SOCIALISTS WANT THE EARTH

Tell me whose tools you use and I'll tell you whose slave you are

As long as one class owns the means by which another class gets its living, so long will mankind be divided into masters and slaves.

The private ownership of the means of life gives wealth, freedom and culture to the few, and poverty, toil and ignorance to the many.

The Republican Insurgents and the Democratic Reformers vainly seek to improve the life of the slave under slavery. Their ideal is the generous highwayman, the chivalrous burglar and the modest street-walker.

Socialism seeks to destroy the source of slavery by making capital the handmaid of labor.

THAT IS THE REAL ISSUE
—OSCAR AMERINGER

Tell me whose bread you eat and I'll tell you whose song you sing
THE PARABLE OF THE HUNTER.

Once upon a time there lived in the Land of Stars and Stripes, a mighty hunter, by the name of Eagle-eye. This man could hit the left hind leg of a flying mosquito four hundred yards off. But, alas, he has no gun. Whereupon he hiked himself to "Old Man" Bateye, who was blind and lame, but who owned many guns. And Eagle-eye spake unto Bateye also: "Lord! I am a hunter without a gun; wherefore the wife of my bosom is cleansing the soiled garments of your wife, and my children cry papers in the wilderness of Chicago, while my stomach is empty as the House of the Lord in summer time. Therefore, I beseech thee, let me have one of your guns that I may follow my vocation, which is that of a hunter of quails; so that I, too, may eat, drink and be merry."

Then up spake Bateye and said: "Gladly will I lend you a gun, for I, too, crave hot birds, cold bottles and warm babies, but for the use of my capital (as guns are called in
the lingo of the chosen few) thou must give unto me four quails out of every five you shoot."

This looked fair and reasonable to the hunter, for he was sorely pressed and up a stump, from which he could not descend. Therefore he accepted the terms of Bateye and fetched to him four quails out of every five, but the fifth one he ate himself.

This lone bird filled but a small part of his inners and he was hungry most of the time, and then Bateye would slap him on the back and say: 'I'd give a million quails to have your appetite;' but he never did.

Sometimes when he was weary, wet and worried, Eagle-eye would bemoan his lot and curse fate for having been born. At such times Holyman the soothsayer, who ate at the table of Bateye, would come to him with incantations and promises of mansions on the other side of the silver lining. He also spake much of golden harps.

Eagle-eye thought these things were good to eat and was made happy again.

Thus he worked for many years, until his eyes became too dull and his legs too wabbly to shoot birds. But his appetite was as good as ever, when Bateye gave the gun to a younger hunter with clear eyes and steady legs. Thereupon Eagle-eye, who had eaten less every year as he grew older, quit eating altogether and gave up his ghost.

Holyman preached the funeral sermon and spake much of Providence, dust and being
called home to the mansion above the clouds; whereupon a crazy man laughed and said: "If Eagle-eye had a gun of his own he could have kept all the birds he shot and he would now be still among the living, sporting a red nose and a shining bald spot and sitting in the front row at the Gayety." But all the people called this man loony and scoffed him, and laughed him to scorn and said he was a dreamer, for even a fool knoweth that guns are made for some to own and for others to use.

A miner without a mine, a shoemaker without a shoe factory, a farmer without land, are in the same predicament as is the hunter without a gun. They cannot follow their vocations unless they get the use of capital or land belonging to the other fellow.

The heart and soul of capitalism is the separation of ownership and labor and the resultant division of mankind in two classes, one of which owns the means of life and does not use them, the other that uses the means of life and does not own them.

This arrangement allows a few people to live without work and forces the many to work without getting a living.

The aim of Socialism is to bring about a union between ownership and labor by making the means of production the common property of all the people.

The principal means of life are controlled by great aggregations of capital, commonly called trusts. These giant combinations, by forcing the wages of labor down to the very minimum of subsistence, and by charging for their products all that the traffic will bear, have become a serious menace to the well being of the
American people, and all kinds of remedies are advocated against the evils of monopoly.

Regulation.

A large portion of the Republican party has declared itself in favor of trust regulation. This, we are told, is to be accomplished through the federal government. But even if we grant to the state the right to interfere with the private business of its citizens, we seriously doubt its ability to do so, for those who own the principal wealth of a nation usually own the government too. If there is one thing surer than death and taxes, it is that this beloved government of ours belongs hair and hide, body and soul, to the trusts.

We don’t expect our own bull-pup to bite us in the hind leg, but we expect him to bite the other fellow; and when thrifty gentlemen like Rockefeller, Morgan and Carnegie, spend their hard earned cash to acquire a government after their own heart, this institution can not be utilized against its rightful owners.

The fact is, we have two governments in the United States, a little one with its headquarters in Washington and a big one with its headquarters in Wall Street and its headquarters all over the country. This Wall Street government owns forests, railroads, factories, colleges, banks and life insurance companies.
It determines what kind of clothes we wear, what sort of houses we live in, what kind of grub we eat, whether our children go to school or to the factory and whether little Mary plays piano or slings dishes in a hash joint.

The little affair at Washington is only the errand boy, or, at the most, the policeman of the real thing in Wall Street. We cannot control the master with his servant, and a government belonging to the trust has neither the power nor the inclination to regulate the trusts. All attempts in this direction have been miserable failures. That the advocates of regulation are still taken seriously by some folks is a clear indication that the American people have lost their sense of humor.

Trust Busting.

The Democrats, on the other side, propose that the trusts be busted, and they advise us to return to competition and the good old days of Jackson and Jefferson. There is but one objection to this plan. Somehow mankind has a habit of traveling forward instead of backward, and wherever a people have followed such advice and return to the ways of their fathers, as happened in the case of the Egyptians, their posterity had to hire a German professor to decipher the inscription on their tombstone.

The trust, after all, is not an invention of the devil, as some "statesmen" believe, but the product of industrial evolution. Competition may be the life of trade, but it is also the mother of monopoly. In the competitive struggle only the "fit" survive. The "fit" in this
case are those who succeed in getting the most value for the least expenditure. This is usually accomplished through the reduction of wages, the employment of children, adulteration, misrepresentation, state paternalism as exemplified in the high tariff policy, freight rate manipulation, rebating, stock watering and the installation of more and bigger machinery than the competitor is able to command.

The trust was born when Brown and Smith, competitors in the same territory, got sick of hammering each other and formed a partnership to hammer the dear public. No one should blame them for trying to make money. Soon Brown and Smith came in competition with the firm of Mueller & Jones, and knowing a few things about the blessings of competition, they merged the two concerns into a stock company.

The Brown-Smith Mfg. Co. soon discovered that Harry Dick & Co. were selling the same goods in the same market for less money. Consolidation followed as the only means to protect profits. Partnerships, stock companies, corporations, syndicates, holding companies and trusts have but one aim: the elimination of competition. Those who had sense enough to combine survived; those who didn’t were left behind. To go back to competition would be as rational as sit-
ting on an oak tree in the hope of squeezing it back into the acorn, or of coaxing a rooster to return into the egg.

During the Democratic convention in Denver, proceedings dragged along until Friday morning at three o’clock, when the time arrived to nominate a candidate for president. As everybody knows, Friday is an unlucky day. Democracy should not jeopardize its brilliant prospects by nominating a candidate on Friday. Whereupon the cunning gentlemen turned the clock in the convention hall from Friday morning at 3 o’clock back to Thursday night at 11 o’clock. But while the Democratic Party may be able to turn back the hands of a helpless clock, it is still unable to turn back the wheels of progress.

Social Ownership.

Trust control having failed, returning to competition and to the happy days of Jackson and Jefferson, being an impossibility, what other solution is there, then, for the trust question? Socialists say, the trust is a good thing and a bad thing. It is a good thing for all the fellows on the inside and a bad thing for all the people on the outside. If we should ask Rockefeller what he thinks of the trust, he would tell us candidly that it is the best money making machine he ever tumbled into, but the people who buy the products of that money machine, hold an entirely different opinion.

A trust is like an automobile. To chase down the pike and to see some old farmer climb a barbed wire fence behind a pair of runaway mules, is very funny to the fellow on the inside of the automobile. Running ahead
of the buggies and carriages, and giving the people the dust of the road and the stink of the gasoline is highly amusing to the fellow on the inside of the automobile. Chasing through the streets of a city at the rate of thirty miles an hour, blowing the honk, honk, which means for us common people to jump, jump, is the funniest thing that ever happened—to the fellow on the inside of the automobile.

But the only gentleman who climbed the barbed wire fence behind a pair of bob-tailed mules; the people who swallowed the dust of the road and inhaled the stink of the gasoline, and all those who do the jump, jump, when they hear the honk, honk, join in one grand and glorious chorus, saying: “Damn the automobile. That machine should be busted. Those people ought to be sent to the penitentiary. Why don’t you shoot them, Jim?” etc., etc.

And yet every mother’s son and every father’s daughter, just as soon as he or she gets on the inside of an automobile, acts just exactly as the people have acted who were in there before. So we see that the only way we ever can become reconciled to the automobile is by getting on the inside of it. And since we find that all the people on the inside of the trust, are well pleased with the trust, the only remedy and the only way we will ever become reconciled to the trust, is by all of us getting on the inside of the trust. And that is the proposition made by the Socialists.
Confiscation.

The question now arises, how will the Socialists take possession of the trusts. There are a great many ways of getting hold of the other fellow's property. One way is by confiscation, which means to swipe, to hook, to take the other fellow's property without saying "Thank you," or "Please, ma'am," and without batting an eye. And we Socialists have the reputation of being the first confiscators that ever came down the pike. If it were not for the grand old Republican Party that stands like a rock on the shore, throwing back the waves of confiscation and repudiation the Socialists would have swiped John D. Rockefeller's grease business long ago.

Certainly the Republican Party never confiscated anybody else's property. Far be it from such! But let us refresh the memory of our Republican friends. About 1863, when that party was still young, it confiscated five million chattel slaves, valued at one billion dollars, and belonging to the Southern people. Here was property—private property—holy, sanctified, private property—recognized as such by the constitution of the United States, and upheld by every decision of the Soo-preme Court of the United States, yet our Republican friends went down to Dixie, hooked and swiped all that property, and never paid a counterfeit nickel with a hole in it to the rightful, legitimate owners. The men who defended private property in 1863, were called rebels and traitors, and our Republican friends even used to sing a cruel song about hanging Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree, and yet the only crime com-
mitted by Jefferson Davis and his crowd was, that they defended private property in black men.

Certainly, our Democratic friends would never do such a thing. But about three years ago, in the State of Oklahoma, that party had 40,000 majority. It was then that these good Democrats voted for prohibition. By doing so they confiscated every booze joint, saloon and brewery in the state. Anheuser-Busch of St. Louis had invested a million dollars of hard earned money in a brand new brewery in Oklahoma City—invested a million dollars earned in the sweat of their brow, the fruit of their thrift and frugality, the reward of their abstinence, in a legitimate industry, and our good Democrats destroyed all that value, wiped out the whole industry with the scratch of a lead pencil, and never offered a wooden nickel as indemnity to the rightful owners. These good Democrats would not even allow Anheuser-Busch to take their movable property out of the state, for down in the bowels of that brewery were 30,000 barrels of lager—beer—C-o-l-d, f-o-a-m-i-n-g l-a-g-e-r beer.

Friends, you may appreciate the feelings of a German like myself, when he writes on a painful subject like that. These Democrats would not allow Anheuser-Busch to take that lager beer up to Kansas, to sell it to the Prohibitionists of that state; but on a hot summer day they poured that precious liquid in the
gutters of Oklahoma City, and the crawdads and the fish were drunk for two weeks afterward. This was confiscation with a vengeance. This was swiping the other fellow's business and rubbing it into him. And if the time ever should come when we Socialists have to go into the confiscating business, we shall be only too glad to turn the job over to the Republicans and Democrats, for we believe they are past masters in the gentle art of confiscation.

Another Way.

Confiscation is one way of acquiring other people's property, but it may not be the best way. Slavery was abolished in the colonies of England, Portugal and Spain, by paying an indemnity to the slave owners. In the long run, this was cheaper than the American way, for the freedom of these five million chattel slaves, valued at one billion dollars in 1861, has cost the American people by this time about ten billion dollars in money, hundreds of thousands of valuable young lives, seas of blood and rivers of tears. After all, the price was too big to pay.

Up to 1789 the soil of France belonged to the clergy and the nobility. About that time the French people raised a disturbance. During the excitement, some of the nobles and clericals lost their heads and ran off to Germany; still others lost their heads by remaining at home, and their land was inherited by the French peasantry. It looks like a cheap way of acquiring land, and yet the French revolution, followed by the Napoleonic war, cost more money, lives and blood, than the soil of France is worth even today. A similar con-
dition to that in France, in regard to land ownership, existed in Prussia until 1815. In that year the Stein laws were enacted, which allowed the serfs to purchase land from their former masters on the installment plan. It required many years to do this, but in the end, it was a cheaper way than the one taken by the people of France. We Socialists who understand history, are not pledged to confiscation, and for the sake of expediency, we are perfectly willing to pay the trust owners for their property in their own coin.

Acquiring Standard Oil.

The question now arises, how will the Socialists do this? Let us take for illustration the Standard Oil Company. This concern, a perfect monopoly, is capitalized at $100,000,000. It makes a yearly profit of about $50,000,000. Now let us suppose that we have a majority of Socialists in Congress, and these men decide that the Standard Oil Company shall become the property of Uncle Sam and shall be run like the postal department, not for the profit of the few, but to serve the many. They will send Uncle Sam to John D. Rockefeller and he will say:

"Rocky, the boys down in Congress have decided to buy out your grease business."

"What's that for?" says Rockefeller. "Oh," says Uncle Sam, "the boys say that at one time you were all right; you organized the grease business, you eliminated the foolish waste,
strife and competition. But of late, you have become the durndest nuisance we have in this country, for, instead of sticking strictly to the grease business, you have gone into the government business also. Your right hand bow- er, Archbald, runs a regular correspondence school with senators and congressmen. When the people of Ohio elected that grand old patriot, Joe Foraker, a man who bled and died for his country, to the United States Senate, to serve them, you came around and greased his palm, and instead of serving the people of his state he became your hired hand. The people of Texas sent that brilliant and eloquent young Democrat, Joe Bailey, to tie a knot in the tail of the octopus, and you dipped Joe in coal oil and he has done your dirty work ever since.’’

‘‘The boys say it’s got to stop. You have got to go out of the government business, and the only way we can put you out of the government business, is by putting you out of the grease business, for you are only in the government business to protect your grease business.’’ ‘‘Well,’’ says Rockefeller, ‘‘an all-wise providence has entrusted me with the running of the oil industry. I cannot relinquish this sacred trust.’’ ‘‘Well,’’ says Uncle Sam, ‘‘the boys in Washington say, that if you don’t sell out peaceably, they will pass a prohibition law, prohibiting you and everybody else from manufacturing and selling coal oil and gasoline, and they say if we do that, we could buy your grease business as cheap then, as we can now buy the Anheuser-Busch brewery in Oklahoma City.’’

John D. is one of those long-headed busi-
ness men we read about in the Sunday school books, and before Rocky goes out of business without getting a cent, as Anheuser-Busch did in Oklahoma, he will say: "Uncle, I think I’ll take that hundred million."

Where Are You Going to Get the Money?

Now comes our Republican and Democrat doubting Thomas, and says: "Well and good, but where are you going to get the money from?" Well, boys, I’ll tell you. Uncle Sam runs a great money factory in the City of Washington, where he makes all kinds of money—green-backs, yellow-backs, and gray-backs, and as long as he puts his name to it, it is good money. The boys in that great money-shop work by the day and not by the piece, and they don’t care a continental how many ciphers they put behind a figure. They’d just as soon make a thousand dollar bill as a one dollar bill.

Uncle Sam steps into the shop some afternoon and says: "Boys, I have just bought the Standard Oil Company from Rockefeller. I want a hundred million dollars of those new two per cent gold bonds, the kind you made when we bought the Panama Canal property. It’s half past three now. We quit at five o’clock. Now be sure and have that hundred million in bonds ready before quitting time, and don’t you spend more than 75 cents’ worth of paper on the old geezer." Well, five o’clock comes. Uncle Sam turns the hundred million of bonds over
to Rockefeller, and the boys go home for supper. Rockefeller has the money and Uncle Sam has the grease business.

How Are You Going to Run It?

"Well," says our opponent, "you have got it all right enough, but how will you run it?"

The answer of the Socialist is: "We'll run it with the same people who run it now." For in the Standard Oil Company, as in every modern industry, the separation between ownership and labor is perfect. Those who own the business do not run it, and those who run the business do not own it. It is immaterial to the 12,000 employes of the Standard Oil Company whether they work for Uncle Sam or for John D. Rockefeller. They may not know all of Uncle Sam's nephews and nieces, but neither do they know the stockholders of the Standard Oil Company. From the manager and superintendent, expert accountant and auditor, chemist and salesman, clear down to the tank wagon driver, they are all hired hands. All they want is a good job and regular pay. Uncle Sam has always been a better boss, paid higher wages and gave better working conditions than any other boss in this country.

Uncle Sam will call all these working people together and say: "Boys, I have bought Rockefeller's grease business. From now on you are working for me. I ask you to work for the same wages and the same hours as you did before for a while. I would like to raise your wages, but can't do it just now, because I owe that old skinflint $100,000,000, and the money has got to come out of the business."
And then he will turn around to the consumer and say: "You have been in the habit of paying ten to twenty cents for a gallon of coal oil or gasoline. We are going to cut down that price by and by, but not until Rockefeller is paid."

Well, do you think that the boys would run away from their job, just because we got Socialism in the grease business? Do you believe that the Republicans and the Democrats, who voted against it, would run away from the job? Have you ever heard of a Republican or a Democrat who ever ran away from a government job? Is it not a fact that they are running their legs off, clear up to the second knuckle, just to get a government job? And so it will be perfectly safe to assume they will hang onto their positions, and give to Uncle Sam, the same faithful service that they formerly gave to Rocky.

Now, if the same people who worked for the Standard, will work for the government for the same wages and the same number of hours, and if the product is sold for the same price to the consumer, then it follows, as day follows night, that the profits at the end of the year will be the same as before, and since these yearly profits just about equal one-half the value of the Standard Oil Company, we are able to give to Mr. Rockefeller the hundred million dollars
at the end of the second year and he returns our bonds.

From now on we have Socialism in the grease business proper. Dividends and interests are abolished. Every one of the 12,000 employes of the Standard created a surplus for the stockholders of about $4,000 a year. But there are no more stockholders to be paid, no more melons to be cut. The profit will be divided among the producers and the consumers. Uncle Sam could take $2,000 out of that $4,000 to increase the wage of each worker, giving him $2,500 a year instead of $500, and he will still be able to distribute 12,000 times two thousand dollars among the consumers in the form of cheaper coal oil, gasoline and axle grease.

The Dreadful Results.

Now, what do you suppose would happen? Understand, we have Socialism in the grease business. Imagine one of those poor working-men coming home on pay-night, with $50 instead of the usual ten-spot, in his pay envelope. The first thing he would do, would be to give his wife a black eye, kick the children out of the house, smash the dishes, and break the furniture. You see, he is mad, mad all over. He is furious because they raised his wages. That's enough to make anybody mad. The next Sunday morning, he will go to church for the last time, and when the preacher comes around for a little contribution, he tells him to go to the devil. The man had his wages raised from
$10 to $50. That's enough to cause anybody to lose his religion. And on Monday morning, he refuses point blank to go back to work, for what incentive has a man to work for $50 a week for the government, as long as he can get a $10 job on the outside?

Isn't that about the sum total of all the objections that they bring against Socialism? Don't they come around to you and say: "Socialism would break up the family, destroy religion, and rob men of all incentive to labor?"

Well, I had my wages raised once or twice in my life, never from $10 to $50; that delicate constitution of mine wouldn't have stood the shock; so they broke the news to me gradually, by raising my salary about 50 cents at a time. And, if I am able to judge the feeling of a man who gets a $40 raise, by the emotion that used to surge through my heart when I got a 50 cent raise, that fellow is going to act altogether different than the opponents of Socialism are trying to make us believe.

Breaking Up the Home.

I'll tell you how that fellow will act. He'll come home all out of breath, throw the dinner pail as far as he can throw it, and shout at the top of his voice: "Hurrah, old lady, come out here! Uncle Sam raised my wages from $10 to $50. Put on your glad rags and dress up the kids. Let's go down town and take in every dog-gone picture show on the white way."

Then he throws in a couple of hugs and smacks and kisses that can't be expressed in words.

Destroying Religion.

But will he still go to church? Oh, I guess he would. In fact, I am pretty sure he would,
because he bought himself a new suit of clothes on Saturday night. His old girl got a merry widow hat, and all the kids have new shoes. You couldn’t keep that family out of church with an ox team. And there they’ll be, bright and early Sunday morning, all togged up in their new fineries, but instead of standing up in the Amen corner, kind of humble like, they’ll walk right up to the front, and take a seat; because from now on, they can pay the pew rent, and don’t have to stand up along the walls. And when the preacher comes around for a little money to pay for the new carpet, or to buy a pipe organ, in place of that old, wheezy, asthmatic reed organ, instead of giving the preacher a lead slug, or a counterfeit quarter, a beer check from Kansas City, when he lives in Cincinnati, he goes down in his new pants pocket and he yanks out a roll of dollar bills, with a five-spot wrapped around the outside. He peels off the aforesaid five-spot, forks it over to the preacher, and says: “Here, Parson, take this V; go and buy yourself a square meal. You never had one under capitalism anyhow, and if that ain’t enough, come around for more.”

The Loss of Incentive.

But how about that incentive? Wouldn’t he lose his ambition to work? Did you ever see a mule that had an incentive for anything? Now if you want to give an incentive to a mule, tie a stick to his neck and hang a bundle of alfalfa
hay about two feet from his nose. The first thing that mule does is to stretch his neck. In all your life, did you ever see such a stretching as that mule is doing now? You see, he never had an incentive to stretch his neck like that before. Unable to reach the hay, he takes a step forward and then another, and still another, and by and by he falls into a trot, and before long he runs with all his might and main, and if he is big enough of a mule, he will run until he falls down exhausted. You see, as long as the mule can’t get the hay, he has an incentive to run after it. Now, if the mule should get a little horse sense, break the stick and eat the hay, he would lose his incentive to run.

The great question for the philosophers and political economists to decide is: Is the mule after the hay, or does he want the incentive? Most mules of my acquaintance, don’t seem to care much about the incentive. All they want is the hay, But I have met a great many two-legged mules, who don’t seem to care for the hay, but are hell bound to have the run. We Socialists don’t belong to that kind. We want the hay, and if the other fellow wants the run without the hay, bless his little heart, let him have it.

A Lie, a Lie, a Horrible Lie.

Some people may not believe that Rockefeller doesn’t run the Standard Oil Company, but we will let the old gentleman speak for himself.

A few years ago, when he was in Judge Landis’ court in Chicago, where he was fined $29,000,000 for disorderly conduct, every cent
of which he paid, NIT! he testified under oath—and, mind you, Rocky is 70 years old and a Baptist deacon besides, so he surely wouldn’t lie: “For nine years I haven’t been on the inside of an office belonging to the Standard Oil Company.”

Why, the old gentleman even didn’t know that the Oil Company of Indiana belonged to him and he had forgotten that the Waters-Pierce Oil Company of Texas was his property. Now when a man overlooks such small details, as two concerns capitalized at over $20,000,000, he had better get out of business, and let the fellow run it who runs it right now.

Then there are still other doubting Thomases who don’t believe that the profits of the Standard are quite as big as stated above, and again we call on Mr. Rockefeller to testify in our behalf. Some years ago, Frank Monett, the attorney general of Ohio, brought “ouster proceedings” against the Standard. He proved by expert testimony that it only cost one cent to manufacture a gallon of coal oil or gasoline. This got Rockefeller excited, and he asked to be put on the stand once more, where he swore that is was a lie, a lie, a horrible lie, that it cost two cents.

Now to a man up a tree, it looks as if the difference between two cents and ten or twenty cents leaves a fairly good margin.

I realize that a hundred million dollars isn’t very much money nowadays. I found that out in my own experience. At the present price of meat and flour, vegetables and house rent, a hundred million dollars doesn’t go very far, and if it were anybody but Rockefeller, I’d say
let's give him more; but fortunately, the old gentleman lost his stomach chasing dollars, and he can't eat anything richer than crackers or drink anything stronger than skimmed milk. A hundred million dollars, will buy him a Rocky mountain range of crackers and an ocean of skimmed milk. All the Rockies of the future, never will be able to eat all the crackers, or drink all the skimmed milk that the hundred million dollars will buy, and there will be a little money left over for monkey dinners, dog parties, cat weddings, butterfly balls and diamond dog collars, and all such other necessities of life as our rich folks must have nowadays.

As to the Means of Transportation.

The transportation trust ought to be taken over by the people also. The railroads carry the products of the field from the farm to the city, and the products of the factory from the city to the country. Now, let us suppose there
is a river. On one side of the river are all the people who make foodstuffs and raw material. On the other side are the people who make shoes, clothing, furniture, books and cottage organs. The people on one side of the river, who make clothing and furniture, cannot live without food, and those on the other side of the river, who raise food, cannot live without clothing and furniture. They are really working for each other, but between the two, there is a bridge, and all the food that goes to the city, has to go over that bridge, and all the furniture, clothing, etc., that goes to the country, will have to go over it. Now, this bridge belongs to a fat capitalist, who buys the food for as little as he can from the country folks, and sells it for as much as he can to the city people, and he buys the clothing from the city people, as cheap as he can, and sells it for as much as he can to the people in the country. In this manner he gets them going and coming. And while the workers on both sides of the river are hungry and go in rags, he grows sleek and fat. The private ownership of railroads works a good deal in the same way.

How Railroads Were Built.

In most countries the railroads were built by the capitalists and now belong to the people. In this country the railroads were built by the people and belong now to the capitalists. All in all, the government of the United States, presented the railroad promoters, with 266,000,000 acres of land. That is as much land as there is in Germany and France, two countries which support 100,000,000 people. Up to 1896,
the land grants of the government to the railroad companies, amounted to 9,600 acres of land for every mile of track built in the United States. If the railroad promoters sold this land at an average of $2 an acre, they got more money from the government that it cost them to build the railroads. Besides the land grants, our paternal government gave to railroad companies in many cases a cash bonus. The Central Pacific railroad, for instance, received from Congress every alternate section in a strip of land forty miles wide and a cash bonus of $16,000 for every mile of railroad built on level ground, $26,000 for every mile of railroad built in hilly country, and $46,000 for every mile of railroad built in mountain country. It is said that this company even moved the Rocky mountain range fifty miles farther west to get the latter bonus. Then the railroads received land grants for roads they never built. About 115,000,000 acres passed into the hands of the promoters, for railroads that never advanced beyond the prospectus stage. This process is called obtaining money under false pretense, and the guilty party, provided the amount is small enough, is usually sent to the penitentiary.

How Shall the Railroads Be Acquired?

Knowing all this, how much should the American people pay to the railroad owners for property acquired in the above manner? It is safe to say, that the railroads of the United States never have cost their original owners one single cent. How much, then, should we pay for them? There never yet was a Yankee
who would pay for something he could get for nothing, and by the time the American people have learned in what manner the railroads were built, they will give to their owners all that is coming to them, and some of these gentlemen, so-called widows and orphans, innocent investors, etc., may thank their Lord if they escape the penitentiary besides.

But, should we decide not to restore to the people what justly belongs to them, without paying an indemnity to the present owners, we may buy them. In this manner the German government acquired the privately owned railroads of that country. Between 1873 and 1878 the government issued bonds and used the profits of the roads to retire the bonds. In 1898 the Swiss government started to nationalize the railroads. It bought the controlling inter-
est in some of the leading lines, levied a heavy inheritance tax on large fortunes, and in this manner confiscated the property of the dead capitalists in order to pay the live ones. This is a very sensible method, inasmuch, as dead capitalists never kick, no matter how hard we pull their leg. Mr. Andy Carnegie, in a magazine article a few years ago, gave us a useful hint on how to acquire such property, when he said over his own signature: "Why do the people persist in preventing us working bees from gathering honey? Why don't they keep hands off, and then take the honey from us when we are dead?" Millionaires die all the time, but the government has many years to live. It may act in the capacity of the smiling heir.

Still another method would be to build our own railroads. In opposition to this it is urged that it would be too expensive; yet, when we take into consideration that the American railroads are capitalized on an average of $63,000 a mile, and that the people have to pay interest and dividends on this investment, and knowing further that it costs only $20,000 to build and to equip a mile of modern railroad, then it can easily be seen, that even if the government has to borrow every cent of this money, it only would have to pay interest on $20,000 per mile, instead of $63,000 per mile, as the American people do now. Besides, the railroads would be new and would belong to us.

How Would We Operate the Railroads?

The next question then is: How would we operate the railroads after we acquire them?
Well, what's the matter with Uncle Sam? Hasn't he been working at this job for many years? Every time the capitalist runs a railroad into the ground, they appeal to the government to have a receiver appointed. This functionary is nothing but a manager, responsible to the courts. If Uncle Sam can run bankrupt railroads and place them on a paying basis for a capitalist, he ought to have sense enough to run railroads that pay already, for the people. The trouble is that the government belongs to the railroads and is bound to work for them. Some day when the people capture the government, the same institution can be used in the interest of the masses.

There are still other people who maintain that if the government owned the railroads, politics would creep in. The two million railroad employes would use their political power to elect men to represent their interest, and this would lead to the sorry predicament of the railroaders running the railroads.

What a fearful calamity! Just imagine, gentle reader, the railroaders would run the railroads!

There are a great many people who claim that the railroads are run by their owners. This is not the case. We have two hundred thousand stockholders and bondholders, who claim to be part owners of our railroad systems. The stockholder's share in the management and
operations consists, in sending his proxy to a corporation lawyer, who votes for the board of directors. The board of directors then hire a manager, whose sole duty it is to make the wheels go around in the dividend machine, and to furnish juicy slices of melon for the stockholders. The bondholders, on the other hand, don't even know where their property is located and they only exercise their managing faculties long enough to clip coupons. It is exceedingly doubtful, whether even 5 per cent of the stock and bondholders of our railroads, could tell the difference between a coupling-pin and a caboose.

Most of these people live over in Europe, where they find more congenial society among the bankrupt nobility and the royal has-beens. They would not associate with such ordinary truck as Americans. Their daughters are married to the European counts and no-accounts, the dukes and ducks, the Boni Castellanes and Prince de Sagans, the Waschlawinski's, Tcherniewichicoff and Stinkiwitz. No, no, dear readers, these people don't run railroads. They only run through the money made on the railroads.

If the whole precious lot, with their monkey dinners, dog parties, cat funerals, butterfly balls, diamond dog collars, French poodles, actresses, automobiles, steam yachts, counts and no-accounts, with their mothers-in-law thrown in, would go to the bottom of the seas tonight, there would not be a single railroad train five seconds late in all the United States of America tomorrow morning on account of the sad departure.
Separation Between Ownership and Labor.

In the railroad industry, the separation between ownership and labor is perfect. Those who own the roads do not run them and those who run the roads do not own them. The operating personnel, from the managers, superintendents, traffic and passenger agents, accountants, civil engineers, locomotive engineers, firemen, switchmen, clear down to the cheapest Greek section hand, are all hired hands. They hold no ownership in the properties which they operate. It is immaterial to them whether they work for Uncle Sam or the Princess de Sagan.

The Socialists do not ask to change the operating force, but to change the ownership, so that the dividends may go to the people who run and use the roads, instead of to the innocent bystanders at Monte Carlo. Since the owners perform no useful function whatsoever, they can be dispensed with. They are nothing but pure and unadulterated parasites, and about as useful to mankind as fleas are useful to a dog.

Friendship of Fleas for Dogs, and Vice Versa.

Did you ever seen a dog without fleas? If you did, you say a happy, cheerful dog; a dog that lies in the shade of the old apple tree, dreaming of pork chops, jack rabbits and dog fights. Now, if we give this contented dog a handful of fleas, his dog nature will change immediately. Instead of dreaming about juicy pork chops, or how he would lick that brindle pup across the pike, or what he would do to the hind legs of that rabbit running through the underbrush, he sits up and notices things.
Pointing a cold, melancholy nose toward heaven, he stretches his neck and starts that peculiar up and down stroke characteristic to all flea-bitten dogs. He has found a job now; he has found useful employment; he has something to scratch for. Now, suppose the flea would sit up on the nose of that dog and say: "Lo and behold me, the benefactor. I have given work to this poor pup. Without me this doggie would have no job. Without me he would have no incentive to scratch." Wouldn't it be funny if the flea would make such an argument? And suppose the dog would vote for the flea on the strength of it, wouldn't that be still funnier? Yet this is exactly what the working people have done for many, many years.

**Typical Arguments.**

There are lots of people who still insist that we cannot do without the capitalist. I have seen many a poor devil, who was a working-man from his eyebrows down, and a capitalist from his eyebrows up, standing on a street corner, and, by vigorously working his jaw, produce the following noise:

"What would the poor people do without the rich folks? Suppose there wasn't some people to take the money that we poor people make, and spend it, thereby giving us work, how would we poor folks ever find something to do?"

Then there is another lantern-jawed, slab-sided, hungry looking individual, usually called
a renter, and he says: "What would people do without landlords? Don't the landlord furnish the land for the renters? Nowadays a poor devil what ain't got any land, can always go to the landlord and get some. Under Socialism, when no man can hold land who doesn't work land, from whom would the renter rent land?"

Anybody with a grain of sense, knows that the landlord furnishes the land. If the landlord had never been born, there wouldn't be any land, and if the landlord dies and goes to heaven, he takes the land down with him, and where that nice farm used to be, there is a big square hole in the ground, through which you can see the sun rise.

Conclusion.

To rid the body politic of the useless parasite, and to relieve the working class of the blood-suckers and exploiters, is the main aim of the great Socialist movement. We have social production and co-operative labor in all our great industries. Without the brains and the muscles of the workers, all the wheels would stop. The stockholder, bondholder, the silent partner, and the sleeping partner, furnish the capital, but we have learned that this function of providing the capital can be assumed very readily by society. It takes equipment to run the post department, but it does not require the capitalist to take a rake-off. It takes equipment to run the school system, but no capitalist is needed to make dividends out of our educational institutions. It takes equipment to build roads and bridges, but we have dispensed
with the capitalist who formerly collected the toll. If Uncle Sam can carry mail, there is no reason why he shouldn’t carry male and female also. Many cities furnish water to their citizens, others supply them with gas, electricity and transportation. A number of European municipalities operate banks, dairies, slaughter houses and a great many other industries. All we have to do is to broaden and to extend the system of municipal and state ownership.

But municipal and state ownership is no Socialism. State owned railroads and state monopolies are even today used as a means to exploit the working people for the benefit of the capitalist taxpayers. In order to give to the masses the full benefit of social ownership, it is necessary that the state itself belong to the people. We therefore demand that the class state be transformed into a government of the people, by the people and for the people. This can easily be accomplished through the extension of Democracy.

Socialism then, is the ownership of the trust by the government, and the ownership of the government by the people, by means of universal suffrage, the initiative, the referendum and the recall.

In conclusion, I want to say, that all those who haven’t intelligence enough to understand the explanation of Socialism given in this little book, will have their money refunded, if they will make affidavit of their shortcomings before any Notary Public.
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