A MAN-SANDWICH!
AND YOU ARE THE MEAT, MR. WAGE-WORKER!

IF YOU LIKE IT VOTE EITHER OLD PARTY TICKET!
THAT'S WHAT I DO.

DOWNWARD PRESSURE OF THE RATE OF WAGES.
UPWARD PRESSURE OF THE COST OF LIVING.

LOOK AT THIS PICTURE!—STUDY IT WELL!
What kind of a Civilization is it that gives a mere ONE PER CENT of the people of this country OVER HALF THE WEALTH! Every time a Worker produces a Dollar of Value, 83 per cent of it goes to the Capitalists. This is the kind of Robbery that keeps the Industrious Class poor and it will continue to grow worse until the Workers stop voting the Capitalist Parties into Power.

PRICES.
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HERE is the situation in this country of ours. Year upon year, life, in the bare sense of existence, becomes to the greater part of our population more and more difficult. Year upon year the gates of opportunity are more securely closed and locked against the children of the poor, against even the children of the fairly well to do. Year upon year prosperity, competence, sufficiency, and a chance for happiness, become more and more the exclusive possession of a limited class.

While this process goes on, there are still other mutations calculated to give us the gravest thought. Year upon year, all business,—wholesale, retail, manufacturing, transportation, financial,—tends more and more to become the property of a few men. Year upon year, this tremendous combination of capital is extending its tentacles into every corner of the country. Year upon year, it is gathering and sweeping up to itself all the resources of the richest country the sun shines upon. Year upon year, there is arising in the heart of our country a power the most gigantic and colossal ever existing upon this earth. Year upon year, day upon day, this power becomes a more tremendous menace against the existence of free institutions and a republican form of government.

Observe some of the plainest indications of these changes. I travel about the country from ocean to ocean and daily I am more and more impressed with the fact that business is being so combined that shortly it will have but one owner. I see chains of retail stores
advancing from town to town, everywhere transform-
ing a retail and independent merchant into the hired serv-ant of the chain. I see a chain of retail clothing stores reaching to 122 branches. I see similar great chains of drug stores, grocery stores, cigar stores, dry goods stores, candy stores, bakeries, restaurants, hotels. I see these spread almost overnight in every direction. I see great chains of banks from the Atlantic to the Pacific, absolutely controlling the money supply and dominating the merchants that still survive. Follow any of these chains to the end and you will find it leading you either to the corner of Broad and Wall Streets or to No. 26 Broadway. Under a thousand names the two great combinations of capitalists known as the Morgan group and the Standard Oil group stand somewhere back of these chains that are gathering up the wealth of the nation and securing the absolute control of the necessary supplies of ninety million people. Daily without effort, without will the process sweeps on. Already the wealth controlled by the Morgan group is estimated at twelve billion dollars, which is one-eighth of the total wealth of the United States. Without the volition of these men this staggering accumulation grows. Mr. Rockefeller’s income this year is seventy million dollars. He can not bury that in his cellar. He can do nothing with it but invest it in additional properties that are profitable and next year his income will be eighty million dollars, which will in turn purchase still other profitable prop-
erties, so that the next year he will have ninety mil-
ions or a hundred millions to invest. That is the essential nature of capital. It automatically and inexorably demands increase upon itself.

Mr. Rockefeller is but an example. What is happen-
ing to him and to his group is happening also to the other group and its members. Irresistibly the process goes on with increasing rapidity, gathering into these few hands the wealth of the country and the supplies of things men must have to live.

In the history of all the world there was never a
power to be compared with this. No monarch, no emperor, that ever existed, swayed such an influence upon the destinies of mankind. There never was a king, for instance, that controlled, as these men control, the supplies of the daily necessaries of ninety million people. There never was an emperor that held in his hand the supplies of food, of clothing, of artificial light and heat, of transportation, of money, for one entire nation. Never was such a thing known in the experience of mankind.

Is it conceivable that such a power, absolute, irresponsible, autocratic, can exist at the same time with any true measure of human freedom?

Consider also that while these great changes have been going on, there has been steadily progressing a profound economic transformation. Year by year the cost of living mounts upon the majority of the population. There has been no corresponding increase of salaries and wages. What does this mean to our country?

In the last fifteen years the average cost of living has increased sixty per cent. The average of wages and salaries has increased less than twenty per cent. The cost of living has been increasing upon us nearly four times as fast as the average of wages and incomes. What does this mean to this country of ours?

Twenty years ago, on the basis of the census of 1890, sociologists found that eighty-five per cent. of the people of the United States were either poor or very poor. Thirty-five per cent. were poor, fifty per cent. were very poor; eighty-five per cent. were either poor or very poor. In those days prosperity,—that overworked word,—prosperity, competence and a chance in life were limited to fifteen per cent. of the population. Since that time the cost of living has increased sixty per cent., the average of wages and salaries has increased less than twenty per cent. What does this mean for our country?

Twenty years ago, on the basis of conditions existing then, the sociologists warned us we were walking
the wrong road. They told us then that the only possible results of the conditions that existed at that time were physical and national decline. They told us then that from such conditions there could issue only a huge population ill-fed, ill-nourished, ill-housed, and a prey to disease, and from such a population there would result inevitably increase of crime, increase of poverty, increase of the slums, increase of epidemics, increase of insanity.

Since that time the cost of living has increased sixty per cent. The average of wages and salaries has increased less than twenty per cent. If the condition was appalling twenty years ago, what do you think it must be to-day?

I need deal with no arguments, no comments, no theories. I offer you only the facts. Turn for your answer to the statistics. Soon after Police Commissioner Bingham left his office he testified to the increase of crime in New York City in spite of his best efforts. In one year there were reported thirty-five thousand burglaries. There is your answer.

Turn to the reports of the Health Departments, to the specialists on tuberculosis, and learn from them that, in spite of the magnificent warfare carried on against tuberculosis, backed by millions, conducted with much ability and resolution and determination, society makes little or no headway in its warfare against the great white plague. There is your answer.

Observe, as you may in any visit, how the physical proportions of the slums grow day by day. There is your answer.

Turn to the last report of the Commissioner of Charities. Learn there that the pauper population is increasing in New York City five times as fast as the total population. There is your answer.

Within a month, Dr. Carlos F. McDonald, our greatest alienist, has called our attention to the increase of insanity, which he calls appalling. Statistics from other states show how insanity is growing through our population. There is your answer.
The slums increase, poverty increases, pauperism increases, crime increases, epidemics increase, insanity increases. There is your answer.

In the last fifteen years, the cost of living has increased sixty per cent. and the average of wages and incomes has increased less than twenty per cent. Here are the fruits of these conditions threatening us with imminent disaster. Then I come to you and ask you, of your consciences, are you ready to let this go any further? At the end of the road we are walking lies a huge Whitechapel. At the end of it lies a tremendous population like that in the East End of London, incapable of normal production, incapable of normal consumption, badly fed, badly housed, a prey to disease, incapable of mental, moral or spiritual progress. Into that pit the nation is sliding. I ask you, of your consciences, are you ready to approve of that decline? If you are Americans, if you are proud of your country, if you have pride in its history, are you ready to see it go where Rome went?

Because, remember, monarchies are destroyed by poverty and republics by wealth,—concentrated wealth,—and in the history of the world there was never concentrated wealth equal to that confronting your nation to-day.

I speak to you as practical men and women. I tell you facts. I ask only your independent judgment upon them. The average cost of living has increased sixty per cent. Why has it increased sixty per cent.? Deal with the statistics again to see. Take the supply that is primarily, necessarily and directly related to the largest number of us, the supply of transportation. Come, then, to the railroad system of the United States, if you desire to know why the cost of living has increased. The total capitalization of the railroad systems of the United States is eighteen billion, five hundred million dollars. About ten billion of that is fictitious. It has increased in the last seven years six billion dollars; it is now increasing at the rate of one billion dollars a year, or thereabouts. This capitaliza-
tion consists of stocks and bonds. Stocks and bonds pay interest and dividends. To pay interest and dividends, revenue is required. More capitalization, therefore, means more stocks and bonds, more interest and dividends, and more revenue. Increased revenue to meet increased dividends and interest on increased stocks and bonds can be obtained only by increased rates. Therefore, in the last ten years freight rates in the United States have increased eighteen per cent.

But that is only the beginning in this story. Come to such an institution as the Steel Trust. It also has an enormous over-capitalization; it is capitalized at four for one for the value of its properties. It therefore has an excellent reason for maintaining a high price for its product. It must secure the revenue to pay the interest on its stocks and bonds. Reason! It is not reason, it is compulsion; the Steel Trust must do just this and not otherwise if it is to live. But it also does much business with the railroads and it meets in that business the increased railroad rates brought about by the increased capitalization. Therefore it has two good reasons for increasing the price of its product.

Come next to such an institution as the agricultural machinery trust. It also is enormously over-capitalized; it also must have revenue to pay interest on its stocks and bonds. Therefore, it has an excellent reason for increasing the price of its product. But it also does much business with the Steel Trust and meets in that business the increased price brought about by the over-capitalization of the Steel Trust. Therefore it has two good reasons for increasing the price of its product. But it also does much business with the railroads and meets their increased railroad rates brought about by the increased capitalization of the railroads. Therefore it has three good reasons for increasing the price of its product.

Follow this down the long, long catalogue,—the Lumber Trust, the Leather Trust, the White Lead
Trust, the Zinc Trust, the Copper Trust, the Shoe Trust, the Woolen Trust, the Coal Trust, the Sugar Trust—time would fail me to recite the long list; go down the whole dismal line, and consider that every one of these trusts is enormously over-capitalized, and that most of them continue to increase their capitalization (because that way lies profit), that so long as the printing presses are available, there is no reason why they should not increase their capitalization. Consider that of all the sources of riches in the United States, none equals the possession of a handy printing press. Consider that all of these institutions, one after another, continue to pile up this monstrous capitalization, that all demand the payment of interest and dividends; that all require an increased price of product to pay these increased charges; that much of that gigantic load falls upon the farmer; that the farmer goes at all times trimmed neatly on two sides, on one side by the Beef Trust and on the other by the Elevator Trust; that the Beef Trust hardly does a thing to him except to fix a minimum price on cattle and a maximum price on meat, thereby working both sides of the street.

Consider all this, and what would you expect except that the cost of living would go up? What on earth could happen except an increased cost of living?
it any wonder that in fifteen years the cost of living has increased sixty per cent.? Is it any wonder that wages and salaries have not increased in like proportion? For remember there is no over-capitalization in the labor market. No stocks and bonds are issued there. No imperative and irresistible pressure demands increased revenue, but labor bound to the wheels of these colossal organizations takes what is allotted to it.

But why is this over-capitalization? Because it is inevitable; because it must happen; because in no other way can Trusts be born. Every Trust is formed on exactly the same principle; a number of separate institutions are brought together into one. In order to bring them together there must be an issue of capitalization, stocks and bonds, to induce proprietors to come into the combination. In this way Trusts are formed and in this way alone, and every Trust necessarily adds to the burden of capitalization upon which interest and dividends must be obtained from us.

Yet do not overlook the change in the economic condition of the people that is going on as a result of all these combinations. Slowly that result in some of its most deplorable aspects forces itself upon the attention of the doctors of the body politic. One after another they are driven to come with their prescriptions.

Mr. Roosevelt has two. First, he says that what the nation wants to do in this crisis is to put down the bosses. "Down with the bosses!" he cries and he went straightway to Saratoga and showed us just how to put them down. He has given us an object lesson in putting down the bosses by giving us an example of the greatest bossism ever known in this country. His idea seems to be, "I am opposed to every boss except myself and all bossism except mine." He also has another remedy. He says, "What we want to do is to cinch the corporation." He says, "I will cinch the corporations." Good man! But why should any-
one rejoice at the prospect of his cinching corporations? When he cinches corporations, who pays for the cinching? He cinches the corporations, the corporations cinch us. What do we get from the cinching?

During his term in the presidency he was tremendously impressed with the advantages of fining corporations—which, I suppose, is what he means by cinching. He seemed to think if he could only fine somebody or some corporation, all our troubles would disappear. If we laid fines on the corporations up would go wages, I suppose, and down would go pork chops. Fine the corporations? Why on earth should we fine the corporations? Is it not perfectly clear to any mind that every time you fine a corporation the corporation simply passes the fine on to us?

It is regarded as an achievement in Mr. Roosevelt’s administration that he compelled somebody to fine the New York Central Railroad $149,000. Who paid that fine? President Brown of the New York Central? Not a cent. The directors? Not so that you could notice it. The manager, the assistant manager or the superintendent? Not once. The stockholders? They did not. Who paid it? Every cent of it was dug out of us.

Then why should we be interested in his cinching corporations? What good does it do us?

Let me show you by a concrete illustration how this thing works. We have on the statute books a wonderful and beautiful thing called the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, a triumph of economic puttering, Dr. Sherman’s Golden Specific for Trusts. It has never been enforced upon trusts. It was never designed to be enforced upon labor unions. It has been enforced upon labor unions. But that is a detail. In the State of Missouri they have also a statute against Trusts. It also defines as a crime any restraint of trade and declares that anybody that commits it shall be punished. They have that in the State of Missouri also, Missouri, where a man must be shown things. In 1904, they had an
attorney-general in Missouri who believed in enforcing laws as he found them—a strange kind of creature to be attorney general—so he found this statute providing that combinations in restraint of trade are criminal and must be punished. He found that our old friend, the Beef Trust, operated that kind of a combination; so he had the members of that trust indicted, tried and convicted, and then he had a terrible punishment inflicted upon them. Six firms were in this wicked combination in restraint of trade, and they were fined $10,000 apiece—$60,000. Thus did justice rear its awful front in Missouri. Sixty thousand dollars for maintaining a combination in restraint of trade. So, of course, the firm appealed. The case went to the State Supreme Court and the State Supreme Court handed down a decision affirming the decision of the court below imposing this fine. Ten thousand dollars apiece; sixty thousand dollars! This decision was handed down at 10 o'clock in the morning. The attorneys for the firms, these wicked firms, were on hand with their check books; and they paid the fines on the spot; $10,000 for each firm, six checks, $60,000!

They turned in those checks at twenty minutes past ten. At half-past ten the firms raised the price of meat two cents a pound. By six o'clock that night they had got the fine back, and they continued to get it back every day for the rest of the season. That is what it is to cinch the corporations. Wherein lies any public benefit in that?

We make laws to govern industrial corporations and railroad companies. These corporations and the railroad companies violate our statutes. Then we insist upon punishing them by punishing ourselves.

I am very much of the conviction that the railroad companies get all of my money now that I care to have them get, and I am inclined to believe that that is the opinion of most of my fellow citizens.

But there are other remedies. The Democratic party has one. It announces in a tone singularly like
a bray that what we want to do is to change the names of things; don't change the things, just change the names of them. Hitherto we have been misgoverned by a misgoverning class under the name of the Republican party. Now let us be misgoverned by the same misgoverning class under the name of Democratic party and everything will be lovely.

Then some wise gentlemen think that in some way, the Lord knows how, these things can be affected by the blessed old tariff. Has the cost of living gone up, has it become more and more difficult to rear a household in decency and comfort in this land? Put asafoetida on the free list and reduce the rate on lumber planed on one side, and all will be well.

Then there are other remedies. Dr. Bryan has one—his favorite prescription—a grand thing! He says, "What we want to do is to abolish the trusts and re-
turn to competition.” How simple! So easy! Abolish the trusts and return to competition! Well, why don’t you abolish the trusts? Why do you wait? Go on and abolish the trusts. Of course, he doesn’t tell us how to abolish the trusts. He merely says, “Abolish the trusts and return to competition.”

Would Dr. Bryan like to abolish the railroad and return to the stage coach? Would he like to abolish electric light and return to tallow candles? Would he like to abolish the power printing press and return to the hand press of Benjamin Franklin? Would he like to abolish the steamship and return to the canoe? Yet not one of those propositions is any more absurd and preposterous than this idea that you can abolish the trusts and return to competition.

Where do the trusts come from? What a pity it is that the good Lord in his wisdom did not provide these gentlemen with a thinking apparatus! Why in the world is it that some of them do not at some time, some moment of leisure, sit down and ask themselves a few simple, kindergarten questions? Where did trusts come from? It seems to be the idea of Dr. Bryan, Mr. Roosevelt, and the other remedial practitioners that the trust was designed by depraved men, wicked creatures, dreadful persons, such as Benvenuto Cellini—called express great devils loosed upon earth to prey upon poor helpless humanity. What rot! Where did the trust come from?

I notice the United States District Attorney at Chicago sends glad tidings of great joy that he has indicted six members of the Beef Trust and has good hopes that he will put them into jail. Well, “Hope springs eternal in the human breast.” Hope on, good District Attorney. You won’t get them into jail, but still hope on. It is a virtue to hope. Be cheerful and hope much. But suppose he did put them all into jail. Suppose he put into jail every man named Armour, every man named Morris, every man named Swift. How on earth would that affect this tre-
mendous fundamental economic problem, that day upon day insists upon an answer from this country of ours?

But where did the Trust come from? Listen. In the thirteenth century there were two goldsmiths and money lenders in the city of Florence, Italy, who had shops on opposite sides of the same street. It occurred to them if they combined they would need but one shop and no assistants. So they combined—the first copartnership on record. Two men cooperating for greater efficiency, greater economy. Then they discovered that having abolished competition, they could make the rates on money what they pleased. There was born the idea of combined effort in business—two men cooperating for greater efficiency and greater economy.

No doubt the Florentines of that day were much affrighted at the development, and thought the government ought to do something to stop it. I suppose the intellectual progenitors of Mr. Bryan and Mr. Roosevelt thought they ought to have somebody shot, fined or put into jail. They thought the government ought to prohibit combinations in restraint of trade. But no government on earth could stop it. It was progress, it was economy, it was reason. It was a step toward greater efficiency, greater economy.

The idea spread all about Europe. Copartnerships became common. Then came the firm, three or four men cooperating for greater efficiency, greater economy. Then the stock company, fifty men cooperating for greater efficiency, greater economy. Then greater companies, five hundred men cooperating for greater efficiency and greater economy, then the great corporation, 10,000 men cooperating for greater economy, then the Trust, the greatest corporation of all, 500,000 men cooperating for greater efficiency, greater economy.

Where did the Trust come from? It came from inevitable evolution. Do Dr. Bryan and Mr. Roosevelt
think that they can stop evolution? In the Gorner valley in Switzerland six great glaciers unite to form a greater, flowing down from the mountains and Mr. Roosevelt takes his trusty shot gun, stands in front of it and says, “If you advance another inch I will blow you full of holes!”

How are you going to stop evolution by a few laws? Do these gentlemen think that they could abolish geological evolution in that way? Do they think that with a little legislation they could eliminate the Lower Silurian or Old Red Sandstone? Yet that is no more preposterous than their idea of abolishing the trusts and returning to competition.

But why do you want to abolish the trusts? Why abolish a machine so well adapted to economy and efficiency? Why abolish a thing capable of such tremendous benefit to the world?

You say that up to this point the operation of this thing has worked evil as well as good. Granted. You say that one of its results is to impoverish the many and enrich the few. Granted. You say that it operates to build up in the heart of your republic a colossal power whose existence is a menace to free institutions. Granted. You say that hitherto it has been operated for the sole benefit of a few men. Granted. But why seek to turn evolution backward? Instead of fighting evolution, march right on with it! The next inevitable step is perfectly clear. Hitherto the trust has been operated for the benefit of a few men. Now let it be operated for the benefit of all men. Hitherto it has been owned by a few for their own welfare and profit. Now let it be owned by all for universal welfare and profit. Let the Nation own the Trusts!

So when a man comes to me and says, “I do not believe in coöperative enterprise,” I say to him, “Dear sir, you have no choice. The time for belief or disbelief on that matter has long passed by. You might just as well say, ‘I do not believe in the Rocky Moun-
tains.' Coöperative enterprise is no longer a theory, nor a doctrine; it is an accomplished fact. The only thing that you have to say about it is whether it shall be conducted for the benefit and profit of Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Morgan or for the benefit of yourselves; nothing else."

So stands the situation. All the other remedies for these admitted evils appear on examination to be perfectly trivial and childish. If it were not for one thing, every socialist in the face of these ridiculous propositions would do nothing but laugh. If it were not for one consideration, the whole socialist body would move to and fro shaking with laughter. What spectacle more ridiculous could be offered in a nation fronting the greatest crisis in its history, confronting a situation that involves the question of its continued existence—what could be more absurd than these persons running up and down and offering as the solution of this tremendous thing a shotgun, a fine or a prison cell? If it were not for just one thing, all the socialists in the world would shriek with laughter at this spectacle. Socialism looks upon this situation and declares that for it all there is no remedy except one that goes to the root of the trouble and abolishes it. Socialism declares that when these supplies of yours now owned by a few for their profit, the supplies of
your daily necessaries of the things you must have to live, that when these supplies shall cease to be the private property of a few men and shall become the property of all men, then the whole evil and every phase of it will vanish and not until then.

Compared with that proposition, how foolish, how sordid, how mean, how contemptible appear all the propositions offered by the Republican and Democratic parties! We have no boss to serve, thank God. We have no machine to finance. We have no appetite for power nor for pelf. We do not fight to win offices. We do not care for the fortunes of leaders. We stand definitely upon this proposition, that our aim is not for to-day but for all the future; that we are not striving for ourselves alone but for our children; that our aim is not merely for one country but for all the world.

But, let me tell you why we do not laugh, why these things are not preeminently comical to us. On Christmas eve, three years ago, I stood one night in a great department store. In that store the custom was every year at the Christmas season to employ a number of extra saleswomen. At the end of the Christmas season, those that had shown unusual ability, or perhaps those that were unusually attractive, might be retained in the service; the others were dismissed. That night was to tell the fate of the young women in the one department where I stood. The business of the day was done; they were waiting for the arrival of the manager. He brought with him a basket containing envelopes. Those envelopes contained the money that the young women had earned. If they were to be retained in the employment, the envelope contained nothing besides the money. If they were to be dismissed, the envelope contained also little slips of paper reading, “Your services are not required after tonight.” They were waiting to know which would be their fate.

I saw on the outskirts of the little knot of young women one the worst dressed of all and the most
timid. She seemed to be under some strong emotion; her hands trembled; her face was flushed. The others came up and got their envelopes and some laughed and some did not care and some were happy because they were retained. But she stood aloof, and at last she came and she took her envelope and held it in her hands, because evidently she feared to open that envelope. And at last she tore off one corner and peeked inside and there was the slip! And her hands flew up to her eyes and there came a gasp out of her chest as if someone had struck her, and she cried, "My God!" and staggered out of the room.

Two weeks later a friend of mine, going to a socialist meeting on the East Side, was solicited on the street by a little girl fifteen or sixteen years old. Struck with horror by such a frightful thing, he stopped to question her, and she told him her story. She had been employed for the Christmas season in a great department store. She had lost her employment; her father was out of work; her mother was an invalid; she had three little brothers and sisters. Their support had been her wage from that department store. She had lost it, and then, confronted with the situation at home for which there seemed to be no help, she had told her family that she had secured employment as night cashier in a restaurant, and then she had gone upon the street to barter her soul and sell her body for bread. And that is why we do not laugh, you gentlemen who are fooling around the edges of this problem. While you discuss with yourselves about this remedy and that remedy, men and women are dying. While you wonder whether you will lower the tariff or raise the tariff or do some other foolish thing, this tremendous avalanche of misery sinks lower and lower before you. While you wait and discuss what you will do about it, the economic condition of millions descends to lower depths. And that is why we do not laugh.

That is why we say there is nothing in all this world that is worth thinking about, excepting this one
tremendous thing of the welfare of the race. Do you tell me of anything else? Do you tell me of the political career? Do you tell me of the life spent in ease and luxury? Do you tell me of the pursuit of art, poetry, music, literature? All these things are nothing by comparison. Take but one man, deprived of his work, walking the streets, asking in vain for employment. Contemplate what must be his feelings when, night after night, he goes home and is confronted there with the poverty of his family that he cannot relieve. Add to that the feeling of despair that must possess the wife and mother. Multiply that situation into a million homes, dark and cheerless this night. Add upon that the one million women going down the steeps of prostitution in the United States of America. Add upon that the two million little children being murdered in your mines and mills and factories. Add upon that the darkness of misery and ignorance that daily settles lower over the poverty-stricken regions of your country. Contemplate this whole colossal pyramid of wrong and tell me, where is the question that is worth one moment's consideration, compared with this overwhelming problem of the degradation of mankind.

And so we say we are done with it all forever. We have no part nor lot in it. We say that our portion is to make war upon this system, that we will make no truce nor compromise with it, now nor hereafter. Here we take our stand; God help us, we can do no otherwise. Here we stand immutably resolved against the whole system of capitalism. Because we see it is for the sake of this system that the majority of the men, women and children upon this earth live in misery and want in the midst of a world full to overflowing with abundance; it is for this system that millions of our brothers and sisters have no life but drudging toil and hopeless misery; it is for the sake of this system that the heart of the world is torn and the eyes of the world are wet with tears, and with this system we will make no peace and no terms. The
business on our parts is to protest against it and protest and continue to protest until the time comes when the victory we seek is in our hands.

In answer to our arguments, facts, statements and deductions in behalf of Socialism, men say we are
dreamers. They say that all this is a dream. They say that we want the impossible. Then I say to you, if Socialism is a dream, rewrite your histories, take down your monuments, for every page of your history has been made bright with men that have lived and died for a dream; your monuments commemorate the deeds and lives of dreamers. Cease to speak in honor of Garibaldi, cease to praise Burns and Winkelried, Hofer and Nathan Hale, Lincoln and John Brown; cease to admire that consummate flower of American life, Wendell Phillips, for all these men were only dreamers. Cease to think that the race can progress; cease to think that in any way life can be made decent; cease to subscribe for hospitals and philanthropic enterprises; cease to think well of your fellow man. If Socialism is a dream, Christianity is a dream, civilization is a dream, everything in all the world is a dream, except the idea that it is a huge, hideous battlefield, whereon men are loosed to maim and gore and prey upon one another.

But we deny that slander upon our kind. Man, the summit of creation; man, the finest of God’s works; man, the paragon of animals, the wonder of the universe; that knows beauty and is touched by it; man, that can create beautiful things and know their meaning; man that is touched with sympathy and pity for his fallen brother—the man was never designed for an organization of society like that of a den of wolves. They say that all our proposal is a dream. I turn to the Bible and I find there, “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.” I accept that doctrine; I stand upon that creed. I will never ask God to treat me any better than I will treat my fellow man; I will never ask him to think any more of me than I think of his brethren. But if that be true, how true also is the converse of that proposition, that if I live in a world filled with unnecessary horrors and never make a protest, if I see all around me these needless miseries and offer no word of objection, if I stand by the side
of this stream flowing downward and see men and women going to destruction and offer no hand and throw no rope, if against it all I have no word of protest, then I am *particeps criminis* in the whole dreadful business. My hand has helped to push further down the poor woman of the street, my hand has helped to strike down my brother, fallen on the industrial battlefield, on my head fall the tears and blood shed round the world for this system.

So, then, here we stand. We may not in our time see the perfect emancipation of man for which we strive and hope and pray, but at least we have emancipated ourselves. We have no responsibility for the whole infinite wrong, because day after day we protest and protest and protest, until the time comes when we can crush it out of the world forever; crush it out to the end that at last this world of ours may become fit for the habitation of its people, that at last men and women may know the blessings of happiness, that little children shall have their inheritance of joy, that there shall be love upon earth and no more hatred, joy upon earth and no more misery, peace upon earth and no more strife, light upon earth and no more darkness!
The only demonstration in Germany against the high cost of living that the government cannot forbid.—*Der Wahre Jakob*. 