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BRYAN AND McKINLEY.

You believers in Bryan, who asserted without equivocation that he does not believe in public ownership of industries—you believed in a man named Cleveland once upon a time, and you got Cleveland and he did not alter things at all, and yet you re-elected him.

AN INCIDENT OF THE DAY.

THIRTY-EIGHT babies in the public morgue in New York city is only the crop of one day for the potter's field. And this is civilization! We must shut our eyes to such things and swear the country is prosperous, and by that swearing bring prosperity!

WHO THINKS.

A good republican will see no inconsistency in this: Porto Rico was taken from the Spanish and made part of this country without the consent of the governed; then it was declared not in the country and a tariff put up between it and us; then this government pours out millions to keep the people from starving, after paying no attention to this condition which has been going on for months.

TENS of thousands of columns about municipal ownership are being printed in the press of the country from the recent issue of the APPEAL devoted to that phase of the social problem.

WHERE UNION LABOR RULES.

A READER seems to doubt the evidences presented in these columns about New Zealand, and cannot see that England, being an aristocracy, would permit such radical legislation. The evidences are correct and gathered not only from travelers of highest repute, but from official documents in the possession of this office.

DIFFERENCE IN NAMES.

A READER wants to know the difference between the terms Corporation, Combine, Trust and Syndicate. As I understand it, a Corporation is a legal entity, composed of members to carry on some business, a company.

THE APPEAL TO REASON, the socialist organ, is about to put in a linotype machine and do away with typesetting by hand, so it announces. To throw workmen out of employment, it seems to us, is not in harmony with the theory of socialism.

This Paper is Produced by Union Labor on a Forty-seven Hour Week: Under Socialism the Workers Would Receive About Five Times as Much Pay for a Twenty-four Hour Week.



A PRESAGE FOR NEW CENTURY.

THE bishops of the Methodist church have made an appeal to the membership, in which they point out the decline of the creed in these words:

"The decline in our membership is not an accident. It comes from a sufficient cause. The cause is the slipping cog in our experience, our lack of spiritual power. The gulf between capital and labor threatens us both sides. On one side, 'not many mighty, not many noble, are called.' On the other, strange forces are alienating the poor. The labor unions, organized most compactly, are much influenced by men hostile to the church.

An Argument.

THE argument of the republicans and democrats against public ownership is, that the men that they elect to office are so corrupt and incompetent that it would be suicidal to trust them with any more affairs.

A Discovery!

THE philosopher of the East, Fla., Region has made a discovery or read it somewhere. He has found the remedy for trusts. It is no less than doing without the articles controlled by trusts!

MOTHER JONES.

WHEN the history of these times shall be written by people living under a state of industrial harmony and peace, in the years to come, the name of "Mother" Mary Jones will occupy a prominent place.

Blossburg, Feb. 23.—A most appropriate finale to the long struggle between operators and miners in this section, and a just tribute of love, honor, and respect to one of the most active participants in the whole affair, was the immense parade of men, women, and children, which marched from Arnot to Blossburg, a distance of five miles, on Saturday night, Feb. 17.

On Saturday night Mrs. Jones made her last speech and the "striking" portion of Arnot, together with the citizens of Blossburg, turned out in full force to do honor to the old lady who is generally credited with having won the strike.

Corruption in High Places.

C. A. CHICKERING, chairman of the congressional committee on railroads, was found dead in New York the other day. On his body was found a package of railroad passes, one of them for a trip pass from Washington to New York for self and attendant.

A CONRADE in Frankfort, N. Y., has been discharged from his employment because of "pernicious activity," as Cleveland the Great put it, in circulating the APPEAL and other horrible socialist literature, and complaining that proper accommodations were not furnished by the street car company for its employes, according to law.

At the eleventh annual national convention of brewery workmen, after demanding the public ownership of the means of production and distribution, unanimously adopted the following resolution: "Resolved, that we recommend to our members to join the socialist parties of the country."

LABOR PAYS THE BILLS.

THE working people of England will pay all the cost of the Boer war by their labor, but they will get none of the honor or boodle if any result. It is the labor of England that sustains the nation and makes possible the maintaining of soldiers in the field and sailors on the seas.

500 Per Cent. Increase in Wages.

THE Ogden, Utah, Standard, replying to a correspondent who protested against the trusts and their extortion, says: "Our correspondent whines about trusts. Certainly we admit good times—prosperity—builds up trusts. Why not? McKinleyism gives everybody a chance to make money, even the trusts.

Talks like a republican postmaster, who has to say something to show he supports the hand that passes out the soup. Yes, every body has a chance to make money—just as everybody has a chance to draw the capital prize in a lottery.

Governmental Arson.

THE German government bought the village of Ridders to try an experiment for some new guns. At the fifth shot several houses were in flames and when the rapid firing guns began their work of love the whole village was in flames in a few minutes.

THE rich people as a whole, without understanding the advantages that would accrue to them, oppose socialism because they see that it would restrict their opportunity to invest money and live on the sweat of others.

CONNECTICUT received last year \$115,198 from an inheritance tax. Is that robbery, my gentle reader? Has anarchy and confiscation usurped the rule in the republican Nutmeg state? If it is not confiscation, would another per cent. tax for public purposes be confiscation? And if not another, how many per cent. would it require to constitute confiscation? Would 10%? or 20%? or 50%? or 75%? or 100%? Is not the difference only a matter of degree and not of principle? Is not all tax of the same character?

WILL AMERICAN FARMERS BECOME SOCIALISTS?

It is well to find out who are the American farmers. Not all who, to the census taker, declare themselves farmers are really such. The man who lives in town and leases or hires worked one or more farms, is a capitalist, not a farmer. The man who holds mortgages on the farm, crop or tools of another, is a banker, not a farmer. A farmer is one who may either own outright, clear of debt, a farm, great or small; pay rent for a farm; work a farm on shares; have a deed to a farm and pays interest on a mortgage, or in any way till land by his own labor and the labor of his immediate family, assisted more or less by hired labor. There are of these farmers here in America, here millions socialism cannot be. Without socialism these millions sink to the level of Mexican farmers; into stifling, damning peonage, where love of liberty, independence, manhood, even hope itself is smothered, and dies in voiceless apathy.

One would expect to find free and happy farmers where land is cheap and fertile, the climate equable, and there is no failure of crops by reason of flood or drought or tornado. Such an ideal location is found in Calusa county, California. Here, lying along the Sacramento river for a hundred miles, is a stretch of country fertile and productive beyond description; soil rich and deep as in the Nile delta; climate all that is to be desired for health and comfort. No cyclone or drought or hailstorm devastates this land. Every acre may be irrigated, thus insuring against any failure of crop. There is seemingly no limit to the possibilities for him that would cultivate these fertile acres.

Some facts observed there in the summer 1896 will show whether or not the American farmer has need of socialism to protect him and his children from wreck on the shores of the Dead Sea of peonage.

It is harvest time. A farmer comes to a blacksmith shop with a steam thrasher for repairs. The blacksmith looks it over and tells the farmer that it will cost one hundred dollars to repair it, adding, "I can't fix it for you," with an emphasis on the pronoun. The farmer winces under the emphasis and replies that it must be fixed; that the crop is ready and there must be no delay. He is told that his crop, his machinery, his stock and his land are mortgaged and that the only way by which the machine can be repaired, is to get an order from the bank officials. He demurs, stammering out that the bank has already advanced him so much money that he dares not—mark the words, for they are an exact quotation—he dares not ask for more. The blacksmith finally goes to the bank officials, lays the case before them and they become responsible for the bill. The farmer goes home quite happy, feeling very grateful to the generous bankers, who have thus fastened another rivet in his shackles.

His crop is duly harvested, but he dares not move a stack of grain from the fields. The bank agent will see to its marketing. It is sold at the then ruling price. The mortgage on the crop, the interest on the machinery and land mortgages are satisfied; the store bills and farm hands are paid off, and the farmer is indeed fortunate if he is not compelled to increase the mortgage on his land to clean up the year's transaction. He must at once begin to beg and barter for means to start the next crop. He thinks he owns the land he tills. He speaks of "my ranch" with as much assurance as he would had he never heard of mortgages and interest. He thinks those miserable tramps whom he cursed and thumped through the season were really working for him. He thinks that could he but hire them a little cheaper, or

get a little longer day's work out of them, he would come out all right next year. He thinks the system is all right, only there is some one standing in his way. The only change he desires or deems necessary is a see-saw change in political bosses,—a sort of political rotation corresponding to some vague theory of a rotation of crops he dimly remembers some one to have once spoken to him about.

Here comes another farmer, with his blankets on his back and a desperate look on his face. He walks into the bank and delivers himself something like this: "Gentlemen, over there by the foot-hills is my ranch of 320 acres. I went there fifteen years ago with my blankets on my back, today I have left it in the same manner. I have worked hard all those fifteen years; have had no bad seasons, no bad management, and have had nothing for myself. Now, this present crop is harvested and ready for the market. The tools and stock and land and crops are all mortgaged to you. I have discovered that none of them are mine, nor are they likely to be. There they are go over and take them and let some other fool work fifteen years for you."

Here is another farmer. He comes in and tells the banker that his wife is tired of the way things are going. You see he is diplomatic, or cowardly, or something, for he uses his wife as a shield while making his plea. They have worked six years on 320 acres of land, during which time they have actually never handled one dollar of money! Even the purchase of and payment for his tobacco and his wife's stockings had been arranged for by the bank. It had secured his store bills and other expenses, marketed his crops, and each year the debt has increased.

His tale of woe is listened to with due consideration and some yawns. He is taken out to a cheap restaurant and given a two-bit dinner with a bottle of Dago wine; a \$10 suit of clothes is given him; a new dress costing \$3.25 is done up for his wife who is "tired of the way things are going;" \$10 in money is placed in his hands and he is promised that each month he may come and draw from the bank \$10 in cash, credit and confidence hitherto unheard of—but the store bill must be run on his own account thereafter,—as if he could run a store bill without the guarantee of the bank—and the farmer goes home happy, to begin another year's labor, wondering all the way how God could put such kindness into the hearts of his fellowmen.

Thus does the American farmer stand on the very edge of the precipice, below which lies the loss of all that makes life desirable, fighting off those who would aid him to be free. He sees only the laborer or the agent of the bank or railroad, firmly believing them to stand between him and his everlasting great good fortune. A nickle held close to the eye will eclipse a \$20 gold piece held at an arm's length. So does the farmer allow his delusion through socialism to be hidden by these mosquitoes that are bred by and trouble him only because of his economic environment. Not only has he no faintest inkling of what would be his status under socialism, he absolutely struggles against being lifted out of his stunted, overworked and beastly dependent condition. Like Mrs. Stetson's "Conservative," he doesn't want to be a butterfly, he would rather be a worm; doesn't want to beat the air with wings, would much prefer to squirm.

Will American farmers become socialists? The one herein pictured with his blankets on his back is on the road to that haven of peace and plenty and freedom.

EUGENE HOUGLI.

The Nineteenth Century's Legacy.

As this is the closing year, I wish to take a casual survey of what the nineteenth century has brought to our country, that we may be the better able to judge what the early part of the twentieth century will bring to us, unless there is a radical change in our system of government. This century has brought three great wars, the war of 1812, 1846 and 1861, also, several wars of lesser magnitude, and at the closing of the century finds our nation waging a war in the far away Philippine Islands. The last half of the century has brought to us 30,000 millionaires, who own one half the wealth of the nation, which has divided our people in twain—the classes, and the masses, and in the same time has manufactured over 200,000 (?) paupers. The closing years of the century have brought the days of bribery, the bribing of the courts, judges, juries, law-makers, men—or knaves rather—buying their seats in the senate, and has given us a government by injunction. It has seen the constitution trampled under foot, denying citizens their right of trial by jury. It has seen unarmed citizens shot down in cold blood, and murderers go unpunished. It has brought panics, hard times, strikes, lockouts, riots, bloodshed, poverty, misery and starvation. It has brought an increase of insanity, suicides and crime, making life hardly worth the living. It has witnessed the issuing of bonds without the advice or consent of congress. In its closing years it has brought a cruel war against an innocent people struggling for liberty, and that, too, without a declaration of war by congress. It has seen the treasury department use the government money to further the interests of the banks. It has seen this nation put upon a gold basis—for the first time in its history—and that too, at the instigation of London bankers and the "Shylocks" of "Wall Street." It has given us class legislation to enslave the masses, and some of it brought through by English money. It has brought this nation—once a nation of honor, and without a peer—down into the cesspool of corruption, and

a waning civilization, and in the agonies of death. It has seen an alliance formed with the most tyrannical, blood-thirsty nation on earth. It has grown the English-American anaconda, which is winding its slimy coils around the industries of the country in the form of trusts, trusts and trusts, which may yet teach the masses a lesson.

The above is some of the work of the nineteenth century. Let me lift the veil of futurity. Judging the future by the past, what can we expect? What have we to hope for, if the present system of competition and individual capitalism continues. The English-American alliance means something, and if I read the writing on the wall correctly, it means the combined powers will conquer the islands and small nations, then form an imperialism of wealth, by which to govern the world, and thus enslave the masses. It means the downfall of the republic—which is about gone, except the name—and the forming of an aristocracy upon its ruins. It means as Hamilton said: "The rich and well born should rule." The New York Times said some years ago: "A change of land ownership must come. The land must pass into the hands of a few, and the balance become tenant farmers." Are we ready for this? No, indeed! the land must not pass into the hands of a few, though it is passing that way very rapidly.

The nineteenth century has brought enough to our doors to show whether we are drifting as a nation. The only issue now is, liberty or slavery. Plutocracy will go higher, and get supreme control, and the masses will go down lower, and lower still, into abject slavery, and serfdom, or the masses must come to the front, dethrone the money power, take the reins of government and administer it in the interests of all the people. One of these conditions must come. Which shall it be? Shall we go upon a grand and noble plain in the interest of justice, humanity and liberty? or shall we go into slavery, for generations yet unborn to fight the battle of freedom.

Hark! ye, once the ories of unborn millions

being wafted upon every breeze, crying out in thunder tones to us, to right the wrongs we have permitted to come upon us by our ignorance, blind stupidity, and devotion to party. To us rests the responsibility of rescuing the government from plutocracy, and transmitting it to future generations with all the blessings of liberty. In order to do this, a radical change must be wrought in our economic system. A change to keep pace with the new inventions, improved machinery and the rapid means of production, and transportation,—a change, one which will give the toilers,—the wealth producers, the full fruits of their labor; a system that will give labor to all, and equal opportunities to all; a system by which everyone able to work, must work, must earn his bread by the sweat of his face; a system by which one class cannot live in idleness, and luxury by the sweat of others. "He who toils not, neither shall he eat." You ask what system will bring the condition above described. I will tell you: A governmental co-operative system, based upon socialism, and governed by the principles of direct legislation. Government ownership and control of all public utilities, will give all employment, will give all equal opportunities, will overcome the evils, and oppressions of the trusts. The masses should study socialism, and they will find it to be just what they want and need. No pen can portray, nor tongue tell the advantages, the prosperity, happiness, liberty, peace, and love it will bring to humanity. It will give homes to the homeless. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, there is no place like home. We, who are homeless, are but trespassers on earth, and at the mercy of the landlords. We can be driven on, on, and on upon the public highways, and into old ocean, under our present system of landlordism. May the toilers hasten to become men, freemen, and lay down their party prejudices and go to the polls in solid phalanx, and vote plutocracy out and vote in socialism, a system, that will give all a standing place on old mother earth. Let the masses rekindle the flame of liberty once again. Let every lover of home humanity, and liberty hold aloft the banner of equality, justice and freedom, that the twentieth century may be ushered in, bringing with it "peace on earth and goodwill to men." Let the time come when all can sit under their own vine and shade tree and shout: The year of jubilee is come, and all nations shall rejoice. All this can and must be brought about by the ballot, or otherwise.

A. ALLEN NOE.

Delaware O.

A drop of ink makes millions think.

The Money Question is Superficial.

In N. H. Harvey's recent publication on Money, Trusts, and Imperialism may be found a striking example of capitalistic logic (?). It is the old story of a house founded upon the sands. The superstructure—the logic, as strong and slightly, but the foundation—the principle, is infirm. The much discussed question of money is entirely superficial and should play no part in socialist propaganda. It will be dealt with when the time arrives as the principles upon which socialism is founded, dictate. The principle is the thing for us to consider. His assumption is, that "money is the blood of civilization," that civilization is impossible without it, but he does not say what money really is, except that it is a medium of exchange. Money undoubtedly does facilitate intercourse, but need not under a rational system of economics contain useless, wasted human energy.

Just what does the gold dollar represent, and why does the silver dollar only represent one-half the value of the gold? The fact is that the gold or silver coin usually represents just so much crystallized social energy, that is, it is nothing more nor less than a labor certificate, a time check, a token that some person or community of persons has expended so much labor in its production.

The fact which the socialist deplors, is that the energy so expended is useless to society, or might be conserved, that it does not produce a thing of intrinsic value to society. "The conservation of energy is the first law of nature." A time check or labor certificate, such as has been suggested by socialists, would represent the same amount of energy expended, but the thing produced would have an intrinsic value to society, hence backed by every other commodity in the market.

This argument against restricted currency issue based upon his assumption, to which attention is called, and will be found on page 26, has a hollow sound. He says: "We next find that our producers and business men are borrowing in order to make the exchanges, to secure sufficient money to do so."

Let us see. If a man borrows \$5000 to buy a farm, that is a purchase, not an exchange. If a man has a farm worth \$5000 and another has city property valued at \$5000, they exchange. If the city property is worth \$10,000, the farm and a \$5000 mortgage is given. The exchange covers one-half the city property, the remaining half still belongs to the former owner, who takes his share of the product in the form of interest.

In exchange you give an equivalent for the thing you demand. You borrow only when you have an equivalent to give.

What a wealth of logic may be lavished upon such a subject and still no understanding be reached. Let us discuss principle, find a satisfactory, a firm basis, then if we make our logic conform to the principle, all will be well.

A COMRADE.

A drop of ink makes millions think.

What Do You Think of This.

Caesar's Column; 368 pages. 25c
A Tramp in Society; 244 pages. 25c
Public Ownership of Railroads; 96 pages. 10c
President John Smith; 200 pages. 25c
The Co-opolitan; 208 pages. 25c
Evolutionary Politics; 256 pages. 25c
Merrie England; 160 pages. 10c

AN for one dollar. Mention Combination 3.

AMERICAN NOTES

Philadelphia spends \$15,000 a year on municipal concerts.

Columbus, Georgia, will take steps to own an electric light plant.

The miners of Ohio declared for socialism in their recent convention.

The Troy (Kans.) Times is advocating socialism in its editorial columns.

Hastings, Nebraska, by a majority of 331, has voted for an electric light plant.

New York city supports the College of the City of New York, at a cost of \$200,000 a year.

At Fern, Ind., a special committee of councilmen report advising a city electric light plant.

In Alameda county, Cal., the court refused to admit a man to citizenship because he declared himself a socialist.

Socialists in Erie, Pa., polled 3.2 per cent. of the vote last November. In the recent election they climbed to 9 per cent.

The next government transport that leaves Brooklyn for Manila will have a consignment of 1500 coffins and several cases of bibles.

The municipality of Pasadena, Cal., owns a 62-acre grove of English walnuts. This year it yielded about 37,000 pounds of nuts.

Mayor Chase and the Social Democratic aldermen will not sign the petition for another military company and armory in Haverhill.

With all my heart I protest against a system in which the dogs of the rich are the social superiors of the children of the poor.—Eugene V. Debs.

The Milwaukee Social Democrat, published at 614 State street, Milwaukee, Wis., is a tasty, pithy and able 20-column weekly. Not a dry line in it.

Almost the whole of the town laboring classes of Austria are now supporting the socialist propaganda. Their principal organ is the Arbeiter-Zeitung.

Large and enthusiastic meetings are being held at Hull House, Chicago, with such speakers as C. Moore Steadman, Jesse Cox, B. Smiley, and others, on economic subjects. Seats free.

Capt. Frank W. Wells, late chaplain of a U. S. regiment, in the Philippines, says that since the Americans took Manila 400 liquor saloons had sprung up against three previously there.

The city of Helena, Mont., on January 11, voted for municipal ownership of water works and electric lighting plant. Why not make this the issue of the spring election in Wallace?—(Wallace) Idaho State Tribune.

Dr. D. C. Green, living near Florence, Ala., jumped from the roof of his house Feb. 14 and was killed. Rather than face poverty in old age, he planned the execution of his own destruction. Green's wife is a cousin of the Rockefellers, but too proud to ask assistance.

The machinists' nine hour move is spreading. Everywhere the craftsmen are enthusiastically joining the unions and preparing to secure concessions. Boys, put the same energy into the socialist propaganda and you will soon be working but six hours, with better pay.

Are the trusts good for workingmen? Well, the steel trust paid \$400,000 to the proprietors of the Joliet steel mills for shutting down and throwing 2200 men out of work. The proprietors had the \$400,000 and the men had to face starvation.—American Anti-Trust Journal.

Since the advance of coal oil three cents per gallon and the declaring of a dividend of 20 cents on the dollar for the past three months on the stock of the Standard Oil Co., Mr. Rockefeller proposes to give Chicago University \$1,500,000 more, making \$8,500,000 he has given the institution.

Ernest H. Crosby tells of a factory he inspected where the manufacture of cheap socks was carried on. The manager showed him 400 machines that did the entire work of making a sock without the aid of human hand. The machines run twenty-four hours a day, and only 50 boys are needed for all shifts. Five thousand dozen of socks are made daily. Under the old method this work would have required 50,000 men.

The greatest cause of slumdom is unquestionably the low sadoon, where men with manhood sapped away, and women trodden down in the very dust, gather night after night to laugh and dance and drink, flinging away their poor, blighted lives in reckless revelry, writes Mrs. B.ington Booth in the February Ladies' Home Journal. It is ghastly merry-making—laughter without sound of mirth, dancing without step of agile feet, and a drinking that maddens the desperate brain and burns the parched lips.

A drop of ink makes millions think.

Our Civilization and Thomas McAuliffe.

We invite the attention of all persons interested in carrying civilization to the Philippines and foreign peoples whether with rifle or with rapid-fire guns or with both to the case of Thomas McAuliffe, stone-mason, able-bodied, anxious to work, who asked a policeman the other day to arrest him. The story as told in The Enquirer is this: "Arrest you for what?" asked the policeman. "For anything," was the reply. "I'll go and smash a window if you can't find anything else against me." "Haven't you any work?" "No." "Then you're a vagrant!" McAuliffe seemed rather pleased with the policeman's information. This morning he was arraigned in the sunrise court. "I wouldn't be here if I could help it," said the prisoner to the justice. "No, you don't look like the average vagrant we get here." "I'm gradually starving to death, your honor, and I had to go some place, so I thought if you would send me to the penitentiary for a short time there might be something doing at my trade when I got out." "How long would you like to stay in?" "About thirty days would be enough, I think." "Thirty days it is," said the justice. A kind hearted justice—not the word "justice"—sentenced this man for a month to wear stripes, to come out branded "all bird," because in the great christian city of Buffalo he

cannot find work and if the justice does not send him to the penitentiary he will starve or freeze.

Listen to what Carlyle says: "There is not a horse in England able and willing to work, but has one food and lodging, and goes about sleek-coated, satisfied in heart. And you say a like treatment for man is impossible. Brothers, I answer, if for you it is impossible, what is to become of you? It is impossible for us to believe it to be impossible. The human brain, looking at these sleek English horses, refuses to believe in such impossibility for Englishmen. Do you depart quickly, clear the way, lest worse befall. We for our share do propose, with full view of the enormous difficulty, with total disbelief in the impossibility, to endeavor while life is in us, to die endeavoring, we and our sons, till we attain it or have all died and ended."

The Enquirer with Carlyle refuses to believe that it is inevitable that our horses should be better off than our fellow beings. Our hearts like that of McAuliffe must be met.—Buffalo, N. Y., Enquirer, February 1.

The Enquirer foolishly suggests that the remedy lies in spending the money at home, but if that were true the Chinese, who spend all their money at home and those away sending back all they can get, would be the place where poverty were not present. But is it? All the money is spent somewhere, but can the Enquirer tell us where such conditions as it notes are not met with? The remedy lies not where we spend our money, but that we keep our hands off of money or wages that do not belong to us. In other words there would be none but voluntary poverty if the people were not mulcted by profit—giving them less than their money's worth. For instance, a man needs a gallon of oil which costs less than one cent according to the sworn testimony of the oil company officials; he has twenty cents and has to give it all for the oil; is he to blame for being without money, or is the system that does not enable him to buy a gallon for a cent? A man getting \$2 a day could buy all the comforts of a large family, if he could buy the articles he needs for the money paid to the necessary people for the necessary labor in reproducing them. He would be able to buy oil at 1 cent, sugar at 1/2 cent, best shoes at 75 cents, flour at 15 cents per 100 lbs., and every other article at the same rate. That is the reason we have McAuliffes and poverty—not that men do not spend their money at home, but that they spend other people's money. Society must do for itself those things society needs, and not permit them to be done by a few for the purpose of selling them for more than they can get them produced for. That is the cause of poverty in every land, in every age. There is no other cause and no other solution.

Logic (?) of Senator Beveridge.

I have just read in the Congressional Record, No. 19, the speech of Senator Beveridge of Indiana on the ownership of the Philippine Islands. His argument, reduced to its lowest terms, is simply this: Might is right, righteousness. We have the power and the means to buy, seize, and hold a territory and its people, therefore it is right, and to us be the glory, and the power, and the profit, forever, amen.

The language of the resolution is in effect precisely that of Cortez and Pizarro. It places us in Spain's shoes, and insures Spain's methods to a large degree, and if the Filipinos persist in their resistance, Weylerism must creep into our system of administration. If the Filipinos abjectly submit we will have a system of peonage or serfdom as an adjunct to our "glorious republic." This is the inevitable result, shorn of the verbiage and rhetorical glitter of imperialism.

Should the agent of an invading Czar visit our shores and interview our Hannas, Morgans, Rockefellers, he would be told by them that—"This is a rich country—the people are incapable of self-government,—a strong government will be necessary. Don't palaver with them, don't moralize, don't be academic, don't experiment. If you give them pure government, free speech and all that, they would not understand it." "What would I do if any man spoke against or criticized the government?" "Why, anyone rising against the government would be tried and shot if condemned."

"We should expect to hold positions under any government you establish." Thus would our Beveridges, our Hannas talk to a superior invading power. It was no doubt wise in our senator to withhold names of his advisers. Would it be safe for the Czar to take this senator as a true exponent of the people? Is this senator a true representative of America? Does he faithfully represent my native state? If so, farewell to American freedom.

W. G. MARKLAND.

A drop of ink makes millions think.

Brothers, Stand Forth!

To strive as the million, who live but for toil,
Missing the beauty, the glory of thought,
Forever to dwell in the mean commonplace.
It is bread dearly bought, it is bread dearly bought!

There are those who can follow the same dull road
Without aspiration, a drear life long;
Quite content with the husks of a visionless life,
Ah! pitiful products of falsehood and wrong.

Lo! the horse at the windlass that toils round and round—
What a meek, what a patient, old, suffering slave!

But shall man, with his soul tuned to heaven's delights,
Bow thus in the harness till claimed by the grave?

O brothers in bondage the wide earth o'er!
Believe me, your limbs were for freedom designed;

Your hearts for the joy that the sweetest love knows,
Your brains for the richest achievements of mind.

Reject this contentment to Poverty preached!
Reach higher, and higher, and higher again!
Stand forth for your right to the wealth of your hands.

With injustice to none, with the courage of men!
C. F. BLANCHARD.

At the convention of Flint Glass Workers, held at Muncie, Ind., last July, the resolution calling on all working people to unite under the banner of international socialism was adopted by the vote of 43 to 36. Now what do you think of that for progress? The labor unions are the power that will wrest economic freedom from domination by the capitalist class. It will come rapidly from now on!

THE TRUE SOLUTION OF THE LIQUOR QUESTION.

One can scarcely help agreeing with the temperance party, that the whiskey and tobacco traffic in the United States is a sin against God, and a curse to humanity, but we do think the prohibition party is a failure. It has been proven to be a miserable failure a thousand times. It will continue to be a failure just as long as drink is manufactured and sold for a profit. Men go into the drink business because it offers large profits. Once destroyed the profit system and the saloon-keepers will disappear forever. The license system simply places the traffic in the hands of a favored few to monopolize the business for their personal gain. Did you ever ask yourself why the saloonkeeper fits up attractive saloons; why he opens grand rooms, with all the attraction possible? He does it for profit. The saloonkeeper takes \$2.00 worth of drugs and makes a barrel of whiskey and retails it for \$180 or \$200. Do you see what he is in the business for?

Why don't men open store for the sale of postage stamps? Simply because they can't compete with Uncle Sam.

Prohibitionists assert that intemperance is the cause of poverty. That is where they have the cart before the horse. Intemperance is caused by just two things—poverty and the treating habit.

Miss Frances Willard, who spent fifty years of her life in the cause of temperance, said in a speech two years before she died: "I have said over and over again that intemperance made poverty. I now say that poverty makes intemperance."

As Robert Blatchford has well said: "So long as we make drudges of people, people will drink."

Give the people healthy homes, due leisure and amusement, and pure food and drink, and drunkenness will soon disappear. While there are slums, while men have no pure pleasure, while they are overworked and underfed and untaught, and while the wealthy brewer can open poison dens at every street corner it will be useless to preach temperance. So long as we maintain the present criminal system we must expect to have intemperance. People who have visited the slum districts of our great cities, the coal mines, the great logging camps, the sweating dens, and the great factories of our cities, do not wonder at the growth of intemperance. When the parents are forced into the factories and shops for long hours, the children have no care. Millions of them live in slum quarters because rent is cheap. The children are surrounded by evil of every description that can be seen in the slums of our great cities. Is it any wonder that they acquire the drink habit? The treating habit leads thousands to become excessive drinkers. The evils of the present liquor traffic are, numerous: (1) drunkenness, (2) political corruption, (3) enormous cost, (4) absence of control, (5) monopoly for pri-

vate gain. (6) the self-interest of the dealer in increasing the sale.

Our nation spends from \$1,200,000,000 to \$1,500,000,000 per year for intoxicating beverages; out of this vast sum Uncle Sam receives \$115,000,000 in taxes. Now if we could persuade all drunkards to cease drinking what a blessing it would be; but there would be no individual advantage for more steady employment, for all would be equal competitors for the best jobs.

As long as the competitive system is in existence there will be a tendency to pay just a bare subsistence wage. It follows that if the vast army now employed in different positions in the manufacturing and sale of the intoxicating beverages, the 216,000 men who are now engaged in the retail drink traffic, together with their 56,000 bartenders, the 20,000 brewery workers, the 20,000 cooperers, the 4,648 wholesale liquor dealers, and the 1866 breweries—a total of 318,514 and a large army besides who are indirectly given labor—if these were all thrown out of employment, it would only intensify the competition among the workers.

You say this great army would find work, because of the increased sale of food, clothing, and shelter. We already have so many workers and such perfected machinery that we can, in six or seven months, manufacture all the goods the nation can consume. And of farmers we have enough to raise grain to supply the entire world at a small profit.

The only way to improve their condition is to elevate the entire class, by direct legislation, and give all unemployed laborers government employment on public improvements.

Nationalization of the liquor traffic would abolish the treating habit at once. Government liquor or beer would be absolutely pure and free from poison. In the government saloons there would be no attractions, such as card playing, pool and billiard tables, games of chance for the drinks, and all that. There would be no loafing, no fighting, no drunkards, no political corruption, no treating, and no adulteration. No stranger or drunkard could buy enough to get intoxicated.

Being made and sold at cost, no individual could compete with Uncle Sam. His strong arm, together with public sentiment, would enforce the law. Public sentiment is not on the side of prohibition, neither is it on the side of intoxication. It would be almost unanimously on the side of nationalization of the traffic, and this is of far reaching importance. The root of the evil is simply the profit system. To remove the national crime of drunkenness, we must nationalize the traffic. That is the first step, and a long one, in the direction of prohibition.

If the prohibition party wants to abolish drunkenness in our time they should party and work and vote for favor of government ownership

Two Pictures.

Yesterday, while driving through one of our principal streets, my eyes rested on a strange picture—one that held an attraction for me. A man, with bowed head, was working with pick and shovel. An overseer stood by. The laborer was of a spare build. His eyes were sunken and bloodshot; his hands large in proportion to his body, and veins stood out like whip-cords. Though the weather was cold, he stopped now and then and hurriedly wiped the sweat from his brow. As I was nearly past, a dry cough started me, and I turned around, to see that it issued from the same frail form.

Being somewhat imaginative, my brain drew another picture. I saw a man young and strong. His face was not careworn, nor his eyes sunken; his form was not bent. He was sitting alone and seemed happy. Far away in the distance, a band of men approached. The man looks up and sees them coming. A look of wonderment fills his eyes. Why are they coming? What do they want? They come nearer. They are very near. He listens, and hears the sound of clanking chains. He sees that the men are fettered, except one,—the leader, who brandishes a club in a small white hand. He looks and wonders. Their hands are free; beside, they are many, and he is one. Why do they fear him so? The leader steps forward and lays his hand on the young man's arm.

"Come." The man turns his eyes to the face of the speaker, and sees a look which surprises, while it repels him. It is not an honest look, nor wise. To the upright youth it is an undefinable expression—to the world an admirable one. Its owner possesses one art, that of selfishness, having studied but one theme (getting money without earning it and knowing how to keep it).

The leader speaks again: "We want you." As the man makes a slight effort to resist, the leader brandishes his club and calls to his men: "Seize him." The men fall upon him like hungry wolves, except one man, who stands a little in the background. Is it pity for the youth's feeble effort to resist, or the memory of another time when he, too, struggled against Fate, that holds him back now? We will not decide. The man is soon bound, and hurried toward a large building, large enough to contain the whole world, it seems to him. It is a beautiful structure painted in bright colors. A climbing rose winds itself in and out over the arched entrance. But the poison ivy is there also.

They enter. A large throng are assembled. Many types of humanity are here: the poet, the philosopher, the musician, and in one corner, more elegantly attired than the rest, sit the selfish, or those who concentrate their minds in one narrow channel, which leads to success only for themselves, and knowledge to no one. A finely arrayed judge sits behind his desk. He, with his little headlike eyes and sin-stained soul, seems to have taken it

upon himself to judge the sins of the world. Facing him sit the jury, whose countenances reflect the expression of their judge. The prisoner is led forward. "With what is this man charged?"

"He is charged with that worst of all crimes, Poverty."

"Guilty or not guilty?" The prisoner slowly lifts his head, and fixes his large guileless eyes on the small soulless ones of his persecutor. His lips are pressed tightly.

Two or three minutes elapsed and the verdict was announced—"Guilty." Condemned to a lifetime of servitude! The lad looks shamefacedly around him. He, then, the son of an honest father, was disgraced for life. It was no small disgrace such as one inflicts on oneself; but that awful, unpardonable, one, inflicted by others. It is strange that the one who wields the lash should be so much more readily pardoned than the one who receives it. But there is no time in our world for imagination no matter how closely connected it may be with our lives.

Joplin, Mo. Mrs. A. P. AMES.

A drop of ink makes millions think.

The Two Extremes.

Not long ago the Kansas City Star printed a pathetic story about the striking factory girls at Swiford's wholesale clothing house. It told of the long hours they had to sit at the steam sewing machines to make \$3.50 and \$4.00 a week and how the "straw boss" oversaw their work and fined them for infringing the rules. It also told of the pitiful little upstairs room in which one of the girls, whose parents lived in the country, made her home and how she had to skimp in order to live on her wages.

On another page of the same edition was a 2-column story with cuts, describing the offices of millionaire business men in New York city and their luxurious and princely appointments. One of the cuts represented a "concealed" sideboard filled with the costliest Dresden china with a uniformed porter or footman in waiting ready to serve his master with tea between meals. Another money prince had a "private elevator" to his office with a series of servants stationed so as to ward off all callers who were not millionaires.

A sad commentary on our social system, Girls wearing their lives out for a bare living! on the one hand, and on the other hand merchant princes (the men who profit by their drudgery) living as even dukes and earls do not live in Europe! Get a Star of November 26 and read for yourself. One story is headed: "Factory Girls on \$4 a Week." The other head is: "Working Amidst Luxury." Reading farther down you find: "Unless the girls are given 4 cents apiece for making overalls they will strike tomorrow." In the other: "One young millionaire has a mahogany cupboard, a wine vault

and refrigerator in his work-room, where he gives teas to his women friends."

In one story you read: "The girls are getting 48 cents a dozen now and they declare the amount is not enough for them to live on." Then reading on farther you find that the reporter went to interview one of these girls and he says: "She saw the reporter looking at her hands and quickly hid them under her apron. They were black hands with ridges where the thread had cut into them; hard, stiff hands that showed the effects of heavy work. Almost any woman with woman's pride would hide them." Now turn to the other page and read this: "It is pretty safe to assume, in view of some of the modern improvements and ornamentation introduced in the big up-to-date office building that the American business man has the most luxurious workrooms of any bread winner in the world. London nor Paris nor Berlin nor Hamburg are likely for many years to show anything to compare with the offices in New York, Boston, and Chicago where our commercial geniuses sit and pull the wires that make the world of finance go round. Solomon, in all the glory of administering the wealth of Jerusalem, never labored in more congenial surroundings than these; with cat-footed servants in gold-braided livery passing in and out to offer visitors cards on silver trays, the pens, ink-wells, blotters, etc., upholstered in the heaviest reppose metal, and cupboard concealed behind tapestry curtains, containing every appointment for spreading a hasty but thoroughly effective meal at any moment."

And yet, some people can't see that there is an unequal distribution of wealth. They can't see why one person hasn't as good a "chance" as another. If those factory girls would just save their pennies they could soon be living in such an office too, eh?

The truth is the millionaire is the complement of the factory girl, and his luxurious apartments are responsible for the poor girl's pitiful, goods-box room. Figure it out and you'll see. "Bread winners" indeed! They (these "commercial geniuses") deprive thousands of hungry poor of their very bread in order that they may have their "cat-footed" servants in "gold braided livery."

THE REPORTER.

A drop of ink makes millions think.

Congress Had to Listen.

Hon. E. R. Ridgeley, congressman from Kansas, in a speech on the gold standard bill, treated the house to the following:

"Socialists are multiplying by hundreds of thousands throughout the nation. This bill will recruit their ranks by millions. Their power will soon be felt upon the floor of Congress and in every department of government. They have the true solution of this mighty and growing problem. They lay down as their foundation rock the broad principle that all capital for the successful production and distribution of all things necessary to the highest human comfort and social development should be owned and controlled by the people."

THE REPORTER.

A drop of ink makes millions think.

will forever abolish the bondage of capital and make it serve man. Instead of, as now, demand service from man. We are by this very bill unwittingly hastening and making the establishment of socialism an absolute certainty. As one who believes in the fundamental principles of socialism, I take a degree of satisfaction in seeing this bill enacted into law, knowing that it will hasten the overthrow of the present system of capitalism it is designed to serve. As it goes down the people will establish in its place a government restored to and used by and for the people. That government will be true socialism. Under this new order, soon to be universally established, every toiler will get more than double pay over present rates, while all interest and tribute to capital will be forever abolished. Our government railroads will render better service at one-fourth present charges, paying double wages for eight hours' labor. The people everywhere will find ready employment in healthy, well-ventilated factories and mines, each one receiving the full value of his product, our women will enjoy happy homes, while free to choose their own occupation, owning and controlling all they produce, while no child will be compelled to work to the sacrifice of its education and health. May God speed the day when all these happy conditions shall be realities. They are all possible and already in sight. To the millions of overburdened and heavy-hearted people I extend congratulations, not because of this legislation, but in spite of it, for its burdens will arouse again the slumbering spirit of liberty and the tyranny of capitalism will be overturned, while in its stead industrial and social freedom will be established."

Thos. B. Reed's Admission.

Speaker Thos. B. Reed would hardly call himself a socialist, but like many others of his kind who live largely by the sweat of other men's brows, he unconsciously to himself, admits the truthfulness of the reasoning of those who to him represent all that is to be feared in government. In an article on the subject of monopolies (of which he should know considerably) in the Saturday Evening Post of this city, Mr. Reed says:

"Where the selfishness of a few is entrusted with unlimited power and buttressed up by all the power of the state formally enlisted in its behalf, it has never been able to resist successfully the selfishness of all. In other words the selfishness of the few is always met with and mastered by that greater power, the selfishness of all. The struggle may be long and may seem doubtful, but is never so in the result. All history is full of examples. For hundreds of years the unprivileged seemed in France to be struggling hopelessly against the privileged, and the story was the most melancholy in the history of the world; but the final result was liberty and equality. Nowadays there can be no such prolongation of the fight."

To those of our comrades who seem hopeless of seeing socialism established in our day I especially commend those last lines—"Nowadays there can be no such prolongation of the fight." Even the enemy begin to realize the truth! GEO. H. GOEBEL.

Philadelphia, Pa.

We are prepared to furnish Henry George's works at the following prices:
Progress and Poverty.....25c
A Perplexed Philosopher.....25c
Social Problems.....25c
Protection or Free Trade.....25c
The Land Question, Property in Land, and the Condition of Labor (in one volume).....25c

FOREIGN ITEMS

Belgium has adopted proportional representation.

Hull, England, is constructing a municipal crematorium.

A socialist newspaper has been started in Valencia, Spain.

The latest from Denmark shows 57 socialist councilmen elected.

The two warring factions of socialists in Holland are about to unite.

Socialists have forced a reduction of the hours of labor in factories in Poland.

Toronto piano-makers have organized the members of their craft in Woodstock.

Dresden, Germany, publishes a daily paper, and all profits are spent on public-parks.

The Socialist League of Munich has 2,401 members, an increase of 400 during the year.

Nine socialists have been elected to the municipal council at Durlach, Baden-Baden.

Vienna, Austria, will make a net profit of \$1,400,000 on her municipal gas plant this year.

The union label in Toronto is receiving greater attention from unionists now than ever before.

The labor-saving machine has struck the Massey Harris moulding shop.—Citizen and Country (Toronto).

Seventy-six of the street lighting plants in the cities of Austria-Hungary are under municipal ownership.

The socialists and Dock Workers' union of London will build a \$100,000 hall, capable of seating 1500 people.

Roehdale, England, is building a municipal abattoir at a cost of \$40,000. It will take the place of 37 private and unsanitary slaughter houses.

Vienna's great municipal railway system is now in perfect running order. It cost \$40,000,000, and it is estimated that it will pay for itself within ten years.

Wellington, New Zealand, has imported a dynamo to be used in lighting its public library. Private company charged \$550 per year. Under direct system \$150 is the cost.

Blackpool, England, a city of 40,000 population, owns and operates its street road, carries passengers for 3 1-13 cents per fare, lays by a sinking fund, pays interest and taxes and makes a profit.

J. Samuelson of England shows that 140,317 farm laborers have been displaced by machinery in the past few years in England, to make which machinery required the labor of 4000 men for one year.

The Regina Standard: "Mr. A. W. is probably the only member of the of commons who has not ridden there on a free railway pass." Mr. Puttee is the socialist member just elected to the Canadian parliament.

It is reported from Paris that the French government will be compelled to aid the striking coal miners of the Lyons district. The power of the socialists forces the French nation to occasionally aid workers instead of oppressive capitalists.

A bill is to be introduced in the New Zealand parliament favoring domestic servants, with the following provisions: None under 14 to be hired. Eight hours. None to lose her night's rest attending children, without her own consent.

The Civil Service in New Zealand is open to both sexes. Examinations are held at intervals, but the candidates are girls as well as boys, and appointments are made absolutely on pass results only, irrespective of sex. Hence you find women doing the same work as men in the government offices, and drawing the same pay.

The city of Winnipeg, Man., has established an electric light plant. "Five years ago," says the Voice (Winnipeg), "the idea was new and unpopular to many of the men who today are pledged to support and carry out this policy in civic affairs, and, as each achievement is attained, pride themselves on the wisdom of their actions."

In New Zealand the Government Life Insurance department is worked on a business-like plan to compete with private companies. There are regular agents in every town and village, who are paid on commission, and the government advertisements are found in most of the newspapers, showing advantages, rates, etc. It is pushed as energetically as the most progressive private company.

In Japan, socialism continues to make rapid strides. Educational organizations are springing up on every hand. The entire trade union movement is drifting toward the fascinating science. The Yorozu Choho, an influential daily paper has commenced to advocate socialism, and recently a Liberal member of parliament resigned his seat to study the question and work for its advancement, while many professors and other learned men boldly advocate the new system.

Socialism is steadily making way on this continent, and one of the marked indications of its progress is found in favor of municipal ownership. By a vote of 479 to 104 the electors of Woodstock have declared in favor of purchasing the electric light plant. Many towns in Canada have adopted the principle of

municipal ownership, and in the States water-works, electric lighting and street railways are very generally the property of the municipalities. The progress of socialism will lead to an extension of municipal ownership.—City and Country (Toronto).

Postoffice and Government Savings Banks in British Colonies:

Colony	Number of Depositors.	Amount in U. S. Money.
Bahamas.....	12,278	20,783
Barbados.....	1,069,920	1,069,920
Canada.....	32,380,829	32,380,829
Ceylon.....	424,137	424,137
Gibraltar.....	1,005,000	1,005,000
India.....	5,443,485	5,443,485
Jamaica.....	2,340,985	2,340,985
Malta.....	2,570,000	2,570,000
New So. Wales.....	45,681,065	45,681,065
Queensland.....	12,812,385	12,812,385
Sierra Leone.....	202	202
Straits Sett' m'ts.....	18	18
So. Australia.....	15,341	15,341
Trinidad.....	1,116	1,116
Victoria.....	39,712	39,712
West'n Australia.....	4,211	4,211

—Statesman's Year Book, 1899.

Must Go.

A system under which a man naturally worships God and robs his neighbor at the same time and gains in respectability by both transaction, is wrong! A system under which a man goes up in the church with the same rapidity that he goes down in character, is wrong! A system under which a man can only succeed in business by failing in morals, is wrong! A system under which a man can be elected to the presidency only by promising beforehand and that he will violate the spirit, if not the letter, of his oath of office, is wrong! A system which rewards men with cabinet offices for doing in a round-about way, what, if done directly by a poor man, would be a penitentiary offence, is wrong! A system which elects men to office and keeps them there because they are known to be unfit for the place, is wrong! A system under which it is a disgrace to be a socialist or anarchist, that is, one who thinks only and always for the betterment of the world, and under which an equally benevolent single-taxer is barely tolerated, while at the same time it is an honor to be a partisan democrat or republican, is wrong! Such a system that outrages every principle of justice; that defames virtue and exalts vice; that builds a statute to liberty while in the very act of strangling her to death. Such a system must before long give place to a better one or men will turn into devils and the earth become a hell.—Pentecost.

A drop of ink makes millions think.

Free Bathing and Barbering for Statesmen.

It is not generally known that Uncle Sam furnishes his legislators with bath tubs and other accessories of cleanliness, but it is nevertheless a fact. In the basement of the capitol are located the congressional bathrooms, where the statesmen cleanse their cuticle at the expense of the people. On the house side there are fifteen tubs, while on the senate the number is somewhat smaller. They are patronized by the statesmen at all hours of the day. Attendants are provided at the expense of the government. The fact that bathrooms are almost constantly occupied indicates the extent to which the privilege of the free bath is appreciated. Senators and members who live at hotels, where extra charge is made for a bath, usually wait until they reach the capitol to enjoy this luxury. Not only are the statesmen furnished free baths, but barber shops are provide for their use. These are well patronized, as no charge is made, and the barbers turn many an honest penny. They receive good salaries from the government and at the same time get tips from their patrons.—Exchange.

This Will Come With Socialism.

Speaking of the recent cuts in telephone rates in various parts of the United States, and especially in southern New England, where in some towns "inward" telephone service may now be had for six dollars a year, "outward" service being charged for by the single message, the Providence Journal says: "The day is coming when practically every household will have a telephone, just as it has other modern facilities. This may seem a broad statement, but no one can read the figures of the past few years without seeing how general the use of the instrument is getting to be. In 1880, there were 60,873 telephones under rental in the United States. That was one for every 823 persons in the community. But at the close of last year the number had risen to 1,124,846, or an instrument for every 66 persons! At the same rate the next ten years will find the telephone as ordinary a household convenience as a furnace or illuminating gas; even more so than the latter, for in the smaller towns electricity is being introduced as an illuminant more extensively than the older light."

A drop of ink makes millions think.

The Endless Struggle For Existence.

What slavery could be worse than this constant slavery of the mind to an endless struggle for existence, which finds rest only in the grave? The slaves in the south were in paradise compared with the position of those who will be dependent on the masters of the future. Every slave in the south had a value to his master, and was consequently cared for; but the slaves of the future will exceed the demand, and many will be compelled to live in poverty and want. Which is to be preferred—to be a slave and be fed, clothed, and housed, or be a slave and depend on a chance for the necessities of life? I know what the answer will be to this from a majority of the people. In the latter case they will say that man has the opportunity to rise, and get above a position of dependence and slavery. This is true; but it does not get around the fact that there is an ever-constant number who are in this position of slavery, and this number is bound to increase as consolidation in the hands of individuals proceeds.—K. G. Gillette.

The Union Label

on everything you buy is a guarantee that the producers thereof receive a fair rate of wages for its production.

INSIST ON HAVING THE LABEL

CITY OWNERSHIP

CITY OWNERSHIP A CONTAGION.

Municipal ownership is in the air and is proving itself the most deep-seated and catching contagion that has made its appearance in the political world.

MUNICIPAL BATHS.

are quite general in nearly every large city of the world. They should be established in every city, town or village. The first municipal bath to be established in Great Britain was in Liverpool, she purchasing a private swimming establishment in 1794.

The first public bath-house of which we have any record was in the city of Lubec, Germany, which was established about the middle of the thirteenth century.

UNITED STATES.

Boston was the first to establish the municipal bath-house in America. She started her first one in 1870. There are at present free floating baths conducted by the municipality at New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Cleveland, Milwaukee, Newark, Hartford, Des Moines, Lawrence, Springfield, Mass., Providence, R. I., and Worcester, Mass.

SOUND VIEWS ON PUBLIC OWNERSHIP.

Modern and enlightened evolution in municipal government, which means the government nearest our homes and firesides, has established in the public mind one great principle relating to that sphere of government, if its administration is to reach the highest measure of efficiency and service to the people: and that principle is that the governing body of a city, charged with the high duty of providing necessary public service utilities should not "farm out" such utilities to private corporations.

I am sounding no false alarm when I state to you that this city is beset with the power and influence of private corporations, and unless we put a stop—final and effectual—to the policy of giving away valuable franchises, that of right belong to the public, this generation may see the day when our control of city affairs will be by their favor, as their birth and existence was by ours.

Let us say to each of the corporation operating a public service, if it satisfies your prudent judgment to make sale of your plant to the city at a price that meets the reasonable views of the Board of Mayor and Aldermen and that is acceptable to our citizens, the way of your departure is easy; otherwise, our hand-writing is on the wall.

Municipal ownership means "home rule" as against the rulership of stock and bond holders of these corporations, who, too often, control the actions of legislative bodies to the detriment of public interests.

I am aware of the objections that opponents of such a plan are ready to point out; that the list of public officials would be greatly extended, thus widening the field of the political spoilsman; that a public utility cannot be so efficiently administered by public

and quasi political service as by the service of a private corporation; last, but not least, that the acquisition of such utilities would necessarily entail a large addition to our bonded indebtedness.

The light and water plants of Birmingham already have their outstanding bonds, and it is their patrons, the citizens of Birmingham who must pay the interest on them just as they must pay the interest on the bonds of the city. Consequently, so far as the interest-paying public is concerned, it matters naught, if the interest has to be met, whether such bonds are in part city bonds and in part gas bonds, or the entire lot is city bonds.

It is furthermore a fact easily susceptible of proof that cities owning their light and water plants are able to float their bonds at a materially lower rate of interest than cities that do not. I am firmly convinced that an issue of bonds sufficient to give us gas or electric light works and water works, and for the cancellation of our outstanding bonds could be marketed at a rate that would not greatly add to our fixed interest charge and no one will doubt that dividends now going to stockholders would more than offset this difference.

With public ownership, excessive charge for lights would no longer hold us down, to our present position of being the poorest lighted city in the land, nor would exorbitant water rates so limit the usefulness of our fire department that the present volume of business in Birmingham must pay an extra premium of \$20,000 a year on account of law classification by the Tariff association, as the investigations of our board of trade have demonstrated. Our people would not then be forced to content themselves with a quality of water that at times is a menace to public health.

Any plan of government that provides not these things for its own household is a mischievous make-shift, pure and simple.—Annual Message of Mayor Drennen, Birmingham, Ala.

A drop of ink makes millions think.

Socialism.

Socialism involves the government ownership of the means of production and distribution. Workingmen, not lawyers and bankers, will be the government. The workers will own the farm, mill and railroad, employing themselves to produce and distribute wealth to everyone according to his needs.

The government of the people will own the land, forests, sawmills, stone and slate quarries, brick-yards, glass works, iron mills and paint factories. It will employ architects, engineers, machinists, masons, carpenters, plumbers, artists and decorators. Every one will have a luxurious home. Each one will work short hours at high wages in a government position.

Food will be raised on land free from mortgages, rent, interest, taxes or insurance. Small farms will be merged into large ones. The farmers will live in the towns and cultivate the land with machinery. Freight will be carried on the people's railroads. Telegraphs will be in every postoffice. Telephones will be in every house. Both will be run at cost.

Shopping will be done reasonably. Purchasers will visit a sample room and select articles from a collection of everything produced. Incentive to adulterate or misrepresent goods will be absent. Purchases will be sent from the warehouse to the homes.

Business will be transacted at cost. Hours of labor will be the basis of value. With the product of one hour's labor one man can purchase the result of one hour's labor by any other man. Rent, interest, and profits will be abolished. Each one will receive the full value of what he creates; no one can get the value some one else creates, without full compensation.

Socialism will train every individual up to the highest possible standard, so that society may receive the greatest possible value from the life and work of each citizen. Children will be educated to the highest efficiency. Free choice of occupation will be accorded to the workers. Factories will be made pleasant places. Machinery will be made safe. The link and pin will go.

Everyone will work two or three hours a day and live in luxury. The world has undeveloped wealth enough, man has machinery enough, socialism will furnish system enough to provide lavishly for all mankind.

Poverty and the fear of poverty will be abolished. There will be no incentive to crime. The right to work will abolish indigence. Masters and slaves will be replaced by brothers.

Every citizen will be a shareholder in the greatest trust of the universe—the world and all that is therein. Each share is non-assessable and non-transferable, and is held only through the holder working a few hours a day for the company. Annual dividends are paid equal to the needs of the holder. The firm cannot fail, the principal cannot be encroached upon. It will secure and perpetuate the happiness of the race.

Such is the prospectus of socialism. Take a share?

A drop of ink makes millions think.

To Reach Thousands.

Some of our comrades want to know how you can help raise the APPEAL to a 500,000 circulation. Let me tell you! See that every barber shop in your town is on the list! Catch the point? Patrons waiting their turn always find the brightest and best paper. The dailies are usually old and stale, the illustrated weeklies dirty and torn, but a copy of the APPEAL a year old will interest a casual reader as quickly as one fresh from the press.

Nine times in ten, the barber will try "that little paper out in Kansas" for three months. See that the APPEAL is in every shop in your city, every week. This is one way whereby thousands can be reached whom you and I would never see.

HARVEY HOWARD.

AMONG THE WORKERS

Last week the carpenter editor of this column made so many bad joints, that he has been given his time and a carriage builder has been employed to hurl his reportorial shafts at the workers. We take him on a week's trial.

Comrade R. H. Hutchison, Oakesdale, Wash., threw 10 bolts into our surrey this week. They were king bolts.

Comrade J. G. Pecton found 8 top prop nuts in St. Louis. We have them safe, thank you.

Comrades M. D. Roush, Combs, Ark., J. H. Cotbren, Van Buren, Ark., came in with 11 Sarven wheels each. Now we can move.

Comrades R. F. Nash, Topeka, Kans.; Isaac Hiatt, Baker City, Ore.; B. F. Herman, Ness City, Kans.; A. E. Clark, Kansas City, Mo.; W. B. Landrum, Durango, Tex.; H. Oliver, McMinnville, Ore.; Frank Grubel, Springfield, Mo., organized the grand lodge of coach painters of the world last week. Initiation fee 10 axle clips.

Bro. F. H. Alexander, Omaha, Neb., left 40 bottom axle plates in our factory, each one 12 inches long. Alexander is too careless, anyhow.

Crookston, Minn., ships good piano box bodies. O. K. Berget turned out 12 of them.

Trimmer S. S. Johnson found 12 yards of duck at Russell Gulch, Colo. Yes, we can use them.

When Comrade W. C. Dawley, Detroit, sets up a job it looks neat. Handled 22 gears in one day last week and never smiled.

With Comrade G. W. Waters of Burns, Ore., we are now ready for orders. His day's work is 25 dashes. Best trimmer in America.

Comrades Myers and Greeley organized a trust last week in Meridian, Miss. First order for 150 anti-rattlers filled. Next!

Who told Comrade Nick Berner of Madi, Wis., to ship us 25 double trees? Well, we'll charge him the freight. Comrade L. B. Fink of N. Y. City is in the same fix.

Ten perches each received from Comrades Turf Delp, Leechburg, Pa.; M. V. Taylor, Dallas, Tex.; Samuel DeVoe, Bellville, Kans.; H. E. Everett, Biglow, Ore.; M. E. Westad, Hurley, S. D.; J. Aitken, Ashland, Ore.; R. R. Glasgow, Clarinda, Ia.; W. R. Roselins, Etowah, Okla.; F. M. Hallock, Hermit, Cal. All go on the phaction builders' association.

Comrade D. A. Thayer, Mankato, Minn., found eight pole sockets for the APPEAL's band wagon. Comrade W. H. Daniels, New Whatcom, Wash., gave it nine coats and Comrade P. W. Doyle put 18 broad stripes on the six shafts which Comrade S. T. Shell, Pleasant, Wash., finished last week. Now we are fixed.

Comrade J. H. Morrow of Denver, Colo., put eight fellows on the front wheel of our new tally-ho and Comrade H. C. Chapman put in five fifth wheels so it would turn easily. Might have known Chapman was not a carriage smith.

Comrade H. J. Hartwig sent us for keeps ten Brewster side bars from Evansville, Ind. They are beauties.

Comrade A. J. Bunker, Eldorado Springs, Mo., wants us to store 10 head blocks for a year. Shall we? If so, we must keep 10 for Comrade W. H. Cassidy, Chloride, Ariz.

Comrade H. G. Wright, Lynn, Mass., covered 27 "run arounds" in a day last week. Comrade A. Heberer, Monmouth, Ill., ironed up 10 and Comrade W. T. Powell of Denver set 13 tires. Put them on at full paws.

Comrade F. H. Lowry, Chicago, pushed 10 lazy backs into the barouche on which Comrade L. C. Rogers of Battle Creek, Mich., had put 12 coats of sea green. Lowry is in danger.

ANTI-BATTLERS.

The following job lot of anti-rattlers, perch irons, steps, bow sockets, fenders, clips are credited:

- Peter Frank, Portsmouth, O. 15
J. J. Myer, Plain City, Pa. 10
Edward Dodd, Cincinnati, O. 28
Jas Born, Fond Du Lac, Wis. 10
Miss M. Gunderman, Rockville, Conn. 10
Chas. M. Watson, Newburyport, Mass. 14
A. H. Rowley, Columbus, Ind. 12
W. L. Oswald, Arlington, N. J. 25
C. H. Reed, Toledo, O. 21
J. J. Cavanaugh, Toledo, O. 14
John M. Newkirk, Jr., Alexandria, Ind. 10
Chas. H. Miller, Somersworth, N. H. 10
W. T. Francis, Staragon Falls, Ont. 12
Sh. Workman, Marion, Ind. 15
Jas. H. Maurer, Coatesville, Pa. 10
Sam'l Coley, Pittsburg, Pa. 10
J. A. Wiltz, Chicago, Ill. 13
Oliver Troth, Camden, N. J. 10
David Needler, Buoyrus, O. 10
P. W. Kobil, Muncie, Ind. 10
Geo. W. Feeder, Vicksburg, Mich. 39
A. P. Faucher, Newcomb, Tenn. 10
J. O. Beldin, Gulfport, Miss. 10
E. C. Johnson, Hudson, Wis. 12
Orlando, Fla. 16
Franklin P. Marsh, Magnolia Springs, Fla. 25
H. Dennett, Middleboro, Mass. 15
Sam'l O. Heasley, Williamsport, Pa. 43
R. B. Vance, Carl Junction, Mo. 26
J. W. Elam, San Antonio, Tex. 39
J. J. Ryder, Santa Barbara, Cal. 10
J. A. Mohr, Ponca, Neb. 10
C. Doty, Azusa, Cal. 38
W. S. U'Ren, Oregon City, Ore. (Combiner) 22

While the new editor of this column was out to dinner a military feller strutted into the sanctum and got gay with things. He carefully laid the following train of powder and got out. The office devil came in and extinguished the fuse. Here is what Shoulstraps said:

Masked batteries at Haverhill fired a number of subs. into our sanctum recently.

Orders for recruiting the APPEAL army to

its maximum strength of 1,000,000 were issued yesterday.

The batteries at Los Angeles fired ten shots into our fleet last Friday.

Plans were made yesterday by the APPEAL to invest Manila and capture a few aubs.

The APPEAL has made a formal declaration of war against the capitalists.

The Logic of Panics.

The characteristic and great evil of the Profit System is that it is bound to keep productions down below the consuming power of the people. The price charged for a commodity must depend, among other things, upon the scarcity of it. It is because the people want more of a certain article than there is a supply of, that they are willing to pay more for it than it is worth. If there were plenty, enough to go round, the price of the thing would be just its cost (if the supply is excessive the price will fall below cost, and the production of that article will stop). There ought always to be just enough of everything to satisfy the people's wants. Supply should fit demand, and under a rational system of production, it could be made to do. In other words, everything should be bought and sold at cost; cost to include of course wages of managers, superintendents, etc. Such an arrangement precludes profits, and as it is profits which the capitalists seek, they take no notice of demand, further than to see that the supply falls short of it as far as they can control matters. At the same time they reduce wages whenever possible, and thereby reduce the effective demand or buying power of the people. Workers are not paid wages enough to enable them to buy what they have produced. The less they buy the less is produced, and the less that is produced the less they buy. When this process has gone on long enough products get bunched up in stacks. Gluts begin. Panics set in. Buying is less, congestion increases, and we have what are called hard times. Mills are shut down, men are thrown out of employment, human misery is vastly augmented; and vice, vagabondage and crime follow in due course. Every time these crises occur the public is as much surprised as though such a thing had never happened before. Politicians, editors, preachers all discuss it. It is attributed to almost everything from Adam's fall to "sun-spots," but no one seems willing or able to recognize its true origin in the profit system and its necessary evils. Capitalists, least of all, recognize the hitch. They would willingly pay no wages at all if they could get men to work for nothing, apparently never seeing that if other capitalists should do the same, there would then be no one able to buy the goods produced. Capital is always trying to pay society as little as it can for making products which it tries to make society pay as much as possible to buy back again. If by chance capital should ever reach the goal at which it is striving, our whole economic system would be brought to a standstill. The only thing that saves us is that capitalists are not as yet fully able to realize the ideal which they are aiming at. A pretty system that must be which depends for its existence on never attaining what it seeks to reach.

It follows that gluts, or "crises," if not relieved in some way would result in economic explosion. Small explosions, in the shape of panics, "Black Friday," etc. do occur occasionally; but a general explosion is prevented by the escape valve furnished by the continuous waste of luxury and the wastes of competition. Through these two wastes vast bulks of wealth are annually thrown away, and the goods thus wasted having to be replaced, prevent "hard times" from becoming fatal. Luxury, then, is an economic necessity and cannot be abolished just because preachers and moralists say it is wrong. It is as essential for our diseased economic system as a running sore is to a diseased body. "Luxury is a social ulcer which must be kept open if the profit system is to continue." A more intelligent way of getting rid of surplus profits, Mr. Bellamy thought, would be to make a huge bonfire and burn them up. This would call the workers into service at once; whereas wasting profits through luxury is a slow process, and the workers have to suffer while they are waiting.—Amer. Fabian.

A drop of ink makes millions think.

How Bankers Dodge Taxes.

I asked the tax assessor last fall, while talking with him in my yard, "How much cash money is taxed in all of the Pasadena banks?" Pasadena claims to have more millionaire citizens than any other town of its size in the United States. The assessor replied, "\$10,000." I asked, "Where is the money?" He replied, "Either in non-taxable bonds or run off." One bank—and there are five or six—publishes that it did between \$34,000,000 and \$35,000,000 business last year. And the tax collector asked me "if I had a sewing machine, how many chickens I had, if my watch is silver or gold. One assessor passed through my house to see if my assessment was correct, and had the gall to say of a \$59 furniture set, which cost that amount, and I had the bill for it, "I don't think you can buy it for that."

Almost all of these bankers are dear brethren in the church and follows of the Lowly Nazarine. But of course Jesus didn't mean anything in particular when he said, "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's." He meant it for the Jews of his day—possibly an incorrect translation, and of course doesn't apply now in this enlightened age. Such noble men as these are alone fit to choose our legislators. They have the great brains to comprehend necessary laws. Their massive intellects are so comprehensive, you know. They are such honest men.

But I am scattering APPEALS among the depositors.

E. A. BONINE.

McKeesport, Pa., has elected a socialist councilman, the first ever elected in the state.

Ten Acre Farm Free!

Our Sixth "Farm Contest" closes April 30, and will include ALL lists sent between March 1 and April 30.

Think of it! A ten-acre farm in the famous Fruit Belt of Arkansas—and for a few hours work for the APPEAL. Comrade Ellison of St. Thomas, Ont. Canada, cleared the track with 62 yearlies in February. Other workers have asked us to keep the next contest open for 60 days.

READ THIS OFFER!

This is a "free-for-all" contest, open to any individual, syndicate, union, branch, etc. To facilitate keeping the record we require that each list shall be sent in under the same name or title each time. This will prevent errors. Any club raiser can notify us to credit his list to any other contestant and thus help him in the race. This contest is different from any other in the series. The count is based on three months, that is, each yearly counts as four, half-yearly as two, a bundle of five for one year as 20; an order for 100 copies of any edition as five, for 1000 as 50; but, 10 weeks subscriptions are not counted. This fully explains the conditions. Send in your lists as fast as you get them! Induce every friend to help you. Remember that this contest means tons of literature will be scattered far and wide and all for advancing the cause. Yearlies pay best since each one counts as four. And the next orders for extra copies of Nos. 230, 221, 230, etc., in lots of 100 to 5000 help rapidly to swell the count.

HERE IS YOUR CHANCE, BOYS!

Many of you want a small circulating library. We shall present those coming second, third, fourth, fifth, and down to the tenth place with a selection of books, suitable to start just such a library. Club together and get one of these collections sure, perhaps the farm.

FIVE FARM WINNERS.

Here is a list of those who led the list in the first five contests.

- Oct. 31.—A. L. Nagel, Cincinnati, O. 118
Nov. 30.—W. A. Ross, Louisville, Ky. 211
Dec. 31.—W. A. Patterson, Buffalo, N. Y. 178
Jan. 30.—C. G. Ford, Los Angeles, Cal. 284
Feb. 28.—Hubbard Ellison, St. Thomas, Ont., 62
The last one was an individual contest.

Now fire them in, and remember everything counts and that all lists must be in before April 30! Organize clubs, unions and syndicates and put every friend to work!

SOCIALIST SONGS: sixteen good ones; 5 cents, post-paid. C. H. Kerr & Co., 56 Fifth-av., Chicago.

Was The Poet Spoiled?

Under the title of The Spoiling of a Poet, which the Kansas City Journal credits to the Chicago Inter-Ocean, is a venomous bit of satire directed against Mr. Edward Bellamy, the author of "Looking Backward," in which an abortive attempt is made to belittle the magnanimous endeavors of one of nature's noblemen to extend a succoring hand to struggling humanity through the commendable employment of those high intellectual qualities which their possessor obviously recognized as God-given, and for the use of which he as evidently felt himself answerable to his Creator.

"But unfortunately for Edward Bellamy a socialistic fad was afoot just then, and many thousands of impressionable persons insisted upon regarding his pretty little tale as a new sociological gospel."

Will the writer of the piece of fine sarcasm from which the above paragraph is quoted kindly explain to an inquisitive public how it was possible under the present regime which presented an aspect so illuring(?) and which promised so much(?) for a "socialistic fad" to become so firmly rooted as to obtain "many thousands" of followers? And why the noble production of "Looking Backward" struck so instantaneous and responsive a chord in the hearts of a happy and contented people as to assume the portentous proportions of a "sociological gospel"?

"He sacrificed his real literary powers to become a sociological joke, and died without one tenth of what he might have done in letters."

The gods reserve us unto a similar doom! What, then, are we to understand as "real greatness" in literature, fine arts and letters? Stripped of all of its befogging ologies and isms, has it not meant first, last and always the rare psychological powers of divining the inmost thoughts and emotions,—the quickening of the intellectual faculties, and the rousing to activity of those edifying and enabling qualities which lie dormant in the bosom of all mankind? The stimulation of the divine command "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself"?

"Such is the plain tale of the spoiling of Edward Bellamy, the novelist." True! and "He who runs may read." Looking with prophetic eye down the marshalling ages one may see this "plain tale of the spoiling of Edward Bellamy the novelist" emblazoned in letters of gold upon the state house dome of the future commonwealth; and enshrined in the hearts of an enlightened posterity the "sociological gospel" of "Looking Backward" as only the humbler instrument used to point the way to the putting into practice the diviner gospel of the lowly Nazarene. Heaven speed the day which shall witness the "spoiling" of more "Edward Bellamy novelists" and deliver us from the vituperative spleen of the small satirist. O. E. RICHESON. Kansas City, Mo.

At the request of a large number

of editors the APPEAL has adopted a special color for exchange wrappers.

Hereafter all copies of the APPEAL sent to newspapers will be in pink covers, thus enabling the busy editor

to readily recognize the paper.