

The Labor World

VOL. I.

DULUTH AND SUPERIOR, OCT. 10, 1896.

No. 14

The Ballot.

W. E. P. FRENCH.

I.

What do you think a vote is for?
Something to sell for a dollar or more?
Something to cast as you're told to do?
Something to give to the wealthy few,
Who are only as one to ten of you?

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Don't rail at the rich, let your whining cease,
The crimes of our times lie at Labor's door;
For the rich have only a vote apiece,
Till the poor man sells them more.

II.

Who sells his vote is both fool and knave;
More, he is coward and thief and slave,
(Content as a slave to live and die),
Deserter, traitor and thrice-damned spy.
Fool, since he sells his right to think
For a harlot's wage or the price of a drink;
Whereas, had he cast his vote aright,
He and his were victors in the fight.
Knave, since he's false to the Nation's trust.

Coward, because he's afraid to thrust
With the ballot's knife for Labor's cause,
But helps with his vote to make the laws
That bind his fellows in closer thrall,
Thief, since he steals from the arsenal
Of Labor its best and keenest steel,
Deserts the ranks of the common-weal,
And fawn—the cur—at the dollar's heel,
Traitor to duty and honor's call;
Spy of the spoiler in Labor's hall!
Brand him with shame till he's under
ground,
Black-hearted dastard and craven hound,

III.

What do you think a vote is for?
To demand, to command, not to implore,
So ething to use in your manhood's
might!
Something to cast for the cause of right!
Something to handle with strong, clean
hands!
Something to win back your stolen lands!
Something to emphasize your demands!

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Don't rail at the rich, let your whinings cease,
The crimes of our times lie at Labor's door;
For the rich have only a vote apiece,
Till the poor man sells them more!

IV.

Then use the ballot and end your woes;
Vote for your friends and not for your foes;
Grapple your birthright fast to your souls;
Victory's yours when you guard the polls
To see that the count be fairly made,
To see that the law shall be obeyed;
Victory's yours when your not afraid
To stand by Justice,
To grasp the right,
To change the proverb
To—Right makes might.
Victory's yours when you learn at last,
For what and for whom your votes to
cast;
Yours when the lesson you've mastered
well
That a ballot's to use and not to sell;
Yours when you finally understand
That "Divided, we fall; united, stand!"
Then stand together—why longer wait?
And make THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE FATE;

Who Are the Anarchists?

Lynn, Mass., dispatch of Sept. 27:
The largest congregation ever seen
at a Sunday service in any place of
worship in this city assembled in
the Labor church today to hear the
Rev. Herbert N. Casson, preach on

the subject, "Who is the Anarchist,
Bryan or Hanna?"

The auditorium was crowded with
people of all shades of political
opinions, including leading republicans,
democrats and populists,
several city officials, local labor
leaders and a delegation from the
Bryan-Sewall-Williams club of
Boston. The preacher's fame as a
pulpit orator is not confined to New
England alone. He spoke for two
hours and roused his hearers to a
high pitch of enthusiasm when he
said that "Nebraska never had a
better loved son than Bryan."

The Rev. Mr. Casson said that as
his service was a political one, he
would omit the reading of the
Scripture lesson, and by way of
preface read portions of several editorial
articles bearing on his subject
from the New York Journal, which
paper, he said, was "the most
progressive organ of public opinion
published in the Eastern states
today. Mr. Casson said in part:

The laws of prosperity are to be
discovered, not constructed. The
real legislator for whom this nation
waits is he who shall find and
dare to proclaim the perfect social
order foreordained by justice from
the beginning of the world. The
real anarchists is he who seeks to
violate the laws of nature for the
exclusive benefit of a small fraction
of the community.

During the present campaign the
epithet "anarchist" has been hurled
at the heads of some of the noblest
and most capable men that this
generation has produced. The
fierce searchlight of publicity has
blazed upon these men for years,
and not a single corrupt official act
has ever been discovered.

Bryan is caricatured, just as Lincoln
was, as a highwayman, as a pirate,
even as the devil, and in many
similar ways. Whether Bryan's
political views are entirely correct
or not, who can deny that he is
a citizen of whom any nation in
the world might boast?

Whether we consider the sustained
ability of his addresses, his
gentlemanly endurance of slander
and misrepresentation, his unsullied
public career, or the magnetism
of his unaffected cordiality

to the sweat-stained masses that
greet him at every depot, we cannot
avoid admiring him as a sturdy
specimen of our American manhood.

Compare him with the gagged
individual who trembles in his
mortgaged house lest Hanna may
foreclose. Compare him with that
unfortunate Napoleon who has already
met his Wellington and surrendered
his convictions, and it is plain to see
which best represents the principles
of the Declaration of Independence.

Bryan is the spokesman of the
half-awakened producers, who form
nine-tenths of the population. He
and his associates have revived the
apostolic power of "casting out
devils" in the democratic party and
of raising the dead to life among
the republican rank and file.

They have given us at least a real
issue instead of a sham one, and
though their remedy may seem inadequate
to progressive thinkers, it is in the
right direction and in accordance
with the people's will.

During the last few years we have
been rapidly developing a slave
element in our population—a propertyless
class, entirely dependent upon
the sale of their labor. No longer
does Jack hobnob with his master.
The rich and poor do not live in the
same quarter of the city. A second
secession has split our society into
two hostile elements, and it is
childish to howl "anarchist" at the
patriot who proclaims the unwelcome
fact and seeks to weld the nation
into unity again by repealing the
laws that caused it to split asunder.

America is the workingman's
"Paradise Lost," and it can never
be regained by passive obedience
to the serpent.

Our carpenters build magnificent
mansions and live in rented tenements
themselves. Our mechanics construct
electric lights and use kerosene at
home; they manufacture pianos and
do not own a tin whistle; they build
carriages and go on foot. Our miners
dig gold and die poor; they delve in
dangerous coal mines and lack fuel
in the winter. Our farmers raise grain
and want for food, export cotton
and wool and lack clothing, sell
cattle and are without meat.

Our marvelous inventions have
been monopolized so that, in spite