might hold their jobs, while sitting on the ragged edge of starvation, fearful that any moment their famine wages might be withheld and they and their wives and children forced into an abyss of despair or death. It is, therefore, not surprising that they should ask: "What shall we do to be saved?"

And it is just here that the defeat which more than six millions of men sought to avert, rises like "truth crushed to earth," and proclaims that what is called a defeat is like Nebuchadnezzar's fiery furnace, made to stand by the genius of Justice, a flaming symbol of victory, because all over the broad land it served to arouse the mind forces of millions of men to hew out new departures to the goal of emancipation. The ballot, however much it has been eulogized, has been beaten to the earth by boodle wrung from unrequited toil, and as a weapon can not be relied upon to execute the will of the people while they are in industrial bondage. An industrial slave cannot be expected to cast an independent ballot.

One John D. Rockefeller with his $200,000,000; one Cornelius Vanderbilt with his $150,000,000; one Andrew Carnegie with his $100,000 000; one C. P. Huntington with his $75,000,000; one J. Pierpont Morgan with his $60,000,000; one George M. Pullman with his $50,000 000; and one Mark Hanna with his $40,000,000, alone or in alliance, can debauch the nation.

Nine per cent of our population having obtained possession of seventy-one per cent, or $50,000,000,000 of the nation's wealth, can and do poison every stream of knowledge, of truth, of justice, of love, of mercy, and make it run bank full of every vile contamination that human greed can devise and inflict upon the suffering people.

It has passed into a proverb that the school of experience is a dear one, and it is as true as the aphorism that the wageworkers of America have had an abundance of tutition in this school. They have worked and toiled down the declivities of poverty until they have reached the bottom, to find huts, rags, crusts, darkness and despair. The palaces of those who have driven them down hill are on the highlands, ablaze with light. There is music and dancing, purple robes and fine linen; there is luxury beyond compare, and the robber barons, filled to the throat with wine, have their auction blocks where their daughters are offered in the market for titles, creating scenes as offensive and shocking as were the vices of Sodom.

Is there a way out of this labyrinth, this tortuous, blinding and confusing maze? I believe there is. All that is required is a will on the part of wage workers to find a place where they may extricate themselves from bondage and bask in the sunshine of prosperity. There are even now in the wilderness thousands of John the Baptists crying, "We will hew out a way for the oppressed toilers of the world, a highway of deliverence to new regions beyond the reach of Moloch maws and boodle beasts of prey."

These leaders of the socialistic army have thrown wide open the door of hope to the toiling masses and are inviting them to enter, and with a faith that is even now the substance of things hoped for, they can see a victory achieved for the producing masses in the late election, the full fruitions of which are now budding and are soon to bloom on the "thorny stem of time."

Speaking for myself, I am a socialist. I have long since given expression to my socialistic convictions; they have grown with my growth and I am more strongly impressed with them at this hour than ever before since first I began the painful study of the progress and poverty of the race. Our competitive system is utterly cannibalistic. Human beings are set against one another, the strong devour the weak, and this heartless proceeding has to be done in self-defense. Crush and devour your neighbor, or he will you! Under this system the few cunning and unscrupulous have been enabled to monopolize the earth and the fullness thereof, and they have used their illgotten possessions to enslave and degrade mankind. Private greed has been the controlling force and it has been and is accounted as of vastly more importance than the public welfare. Under the regime of private capital property has become sacred and human life has been reduced to a valueless commodity. A few men own and control the country. The producing many have been subjugated by degrees until millions work by permission and millions of others are tramping and starving to paupers' graves. And all of this amidst fabulous abundance! The theme invites to elaboration, but time and space forbid. I survey these frightful conditions, the ripened and rotting fruit of the capitalistic system, and I declare, with all the emphasis of which my words are capable, my implacable hostility to this system, and my determination to battle with all my power for its overthrow.

It is axiomatic that men have a right to work, the same inherent right to work that they have to breathe. And they have a right to all they produce, and if any part is taken from them without their express consent, it is robbery. The present system is founded, essentially, in the robbery of labor. No other word in the language properly describes the crime.

Every machine that is invented reduces labor to more desperate conditions. The whole system perverts and subverts and is fruitful of crimes beyond the power of language to catalogue.

The issue is, Socialism vs. Capitalism. I am for socialism because I am for humanity. We have been cursed with the reign of gold long enough. Money constitutes no proper basis of civilization. The time has come to regenerate society—we are on the eve of a universal change.

I am aware that socialism is a term little understood by the world at large and that it is everywhere a target for denunciation by the plutocratic press. When analyzed, it means a more perfect and equitable distribution of the products of labor; co-operation instead of competition; collective ownership of land, capital and all the means of production and distribution. It proclaims the coming of the co-operative commonwealth to take the place of wage slavery. Under socialism there would be work and plenty for all, reasonable hours and life would be something more and better than a prolonged agony or a continuous curse. Another panic would never curse the land. Crime would disappear and suicide would cease to shock the public conscience.

The present industrial system is not only a failure but a colossal aggregation of crime. It robs, it degrades, it starves; it is a foul blot upon the face of our civilization, indicative of poisoned blood flowing through the veins and arteries of the body social, industrial and politic; it promises only an increase of the horrors which the world deplores and which is leading nations, as well as individuals, into a decline and fall, from which, as history teaches, there is no resurrection.

I confess to no hope for the toil-