THE BATTLE

The never ending struggle between capital and labor as viewed by Cleveland Moffett--A play with socialism as its dominant feature.

The Millionaire's Argument; Statement That John D. Rockefeller Had Written a Number of Speeches Arouses Protest.

Possibly the heaviest argument of the past decade, bearing directly upon the absorbing question of socialism, an argument favoring both capital and labor in spots, but intended originally as a defence of capital, has been presented to the public in novel form. The pros and cons of the socialistic party, as well as the most powerful and convincing methods of the capitalists have been placed on an even footing. Both sides are embodied in a modern drama, which has received universal attention.

The play stirred the Socialists of the United States to a passionate protest. "The Battle" is by Cleveland Moffett, and altho not yet fourteen months old it already has a history. Last season it was the most talked-of play in New York. Its theme of capital and labor, while not new, created comment from the fact that the gallery was not played for, and that no sop was thrown to the working man. Wall-street was aroused one day when the tickers which carry the stock quotations read: "John. Haggleton says"——and then a long speech from the play. Who in the world was John Haggleton? The brokers were in a quandary. The speeches were good, and they breathed the air of corporate control. The answer was soon forthcoming, for the district was literally flooded with flaming posters announcing Wilton Lackaye as John Haggleton, in "The Battle," the play that gives the poor millionaire a chance. Wall-street attended in a body ,and gave the play a most enthusiastic endorsement.

The socialists, however, as a class, became most excited over the play. Thru his anti-socialistic characters Mr. Moffett delivered some hard knocks at modern socialism. Gaylord Wilshire, one of the most prominent of socialists, one night between the acts, attempted to answer what he called the author's "fallacies," and was promptly hooted down by the audience. Mr. Wilshire complained in the press that he had no chance to be heard. Thereupon Mr. Moffett, the author of the play, offered to put in the mouths of his socialistic characters any speeches that a number of socialists would agree upon. Then followed one of the most amusing discussions of the year. Many socialists were heard from, but there was nothing on which they would all agree.

A monster mass meeting was therefore called in order to fight the matter out. The Civic Federation heard of the meeting and sent to it a number of able orators imbued with the grim purpose of squelching the socialists and socialism forever and ever. The meeting waxed fast and furious, and "The Battle" was in danger of being forgotten, when Mr. Moffett himself saved the day by announcing that Mr. Rockefeller had been sufficiently interested in the play to strengthen the capitalistic side of its argument with a few speeches from his own pen.

That announcement spread like wild fire. But most amusing of all was the suspicion that spread to the effect that the play was being financed from No. 26 Broadway. This report would crop up every time John D. Rockefeller or his son, or any of the many big and little magnates connected with Standard Oil were seen in the vicinity where "The Battle" was being performed. The unprecedented use of the ticker for advertising purposes was recalled,and the complimentary manner in which Mr. Lackaye spoke of Mr. Rockefeller in one of his interviews strengthened the rumor.

The story that Mr. John D. Rockefeller was financially responsible for the production, however, soon received a quietus as Messrs. Liebler and Company announced that they were its sole sponsors.

AND JENNY—ACT 2

HAGGLETON AND GENTLE ACT I

JOHN J. HAGGLETON AND PHILIP AMES—ACT I

JOHN J. HAGGLETON — PHILIP AMES ACT-2

GENTLE, JOHN J. HAGGLETON, MARGARET LAWRENCE, PHILIP AMES — ACT-3

The Story of the Play.

It tells of a kind-hearted old socialist aptly named Gentle, who has brought up the long lost son of John J. Haggleton, the richest man in New York, in ignorance of his parentage, and in enthusiastic devotion to the cause of reform. When Gentle judges the young man old enough and strong minded enough to resist the possibly damaging influences of his father's money, he determines to bring father and son together, hoping to place in Philip's (the son's) hands the wherewithal to confer such benefits upon humanity as he has dreamed of. Gentle accordingly sends for Haggleton and meets him in a tenement in a section notorious as "Lung Block" of which the millionaire is landlord. Seeing in Haggleton's natural anxiety to regain his son, who was taken from him by his wife,who disapproved of his business methods, an opportunity to improve local conditions, Gentle imposes conditions, asking that Haggleton should come down into the tenement district, incognito and penniless, and learn the need of reform by actually experiencing the existing evils. Haggleton agrees, principally because he desires that his son should know him first as a man, and only later as has father and a millionaire.

Haggleton, then, the great financial genius, is confronted with the problem of beginning life anew. He has an opportunity to demonstrate his theories that "brains will triumph against any conditions" and "It's as easy for a man to make his way now, as it ever was." He sees his opening in a consolidation of the bread-bakers of the East Side, interesting Philip in a scheme to give the poor bread at a lower price, and at the same time reap profits for themselves.

The other reformers, headed by Philip's sweetheart, watch the proceedings with dismay, and fearing the influence of this new mania for business upon Philip's character, begin "the battle" to determine whether Philip's high principles and socialistic theories or the money-making instincts doubtless inherited, are to prevail.

Questionable Excepts.

Moran—Jackson, I want to see you. (Scowling at Haggleton) You think you can grab the whole bakeshop business of the East Side and throw hundreds of men like me out of work.

Philip—Like you?

Moran—Yes, sir, men like me. My boss has joined your combination and I've had notice to quit. It's an outrage. I say to you—

Philip—Hold on.

Haggleton—Let me talk to him. See here, this combination is a good thing.

Moran—It's a damned monopoly.

Haggleton—(Aside to Gentle) You watch him (To Moran) We'll make better bread and cheaper bread than has ever been sold on the East Side.

Moran—Yes, and you'll ruin homes in every street. You'll starve little children, you'll break the hearts of struggling mothers.

Haggleton—We're going to make a lot of money.

Moran—Blood money. Any man that would touch a penny of it is a low hound.

Haggleton—I'm sorry you feel that way. I had picked you out as assistant general manager.

Moran—(Astounded) Assistant manager.

Haggleton—With a salary of eighteen dollars a week.

Moran—Eighteen dollars a week?

Haggleton—Of course, I can't ask you to take it, knowing how you feel.

Moran—Eighteen dollars a week. For me?

Haggleton—You would regard it as blood money.

Moran—Yes, of course—that is to say—come to think of it—I don't know as I would.

Haggleton—You would always be thinking of those struggling mothers and starving children.

Moran—(Scratching his head) As assistant manager, I could make things easier for 'em.

Haggleton—Then you accept?

Moran—Yes, I accept. I've got to.

Haggleton—Good. Go down to the Madison Street Bakeshop and hep set up the electric kneading machine.

Moran—Very well, sir.

Haggleton—You see? It's as easy as that.

Gentle—Not with all of us. Oh, I forgot those tenement calls. Do you want to go with us?

Haggleton—There's no use in those tenement calls.

Gentle—Oh, yes, there is. You'll see a little old lady who lives on two dollars a week and is dying of consumption.

Haggleton—We all must die.

Gentle—You'll see a longshoreman wasting away with cancer of the stomach.

Haggleton—These people are unsound. They can't resist. They're bound to perish, and it's better they should. The only way to improve the race is to prune away the weak and unworthy. That is what poverty does.

Philip—You really mean that?

Haggleton—Certainly.

Philip—That's the most brutal talk I ever heard.

Haggleton—Humph, yes, but—think it over, you'll think it over. I say the weak and unworthy ought to perish. It's true when you grow fruits and flowers, isn't it? Then why isn't it true if you want to build up a race of men?

Gentle—Because the greatest authority in the world is against you.

Haggleton—What authority is that?

Gentle—The authority that says "in as much as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethern, ye have done it unto me." Come, Philip.

Margaret—Philip, for the last time, choose between him and me. (Philip looks from Margaret to Haggleton)

Gentle—(Half to himself) The fight is on.

Philip—(To Gentle) What fight?

Margaret—(Earnestly to Philip) The fight for you—the fight between your better and your baser nature. I want you to speak out, Phil, right from your soul, and say what you think of—Mr. Haggleton's life. (She points to Haggleton)

Philip—What has his life got to do with us?

Margaret—(Earnestly) More than you dream of, Phil., trust me. Do what I say—if you love me, tell Mr. Haggleton whether you approve of him.

Philip—I like him.

Margaret—Or his business methods.

Philip—If you want to put it that way, why—

Margaret—(Triumphantly) Ah!

Haggleton—(To Philip) What is it you don't approve of?

Philip—You know what. Every school boy knows. It's the old thing—monopoly and bribery—and rebates—and—why go into this?

Margaret—Go on

Philip—You know very well that you and a dozen other men practically own this republic.

Gentle—That's true.

Haggleton—No.

Philip—Don't you control prices? Don't you force people to pay what you like for public necessities?

Haggleton—Listen to me. No big work has ever been done in this world without leaders, and when a man delivers the goods he is entitled to the reward. Well, we've delivered the goods in this country. (pause) Go over to Europe and ask what they think of the United States. They will tell you that it's the greatest nation on earth—and it is. Why is it? Because the men you call robbers and grafters have organized things, railroads, industries, telephones, banks, everything.

Gentle—You've organized things for yourselves. You've broken the laws.

Margaret—You haven't been honest.

Haggleton—Honest? We've kept the standard of average honesty in this country, and no man can succeed in business who keeps above it. The fault of America's industrial leaders are the faults of the American people.

Gentle—No!

Haggleton—Yes, sir! You attack us and blackguard us, but you know in your hearts that you'd do exactly what we do if you had the chance. You know we are precisely as honest as the average American citizen. If we weren't we'd be in jail. (Pause) You say we break the law? Well, we do. But who doesn't? Give the average American citizen an automobile, and watch him break the speed law. Let the policeman stop him and see the flash of his ten dollar bill. That's bribery. Watch the average American woman back from Paris with a lot of new dresses. Does she smuggle them in? Well, watch her. (Pause) I tell you the only law any body respects is custom. What does the averaage American citizen do when he wants a drink in a prohibited state? He breaks the law and gets the drink. And the average American woman, when she tells the conductor how old her little boy is? She's a good mother and all that,but she'd let little Jimmie ride on a half-fare ticket until he has whiskers if she could.

QUEER CASE.

Arrested For Tearing Up Hagersville Sidewalk.

Hagersville, Nov. 26.—Mr. Ager, barrister, and ex-Chief of Police Coates of Simcoe were arrested here to-day by Constable Rispin on a warrant charging them with stealing pieces of scantling from the sidewalk of this town to be used as evidence in a civil action on Tuesday. Mr. Ager and Coates came to Hagersville last evening, and at about 5 o'clock this morning tore up the sidewalk and removed the scantling. Before being arrested they were questioned and denied all knowledge of the occurrence. Reeve Hall then consulted the County Crown Attorney, and on his advice caused a warrant to be issued. They were arrested, but refused to allow their grips to be searched. A search warrant was then issued, and Constable Rispin found the missing articles, together with a saw, hammer, axe and a dark lantern. They were released on five hundred dollars bail, to appear before Magistrates P. R. Howard and W. A. Crozier on December 2.

The action pending in which the scantling was to be used is by Mrs. Smith, of Simcoe, who is suing the town for damages because of injuries supposed to have been received through a defective sidewalk some time ago.

Blobbs—"Our brides and grooms no longer consider it the thing to be photographed together." Slobbs—"No, and it's too bad. It cuts off a lot of amusement for the grandchildren."

EGYPT'S KING.

Mummy of Rameses on Board Ship at Boston.

Boston, Nov. 26.—Rameses, King of Egypt, is resting aboard the steamship Aragonia while the vessel is discharging a portion of her cargo here preparatory to proceeding to New York. The monarch, whose age is estimated at about 3,000 years, owing to the infirmities of age, was lifted aboard the steamer by the seamen at Suez, with New York for a destination. Rameses—just which one of the long line of Egyptian sovereigns of that name has not been determined—is a mummy. Although the remains weigh but 125 pounds they are so carefully packed in lead, iron and wood that in their case they weigh more than 1,000 pounds. On the outside of the case are the words "valued at $50,000." The mummy is consigned simply to the Hamburg-American line, New York.

I fear the Greeks, even when bearing gifts.—Virgil.

AERIAL PILOTS.

Will be Licensed by Aero Club of America.

New York, Nov. 26.—The Board of Directors of the Aero Club of America, has named Glenn H. Curtiss, Orville Wright and Wilbur Wright as the aviation pilots of the club. In order to prevent indiscriminate flying as members of the organization, a set of rules and regulations has been framed governing the issuance of licenses to aviation pilots. In order to be eligible applicants must be over 21 years of age and must prove to the satisfaction of the Board of Directors that they have made three flights of at least one kilometer each.

Application may be made in writing to the Board of Directors for a license as aviation pilot by any member over 21 years of age.

Some men are so fond of hearing themselves talk that they would actually make an after-dinner speech at a prohibition banquet.