists, settlement workers, inmates of orphan homes and other types. He faces the problem of his relations to his employees, complicated with a strike and riot.

### CHAPTER XXIV. (Continued.)

Rensen shut the door. The intruder dashed to the window and flung it open.

"Don't try it. There's no fire-escape."

"What! I had a gun!" muttered the gamin, turning with a defiance in his sharp small eyes.

"What would you do with a gun?"

"Make a getaway if I had to bore yeh."

"Never leave a job unfinished, Jimmy," said Rensen, hastily dismissing the first reactions. "Clean up as you go along."

"Hey? Wot d'ye mean?"

"You help me pack. See, you left out these cuff buttons. They're not plated. Here's a porcelain shaving cup worth more than all those clothes."

"Say, quit kiddin'."

"You must need the things. Go ahead and take them."

In fact, it came to him, a serious thought supplanting the comedy, that nothing had been done to better the condition since he found them starting in the vice-breeding, squalid Orphan Home. The strike had even deprived them of the filling lunches at the Works. And besides, one could well afford to lose the last incongruity of silver toilet articles, porcelain shaving cups and bric-a-brac.

"Say, I know who yeh are. I read it in a letter." Jimmy extended a sullen chin and thrust his hands in his trousers.

"Is that so? You must have been here some time."

"Sure. I copped de place when I seen yeh mixin' up in de office."

"We used to be pretty good friends, Jimmy."

"Well, guess I'm all to de bad. Goin' to send me to de reformatory or to Blackwell's? If it's all de same, gimme Blackwell's."

"Perhaps you'd rather try a reformatory where men reform themselves."

"Where's dat? Nit on de House of Refuge."

"I meant that after pawing these things—unless you can do better to sell them—and I hope you will give Mike and Salvatore a share."

"Dey ain't in on dis job. It's all mine."

"But you could afford to share with them. Then, next week, you come back to work and get six dollars a week right along, as well as back pay at that rate for the last year. Next year you'll have another raise and two years after that you'll be a journeyman molder."

The door was open to let him pass. Jimmy looked around as if to convince himself there was no trap. He thrust his hands deeper in his trousers and, finding a mouth organ, began to examine it thoughtfully. It was a fancy organ.

"See here, Jimmy, it's supper time," said Rensen pleasantly. "We are both hungry. Let's go down and eat and afterward we'll get rid of this stuff together."

The boy stood still another moment. He grinned, but his small eyes blinked rapidly. He went to the closet and falling on his knees beside the valise began to unpack it.

### CHAPTER XXV.

"My Dear Chap.—The Women of 1789" will be a famous effort. After seeing you to the night I caught some splendid phrases; only regretted having missed the last act of the blowing up of the Bastille. Was it really an accident? But, my dear Rensen, you will observe that enthusiasm in art is one thing, and practical conduct another. It grieves a true friend to reiterate that your fantastic notions, however sincere or noble, have worked only injury in the case we spoke of. Believe me, there is no personal animus. I state a mere fact that the girl has been bedevilled against Bohemia, her good friends, her own best interests. Is this right? Is this chivalrous? She's on the high road to become a Socialist menad. Instead of doing anything in the studio, orders for miniatures or even the decorations on your lingering clubhouse (I'll submit something soon), she sins equally in one's ears and glorifies some ladies' petticoats or perhaps a shirt-waist union. It's terribly absurd. I maintain that art affords the highest equality. What union is there like that between cultured people?"

"But I have hopes. Since she has progressed so far, she must develop out of this fanatical state. She is not naturally ungrateful. As a matter of fact, are not toutes les femmes tres inconstant as zealous? Sentiment binds 'em to a cause for a time, but they are essentially prudent and conservative. They only play with radical ideas—the breath of worldly disapproval, a twist or lift of eyebrows, generally sends them back to the fold. . . . Par example, at a little studio affair last night, some smart folk began to make fun of your conversation to the flannel-shirt faith. They were pungent. Gracia joins openly in the assault, making one of the neatest epigrams; while Madeline keeps what seems to be a most questionable, at least invidious, silence. A loyal friend, perhaps? No. It became necessary for the host, a man, to defend the absent. I said—"

Rensen was studying this letter in his room. Unhurt by its arrow of

spite, the thought of Madeline's position, if by any chance the impish artist knew her case, was enough to make him very uncomfortable and to cast a shadow on the castle fancy. He would not doubt her steadfast faith; he could guess reasons for questionable silence. But the fact there was time to attend little studio affairs and none to answer two urgent letters from a friend—mostly concerning business—had another look. Of course there was no obligation, nothing had been said. A mutual enthusiasm did not mean a mutual fondness. This made it worse.

It was a satisfaction that Gracia resigned intangible yet troublesome claims with an epigram.

"A lady mit a carriage seeing you," said the proprietor of the Eureka restaurant, having opened his lodger's door sans ceremony.

"What is the name?"

"She comes mitout name up rich comans. I guess," loudly whispered the German, and retired with elaborate bows to someone on the landing.

Mrs. Morris, panting after three flights of stairs, sank into a chair and accepted a glass of water. For a few moments the fatigue in the white-seamed face, silvery framed, was like to overbalance the natural advantages of such a visit. Gradually she recovered, loosening the architectural sealskins.

"You should have let me come down, auntie—"

"I am quite well, my dear Otis. The stairs, of course. So this is your room?"

"Yes, this is my room."

Mrs. Morris's pale glances traveled around the square little chamber, from pink wall paper to worn Brussels stove to bed, wash-stand and bare mantel.

"I once visited a monastery abroad," she said with mild sarcasm. "But they're supposed to be exceptional, auntie; while this style of apartment is all the rage."

"We must be serious, my dear. I came for a few moments' serious talk. I have learned everything you have been doing."

"At the racetrack or at the club?"

"I never stoop to investigate scandal, Otis. . . . It is your conduct in the last few months. . . . Of course you have a right to become a workman in your own establishment—to dismiss your valet, and live down here—to get rid of your father's superintendence."

"Please let's take the charges before they accumulate. First, my grandfather worked as a molder."

"Yes, but he worked up instead of down."

"Second, I have learned to put on my own shoes and so don't need a valet."

"The master duties of master and servant are reciprocal, Otis."

"Third—please don't confuse me with rejoinders—one sleeps better here than uptown, and lastly, about Mr. Townsend, we stayed together as long as we could."

"It is said, Otis, that you settled the strike by a disgraceful surrender to the men."

"No, auntie. The surrender was the application of the new trust idea—community of interests."

"I hope so," vaguely murmured Mrs. Morris. "You can't think how all this has troubled me. The newspapers have had such reports."

"They used to have reports, auntie, about one's hats and waistcoats."

"Yes—they are too personal. . . . I am so disappointed in poor Madeline—"

"Why disappointed?" he asked a little stiffly.

"We need not discuss her, Otis. I suppose you are scarcely to blame—it is her own weakness of character."

"Has she shown any weakness of character?"

"At least it is neither womanly nor grateful for a young protégée to turn one's reception into a political club. My guests were astounded at such a lack of breeding."

"That's too bad," he smiled with a relief. "The Tenneys of Springfield, Massachusetts—"

"It is herself, Otis, not her ancestors that are at fault."

"Yes, auntie, might not such conduct prove the sincerity and power of belief?"

"It is all wrong, my dear. All these ideas are wrong. A little practical well-doing is better than such fanciful unchristian notions. Take servants, for example—they are well treated and paid, but they know they are servants. They are devoted to me. When they become too old for service I pension them off, which satisfies all the claims of philanthropy and the duties of my own class."

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pink cheeks and plump body suggested banquets.

"Although, sir, I have had an offer to go into partnership elsewhere, it has been represented to me on the grounds of duty and old attachment—that is, you are at liberty to reconsider—"

"Thank you, Mr. Townsend. I shall be very glad to submit your offer."

"Submit my offer, sir? I do not follow you."

"Yes, to a council of the men."

The solemn features became red. Their owner fidgeted with his hat. He turned to the others as if calling them to witness.

"Sir, I—that is so preposterous—an idea, virtually an insult. Such an idea—"

"It was meant in good faith, Mr. Townsend."

(To be continued.)

## POEMS FOR THE PEOPLE

### TO LABOR.

By Charlotte Gilman.

Shall you complain who feed the world?

Who clothe the world?

Who house the world?

Shall you complain who are the world,

Of what the world may do?

As from this hour

The world must follow you!

The world's life hangs on your right hand!

Your strong right hand!

Your skilled right hand!

You hold the whole world in your hand.

See to it what you do!

Or dark or light,

Or wrong or right,

The world is made for you!

Then rise as you never rose before!

Nor hoped before!

Nor dared before!

And show as was never shown before,

The power that lies in you!

Stand all as one!

See justice done!

Believe, and Dare, and Do!

### THE CRY OF CHILDREN.

By Stuart Furniss.

It is heard in the grim, gaunt tenement,

Where the voice of joy is dumb,

It is stabbing the anxious mothers' hearts

In the fetid East End slum;

Like the plaint of a prisoned bird of song

It rises afar and near

In a mournful measure and cadence sad

That heart alone can hear.

On many a cheerless playing ground

On many a cot of pain,

Their childish cries, one longing have,

Their lisps, one refrain!

Oh! for a change from the desert drear

To the shores where the surges sweep,

And the breath of heaven comes softly in

From the wastes of the mighty deep.

Oh, for a joyous romp and a race

On a stretch of the wild, wet sands,

Where the white foam wrecks the fabric frail

Upread by tiny hands.

It's Oh, for the seabirds' wild, shrill call

As they skim on the salt-charged breeze,

And the glory of ocean, air, and day

And the smell of the sweet pine trees.