

First Socialist Speech in Congress.

Continued from last week.

There is always free trade in labor. Under the present system, which we call political economy, the capitalist system, the workingman's labor has become a mere ware in the market. And since the man's labor can not be separated from the man, the workingman himself has become a commodity, whose time is bought and sold. The workingman, or rather his labor power, is subject to the same conditions as every other ware, especially to the conditions of supply and demand and competition. The workingman's labor, or rather his time, is bought now in the open market by the highest bidder on the one hand from the lowest seller on the other. And the employers, that is the master class, care only to buy the workingman's time when he is young, strong, and healthy. When he is sick or when he gets old the employer has no use for him. The employer is not in business for the sake of charity. He is in business in order to make profits—to make money. And because of this we see that our so-called free workers are sometimes worse off—from the purely economic point of view—than the blacks were under slavery before the war. The negro was property and represented about \$1,000 in value—sometimes more, sometimes less. He was property, which his master cared for. Therefore the master cared of his human chattel. The master was eager to hold the slave as long and in as good condition as possible. When the slave became sick or when he died the master lost money. The case is entirely different with the white workingman, the so-called free workingman. When the white man is sick or when he dies the employer usually loses nothing. And his tariff, or tariff for revenue only, or free trade, like "the flowers that bloom in the spring have nothing to do with the case." (Laughter.) The fact is that the capitalist, the average employer to-day, is more concerned about a valuable horse, about a fine dog, about a good automobile, than he is about his employee or about his employee's family. In most cases the employment is absolutely impersonal. The employer does not know his employee by name, or even by number. This is invariably the case with a stock company where the shareholders are scattered all over a city, a state, or all over the country; sometimes over Europe. Nor can any individual capitalist or employer, no matter how charitable inclined he may be, change anything in these conditions. A business in the corporation that should try to run its plant on a charity basis would not last long. As a matter of fact, under the present system it is usually the worst employer who sets the pace. The employer who can fleece and skin his workingmen best is best equipped for the fight in the open market. He can produce his goods the cheapest. Thus competition has come to have a fearful meaning to the working class. On the one hand, it compels the employer to get their labor as cheap as possible; on the other hand, it compels the workingmen to compete with one another for jobs. Competition among the workers has become, therefore, a cut-throat competition. It is a question as to who is to live and who is to starve. It is often a question as to whether a man is to stay with his family or become a tramp. And the tariff has nothing to do with that question, either. There is always free trade in labor. In many cases now the laborer is compelled to disrupt his family and send his wife and children to the shop or factory. For this is the greatest curse of machinery—or, rather, the individual monopoly of machinery—that capital can be coined out of women and even out of infants. Thus, not alone are men turned into wares, governed by demand and supply, but they are also made to scramble for a precarious living with their wives, sisters, and children. In the cotton factory of the South, from where my Democratic free-trade friends come the women and children compose two-thirds of the working force. Very similar are the conditions in our large cigar and tobacco factories and in the workshops of many other industries. Laws against this sort of thing is almost useless as long as the present economic system prevails. For while it is notorious that the wages thus earned by the whole family do not on an average exceed those of the head of the family in occupation where it has not become habitual to employ women and children, the abuse is still daily gaining ground. And the reason is very simple. Women and children do not go into the factory for the fun of it; they are brought there by

dire necessity, by competition. And it is competition, too that compels the little children of the so-called poor white people to go to the cotton factory and offer their young lives to be turned into dollars. Here are the figures of children from 10 to 15 years of age, inclusive, employed in 1900 in 11 Southern States, with the percentage of the total number of children of that period: (Here Mr. Burger produced a table showing that in the manufacturing states of the south nearly one-half of the white children were thus employed, and in South Carolina and Alabama, more than half.) Nor are conditions in most of the Northern States much better. With a system like this it is only natural that the rich should become richer and the poor poorer. Free competition imposes no restraint upon the powerful. They are at liberty to exploit the poor workingman to their hearts' content. And another thing: The strength on the capitalist side is so great, and the capacity for resistance on the side of the workmen is so insignificant, that there is actually no freedom of contract. The monopoly of tools has made the employers a class of autocrats and the laborers a class of dependents—of hirelings. The laborer is simply a hired appendage to the machine. The machine has come to be the main thing, the costly thing. The living appendage, the laborer, can be gotten without much trouble or cost. Nowadays, if an owner of tools does not want to let a workingman work, the latter has no means of subsistence unless he finds some other "lord of production" who will permit him to produce something. And so this system now creates the dependence of the thousands upon the few. It is a paltry evasion of our capitalists to say that the workers are free to accept or refuse the terms of their employers. The laborers have to consent. If they refuse the terms, there are plenty of others, hungry, starved, and desperate, ready to take their places. But suppose it were possible that the employer could not get other men to take the places of those who refused the terms offered, and, pray, do not for a moment think that this could actually be the case—the employer could stand it; he would merely stop business for the time being. And do not imagine for one instant that he would suffer privation by so doing. His home would be just as radiant with luxuries as ever, and he would probably try to endure life by a trip to some foreign country. Now, another important consideration: Since the working people do not receive the full value of their products—because a considerable profit is made by the employing class on everything the workers produce—can they be expected to buy back these products? Their numerical strength makes them the chief consumers of the country and those on whom production mainly depends. In this way, by the laboring people not being able to consume enough, and by the planless way in which production is carried on, in general the so-called overproduction is created. Of course, no matter how much or how little the toilers of a nation create, they always create more than they are able to buy with their wages, because they have never received the full value of that production. In this way the so-called industrial crises originate. They have come upon us about once in every 20 years, roughly speaking since capitalist production began its sway. At such times the trade and the manufacturing of a nation come to a standstill, because "there is too much on hand" and the working people have to stop work and go ragged and hungry because there are too much on hand. Statesmen, newspapers, lawyers, and so-called reformers on such occasions claim that it is either too much silver or too little silver, or lack of confidence or what not, that is the cause of the industrial crisis, or panic, as it is sometimes called. But hard times are really hard only on those whose subsistence depends on their having work to do. For the poor people the times are always hard. During "hard times" the wives and daughters of the capitalists, however, do not leave off attending balls, parties, and operas, in their silks and diamonds. On the contrary, if the times are very hard, the wealthy and charitable people simply arrange one more amusement and call it a "charity ball." As far as security of work is concerned, the workman of the present time is worse off than any of his predecessors in history. In fact, the irregularity of his employment, the frequency with which he is out of work, is the most alarming feature of the workingman's condition. The toiler of to-day can not work when he wants to, or when he ought to, in order to support

himself and family. He can work only when it is to the profit of the employer that he should do so. How all this came about—well it is simply a matter of industrial evolution. In the middle ages, before capitalist production had come upon the stage of events, a system of small industries prevailed, and in some few cases has continued to the present day. This system rested on the private ownership by the workman himself of the means of production. The instruments of labor were then paltry, dwarfish and cheap; and for that very reason as a rule, they belonged to the producers themselves. Since the fifteenth century, and especially since the power of steam was utilized, these limited implements of production have been gradually enlarged, united, and improved, until the common tool of the middle ages, and even some of the instruments that were common 50 years ago, and later have been transformed into the machines of to-day. In the place of the hand loom, the spinning wheel, and the smith's hammer there appeared the mechanical loom, the spinning machine, and the steam hammer. Instead of the single workshop there appeared the factory that combined the united labor of hundreds and of thousands. And the same time production was transformed from a series of isolated individual acts into a series of social and combined acts. The yarn, the cloth, the metal articles which now come out of the factory are the joint products of many people through whose hands they had to go successively before being ready. No single person can say of them: "This I have made." Yet these social tools are social products are treated in the same way they were at the time when the tool was an individual tool and when the product was created by the individual. So the present new mode of production remains subject to the old form of appropriation, although the new form of production does away with the very conditions on which the old form was based. In times of old the owner of the simple tool appropriated or took for his own use his own product, while now—and it is important to grasp the fact—only the owner of the tool, the machine, appropriates the work without a jury and without a verdict. And so we see plainly that the means of securing the product to the producer, has now become the means of exploitation, and, consequently, of servitude. The development of the tool into the machine separates the workman from his product. In this way a relatively small number of capitalists obtained a monopoly of the means of production. We are often inclined to deprecate the resistance of the workingmen to the introduction of machinery. But these victories of the human intellect over the forces of nature which naturally should be a benefit to all—an unlimited source of blessings to the human race have often become a means of torture to the toilers. How many wage earners has the introduction of machinery thrown out of employment? How many lives have thereby been destroyed? All the advantage of all the new inventions, machines, improvements now goes mainly to the small class of capitalists; while on the other hand these new inventions, machines, improvements, and labor devices displace human labor and steadily increase the army of the unemployed, who, starved and frantic, are ever ready to take the places of those who have work, thereby still further depressing the labor market. It is from this army that the capitalist class recruit their special police, their deputy sheriffs, their Pinkerton detectives, and some of their minor politicians. And the wageworkers are by no means the only sufferers. The small employers, the small merchants, are also feeling the sting of unequal competition. For every one of these men of business lives at war with all his brethren. The hand of one is against the other, and no foe is more terrible to him than the one who is running a neck race with him every day. Therefore, in the factory as well as in the store, the wages must be cut constantly, and the sales must be ever increased. The latest improvements, the best labor-saving machinery, must be used and as little wages must be paid as possible. The race is for life or death and "the devil gets the hindmost." The fierce competition lessens the profit on each article, and this must be compensated for by a greater number of articles being produced and sold; that is the cheaper the goods the more capital is required to carry on the business. Precisely, then for the same reason that the mechanic with his own shop and working on his own account has nearly disappeared in the struggle between hand work and machine work—

for precisely the same reason the small manufacturers, with their little machinery, their small capital, and their little stock of goods, are now being driven from the field. And the same is the case with the little store that must compete with the department store or the mail order house. It is that class that is yelling most loudly against the corporations, the railroads, and the trusts. It is that class that wants the Sherman law to be made "more effective." It is that class that would like to turn the wheels of economic evolution backwards. We can not destroy the trusts without destroying our civilization. Moreover, we do not want to destroy them. The trusts bring some system into the industrial chaos. They are forerunners of a new social order. They have put the first effective check upon the disastrous evils of competition. While competition grows more intense among the workers looking for jobs, and while it still prevails among the small traders and small manufacturers, the trusts have abolished competition in the realms of "big business." The trusts are undoubtedly a milestone in the industrial evolution of the race. The trusts spell progress and are a tremendous benefit. So far, however, they are mainly a benefit to their owners. What we must do, therefore, is to extend the benefits of this ownership to the entire Nation. The national ownership of the trusts must be our next great step in evolution. The Sherman law ought to be repealed and a law enacted to nationalize every industry where the output and the prices are controlled by a trust or a privately owned monopoly. On the other hand, it is the trusts which by their very magnitude have made the viciousness of the capitalist system clear to every one. We see that the purely individualist theory of private ownership of property—which our competitive wage system has made the foundation of society—has resulted in practically abolishing the possibility of private ownership of a great majority of the people. One-tenth of our population already owns more than four-fifths of the wealth. The centralization of the control of property is increasing with a rapidity that threatens the integrity of the Nation. The average wage earner, the certainty of employment, the social privileges, and independence of the wage-earning and agricultural population, when compared with the increase of the wealth and social production, are steadily and rapidly decreasing. And the very worst of the social temptations is that wealth has become the greatest, one might say the only, social power. All human worth is estimated in terms of wealth—in dollars and cents. Things can not go on like this indefinitely. White men will not always stand it. We are by our present circumstances and consequences created a race of "white people" in our midst, compared with which the vandals of the fourth century were a human nation. Within a short time, with present tendencies unchecked, we shall have two nations in this country: one of native growth and one which will be very large in number, semi-civilized, half starved, and degenerated through misery and overworked, overcivilized, and degenerated through luxury. What will be the outcome? Someday there will be a volcanic eruption. A fearful retribution will be enacted on the capitalist class as a class, and the innocent will suffer with the guilty. A revolution would throw humanity back into semi-barbarism and cause even a temporary retrogression of civilization. Various remedies have been proposed. Single tax, more silver dollars, greenbacks, and a dozen other remedies have been offered. But since none of them does away with the deadly effects of competition, and with the effect of the machine on the workman, I must dismiss them as insufficient. This is particularly the case with the single tax which would simply for a time sharpen competition and thus increase the misery of the working class. The other day we listened to a fervid plea for the single tax delivered on this floor by the gentleman from New York (Mr. George). He gave particular attention to the introduction of this system in Vancouver, British Columbia, and painted it in glowing colors, the blessings that had followed it. And now comes the distressing news that Vancouver is in the midst of a general strike, the first of its kind in that city, involving every organized workman there. Evidently the single tax is not a substitute for bread and butter. (Laughter.) To be completed next week. If a great big, pin-headed laborer wants to vote for poverty I want him to get it, but I am sorry for his innocent children that must suffer with him.

SOCIALISM AND RELIGION. You are everlastingly being warned by preachers and priests and the press and the orators to be ware of Socialism that it will destroy religion. But the same gang of wise and otherwise teachers do not warn you against the Demo-Republican party. And Socialism has no more to do with religion than any other political party. It is true that a good many Socialists are infidels or freethinkers, but the same is also true of the Demo-Republican party. The founder of the Democratic party, Thomas Jefferson, was an infidel and even little William Taft does not believe in the "divinity" of Christ. But why should either of those parties be condemned because they do not believe in religion? Why should the Socialist party be condemned because some infidels vote the ticket? Political parties have nothing to do with the future state of man. Webster's dictionary says that "Socialism is a theory of society that advocates a more precise, orderly and harmonious arrangement than that which has hitherto prevailed." Socialism has absolutely nothing to do with religion. But when a preacher or priest goes out of his way to attack Socialism, we must necessarily defend our cause. We are not seeking to pilot the laborer from the earth to a mansion in the sky, but to pilot him from a dirty, little, germ breeding shack—that distances the word home—to a mansion right here and now. We see no valid reason why the producers of all wealth should have to wait till they get to heaven to enjoy in luxuries while those who produce nothing wallow in luxuries at both ends of the line. We see no good reason why one of God's children should be born a wage slave and another a master, why one should be born in abject poverty and another amid gorgeous splendor. The Socialists have taken up the cause of the laborers present, not future. That's what Christ did. And if Christ was on earth today, I dare say the Socialists would be his best friends. Socialism has nothing to do directly with religion, but by establishing a just system of production and distribution it will make it possible to live a truly Christian life; make it possible to practice the Golden Rule, and not, as now, "do the other fellow before he gets a chance to do you." Too many of the so-called followers of Christ tell the laborers to bear their burden, endure their poverty, obey their masters and in heaven they will reap a rich reward. To be contented with a hovel on earth and in heaven they shall have a mansion. We Socialists are willing to bear our burden, push our own wheelbarrow, but we want the life rich—the human parasites—to bear their own burden and push their own wheelbarrow. We do not object to having a mansion in the sky but we want one right here and now too. Through the co-operative commonwealth—Socialism—the laborer will receive the full product, or the full value of the product of his toil. And when the laborer receives all he produces, he will no longer be haunted by the fear of poverty and starvation. He will no longer live in rented shacks. He will no longer tremble for the future of his child—while under the present hellish system he knows to be wage slavery. He can then practice the Golden Rule. By far the majority of the American laborers now live in little two room box shacks. The floors and walls are rough and bare. The rooms are strangers to all furniture, save a rickety old bed, a three-legged stove, and a few broken chairs. No paintings or works of art adorn the walls to awaken in him a sense of the beautiful, no musical instruments to stir his soul, no library with which to broaden and polish his mind, no time and very little cause to praise his maker. He is simply a work ox. His life is a ceaseless round of toil for the barest daily bread. He has toiled in the factory or the field until he has lost all the image of his great Creator, and the women have toiled at men's work until they are so crooked and deformed as to have lost all the sex graces that make woman the noblest work of God. But under Socialism when he who sows shall reap the full harvest—not half as now—the laborer will have a beautiful home, nice clothes, wholesome food and leisure time for study and recreation. Then he will rise higher and yet higher in the scale of life until he will approximate his maker. He will march onward and upward until he reaches the hilltop of civilization and shaking off the chains of wage slavery, that have bound him at the feet of his master thru the slow procession of multiplied centuries gone, he will stand erect, a free being, in the glory, in the pride of his manhood, in the image of his God. This, reader, is all Socialism has to do with religion and why the church tries to block its progress instead of lending a helping hand. I can't understand. When the rich fall out, the poor fools get guns and shoot each other.

THE RULE OF MONEY. It is said that "might makes right." However true that may be, it cannot be doubted that "money makes might." The rich absolutely rule this country. They dominate most every legislative hall, from the village council to the national congress. They have puppets in most every office, from the constable to the president of the nation and a supreme court judge in every vest pocket. They give orders to the laborers and when a laborer dares disobey their tyrannical mandates, they pull out one of their vest pocket judges and have an injunction issued. Then they use their civil officers, or if need be, their army and navy to enforce the injunction. They have the courts to strike out such words in the law that are against their interests and put in such words as they desire—as in the recent Standard Oil decision. It is indeed very seldom that their legislators—thru a mistake or as a band-stand play—make a law that favors the laborers, but when they do the rich have their supreme court to very promptly declare it unconstitutional. They rule the White House as well as the national congress and make laws in every state capital. The courts of justice are their ministers and senators and legislators are their lackeys. They control the preacher and the priest in their pulpits, the professor in his lecture room, the lawyer in his study and the editor in his sanctum. They rule with an iron hand all the affairs of society and government. Every succeeding year finds their power enlarged, their rule more despotic. The man or woman—usually a Socialist—who dares protest against their tyrannical rule and the crimes that are being daily committed by these organized ghouls in the name of liberty, are vilified, abused, hounded and thrown into prison. Their slogan is "the laws are to be obeyed by the poor, the rich can do no harm." They ride roughshod over every law of the nation. When the wishes of the man of money and the law comes in contact, the law must always give way. They can commit any crime, however heinous, and money seldom fails to free them. Justice—to the laboring man a sword, to the money man a pair of "fixed" scales—always tips in their favor. They have reduced the great mass of American men and women to a system of wage slavery little if any better than chattel slavery. The wage slave of today must toil in poverty, live in shacks and die in despair. From the cradle to the "pauper's" grave that awaits him, the laborer's life is one ceaseless round of toil for a bare animal existence. True, they do not lash their wage-slave with a horse whip, but they lash them with the whip of necessity which is a thousand times more heartless. To them the laborer is nothing more than a work ox, a mule to be hitched and whipped, and driven, a sheep to be sheared, a goose to be plucked. They force millions of little boys and girls from the school room to the factory or the field to crook and deform their tender bodies with excessive toil, robbing them of childhood's innocent play. But Socialism—the Hope of the world—is coming to enlighten and free the laborers to take from their brow the brand of poverty, to take from their backs the poor man's badge of rags. Listen! In the distance, you can hear the steady tramp, tramp, tramp of the millions of Socialists as they are falling into battle front for a combined attack on the ranks of the rulers of gold. They will not attack the rulers with the gun, nor the bayonet, nor the bullet, but with the ballot. They will vote their freedom from wage slavery. Millions and multiplied millions of Socialists in every civilized nation of the world are marching in battle line and they will continue to march on and on and on over the hills and thru the valleys, thru the bog and morass, the bramble and the briar, till the conquering banner of Socialism shall float triumphant from the capital dome of every nation; till the blood red banner of Socialism—the banner of brotherly love—shall be unfurled to every breeze, in every zone that belts our earth. But the rich man is not to be blamed for the existing condi-

tions any more than the poor man, for the rich, like the laborers, are but products of this capitalist system. Change this capitalist system for the co-operative commonwealth and extreme riches and dire poverty will at once disappear. **TWO KINDS OF SOCIALISTS.** The "sunshine" Socialist is one, who, when the sun is shining, flags flying, and the band playing will fall in line and march in the grand parade. But let the clouds of capitalism lower, the capitalist army of henchmen approach, the call to arms sound and he slinks off like a craven coward. In other words, he does nothing for Socialism; has no time to work, nor a penny to spare for the cause. The "bad-weather" Socialist is one who answers when duty calls. You will always find him in the thick of the fight, charging the breast works of the capitalist enemy. He is willing to do and to dare and to die if need be for the cause. He has his face turned to the storm, his eyes on the goal. He knows what he wants and is going after it. He is determined to ride on rough shod if need be, smooth shod if that will do, but he's going to ride on over all opposition. In other words he has time to scatter literature, and though pincushion poverty, has a few pennies to spare for the cause—the cause of humanity. Under capitalism, the tenant farmer gives one-half of all he raises to his landlord, the remaining one-half he keeps as his incentive to work. Under Socialism his incentive would be all he raised. Which incentive do you think you like best, Mr. Tenant? If your father had permitted a useless rich man to ride on his back, would you permit that rich man's son to ride on your back? If not, why don't you buck him off. You can do it at the ballot box. The laborers are always on the scaffold, the rich are always on the throne. But that scaffold sways the future and behind the dim unknown stands Socialism ever keeping watch above its own. Yes, laboring man, Socialism will destroy the rented shack you are forced to call home, but if you are willing to do half the work you are now doing it will enable you to build a mansion. The average Demo-Republican can tell you all he knows about the principles—of his party in a minute and a half and then have a minute left to air his lungs. Of course Socialists don't go to hell—except, possibly, sunshine—but if a Socialist agitator were to go to hell it wouldn't be six months till he would have a better hell than we have an earth. If the laborers would quit using their horny hands so much and use their horny heads a little, they could make the idle rich use their lily white hands a little. The Statutes of Missouri contain 3,000 pages of laws, yet but 41 of all those pages are for the benefit of labor. All the remaining pages are for the rich. Most laboring men have three suits of clothes, namely: Put-on, take-off and go-without. They usually wear the last named suit. But why kick? He votes for them. I saw a laboring man the other day riding in an automobile—well, 'er, he wasn't exactly riding in an automobile, but he did have rubber heels on his shoes. The enemies of Socialism tell you that it will destroy your home. But capitalism has already completed that job for the laboring man. I dreamed I went to heaven the other night. It was crowded with bad-weather Socialists. The "sunshines" were just on the outside. The laborer would be better off if he had a cocoonut instead of a head—for there's milk in a cocoonut. The laborers build beautiful mansions and live in shacks.

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