"To Organize the Slaves of Capital to Vote Their Own Emancipation."

The Socialist

For the Socialist Party

The Workingman's Paper--One Dollar a Year Six Months, Fifty Cents

NO. 271 -- SIXTH YEAR TOLEDO, OHIO, DECEMBER 2, 1905 PRICE THREE CENTS

Uncle Sam—"That line grows longer and longer every year."

TO AID REVOLUTIONISTS

Stirring Call for Funds to Provide Arms for the Struggling Russian Workers---You Can Help

The New York Committee of the Social Democratic Party of Russia has issued the following call which is inspired by the necessity of arming the working people of Russia:

Arms! Arms! is the cry in all parts of Russia.

We need arms and arms alone, in order to give Russian absolutism its death blow. Blood, human blood, working class blood is flowing in streams. Thousands of victims have already fallen in this revolution, as sacrifices for the freedom of the Russian people.

But Czarism is not yet dead. In its death struggle it is trying to choke the Russian people in their own blood. It sets one nationality against the other. It lets thousands of Jews be murdered by the dehumanized slum proletariat and brutal police. It lets Christian Armenians be massacred by wild Tartars. It lets school children be literally torn in pieces by Cossacks. It lets the intellectual power of Russia, struggling for freedom, be decimated by the troops of the Black Hundred.

The bloodthirsty beast of Czardom is not yet dead. It still breathes and the poison of its breath still infects the political atmosphere of Russia. Czarism is mobilizing its dark powers in order to engulf the proletariat in blood, in the hope of saving the head of the last blood stained Russian tyrant.

Workingmen, Comrades, before our eyes is being played the mightiest drama of the world's history. A great people that has languished for centuries in the worst slavery has awakened. It is about to rend the chains which have held it bound for so long. The deciding moment draws nearer and nearer. But—Arms! Arms! is the cry from all sides. We need arms to give the beast its death stroke. We need money to put the means of defence and offence into the hands of the Russian people.

Comrades, let each give who can.
Let each one help wherewith he can!
We need arms!

What can we add to the force of this call? The progressive working people of this country cannot take an active part in the struggle. But they can well—and to do this is their ddty—see to it that the Russian working class fighters are not forced to meet their enemies unprotected and unarmed.

We read in history of great crises when the wives and daughters of the people, when all who could not themselves take part in the fight, sacrificed with joy all that they possessed, in order to procure for the fighters who must risk their blood and their life, the weapons which were needed for the struggle. We read how in such moments everything that these people possessed was given up; how the wives sacrificed their ornaments, the maidens even their hair to lay upon the altar of the fatherland.

The present situation demands from the proletariat of the whole world, the same will to sacrifice because the workers in Russia are fighting the fight of the workers of the whole world.

Therefore, workers, give! give! Give in your unions. Collect from your friends. Collect in the factory and in the workshop, at home and at work. Found societies and clubs with this one purpose: To provide the Russian working class with weapons.

Provide Arms! Arms!

The address of the Committee of the Russian Social Democratic Society of New York is **Dr. S. Ingerman, 121 East 112th St., New York City.**

Brand Whitlock is quoted as saying that he sees nothing to reform right away. Of course he said this SINCE election day.

We will give a year's subscription to **The Socialist** free to any workman who wants railroad rates regulated if he will show us how regulated rates will Benefit his condition.

Charity Day

"Charity Day" was a great success in Toledo last Saturday. Several thousand people bought tags and wore them to testify that they (the people, not the tags) had contributed to "sweet charity." This was the latest device adopted by the charity organizations to get money. It was successful, for it satisfied the common vanity of the multitude to be able to advertise its own generosity.

It was a disgraceful spectacle. Yes, a disgraceful spectacle. Every person who wore a tag was a walking testimonial to the fearful degradation, the awful failure, the pitiful impracticability of the present industrial system. The tag wearers did not think that they believed (some of them, at least) that they were doing a fine and beautiful thing. The papers said they were; so did the preachers and the professional charity mongers.

But how many people stopped to ask: "Why a Charity Day in a country like this, a country lauded as rich and great and prosperous? Why Charity at all where everything that man needs is here in abundance?"

What a farce! But what a tragical force! To think that in a nation whose resources are boundless and whose possibilities for sustaining life in comfort are unlimited, there should be necessity to solicit alms wholesale to provide for the poor! Was there ever such mad inconsistency, such fanatic humbuggery?

Will the workers, who are robbed to make a Charity Day, never see this? Will they never see that what is necessary, first of all, is a JUSTICE DAY, when Labor shall come into its own and banish the necessity for Charity Days, and even the memory of them, from the earth forever?

DOOLEY ON INSURANCE

By P. F. Dunne.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "it's terrible th' way th' philanthropist an' the pathrite is bein' threated these days. Pretty soon people won't care anny more f' philanthropy or pathritism than they do fr anny other kind iv impydince.

"Ye haven't followed th' life insurance invistygation? Well, I'll thry an' explain to ye what happened. There used to be a fine ol' philanthropist that devoted his whole life to guardin' th' inthrest iv th' widow an' th' orphan. He done it so well that th' money was gathered, as Hogan says, to that burn that no thraveler has come back fr'm, th' widow was on th' pay-roll iv th' comp'ny fr twenty-five thousand a year, an th' orphan had so much money he couldn't add it up.

Faithful to Duty.

"Th' fatherless Caleb ralized th' responsibilities that rested on him. He knew 'twas his jooty to guard th' inthrests iv th' hundhreds iv thousands iv people that had been hunckoed into makin' provision fr their families afther death, an' he faced it with grim determination. He made up his mind to masther th' life insurance business, an' he knew th' way to do it was to begin at th' lowest rung in th' ladder, and wurruk up. He immejately appointed himself vice-president iv th' comp'ny at a nominal sal'ry iv wan hundhird thousand dollars a year. Nex' month he got a polisman to direct him to th' office where a plain wurrukin' desk, enlaid with mother-iv-pearl, was waitin' f'r him. Afther dispatchin' a messenger boy fr a bunch iv orchids an' dhrawin' on th' shreasury fr a pound iv caramels, he sint fr th' head bookkeeper. 'Me man,' says Caleb, 'what is th' meanin' iv this here wurrud Tontine I see used so often? Th' bookkeeper explained: 'Ye surprise me,' says Caleb. 'I thought 'twas something f'r th' hair,' he says.

"Caleb's devotion to th' inthrests iv th' policy-holders niver slackened. He left his cable addhress with th' chief clerk. He was frequently seen goin' by th' office leadin' a bulldog. Nawthin' was too good fr th' poor people that had been enthrusted to his care be an indulgent father. He even went so far as to give a bankit to th' Fr-rinch ambassadure fr thim. An ordinhry, sulgar man wud've ostentatiously paid f'r th' bankit out iv his own pocket. But Caleb had been tendherly reared an' he was iv a raytined nature. All he asked was that people shud think he paid f'r th' bankit. That was sufficient fr this shrinkin' young fi-nancee. It wuddent do to let on to th' Fr-rinch ambassadore that th' groceries was not on Caleb. He might iv been onasy if he had known that th' twenty-thousand-dollar bankit was paid fr be Mike Casey, who arns two dollars a day at th' mills an' has a policy in Caleb's comp'ny. Th' Fr-rinch ar-re an immoral people.

Delicacies For Policy-Holders.

"Well, Caleb wint on pro-vidin' all th' delicacies iv th' season f'r th' policy-holders until bimeby some iv his father's dearest friends begun to object. 'It seems wrong,' says they, 'that so young an' foolish a young man shud have so much money,' says they, 'now that he has no father to protect him,' says they. 'We have a sacred thrust as th' ol' man's frinds,' says they. 'Let us discharge it,' says they, an' they were fr pushin' Caleb fr'm an eighth-story window. But Caleb himself was not without frinds. There were manny loyal capitalists on th' board who loved him an' they got up an' says they: 'No, gintlemen, this is not right,' says they. 'Caleb may not be much iv a jehius. He is dhroll to look at an' he talks like a bill iv fare. But he has a good mind. If he knew a little more he wud be half-witted. We will not permit ye to deprave us iv him. We will stand by him to th' las' dollar. Caleb, throw up ye'er hands,' says they.

"Well, what was poor Caleb to do. He was caught between his father's frinds an' his own, a thing iv a position fr anny man. They were rapidly closin' in on him when a poor Irish la-ad happened by an' rushed to his succor. This here downthrodden exile iv Erin had spint most iv his life goin' to th' assistance iv those in disthress. He was a man that didn't care fr money in the ordinary sinse fr what it cud buy. He loved it fr itself alone. So he brought Caleb out, an' that's th' las' ye'll hear iv Caleb onless ye see him with his nose flattened again th' window iv a gent's furnishin' sthore. He has retired frim business. Henceforth he will pay fr his own meals.

Ryan Counts It Up.

"Whin Caleb's father's frinds an' Caleb's own frinds see how their ward had escaped thim, they hurried over to call on th' Hibernyan. They found him settin' on th' dexcindant iv Cotton Mather an' Moses. 'Not so far as I can see,' says th' descindant iv Owen Roe O'Neill. 'Th' dhream iv me life has been to put insurance on a stable basis,' he says. 'I've hired Grover Cleveland,' he says. 'What f'r?' says they. 'F'r a stall,' says he with a hearty laugh. 'An' they started th' invistygation.

"Wan thing I've larned fr'm it, Hinnissy, an' that is I made a mistake about th' life insurance business. I used to think it was simply a matther iv makin' people nervous about their future, and borrying tin dollars fr'm thim without collatheral on a promise to pay thim tin-fifty afther death. I done thim a gr-reat wrong. A life insurance man is no mere money maker. He's on'y a life insurance man on th' side. Most iv his time he puts in as a philanthropist, a missionary, a pathrite or an affectionate son.'—From Collier's Weekly, Nov. 4, 1905.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

The issue of **The Socialist** of Dec. 16 will be a Christmas number. There will be articles, short stories and sketches appropriate to the holiday season, written specially for the occasion by John Spargo, Franklin H. Wentworth, Edwin A. Brenholtz, H. F. Titus, William Mailly and others. A Christmas cartoon will also be a feature. Those desiring extra copies should place their orders in advance, as the issue will be limited.

Change of Location

After Dec. 1st the address of **The Socialist** will be 819 Jefferson street, between Michigan and Ontario streets, Toledo. The new location consists of a store on the ground floor. The front part of the store will be used as a book and magazine department. It is hoped by this means to provide a revenue which will be of aid to supporting **THE SOCIALIST.** Socialist and radical literature will be made a feature, but all kinds of books and magazines will be handled. Additional room is provided for the work for the paper, the former quarters having become too crowded for practical purposes. Readers of **THE SOCIALIST** are invited to visit the new quarters and inspect our stock of Socialist and radical books. Mail orders are promptly filled. We can furnish any book upon any subject at any price. Send for our new book list.

Wilshire in Toledo

Gaylord Wilshire, of New York, editor of "Wilshire's Magazine," will lecture in Memorial Hall Annex, Toledo, Saturday evening, Dec. 16. Admission ten cents. Tickets can be had at **The Socialist** office, Bowers' Barber Shop, Summit street, or the Branch secretaries.

Comment on the American Federation of Labor conbention is deferred on account of pressure of other matter for this issue.

Mrs. Steinem told the Toledo newsboys last Sunday that "whether a boy succeeds or fails lies entirely with the boy." In digesting this trenchant and original thought it should be borne in mind that Mrs. Steinem was never a boy.

When it is considered that it was thought the Russian workers would never revolt there is really some hope for the workmen of the United States doing something worth while some day.

WITH THE REVOLUTIONISTS IN THE CAUCASUS

BY ERNEST POOLE

(Reprinted from "The Outlook," New York.)

The Middle Ages dashed into a modern revolution, in the most romantic, rockiest, richest, warmest dominion of Russia:—

I lay, with my interpreter Ivanoff, on the upper deck of a Black Sea steamer. The stars hung close above, the air was soft and balmy, though this was only March, and above in Russia all was still ice and snow. Down in the steerage behind lay a tangled mass of Armenians, Persians, Russians, Caucasians, Turks—sleeping, gambling, smoking, quarreling, jabbering. Around us sat a score of gay Caucasian students homeward bound from Odessa, and a few rich Greek and Armenian merchants, a Circassian prince and his young Caucasian bride—of such marvelous dark beauty that I was ready at once to believe all old saying—"The Caucasian women are the diamonds of Russia." The students, too, were strikingly handsome, brilliant uniforms; they had all struck at the University and were rushing home to fight. "All classes," cried one of them, "are fighting! In a few months our beautiful mountains will all be free." The mountains, dark and silent, towered out of the waves close to our left; we caught dim glimpses of turreted castles and quaint fishing hamlets. The students sang wild old mountain ballads, the music warm and throbbing with the hot blood of the south, but sad with the eternal minor note of Asia. Ivanoff, then, through Ivanoff, what thrilling scenes I should witness, told stories and legends of love, jealousy and revenge, of patriotism, tyranny and Siberia. The princess gazed up at the mountains and listened, and under her big mantilla you could see her big eyes sparkle.

Reality or Romance.

"Is this all real?" I asked the American Consul in Batoum. I told him the stories I had heard. "Wonderful stories to write?" I ended desperately; "but the magazines simply won't believe them!"

"Well," said the Consul, smiling, "write just what you've written. Here in Batoum we've had one general strike, two big revolutionist parades, one frightful massacre, men, women, and children by Cossacks, and now we have five thousand Cossacks and regulars camped all around us, the province is under martial law, and deep down it all a secret revolutionary committee is absolutely running the town. They show wonderful power; they are made up of all classes, from princes and doctors and lawyers to workmen and peasants; they give orders, they try criminals, they punish for all kinds of offenses—an offender gets three anonymous warnings, and then, if he continues his offense, he is shot on the spot. Five have been shot in the last week; one was killed last night right here below my window. Oh, you will see enough!"

That afternoon, with the prince and his wife and two students, we drove twenty miles through soft green valleys white with spring blossoms. We saw entirely different races of peasants, Kurds and Caucasians, with different cabins, different languages, different religions: Mohammedan mosques near Greek churches, and late in the afternoon a funeral procession of men in long gowns and with mouth bars—the Doukobors. Poverty everywhere. Little children ran out by the score and scampered often half a mile behind the carriage begging for just one kopeck more. The cabins looked cheerless and bare inside; cattle, pigs and people all in one room with uneven dirt floor. "And still they raise the taxes!" cried one of the students. "Do you wonder they are ready to fight?"

Ready to Fight.

They were ready. You could see it in their eyes as they told of Government oppression and Cossack outrage—the same acts that cause Kentucky lynchings, only here no lynchings happened; the courts had laughed and would not punish, and the feelings were all pent up ready to burst. At dinner our thin but gigantic waiter told us a hideous story—his own little niece the sufferer. We heard more that night on the great warm docks, in the crooked, narrow streets, in long, low drinking-rooms full of men of all races and costumes—in Russian blouses, or kilts, or flowing robes with knives stuck in their belts. Asia and Europe all mixed in together boiling.

Still later, to our hotel room came one of our students bringing a tall, black-bearded man with steady gray eyes. This man read our letters from Petersburg revolutionists, and then talked long into the night, telling us where to go, giving us more letters, and promising to have word sent on ahead by the revolutionist underground mail. But about his own committee he kept silent. We had not proved ourselves as yet, and were evidently to be watched as we traveled.

Any Kind Would Do.

Long after midnight I lay in bed in the darkness, aching from a hundred too vivid impressions. Suddenly I saw by my pillow a giant of a figure, a dark arm came out, and I felt in my hand the cold stuff of a revolver. I rolled out of bed—on the other side.

"Ivanoff! Ask this man what he wants."

With exasperating slowness Ivanoff woke up and questioned.

"Why—he's our waiter. They don't allow guns in this country. He bought this—from a French steamer, and he wants you to take it up inland and kill a few Cossacks. He says any kind will do."

Revolutionists all.

Two days later I sat in a narrow, swaying dining-car on the train *de luxe* for Tiflis. At a long table down the middle sat some forty men, beards black and gray and white, but always beards. Fifty years ago they would have been clan chieftains. Since the emancipation of the serfs they were simply landowners. But revolutionists all! Their sons and brothers and fathers had been killed in war and hated; their ancient mother country had been enslaved sixty years back by the Russian Czar and had already been squeezed into famines and driven by the tightening grasp of Russian despots; their property was insecure; judges, police and Cossack leaders were forever at hand, blackmailing, bullying, to be kept off only by bribery—until now the richest spot in Europe was choked in its struggle to civilization, mines undeveloped and vineyards untended. "We are beggars sitting on bags of gold!" cried one old graybeard. So now they were going to Tiflis, the capital, there to meet hundreds of delegates from all parts of the mountains, and demand a constitution of the Czar!

In looks and words they were still clan chieftains. Rugged, hairy faces, sunburnt, wrinkled, glowing; rough dialect; long coarse woolen gowns of dull red, orange, or gray, and a silver knife at the waist and across the chest a belt for cartridges—empty, according to the hated Russian law, but they had guns, big fur caps or hoods or turbans, heavy capes of black goatskin thrown back over chairs. And frock suits and silk hats! For some of these revolutionists had been in Paris when news came of the struggle. Hats were tipped far back, faces flushed with wine, eyes gleamed under black brows, big hands gestured. The Middle Ages dashed into a modern revolution!

Legends and Myths.

I looked outside. The conductor wore a knife and a revolver. At the stations the little newsboys, shrieking the latest riot sensation, were in bright, picturesque national dress; the loafers who gawked at the train were dressed like mountain bandits, with belts to match, and a few who pondered up the valley, the long, soft streams of light from the setting sun fell on gray old castles and cabins perched high and ready to topple with age, on solemn little buffalo oxen dragging carts with solid wheels in pieces of wood with a hole in the middle. More queer bark cabins and huts of rocks and dugouts. More costumes, forms, and faces, suggesting beards. Romantic gorges, precipices, and ravines. And all bathed in the unreal light of a dream!

Ivanoff and the prince were now boon companions with a rugged old chief whose wide gray beard flowed over an enormous belly, and a few whose fists showed big and hairy in his loose red sleeves. As Ivanoff interpreted, I heard legends of heroes that made me think of Greece and Troy and Achilles—and always of Helen. The familiar old tales had crept down through the years, to pass up through the centuries, and now appeared as Caucasian myths with vivid Caucasian coloring. There lived in a famous mountain bandit named Darcia; who had lived for twenty years with his band of sixty in mountain caves, but always like a prince, had robbed the rich, and was forever helping the poor. And this Robin Hood had lived and robbed until he was killed six months ago!

The old man scowled, and his voice grew low and tense.

How Revolutionists are made.

"Three weeks ago," he cried, "a woman came to me, her face bloody and black and blue from Cossack whips—whips with iron nails for lashes. I galloped to the place—a railroad crossing. Four Cossacks were there on horseback. 'Why did you beat him?' I asked. 'Do you call that a beating?' asked one of the Cossacks. 'Why, we only swung our knouts a little.' I took their names and wrote them down. Then I galloped back to him, and asked if he had received it. He laughed. 'Oh yes, I received it.' I asked him what legal redress there was for this outrage. 'Why,' said the Colonel, 'what harm is there in beating these stupid cattle?' They boiled over in rage when I brought letters. I burn them all up." He laughed. "Since the Batoum riot we've stopped using firewood here. Paper is cheaper."

"In the Batoum riot I saw a boy five years old imitating the men, and shouting, 'Down, down, down with—' he didn't know what. I saw six Cossacks rush on him; I seized him, and took him to the Cossack Colonel, showed the child's face bleeding, told of scores of women and children I had seen flogged by his men, who laughed while they did it. 'Ha! cried the Colonel, who was himself still wild from the sight of blood. 'Now we know their sly tricks! Women and children to rouse sympathy for their cause! Well, I tell you we will kill all their brats till the parents learn their lesson!' I took the child home; his mother, who had been half dead with terror, fell on her knees and kissed both my hands and then my boots, sobbing, 'I shall thank you all my life!' The child had been out with his nurse, and had gone too near the riot, and the nurse had been killed. Now the boy's father and two uncles and grandfather—all are revolutionists! That's how they are made!".

Making Plans.

In the rich, gay streets of Tiflis we saw hundreds of chiefs and nobles—with such women! Radiant Persian and Georgian beauties, some in the latest Paris gowns, others in gorgeous old-time customes,-laughing from carriages by day, and by night tripping up the broad stairs at the opera. Dreams again! But then we wandered through steep, crooked slum streets, and saw such revolting poverty that again we were drawn back to reality.

Cautiously we felt our way till we reached the real revolutionist leaders, and then we set about a plan which had been intrusted to us by certain outside friends. It had to do with guns and certain Black Sea ships and a landing at the near Batoum; a plan wild as the Caucasus itself, wild as the Cossack outrages—but no wilder. In three days it took shape, and a secret meeting of the committee of all the Caucasians was arranged for a night one week distant. Meanwhile—those frightful storms kept rolling up till at last I refused to believe them. "We ask you to believe nothing," said the leader; "go and see for yourself." So I went out a week's trip through the mountains.

The Peacemakers.

We went first to the Governor at Kouteis. Arrayed in crooks suits and high hats, we entered the anteroom, showed my credentials, and stood waiting while five attaches and guards sat watching, as though for possible bombs. At last we were ushered in. Two gigantic Cossack guards kept close behind, and in the room were several more. The governor lay back in a deep reclining chair—an old prince, with soft white beard flowing down over his richly embroidered blue gown. He puffed slowly at the stem of a pipe five feet long, while a kneeling servant tended the bowl. The Governor, little blue eyes beamed benevolently. He said he was glad we had not come sooner, for then Koutais was dangerous, but now his Cossacks had made all peaceful. We would find it a charming old town.

Ivanoff asked if he had any objection to our visiting the villages near by.

"None at all," said the Governor. "My only concern is for your own safety. These mountaineers are so desperately poor and savage; they love a most painful habit of plunging a big knife far into your vitals and then twisting it in a way that produces, I am told, excruciating agony. I was a boy once myself, and I have a feeling that you will not heed my warning. But it you do go, please let me know just where, that I may take precautions."

Jovial Fellows—Pretty Girls.

So quieting was the courteous old prince that again I began to doubt the stories. I watched the Cossacks in their saddles, and never before I seen such magnificent horsemanship. Hearty, jovial, good fellows all, they seemed to fit the warm, balmy spring days, and the long, green valleys that still green. I wandered in and out of the steep, narrow streets, saw those picturesque peasants chatting in the street, women, with their spindles and geese, nervous turkeys, and stocky oxen. I peered into quaint, dark cabins and blacksmiths' shops, carpenters, shoemakers. Buds, flowers, blossoms, and leaves everywhere; glimpses of distant hilltops covered with forests; and everywhere peasants trudged by under gray pigskins of wine. A water-carrier sold a tenth of a cent from the leaf-covered tankard on his back. Long-haired priests rode past on mules. And such girls! They smiled from the lead-covered tankard from tiny balconies, laughed, and rippling laughter from behind garden walls. And at sunset in the town square, they strolled two and down under the sleepy old trees—girls young and old, dark and fair, with bright eyes delightfully busy, for this game of love is the only game in Georgia. The handsome men with fierce, romantic eyes looked far indeed from business. Flower-girls moved in and out, the band played a soft, hazy new moon peeped down through the trees. The birds chirped sleepily.

"Cossacks, Cossacks, Cossacks."

A score of Cossacks galloped by. And then from these same gay people came scowls and flashes of eyes and angry murmurs which rose to cries of defiance; again we heard snatches of stories that made one's blood boil. The women disappeared at nightfall, and when we asked the reason of an old gardener in the square, he said simply, "Cossacks." Then the gardener in groups, and the talk grew fierce—"Cossacks, Cossacks, Cossacks!" Even our portly, jovial landlord grew excited, and told how a cottage on the edge of the town had just been burned to the ground by drunken Cossacks at midnight, a sick woman and her baby burned to ashes. What could you do? Nothing. We crossed to the infantry patrols march by, a hundred strong, and twice we heard the whoop and clatter of Cossacks. About ten o'clock we rushed our bell-boy, a little chap of twelve. One cheek had a black welt and was swelling fast, and the boy was still shaking with terror. "I couldn't! I couldn't!" he kept sobbing. At last we made him speak. "I was on a narrow street; an old woman was there; three Cossacks grabbed her. One laughed and asked, 'Old girl, where is your revolver?' Then they all laughed and shouted, 'Yes, we must search her, she is dangerous! But she wasn't dangerous at all; she was only old, and cried. They grabbed her handkerchief and a silver buckle, and then one of them yelled, 'Ha! a revolver!' and held up something; but I saw it wasn't a revolver, but a silver purse. Then one came at me and kicked over the old woman and ran for me, and I ran; but I couldn't, I couldn't! I tried to climb the wall quick. And one of them lashed my face as I got on top, so I jumped down in a garden and ran." Again he was sobbing. "Most of the stories we heard that night cannot be mentioned. What a discreet old Governor!

"Where Only Man Is Vile."

The next morning we drove fifteen miles back into the mountains, and there, after luncheon I lay in a meadow smoking my cigar. Around me the valley was white with blossoms, the gray mountains were hazy with budding green, above shone the giant white peaks and the pure snow-fields; the sky was a warm rich blue. How quiet it was! Only tiny sounds of life in the warm damp grass under my head, a tinkle from the brook that slipped under a ledge of rock and red roses; now and then a bird gave a chirp, an old horse cropped noisily, wee white kids bleated round, a fool of a yellow goose kept strutting by, flapping hands as cross the river came cries of toy men driving slow toy oxen; the river rippled below, and over on the other side a young woman was washing a speck of a baby, laughing when the baby shut its eyes and cried.

A sudden deep-rolling chatter of hoofs! Faint yells, oaths, and snatches of song. Across the river, round a sharp curve in the road, swept a hundred Cossacks. Huge splendid brutes sitting straight in their saddles, laughing, joking, yelling. As they passed the slow peasant ox-carts some of them leaned over and lashed the oxen. Glorious savages, tyrants from their birth to violence, trained out on the steppes two hundred years back, and strong, trained to be the Czar's police and hold his people down.

A Reign of Terror.

I heard quick breaths, and a little girl of ten came running with a baby in her arms. Close by me she stumbled and pitched into a deep green hollow. A loud sob of terror! I ran over and stooped to lift her, and she gave a shaking breath of relief, for we had played together all that lazy noon hour when she had laughed at my cigar—a thing she had never seen before. She seized my arm now and stared at the Cossacks as at devils. I led her off to the inn where Ivanoff sat talking, and then we threw wide up the mountain-side to her father's cabin.

We went in. It was gloomy; there was no window, and at first we could see nothing but a hummocky dirt floor. In the middle was a gray, smoldering bonfire; the lazy white smoke rose and vanished among sooty rafters. A chain dangled down swinging a black iron pot into the smoke. Along one wall ran a low bench of soft logs covered with bedding for the whole family. On one end of the bench sat a withered old woman who stooped over a cradle, laughing and making grotesque faces at something inside. The rest of the cabin was bare except that one corner was railed off for cattle.

A Victim.

The little girl stood gazing down at a huddled white figure on the other end of the bench. It was the figure of her fifteen-year-old sister, repeatedly outraged by a band of Cossacks—Ivanoff said.

We found the father, tall and deep-chested, with black beard, red turban and brown cloak, a poniard stuck in the belt.

"When I rushed to the Cossack barracks," he cried, "the Colonel only grinned. He has heard hundreds of these things, and calls them jokes. All he said was, 'Point out the men who did it. I can't punish a whole regiment.'

"When I came home and told this, my younger girl, the little one who brought you—her eyes got twice as big, and she ran behind the cabin, and whispered, 'Can't I go? I saw them. Can't I point to the men who did it?' I took her; but the big Colonel got red, and gave her a shove that made her fall with the head on the floor.

Wolves.

"What right has the Russian Czar to turn loose such wolves among us? But the hour time will come! In the next valley, last week, a crowd of our peasants waited for a train. On it were two hundred Cossacks. A peasant knew some young girl who had been beaten, or worse. The train came rushing through the gorge! The track was gone! The train and two hundred wolves were dead. We will do this many times again! And I know Almighty God will not be angry, for he is a father himself. We will fight right on till all Russia shall be free!"

Low moans from the cabin. The little sister came out for a dipper of cold water. As she carried it in, her hand shook, and her eyes stared as though still watching something.

Funny Stories.

What a discreet old Governor! But those stories were not. In the train from Koutais we joined a jolly Cossack crowd in a smoking-compartment, and as they drained quart after quart of fiery vodka, they laughed till the tears rolled down their swarthy cheeks, telling the same stories we had heard from the peasants. We laughed, too, long and loud; and as I told wild yarns of Arizona cowboys we were clapped on the back, and one splendid young major swore he was our friend for life. Then one by one they dropped off to sleep, and I got to work on my note-book, until slowly the dim light from the smoky, swaying lamp was whitened. At five o'clock the train stopped; we got off, and the train rumbled on without us.

An officer.

Cold drizzle and a small station surrounded by forest. Beside us paced a sentry, and another stood guard over a freight-car where Russian soldiers lay sleeping. A peasant woman trudged by behind a team of oxen, while her husband sat on the wooden yoke over the oxen's necks. We entered the station, drank boiling tea from a huge old samovar, and ate eggs and big hunks of cheese and delicious blue bread, and in this we were joined by our Cossack majors, who had jumped off the train behind us. He was bound for the same place as we—a village twelve miles back in the mountains. "The most miserable place you could pick out!" the Governor had told us. "Avoid it by all means!" The major proposed that we drink with him. Under his tall, resplendent, white-plumed cap was a dark glowing face with black mus, tache and gleaming teeth and deep, sparkling eyes. His ringing laugh made you like him at once. As we galloped down hills and through forests he swore at the police and spies and judges. "Eternal bribes and blackmail," he cried. "When they see two drunken peasants together, they shout, 'A revolution.' So in yonder village. The peasants simply refused to work the fields of the nobles. 'A revolution against our Czar!' scream the spies, who are paid for what they discover. At midnight we start from our barracks a hundred miles up into mountains, we gallop all night and all day, and find nothing. Not an ounce of excitement to warm us up! These peasants are quiet as cows. All we can do is to drink and eat and sleep and have our fun with the women. You will see for yourself."

Was With Buffalo Bill.

First we saw poverty. The bare cabins looked the colder and leaker in the fast thickening rain. The children were weak and thin; no jolly shouts and laughter, only dreary silence. "Well," I remarked to Ivanoff, "I hope the old Governor does expel us, the sooner the better. For all all the blistering holes on earth this is the worst."

"Right, stranger," said a sad-eyed peasant, ragged and lame. "It's a blister place for sure."

"Where in thunder did you learn English?"

"Four years with Buffalo Bill—he make me a Cossack in the rough rider troop. We have the jolly time! So I broke my leg. So here I am." He spat sadly into the mud. But when I told him why I had come, he bright, ened. "Good. Write it in all the most big papers—how we are poor—why we strike. I will show." He took us to peasants, we used our Tiflis letters besides, and all morning we took their stories.

"Emancipation."

"Poorer every year!" cried one white, stooping old peasant, his sturdy voice shaking. "I was a serf before the emancipation in 64. Our lords gave us land, one horse, one cow, eight swine, twelve chickens (to feed to his hunting falcons), one pig, and ten pounds of goose (rice). We could stay on in his stocks or beat us as he pleased and when he punished a man he beat his man's parents too for good church behavior (the Russian Persion custom.) In '64 we were freed. But then our old owners shouted, 'You don't own this land. And we said, 'We had paid the very worst land, and so we starved.' My father shouted, 'This is a devil's trick!' So they grabbed him at night away to Siberia, and we never saw him again. The new land got so bad we rented our old land, and so we were slaves again. They kept taxing the land, and besides the police and priests and judges of the Czar made us pay, or they would beat us or curse our souls. So three years back we rented our old farm, and then the owners grew angry because their fields were idle; they took our cattle. We went and took our own cattle back. And the police and judges shouted, 'This is a revolution!'

Brotherhood.

"We have a letter from Tolstoy," said one quite intelligent man, a doctor, "He says we must not resist the struggle. He says we make the best of all revolutions—without guns or fists or knives. We just say to the oppressors, 'Keep your fields. We will not come.' And to the Governor, 'Please stay in your town. We will pay you all your taxes.' We will pay for all your judges, priests, and policemen. But let the judge sit in his house, the priest in his church, and the policemen in their jails. We will punish our own criminals, marry our own lovers, bury our own dead—and so we do. When a lad loves a girl, he comes to her father and asks her; then he just brings her before all the people, and says, 'I love her and want her for my wife.' And we look at her and the old men ask her, 'Do you love him?' And she says 'Yes,' and so they are happy. So, too, we bury our dead, and they are just as happy in heaven as they would be if the Russian priest had mumbled over their graves Russian words that most of us can't even understand. And our criminals? It is easy to catch them, for every man is a policeman, and every man is your rights when wrongs, for every man is a witness. And if the thief will not give back what he stole from his brother, then we just beat him till he does, or everyone speaks to him, he has to go with priests and policemen, and soon he becomes nearly crazy and works till he can get back. We do not punish, we just cure. And so all kinds of disputes are settled. For now we know that we are all brothers, and any man who is mean and hard is ashamed when we make him stand up before all the people. So it is with the women. Every woman is always been ugly to her sick old husband; she spat at him and alled him a dog and made him eat his supper in the back yard. But a man was so sick in his lungs he could not help himself, and he was very sad. So our old lady and one splendid young major and one splendid young man and said, 'This old husband will die. Now, when we make a new life here, we must all be kind to each other like brothers, and we must be kind to this old husband. But you are a bad example to all. Now you just let him in for supper.' So in he crept from the cow-shed, coughing, and while he ate he said, 'This is my first supper here in twenty years.' And now she is always good to him, because she knows if she is bad she must stand up before all the people. So we get along nicely. But the priests and policemen and judges don't get along nicely, for now they have only their salaries—no more bribes. And so they have brought the Cossacks."

Expelled.

We dined in the mess of the jovial major and his fellows. When we told of the Governor's "dangerous ruffians," they laughed and cried, "Pigs! Rubbish! Quiet as a mouse! These stupid peasant devils would give them no excitement, so they took it out in drink and other things. "The girls are beautiful!" was the common cry as the vodka and wine flowed faster. The dinner lasted until late in the afternoon. And then came a policeman who took us to the guard tent. The Governor had telegraphed that we be instantly expelled. We were given an hour to leave. We took the full hour, and talked with other peasants, who were growing against the peaceful Tolstoyans, and told us the old stories of the oppressors. Then we drove three hours through dark forests and gorges, past peasants by the hundred. But never did we feel the "excruciating agony." What a wise old Governor!

But all peasants were not so peaceful. In the next two days we talked with many, we saw the unspeakable poverty, heard the same gruesome tales, saw fists clinch and black eyes gleam. And the more we heard from both peasants and Cossacks, the more eager we grew to get back to our plan in Tiflis. So, our work ended, with note-book and camera filled, we took the train once more up that wonderful valley of castles and ruins and gorges.

A Strike.

"They have killed the engineer!" cried a voice. "In the tunnel! The bandits shot him!" Our train had stopped in a narrow valley with bare mountains on either side and in front a rocky gorge, where an engineer had been killed that morning. Our engineer refused to go on. By this time our impatience warmed. That Committee had been called to meet from all over the Caucasus.

"Well," said Ivanoff, calmly, "suppose you run the engine." He took me into the roundhouse, climbed into the cab, and showed exactly how every lever, throttle, and valve did its work. "I ran one for two weeks in Poland," he ended. It struck me as very funny. "But hold on," he cried. "Why can't we? They only run fifteen miles an hour, and all you do is to jump in and under and throw wood into the furnace." At last I gave in, we offered our services, and were at once surrounded by admiring passengers.

Scabbing.

But soon I began to notice scowls and sneers and growls from the railroad workmen. I grew uneasy. "Look here, Ivanoff! This looks to me more like a strike than bandits." Ask these men if we are scabs." We were. A moment later we reached the station master. "You need not consider our proposal longer," said Ivanoff. "The young American hero has resigned."

We found the strike leaders, and showed our Tiflis letters, and then, retiring to our compartment, we pulled down the shades on the station side, took the leaders in through the windows, and talked until midnight.

"This is only a test," said one tall, light-bearded man, who seemed more thoughtful than the others. "The Committee has ordered it to see how strong we are. Some day we will strike all over Russia. Your zemstvo men and university students can talk, and the peasants can burn estates and howl and get slaughtered. But we can cut Russia in pieces! We can do anything if we have the legal right to strike. But we haven't. A strike is high treason. That is why we are revolutionists! We want a free republic like yours!"

Soldiers and Revolutionists.

We walked down the track in the moonlight. The soldiers were singing, fifty of them in a circle, in their long gray coats and caps with white bands; high above the deep voices soared a plaintive tenor. Behind rose an ugly water-tank, machine shop, roundhouse, telegraph poles, and a long gray tenement; before it was a crowd of two hundred black forms—men and women; no music there, only a low discordant hum, broken now and then by a passionate rise in the speaker's voice, or by sudden bursts of applause. In one dark room of the tenement a woman was moaning over the dead engineer; as we passed by we could hear the wild sobs of her four little children.

For two nights we heard sentinels pace by our window; sharp challenges rang out, in the distance rose sounds of sudden fights and angry talking, and even by day the soldiers encircled the train and the station. We grew more and more impatient; we told the strike leaders of our meeting in Tiflis, and at last they secured us a wagon to drive the eighty miles over the old mountain highroads. But on the third morning a train crept out of the mouth of the gorge. The engine was run by soldiers; five soldiers with leveled guns stood out on the cowcatcher; and so the train moved in—through the silent, scowling ranks of men and women.

Arrested.

It started back at noon for Tiflis. Just before, I jumped past the sentries and took a snap-shot of the soldiers on the engine. The next morning my kodak was wrenched away. I was seized by two police, and taken, with Ivanoff, to the little guard-room. There we were turned over to a burly, surly old policeman, who took us back to our compartment, and sat with us all the way to Tiflis. The train crept up the gorge at five miles an hour, stopping while men ran ahead to examine the bridges. But nothing happened. Only at one station a soldier was carried in, his head still bleeding from deep knife gashes. And once we heard a sharp report from the locomotive, and a peasant in the fields fell back over a stone wall.

At Tiflis we were taken to the Chief of Police of all the Caucasus. Only a big bare room, and the Chief at his desk with only a plain modern in uniform. But the room for fifty years had been an anteroom to Siberia, the prison feeling was in the air, and this man helped by the two policemen who stood close behind us. Behind them was our baggage, and in my suit case were all my revolutionist notes and stories. Would the Chief search the luggage of an American citizen? If so, could he read English? As I weighed the chances I glanced at Ivanoff. Me they could only send out of Russia, but to Ivanoff they could do what they pleased. But he chuckled and smiled and joked all through that painful hour. This we had arranged in the train. I was to be the indignant rich young gentleman tourist, and Ivanoff, my courier; was to lang with the Chief at my absurd anger over so small an annoyance. So I protested loud and long in English against the indignity of our arrest; Ivanoff translated and smiled. I protested still more vehemently against having my luggage searched; Ivanoff translated

Continued on Page Four.

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PARTY NEWS.

FROM NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

A charter was granted this week to Local Greenville, S. C., with six members.

The resolutions by Local Cook County, Ill., have been endorsed by Local Greensburg, Indiana.

The resolutions by Local Deerwood, Minnesota, have been endorsed by Local Lake Washington, Wash.

Donations to the Agitation Fund for the week ending Nov. 24th: N. A. Rudy and Joe Seman, Rudy Association, Canada, $2.00.

Territorial convention for Oklahoma and Indian Territories, it is announced, will be held at Oklahoma City, O. T., on Dec. 28, 29 and 30.

National Committee Motions, By Rigg of Idaho.

Herewith is submitted Referendum Nos. 40, 41, 42 by National Committeeman Rigg of Idaho:

Motion 40. "I move that the first paragraph under the heading 'Land' in the State Program be stricken out and the following paragraph be inserted under the heading 'Taxation':

"All private property to be subject to purchase by the state at an advance of 10 per cent on the assessed valuation as fixed by the owner or owners."

Comment by Rigg.—The paragraph as it now stands includes the retired farmer's farm, and that is his usual means of providing an old age pension for himself under the present system, which in most cases he is certainly entitled to. There is no need of making the farmer or his farm a special target in our immediate demands. The change suggested includes not only land but all other capital, thus conforming to the basic principles of Socialism, besides treating all alike.

Motion 41. "I move that the following paragraph be inserted in the State Program, under the heading 'Taxation.' 'Exemption from taxation of property up to $2,000 and taxes on the excess to be graduated.'"

Dates for National Lecturers and Organizers for the Coming Week are:

George E. Bigelow—Dec. 5, Warner, S. D.; 6, Rondell; 7, Mansfield; 8, Bath; 9, Fryeburg.

John Collins—Dec. 5, Frankfort, Ind.; 6, Elwood; 7, Anderson; 8, Muncie; 9, Richmond.

Winfield R. Gaylord—Dec. 2, Ocala, Fla.; 3, en route; 4, Hawthorne; 5, Jacksonville; 6, Waycross, Ga.; 7, Savannah; 8, Augusta; 9, Columbia.

George H. Goebel—Dec. 5, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.; 6, en route; 7, Toronto, Ont.; 8, Buffalo, N. Y.; 9, Jamestown.

Guy E. Miller—Dec. 5, Sandusky, O.; 6, Lagrange, Ind.; 7, Goshen; 8, en route; 9-10, Fostoria, O.

M. W. Wilkins—(Under direction of the State Committee): Dec. 5, Vinalhaven, Me.; 6, Stonington; 7, St. George; 8, Tenants Harbor; 9, Warren.

OHIO

State Secretary, Edward Gardner, 1109 Dayton street, Cincinnati.

Initiation fees were paid on 330 new members and charters were granted to seven new locals—Leetonia, Geneva, Girard, Wellston, Elmwood Place, Beaverdam and Leipsic.

The officers of the newly reorganized Adams Township local are August Flemand, Recording Secretary; O. M. Palmer, Financial Secretary; E. C. Spohn, Treasurer, and W. V. Kimple, Literary Agent.

We have not published election returns this week, as the official returns will be ready shortly, and as soon as they are issued the full result will be given in the paper. We may say, however, that the total vote in the state was 17,795.

There are now three referendums before the membership of Ohio, and the State Secretary requests that care be taken by the Local Secretaries in making returns. Heretofore, in every national referendum a few of the secretaries have sent the results to the national office instead of the state office, as instructed.

All the speakers finished their work November 6. Owing to the rush of work, the State Secretary has not been able to give their detailed reports. On account of the cold weather during the last few weeks of the campaign many dates were missed and in consequence the state office is in debt about $40 to the various speakers.

State Secretary Gardner's monthly report shows, receipts for initiation, $62.50; dues, $40.50; supplies, $23.45; miscellaneous, $43.94; balance from September, $29.88; total, $402.94. Expenses, National dues, $110.10; supplies, $16.50; postage and telegrams, $6.40; organizing, $62.85; organizing and agitation (Jones, on account, $44.96; O'Neal, on account, $18.68), $63.64; freight and express, $15.38; incidentals, $28.80; Edward Gardner, salary, $60.00; office rent and help, $16.00; total, $398.14. Balance on hand Nov. 1, $4.80.

Report of National Committeeman Bandlow.

Comrades. Here is a report of my activities for the month of October:

Refused to vote on Motion 32, Referendum 34, instituted by National Secretary Barnes, on question whether Berger or Towner shall be recognized as National Executive Committeeman. Deemed it the grossest violation of official prerogative that had yet occurred.

Voted blank on Motion 35, by McHugh, and 36, 37 and 28, by White, bearing on recognition of Hanson faction in Minnesota.

Submitted substitute for these motions (No. 30) and voted for it, not to recognize any of the Minnesota factions until an investigation showed which faction was entitled to recognition. Fraternally,

(Signed) ROBERT BANDLOW.

Local Byesville.

The ladies will meet in the near future at the home of Mrs. Helen Danison to discuss ways of educating the children in the principles of Socialism.

Comrade R. B. Ellis reports that comrades of Pleasant Grove and Degwent attended a box social given at Byesville last Saturday night, which lasted till about 11 p. m. Comrade W. H. Crawford acted as chairman and made an introductory address, followed by Comrades David Barclay and Walter and a number of the little folks, who recited. Miss Massac supplemented at intervals with charming music the efforts of the others.

Lunch was served with hot coffee about 10:30, after which Comrades Urwin, Rewes and Ellis made short addresses. The meeting adjourned with a vote of thanks to the Daughters of Liberty for their kindness in extending the use of the hall free.

Arrangements will be made for another social in the near future. Everybody was highly pleased and it would be hard to find greater enthusiasm than was manifested.

Local Cleveland.

At the Goodrich House, one of our social settlement institutions, a men's club is organizing with a view of studying and discussing civic and economic questions. Last Friday Senator-elect Frederic C. Howe addressed the audience on the question of municipal ownership and his observations abroad relating to the subject. Comrade Guy Miller had dropped into the city on his way to Akron and was invited to attend the gathering. It gave him an opportunity at the close of the meeting to get in a few remarks, which will not be lost on those present.

Mr. Howe, while reviewing the benefits that accrue to perhaps one-tenth of the wageworkers who are employed by the municipalities, stated that the land owners received the lion's share of the benefits earned by the municipal railroads and other public utilities, and admitted that nowhere could greater destitution and want be found than in these very cities and that consequently municipalcapitalism did not solve the labor problem.

Comrade Clifford asked the speaker whether, in view of the fact that the dire poverty complained of recruited itself from the midst of the nine-tenths of the working class who did not share in the benefits of municipally operated institutions, he could suggest a remedy better than Socialism, was answered by the admission that the speaker would not disagree on that proposition, and after a professorial gentleman aired his profound knowledge by suggesting that the public ought to be protected by licensing ice men, milk peddlers and bottle teamsters, etc., and elicited by asking what the Socialist proposed to do. Comrade Miller was given the opportunity to present some sound Socialist philosophy, much to the edification of the few party members who were visitors for the evening.

The official count for Cuyahoga county is now at hand and shows that Comrade Cowen, the head of the ticket, received 1833 votes, while Tom Clifford, candidate for mayor on the city ticket, received 1498. The difference between the highest and lowest on the state ticket was only 26 votes and between highest and lowest on city ticket 130. It also indicates that about 600 more votes were cast for our city ticket than we have members in our branches.

Let's try to enroll these 600 into our disciplined organization, comrades!

Branch 7 will hold a public entertainment on Thursday, December 21, at its hall, 1457 Woodland avenue. The committee is busy in securing talent for the occasion.

Our Labor Lyceum will open on Sunday, December 10.

Local Columbus.

Last Sunday there was a good business meeting. The agitation meeting was dispensed with.

The Program Committee is arranging to have good speaking every Sunday at 2 p. m. promptly. Everybody invited.

All members are requested to be at the meeting next Sunday and pay their dues to date if they have not already done so. The local must have your assistance to carry on the good work.

Local Columbus had a good meeting the Sunday after election and discussed the results. Comrades Robert Bandlow and Marguerite Prevey were given the votes of the local for National Committeeman.

Local Lima.

The members of Local Lima met Sunday at their headquarters in Steiner's Business College and elected the following officers: Comrade L. P. Whalen, secretary, R. F. Shoemaker; treasurer, Henry Sluff; literature agent, L. H. Bogardus. After the local meeting the district committee composed of the following members, Dr. Gallison, Local Beaverdam; N. Baker, Wapakoneta; L. P. Whalen, Lima, organized by electing Comrade L. P. Phalen, R. F. D. No. 9, Lima, Ohio, as secretary. The committee also canvassed the state executive committeeman, which showed the re-election for the third term of Comrade E. B. Lewis, of Local Coldwater.

Local Toledo.

Now is the time to get and sell tickets for the Wilshire meeting, Saturday, December 16. The admission is C. D. 10 cents, and at the price you should get your shopmates and their families to attend.

Every member of the party should be on hand at the Joint Session next Sunday, as important business is to be transacted. There will be a great deal of business left over from the C. C. D. 10 cents, and at the price you should get your shopmates and their families to attend.

And on Thursday evening we will have the regular "sample festival," at The Socialist office, 409 Meredith building, and after the work is done, serve coffee and doughnuts and have a general good time. There is always room for one more.

At the City Central Committee meeting Sunday there was a good attendance. The proposal to have Debs for a meeting next October was referred to the Joint Session, which meets next Sunday. The secretary was instructed to extend State Secretary Gardner the local's appreciation of his work in the campaign just closed. The Speakers' Committee reported tickets out and the hall engaged for the Wilshire meeting Saturday, December 16. Branches reported good work being done. Secretary Devine reported receipts from the Work meeting of $50.50 and on the campaign fund $61.90. The campaign fund is still open and comrades and friends are invited to contribute. The election of State Committeeman was referred to the Joint Session. A proposition that the local contribute a certain sum to the State Secretary each month for the purpose of keeping a state organizer permanently in the field, was referred to the Joint Session.

To facilitate the renewing of subscriptions to **The Socialist** readers of the paper the local has the following members of the different branches:

Eighth Ward—Thomas C. Devine, 1853 Michigan street.

Sixth Ward—Henry C Bowers, 413 Summit street.

Seventh Ward—Emil Bauroth, 1333 West Bancroft.

Eighth Ward—Madge I. Cornell, 1422 Bell Ave.

Eleventh Ward—Geo. Schulz, 209 Oliver street.

Twelfth Ward—Dr. J. D. Ely, 1153 Oak street.

German Branch—Wm. Cizek, 2326 Rosewood avenue.

Branch Meetings,

1. Kruse's Hall, Buffalo and Michigan, 2d and 4th Sunday, 2:30 p. m.
6. Swiss Hall, 410 Monroe; 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p. m.
<7. Brown's Hall, Monroe and Lake Shore, 2d and 4th Thursday, 8 p. m.
8. Harpster's Hall, Cor. Dorr and Detroit, every 2d and 4th Tuesday.
10. Residence, 1924 Broadway, every Wednesday, 8 p. m.
11. Broer's Hall, S. St. Clair, 2d and 4th Thursday, 8 p. m.
12. Bippus Hall, corner Oak and Fassett, first and third Wednesday, 8 p. m.

German Branch, Germania Hall, 1st and 3d Saturday, 8 p. m.

WASHINGTON

State Secretary, E. E. Martin, Box 717, Seattle.

Local Kennewich has succeeded in organizing.

November cash receipts to the 21st were about $150.00. Hustle in your dues before the first.

From the October National Bulletin is gleaned the fact that Washington is first in the amount of literature sold; second in members in good standing, amount of literature bought, number of locals reporting and the number of members in arrears; third in the number of members on the rolls, fourth in the number of business meetings held, fifth in the number of propaganda meetings held, sixth in the number of due stamps both bought and sold, seventh in the number of new members and the cash balance on hand; eighth in receipts and expenditures of cash; ninth in the free distribution of literature. All this in comparison with much more densely populated states and in many of which campaigns were in progress.

CALIFORNIA

State Secretary, H. C. Tuck, 405 Eighth street, Oakland.

San Francisco and Oakland comrades are organizing an orchestra. Comrade R. Peddie is the instructor. The orchestra meets for practice every Friday at Socialist hall, 405 Eighth street.

Anna Strunsky, a member of Local San Francisco, prominent in literary circles, and who collaborated with Jack London in writing the Kempton-Wace Letters, has been called to Geneva, Switzerland, to assist in the work of the Russian revolutionary committee there.

"The People's Paper" of Santa Barbara, which is securing support from Socialists on the plea that it is a Socialist paper, is supporting Werther than Socialists for the school board and for police judge. Of course, the Socialists have not nominated for those positions. Santa Barbara logs a character once for work similar to this.

The republican and democratic parties in Los Angeles are talking of forming a "non-partisan" citizens' party for the purpose of defeating the Socialists in the city election next spring. There will surely be something doing in Los Angeles, for State Organizer Osborne and Comrades Lena Morrow and Arthur Morrow Lewis will be there this winter.

CANADA

The Socialists of Vancouver, B. C., have opened their campaign of winter propaganda and have held three successive Sunday night meetings in the city hall, at which A. M. Lewis, E. T. Kingsley and L. M. Lewis spoke.

Local Toronto.

Though not heard from for some weeks this local is still in existence and more militant than ever, in witness whereof Comrade Cowen addressed a good crowd in the Labor Temple on Sunday last the 19th inst. Comrade Cowen's exposition of his subject "The Man and the Machine" was greatly appreciated.

We can thoroughly understand the high regard that is entertained of Comrade Cowen as a propagandist.

A pleasing feature of the meeting was a short musical programme with Comrade Cowen as accompanist.

A violin solo was given by Miss E. Epplett and a vocal duet by Comrades Simpson and Webber. Miss N. Bryan was an able accompanist. Some little bother was caused by an anarchist, who had to be talked to severely and threatened with stronger measures to make him subside, as he did and left. Most of the anarchists in our town are decent fellows, with some amount of common sense, but this one is a blatant pig-headed article whose individualism amounts to egotism. In the evening a mass meeting was held outside the city hall to express indignation at the outrages on the workers in Russia and ask financial aid. I twas a success, a fairly correct report from one of our capitalist dailies is appended. The controversy with the police officials was stronger than stated however, and was only closed by his admission that we had a perfect right to hold our meeting in the open air, but not at the City Hall steps.

One regrettable feature is to be noticed in Toronto Local, many of the members do not take **The Socialist** and many do not take the Clarion. Now times are not yet so hard that the majority of us cannot take the two best revolutionary papers.

If they are, suppose the comrades drop their capitalist daily, and they will get the two Socialist weeklies with the money saved and have something over and class-conscious Socialists must know that from them they will receive that is of more importance to them and their class than they can get in any capitalist sheet.

On Friday, the 24, a meeting was held in the Jewish Socialist hall at which Comrade Cowen was to have spoken, but for some reason did not turn up. However, the Russian comrades showed themselves competent and a good meeting resulted. Comrade Gribble opened the hall and Comrades Wrigley, Worsley and Treadler (Jewish), gave good exposition of various phases of the Socialist philosophy.

NEW YORK

State Secretary, John C. Chase, 64 E. Fourth street, New York City.

Ben Hanford has rapidly recovered from his recent serious illness and is now practically well.

The Socialist Literary Society has succeeded in securing Jack London for a lecture to be given either in Cooper Union or Carnegie hall. The date is not yet arranged.

Robert Hunter, author of "Poverty," supported Hearst in the recent campaign. Early in the campaign he contributed $25 to the Socialist campaign fund, but upon his announcing himself as for Hearst, this contribution was returned.

Comrades Hillquit, Slobodin and Malkiel have been elected a committee to represent Local New York in the pending fight between Hearst and Tammany over the result of the election. The committee is expressly instructed to see to it that all the Socialist votes are honestly counted.

PENNSYLVANIA

State Secretary, Robert B. Ringler, 347 Spruce street, Reading.

Schuylkill county has nominated a county ticket for the fall election of 1906. They are hustling things down there.

The city convention of Pittsburg Socialists was held Monday evening, November 27, and nominated a candidate for mayor.

A speakers' class of 18 has been organized and will meet Monday nights at headquarters of Local Philadelphia, 1305 Arch street.

Several locals are in process of formation, and the activity along the lines of organization is an encouraging sign of the fact that the comrades realize the task before them.

ILLINOIS

State Secretary, James S. Smith, 163 Randolph street, Chicago.

The official vote for Cook county gives Chicago 19,334 and enough votes in the surrounding towns to bring the total to 20,111.

Chicago Socialists will have a grand masquerade ball and carnival at the Coliseum Saturday night, December 9. Five hundred dollars' worth of prizes will be distributed.

The new method of organization (dividing the city up into seven divisions) seems to be meeting with enthusiastic support and is working under way to a successful culmination. When it is complete Chicago may be the best organized city in the country.

GENERAL

The Socialists of Tucson, Ariz., got mixed up in a fight on a bond issue. They appealed to the taxpayers against a bond issue would increase taxes. They won out. And then the capitalist press roasted them good and hard and now the comrades are sent with a challenge to debate, with no chance of it being accepted.

Herr Daniel Bandmann, for years famous the world over as a German tragedian and Shakespearean actor, is dead on his ranch near Missoula, Mont., aged 63 years. He retired to his ranch 17 years ago. His last public appearance was last year, when he and his wife gave special performances in Butte for the benefit of the striking Colorado miners.

Comrade Louise H. Kummel of Philadelphia sends an appeal through the Socialist press for a more general and generous support for the "International Socialist Review." The "Review" is having a hard struggle to keep on its feet, and as it is the only magazine of its kind in the country comrades should bear it in mind when making up their list of Socialist reading.

The Intercollegiate Socialist Society has sent an appeal to Socialists in all colleges to send their names to the secretary of that organization that correspondence can be begun. The society hopes to have a study chapter organized in every institution in the country before the present year is over. Address all communications to M. R. Holbrook, Secretary, Box 1663 New York City.

The Socialist party candidates for the coming municipal election in Boston are George C. Hall for mayor; George G Cutting, street commissioner; Bertha S. Hall, John Bruno, Antoinette F. Konikow and Rudolph Appel, school board; William Bernard Wolf, Brennings, Peter J. Brennan, Stephen O'Leary, Moses J. Konikow, Marcus H. Livingston, Charles P. Claus, Jacob Haertl and Samuel Piller, board of aldermen.

FOREIGN

That Socialism grows in Berlin is shown by the recent municipal elections, in which we gained three new seats and have a chance in the second ballot for four seats. Years ago our vote has increased in 16 wards from 18,999 to 30,681, while the whole vote cast only grew from 33,748 to 41,254. In one district half we a loss of votes on record, and in one an increase of 150 per cent. All in all, our vote increased about 50 per cent.

A capitalist alarmist, who may not be much of an alarmist after all, says that the terms Liberal and Conservative have lost their meaning, and will presently have disappeared from English politics as completely as Whig and Tory have done. The two great parties fighting for the upper hand in swaying the destinies of the British people will be the Socialists and the individualists. The Socialists have practically got possession of the capital, and the kingdom, also, will fall to them unless the danger is speedily recognized and grappled with."

Oda Olberg criticises very ably in the last number of the "Neue Zeit," the new "syndicalism," as it is called, which has appeared in Italy and has as organs the revolutionary "Avanguardia" in Milan and the "Sindicato Operaio" in Rome, the former edited by Enrico Labriola and the latter by Enrico Lione. The movement comes from France and has as spiritual father Sorel, whose book on the "Social Transformation" by means of syndicates, gave the intellectual impulse. According to both these theories the economic organization of the proletariat corresponds to traits in the true representation of the proletariat, and by it the political organizations are to be certainly to be, as the Social-Democratic party organizations, become superfluous.—J. B. Askew in London "Justice."

"The Socialist of Tokio, Japan, says: "The proclamation (of martial law) was a death blow to the movement of Socialists in Japan, which had only germinated. Paper after paper was freely suspended and the 'Chogugen,' the only Socialist organ, was one among the others. We do not see whether the government intended to utilize the opportunity to suppress the Socialists or not, but there was nothing in that journal which seemed to be even detrimental to peace or public order. Not only this, the houses of our comrades were searched by the authorities, and if them was arrested The 'Chogugen,' which was severely suffering financially, being forfeited and suspended many times, has now decided to abandon the issue, and the 'Heimmisha,' in which the paper was issued, has broke up. Now there is no Socialist in Japan (practically so-called, and no Socialist paper except our own. Of course the principles of Socialism have not died away in Japan, but those who hold such principles are at present obliged to keep silence."

The new address of THE SOCIALIST is 819 Jefferson street, Toledo, Ohio.

Books for Holidays

With the approach of Christmas and New Year's, the selection of gifts becomes an important question with nearly everyone. Books make by far the best presents. They last when the occasion that inspired it has passed, and they are a constant reminder of the giver.

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TOLEDO, OHIO

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Communications intended for the Editor should be so addressed. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned unless stamps are enclosed.

Communications intended for publication should be mailed in time to reach "The Socialist" office not later than Monday.

HERMON F. TITUS.....Editor
WILLIAM MAILLY.....Manager
ERWIN B. AULT.....Associate

Entered at Toledo Post Office as second class mail matter, March 17, 1905.

ALLIED PRINTING TRADES LABOR COUNCIL TOLEDO, O.

A WORD OF COMMENDATION

THE Socialist of Toledo is the first paper to give any of the Socialist vote in Ohio. * * I found wherever THE SOCIALIST had been circulated a very live movement and active comrades who are working to build up the party membership.

ISAAC COWEN.

BEGINNING TO WAKE UP

It's good. Things are waking up after election once more. Our friends of the campaign are renewing somewhat and others are taking advantage of our splendid book offers. Ohio is not asleep or dead by any means. Neither is Toledo. Neither is the State of Washington where there is always something doing. Some of the prairie states are not very vigorous in pushing **The Socialist**, but we can wait. We know they will come to understand the importance of party papers like **The Socialist** and will cover the Mississippi Valley with them. If there are any volunteers who want to get the work going, let them write us. Iowa sends us a message once in a while through our good friend, D. Burgess, but things might be a little brisker in that state. What **The Socialist** has to say is good for all the workers everywhere. It may seem somewhat strong food for those who have been used to a somewhat milder diet, but it is warranted to make good husky Socialists. We have sent out some fine book premiums. Anyone not receiving our announcement and anxious to know about it, send us a card. You ought not to miss it. Besides, when you send in a club of subscribers, you are helping **The Socialist**. Yes, **The Socialist** needs help. It needs your help most of all. It needs you as a worker. It needs just your enthusiasm and your effort to put it where it ought to be. Write us today and show yourself willing to work for a Socialist paper that stands for uncompromising tactics in the party and does not hesitate to say so. Do you not think it deserves your support?

THE STORM-PETREL

BY MAXIM GORKY.

Over the gray expanse of sea the wind is gathering the clouds. Circling between the clouds and the sea, like a flash of lightning, is the storm-petrel on high.

Now touching a wave with his wing, now shooting heavenward, darting like a spear, and the clouds hear glad tidings in his cry.

There is thirst for storm in that cry. The force of rage, the flame of passion, the confidence of victory do the clouds hear in that cry.

The gulls are groaning before the storm, groaning and tossing over the sea; ready to hide their terror at the bottom of the sea.

The cargeese, too, are groaning. The joy of the struggle is unknown to them; the din of strife awes them.

The silly albatross hides his fat body in the cliffs. The proud storm-petrel alone is soaring boldly, freely over the sea, the waves singing, dancing on high, coming to meet the thunder.

The thunder roars. Foaming with fury, the waves are raging, battling with the wind. Now the wind seizes a flock of waves in gigantic embrace, a crash,

now hurls them with savage hate to the rocks, shattering them to dust and masses of emerald spray.

Shouting joyously, the storm-petrel is circling like a black flash of lightning, piercing the clouds like a spear, brushing foam off the waves with its wings.

There he is, flying like a demon, a proud, black storm-demon, laughing and sobbing at once. It is at the clouds he is laughing; it is for joy he is sobbing.

In the thunder's rage the sensitive demon perceives a weary note, the voice of defeat. He knows that the clouds cannot conceal the sun—not they!

The wind is sighing; the thunder is pealing. Hundreds of clouds gleam bluish over the precipice of the sea. The sea is catching darts of lightning and smothering them in its bosom. Like serpents of fire the reflections of the lightning are writhing, vanishing one after the other.

The storm is advancing! Another minute and the storm will come with

It is the intrepid storm-petrel who is proudly careering among the flashes of lightning over the roaring, infuriated sea; it is the prophet of victory who is shouting

Let the storm blow and roar with all its might!

ST. PAUL ACTS.

Local St. Paul P. O. P. (Socialist) is split in two. The investigation committee, which was elected by the Local to investigate both the State Committee and Local Minneapolis, reported last Wednesday evening.

The report shows that the State Executive Committee has violated the constitution. Local Minneapolis had fought for straight Socialism. After a lengthy discussion it was moved to withdraw from both existing state committees until such time that a state convention could be called. On this motion we won out by one vote; the vote was 11 nays and 12 yeas.

Then they got up and called us seceders and told us they would hold the charter in spite of us. They would not even stand by this fair motion—for they know too well that it never is represented in the right light to a convention that they would be turned down. They fear most of all their action to be known to the rank and file of this state.

Yours for Revolution,
J. ED. CARLSON.
St. Paul, Minn., 11-20-05.

COULTER EXPELLED BY BROCKTON SOCIALIST CLUB.

The Brockton Socialist Club voted 32 to 2, last Saturday evening to sustain charges brought against ex-Mayor Charles H. Coulter; this expels him from membership in the body.

Ex-Mayor Coulter had been notified of charges against him on account of his action in taking out nomination papers for the mayoralty, after alderman William H. Clifford had been made the nominee of the Socialist party, this being, in the opinion of members of the club, contrary to Socialistic rules and principles.

Mr. Coulter failed to appear and defend himself, saying before the meeting that he intended to let the club say and do as it liked.

He made a statement yesterday in which he charged that the methods employed by some leaders of the Socialist Party locally would "cause Tammany to blush," but said he should make no quarrel with the party till after election.

A large number was present at the meeting this evening, but comparatively few of them voted. There was an animated discussion in which it developed that the membership of the club in good standing is only 62, although the Socialists claim to have a voting strength of 1,200 in the city and polled that number of votes at the state election for the head of the city.

Ex-Mayor Coulter served three years as mayor of the city, and has been prominent in Democratic, Populist and Socialist politics some 10 years. He is running on nomination papers as an "independent" this fall, and says the vote he will poll will surprise his opponents.

COWEN IN CANADA.

Comrade Isaac Cowen, who is speaking in Ontario Province, reports as follows: Had two splendid meetings in Toronto on Sunday, the 19th. The first, in the afternoon in the new Labor Temple. The auditorium was well filled with workers, their wives and daughters. The meeting opened with music and singing; after two hours' talk a few questions were answered and what the comrades stated was the best meeting they have had, closed. The collection was $16, with $4.80 extra for the Russian revolutionary movement. Two years ago, if I had made the same talk, I would have been hissed off the platform. What brought forth applause today would have showered the speaker with brick bats two years ago. Things are moving.

At 8 p. m. the audience of 1,000 had assembled in front of the city hall for an out-door demonstration against the Russian cruelty and murder of the Jews. That is what the papers said, so you can figure on a great deal more being present. When I had got half through with a 40-minute talk the police stepped in and ordered me off the city hall steps to a street close by, which did not hurt us in the least, but helped us some, as the crowd grew larger and more determined to hear what was being said. Some of the comrades made short addresses, including Comrade Simpson, who is a member of the school board, having been nominated by the Socialists and elected as a Socialist. A very good collection was secured for the Russian movement at the close of the meeting.

Toronto is fast swinging into line. All they need is organization more thoroughly perfected and they will soon be a power, as the sentiment and sympathy are there ready to crystallize.

HE CAN'T KEEP IT UP LONG

With Revolutionists

Continued from Page Two.

and smiled. He even smiled when the Chief decided to waive my protest, and he joked while the Chief slowly went through my papers. The minutes wore on. I could feel those miserable policemen watching both our faces. I grew angry and Ivanoff chuckled. Then I grew pleasantly warm all over—from the feet up. We were released. The Chief could not read English!

Planning Again.

We had to go slow in meeting our revolutionist friends, for now we were constantly watched. But after a few hours of dodging about we met the leaders at night and talked until nearly daylight. The plan I cannot give here. It was only one of a hundred unceasing attempts; new ones began the moment old ones failed. We were simply bearers of information to certain outside friends in one of these plans; and, like so many others, this plan failed. But at the time we did not think it would, and it was with the warmest feelings of admiration and hope that we grasped the hands of those men in parting—journalists, landowners, workmen, princes, doctors, lawyers, peasants. With them, life, fortune, health—all was nothing until the Caucasus was free!

The trains could not be trusted, so we hired a lumbering old mountain carriage and started at sunrise. It was Sunday morning, hot and sultry, but by eleven o'clock that night it was freezing cold as we galloped on high above the clouds, between snow-banks ten feet high. We had thirty-two horses in eight relays, and we covered the hundred and fifty-five miles in thirty-four hours.

A Grand Ride.

Never have I had a grander, more inspiring ride. It was straight north out of the Caucasus to Vladicavcas, where we were to take the train for London. It was over the famous pass which for ages has been the great land gateway from Asia into Europe. Through it, poured those hordes that swept Europe into the Dark Ages. And as we galloped on under gray towering cliffs, through roaring gorges, and out across black and green valleys, it was easy indeed to picture those masses of men, women, and children struggling through; the horses, rude carts, and twinkling camp fires; the fierce fights with the savage owners of the pass, the shouts and screams, the wild hairy faces! Easy to picture, for the Past had left many traces. Rude forts and ruined castles rose in every narrow place, our old driver told us legend after legend still handed down from father to son among the wild mountaineers, and Ivanoff, who had traveled eight months through these very mountains, told me what he had learned of the people—Mohammedans, Christians, and a dozen other religions—Tartars, Armenians, Turks, and a score of Caucasian tribes—all mixed and clashing in this caldron of the world.

What of the Future?

At midnight we stopped for five hours' sleep in a queer old inn way up above the clouds. Here, at supper, we met Cossacks and Russian officers. And here a silent little man climbed down from his seat by our driver, where he had been listening to our talk all the way from Tiflis. We saw him whisper to the inn proprietor, and at dawn another listener took his place. All this kept the Present in our minds. And when, at nightfall, we emerged from one last, deep, glorious gorge, and galloped straight out into the silent, desolate steppe of Russia, we looked back at the mountains—huge and dim and silent, towering over the Present as they had towered for ages over the Past, as they would still tower for ages over the Future. What a Past! What a Present! The Middle Ages dashed into a modern revolution! And what will be the Future?

ETHICS AND SOCIALISM

By William Liebnecht.

Pity for poverty, enthusiasm for equality and freedom, recognition of social injustice and a desire to remove it, is not socialism. Condemnation of wealth and respect for poverty such as we find in Christianity and other religions, is not socialism. The communism of early times, as it was before the existence of private property, and as it has at all times and among all peoples been the elusive dream of some enthusiasts, is not socialism. The forcible equalization advocated by the followers of Baboeuf, the so-called equalitarians, is not socialism.

In all these appearances there is lacking the real foundation of capitalist society with its class antagonisms. Modern socialism is the **child of capitalist society and its class antagonisms.** Without these it would not be. Socialism and ethics are two separate things. This fact must be kept in mind.

Whoever conceives of socialism in the sense of a sentimental philanthropic striving after human equality, with no idea of the existence of capitalist society, is no socialist in the sense of the class struggle, without which modern socialism is unthinkable. To be sure, Bernstein is nominally for the class struggle—in the same manner as the Hessian peasant is for "the Republic and the Grand Duke." Who ever has come to a full consciousness of the nature of capitalist society and the foundation of modern socialism, knows also that a socialist movement that leaves the basis of the class struggle may be anything else, but it is not socialism.

Marx's Immortal Service.

This foundation of the class struggle, which Marx—and this is his immortal service—has given to the modern labor movement, **is the main point of attack in the battle which the bourgeois political economy is waging with socialism.** The political economists deny the class struggle and would make of the labor movement only a part of the bourgeois party movements, and the Social Democracy only a division of the bourgeois democracy. The bourgeois political economy and politics direct all their exertions against the class character of the modern labor movement. If it were possible to create a breach in this bulwark, in this citadel of the Social Democracy, then the Social Democracy is conquered, and the proletariat thrown back under the dominion of capitalistic society. However small such a breach may be in the beginning, the enemy has the power to widen it and the certainty of final victory. And the enemy is most dangerous when he comes as a friend to the fortress, when he slinks in under the cover of friendship, and is recognized as a friend and comrade.

The enemy who comes to us with open visor we face with a smile; to get our foot upon his neck is mere play for us. The stupidly brutal acts of violence of police politicians, the outrages of the anti-socialist laws, the anti-revolution laws, penitentiary bills—these only arouse feelings of pitying contempt; the enemy, however, that reaches out the hand to us for a political alliance, and intrudes himself upon us as a friend and brother,—**him and him alone have we to fear.**

The Real Enemy.

Our fortress can withstand every assault—it cannot be stormed nor taken from us by siege—it can only fall **when we ourselves open the doors to the enemy and take him into our ranks as a fellow comrade.** Growing out of the class struggle, our party rests upon the class struggle as a condition of its existence. Through and with that struggle the party is unconquerable; without it the party is lost, for it will have lost the source of its strength. Whoever fails to understand this or thinks that the class struggle is a dead issue, or that class antagonisms are gradually being effaced, stands upon the basis of bourgeois philosophy.

The present discussion over tactics in relation to participation in the elections to the Prussian legislature, has been compared to the discussion which took place among the Social Democratic members of the Reichstag in the middle of the '80s concerning the steamship subsidy. If one examines the matter only superficially the comparison appears strikingly close, but ceases to be so as soon as the kernel of the question is reached. At that time we were concerned with the application of universally recognized principles to a concrete case. That the Social Democratic faction in the Reichstag was interested in the furtherance of German shipping and commercial interests was as universally admitted as that they were opposed to the colonial policy and all other imperialistic reactionary tendencies. The only question was whether the subsidy was primarily in the interest of the German commercial interests, which were national in their character, or whether it was a part of colonial politics that served only the private interests of reactionary individuals at the expense of the public. No one suggested at that time to change the old tactics or alter the course of the party.

The Vital Point.

The present discussion, however, is concerned with the question of a complete change of the old tactics and aims; a change of tactics that would mean a change in the character of the party. It turns upon the question of the retention or abandonment of the class struggle standpoint which distinguishes us from all bourgeois parties; in short, it involves a decisive step, upon which depends whether we shall remain a Socialist party, or whether we shall bridge over the Rubicon of the class struggle and become the left wing of the bourgeois democracy.—From "No Compromise."

TO ORGANIZE OHIO

Cincinnati, O., Nov. 27th, 1905.

To the Socialists of Ohio:

Comrades:—We have just passed through one of the most vigorous and active campaigns ever waged by the Party in this state since it has been organized. More agitation work was done, more literature distributed and sold than in any other campaign. The results of the recent election were most gratifying, but at the same time it brings home certain problems for the Party to solve.

The uniform report brought in by all speakers as well as the experience of our state secretary teaches the necessity of systematic and persistent educational and organization work in order that the Party organization may be able to maintain its standing as an aggressive Party of the working class.

Education Needed.

In many localities the comrades are new to political organization and the work that is expected of them. It is one thing to organize a Local and another to keep it active, because of lack of knowledge as to what is expected of them and how to carry on the educational work.

To increase the educational standard among our membership and strengthen our organization it is necessary that an organizer be placed in the field to give instructions to the membership and assist them to found their Local on an active and permanent basis; to impart information as to the work expected of them and to dispose of the best literature on Socialism and organize classes for the systematic study of the classics. Such educational and organization work will be of great value to the Party organization.

In order to secure this funds are required and since the constitutional amendments have decreased the revenue of the state office, the receipts are not sufficient to pay for this work without going into debt. Funds must therefore be secured from another source if it is to be undertaken.

Plan to Raise Fund.

In view of this the Executive Committee desires to submit the following plan for raising funds for this work:

1st. That each Local in the state shall pledge a monthly contribution of $1.00 or more to the organization fund, aside from the regular monthly dues. Locals making such pledges per month shall be charged for the same by the state secretary.

2nd. Those Locals unable to guarantee $1.00 or more each month for this fund shall insert, in their regular order of business, a clause, providing that, at one business meeting of each month, a collection shall be taken up for this fund and forwarded to the state office.

3rd. All sums contributed to this fund shall be used only for the purpose for which they are contributed.

Burden Distributed Equitably.

The comrades will perceive that by this plan no arbitrary assessment is levied, regardless of the ability of the Locals to pay, but distributes the burden over the membership according to their resources and allows Locals the option of determining how much they can help. It makes no demands that a Local cannot comply with, nor does it limit the amount the larger Locals can and will give in the absence of an arbitrary assessment.

We are confident that the amount realized each month from this source will be sufficient to carry on the work suggested and without imposing obligations the Locals cannot meet.

Realizing the importance and necessity of this work the Executive Committee issues this call and trusts that all Locals will act upon and respond to it at an early date.

This is a great industrial state and the party membership ought to be still larger to take care of the increasing vote.

Fraternally submitted,
State Executive Committee,
Per EDWARD GARDNER,
State Sec'y.

P. S.—I want to say that when this plan was presented to Local Cincinnati it was taken up with a vim that warrants mighty well. A motion was passed to pay $4.00 per month to keep the organizer in the field. E. G.

(A similar proposition to the above from Comrade Gardner was considered by the Toledo Central Committee last Sunday, and referred to the regular monthly joint session on Sunday next. Local Toledo will undoubtedly do its share in this important work.—Ed.)

The difference between a thug and a hazer is that one receives his training in the slums and the other attends a gentleman's college.

One of the chief complaints against papers have been against Socialists consists in their getting married when the papers have insisted that Socialists are free lovers.

A twenty thousand word message is pretty long, but imagine what it would be like if Sam Gompers was president of the United States!

Judging by the increasing number of burglaries in Toledo lately, the suspicion is justified that some United States senators are visiting here surreptitiously.

"**The Socialist** makes a splendid appearance. Those cartoons speak volumes. There is a number of good Socialist papers published, possibly answering for propaganda purposes, but not another party paper sent out that could take the place of **The Socialist**, if it was to quit.—L. E. Workman, Boise, Idaho."

"Enclosed find 50 cents for **The Socialist!** Your paper is too good in the field of Labor not to receive my support, both moral and financial. **The Socialist** is fearless, straight forward, always on the right road to Co-operative Commonwealth, regardless of who it strikes when the principles of Socialism are involved. J. Ed. Carlson, St. Paul, Minn."

"THE LONG DAY."

"There may be those who will say that the conditions pictured in "The Long Day" are impossible, melodramatic even; but they will be only those who are entirely unacquainted with the actual life of the working girl, of a great city. For this true story of a New York working girl is a page out of the very heart of life. It is a simple record, simply told, with a keen sense of relative values in the placing of events. The pathos of it will bring tears to your eyes, if you have a shred of human sympathy in you. 'The Long Day' is not one of the preaching, moralizing sociological books that we consider it our duty to wade through. It is a true story. It is a prose epic of New York, as well as a faithful record of toil."—The Chicago Journal.

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THE SOCIALIST office has been moved to 819 Jefferson street, Toledo. Before buying your Christmas books come and see us.

Russian Revolutionists

This group, taken in 1900, shows Comrades S. Ingerman, Anna Ingerman and their daughter Jenny Ingerman. Comrades Ingerman are both Socialists, have been members of the Socialist Party of the United States for many years, and are practicing physicians of high standing. Comrade S. Ingerman is secretary of the Russian Social Democratic Society of New York and has charge of the collection and forwarding of funds to the Russian Revolutionary headquarters in Geneva, Switzerland. Comrade Anna Ingerman has just gone to Europe to report to the Revolutionary Committee. Both comrades are splendid examples of the revolutionary types who are giving their all for the cause of human freedom in their beloved and despoiled country.

Comrade S. Ingerman writes the following stirring words to **The Socialist:**

"The Revolution now going on in Russia is the most striking event of the last century; such a tremendous and generous effort of the exploited masses of the people has no parallel in all history. And the main point is that **the leading role is being played by the proletariat under the exclusive leadership of the Social Democracy.**

"This is recognized by the government as well as by liberals. The Workingmen's Council is the main power of the opposition to the tottering autocracy.

"Of course we cannot have Socialism established there yet. A Democratic Republic with great and important Socialistic reforms will be the result of the great Russian Revolution. But not only this. **The Proletariat will enter the new political regime represented by a powerful political organization, the Russian Social Democracy with powerful revolutionary traditions.**

"The Influence of the Russian movement upon the Proletariat of the world, cannot yet be defined, but I am sure it will prove tremendous.