

MISSOURI SOCIALIST.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC PARTY OF ST. LOUIS.

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Number 24.

Remember June 10th, 1900

On that Day Three of our Brothers Gave Up Their Lives for the Cause of Labor—Story of the Massacre Told by Spectators.

Murdered? Yes, murdered in the interests of capitalism; murdered that the stockholders of a great corporation might have their dividends more regularly; murdered under the pretext of a law that places private property above human life. Such must be the verdict of the future on the death of the three men whose lives were taken by members of the posse comitatus on Washington avenue, on Sunday, June 10, 1900.

The working class of St. Louis will remember that day as one on which perished three martyrs to the cause of labor. They will remember it as a day when their industrial masters used violence to drive them into submission. They will remember it as one of the bloody events of the international class struggle between the workers and the capitalists, and when that great struggle ends in the complete triumph of the working class and the establishment of an order of society under which human life will be held priceless when weighed against material wealth, the story of the Washington avenue massacre will be told to the coming generation, with love and reverence for the memory of these men whose lives paid for their adherence to their principles.

We are to-day in the midst of a great international war, beside which all past strifes are insignificant. But that war is not between kings and potentates, between czars and presidents. It is not a contest between nations for the acquisition of territory. It is between the international working class and the international capitalist class for the possession of the product of the former's labor. It is a struggle for the possession of the means of production, which are now owned by the capitalists and used as a means of exacting tribute from the workingmen. It is a revolution of the world's proletariat against their economic masters. In different countries this world-wide struggle is marked by different characteristics. In despotic Russia it can only assume the form of a violent revolution. In other countries it is confined to strikes and political battles. It adapts itself to conditions, and in every civilized land the working class are awakening to their common interest and waging war upon the class that has deprived them of the tools of production, which they must have to live. The great street car strike of 1900 in this city was only one of the incidents of this international war. The 4,000 men who struck on May 8 may not have been conscious of the fact, but nevertheless they were entering upon one of the battles of this war, which future historians will record with as much care as the battle of Bunker Hill is now recounted. The men who lost their lives in the Washington avenue massacre died in the cause of their class—the working class. They died for the emancipation of the toilers of the world from the bonds of wage slavery. It matters not what the law says; it matters not that the men who so brutally took their lives acted under the cloak of authority; these

men were protesting, in their own stubborn way, to the best of their knowledge and ability, against the tyranny of the men who were their industrial masters; and in making that brave protest they gave up their lives; and for that act we love them and revere their memory.

Laws and governments are used in this world war by the class in control of them, for the advancement of its interests. In all countries to-day the cap-

italist class—the employing class—are and are making and enforcing laws designed to extend their power over the workers and to keep them in subjection. They place property above human lives. They establish courts to enjoin workingmen from interfering with their property interests by any act whatsoever. They hold at their disposal the military forces of each nation for the purpose of subduing any demonstration against the order of things which they have established. When the worker protests, he must do so within the limits of the laws they have established, and if he but approaches the limit they are ready to take the lives of some of his fellow-workers in order to inspire him with terror and put him in awe of the law, which they have made for their own selfish purposes.

But in many countries the working class is beginning to fully realize the nature of the conflict, and is organizing itself politically as the International Socialist movement, for the purpose of seizing the reins of government

with the aid of the ballot, and then making laws for its own benefit, and, by abolishing the private ownership of all the industries, ridding itself of the class that is now enjoying a parasitical existence at the expense of the laborers. When the day of the final triumph of the working class arrives then can we properly honor the men who, in all the great labor troubles, have so nobly sacrificed themselves in the conflict which they unconsciously realized was of such great import.

To our three brothers, Arthur Edward Burkhardt, George Rine and Charles Edward Thomas, shot on June 10, 1900, by the posse comitatus of St. Louis, a military organization formed for the purpose of protecting the interests of the capitalist class, as against the working class, we dedicate this issue of Missouri Socialist, as a

token of the love we bear those who die in the cause of labor.

that three strikers had been fatally shot and a number of others wounded. Not a single posseman had received a scratch. The three men fatally shot were:

CHARLES EDWARD THOMAS, formerly a conductor on the Chouteau Avenue Line, died in the ambulance.

GEORGE RINE, aged 49; formerly conductor on Union Line, died at City Hospital. Left a wife and two sons, aged 2 and 10 years.

ARTHUR EDWARD BURKHART, aged 27, formerly conductor on Lindell Division, died June 16. Left a wife and two daughters, aged 2 and 3 years.

A long inquest was held to fix the responsibility of the shooting. The most glaring fact brought out by the inquest was that the deputies either purposely concealed, or were so badly excited that they did not know which one of them fired the fatal shots. This is enough to condemn them. There was not even the excuse for killing these men that the capitalist-made laws generally afford during strikes. The Cor-

Workmen of All Countries,

Unite!

You have nothing to lose but your chains. You have a world to gain.

tel. I got behind a pillar. Soon after I saw the same tall deputy who had fired at the striker run around the corner. A boy was riding a bicycle. The deputy knocked him off, and to my horror pointed his gun down at the prostrate child. He did not shoot, however.

"During all this I didn't see a striker with a revolver, and I saw no missiles thrown.

"To me it looked like a case of plain murder. I witnessed everything that occurred, and I saw nothing that in my opinion justified the shooting.

Harry Walker, a day clerk at the

fired and heard no shot before that of the posse man's gun.

"Realizing that I was in a dangerous position, I ran back to the hotel. Ten minutes after I went back and saw the man who had been shot lying in the street. Two members of the posse were standing guard over him. I went across the street and said to the possemen: 'Have you summoned an ambulance? This man may have a chance for his life.'

"One of the posse men told me they had done what was necessary, and that I had better get away from there unless I was looking for trouble. While the disturbance was in progress I saw posse members running about the streets with guns and revolvers. They had apparently lost all control over themselves, and acted like crazy men. One of them stood on the corner of Sixth street and Washington avenue. He handed his gun so carelessly that a Sergeant of police went up to him and commanded him to take the weapon from his shoulder. The Sergeant told him that if he did not handle his gun properly he would arrest him. I am positive I heard no shots before the posse members began to fire."

Police Authorities Indorsed the Massacre.

(John W. Campbell, Chief of Police.)

"The action of the deputy sheriffs demonstrated to my satisfaction that we are able to grapple with the strike situation without calling out the militia. The deputies did their full duty and did it nobly and fearlessly. They have shown that they can be depended upon.

"All of the information that has come to me signifies that the men did not act hastily, but that they performed the work that had been mapped out for them without any fear. The strikers were stoning the cars and they offered to resist when the posse was trying to put them under arrest."

(Statement of Sheriff Pohle.)

"I have investigated the tragedy as far as possible at the present time and I am convinced that the shooting was justifiable. The members of the posse did their duty. When they were armed by the State with guns, they were expected to use them when the proper time came. In my judgment the time came when the strikers started the demonstration against the Delmar car. I am very sorry, indeed, that it was necessary to kill anybody, but that it was necessary I have no doubt. The crowd was clearly acting in a lawless manner, and anybody in it laid himself liable to the punishment that my men were instructed to inflict on such occasions. It is too late now to argue the question whether the men who were killed or hurt were taking part in the demonstration. They were there, and that is enough."

If the Social Democratic Party had been in power during the strike last summer, either in the city or State, things would have assumed a different aspect. Socialists would have made laws in the interest of the working class and then used the police and militia to make the capitalists obey those laws, and Socialist judges would have declared this procedure to be perfectly constitutional.

Several thousand extra copies of this issue will be distributed, and those who now read Missouri Socialist for the first time are requested to subscribe.

A "BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION."

Mayor Wells Shows Us What It Means.

The working class have long been fooled into believing that a "business" man was the best kind of a man to be a public official, and that a "business" administration was the best kind of an administration. The class-conscious workmen, the Socialist, has long tried to show him the untruth of this statement, and has tried to show him what a "business" man really was, and what his administration would also necessarily be. The present Mayor of the City of St. Louis was lauded as a business man, and upon that recommendation he received the votes of the working class, and he has been true to his promise. He has all the instincts of a "business" man and his actions show that he knows how to act in a "business" way.

The most conspicuous of his "business" actions was the recent veto of the bill for the relief of a laborer named John Hyde, which had passed both Council and House of Delegates. John Hyde has been employed as a gardener at the City Hall and during the summer months he was compelled to work at night sprinkling the grass to keep it from being burned up by the sun. This overtime work for which he asked \$62.50 in his relief bill. It passed both branches of the Assembly, but Mayor Wells vetoed it, stating that "When a public servant sees that he

is required to work overtime he should deem it part of his duty and do it willingly, without expecting extra pay."

Now, that is a "business" man through and through. Wait until some measure comes before him which will benefit the capitalist class, and see how readily he will sign it.

Remember, that one of the things required of a "business" man is to buy things which he requires in his "business" as cheaply as possible. Remember also that labor is one of the greatest things which he requires, and that he must buy it cheaply.

Therefore, when you speak of a "business" man, you mean a man who is trying to buy your labor as cheaply as you will sell it to him, and Mayor Wells was a true "business" man when he refused to pay John Hyde for the extra time which he had put in working for the city.

All "business" men are just like Wells, and all "business" administrations are the same as his. They are trying to buy labor as cheaply as possible. Workingmen, it is time you stopped electing "business" administrations, which are seeking to cut what little wages you get, and put into power the workingman's administration, which will do all in its power to raise your wages. This case ought to be a lesson to you. Vote for Socialism.

M. BALLARD DUNN.

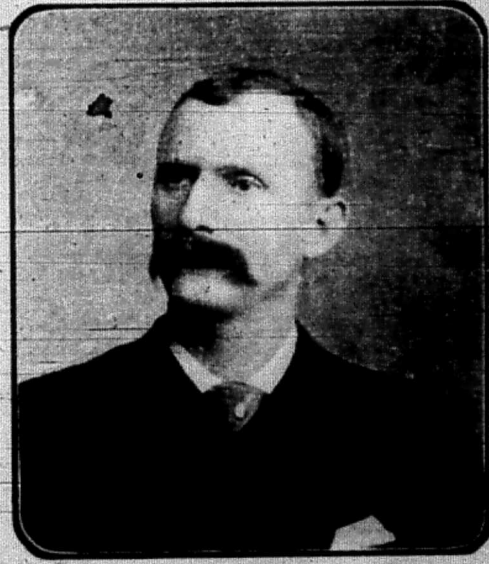
TO THE MEMORY OF



ARTHUR EDWARD BURKHART.



CHARLES EDW. THOMAS.



GEORGE RINE.

Killed on Washington Avenue, June 10th, 1900, by the Posse Comitatus, a military organization formed to protect the interests of the capitalist class against the laboring class.

Story of the Massacre.

The story of the massacre of June 10, 1900, is soon told, though uncertain as to the details. On that day the trades unions of East St. Louis gave a picnic for the benefit of striking street car men of that city, and a body of 800 strikers from St. Louis marched over the bridge in a body and spent the day with their comrades across the river. The posse comitatus had its headquarters only a block and a half from the bridge and its members knew the returning strikers must pass in that direction. Most of the possemen were young sons of aristocrats and business men, who had not the slightest sympathy with the workingman, and rather looked upon him as a wild beast that must be kept in order by the exercise of superior force. No doubt during the day these youngsters (whose imaginations as to the dangerous character of a striker can only be compared to the dreams of the small boy reader of detective stories) exchanged many a remark about the possibility of trouble when the band of strikers would return. All subsequent developments show that they were in a highly excited frame of mind when at the close of the day the tap of the drum announced the approach of the homeward bound motemen and conductors.

When the head of the column reached Broadway and Washington avenue, the drum corps, by some misunderstanding, led the parade straight on past the barracks on Washington avenue. The members of the posse, eager for trouble, stood in front of the barracks and watched every move. When the first division neared Sixth street, it is claimed that a rock was thrown and a window broken in a car. Whether this is true or not will never be known. The broken window has not to this day been pointed out. But at any rate, the members of the posse saw, or pretended to see an excuse for exercising their "authority," and a number of them rushed into the line of marchers and dragged a man forth. Confusion followed and shots were fired. The possemen at first maintained that they had been fired upon by strikers, but afterwards it was shown that a revolver, falling from the grasp of a posseman, and being accidentally discharged, was the first shot. The sound of the gun set the irresponsible possemen wild, and they rushed to and fro, shooting promiscuously and performing the most extraordinary acts. They surrounded a squad of the strikers and hurried them into the barracks at once. They refused the marchers permission to care for the dead and wounded. It was a terrible scene and the defenseless strikers were forced to flee for their lives.

After a time the possemen ceased their mad antics, and it was found

that three strikers had been fatally shot and a number of others wounded. Not a single posseman had received a scratch. The three men fatally shot were:

Statements of Eye-Witnesses.

C. W. Cassidy, a photographer, on his way home from East St. Louis, was a witness to the massacre, and made the following statement:

"When I reached Crawford's store the strikers were marching in an orderly body. A car was approaching from the west. I hear a noise like a soft piece of wood striking against a hard surface. It sounded like somebody had picked up a piece of wood that had been pounded almost to a pulp and thrown it against a board fence. The noise was not loud and I heard no sound of cracking glass following it. It certainly could not have been caused by a brick.

Immediately the deputies swarmed out of the barracks and charged upon the strikers. Several of them grabbed a man, a tall fellow, with rather a thin face and wearing a street railway employee's cap. The deputies bunched about this man, dragging him into the street. He had no revolver. While the deputies were dragging him across the street, I saw two deputies, armed with shotguns, dancing around the group, poking their guns in between the possemen, and apparently trying to get a chance to shoot the prisoner.

This continued until the eastbound track was reached. Suddenly the possemen, who surrounded the prisoner, spread out like a fan, several of them holding to each of his arms and leaving his back and front exposed. Instantly I hear two shots in rapid succession. The powder was smokeless, and I cannot tell which of the two deputies, who had been dancing about fired first.

The possemen who held the prisoner gave him a shove and he fell, his coat over his head. He fell diagonally across the eastbound track. One of the deputies who did the shooting was a rather tall man, with a handkerchief about his neck.

Immediately after the shooting the whole band of deputies ran east and poured a volley into the strikers, who were coming from Broadway. They certainly don't know how to shoot, for the same volley, well aimed, would have killed a hundred men.

AT IT AGAIN.

Public Ownership Delegates Show Once More Where They Stand.

The Public Ownership members of the House of Delegates have again come in the front with proof that they have nothing in common with the working class, but are rather doing all in their power to help the capitalist class.

It was not enough that they should vote to appropriate \$70,000 to pay for the riot guns and ammunition used by the posse comitatus in shooting down our fellow-workingmen in the great street car strike of last summer, but one of them, "Cap" Troll, from the Seventh Ward, does not even believe in the tenets of his own party, but has introduced a bill which proposes to give a franchise to a corporation known as the Forest Park Terminal Railway, to build street-car tracks in Forest Park, and construct power houses, erect poles and do everything which the P. O. P. howled about in the last campaign. The other Delegate is Mr. Funsch, who also voted for the riot guns. He has introduced a bill which provides that the little park at Indiana avenue and 11th street shall be known

as "Carnegie Place" after Andrew Carnegie.

Can any workingman think of the monster Carnegie, of all the crimes of which he has been guilty against the working class, can he think of Home- stead, or the Pinkertons, of the bloody murder of helpless workingmen—and support such a measure as that proposed by Mr. Funsch? Simply because of his spoils, reeking with the blood of his spoiled workingmen, to the founding of a library, shall we worship him, when we also reviled, and name our parks in his honor? Can those parks do aught but harbor with the crimes he has committed?

These are not the last things of which these men will be guilty, and it does not show that they have not the interest of the working class at heart, and that the party which they represent does not deserve the support or even respect of the working class.

M. BALLARD DUNN.

Missouri Socialist

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EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Communications must reach the office by Monday evening preceding the issue in which they are to appear.

The fact that a serial article is published does not commit MISSOURI SOCIALIST to all opinions expressed therein.

Contributions and items of news concerning the labor movement are requested from our readers. Every contribution must be accompanied by the name of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith.

Entered at the Postoffice at St. Louis, Mo., as second-class matter, in December, 1900.



Don't fail to attend the Social Democratic picnic at Rinkel's Grove on the Fourth of July.

This is a workingman's paper. It is owned and published by the Social Democratic Party of St. Louis and all the gold in the city could not buy it.

Excursion for the benefit of Missouri Socialist and the Arbeiter-Zeitung, to Montezuma Park, Sunday July 14. Tickets, 25 cents. Now ready.

The Socialist proposes that the industries be owned and controlled by the men who toil, nothing more, nothing less.

If there was one Socialist in the House of Delegates things would be much more interesting when they appropriated money to pay for riot guns.

In Marseilles, France, the Socialist administration, ordered the city funds used to all striking dock laborers, and the Socialists of St. Louis are just exactly like the Socialists of Marseilles. Our principles are the same—the world over.

Capt. W. S. Robinson of the Posse Comitatus, after relating some of his great deeds during the massacre said: "Then some one in the barracks called me to distribute ammunition and I went in." This shows what a pack of brainless idiots the whole outfit was when, after shooting down the strikers, they called for ammunition, as though they were engaged in a pitched battle instead of a cowardly murder. Every riot gun was loaded with ten shells, yet after firing, according to their own claims, only four or five shots they sought more ammunition. Such irresponsible cowards had no more business with a gun than a baby has with dynamite, but they were just the kind that the capitalists of this city wanted to do their bloody work.

Riot Suppressors.

Tamany Police Commissioner Devery delivered himself thus at the convention of Police Chiefs in New York recently:

"We meet here to exchange views on how to suppress strikes, riots and all disturbances. As for me, gentlemen, I say act promptly. Go at it. Don't let 'em doubt. When you are tied up and in doubt about a situation, communicate with the Chiefs of the bigger cities and they will help you. And when you are asked for help in these matters, drop everything and attend to it."

How do the workmen of St. Louis like that kind of talk? Do you think the Chief of Police of this city would hesitate to act on that advice? There is no necessity for getting excited over this little gathering of riot suppressors. They are only carrying out the work for which they were appointed, and it would not be right to censure them for being true to the men whose influence gave them their soft snaps. When you workmen elect municipal administrations that will appoint chiefs of police who sympathize with the working class, who are closely allied to that class, you will witness a different kind of a meeting from that held in New York.

The Posse Comitatus.

Of all the contemptible creatures that ever disgraced the fair face of mother earth the most disgusting, the one with the least trace of that noble characteristic we call manhood, the one which future generations will look back upon as marking the lowest point to which man has ever descended is that type of the genus homo that towards the latter part of the St. Louis strike composed the notorious Posse Comitatus. The small boy going West to fight Indians gives us only amusement, but the aforesaid creature arouses a feeling of the utmost loathing. Called out as a Deputy Sheriff he arrayed himself in a rough rider costume as though he was going through the jungles of the Philippines. With soldiers' leggings, rough rider trousers, blue flannel shirt, a rough rider hat brought to a point at the top, a red bandana around his neck and a riot gun over his shoulder, a belt filled with cartridges and his pocket full of revolvers, this burlesque on a man swaggered through the streets of a civilized city, desperately striving to frighten someone and ever ready to use his gun, but too cowardly to wait for his feeble intellect to map out a reasonable course of action for him before shooting down some innocent individual. He had not even the slightest conception of what his authority was under the law. He considered himself the law personified

and thought he could do no wrong. What acts he was guilty of during the many weeks he infested the city would require several volumes to relate. The workmen of St. Louis will long remember him with pity for his cowardice and hatred for his insolence.

Sergeant Hickman.

Whenever the workingman exhibits an inclination to rebel against the conditions of his wage-slavery the capitalist invokes the aid of his military and police forces. Having previously prepared his laws for the purpose, prohibiting interference with property rights, ordinances against assembling in crowds upon the streets, etc. it is an easy matter then for his police to club the workingman into submission. But it is not every policeman that is devoid of sympathy with his fellow-slaves, so a few are needed who are especially adapted for their work in troublous times. The man whom St. Louisans will remember as the embodiment of all that is brutal is Sergt. Hickman of the mounted police force. If there is a brute anywhere in this country wearing the clothes of a man, then there is one in St. Louis. His name is written in blood on the streets of this city. He is more cordially hated by several hundred thousand men, women and children than one would think possible for any man to be hated. Only the stick of fagotable excuse on the part of dozens of men prevented the sudden demise of this monster. To him it mattered not who was guilty and who was innocent. A crowd of working people were to him nothing more than a herd of cattle to be shot down or trampled under foot. His saber fell on the nearest head to him, as an example to all who saw him. The

of the crowd was swiftly counted over and over in the homes of workingmen. He may have been brave, bull-dogs are brave, but brutal he certainly was. A car off the track, a crowd of several hundred spectators gather, the women and children plead with the motemen and conductors to leave their cars and join the strikers. Some of them do so and the air is filled with cheers. Not a rock is thrown, not a single act of violence is committed, persuasion alone is used and is gaining the victory. A cloud of dust appears far down the street and rapidly approaches. Soon the forms of mounted blue coats can be seen. It is Hickman and his mounted squad galloping madly toward the crowd. They know nothing of what has transpired, know not whether a finger has been raised in violence, but that does not concern Hickman. He has been told a crowd has gathered and that is enough. They are so many animals, dangerous when assembled in crowds, and they must be dispersed. The crowd fearfully awaits the oncoming ruffian. They know them, know what they have done, what they will do here. But stubborn in the assertion of their rights they hold their ground, silently, peacefully waiting. Like a whirlwind the line of blue coats sweeps down upon the people. Sabers flash in the sunlight and descend with a dull thud on the shoulders of old and young, of men and women. A cry of mingled rage and terror escapes the multitude as they flee in all directions. Men shoot for guns in their fury, but they can only take refuge in flight. The mob is scattered. Hickman has done the work for which he was appointed. He has prevented the people from talking to the men on the cars; he has left scars and bruises to terrify the working-class. He has cowed the multitude and they will hesitate before rebelling again. This is only one of many similar scenes that were enacted during the great street strike. It is well that we record them here for future reference as a reminder to the workmen of how little mercy they can expect from an administration elected to protect their masters' interests.

Resolutions of Sympathy.

(Adopted by the City Central Committee June 10, 1901.)
Whereas, On June 10, 1900, three striking street car men were shot down on Washington avenue of this city without provocation by the Posse Comitatus, while marching peacefully along the street with their fellow-workmen;

Whereas, This outrage was, in our opinion, one of the most brutal of which the capitalist class has ever been guilty;

Resolved, That on this, the first anniversary of that massacre, the Social Democratic Party of St. Louis extend its sympathies to the friends and relatives of our murdered brothers, Charles Edward Thomas, George Rine and Arthur Edward Burkhardt, and call upon the working class of the city to bear in mind this unjustifiable killing of their brothers as an evidence of the brutality of the capitalist class, and as a lesson to the workmen of the world that they can only hope to achieve their emancipation by marching to the ballot box under the banner of Socialism, and thereby seizing the reins of government for the purpose of protecting themselves and establishing the co-operative commonwealth.

Nay, Not of a Riotous Kind.

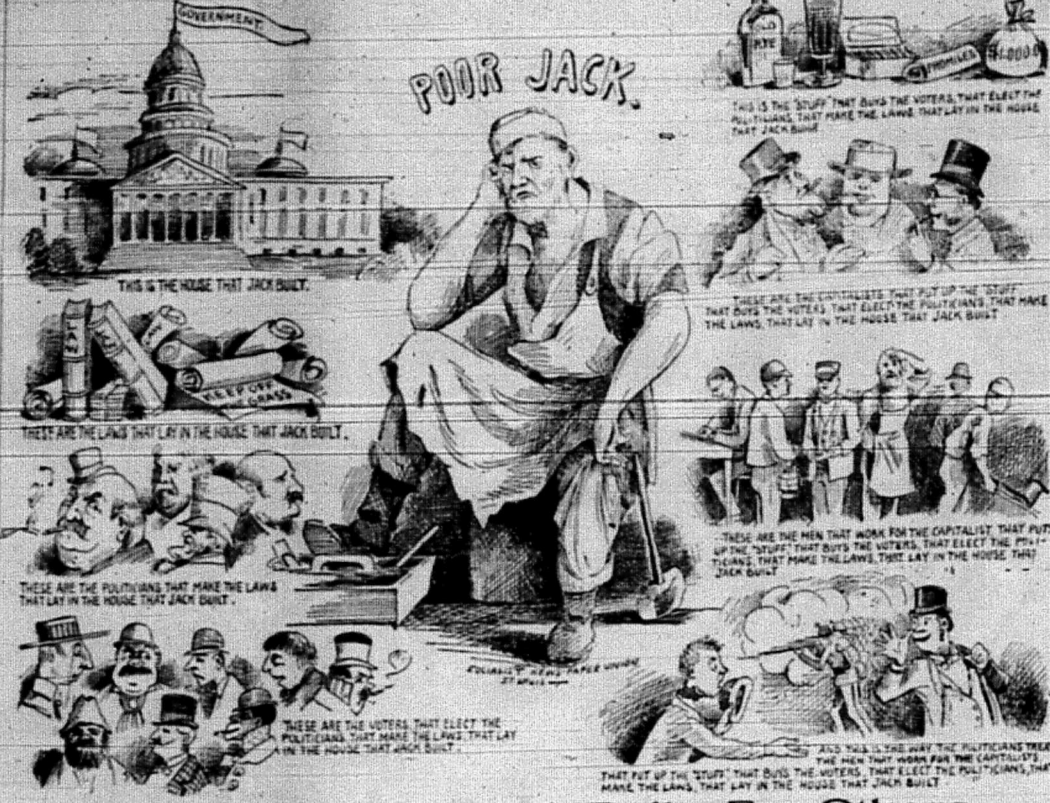
Matters are certainly at a rather unsatisfactory pass in Belgium when militiamen rebel against their officers, as was the case Sunday at Antwerp, and start in to destroy property. King Leopold should be added to the list of monarchs upon whose heads the crown fits rather uncomfortably at the present time, for a riotous kind of Socialism appears to have invaded the kingdom in recent years.—Brookton Times.

No, no, not a riotous kind of Socialism, but the ordinary, peaceable kind of Socialism which demands that the people be given equal rights and opportunities.

A large number of the soldiers of Belgium are Socialists, and the workers there can rest assured that they will not be shot upon like dogs when they will be prepared to wreat the public powers from the present government.

The Socialist soldiers in Belgium support a weekly paper that is mainly intended to do the work of propaganda in the barracks.

The Socialist movement in Belgium is ahead of all other countries in Europe.—Haverhill Democrat.



Duty of the Trade Unionists.

BY MAX S. HAYES.

Secretary of the Cleveland, O., Central Labor Union.

What is the duty of trade unionists in the great national political battle? Is it to quietly swallow the "issues" that are promulgated by the Harniss and silver barons to divide the workers, and to throw up their hats and howl themselves hoarse for the demagogical office-seekers they put forward?

Is it the duty of organized men to denounce each other and to pull each other's hair out, so to speak, over the question of whether a McKinley or Bryan or Dewey or Smith or Jones is "the best man," and as to whether there should be a silver or a gold standard, imperialism, tariff or a central bank in Central America?

The writer is of the opinion that trade unionists possess common sense, and that they understand the historic mission of organized labor, or are willing to learn the same; that they are open to reason, and that they are loyal to the declaration of principles of the great, combined economic movement. What is that mission? The abolition of the wage system. Why? Because under its operation a mass-slavery has been introduced, and from its prolific womb spring all the social ills of which we complain.

Under the capitalist wage system labor is so successfully robbed of the fruits of its toil that an insignificant percentage of the population of this country has succeeded in getting control of all the natural opportunities and the wealth produced by the workers for generations until to-day we have the sharp contrast of an arrogant, cruel and despotic plutocracy on the one side and a plundered and oppressed army of toilers on the other side. When we organize the capitalists apply the blacklist knout to our active workers; when we strike, the policeman's club and the militia man's bayonet are used against us with out the slightest compunction; when you boycott a brutal labor-crushing concern, the courts are ready with their injunctions; when we demand labor legislation, the politicians sneer at us, pigeon-hole our bills, or, even if they pass the most important ones, the courts declare them unconstitutional.

Has not the time come to act? It has if we are deserving of the name of American citizens and intelligent human beings. To-day it is no longer possible for wage-workers to become rich and independent, which was their ambition in the past. The tools of production which our forefathers owned, and which ownership was a guarantee of independence, have developed into vast, scientific labor-saving machinery, controlled by the capitalist class, which arbitrarily, by means of combinations, trusts, monopolies, etc., fixes our wages upon one side and prices upon the other side. They catch us coming and going. During the present generation nearly every trade has been or is being revolutionized by the introduction of labor-saving devices. This is truly the machinery age.

With the continuous introduction of labor-saving appliances, production of wealth is increased at a geometric ratio, and proportionately to that production the workers now receive less than at any period in the world's history. As a matter of fact, the labor army is engaged in piling up wealth for others to enjoy for little more than mere rations. The labor class according to the census reports, is propertyless, and therefore, it can never hope to compete with the capitalist class and gain control of the industrial situation through economic effort. That is settled beyond the peradventure of a doubt. This is so because, as already stated, the employers already possess the tools of production, the labor-saving machinery, and they are now entrenching themselves in capitalist unions, known as trusts and monopolies. There are to-day no less than 800 trusts and monopolies in existence in this country, capitalized at upward of \$2,000,000,000, and over a billion dollars more than was invested in productive enterprises in the census year of 1899. In other words, all the live capital of the nation has become trustified or monopolized. It is now being used co-operatively by the many for the few.

Owing to the fact that the wage-workers of this country, who are the consumers as well as the producers, receive less than one-fifth of the wealth they produce, consumption cannot keep pace with production, and so the warehouses are again filling up with surplus products for which there are no buyers. Signs point to another industrial stagnation and panic in the near future. It will be welcomed with joy by the great capitalists. They can then squeeze the wind and water out of many of the trusts, dump the owners of "common stock"—the middle class—overboard, and at the same time reduce wages, and own everything themselves. The trust of trusts will be complete. The holders

of preferred stocks and bonds will be in clover and can fraternize beautifully. Meanwhile what will be labor's position in this great game of life? Will it meekly continue to follow the Judases and betraying politicians of the capitalist parties? Labor will do no such thing if it is intelligent enough to understand its own class interests. The trade unionists are now resisting the capitalist class upon the industrial field, and henceforth it becomes the duty of the trade unionists to likewise resist the same class upon the political field, and become leaders in the labor army. In a word they must be LOYAL to the fundamental principles of their organizations. At the last convention of the American Federation of Labor, in Detroit, December 11-20, it was officially declared that no legislation could be secured from the State and Federal Governments, and it was therefore recommended that local and central bodies of labor take independent political action along the lines enunciated in the Federation's declaration of principles. It was likewise declared that the trusts and monopolies cannot be destroyed by demagogical politicians, but, on the contrary, were the logical evolution of the capitalist system. The Federation thereupon clearly pointed the way out of the wilderness of capitalism as follows:

"And, furthermore, that this convention call upon the trade unionists of the United States, and workingmen generally, to study the development of trusts and monopolies, with a view of nationalizing the same."
Here is the solution of the labor problem. The nationalization or socialization of trusts and monopolies is now the battle cry of the loyal trade unionists of the United States (as in other countries as well) by the way. The time has come to bury past prejudices and animosities and rally to the standard of Socialism.

Turn from the past; it is lonely. And barren and bleak to the view. Its fires are cold; its stories are old. Turn—turn from the past to the new. To-day leads you up to the hilltops. That are kissed by the radiant sun. To-day has no tomb; life's hopes are in bloom. And to-day has a prize to be won. And that prize is the Co-operative Commonwealth—Socialism in Our Time!

Workingman's Marsillaise.
Ye sons of toil, awake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise?
Your children, wives and grandmothers hoary—
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheath!
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On liberty or death!

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile, insatiable despots dare,
Their thirst of power and gold unbounded!
To meet and vend the light of air,
Like beasts of burden would they load us
Like gods would bid their slaves adore;
But man is man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?

Oh, Liberty, can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts and bars confine thee?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing,
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.

Subscribe at once, fifty cents a year.
Workingmen, vote for Socialism.

The Demand for Brains.
"The country is being ransacked for brains, brains, brains," so says Chas. M. Schwab, who has enough brains to satisfy those who control the big steel trust. The other necessary commodity that the big capitalists are looking for is not mentioned by Mr. Schwab and that is—meanness, meanness, meanness. Brains without meanness would be as much of a failure as meanness without brains.

The kind of brains in demand by the capitalist is the kind that can skin the people the slickest and make them believe all the time that they are not being skinned. The kind of brains in demand by the capitalist is the kind that can figure down to a cent how little a workingman can live on and just how much more he can squeeze out of that workingman and not kill him. The workingman must be kept alive, or there would be no capitalist.

The kind of brains in demand by the capitalist is the kind that will force down wages till little children have to work to keep themselves alive. The kind of brains in demand by the capitalist is the kind that forces young girls to sell their virtue or face starvation.

The majority of us have got enough of this kind of brains. We are looking for brains of another sort. Marx had brains; Liebknecht had brains; Engels had brains. What's the matter with such brains? Doesn't that kind suit you, Mr. Schwab?

Oh, yes, we know that what the capitalist is looking for is brains. And we also know that if there were a million men (and perhaps there are) who had just as much brains as Mr. Schwab there would be only one man needed as president of the Billion Dollar Steel Trust.

There may be a man now who has

brains enough to discover that a white man can live on rice as well as a Chinaman, and if he can invent a plan by which he can get the white man to do it, he'll get Mr. Schwab's place. The slave driver who can get the most work at the least expenditure will win, and the only way to do that is by taking a little more blood out of the workingman.

The kind of brains that can plan the biggest steal, the kind of brains that can conceive the biggest lie, the kind of brains that can "do up" the largest number, is the kind of brains that wins!—Aunt Sally, in Seattle Socialist.

OUR BOOK LIST.
If you are interested in the study of Socialism and want to learn more about it, send us your order for one or more of the following list of good Socialist books. Don't remain ignorant any longer.
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Wage-Labor and Capital, Karl Marx, \$0.05
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AMONG THE UNIONS.

Cigarmakers Election.

Cigarmakers No. 44 met Friday and elected officers. They donated \$100 to various outside unions and also expended \$100 for the benefit of their members. The officers are as follows:
President—Alb. A. Gebhardt.
Vice-President—Wm. M. Brandt.
Recording Secretary—John A. Kober.
Secretary-Treasurer—Edw. H. Hellman.
Trustees—Wm. Guerke, Jr., Louis Kober, Phil. H. Mueller.
Executive Board—Fred Fischer, Frank Franz, Phil Heberer, J. J. Kober, Wm. E. Kindorf, Wm. F. Landman, Fred J. Wessler.
Finance Committee—J. F. W. Althoff, J. P. Hendricks, Edw. Meyer.
Joint Advisory Board—Aug. Dietschmeyer, Ed. H. Hellman, Louis Kober, John A. Kreis, Edw. Meyer.
Doorkeeper—Fred Fischer.
Delegates to Central Trades and Labor Union—Wm. M. Brandt, George Grund, Alex. Heinrichs, Jr., J. P. Hendricks, Owen S. Ingram, Chas. Kasper, Louis Kober, John A. Kreis, Landman, Kreyling, Wm. Schilling.
East St. Louis Central Body—George Grund, Alex. Heinrichs, Jr., Wm. Schilling.
Delegate to Protective Union—John F. Bergherm.
Delegates to St. Louis Trades Labor League—F. X. Becherer, Alb. A. Gebhardt, Owen S. Ingram.
Auditor Joint Advisory Board—J. W. Altheide.

Workingmen's Celebration.

Brewers and Masters, No. 6, accepted the invitation of the S. D. P. to attend its picnic at Rinkel's Grove on July 4, and decided to meet at some point and march to the grove in body.

BOOT AND SHOE WORKERS' UNION.

NO. 242.
R. Murphy, Secretary Social Democratic Party.

Dear Sir and Comrade—Your prime circular of the 4th inst. informing me of the proposed parade of the Social Democratic Party on the Fourth of July, 1901, was received and referred to the members of our Local Wednesday, June 12, and I was instructed to inform you that, although our local does not want to participate in a parade, we will attend the celebration and picnic at Rinkel's Grove. Hoping for the speedy success of the principles enunciated by the Social Democratic Party, I remain, fraternally,
T. C. PINTA,
Secretary.

CARRIAGE AND WAGON WORKERS' INTERNATIONAL UNION.

Local No. 27, June 12, 1901.
C. R. Murphy, Secretary Social Democratic Party.
Dear Sir—Your communication received and at our last regular meeting held on Monday, the 10th inst., we read, when, by motion, it was decided to participate in parade of July 4, with the Social Democratic Party, if you see fit to have a parade. Please inform me not later than June 24 of your action, as it is the date of our last meeting previous to July 4. Wishing you and the Social Democratic Party every success, and hoping that it will have a demonstration that will eclipse anything in the past, I am yours fraternally,
THOMAS J. FARRELL,
Secretary.

The Factory Girl's Last Day.

[These verses were written in the first half of this century by Robert Owen, the Englishman, who did so much to improve the condition of the wage-workers, and who went far to lay the foundation of the Socialist movement in England. With minor changes they apply today, in England or in America.]
Twas on a winter morning,
The weather wet and mild,
Two hours before the dawning,
The father roused his child,
Her daily morsel bringing,
The darksome room he paced,
And cried, "The bell is ringing,
"My napless darling, haste!"
"Dear father, I'm so sorry,
"I scarce can reach the door,
"Oh, carry me once more,
"Her watted form seems nothing,
"The loach is on his heart,
"He soothes the little sufferer
"Till at the mill they part.
The overlooker met her
"As to her frame she crept,
"And with his thong he beat her,
"And cursed her when she wept.
"It seemed, as she grew weaker,
"The threads the strainer broke,
"The rapid wheels ran quicker,
"And quicker fell the stroke.
She thought how her dead mother
"Blessed with her latest breath,
"And of her little brother,
"Worked down, like her, to death,
"Then told a tiny neighbor
"A half-penny she'd pay
"To take her last hour's labor,
"While by her frame she lay.
The sun had long descended
"Ere she sought repose;
"Her day began and ended
"As cruel tyrants chose,
"Then home! but oft she tarried;
"She fell and rose once more;
"By pitying comrades carried,
"She reached her father's door.
At night, with tortured feeling,
"He watched his sleepless child;
"Though close beside her kneeling,
"She knew him not nor smiled.
Again the factory's ringings,
"Her last perceptions tried;
"Up from her straw bed springing,
"It's time!" she shrieked, and died.
That night a chariot passed her,
"While on the ground she lay,
"The daughters of her master
"An evening visit pay,
"Their tender hearts were aching,
"As negro wrongs were told,
"While the white slave was dying,
"Who gained their father's gold.

Wage-Labor and Capital.

By CARL MARX.

(Continued from Last Week.)

We have now seen how the changing proportion between supply and demand produces the rise and fall of prices, making them at one time high, at another low. If through failure in the supply, or exceptional increase in the demand, an important rise in the price of a commodity takes place; then the price of another commodity must have fallen; for, of course, the price of a commodity only expresses in money the proportion in which other commodities can be exchanged with it. For instance, if the price of a yard of silk rises from five to six shillings, the price of silver has fallen in comparison with silk; and in the same way the price of all other commodities which remain at their old prices has fallen if compared with silk. We have to give a larger quantity of them in exchange in order to obtain the same quantity of silk. And what is the result of a rise in the price of a commodity? A mass of capital is thrown into that flourishing branch of business, and this immigration of capital into the province of the privileged business will last until the ordinary level of profits is attained; or, rather, until the price of the products sinks through overproduction.

Conversely, if the price of a commodity falls below the cost of its production, capital will be withdrawn from the production of this commodity. Except in the case of a branch of industry which has become obsolete, and is, therefore, doomed to disappear, the result of this flight of capital will be that the production of this commodity, and therefore its supply, will continually dwindle until it corresponds to the demand; and thus its price rises again to the level of the cost of its production; or, rather, until the supply has fallen below the demand; that is, until its price has again risen above its cost of production; for the price of any commodity is always either above or below its cost of production.

We see, then, how it is that capital is always immigrating and emigrating, from the province of one industry into that of another. It is high prices that bring about an excessive immigration, and low prices an excess of emigration.

We might show from another point of view how not only the supply, but also the demand, is determined by the cost of production; but this would lead us too far from our present subject.

We have just seen how the fluctuations of supply and demand always reduce the price of a commodity to its cost of production. It is true that the precise cost of a commodity is always either above or below its cost of production, but the rise and fall reciprocally balance each other, so that within a certain period, if the ebb and flow of the business are reckoned up together, commodities are exchanged with one another in accordance with their cost of production; and thus their cost of production determines their price.

The determination of price by cost of production is not to be understood in the sense of the economists. The economists declare that the average price of commodities is equal to the cost of production; this, according to them, is a law. The anarchical movements in which the rise is compensated by the fall, and the fall by the rise, they ascribe to chance. With just as good a right as this, which the other economists assume, we might consider the fluctuations as the law, and ascribe the fixing of a price by cost of production to chance. But if we look closely we see that it is precisely these fluctuations, although they bring the most terrible desolation in their train, and shake the fabric of bourgeois society like earthquakes, it is precisely these fluctuations which in their course determine price by cost of production. In the totality of this disorderly movement, it is to be found its order. Through these alternating movements in the course of this industrial anarchy, competition, as it were, cancels one excess by means of another.

We gather, therefore, that the price of a commodity is determined by its cost of production, in such manner that the periods in which the price of this commodity rises above its cost of production are compensated by the periods in which it sinks below its cost, and conversely. Of course, this does not hold good for one single particular product of an industry, but only for that entire branch of industry. So also it does not hold good for a particular manufacturer, but only for the entire industrial class.

The determination of price by cost of production is the same thing as its determination by the duration of the labor which is required for the manufacture of the commodity; for cost of production may be divided into (1) raw material and implements; that is, products of industry whose manufacture has cost a certain number of days' work, and which, therefore, represents a certain duration of labor, and (2) actual labor, which is measured by its duration.

Now the same general laws which universally regulate the price of com-

modities, regulate, of course, wages, the price of labor.

Wages will rise and fall in accordance with the proportion between demand and supply; that is, in accordance with the conditions of the competition between capitalists as buyers and laborers as sellers of labor. The fluctuations of wages correspond in general with the fluctuations in the price of commodities. Within these fluctuations the price of labor is regulated by its cost of production; that is, by the duration of labor which is required in order to produce this commodity, labor.

Now, what is the cost of production of labor itself?

It is the cost required for the production of a laborer, and for his maintenance as a laborer. The shorter the time requisite for instruction in any labor, the less the laborer's cost of production, and the lower are his wages, the price of his work. In those branches of industry which scarcely require any period of apprenticeship, and where the mere bodily existence of the laborer is sufficient, the requisite cost of his production and maintenance are almost limited to the cost of commodities which are requisite to keep him alive. The price of his labor is therefore determined by the price of the bare necessities of his existence.

Here, however, another consideration comes in. The manufacturer, who reckons up his expenses of production and determines accordingly the price of the product, takes into account the wear and tear of the machinery. If a machine costs him £200 and wears itself out in ten years, he adds £10 a year to the price of his goods in order to replace the worn-out machine by a new one when the ten years are up. In the same way we must reckon in the cost of production of simple labor the cost of its propagation; so that the rate of laborers may be put in a position to multiply and to replace the worn-out workers by new ones. Thus the wear and tear of the laborer must be taken into account just as much as the wear and tear of the machine.

Thus the cost of production of simple labor amounts to the cost of the laborer's subsistence and propagation, and the price of this cost determines his wages. When we speak of wages we mean the minimum of wages. This minimum of wages holds good, just as does the determination by the cost of production of the price of commodities in general, not for the particular individual, but for the species. Individual laborers, indeed, millions of them, do not receive enough to enable them to subsist and propagate; but the wages of the whole working class with all their fluctuations are nicely adjusted to this minimum.

Now, that we are grounded on these general laws which govern wages just as much as the price of any other commodity, we can examine our subject more exactly.

Capital consists of raw material, implements of labor and all kinds of means of subsistence, which are used for the production of new implements and new means of subsistence. All these factors of capital are created by labor, are products of labor, are stored-up labor. Stored-up labor which serves as the means of new production is capital.

So say the economists. What is a negro slave? A human creature of the black race. The one definition is just as valuable as the other.

A negro is a negro. In certain conditions he is transformed into a slave. A spinning-jenny is a machine for spinning cotton. Only in certain conditions is it transformed into capital. When torn away from these conditions it is just as little capital as gold is money in the abstract, or sugar the price of sugar. In the work of production men do not stand in the relation to nature alone. They only produce when they work together in a certain way and mutually exchange their different kinds of energy. In order to produce they mutually enter upon certain relations and conditions, and it is only by means of these relations and conditions that their relation to nature is defined, and production becomes possible.

These social relations upon which the producers mutually enter, the terms upon which they exchange their energies and take their share in the collective act of production, will, of course, differ according to the character of the means of production. With the invention of firearms as implements of warfare the whole organization of the army was of necessity altered; and with the alteration of the relations through which individuals form an army, and are enabled to work together as an army, there was a simultaneous alteration in the relations of armies to one another.

Thus with the change in the social relations by means of which individuals produce, that is, in the social relations of production, and with the alteration and development of the material means of production, the powers of production are also transformed. The relations of production collectively form those social relations which we call a society, and a society with definite degrees of historical development, a society with an appropriate and distinctive character. Ancient society, feudal society, bourgeois society, are instances of this collective result of the relations of production, each of which marks out an important step in

the historical development of mankind.

Now, capital also is a social condition of production. It is a bourgeois condition of production, a condition of the production of a bourgeois society. Are not the means of subsistence, the implements of labor, and the raw material, of which capital consists, the results of definite social relations? Were they not produced and stored up under certain social conditions? Will they not be used for further production under certain social conditions? And is it not just this definite social character which transforms into capital that product which serves for further production?

Capital does not consist of means of subsistence, implements of labor, and raw material alone, nor only of material products; it consists just as much of exchange values. All the products of which it consists are commodities. Thus capital is not merely the sum of material products; it is a sum of commodities, of exchange values, of social quantities.

Capital remains unchanged if we substitute cotton for wool, rice for corn, and steamers for railways; provided, only that the cotton, the rice, the steamers—the bodily form of capital—have the same exchange value, the same price, as the wool, the corn, the railways, in which it formerly embodied itself. The bodily form of capital may change continually, while the capital itself undergoes not the slightest alteration.

But though all capital is a sum of commodities, that is, of exchange values, it is not every sum of commodities, of exchange values, that is capital.

Every sum of exchange values is an exchange value. For instance, a house worth a thousand pounds is an exchange value of a thousand pounds. A penny-worth of paper is the sum of the exchange values of a hundred-hundredths of a penny. Products which may be mutually exchanged are commodities. The definite proportions in which they are exchangeable form their exchange value, or, expressed in money, their price. The amount of these products can do nothing to alter their definition as being commodities, or as representing an exchange value, or as having a certain price. Whether a tree is large or small, it remains a tree. Whether we exchange iron for other wares in ounces or in hundred-weights, that makes no difference. In its character as a commodity possessing exchange value, according to its amount it is a commodity of more or less worth, with a higher or lower price.

How, then, can a sum of commodities, of exchange values, become capital?

By maintaining and multiplying itself as an independent social power, that is, as the power of a portion of society, by means of its exchange for direct, living labor. Capital necessarily presupposes the existence of a class which possesses nothing but labor power.

It is the lordship of past, stored-up, realized labor, over actual, living labor that transforms the stored-up labor into capital.

Capital does not consist in the fact that stored-up labor is used by living labor as a means to further production. It consists in the fact that living labor serves as the means whereby stored-up labor may maintain and multiply its own exchange value.

(To Be Continued.)

A MULE AND ANOTHER WORKINGMAN.

BY BERT HUFFMAN.

It was near the close of the nineteenth century, after having spent the best part of my life in the service of civilization, that I found myself without means of subsistence and out of a job. Men in like condition were all around me. Some were young, robust, hopeful; some were old, despondent, and despairing. Some sympathized and some hated.

In my younger years I had worked incessantly, but of late no one seemed to have need of my services, and my substance had been consumed in its interim between jobs.

It was the Age of Machinery. A pulley, a belt, a dozen shafts and bearings superseded a hundred workmen.

To my joy one morning I read a sign, "Men Wanted," on an office door of a great corporation. For an instant my spirits bubbled over in the realization that I was a "man," and perhaps was wanted.

On entering the office I was met by a porter, who escorted me to a room where I was placed in the rear of a long line of men, awaiting turn at a door which led to an inner sanctuary, where the word "Men" was being throned, and where I was to be examined by a great doctor named Doctor Physical Examination.

My turn came in a couple of hours and I passed in. A being whose visage rivaled many of the likenesses of Satan I had seen in youth, met me with a cold smile, which reminded me of my vanished overcoat, and a piercing eye which stirred up my rheumatic pains, so deep was its penetration.

In youth I had been a splendid specimen of manhood—strong-limbed, broad-shouldered, keen of sight, and ready of hand. A shadow of my former prestige remained but in my hair age had sprinkled his tell-tale tokens, and my eyes though strong, showed they had poured over the history of too many years.

The Great Doctor felt of my muscular arm, adjusted his glasses, and peered into my face with great wisdom. He turned me slowly around, as one would a revolving chair, and looked at me closely, up and down. As yet neither of us had spoken. He mechanically pushed me on to a pair of scales, and peered through his glasses at the beam.

"What! what!" he exclaimed, looking closer and feeling my arm with more pronounced grip. "Only 158! Good girl, fine arm, full chest, but two pounds short; and hair a trifle gray, and eyes declining in power of vision. Please pass out, sir!" and he opened a door into the street.

But I did not move. I was bewildered by his actions. "I would like to have work," I said, by way of explanation, but cutting me short he said hurriedly: "Our weight standard is 160 pounds; you weigh only 158—"

STRIKE AT THE BALLOT BOX

BY JOB HARRIMAN.

Secretary of the New York Labor Secretariat.

Let us commemorate the great but awful St. Louis strike of 1900, by inquiring into the causes which result in such disasters, rather than indulge in a mere condemnation of those involved in the struggle. Not that we would shield those wealthy stockholders from the responsibility of the crimes they helped to commit, but that we would seek to understand the reasons for such actions. An understanding of the causes will lead many from such calamities, while a blind condemnation will only open the chasm for more of us to topple into.

It is safe to say that 995 per cent of the difficulties between the capitalist and the worker arise over a failure to agree on two propositions, namely, wages and hours.

But why should the difficulty arise over one or the other or both of these two questions?

Every street-car conductor or motorman will readily see that if the men work twelve hours, only two relays are necessary; while if they work only eight hours three shifts are required. But if the men work twelve hours it is not plain that the two shifts can draw as much wages as the three shifts could, were the hours but eight, and still leave the same amount of profits for the capitalist?

But when the two shifts demand that three shifts be employed at the same wage, is it not also plain that the third shift cuts into the profits of the capitalist by the amount of their wages? Certainly the number of shifts would cut no figure in the amount of traffic. They only cut a figure in the profits. It is a matter of indifference to the capitalist whether the men demand the same hours with 50 per cent increase in wages or 33 1-3 per cent decrease in hours with the same wage. In other words profits arise from long hours and low pay alike.

Whenever the capitalist increases

the hours, the worker pays him a profit for doing it, and whenever the wages are cut the worker likewise pays his master a profit for the act.

Do the workers pay their employers for cutting their wages and lengthening their hours because they like long hours and low wages? Is it possible that the workers think their masters will voluntarily quit doing what they are so richly paid for doing? If the working-class dislike long hours and short pay why do they insist on paying more for them than they pay for short hours and long pay? This looks like a riddle, but it is not. It is here that the great secret rests.

The workers do not like long hours

and, places the worker on one side of the line of battle and the capitalist on the other.

When the capitalist cuts the wages or lengthens the hours he gives rise to two facts, namely, profits and strikes. He uses the profits to employ the militia, and with the militia and deputy sheriffs he breaks the strike and preserves the peace (what peace?), and continues to harvest the profits from the products of the workers.

Who is it that will say the interests of the capitalist and worker are identical? Does not the very profit system give rise to the industrial strikes between them? Will they not continue to fight as long as there is money in it?

Since then industrial interests permanently clash why do they unite in political action can the workers not see that there are no political interests separate from economic interests? Is it not plain that the political machine is only used to protect the economic interest of those in possession of the political machine? Are the militia ever ordered to shoot the capitalist? Why not? Simply because the capitalist gives the order. If the working class do not wish the militia to shoot the strikers, they can easily prevent it by taking possession of the political machine and reversing the orders. The workers have the votes. They can take charge of the political machine. They can amend the constitutions. They can change the laws. They can abolish the profit and wages system. This done there will be no clash of interest of capitalist class living off the working class.

The workers can inaugurate the cooperative commonwealth, where the capitalist, the militia and the strike will be no more; where discord and strife will disappear and where their mutual interest will blend the people into one harmonious organization.



nor short pay, and hence they strike to reduce the hours and increase the pay. At the same time the wages system makes it more profitable for the capitalist to lengthen the hours and decrease the pay. Thus the conflict of interest arising over the struggle to gain possession of the workers' pro-

"But that is a small deficiency. A million words will not bring you up to our standard," said he.

"I have letters of service from—"

"If you had testimonials from all my beloved ancestors, you are still two pounds light," he replied.

"I have had twenty years' experience in my calling—"

"If you were a golden Colossus, you are not of standard weight, and your hair shows you to be over the age limit," he replied.

"My friend," I said, "give me a trial; I need work; my family—"

"Sir, your usefulness is past for us; you are a back number, we want men, we need men, we will only take men. You are not up to our standard of a man, and belong to the scrap pile. One must be young, sound, good sight, hearing and health, of proper age, weight, height and habits—please pass out. Time is money!"

I stepped out into the street rejected, just as an old mule limped out of an alley on the other side. The stock yards were near by, and all day another Great Doctor had been sorting and buying mules. They must be young, sound and gentle, strong, true to the collar, free from bad traits, of proper age, weight, color and disposition, and this old veteran which met me had failed to pass. He bore many visible tokens of disqualification. His left ear drooped. His right fore-foot was full of corns. His tail had been broken in a wreck, years ago. His under lip hanging so low, gave him an unseemly aspect, and the copious flow of tears from his single eye, bore witness that he had passed life's golden meridian.

We walked down the road together, lamenting over our mutual unfitness for earth.

Presently a butcher overtook us and drove my companion away to the cannery. The grewsome thought, too dark for utterance, flashed through my mind how long ere the cannery, instead of the almshouse, will be the refuge for worn-out workmen?

IN SOUTHERN MILLS

Babes Earn Their Daily Bread.—'Development' of the South.

Miss Irene A. Ashby, who has made a tour of the Southern States, investigating labor conditions, spoke before the Social Reform Club in New York on child labor in the Southern mills. She said:

"I found that in many mills in Alabama and Georgia one-half of the operatives were children, and in some cases the age percentage ran as low as 4 or 7. Their ages ranged from 5 to 12, and of course, beyond.

"The mill owners and proprietors said in extenuation, that they had taken these people from their little farms, where they were living in conditions of the utmost poverty, and brought them together in communities and made of them an industrial people.

"But the children I saw living on the little farms had bright cheeks and round limbs, while those I saw in the mills were haggard and wan.

"Having seen these conditions as they exist to-day, throughout the South, I went to the capital of Alabama, and with others tried to get bills through the Legislature prohibiting the employment of child labor—baby labor—in these mills. We learned that all had been cut and dried before us. We had the bill introduced. In answer, they put up the manager of a mill entirely controlled by Northern labor, a mill that had been moved to the South from the heart of New England.

"The representative they had before the Legislature was a Northern man. In rebuttal he spoke of the lace curtain in the windows of his operatives, of their neat houses, but never a word of child labor. The bill was defeated. We learned later that it is the truth that the New South is depending upon

the capital of the North to bring about the industrial development and boom that has been so long impending. In defeating the bill they cried: 'Do not do anything that is going to hurt the industrial development of the South.'

"The North has said to the South—'We will bring our capital, but you must allow us to take advantage of the labor movement as we find it. We must have your child labor.' So dividends are built up out of sacrificed lives of babies. There are men living here who are known in the North as philanthropists, who earn their incomes through the employment of babies in their Southern investments."

"Dividends built up out of the sacrificed lives of babies." There is the essence of capitalism. The capitalist buys the labor power (the life energy) of the worker just as he would buy any other commodity. By applying this labor power to raw material he converts it into a finished product, upon which he realizes his profits. If it suits his purpose, if it is more profitable, he will buy and utilize the labor power of little children, just as he would order the slaughter of a herd of young lambs for the market. There is no sentiment in business. Why should there be? For business is nothing but the conversion of the blood and flesh of working people into profits?

Under Socialism there would be no necessity for these little babies being worked to death in their infancy, for there would be no employer to demand profits. There are enough able-bodied men to do the work of the world in a few hours a day, and under the Socialist Republic they will be given the opportunity, and the little ones will be educated and prepared for the duties of life.

Price of Fodder.

"I see," said the head of the firm, "that you have an article in one of the magazines this month entitled, 'How to Live on Four Dollars a Week.'"

"Yes," said the young man, in a hesitating sort of way. "You seem to have demonstrated in a thoroughly reasonable way the practicability of making four dollars cover one's legitimate, weekly necessities," said his employer, "and, comparing your argument with those of others have written on the same subject, I presume you are expecting that your article will take the first prize?"

The young man nodded in the affirmative.

"I congratulate you," his employer continued. "It's a good article; I read it with great interest. And, by the way, I've been troubled a good deal lately. I've felt that it must be mighty hard for you to get along on what I was paying you, and I've been wondering how I could work things around so I could give you more without increasing the running expenses of the concern."

"Yes?" the young writer answered, with a hopeful inflection.

"But it's all right, I see," the old gentleman went on. "You can live on four dollars a week and that leaves you six dollars to have fun with or save, as you please. So there's a load off my mind. Say, if you write any more articles along this line, tell me about them, will you? I'd like to read 'em. It's great stuff. When the Secretary of the Bankers and Business Men's Protective Association suggested the raising of a fund to offer prizes in the leading magazines for essays on 'How to Live on Four Dollars a Week,' and said that large employers of labor might save two or three times what they subscribed to the fund by reading these essays and satisfying themselves that there was no necessity of paying big salaries, I thought he was wrong. But you've convinced me and proven him right, my boy," said the old capitalist, as he solemnly bowed the prize essay writer out of his private office.—Mixed Stocks.

In clubs of ten to readers, outside of St. Louis this paper will be sent for thirty-five cents a year.

International Notes.

G. A. BOEHM.

BERLIN, GERMANY.

The Socialist Party of Poland held a conference in this city May 27, after the police had prevented the delegates from meeting in one of the Polish provinces. About 30 delegates were present. A resolution was adopted calling upon all Socialists to join the existing trades unions and to organize new unions wherever possible.

CHRISTIANIA, NORWAY.

The national legislature passed a bill granting municipal suffrage to all women that have an annual income of 300 kroner when living in rural districts or 400 kroner in cities. The bill awaits the sanction of the King.

ROME, ITALY.

The Socialist daily paper "Avanti" has a circulation of 20,000 copies; in 1900 the circulation was 14,000 copies. In the four years of its existence the paper was confiscated 174 times.

ELBINGERODE, GERMANY.

The Socialist agitator Matthias has been sentenced to three months imprisonment. With this three months Comrade Matthias will have served 67 months of imprisonment for the cause of Socialism.

BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINE.

"La Vanguardia," the Socialist weekly of this city, published a splendidly illustrated May Day edition. The First of May celebration was a grand success, about 15,000 people taking part in the same.

BREMEN, GERMANY.

Six hundred painters of this city on strike for higher wages and shorter hours. The bosses emphatically refused to grant the demands.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

Comrade A. A. Watts writes in London Justice: "Powerful as are the forces of capitalism, strongly entrenched in usage and privilege as they may be, we have no doubt of the result when once the army of the working class becomes really conscious of what is going on. When that time arrives we look to see the giant shake itself free from the chains that encumber its limbs, to tear the veil from its eyes and rise up in its might. It will be an evil day then for the brutal, soulless class which has so long preyed upon the vitals of the poor; which has driven men, women and children to their death in the devilish work of money-making for their masters, which has robbed individuals of their homes and nations of their countries. When that day comes our present work will be nearly accomplished. It will be the Social Revolution of which we at present dream, when the people will dispossess the class which now oppresses and robs them, will enter into their full rights, and when will commence the opportunity for the human race to live a life of true happiness, true freedom, and true equality."

The Kingdom of Competition is like unto a game of play which is surnamed Rugby. They that are strong do make a heap of them that are weak. Then with much joy do they leap upon their backs. They pull the hairs of their heads, they bite their ears with their teeth and they smite them with their fists and with their feet, shouting with a loud voice: "Oh, Competition, live forever, for thou art the incentive to noble deeds." WALTER A. ATCLIFFE.

UNITY PLANS.

Comrade Maily Discusses Comrade Strobell's Proposals.

Now, that the time for holding the National Convention draws near, it is well that the columns of the Socialist press be thrown open to a discussion of those things that will come before the convention. The most important question is probably the one of organization of a constitution for the united party.

1st. That the respective Socialist organizations elect a National Committee, to consist of one member from each State and Territory, except as hereinafter provided.

2nd. Where in any given State there shall be two or more independent Socialist parties, they shall be entitled to one member each upon said National Committee.

3rd. Each State shall have one vote. 4th. Where there are more than one representative from any given State, the one vote of that State shall be cast in a fractional part by each representative, based upon the number of members in the organization represented by him.

5th. Upon the election of such representative, their names and addresses shall be forwarded to the secretary of this convention, and upon twenty or more States complying herewith, a meeting of the said National Committee shall be called at such time and place as the committee may determine.

6th. The said Socialist parties so represented shall cease to exist as independent national organizations, and become merged into this organization representing the Socialist Social Democratic movement in the United States.

7th. Complete State autonomy is hereby guaranteed.

In reply to the above comrade Wm. Maily of New York writes an open letter, from which we publish extracts, regretting that our limited space does not permit the appearance of the entire letter:

G. H. Strobell, Newark, N. J.: Dear Comrade—My opinion of your plan is that it not only provides for a continuance of our present troubles, but that it proposes to continue them indefinitely. It would cause further disruption and disorder, instead of curing present division and antagonism.

It would perpetuate factional strife and multiply factional recriminations. And it would place the Socialist movement completely at the mercy of its one great enemy—the capitalist class.

In the first place, a proposition for Socialist unity that admits the possibility of existing independent parties in any or all States is an admission that party division is not only justifiable, but desirable. It is an acknowledgment that it is better to remain divided than united, and that the propaganda of Socialism requires a waste of effort, energy and money instead of economy in expenditure and direction.

In one word, a National Committee composed of distance and separate factions in any or all States is a negation of all Socialistic economics, and a house built upon shifting sand.

Do you not see, Comrade Strobell, that while we have had separate national organizations, nearly all our troubles arose from conflicts occurring within each State? Our national presidential election occurs only every four years. Our State and municipal elections mostly occur annually and biennially. With your plan in operation what is to prevent each faction in each State from putting up separate candidates for Governor and other State offices, as well as for Congress?

Nothing at all. Grant that these factions have a right to exist—and your plan does this, and you grant each faction the right to do as it pleases—to run its own candidates, conduct its own campaign, yes, even to adopt a platform of its own. Is this the sort of "unity" we want?

Your statement that our American political organization is different from that of other countries is the one great reason why unity cannot be effected under your plan. There are no national parties recognized by law in America. There are national committees, but they only represent the existing State parties. In order to have official recognition as a party the political organizations have to meet the requirements of various State laws. It is just as essential, therefore, to have one united party within each State as it is to have one national organization representing the Socialist movement. One does not build a house by beginning with the roof. There must be a foundation, and a solid one, if any permanent kind of structure is desired, and in order to have a national Socialist movement you must lay the foundation in a united party in each State, acting harmoniously in conformity with reason and the laws.

You have also apparently overlooked the probability that the capitalist State administrations would take advantage of our divisions and pit the factions against each other, by recognizing one in one State and the opposing faction in another, a policy that would lead the Socialists to ruin and self-annihilation.

What is the most glaring and marked feature about your plan is that it does not propose to abolish the several factions in different States, but instead proposes to continue them in existence. This is the plan's basis, and its own condemnation. We do not want any factions at all, whether local, State or national. Neither reason nor our political institutions, nor expediency, nor Socialism, can offer any excuse why people agreeing upon one set of principles, having one end in view, one mission to perform, should carry on their work in separate organizations, either in the nation or in different States. Such an idea is suicidal and absurd. It is the one, unfortunately, we have been following, and which you suggest we should continue to follow in the future.

Could anything so weaken the Socialist movement and place it completely at the mercy of the capitalist parties as a plan of organization that would guarantee Socialist division in each State, which is the real battleground for control of the national ad-

ministration? Why do the capitalist politicians attach so much importance to State politics? Because out of State politics grow national politics, just as municipal control must precede State control. The contending capitalist parties fight to "capture States," because with each State captured the surer becomes national victory. And yet you would have us maintain separate organizations in each State, fight one another as well as the capitalist parties for State control, and carry on the semblance of national unity by the maintenance of a national committee.

No, Comrade Strobell, the terms of your proposition are not what we have worked for, longed for, these many weary months. This is not the plan that would consummate the hopes, lingering in the hearts of American Socialists. This is not what the coming important convention must deliver to the membership at large as the results of the tiresome negotiations and vast expense incident upon holding that convention. The patience of months deserves better reward than that. We want unity, Comrade Strobell, permanent, indissoluble unity, and your plan would not effect that kind of unity. Far from it. In my opinion it would, by recognizing division, perpetuate and maintain it, to our own discouragement, disintegration and discomfort, and the hindrance of the Socialist cause. Fraternally yours,

WILLIAM MAILLY, New York, June 9, 1901.

Comrade Lipscomb Replies to an Invitation.

Comrade Lipscomb received the following card from the secretary of the Detroit conference and sent him the reply published below:

C. Lipscomb, Liberal, Mo.: Dear Sir—Some time ago an invitation to attend the Second National Social and Political Conference to be held at Detroit, Mich., June 28—July 4, 1901, was mailed to you. Having received no reply, I write to ask if it is your intention to be present at the conference. The final programme, with circular of reduced railroad rates, hotel accommodations, etc., will be mailed early in June to those who have replied to the invitation only.

Please notify me at once if you expect to be at the conference. Very respectfully yours, DARWIN J. MESEROLE, Secretary.

P. S.—Over 1,200 acceptances have been received and a large and representative gathering from all parts of the United States and Canada is assured.

Liberal, Mo., June 9, 1901. Mr. Darwin J. Meserole, Secretary, 160 Joralemon street, Borough of Brooklyn, New York.

Dear Sir—Your several invitations requesting my presence at the conference of reformers to be held at Detroit in the beginning of July, to hand.

I appreciate the courtesy you bestow but must decline the invitation, on the grounds that I cannot spare the time and cost of such a trip.

I must say that I would be pleased to be there if I could do so, not as a reformer, but that I might explode some revolutionary bombs in your midst. I feel that in declining to attend this conference I would fail to do you justice if I did not point out wherein I think you are wrong, and also as your invitation while bearing my name is in reality a general rather than a personal matter; hence I send a copy of this letter to the Missouri Socialist for publication.

To begin I am not a reformer. I do not care a straw about reforming the present system of private ownership of capital, but its my life purpose to do all I can to abolish capitalism and along with it all forms of servitude, wage-slavery, etc.

Furthermore the system your adherents maintain creates two distinct economic classes, one owning the associated tools of production and the other the toolless class, while your active adherents are what seems to me to be largely those who might be termed, middle-class intellectual faddists who are seeking to throw off their backs the more successful exploiters, but at the same time maintain a kind of guardianship over the great army of the proletariat.

I further hold that the only essentially useful economic class in society is the working class. Hence if society is ever purged it must be done by the working class as a class at the historical hour, so while I as an individual fill a notch in the capitalist system as a middle-class exploiter of the working-class, I propose to array myself with the working class, in a militant class army to march straight to the overthrow of capitalism and the establishment of the workers' republic, or as we sometimes say, the Co-operative Commonwealth.

It is my purpose to attend a convention in July, but not a reformers' convention, but a class-conscious Socialist convention at Indianapolis, and I suggest that it would do your members an immense amount of good to adjourn your convention to that city, and there be spectators. You will learn something of the workingman's plan of his own emancipation.

With kindest regards to all since you people I am fraternally yours, CALER LIPSCOMB.

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If you are receiving this paper without having paid for it, you may rest assured someone has paid to have it sent to you. Do not refuse it, but read it carefully, as it contains food for thought.

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