

On earth peace,  
good will  
toward men

# The Social Democrat

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## CURRENT COMMENT

BY THE EDITOR

Mayor Jones, of Toledo, says that "socialism would not only put the idle poor to work, but also the idle rich." That is the main reason why the idle rich oppose it.

In 1856 the money power won the election; ten years later the chattel slaves were free. In 1896 the money power won the election; ten years later the wage slaves will be free.

The embezzlers and bank wreckers stole \$11,248,048 during the year 1897, or nearly \$1,000,000 for each month in the year. Under socialism this sort of crime would be impossible.

A few days ago a whole trunk full of securities, representing assets of the defunct Maverick bank, having a face value of over \$1,000,000, were sold at auction for the pitiful sum of \$454. This is the sort of "capital" that many of our great financiers are doing business on!

The politicians are beginning to trim their sails to catch the votes of those inclined towards socialism in 1900. Look out for fake public ownership or direct legislation planks in the platforms of the old parties. No fusion, no compromise, no trimming or trading with the parties of capitalism must be the slogan of the Social Democrats.

The acquittal of Martha Moore Avery in a Boston court recently was a notable triumph for free speech, and one that socialists, especially here, have reason to rejoice at. Socialists have repeatedly been prohibited from holding public meetings in the public streets, parks and squares of Boston, and their persistence in fighting the thing out in court until the violation of their constitutional right to hold such meetings has been judicially declared is much to be commended.

Competition is working out results peculiar to itself in the strike of the boys employed in the fruit jar factory of Ball Brothers, at Muncie, Ind. The boys have been getting \$5 per week, but they demand \$6, and threaten to strike unless their demand is granted. The firm states that the demand will not be granted, and there is no fear of a strike, as men have been employed at \$5 to take the places of the boys who are demanding \$6. When it becomes possible to hire full grown men for the pitiful sum of \$5 per week, for the purpose of breaking down a strike of 14-year-old boys, the competitive system has almost reached the culmination of atrocity and the day of its destruction is near at hand.

Cable and electric street cars have displaced over a million horses in the United States alone, and this has thrown out of work 400,000 stablemen and blacksmiths, 40,000 harnessmakers, 20,000 carriage makers and many others, besides destroying the farmer's market for hundreds of millions of dollars worth of hay, straw, oats, corn, etc., annually. There has been a vast saving to the capitalist street railway owners who have gained possession of these improvements, but there has been no gain to the people to compensate for all this loss of employment and of market for farm products, nor will the people gain anything until they become the owners of the railway systems.

Suicides 6,600, and murders 9,520, is the record for the year 1897, as reported by the Chicago Tribune. Of the suicides more than three thousand are classified as due to despondency and business failures, while the "unknown" list foots up 1,922. Of these unknowns it is probably safe to say that a large majority were wrecks of our industrial system, and at least two-thirds of the whole number of suicides may be safely classified as directly due to worry and anxiety caused by the tendencies of the system. The yearly list of suicides has increased steadily since 1890, when it footed up 2,040. A few more years of capitalism, and the suicides and murders will balance the increase in population.

President McKinley appears to have a peculiar affection for bank wreckers. No less than thirteen of these criminals have been pardoned by him since he was inducted into office. These bank robbers are thoroughly "respectable" criminals, and the president probably reasons that they cannot be bettered any by keeping them in jail, but as long as the legal theory of the trust character of their functions prevails the president ought also to have some consideration for the widow and orphan investors and depositors whom these wreckers have robbed.

We hear plenty of talk about these poor widows and orphans whenever it is proposed to cut down the profits of moneyed institutions for the purpose of enabling wage earners to live—why are their interests so lightly guarded at other times?

About 100,000 cotton operatives in New England received a New Year's present in the shape of a 10 per cent reduction in wages. There has been some talk of a strike, but there is little danger of the talk materializing. This cut is the result of "prosperity"—the prosperity of the "New South." The competition of the southern mills, with their cheaper labor and cheaper raw material, has forced the New England mill owners to reduce expenses in order to retain their hold on the market.

and this reduction had naturally to come out of the wages of the operatives. Now, this is exactly what prosperity means under the present system. It can never be universal, but only sectional, or local in character. Whenever you hear about any country or community enjoying "prosperity" you can immediately begin to figure out what other country or community is suffering as a consequence.

The total amount of capital invested in the Fall River cotton mills is \$23,000,000. The stockholders received dividends in 1897 of \$776,300, or 3.33 per cent on the capital invested. Commenting on these figures in connection with the recent dissatisfaction among the cotton operatives over the New Year's reduction in wages, the Chicago Tribune remarks that the return to the stockholders is not excessive, and if it had been divided up among the operatives there would have amounted to less than \$30 apiece. Continuing, the Tribune says: "But if the dividends had been paid to the employees, the capital invested in the mills, and the labor and skill employed in managing them, would have gone entirely unrewarded. Then capital would have abandoned that business and the employees been out of work."

The Tribune's argument is badly mixed, and its conclusions are rather off color. When it talks about capital abandoning business it obviously doesn't mean that at all. What it means is that, if capitalists, the owners of "capital," do not receive their dividends they—not "capital"—will abandon the business. Capital is dead, inert matter; it can neither abandon nor enter into any condition of activity unless set in motion by some human agency. The question, then, is as to the agency which shall set this inert capital in motion, and for whose benefit. If motion, it shall be the private capitalist, for his exclusive benefit, as at present, or whether it shall be the people collectively, for the benefit of all, as socialism proposes. Primarily it is a question of ownership, and it is just as well to remember that when these capitalist sheiks talk so loudly about capital doing this, that and the other thing they are really talking about capitalists; and when the people constitute themselves the capitalists, as they will shortly, they will be able to do with capital just as the present capitalists do, namely, use it as they see fit for their own benefit.

The Tribune continues: "If the mills had been run by the operatives, without the aid of the business ability of the men who manage them now, but with all the capital the latter have at their disposal, there would have been no surplus at all." That would be a terrible state of affairs, truly! No surplus! Well, the heavens wouldn't fall, and we'd keep right on doing business at the same old stand, satisfied with the knowledge that we were receiving the full product of our labor, without a "surplus," used to furnish dividends to idle capitalists. Perhaps it has never occurred to the Tribune that this "surplus" is so insistent about its exacting the thing that needs to be abolished; that is what all the rickety old industrial machine the Tribune and its capitalist contemporaries are laboring so industriously and ineffectually to keep going—their's too much "surplus."

One of the silliest assumptions in these capitalist arguments of the Tribune is the idea that the managerial skill now employed in these great industries would go unrewarded and immediately stop operating if the capitalist was abolished. What is to become of all this managerial skill? Is it to disappear with its capitalist employer, vanish completely from off the face of the earth? Well, I guess not. I imagine that it will remain on earth, and will work as faithfully and as efficiently for the people as it now does for the private capitalists. The function of the capitalist is not to "manage"—it is merely to draw dividends from the profits of the industry. Industry at present is conducted almost wholly on the corporate or joint-stock basis. Managers are salaried employees. They manage the affairs of their employers—the stockholders—as represented by boards of directors—so as to obtain dividends for them, and any manager who proves himself inefficient is promptly removed and replaced by another. Now, I do not imagine that there will be any difficulty about this managerial skill being left in the lurch when the people abolish the capitalist and assume control of industrial affairs themselves. I think the people, in their corporate capacity, will be able to employ these managers to just as good advantage as the capitalists now do. Don't worry about the managers, Mr. Tribune. They must work for somebody, and after they have abolished the capitalists with their dividends and surpluses, they must perform work for the people.

The object of socialism is, not to distribute the sums now going as dividends to the capitalists among the employees, as the Tribune assumes, but to abolish dividends entirely and distribute the whole product of the collective industry among the workers, on a basis of actual service rendered. The amounts paid as dividends by no means represent the difference between the market value of product and the wages and salaries paid workers and managers. There are insurance, taxes, commissions and profits to a host of useless middlemen, and many other

items besides wages and cost of raw material. The Tribune admits this, and assumes that they are items of expenditure which workmen do not take into account. It says:

If the figures were printed showing what the mills have paid out this year for wages and for raw material, and showing the value of the goods produced during the year, it would be apparent that the value of the product was much greater than the amount paid out for wages and raw material. The seeming profits of the business would exceed greatly what was paid as dividends. Then the labor demagogues, using these figures as a text, would tell the cotton spinners and weavers that they were not receiving their fair share of the product, while their employers were getting too much. They would assume that the latter got the whole difference between the value of the finished product and what they paid out for labor and raw materials.

The walking delegates would make no allowance for the cost of marketing the product, for taxes, repairs, insurance, bad debts, and those other items of expenditure which eat up so large a portion of the proceeds of the sale of the finished goods.

The Tribune is unnecessarily worried about the "walking delegates" and "labor demagogues." Socialists take all those various items into account and show conclusively that nine-tenths of them are sheer waste and a useless burden on industry. One of the standstill complaints that socialism makes against the present system is the vast amount of unnecessary expense entailed on industry through competition in marketing the product. All the expenses caused by competition would disappear under socialism. The people would receive the whole product of their collective industry.

"Management by operatives" is also the subject of considerable depreciation by the Tribune philosopher. He ought to study the records of the Rochdale Societies of Great Britain. There is a vast business that started with practically nothing half a century ago, and it is now the wonder of the world. And it has been managed by "operatives," common workmen, from its inception. And the highest salary paid to any of its managers to-day, notwithstanding that the business ranks in importance with the best in the United Kingdom, is \$2,000 per year. Managerial ability is not so rare a commodity as some people suppose.

Harford and Wilson, the British trades union delegates to the Nashville convention of the American Federation of Labor, are not very favorably impressed with the tactics of the Federation. In an interview in New York before sailing for home, Harford said: "The policy of the American trades unions in not engaging in politics as a body is stupid. How can they expect to obtain any lasting reforms if they don't get into politics?" By pursuing their present mummy plan of ignoring the control of political machinery as a means of bettering their condition, they are not only fatally ignoring their chances, but are inviting the scorn of the politicians—the very class from whom they expect to get better laws for the masses."

Who does not know that this criticism is to the point? A little more of the "independent political action" poppycock will perchance lead to the introduction of enough of the socialistic leaven into the American trades union movement to enable it to become the political force its importance deserves.

The sordid heartlessness of our infernal business system is well illustrated by the action of John D. Rockefeller in suing a poor widow for the sum of \$17.50. Rockefeller certainly had not the slightest need of this money, while the widow doubtless needed it very badly; but such considerations are sentimental; they represent the humane side of human character, and cannot have the slightest place in "business."

Rockefeller had a legal claim for the money, and it was a collective delict; therefore, in pursuance of his legal rights, and as a business man, not as a human being, he sues, and obtains judgment for the sum due him. Now that the "business" requirement has been met, Rockefeller may, as a philanthropist, that is, in his character as a human being, give the poor widow enough to enable her to pay the amount of the judgment and costs (although I never heard of him giving a dollar except to a church or a university), but in doing so he would take pains to insist that his action was prompted solely by philanthropy, and had no characteristic of "business" about it.

What I wish to point out is the gulf that exists between "business" and real humanity, and the utter fatuity of those who talk about conducting the affairs of society on "business principles." A strict observance of business principles would paralyze all social action, and force a dissolution of the present social body in less than a week; it is only as we have departed from business principles that we have made progress socially.

Pork Packer Morris has induced his son, Ira, to abandon a literary career and enter the pork packing business. Ira has written a book, and it is said to be a very creditable production, indeed, and gives evidence that its author has considerable literary talent. The young man had a literary career mapped out for himself, but at his father's solicitation he has reluctantly consented to abandon his literary aspirations and devote himself to business.

guess I will consign that "push" idea to the waste basket.

Morris says he thinks "a man of business does more for the community in which he lives and for the world in general than a writer of books." That depends. There are books—and books. Some of them ain't worth much, and would better never have been written. But there are others—and the man who, with millions already at his command, can seriously advise a talented son to give up the chance of enriching the literature of his country to take up the pursuit of filthy dollars is simply gold mad. He is mentally unbalanced and ought to be looked after. Suppose that had happened to Shakespeare, Victor Hugo, Dickens—suppose any one of them had been induced by a wealthy dolt of a father to abandon literature for business, would the world have been the gainer or the loser?

I feel sorry for young Morris—although I don't suppose he much needs any sympathy of mine. It is sad to see a promising literary career sacrificed to the moloch of "business."

Our charity and humane organizations are strong in their treatment of effects while mighty weak on causes; however, their dilettanteish efforts to deal with glaring social evils from their peculiar standpoints might be permitted to pass unnoticed were they not so prone to make infernal nuisances of themselves.

Probably the greatest nuisance of the whole lot is the Gerry society, which has arrogated to itself the peculiar function of protecting the welfare of the children of the nation. If this society was really anxious to abolish cruelty to children it might easily find a broad field for the exercise of its energies in looking after the enforcement of our factory laws and in laboring to abolish the infernal industrial conditions which force children of tender years into the vortex of our commercial maelstrom. In this field it might do some little good, and would at least escape making a nuisance of itself.

But a nuisance it was born, and a nuisance it will remain, until the people finally become surfeited with its officious meddling with strictly private affairs and abolish it, together with the whole brood of dilettante reformers it represents.

The latest exploit of this remarkable society was the compelling of inventor Thomas A. Edison to desist from the unparalleled atrocity of permitting his nine-year-old daughter to appear on the stage and dance at a charity entertainment! And while the Gerry society interferes to protect the child of Mr. Edison from the assumed cruelty of her own father, who is doubtless more deeply interested in her welfare than a thousand Gerry societies could possibly be, there are thousands and thousands of poor children who are perishing of cold and slow starvation in the miserable garrets of our cheerless tenement houses, while thousands of other children are wearing their young lives away in the field atmosphere of our sweating dens, and in the dwarfing and health-destroying occupations of factory life, their existence made more cruel to them and their young lives cruelly destroyed, in order that the claims of the demon greed may be satisfied! Let us pray for the quick coming of the day when Gerry and his society will find their occupation gone.

### WHITHER ARE WE DRIFTING?

Just now there is a spirit of unrest throughout the world. Every country either has trouble now, or is anticipating it in the near future. Wars or rumors of war, inflict every quarter of the globe. Governments are suspiciously watching each other's movements. There seems to be a lack of confidence. Each fears that the other is trying to gain some unjust advantage. The long-cherished thought of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man appears to have lost its charm in a universal scramble for wealth and power. To-day, conscienceless greed is corrupting and destroying the civilization of the world. Can it be helped? I emphatically answer, yes. Will it be? I frankly say, I don't know.

We have troubles here in our own country, which will likely be all we can attend to. I don't like to be called a pessimist, for those who understand me best, know that I am inclined to look on the bright side of life. But I must confess, that I regard this as the darkest hour in our nation's history. I know the criticism that this will subject me to, but it is none the less true, and he who, believing as I do, fails to sound the alarm, falls short of his duty to humanity. Murders, robbery and suicide are of hourly occurrence. Mob law is rapidly gaining a prominent foothold in nearly all the states. Law-abiding, unarmed, defenseless laborers, peaceably marching along a public highway, as they have a lawful right to do, are met by an official mob, and without warrant or rightful authority, brutally murdered, and this awful outrage is endorsed by the monopolistic press of the country.

We hold public meetings, make contributions, and indulge in long prayers for the Armenians, and pass resolutions condemning the cruelties of the Turks, while in our own country we burn men at the stake, and punch their eyes out with red-hot irons, and not one of the perpetrators of these barbarous outrages is ever punished. Are these things not sufficient to set loyal, thoughtful friends of humanity to thinking? Do I exaggerate when I say that this is the most serious and critical hour in the nation's history?—J. P. St. John.

All public disorder proceeds from want of work.—Baptist Courier & News.

### I'M THANKFUL.

I'm thankful that the sun and moon Are both hung up so high That no rich robber's hand can stretch And pull them from the sky. If they hung low, I have no doubt, Some corporation ass Would legislate to take them down And light the world with gas.

I'm thankful that the shining stars Are far beyond our reach, And that the rolling planets, too, Are dead to human speech; If they were near, I'm very sure, Rich men would own the skies, And manage this whole universe By private enterprise.

I'm thankful that the God of all, Whose laws we must obey, Has changed his plan for making man By shaping him from clay; If he had not, it's very clear "Would be a doleful case—Some men would form a big clay trust And stop the human race!"—Rev. Herbert N. Casson.

### RANDOM THOUGHTS.

By George Allen White.

Socialism is not intended particularly for the old, who are naturally prejudiced beyond hope of recall; but for the rising generation, whose minds are open to the wholesome light of truth. Among the young men of our time most Socialism secure its converts. The newspaper organs of the business interest emphasize the need of electing to the highest offices men who are "safe" and "sound"; old and middle-aged gentlemen with countenances fashioned into the conventional look of set and flint indifference to the welfare of others; and who have lived long enough to have lost, long since, their youthful ideals of justice and right, and who hold that everything, animate and inanimate, must be made to bow to the almighty dollar. Our "business" men invariably avoid young enthusiasts who believe that right's right for a' that.

The average opponent of Socialism proves the correctness of Dr. Schaffle's contention, that "the kernel and aim of the Socialistic propaganda is still almost unknown." We have almost daily evidence that an absurd amount of false representations, of exaggerated fears, and of no less immoderate hopes, grows rankly in this field of inquiry." The majority of people, in my opinion, would do well to study the rudiments of the Socialistic economy, and to especially avoid placing reliance on the second-hand trash found in the daily press.

Someday that Socialism is but "a dream"; yet, as Thomas Carlyle says, "Every noble work is at first 'impossible'—to those who don't know anything about it."

One of the funniest, if it were not one of the most lamentable, things about our opponents is that they apparently uphold the Christian religion, and the dicta of Jesus Christ, while, at the same time, maintaining that the antithesis of this faith—or human selfishness and self-interest, and inhuman greed—is necessary, if the world is to progress and grow beautiful. I do not admit that there is an earnest young man twenty years of age who cannot perceive the ineradicable difference between the admonition to "Love your neighbor as yourself" and the brutal advice, "All 'Books of Law' and 'Golden Rules' are fashioned to betray; 'The Survival of the Fittest' is the Gospel of To-day."

Socialism seeks to alter nature's laws, even as Jesus Christ proposed to do it. What is human nature? Does anyone know? Human nature has been constantly exhibiting its protean character ever since we have known anything about it. "Human nature" is plastic and adamant. The Le Claire workmen of Paris were completely changed over by the introduction of the system of profit-sharing. Sixty-five years ago Lord Vandeule effected a wonderful betterment in the habits of the tenants on his Irish estates, as all who have read history doubtless know. Count Rumford took the Bavarian poor and made for them a heaven out of hell. On pages 18-24 of "Count Rumford," it says that, at the end of five years, his schemes "had not only banished beggary, but had wrought an entire change in the manners, habits and very appearance of the most abandoned and degraded people in the kingdom." We cannot change human nature—why, for thousands and thousands of years that nature has been writing in the throes of never-ending change: the nature of ten thousand years ago was very far removed from that of fifty thousand years ago; the nature of five thousand years ago differed greatly from that of to-day; the nature of ten thousand years hence will have few points in common with that which we now behold on all sides. Imagine our remote ancestors, the anthropoid apes, contemplating the idea of forming so simple a thing as a government; in the words of Charlotte Perkins Stetson:

"You would have to change your nature. We would like to see you try!" They chuckled them triumphantly. These lean and hairy shapes, For these things passed as arguments With the Anthropoid Apes."

For the self-interest that impels men to acquire more than their just share of bread, meat, beans, houses, horses, etc., let us substitute the desire to reach planes of mental and physical superiority, and shine before men as possessing more than the ordinary intellect and strength. I would rather have a big brain than a big, brazen heart. It was not gold, nor what gold could buy, which gave us Homer, Milton, Burns, and Byron. Something more than the greed of gain made Shakespeare, Bunyan, Scott and Car-

lyle. Competition would never have touched the chords that made possible a Webster, an Everett, a Phillips or a Henry Ward Beecher. The instinct that demands the sweat and blood of the poor and needy, nominated in the bonds of industrial slavery, did not awake the genius of Whitworth, Hargreave, Crompton, Cartwright, Woodworth, Gallahue, Thimmonier or that of the hundreds of inventors who rot in paupers' graves.

The papers in the employ of capitalists have actually succeeded in making men believe that it would be "monotonous," and would crush out individuality, and would eradicate poverty and want through the instrumentality of Socialism. Monotonous, to enable everyone to earn an honest living, and sleep in a decent bed! Monotonous, to see pass by never again the glittering gift of wealth wrung from emaciated bodies! Monotonous, to have no beggars to relieve and no bummers to run in to the lockup! Monotonous, to put under, once for all, the sweet thrill of knowing that there is some one in the wide world waiting to be legally swindled! Monotonous, like the wonderful, sunny climate of California! Monotonous, like paradise! Ben Franklin and Mulhall are on record to the effect that not more than four hours of labor per day would be necessary, under an industrial regime such as socialism would usher in; Edward Atkinson puts the limit at two hours, and Prof. Hertzka, of Vienna, at one hour and twenty-three minutes. To me, it does not appear that the monotony and routine of working ten hours per day for a mere pittance can be any less than it would be when each did his proper share of the work of the world, and hours were reduced to four at the highest. Then, in the six or more hours remaining on hand, what an opportunity for developing a superb individuality as yet hardly dreamed of by the most optimistic!

The extremes upon which much of the existing individuality is based, will be done away with, it is true. The gummy millionaire will have to go. The tramps and mendicants who comprise so much of the individuality of Judge and Puck will have to go. The suicides, the insane, the murderers, the robbers, who make big the roll of competitive individuality, must go. Those characters who make it their business to fawn at the feet of the master must go. The man who walks about with a last-year's hair-cut, and a badge of old-partyism on the seat of his pants, cheering "Old Glory" and shouting for Mac and Grover—well, he will have to go, too.

What bears hardest on humanity to-day is not the struggle of competition, but the terrible, inevitable results of that struggle. The monotony of slaving ten hours every day, with little time for the higher life—that is hard. The thorn that enters the mind, upon the realization that things are unequal—and not justly unequal either—that is what enforces a life of hardship upon mankind.

Say a few persons, more superficial than observant, cannot alter human nature "by law." Socialism can do nothing for us, because men are no better, and have no more potency, in the mass than in the individual capacity; consequently, under the socialistic commonwealth, men would still be selfish and beastly. That is the theory of anarchists, and there is not a well-informed man in the country who does not know that an avowal like this proves the one making it to be either an anarchist or an empiric. If law is so powerless, why not abrogate the laws directed against crime? Why have laws for the inspection of factories and breweries? Why prohibit child labor? Why legislate against the Louisiana lottery? Why not disband the police forces? Why not accept anarchy with open arms? For are not people, forsooth, just as good individually as they can collectively make themselves to be by law? Mr. Bryan was not so far out of the way, when he declared that the true anarchists were the upper classes and their attaches.

THE BATTLE HYMN OF LABOR.

We have seen the reaper toiling in the heat of summer sun, We have seen the children needy when the harvesting was done; We have seen a mighty army dying helpless, one by one, While their flag went marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah, Glory, glory, hallelujah, Glory, glory, hallelujah, As we go marching on.

Oh, the army of the wretched, how they swarm the city street, We have seen them in the midnight where the Goth and Vandals meet, We have shuddered in the darkness at the noises of their feet— But their cause goes marching on.

Glory, glory, etc. But no longer shall the children bend above the whizzing wheel, We will free the weary women from their bondage under steel, In the mine and in the forest, worn and hopeless, men shall feel Their cause is marching on.

Glory, glory, etc. Then lift your eyes, ye toilers, in the desert hot and drear, Catch the cool wind from the mountains; Hark! the river's voice is near, Soon we'll rest beside the fountains, and the dreamland will be here, As we go marching on.

Glory, glory, etc. For the self-interest that impels men to acquire more than their just share of bread, meat, beans, houses, horses, etc., let us substitute the desire to reach planes of mental and physical superiority, and shine before men as possessing more than the ordinary intellect and strength. I would rather have a big brain than a big, brazen heart. It was not gold, nor what gold could buy, which gave us Homer, Milton, Burns, and Byron. Something more than the greed of gain made Shakespeare, Bunyan, Scott and Car-

lyle. Competition would never have touched the chords that made possible a Webster, an Everett, a Phillips or a Henry Ward Beecher. The instinct that demands the sweat and blood of the poor and needy, nominated in the bonds of industrial slavery, did not awake the genius of Whitworth, Hargreave, Crompton, Cartwright, Woodworth, Gallahue, Thimmonier or that of the hundreds of inventors who rot in paupers' graves.

### THE GRID.

Interesting News Items From All Over the World.

The telephone in Paris is \$10 a year; in New York, \$240. Glasgow's municipal railways carry workmen mornings and evenings at half fare. Australian cities carry children free to and from school. Berlin steam roads charge \$4.50 a year for a ticket to and from the city—five miles—as often as you please. In American cities this would cost from \$30 to \$50.

Terre Haute C. L. U. sets aside one evening in the month to discuss political and economic subjects. It is one of the progressive bodies.

The grand jury, has returned a score of indictments against parties conducting gambling houses in the city of Chicago, eight being against aldermen, leading democratic politicians.

A call has been issued for the ninth annual convention of the United Mine Workers of America to meet in Columbus Jan. 11, 1898.

The first meeting of the National Building Trade Council was held in St. Louis December 21, and was marked by a scathing denunciation of the American Federation of Labor for having passed a resolution during its convention in Nashville, Tenn., opposing the formation of the national council.

The Flint & Pere Marquette railway officials of Michigan have signed a contract under which no labor excepting members of the American Federation of Labor will be employed in the big transfer freight depot at Ludington, Mich. The company desires to guard against further winter strikes.

The results of the secret ballot of the Miners' Union, in progress at Ishpeming, Mich., for the last five days, was overwhelmingly against a strike. The union officers are almost alone in desiring a strike, and the attempts last August and now to get the men to walk out may disrupt the union.

Salter D. ... under sentence of death for train wrecking during the A. R. U. strike of 1894, has been reprieved by Gov. Budd of California, until Feb. 11.

An idea of the importance of the Chicago beef and pork industry can be formed from the fact that 41,000 persons are employed in the slaughter house district of that city.

In a recent bye-election in a parliamentary district in Belgium the Socialists increased their vote from 1,580 in 1894 to 6,576.

The Socialist parties of Bulgaria and Poland recently held national conventions, and the proceedings showed that the cause is making strong headway.

British houses of lords has decided that men discharged from a job for not belonging to a union, cannot recover damages from the organization. The cause has been fought through the courts since 1884 and finally came to the lords.

The department of agriculture estimates the wheat crop of this country at 530,000,000 bushels. In 1896 it was 427,684,346; in '95, 467,102,947; in '94, 460,267,416; in '93, 396,131,726; in '92, 515,949,000; in '91, 611,800,000.

Socialist sections of Kansas have formed a state organization. An educational society, "in which the Socialist labor party, the Social Democracy and independent Socialist organizations can effectively combine their work in the spreading of Socialistic literature," was also formed.

The opening of an extensive addition to the Premises of the United Co-operative Baking Society in South York street, Glasgow, took place Oct. 23, and was made the occasion of a demonstration in favor of the cause. Over 1,500 delegates were present from all parts of Scotland.

The city council of New Haven, Conn., passed a resolution providing for a committee to inquire into the advisability of having the city establish and conduct a newspaper of its own.

Prince Dimitri Khilkoy, a Russian nobleman, has followed the advice of Count Tolstoy and divided his estates among the peasants, reserving but seven acres for his own cultivation.

In Victoria (Australia) there is but little demand for labor. The Wages Board, in accordance with the factory laws, has fixed the minimum wage to be paid adult males in the boot and shoe industry, at 7s 6d (\$174) per day of eight hours, over, to females, 18 days of age and over, the minimum is placed at 20s (\$4.80) per week of 48 hours.

The Italian government is having trouble with Socialism in the army. A recent investigation revealed a secret organization among the soldiers, and a large amount of Socialist literature was found in the garrison of Padua, which resulted in numerous arrests. The ministers of the Durham, England, district are evidently beginning to see the light. It was resolved "that it be a standing order of this council that none of our agents or officials shall support any capitalist candidate in parliamentary elections against a labor or trade union candidate."

In New Zealand an eight-hour day, or to be more exact, a 48-hour week, is compulsory for all women working in mills and workshops, and all children under 15. They are not allowed to work overtime for more than twenty days a year, and then they are limited to three hours extra a day, and the written permission of an inspector must be obtained. In the case of adult men the government does not interfere with their hours of labor, save in exceptional cases, but the eight-hour day is general though not universal, throughout the colony. In Wellington the average wage of adults in engineering works is £2 10s 3d a week; molders average £2 13s 8d; pattern-makers, £3 2s, and adults in electrical engineering works, £3 2s 4d.







# Paradise Found

BY  
RUDOLPH LEONHART, A. M.

Author of "THE WILD ROSE OF THE BEAVER," "TONGUAK," THROUGH BLOOD AND IRON," "THE CHILDREN OF THE OUTFITTER," "THE TREASURES OF MONTEZUMA," "DOLLAR," "EITHER, OR," "ATONEMENT," "BRIDGING THE CHASM," ETC.

### CHAPTER I.

#### The Convention.

We are in the United States of Vesperia, and more particularly in the large and magnificent city of Lakopolis, which boasts of buildings reaching in to the sky and of many hundred thousands of inhabitants, many of whom are studying the difficult problems of living on air and the glory of being citizens of the most glorious republic of the universe; and of a very small band of millionaires, studying the even more difficult art of finding digestion for the thousands of titbits daily tempting their overwrought stomachs.

Lakopolis is very large; so we make it a point to be more particular yet, and state that we find ourselves in a modest hall void of all the trappings and paraphernalia generally connected with such gatherings, the one in question being a convention of the class commonly called the lower; in other words, there are no great politicians, no governors of states, no prime ministers, no judges of Supreme Courts, no nabobs, no aspirants to offices within the gift of the people.

We notice that the reader looks disgusted, and his gestures indicate a strong desire to withdraw, in response to which we merely shrug our shoulders, reminding him with that indifference bred by sang froid that this is a free country, and that we shall certainly not resort to coaxing to secure his stay. We shall remain, and, taking a seat at the reporters' table, sharpen both our wits and our pencil to take in the surroundings and sketch them for the benefit of parties having a different, not to say better, taste.

What we see is this: The hall holds about five hundred persons, and is filled to its utmost capacity. These present belong to both sexes, the males, however, predominating in numbers, so as to form about two-thirds of the assembly. All are plainly dressed, even the gentlemen, a circumstance causing the reader, and even us personally, to open our eyes slightly wider in surprise.

Our surprise, however, does not last, or rather it gives way to another; for, as our glance wanders over the assemblage, we mark a more than ordinary intelligence on every brow. The eyes shine with a fire which is catching, causing our pulse to beat more rapidly, and an ever increasing feeling of expectancy to fill our soul. Now our glance wanders to the platform or rostrum devoted to the reception of the party or parties destined to play the role of orators in the convention. It holds but one person, namely him that it stops there as if riveted.

It is a man we see, a man of about thirty, tall and slender, possessed of no uncommon comeliness of features, and yet more than ordinarily attractive, or rather fascinating. "How does he look?" you ask. We might reply: "What is the difference? When you gaze at a fine picture it is not the frame that claims your attention."

But we know the peculiarities of the general reader too well to object, and will therefore state that the man on the platform is fully six feet tall and more than ordinarily slender. His hair is brown, and his beardless face is of fair complexion. His nose is slightly aquiline and descends to a pair of compact lips, free from sensuality but betraying firmness and determination. His blue eyes form the most attractive feature of an otherwise ordinary face. They might well be compared to the bottomless fountain whose limpid waters create expectations and suggest possibilities.

The man is plainly dressed in gray, and his thoughtful eyes at this moment wander dreamily over the assembly, fascinating every individual, to judge from the breathless silence prevailing everywhere and the exultant light in five hundred pairs of eyes, all fixedly fastened on his countenance. We use the word "fascinating" advisedly, for we are thus affected; why we cannot tell. We experience the sensation of a person approaching for the first time the Falls of Niagara. He knows that something grand, something stupendous is in store for him, but as yet he only hears the roar of thunder in the depths below and feels the earth tremble beneath his feet. We are, indeed, so lost in expectancy of something unusual to occur that we start when the reader nudges us and whispers in our ear: "Say, who is that fellow?"

As a general thing the author knows everything, or at least is expected to, so we are heartily ashamed to confess that, in this instance, we do not know, and would like to fib out of the dilemma. In this respect, however, we resemble the Father of our Country. We have a little dull hatchet with which we chop our kindling wood, and—we cannot tell a lie. So we do the next best thing, and, turning to the reporter near us, propound the same question. He casts a withering glance at us, saying plainly and unmistakably: "Well, I never! Where do you come from, greenhorn, to display such shocking ignorance? That man is Hugh Jean Taps."

Before we have time to impart this information to the reader the man on the platform begins to speak, incapacitating us for everything else but listening and recording his words. Here they are:

That determines its importance. You need only to examine the pages of history to see this truth verified in hundreds of instances. Kings have assembled to settle battles and sages to write about letters. A Latin proverb tells us that mountains labor to give birth to the ridiculous mouse, while physical and mental sparks have set continents on fire.

"Such mental sparks have changed Paganism to Christianity, Barbarism to Civilization, and every discovery, every invention can be traced to them. Such a mental spark has now set our souls on fire and inspired us with the ardent desire to extend this spiritual conflagration all over the land. It has awakened us to the consciousness of our mission to bring about the fundamental social reformation, not only essential to, but absolutely necessary for the proper development and legitimate happiness of the human race. Our social relations are sadly out of gear, a fact cheerfully acknowledged by all thinkers, a class lamentably small. A small portion of those denying this assertion know better, but as these jars and contortions of society promote their interests and selfish aims they not only wilfully lie on this subject but liberally pay a venal press to echo their denial.

"To you it would be more than useless to present the causes which have led to and are daily increasing these lamentable social jars and convulsions, were it not necessary to proclaim a platform of our principles, an avowal of our convictions and intentions, to refer to when we are attacked by the calumny of our enemies and adversaries. Permit me, therefore, to repeat on this occasion, that we believe the astonishing discoveries and inventions, on the one hand, and the corrupt legislation secured by the ever growing influence of the money power, on the other, are the main causes of the deplorable impoverishment and wretchedness of the majority of the people.

"The system of competition, which favors the strong and cunning at the expense of the feeble and simple-minded has also much to do with the increasing misery of the masses, poverty being beyond all dispute a powerful incentive to crime.

"In proposing a fundamental reformation of our social system we contemplate the welfare of the rich as much as that of the poor. To say nothing of the undeniable probability that the constantly increasing misery of the masses may, nay, undoubtedly will, cause them to turn eventually upon their despoilers, logic and reason, as well as experience, teach us that a diseased body cannot possibly contain a healthy head, but that the disease will eventually reach the head, subjecting it to suffering in proportion to its sensitiveness and refinement.

"It is a well established law of nature that progress cannot be obtained without labor, and that idleness, no matter whether voluntary or compulsory, lowers man and places him at length on a level with the brute. It is, therefore, our intention to inaugurate a system where all must work, thus paying their just tribute to society, but at the same time reducing the hours of labor to the minimum, leaving ample time for both improvement and recreation. Protracted study and long reflection have convinced us that our purpose can only be attained by giving an object lesson to those who are willfully blind or maliciously hostile, and it is for such a purpose that this convention has been called. An old adage says that 'to see is to believe,' and when I repeat that we have gathered to discuss the best mode of practicalizing the best thoughts of the deepest thinkers and most unselfish philanthropists of the age, my claim of the stupendous importance of our endeavors at once steps into a light so brilliant that only malice or stubbornness can fail to see its justice. I might dwell on the perils in store for our race, perils intensifying every day; but time presses, and as words are merely the seeds from which action must spring to prove its usefulness, I pass over to an outline sketch of the measures which, in my humble opinion, are necessary to execute our plans.

"You know that there are many thousands of workers in this country who clamor for employment, but who cannot find it; workers who feel the pangs of want and hunger now, and who are compelled to gaze upon a future infinitely darker yet. Our main object is to secure work for these wretched sufferers, doubly wretched because those dear to them share in their privations.

"As long as the demonic system of competition endures there is no hope for these sufferers, and our efforts must therefore be directed to the abolishment of that system and the inauguration of another more just, more humane; a system where the interest of one is the interest of all; where every member of society doing his fair share of its work shall also receive his full share of profit and enjoyment.

"An equitable system of co-operation is the only one capable of fulfilling such conditions, and it is therefore our intention to introduce such a system. But how? That is the question; and a question difficult to solve, not on account of its own intricacy, but by reason of the impediments thrown in its way by malice, on the one hand, and stubborn ignorance on the other. The money power of this country, nay, of the entire globe, stands solidly arrayed against us. A venal press, preferring its own sordid interests to those of the race, has formed a formidable alliance with plutocracy, and perverts the judgment of the very ones in whose behalf we labor.

"Physical compulsion is out of the question; for not only do we form a small minority of the people, but compulsion is a two-edged sword which wounds both parties and most eventually fall in its purpose. It is, in fact, the method of warfare employed by our foes, a method to which they triumphantly and threateningly point, but which will before long recoil upon them and destroy them, if we do not succeed in saving them by saving the race.

"Yet we need power, political power, to give our object lesson; and as we are too weak to use the entire country as a schoolroom—we must confine our operations to a section. I need not tell you that some of our thinly settled western states are still, in the incipient stage of development, possessing millions of acres of the choicest land and undeveloped natural resources infinitely in extent, awaiting only the touch of industry to spring into glorious life. It is my opinion that one of these thinly settled western states should be chosen for our theater of action. By sending an army of ten or twenty thousand intelligent, sober, industrious men into one of them we could in a short time gain perfect control of its politics, and so remodel its constitution as to inaugurate a Co-operative Commonwealth, and thus a new era of happiness and prosperity.

"Happiness, my friends, is contagious. Let the people of the United States of Vesperia once see the golden age established in our section and they will turn a deaf ear to the wallings of a mercenary press, and imitate an example which they were taught to anathematize. I have already received offers from several of these states, assuring me of the hearty cooperation of the inhabitants, making our task comparatively easy. You know the verse which informs us, that 'westward the course of empire takes its way.' This is in a measure true. Energy, enterprise and intelligence universally induce men to improve their material conditions, and it is therefore no mere hallucination which makes us believe that we shall find a hearty co-operation in the western state which, after mature deliberation, we shall select as the arena of our peaceful struggle."

"There were no storms of applause nor clapping of hands when the speaker ceased. It is the shallow brook coquetting with boulders or jumping over ledges, which does the prattling; the deep river silently pursues its course, unless violent storms lash it into fury or internal volcanoes cause it to seethe and boil. However, what the tongue failed to manifest the eye spoke plainly and unmistakably; for the spiritual fire which we had before noticed burned more intensely, and imagination almost enabled one to hear the crackling of the electric sparks as they flew from orb to orb.

The convention now went into committee of the whole, plunging with commendable zeal into the discussion of the measures necessary to set the momentous ball a-rolling. Such work is unquestionably hard, and as the average reader thinks he has done his full share in reading our story we will spare him the labor and merely report results.

The deliberations were long and protracted, and at times quite spirited. Even these delegates had not climbed the mountain of Socialism to the top and their more advanced mates had to do considerable lifting and shoving to get them finally to the plain, where paradise stood revealed in the distance. After six hours of hard work the organization was at last perfected. The title chosen for the fraternity was "The Social Democracy of Vesperia." Branch lodges were to be organized in every corner of the Union, and to these branches was entrusted the important business of raising the needed funds and spreading the new gospel in their respective sections. The branch lodges were to elect officers to conduct the contemplated meetings, and also delegates for future conventions. These delegates were then to elect a board of directors with power to conduct the future operations, and this board was empowered to choose a committee of half a dozen men charged with the supervision of the industrial army to be sent to the chosen arena. The selection of the field of operations was altogether a matter of too much importance to be made at the spur of the moment, for which reason the convention adjourned without settling this momentous question.

"As we shall meet our new friends frequently in the near future, we may now leave them, to journey to Plutopolis, where clouds are rising on the social horizon, threatening to cripple if not prevent the execution of the scheme just now reported.

(To be continued.)

### PRIVATE PROPERTY.

Some years ago a company made an overland trip through the west. The guide was one Rattlesnake Pete. As the party journeyed they became very thirsty, for in certain parts of Arizona water is very scarce. All day long they journeyed, and animals and men were very parching, when lo! it was as the guide had foretold—they reached a cooling spring where the water gushed forth from under a great rock. But there was a man there with a rifle in his hands and two pistols in his belt, and this man said he owned the spring. His price for water was a dollar a bucket, so our friends purchased water, and drank, and gave it to the animals. Rattlesnake Pete remarked as he went away, to the gentleman who owned the water: "Any man who jumps one of God Almighty's springs would sell water to his father in hell."

Some months after Rattlesnake Pete went back that way with his friend Alkali Smith, and the man at the spring died and Pete and his friend buried him in the valley below the spring, and over the grave they heaped a pile of stones; and then they set a stake in the center of the stones, and on the stake are these words: "The gent under these stones thought the spring was his, but he was mistaken."—The Philistine Magazine.

### WHY AND WHEREFORE.

I know not whence I came,  
I know not whither I go,  
But the fact stands clear  
That I am here.  
In this world of pleasure and woe,  
And out of the mist and murk  
Another truth shines plain—  
It is in my power  
Each day and hour  
To add to its joy or its pain.

I know that the earth exists,  
It is none of my business why,  
I can not find out  
What it's all about—  
I would but waste time to try.  
My life is a brief, brief thing,  
I am here for a little space,  
And while I stay  
I would like, if I may,  
To brighten and better the place.  
To lighten and better the place.

The trouble, I think, with us all  
Is the lack of high content;  
If each man thought  
He was sent to the spot  
Where he would be a bit more sweet,  
How soon we could gladden the world.  
How easily right an wrong.  
If nobody minded  
And each one worked  
To help his fellows along.

Cease wondering why you came;  
Stop looking for faults and flaws;  
Rise in your pride and say:  
In your heart and in your soul  
I am here for a little great cause.  
However fall the world,  
There is room for an earnest man;  
It is his duty to  
Or I would not be—  
I am here to strengthen the plan."  
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Form.

### SOME CONCLUSIONS OF STATISTICIANS AS TO THE MISFORTUNES OF THE POOR.

Various attempts have been made recently to get at the causes of poverty by means of statistics. In Europe paupers are defined to be those who receive aid from government or charitable funds. The proportion of paupers to the whole population is highest in England, 28 per 1,000. In Scotland it is 24, in Ireland 23, in Holland 20, in Italy 10, in Austria 9, in France 8, and in Germany 7. There is no similar division made officially in the United States, and, taking the country through the proportion here is less, probably, than 2 per 1,000, says the New York Sun. When it comes, however, to the causes of poverty the American statisticians are, so to speak, right in line with what some persons would call their conjectures, but what they describe as their conclusions. Thus, of 10 cases of poverty, 11 per cent are chargeable to drink in excess, 21.3 per cent to what the statisticians call "misconduct," a rather vague designation for unwise or reprehensible acts; 25.5 per cent to lack of work or inadequate pay for work done, or insufficient, half-time employment, and most of the remainder to "misfortune."

What particular distinction the statisticians are able to establish between "misconduct" and "misfortune" is not easily stated, for some acts of misconduct are clearly due to misfortune and many instances of misfortune are directly traceable to misconduct, but the statisticians do not concern themselves with such trifles as call "broad propositions," and one of these. They only deal with what they term, Charles Booth of East London, has ascertained by investigation that in the poorer districts of the British capital exactly 12 per cent of those male or female adults who are a charge either upon the government or upon others for reasons not arising from physical causes owe their indigence to drink, though it has been observed by some travelers in East London (and travelers who are not statisticians) that the absence of drink is at times a more poignant cause of visible distress than is unbridled indulgence in ale, porter or bitter beer.

London spends \$6,000,000 a year for the relief of the needy, Paris \$4,500,000, Vienna \$3,000,000, and Berlin \$2,000,000. Greater New York will spend approximately \$2,500,000.

### THE COURTS CONTROL THE WEALTH.

The Circuit Court of Cincinnati has decided that members of the Muslims' Association who were expelled for violating the rules and scale of prices must be reinstated. A few months ago a member of the chamber of commerce was fined and expelled for violation of the constitution of that organization. He went before the same court to compel his reinstatement. The court, whose mission seems to be to protect those who are best able to protect themselves, flatly refused to try the case, and denied the complainant a hearing, on the grounds that one who had violated the constitution of the chamber of commerce was not entitled to a trial beyond that given by the organization whose rules had been violated. Which of these positions is right does not matter so far as the point we wish to make is concerned, and that is that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor. Very few men will deny that this is true in a measure, but even the members of the labor organizations who have had many bitter experiences of this kind, do not realize to what extent our courts are dominated by the power of wealth and partisanship. It is getting so that a jury of men free from control can hardly be selected in our courts in this country, and if matters continue to grow worse at the same rate they have been going for the past twenty years we might as well abandon the whole judiciary system. And it will grow worse unless the common people step in and do a little political housecleaning. Filth and cob-webs are accumulating in the judicial and legislative chambers quite rapidly. If we go about it right away it won't take long to brush up, but if we keep putting the job off something more than moral suasion will be necessary, and it is barely possible that the whole shanty might have to come down and a new one erected. Such things have occurred before, and the same laws of nature are in force to-day that made the French revolution. If we are wise, we will give them heed before it is too late to avert the sure result of their workings.—Exchange.

Hear the dying wall of fame,  
There the battle's groan of pain;  
And in silence, smooth-faced Mammon  
Reaping men like grain.  
—Whittier.

## COLONIZATION DEPARTMENT

CYRUS FIELD WILLARD, EDITOR  
COLONIZATION COMMISSION—COL. RICHARD J. HIXSON, Chairman.  
W. F. BORLAND, Treasurer. CYRUS FIELD WILLARD, Secretary.

### REPORT OF RECEIPTS.

Amount previously acknowledged	\$1,207.45
J. C. Frost	2.14
F. L. Smith	.50
O. A. Lank, Branch 3 of Ind.	3.75
B. B. Earnard, Branch 3 of Wash.	1.70
J. F. Fox	1.00
T. Emil Lieber, Branch 4 of Mass.	5.12
C. B. Dickinson	1.00
Mrs. Mary Gunning	1.00
F. T. Thomason	5.00
Total	\$1,228.66

W. P. BORLAND, Treasurer.

### OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

All official correspondence for the Colonization Commission of the Social Democracy of America should be addressed to the secretary of the Commission, Cyrus Field Willard. All persons corresponding with the Commission who have not received answers to letters during the absence of the secretary in the West, will do well to address him stating nature of former letters, so that matters may be satisfactorily settled.

### THE NEW YEAR.

What has the New Year in store for Social Democracy?  
This question must be one that is asked by every member of our organization that now stretches from New England's rock-bound coast to farthest California's olive-crowned shore. Particularly it is this case of those who believe in the idea of colonizing or concentrating Socialists. They are thinking with intensity and looking forward with hope to the time when this work of concentration shall begin.

In this work of concentration we are met with the arguments of another school of action and these arguments have a certain degree of plausibility until they are examined, when their fallacy becomes plain. These arguments can be classified under two heads. The first is that colonies have never succeeded and hence they never can. The second point, and the one that has some force with those inclined to think superficially, is contained in the statement that it is better to have all the Socialists diffused through the country or rather as they more vaguely put it, it is better to have the ideas of Socialism permeating the social system everywhere than to have them withdrawn to any single locality. This is a sample of the old laissez-faire loose style of thinking when "capital" and "labor" were used for "capitalist" and "laborer."

It is good to have the ideas of Socialism, permeating the whole social structure. They are doing that anyway. But there is an old saying that it is better to be a live dog than a dead lion.

It is better also to be a live Socialist in a colony than a dead blacklisted Socialist starved to death in a large city. Ask the people in Ruskin whether they are doing better work there or as individuals diffused in a large city, and the answer will come quick enough. The \$500 it costs to become a member of that colony would be exhausted in two years in Chicago paying board at \$5 a week and there would be nothing to show for it, while in Ruskin they have their living and an insurance of future livelihood.

There is another point from which to look at it. Take the 60 members of Ruskin and scatter them all over the United States and their influence would hardly be felt. Concentrate them in Ruskin as has been done and they have advanced the cause of Socialism to a tremendous extent. Their town as a colony is the source of comment and of inquiry, of advertisement of Socialism and of aid to the same. It would be impossible to get out their paper, the Common Nation, if they were diffused through the body politic. By these Socialists concentrating they are able to get out this paper which does much to diffuse the ideas of Socialism through the body politic and make more Socialists than if the ones who are now getting out the paper were half as many. In only daring to talk Socialism in under tones to their fellow workers. Those Socialists who oppose the concentration of Socialists in a colony are illogical and working against their own ideas. They believe in co-operation and the Co-operative Commonwealth, with its subdivision of labor, and yet they oppose it practically.

They will tell you that we will not go back from the subdivision of labor and that ten men working co-operatively can produce more than ten times the product of one's work. Yet when it comes to propaganda they do not seem to believe in this, but advocate the old individualistic theory of each one preaching his ideas through the social organism in his own egotistic way with the chance of being starved to death or silenced by the controllers of the means and instruments of employment. When we propose to take the labor needed and place it on idle land possessing the necessary natural resources and there build up a co-operative system entirely divorced from the outside competitive system where the laborers can be independent in the security of their livelihood and can preach Socialism at any and all seasons, and what is more, live it, what is the result?

We find a number of Socialists and socialists posing as scientists and scholars, telling us that it is wrong to go on that theory as you ought not to concentrate your energies, but should allow them to remain diffused. It is true our enemies are concentrating their energies, but we must not

But perhaps it would be most practical to divide the country into sections so that some would start earlier than others.

Another thing that may need discussion, is how to lay out the colonies to the best advantage. We claim to be economic people, not in the absurd sense of living on flapjacks and sawdust pudding, but in the sense of gaining the greatest possible advantage with the least amount of manual labor.

I have had a plan formulated for several years, and if the Social Democrat can allow space, I will briefly outline its main features: Divide the land into farms, say two miles square, then divide these farms each into four or five large fields. This would avoid the use of the manifold fences common on smaller farms. The labor and materials commonly expended in building fences could then be utilized in building better dwellings, school-houses and other useful buildings.

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Large fields would justify the expense of using the most improved machinery. Locate the building as near the center as possible, and run roads parallel or in hilly countries as nearly parallel to each other as possible, and others also parallel to each other in crossing the former at right angles.

These roads could be graded as labor could be secured, then macadamized and finally tracks laid and the use of horses in carrying on traffic between the colonies entirely discarded.

SAMUEL POBT.

### A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

To all our members weighed down with poverty and sorrow we wish a Happy New Year.

We mean to make the effort, and soon, too, to provide a happy new year for many of our brothers now in cities' slums and bowed down in poverty. There are millions of men in this country able to do anything of all trades and calling, anxious to work yet unable to find it. They are starving in sight of unused land which if permitted to use would at least produce something from the bosom of our great mother which would keep them from starving.

Some say, "We will change all this when we get the majority of votes." It may be so, but in the meantime our brothers will have starved or committed suicide. It is only nine days to starvation and they cannot wait.

While not undervaluing the necessity of political action, yet "it is a condition and not a theory that confronts us." What are you going to do with the "out of works" in the meantime? Let them starve? They are our brothers and must be assisted now. Hence the colonization plans of the Social Democracy.

You cannot talk social economics to a starving man any more than you can religion. The first thing is satisfy his animal instincts and then you can talk philosophy and the beauties of the Co-operative Commonwealth.

This is the practical work we are setting out to do, and if the business negotiations now being conducted are successful as they promise to be we will make for thousands indeed a Happy New Year.

### A GOOD SUGGESTION.

I would suggest that you call attention to the folders for daily contribution in the home in every issue of the Social Democrat, because some who might use them did not see the article in explanation of the scheme. Others who did see it neglected the opportunity, some may not have been subscribers at the time and last but not least of the reasons is that every holder of such contribution box folder should see that every issue of the paper contains something to remind him of the little contribution box.

L. E. HILDBRAND.

St. Louis, Mo.

I have just received your Daily Fund Co-operative Box and I am much pleased with it. I will drop what I can in it every day.

B. W. G.  
Lynn, Mass.

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