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The Situation Reviewed by Our Standard Bearer

Never has the Socialist prospect been so bright in this country. We enter the campaign this year with the physical proportions, the mental equipment and the moral stamina of a full fledged national party. Our comrades everywhere are eager for the battle.

There is not a moment for bickering or hairsplitting.

Croakers to the rear! Socialists to the front!

Down with wage slavery! Up with the working class!

On with the class struggle! Hurrah for the social revolution!

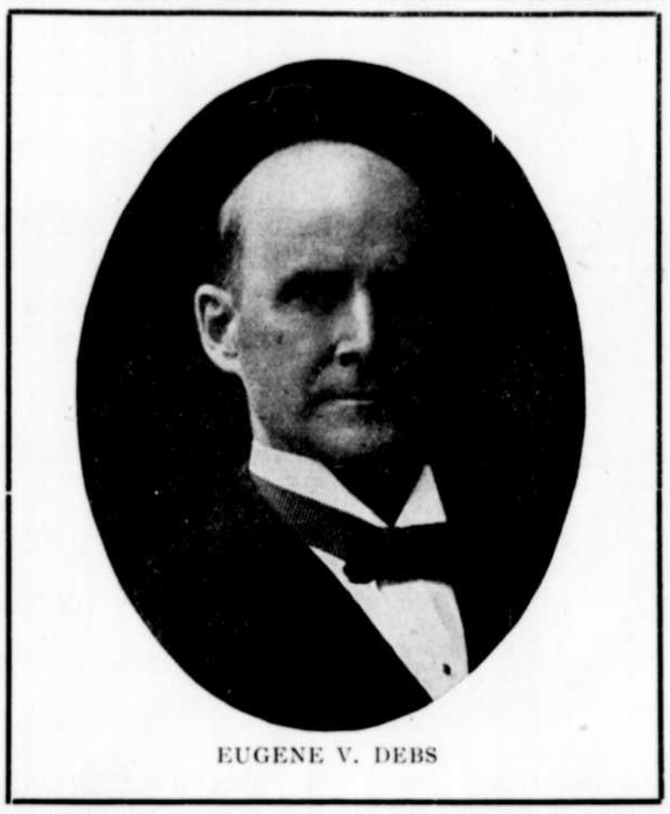
The following press dispatch should be read by every worker who is not a Socialist:

"Indianapolis, June 29.—It was decided at the meeting of the Republican state committee to conduct a "jolly" department as an auxiliary of the Republican state campaign. The men in charge of this bureau will be the candidates on the Republican state ticket, nearly all of whom have enviable reputations as jolliers.

The scheme is an interesting one and if it works out in practice as it is planned in theory political committees in other states may establish "jollying" adjuncts.

The plan, as outlined at the meeting and agreed upon, provides that the state officials, who largely compose the state ticket, shall apportion the state among themselves. Each man is to make regular excursions into his particular district to jolly the Republican workers and see that the esprit de corps of the party is kept up in good shape. Speech-making will not be essential, but each candidate will be expected to carry a side-line of hot air that will enable him to cheer and encourage the party henchmen.

The "jolly," with hot air on the side, is a powerful argument in favor of the republican party and wage slavery. Workingmen who vote that way have been "jollied" and "hotaired" by the republican politicians and flimflammed and frost bitten by the democratic politicians until their toes are out of their shoes and the seats of their trousers have jarred from their bearings, but they hold on like grim death. A diet of dried "jolly" with hot air gravy next winter may help them let go and fall in line with their class in the struggle for freedom.



EUGENE V. DEBS

You have been "jollied" long enough, Mr. Worker! Stand up like a man and act like one on election day!

The workers of Colorado who vote the Democratic ticket this fall will be the real enemies, the arch-traitors of their class. Upon them the responsibility will rest.

The silver mine owners are all 16 to 1 democrats.

The mine owners will be safe as they always have been with the democratic party in power, just as the cotton planters and cotton mill owners in the south are safe under democratic rule. Republican rule, democratic rule—it is all the same capitalist rule and working class slavery.

The democratic politicians of Colorado are promising milk and honey to the deluded and terrified workers if they will only "down Peabody" and put some cheap democratic skate in his place to do the same thing over again, or go Peabody a few better.

The democratic as well as the republican members of the Colorado legislature betrayed the mine and mill workers, sold out to the mine and mill owners, defeated the eight-hour bill and are responsible for the present strike and its countless horrors. They are the same foul gang in cahoots with each other and are severally and jointly owned, body and soul, by the plundering plutocracy.

The scheming knave who advises a workingman in Colorado to vote the democratic ticket to escape from Peabody is even a worse enemy than Peabody himself, or Sherman Bell.

The democratic party has no principles—it is for sale cheap and is dear at any price.

Down and out with them both! They are rotten and ill-smelling and ought to be buried deep and forever.

Here is another press dispatch that should delight the heart of every workingman:

"Munich, Bavaria, June 25.—Albert, the reigning prince of Thurn and Taxis, is an ardent sportsman, and is said to be an adept in every known sport. But he has other tastes for which the tailors, haberdashers, shoemakers, hatters and perfumers should make him their patron saint.

"The prince puts on a new suit of clothes every day. To his critical eye a coat once worn is in rags. Each of these garments is perfumed with attar of roses that costs not less than $96 an ounce. In a year his serene highness wears about a thousand cravats, two hundred and fifty pairs of shoes and an uncountable number of gloves and hats.

"In a word, compared with the prince, Beau Brummel was a tatterdemalion."

"This perfumed parasite believes that workingmen are disgusting animals and they agree with him. Only workingmen who have sense enough to become Socialists are opposed to princes who produce not enough to feed a mosquito, yet have a new suit every day and squirt perfume at themselves that costs $96 an ounce. The poor princes are not to blame. Workingmen force them to it and they can't help themselves. The workingmen who set up and worship princes who wear 365 new suits of clothes a year while they themselves are pantless, vote the republican-democratic reversible ticket. Socialists are workingmen who have cut loose and propose to make princes of themselves and their class.

Father Sherman and other pliant tools of capitalism are ceaselessly frothing about Socialism, because it will "break up the family and destroy the home." The Terre Haute Tribune-Gazette of June 30 has this item with the caption, "One Divorce in Five:"

"The report of the state statistician shows that during the year 1903 there were 837 marriage licenses granted and 176 divorces in Vigo county."

The present marriage institution is the reflex of the economic basis of capitalist society. The Dollar mark is its coat of arms. Financial consideration is the controlling factor in matchmaking. Pure love stands little chance against a fat pocketbook. Economic dependence accounts for one divorce in five marriages. There are thousands who are utterly wretched, but would die before being divorced in public, and there are thousands of others who "don't get along" because they were married on the merchandise basis and their souls were not in the deal for a moment.

Honor bright, as Colonel Ingersoll used to say, what percentage of marriages in present society are truly ideal and fill the lives of husband and wife with pure and perpetual joy? Do they amount to ten per cent?

The idea of Socialism polluting such an unclean institution! Capitalism has defiled the marriage relation; Socialism will purify it and make it holy.

Then again: The annual reports of the city magistrates of the city of New York show that in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx, New York city, there were sixty thousand four hundred and sixty-three (60,463) evictions during the year 1903.

This is how capitalism preserves, inviolate, the sanctity of the family and the sacredness of the home.

And if you want to know some of the results of capitalistic methods of family and fireside salvation go to the redlight district and count the houses of shame.

The hypocrite who defends the capitalist system of profit-gouging and at the same time pretends to feel concerned about the homes and families of the working class, should be stood on his head a moment that the thirty pieces of silver, the price of his perfidy, might roll from his pockets and accuse him of the prostitution of his trust.

Precisely what difference there is between the republican and democratic wings of the capitalist party may be seen in President Roosevelt's appointment of Paul Morton as secretary of the navy. Morton has been a life-long alleged democrat, but is admirably fitted for a republican cabinet.

In 1888 Morton was general passenger and ticket agent of the C., B. & Q. The engineers and firemen went on strike. Morton was the company's press agent and won promotion by becoming the most notorious liar in Chicago. Some verses went the rounds of the press at the time, describing "Paul Morton's Reception in Hell" as follows:

"We have looked for you, Poll,
Every one of us knew
That the champion liar
Of the C., B. & Q.,
Who, when he opened his mouth,
A hundred lies flew,
Couldn't miss hell, for the title he wore,
As understood by our philological class,
And as the devil him repeatedly swore,
Means Grand Prevaricator and Trivial Ass.
Say, how did you come, Poll, by underground cab?
And did you bring with you a C., B. & Q. scab?
We've a place for your soul, Poll, a 2x3 cell,
The smallest that's made for the inmates of hell.
Down here, Poll, we have classification,
Something after the style of the C., B. & Q.,
Every liar's assigned to some particular station,
But just where to place such a liar as you
Has bothered the devil and the rest not a little,
Because we behold in you something that's new:
The combination of liar-lickspittle
Could only be furnished by the C., B. & Q."

Sixteen years have passed since the C., B. & Q. strike in which Paul Morton played the star role and won his honor (?), but it is still known among railroad men as "The Great Scab Route." Engineers and firemen are not allowed to organize under penalty of instant discharge.

Yes, yes, Paul Morton, the scab-in-chief of the C., B. & Q., is eminently qualified for President Roosevelt's cabinet and ought to get the solid union labor vote for Roosevelt and the full shop and open dinner pail.

EUGENE V. DEBS.

The Labor's Condition

(No man can work too hard or hours too long, if his health will permit.—President Eliot.)

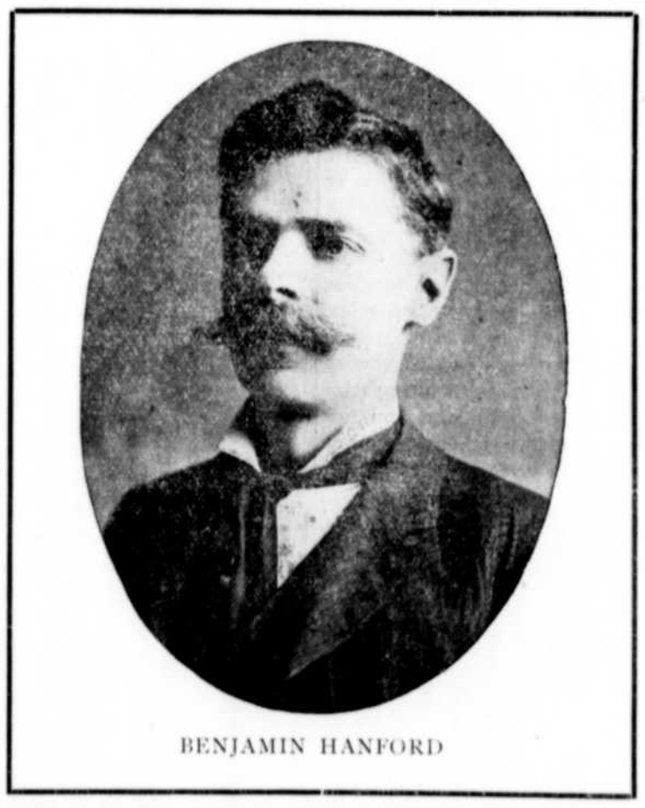
Said the miner down in the earth—
And he laughed at the humor of it—
"It's a joy and a revel to work like the devil
As long as my health will permit;
And, although it's a loss
Of delight to the boss,
He doesn't seem jealous a bit!"

Said the girl in the thundering mill,
With a smile that was grateful and sweet:
"It's so pleasant—this spinning, I fear that I'm sinning
In wanting to sleep and to eat;
Oh, it would be so grand
To be able to stand
Another 12 hours on my feet."

Said the child in the tenement shop:
"Don't send me to play, if you please!
I'd rather be sewing and stitching, you know, in
This hotbed of filth and disease;
For sweatshop, you see,
Is far dearer to me
Than the birds and the blossoming trees!"

Said the college professor with glee:
"They think I'm in earnest, but pshaw!
I'm boss of a college, and that's why my knowledge
Impresses the rabble with awe.
But I'm out for my health
And honor and wealth,
By working my graft—and my jaw!"

—Boyce's Weekly.



BENJAMIN HANFORD

Hughes Asks Questions

When is a member of the Citizen's Alliance not a member of the Citizens' Alliance? When he joins an employers' association.

Sentimentalists, opportunists and Utopists: For lessons in class consciousness address Workingmen, care of Bull Pen, Victor, Colo.

The flimsiest argument against Socialism becomes a strong one in the mind of the man who does not understand Socialism.

How many union men in Helena know what sort of a settlement that committee made with the employers' association?

There is one Socialist argument that the capitalist apologists have never, to my knowledge, attempted to answer in a straightforward manner. It is: "To the worker belongs the product of his toil."

The capitalist press is fond of reciting that there are no classes in this country, and then in the next breath it condemns Socialists for "arraying class against class."

Any man with ordinary intelligence can by a little honest investigation become convinced that Socialism is either right or wrong; but to get a firm grasp on the economic principles which form the foundation of our social structure requires the profoundest study of a lifetime. This is respectfully dedicated to those wage-slaves of the daily press who know all about everything.

There is very little difference in the economic positions of the wage-earner and the farmer. The wage-earner competes in the open market for the sale of his labor; the farmer competes in the open market for the sale of the product of his labor. They are both exploited by the same means—through their labor power. The capitalists leave them just enough wealth to enable them to live and work and raise children for the future slave market.

The labor fakir is the greatest of all fakirs. He is also the most numerous. You find him in nearly every labor organization. One kind of labor fakir wants the unions to stay out of politics and fight a political battle on the industrial field; another kind wants the unions to go into politics—on the tail of the democratic party; still another kind wants the unions to go into politics for themselves but they must not demand too much. All three subserve the interests of the capitalist class and delay the final triumph of the working class.

One of the most persistently rehashed phrases in capitalist political economy is the one about the "reward to capital and labor." They do not mean this. They mean the reward, not to capital, but to the capitalist. Capital is an inanimate thing, and as such it can have no reward. Capital consists of machinery, land, materials, etc., and to say that a machine, or a piece of ground, or cotton in the field is entitled to a reward is absurd. But "capital," from its being a much misunderstood term, and from its character as an agent of production, is a good word to conjure with, and serves to obscure the real appropriating position of the capitalist.

In the same way the idea of a "reward to labor" is fallacious. Labor itself is just as inanimate as is capital—witness that the machine takes the place of certain kinds of human exertion. But labor is an expression of, and is controlled by, an intelligence that is in the form of a human being. So any "reward" resulting from the application of labor must accrue to the owner of the labor, or the laborer. The economic struggle is not between capital and labor, two senseless, inanimate properties, but between capitalists and laborers. The things capital and labor are merely the weapons with which the struggle is waged.

Socialism does not stand for all humanity. It stands only for those who work.

It is the application of human labor to natural resources that alone makes the earth habitable by men. Were the employment of labor in wealth production suddenly to cease, the great majority of us would be hungry within 48 hours; we would be dying like rotten sheep within a week, and at the end of three months the human race would be extinct. Next in importance in the maintenance of civilized society are the workers who produce that immaterial wealth which sustains our intellectual and moral life. Kings and their courts, interest-takers, landlords, and all other idlers could pass from the earth and cause no disturbance other than the tears of their lackeys—but let the workers stop working for an instant and society is paralyzed at its root.

Bear these facts in mind, you peddlers of aristocracy, and dare to deny that the working class is the only class that has a right to be.

T. P. HUGHES.