LIBERTY
BY
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LIBERTY.

Manifestly the spirit of '76 still survives. The fires of liberty and noble aspirations are not yet extinguished. I greet you to-night as lovers of liberty and despisers of despotism. I comprehend the significance of this demonstration and appreciate the honor that makes it possible for me to be your guest on such an occasion. The vindication and glorification of American principles of government, as proclaimed to the world in the Declaration of Independence, is the high purpose of this convocation.

Speaking for myself personally, I am not certain whether this is an occasion for rejoicing or lamentation. I confess to a serious doubt as to whether this day marks my deliverance from bondage to freedom or my doom from freedom to bondage. Certain it is, in the light of recent judicial proceedings, that I stand in your presence stripped of my constitutional rights as a freeman and shorn of the most sacred prerogatives of American citizenship, and what is true of myself is true of every other citizen who has the temerity to protest against corporation rule or question the absolute sway of the money power. It is not law nor the administration of law of which I complain. It is the flagrant violation of the Constitution, the total abrogation of law and the usurpation of judicial and despotic power, by virtue of which my colleagues and myself were committed to jail, against which I enter my solemn protest, and any honest analysis of the proceedings must sustain the haggard truth of the indictment.

In a letter recently written by the venerable Judge Trumbull that eminent jurist says: "The doctrine announced by the Supreme Court in the Debs case, carried to its logical conclusion, places every citizen at the mercy of any prejudiced or malicious federal judge who may think proper to imprison him." This is the deliberate conclusion of one of the purest, ablest and most distinguished judges the Republic has produced. The authority of Judge Trumbull upon this question will not be impeached by anyone whose opinions are not deformed or debauched.

At this juncture I deem it proper to voice my demand for a trial by a jury of my peers. At the instigation of the railroad corporations centering here in Chicago I was indicted for conspiracy and I insist upon being tried as to my innocence.
or guilt. It will be remembered that the trial last winter terminated very abruptly on account of a sick juror. It was currently reported at the time that this was merely a pretext to abandon the trial and thus defeat the vindication of a favorable verdict, which seemed inevitable, and which would have been in painfully embarrassing contrast with the sentence previously pronounced by Judge Woods in substantially the same case. Whether this be true or not, I do not know. I do know, however, that I have been denied a trial, and here and now I demand a hearing of my case. I am charged with conspiracy to commit a crime, and if guilty I should go to the penitentiary. All I ask is a fair trial and no favor. If the counsel for the government, alias the railroads, have been correctly quoted in the press, the case against me is "not to be pressed," as they "do not wish to appear in the light of persecuting the defendants." I repel with scorn their professed mercy. Simple justice is the demand. I am not disposed to shrink from the fullest responsibility for my acts. I have had time for meditation and reflection and I have no hesitancy in declaring that under the same circumstances I would pursue precisely the same policy. So far as my acts are concerned, I have neither apology nor regrets.

Dismissing this branch of the subject, permit me to assure you that I am not here to bemoan my lot. In my vocabulary there are no wails of despondency or despair. However gloomy the future may appear to others, I have an abiding faith in the ultimate triumph of the right. My heart responds to the sentiments of the poet who says:

"Swing back to day, O prison gate,
O winds, stream out the stripes and stars,
O men, once more in high debate
Denounce injunction rule and czars.
By Freedom's travail pangs we swear
That slavery's chains we will not wear.

"Ring joyously, O prison bell,
O iron tongue, the truth proclaim;
O winds and lightnings, speed to tell
That ours is not a czar's domain.
By all the oracles divine
We pledge defense of Freedom's shrine.

"O freemen true! O sons of sires!
O sons of men who dared to die!
O fan to life old Freedom's fires
And light with glory Freedom's sky.
Then swear by God's eternal throne,
America shall be Freedom's home."
"O workingmen! O Labor's hosts!  
O men of courage, heart and will;  
O far and wide send Labor's toasts  
Till every heart feels Freedom's thrill,  
And freemen's shouts like billows roar  
O'er all the land from shore to shore."

Liberty is not a word of modern coinage. Liberty and slavery are primal words, like good and evil, right and wrong; they are opposites and coexistent.

There has been no liberty in the world since the gift, like sunshine and rain, came down from heaven, for the maintenance of which man has not been required to fight, and man's complete degradation is secured only when subjugation and slavery have sapped him of the last spark of the noble attributes of his nature and reduced him to the unresisting inertness of a clod.

The theme to-night is personal liberty; or giving it its full height, depth and breadth, American liberty, something that Americans have been accustomed to eulogize since the foundation of the Republic, and multiplied thousands of them continue in the habit to this day because they do not recognize the truth that in the imprisonment of one man in defiance of all constitutional guarantees, the liberties of all are invaded and placed in peril. In saying this, I conjecture I have struck the keynote of alarm that has convoked this vast audience.

For the first time in the records of all the ages, the inalienable rights of man, "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," were proclaimed July 4th, 1776.

It was then that crowns, sceptres, thrones and the divine right of kings to rule sunk together and man expanded to glorious liberty and sovereignty. It was then that the genius of Liberty, speaking to all men in the commanding voice of Eternal Truth, bade them assert their heaven-decreed prerogatives and emancipate themselves from bondage. It was a proclamation countersigned by the Infinite—and man stood forth the coronated sovereign of the world, free as the tides that flow, free as the winds that blow, and on that primal morning when creation was complete, the morning stars and the sons of God, in anthem chorus, sang the song of Liberty. It may be a fancy, but within the limitless boundaries of the imagination I can conceive of no other theme more appropriate to weave into the harmonies of Freedom. The Creator had surveyed his work and pronounced it good, but nothing
can be called good in human affairs with liberty eliminated. As well talk of air without nitrogen, or water without oxygen, as of goodness without liberty.

It does not matter that the Creator has sown with stars the fields of ether and decked the earth with countless beauties for man's enjoyment. It does not matter that air and ocean teem with the wonders of innumerable forms of life to challenge man's admiration and investigation. It does not matter that nature spreads forth all her scenes of beauty and gladness and pours forth the melodies of her myriad-tongued voices for man's delectation. If liberty is ostracised and exiled, man is a slave, and the world rolls in space and whirls around the sun a gilded prison, a domed dungeon, and though painted in all the enchanting hues that infinite art could command, it must stand forth a blotch amidst the singing spheres of the sidereal heavens, and those who cull from the vocabularies of nations, living or dead, their flashing phrases with which to apostrophize Liberty, are engaged in perpetuating the most stupendous delusion the ages have known. Strike down liberty, no matter by what subtle and infernal art the deed is done, the spinal cord of humanity is sundered and the world is paralyzed by the indescribable crime.

Strike the fetters from the slave, give him liberty and he becomes an inhabitant of a new world. He looks abroad and beholds life and joy in all things around him. His soul expands beyond all boundaries. Emancipated by the genius of Liberty, he aspires to communion with all that is noble and beautiful and feels himself allied to all the higher order of intelligences, and walks abroad, redeemed from animalism, ignorance and superstition, a new being throbbing with glorious life.

What pen or tongue from primeval man to the loftiest intellect of the present generation has been able to fittingly anathematize the more than satanic crime of stealing the jewel of liberty from the crown of manhood and reducing the victim of the burglary to slavery or to prison, to gratify those monsters of iniquity who for some inscrutable reason are given breath to contaminate the atmosphere and poison every fountain and stream designed to bless the world?

It may be questioned if such interrogatories are worth the time required to state them, and I turn from their consideration to the actualities of my theme. As Americans, we have boasted of our liberties and continue to boast of them. They
were once the nation's glory, and, if some have vanished, it may be well to remember that a remnant still remains. Out of prison, beyond the limits of Russian injunctions, out of reach of a deputy marshal's club, above the throttling clutch of corporations and the enslaving power of plutocracy, out of range of the government's machine guns and knowing the location of judicial traps and deadfalls, Americans may still indulge in the exaltation of liberty, though pursued through every lane and avenue of life by the baying hounds of usurped and unconstitutional power, glad if when night lets down her sable curtains, they are out of prison, though still the wage-slaves of a plutocracy which, were it in the celestial city, would wreck every avenue leading up to the throne of the Infinite by stealing the gold with which they are paved, and debauch Heaven's supreme court to obtain a decision that the command "thou shalt not steal" is unconstitutional.

Liberty, be it known, is for those only who dare strike the blow to secure and retain the priceless boon. It has been written that the "love of liberty with life is given" and that life itself is an inferior gift; that with liberty exiled life is a continuous curse and that "an hour of liberty is worth an eternity of bondage." It would be an easy task to link together gilded periods extolling liberty until the mind, weary with delight, becomes oblivious of the fact that while dreaming of security, the blessings we magnified had, one by one, and little by little, disappeared, emphasizing the truth of the maxim that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

Is it worth while to iterate that all men are created free and that slavery and bondage are in contravention of the Creator's decree and have their origin in man's depravity?

If liberty is a birthright which has been wrested from the weak by the strong, or has been placed in peril by those who were commissioned to guard it as Gheber priests watch the sacred fires they worship, what is to be done? Leaving all other nations, kindred and tongues out of the question, what is the duty of Americans? Above all, what is the duty of American workingmen whose liberties have been placed in peril? They are not hereditary bondsmen. Their fathers were free born—their sovereignty none denied and their children yet have the ballot. It has been called "a weapon that executes a free man's will as lighting does the will of God." It is a metaphor pregnant with life and truth. There is nothing in our government it can not remove or amend. It can
make and unmake Presidents and Congresses and Courts. It can abolish unjust laws and consign to eternal odium and oblivion unjust judges, strip from them their robes and gowns and send them forth unclean as lepers to bear the burden of merited obloquy as Cain with the mark of a murderer. It can sweep away trusts, syndicates, corporations, monopolies, and every other abnormal development of the money power designed to abridge the liberties of workingmen and enslave them by the degradation incident to poverty and enforced idleness, as cyclones scatter the leaves of the forest. The ballot can do all this and more. It can give our civilization its crowning glory—the co-operative commonwealth.

To the unified hosts of American workingmen fate has committed the charge of rescuing American liberties from the grasp of the vandal horde that have placed them in peril, by seizing the ballot and wielding it to regain the priceless heritage and to preserve and transmit it without scar or blemish to the generations yet to come.

"Snatch from the ashes of their sires
The embers of their former fires,
And he who in the strife expires
Will add to their's a name of fear,
That Tyranny shall quake to hear."

Standing before you to-night re-clothed in theory at least with the prerogatives of a free man, in the midst of free men, what more natural, what more in consonance with the proprieties of the occasion, than to refer to the incarceration of myself and associate officials of the American Railway Union in the county jail at Woodstock?

I have no ambition to avail myself of this occasion to be sensational, or to thrust my fellow prisoners and myself into prominence. My theme expands to proportions which obscure the victims of judicial tyranny, and yet, regardless of reluctance, it so happens by the decree of circumstances, that personal references are unavoidable. To wish it otherwise would be to deplore the organization of the American Railway Union and every effort that great organization has made to extend a helping hand to oppressed, robbed, suffering and starving men, women and children, the victims of corporate greed and rapacity. It would be to bewail every lofty attribute of human nature, lament the existence of the golden rule and wish the world were a jungle, inhabited by beasts of prey, that the seas were peopled with sharks and devil-fish
and that between the earth and the stars only vultures held winged sway.

The American Railway Union was born with a sympathetic soul. Its ears were attuned to the melodies of mercy, to catch the whispered wailings of the oppressed. It had eyes to scan the fields of labor, a tongue to denounce the wrong, hands to grasp the oppressed and a will to lift them out of the sloughs of despondency to highlands of security and prosperity.

Here and now I challenge the records, and if in all the land the American Railway Union has an enemy, one or a million, I challenge them all to stand up before the labor world and give a reason why they have maligned and persecuted the order. I am not here to assert the infallibility of the organization or its officials, or to claim exemption from error. But I am here to declare to every friend of American toilers, regardless of banner, name or craft, that if the American Railway Union has erred, it has been on the side of sympathy, mercy and humanity—zeal in a great cause, devotion to the spirit of brotherhood which knows no artificial boundaries, whose zones are mapped by lines of truth as vivid as lightning, and whose horizon is measured only by the eye of faith in man’s redemption from slavery.

I hold it to have been inconceivable that an organization of workingmen, animated by such inspirations and aspirations, should have become the target for the shafts of judicial and governmental malice.

But the fact that such was the case brings into haggard prominence a condition of affairs that appeals to all thoughtful men in the ranks of organized labor and all patriotic citizens, regardless of vocation, who note the subtle invasions of the liberties of the American people by the courts, sustained by an administration that is equally dead to the guarantees of the constitution.

It is in no spirit of laudation that I aver here to-night that it has fallen to the lot of the American Railway Union to arouse workingmen to a sense of the perils that environ their liberties.

In the great Pullman strike the American Railway Union challenged the power of corporations in a way that had not previously been done, and the analyzation of this fact serves to expand it to proportions that the most conservative men of the nation regard with alarm.
It must be borne in mind that the American Railway Union did not challenge the government. It threw down no gauntlet to courts or armies—it simply resisted the invasion of the rights of workingmen by corporations. It challenged and defied the power of corporations. Thrice armed with a just cause, the organization believed that justice would win for labor a notable victory, and the records proclaim that its confidence was not misplaced.

The corporations left to their own resources of money, mendacity and malice, of thugs and ex-convicts, leeches and lawyers, would have been overwhelmed with defeat and the banners of organized labor would have floated triumphant in the breeze.

This the corporations saw and believed—hence the crowning act of infamy in which the federal courts and the federal armies participated, and which culminated in the defeat of labor.

Had this been all, the simple defeat of a labor organization, however disrupted and despoiled, this grand convocation of the lovers of liberty would never have been heard of. The robbed, idle and blacklisted victims of defeat would have suffered in silence in their darkened homes amidst the sobbings and wailings of wives and children. It would have been the oft repeated old, old story, heard along the track of progress and poverty for three-quarters of a century in the United States, where brave men, loyal to law and duty, have struck to better their condition or to resist degradation, and have gone down in defeat. But the defeat of the American Railway Union involved questions of law, constitution and government which, all things considered, are without a parallel in court and governmental proceedings under the constitution of the Republic. And it is this judicial and administrative usurpation of power to override the rights of states and strike down the liberties of the people that has conferred upon the incidents connected with the Pullman strike such commanding importance as to attract the attention of men of the highest attainments in constitutional law and of statesmen who, like Jefferson, view with alarm the processes by which the Republic is being wrecked and a despotism reared upon its ruins.

I have said that in the great battle of labor fought in 1894 between the American Railway Union and the corporations banded together under the name of the ‘‘General Managers’
Association," victory would have perched upon the standards of labor if the battle had been left to these contending forces—and this statement, which has been verified and established beyond truthful contradiction, suggests the inquiry, what other resources had the corporations aside from their money and the strength which their federation conferred?

In replying to the question, I am far within the limits of accepted facts when I say the country stood amazed as the corporations put forth their latent powers to debauch such departments of the government as were required to defeat labor in the greatest struggle for the right that was ever chronicled in the United States.

Defeated at every point, their plans all frustrated, out-generated in tactics and strategy, while the hopes of labor were brightening and victory was in sight, the corporations, goaded to desperation, played their last card in the game of oppression by an appeal to the federal judiciary and to the federal administration. To this appeal the response came quick as lightning from a storm cloud. It was an exhibition of the debauching power of money which the country had never before beheld.

The people had long been familiar with such expressions as “money talks,” “money rules,” and they had seen the effects of its power in legislatures and in Congress. They were conversant with Jay Gould’s methods of gaining his legal victories by “buying a judge” in critical cases. They had tracked this money power, this behemoth beast of prey, into every corporate enterprise evolved by our modern civilization, as hunters track tigers in India jungles, but never before in the history of the country had they seen it grasp with paws and jaws the government of the United States and bend it to its will and make it a mere travesty of its pristine grandeur.

The people had seen this money power enter the church, touch the robed priest at the altar, blotch his soul, freeze his heart and make him a traitor to his consecrated vows and send him forth a Judas with a bag containing the price of his treason; or, if true to his convictions, ideas and ideals, to suffer the penalty of ostracism, to be blacklisted and to seek in vain for a sanctuary in which to expound Christ’s doctrine of the brotherhood of man.

The people had seen this money power enter a university and grasp a professor and hurl him headlong into the street.
because every faculty of mind, redeemed by education and consecrated to truth, pointed out and illumined new pathways to the goal of human happiness and national glory.

The people had seen this money power practicing every art of duplicity, growing more arrogant and despotic as it robbed one and crushed another, building its fortifications of the bones of its victims, and its palaces out of the profits of its piracies, until purple and fine linen on the one side and rags upon the other side, defined conditions as mountain ranges and rivers define the boundaries of nations—palaces on the hills, with music and dancing and the luxuries of all climes, earth, air and sea—huts in the valleys, dark and dismal, where the music is the dolorous "song of the shirt" and the luxuries rags and crusts.

These things had been seen by the people, but it was reserved for them in the progress of the Pullman strike to see this money power, by the fiat of corporations, grasp one by one the departments of the government and compel them to do its bidding as in old plantation days the master commanded the obedience of his chattel slaves.

The corporations first attack the judicial department of the government, a department which, according to Thomas Jefferson, has menaced the integrity of the Republic from the beginning.

They did not attack the supreme bench. A chain is no stronger than its weakest link, and the corporations knew where that was and the amount of strain it would bear. How did they attack this weakling in the judicial chain?

I am aware that innuendoes, dark intimations of venality are not regarded as courageous forms of arraignment, and yet the judicial despotism which marked every step of the proceedings by which my official associates and myself were doomed to imprisonment, was marked by infamies, supported by falsehoods and perjuries as destitute of truth as are the Arctic regions of orange blossoms.

Two men quarrelled because one had killed the other’s dog with an ax. The owner of the dog inquired, “when my dog attacked you, why did you not use some less deadly weapon?” The other replied, “why did not your dog come at me with the end that had no teeth in it?”

There is an adage which says, “fight the devil with fire.” In this connection why may it not be intimated that a judge who pollutes his high office at the behest of the money power
has the hinges of his knees lubricated with oil from the tank of the corporation that thrift may follow humiliating obedience to its commands?

If not this, I challenge the world to assign a reason why a judge, under the solemn obligation of an oath to obey the constitution, should in a temple dedicated to justice, stab the Magna Charta of American liberty to death in the interest of corporations, that labor might be disrobed of its inalienable rights and those who advocated its claim to justice imprisoned as if they were felons?

You may subject such acts of despotism to the severest analysis, you may probe for the motive, you may dissect the brain and lay bare the quivering heart, and, when you have completed the task, you will find a tongue in every gash of your dissecting knife uttering the one word “pelf.”

Once upon a time a corporation dog of good reputation was charged with killing sheep, though he had never been caught in the act. The corporation had always found him to be an obedient dog, willing to lick the hand of his master, and they declared he was a peaceable and law-abiding dog; but one day upon investigation the dog was found to have wool in his teeth and thenceforward, though the corporation stood manfully by him, he was believed to be a sheep-killing dog. The world has no means of knowing what methods corporations employ to obtain despotic decrees in their interest, but it is generally believed that if an examination could be made, there would be found wool in the teeth of the judge.

I do not profess to be a student of heredity, and yet I am persuaded that men inherit the peculiarities of the primal molecules from which they have been evolved. If the modern man, in spite of our civilizing influences, books, stage and rostrum, has more devil than divinity in his nature, where rests the blame?

Leaving the interrogatory unanswered, as it has been in all the past, it is only required to say that men with the ballot make a fatal mistake when they select mental and moral deformities and clothe them with despotic power. When such creatures are arrayed in the insignia of authority, right, justice and liberty are forever in peril.

What reasons exist to-day for rhetorical apostrophes to the constitution of the Republic? Those who are familiar by experience, or by reading, with the pathways of the storms on the ocean will recall recollections of ships with their sails rent
and torn by the fury of the winds, rolling upon the yeasty billows and flying signals of distress. Clouds had for days obscured sun and stars and only the eye of omnipotence could tell whither the hulk was drifting—and to-day the constitution of our ship of state, the chart by which she had been steered for a century, has encountered a judicial tornado and only the gods of our fathers can tell whither she is drifting. True, Longfellow, inspired by the genius of hope, sang of the good old ship:

“We know what master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast and sail and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope.”

But the poet wrote before the chart by which the good old ship sailed had been mutilated and torn and flung aside as a thing of contempt; before Shiras “flopped” and before corporations knew the price of judges, legislators and public officials as certainly as Armour knows the price of pork and mutton.

Longfellow wrote before men with heads as small as chipmunks and pockets as big as balloons were elevated to public office, and before the corporation ruled in courts and legislative halls as the fabled bull ruled in a china shop.

No afflatus, however divine, no genius, though saturated with the inspiring waters of Hippocrene, could now write in a spirit of patriotic fire of the old constitution, nor ever again until the people by the all pervading power of the ballot have repaired the old chart, closed the rents and obscured the judicial dagger holes made for the accommodation of millionaires and corporations, through which they drive their four-in-hands as if they were Cumberland gaps.

Here, this evening, I am inclined to indulge in eulogistic phrase of Liberty because once more I am permitted to mingle with my fellow-citizens outside of prison locks and bars.

Shakespeare said:

“Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.”

I know something of adversity, and with such philosophy as I could summon have extracted what little sweetness it
contained. I know little of toads, except that of the genus judicial, and if they have a precious jewel in their heads or hearts it has not fallen to my lot to find it, though the corporations seem to have been more successful.

The immortal bard also wrote that

"This our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

If to be behind prison bars is to be "exempt from public haunt," then for the past six months I may claim such exemption, with all the rapture to be found in listening to the tongues of trees, to the charming lessons taught by the books of the running brooks and to the profound sermons of the stones. There is not a tree on the Woodstock prison campus, or near by, to whose tongued melodies or maledictions I have not in fancy listened when liberty, despotism or justice was the theme.

The bard of Avon, the one Shakespeare of all the ages, was up to high-water mark of divine inspiration when he said there were those who could find tongues in trees, and never since trees were planted in the garden of Eden has the tongue of a tree voiced a sentiment hostile to liberty.

Thus, when in prison and exempt from judicial persecution, the tongues of trees as well as the tongues of friends taught me that sweets could be extracted from adversity.

Nor was I less fortunate when I permitted my fancy to see a book in a running brook as it laughed and sang and danced its way to the sea, and find that on every page was written a diviner song to liberty and love and sympathy than was ever sung by human voice.

And as for the stones in Woodstock prison, they were forever preaching sermons and their themes were all things good and evil among men.

In prison my life was a busy one, and the time for meditation and to give the imagination free rein was when the daily task was over and night's sable curtains enveloped the world in darkness, relieved only by the sentinel stars and the earth's silver satellite "walking in lovely beauty to her midnight throne."

It was at such times that the "Reverend Stones" preached their sermons, sometimes rising in grandeur to the Sermon on the Mount.
It might be a question in the minds of some if this occasion warrants the indulgence of the fancy. It will be remembered that Aesop taught the world by fables and Christ by parables, but my recollection is that the old "stone preachers" were as epigrammatic as an unabridged dictionary.

I remember one old divine who, one night, selected for his text George M. Pullman, and said: "George is a bad egg—handle him with care. Should you crack his shell the odor would depopulate Chicago in an hour." All said "Amen" and the services closed. Another old sermonizer who said he had been preaching since man was a molecule, declared he had of late years studied corporations, and that they were warts on the nose of our national industries—that they were vultures whose beaks and claws were tearing and mangling the vitals of labor and transforming workingmen's homes into caves. Another old Stone said he knew more about strikes than Carroll D. Wright, and that he was present when the slaves built the pyramids; that God Himself had taught His lightning, thunderbolts, winds, waves and earthquakes to strike, and that strikes would proceed, with bullets or ballots, until workingmen, no longer deceived and cajoled by their enemies, would unify, proclaim their sovereignty and walk the earth free men.

O, yes; Shakespeare was right when he said there were sermons in stones. I recall one rugged-visaged old Stone preacher who claimed to have been a pavement bowlder in a street of heaven before the gold standard was adopted, and who discussed courts. He said they had been antagonizing the decrees of heaven since the day when Lucifer was cast into the bottomless pit. Referring to our Supreme Court he said it was a nest of rodents forever gnawing at the stately pillars supporting the temple of our liberties. I recall how his eyes, as he lifted their stony lids, flashed indignation like orbs of fire, and how his stony lips quivered as he uttered his maledictions of judicial treason to constitutional liberty.

But occasionally some old bald-headed ashler, with a heart beating responsive to every human joy or sorrow, would preach a sermon on love or sympathy or some other noble trait that in spite of heredity still lived even in the heart of stones. One old divine, having read some of the plutocratic papers on the Pullman strike and their anathemas of sympathy, when one workingman's heart, throbbing responsive to the divine law of love, prompted him to aid his brother in dis-
tress, discussed sympathy. He said sympathy was one of the perennial flowers of the Celestial City, and that angels had transplanted it in Eden for the happiness of Adam and Eve, and that the winds had scattered the seed throughout the earth. He said there was no humanity, no elevating, refining, ennobling influences in operation where there was no sympathy. Sympathy, he said, warmed in every ray of the sun, freshened in every breeze that scattered over the earth the perfume of flowers and glowed with the divine scintillation of the stars in all the expanse of the heavens.

Referring to the men and women of other labor organizations who had sympathized with the American Railway Union in its efforts to rescue Pullman’s slaves from death by starvation, the old preacher placed a crown of jewelled eulogies upon their heads and said that in all the mutations of life, in adversity or prosperity, in the vigor of youth or the infirmities of age, there would never come a time to them when like the Peri grasping a penitent’s tear as a passport to heaven, they would not cherish as a valued souvenir of all their weary years that one act of sympathy for the victims of the Pullman piracy, and that when presented at the pearly gate of paradise, it would swing wide open and let them in amidst the joyous acclaims of angels.

From such reflections I turn to the practical lessons taught by this “Liberation Day” demonstration. It means that American lovers of liberty are setting in operation forces to rescue their constitutional liberties from the grasp of monopoly and its mercenary hirelings. It means that the people are aroused in view of impending perils and that agitation, organization, and unification are to be the future battle cries of men who will not part with their birthrights and, like Patrick Henry, will have the courage to exclaim: “Give me liberty or give me death.” I have borne with such composure as I could command the imprisonment which deprived me of my liberty. Were I a criminal, were I guilty of crimes meriting a prison cell, had I ever lifted my hand against the life or the liberty of my fellow-man, had I ever sought to filch their good name, I would not be here. I would have fled from the haunts of civilization and taken up my residence in some cave where the voice of my kindred is never heard. But I am standing here without a self-accusation of crime or criminal intent festering in my conscience, in the sunlight once more, among my fellow-men, contributing as best I can to make
this "Liberation Day" from Woodstock prison a memorial day, realizing that, as Lowell sang:—

“He’s true to God who’s true to man; wherever wrong is done,
To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all-beholding sun.
That wrong is also done to us, and they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves and not for all their race.”

The Wage-Slave.

The negro’s free, but in his place
The wage-slave bows his haggard face,
The power of gold holds full control;
It “owns” its victims’ life and soul;
It owns the mother, woe-worn, wild,
Who cannot feed her starving child;
It owns the woman, gaunt and thin,
By want dragged down to ways of sin;
It owns the mass of toiling men;
It fills each lowest, vilest den,
Where vice and crime; where sin and shame,
Are stamped on souls with brands of flame.

It gives the low the power to rule,
The toiling millions but their tool—
The helpless tool of cunning knaves
Who make free men their cringing slaves;
The sons of toil who should be free,
Yet bend to gold their servile knee,
And cast their eyes in silence down
Before a master’s haughty frown.

O men of toil, on sea and land,
Who feel the tyrant’s iron hand,
No longer yield your manhood up
And groaning drink the bitter cup,
While your taskmasters wring from you
The Just reward to labor due!
Ye are not babes, but men full grown—
Arise and take what is your own.
The negro’s free on Southern plains;
Let white wage-slaves now break their chains.

—STANLEY FITZPATRICK.
THE POWER OF THE IDEAL.

BY PROF. FRANK PARSONS.

We frequently hear men dispose of a book, a movement, or a proposed reform, by saying "It is too ideal; it is not practical." Of one who proposes a change they do not like, they say "He is a dreamer, an idealist, a builder of pretty castles in the air, but his thought is impracticable." This is a very common mode of setting aside uncomfortable criticisms exposing the faults of existing institutions, and indefinitely postponing consideration of the plans proposed to remedy those faults. Yet this disparagement of the ideal, philosophically considered, is a bit of shallow sophistry, and ethically considered is a sin against progress.

As a matter of fact nothing is so truly practical as the ideal. The ideal is the basis of the practical, the prophecy of the practical, the creator of the practical. The ideal has moulded the world from barbarism to semi-civilization and will mould it to a civilization worthy the name. It is the power that moulds men and women and institutions and nations, as a potter moulds his clay. If it had not been for the power of the ideal we should still be savages living on nuts and uncooked roots and fish. Our fine houses and palace hotels, our railroads and factories, all our wonderful electrical devices, our libraries, schools and museums, our governments and institutions, were ideals before they were realities, and become realities because they were ideals. Every book and every nation was an ideal before it was a fact, and became a fact because of the creative power of the ideal.

After Mayor Jones's magnificent address at Detroit last August, I heard some business men and city officials make such remarks as these: "Yes, the address was very good, it sounded well, but it was not practical. Jones is a good fellow, but he's up in the clouds. It will do to talk about brotherhood and patriotism in business when we get within sight of the millenium, but it's waste time to speculate on that sort of thing to-day." I have heard similar sentiments expressed many times about such books as Bellamy's "Looking Backward"—not merely concerning the details of the plan, which certainly are objectionable in many respects, but concerning the underlying principle of the book, the realization of brotherhood in businesslife. Such sentiments almost always meet with approval expressed or implied on the part of
most of those who are known as hard-headed business men. And yet I believe a little consideration will show that Jones and Bellamy are really more practical than their critics, for they deal with forces by the side of which the stock exchange and the railroad, finance, laws and governments are but as feathers in the gale or leaves upon the stream. All these are what the ideals of the people make them. He that changes the ideals of men changes the men themselves and all their institutions. Let the ideals of our youth have more of love and service and devotion in them than the ideals of their fathers, and less of self-interest and desire for mastery on the low plane of monetary advantage, and see what would become of the stock exchange and watered railroads, sweat shops, city slums, competitive wages, political corruption, class legislation, and all the mighty compost of conflicts and frauds and masteries which we call the competitive system. The man who runs an engine or controls a dynamo may be a practical man. But the man who arranges the wires, or changes them, or marks out a new plan by which they are to be laid is no less practical. The man who works in an electric power house, manages a railroad system, or administers a department of government, may be a practical man; but the one who works in the power house among the moral and intellectual dynamos that light the world and run all its machinery, is working with forces that can turn the railroad system and the government inside out in spite of the resistance of "Railroad Managers" and "Politicians," and is as much more deeply and truly practical than they, as the man who builds the locomotive is more deeply practical than he who oils its joints.

Bellamy and Jones and other "dreamers" who teach the ideal of co-operation in place of the ideal of competition, are doing more to change the face of the globe, create new facts, and make industrial and political history than all the engineers, carpenters, masons and other craftsmen put together, except so far as these men are dreamers also.

In every age of the world the dreamers have been the movers and moulders of men. Every great invention was a dream before it was a fact. Arkwright, Stevenson, Fulton, Morse, Edison, all were dreamers, theorists, idealists. Edison's interviews in the papers every now and then, as to what he is going to do, read more like "Arabian Nights" than the work of any of our novelists. Dreamers preceded each of these
inventors, dreaming the thoughts that blossomed into reality in their lives, years, centuries, ages sometimes, of ideals slowly ripening till at last the bud bursts into fact. But all the time it is the ideal that ripened before that has been filling the air till the new thought is ready to bloom.

It is the ideal always that rules the real, and at the bottom, as history abundantly proves, there is nothing so intensely practical as the ideal.

The British colonies in America were not fairly treated. The idea of independence took possession of a few courageous minds that were open to new ideas, and ready to adopt the best that presented themselves, and work for their realization in spite of difficulties and dangers. The ideal captured the people. England resisted it and found it a very practical thing. It took up arms and fought for itself and conquered. What could be more practical than that?

The confederation of States was weak. The States were divided in their interests. Dissension and conflict were in prospect. Hamilton and his compatriots conceived the idea of a solid federation, a powerful union, capable of vigorous national life, and strong enough to harmonize the interests and overcome the disagreements of individual States. The ideal persuaded men to its support, called a congress of wise men to consider the means of its realization, embodied its conclusions in a constitution and was adopted by the people. Is not the making of a nation a very practical thing? And was it not accomplished by the Federal ideal?

The thought of a united Germany grew in the Teutonic mind. It was a "dream" of students and visionaries. But Bismarck had the dream. It possessed his soul. He lived for that dream. Through him it took arms against the hosts of Austria and drove them out of the German nest. Through him it made Prussian armies the best in the world, invaded France with the forces of the Northern and Southern Teuton-land side by side, and crowned King William Emperor of Germany, with the enthusiastic goodwill of every German State. A very practical thing, the union of Germany. France knows it is not a dream. It is one of the grandest facts of modern history. And it is the result of a great ideal in the heart of a powerful man, moving him to move the world, by force and persuasion, remolding men and nations to itself.

Jesus taught the ideal of a life of loving service, a life of
devotion to truth and kindness and nobility, a life dominated by love; and through the mighty power of that loftiest of all ideals, the influence of Jesus has permeated and transformed the civilized world, and is recognized as the strongest force that has entered the life of Europe within historic times.

Luther conceived the ideal of individual freedom and self-government in religion, and the ideal tore Europe asunder, drenched her soil with blood, crippled the power of popes and creeds, and gave the world a religion which at last is beginning to manifest a kindly tolerance toward those of differing faith.

Garrison, Phillips, Lincoln dreamed of freedom for the blacks, voiced the ideal of political liberty for all men regardless of color. That ideal caused a secession which put a million men in arms and cost five thousand millions of dollars; and on the field of battle the ideal wrought itself into realization.

Ideals are dangerous things to trifle with. And the loftier they are the surer they are in the end to triumph, and the more dangerous it is to resist them. Do you wish to help in the next emancipation that has nailed its theses in the market place? Or do you wish your descendants to look back in shame upon you as one who opposed the new thought, classing you with those who crucified Jesus, tried Luther at Worms, and dragged Garrison through the streets of Boston? Will you stand with those who open their hearts to the new ideal, or with those who cling to the past and strive to hold the citadel of prejudice against the hosts of truth? "What is the new ideal?" do you ask? It is simply the ideal of Jesus, of Luther, of Jefferson, Hamilton, Garrison, Phillips and Lincoln, carried into industrial life. It is liberty and self-government, union, democracy and brother love in industry. Economic independence is to be declared as well as political independence. The princes of the market are to go with the kings of former times. The aristocracy of the dollar must follow the aristocracy of birth. All men must be free and equal before the dollar in order to be free and equal before the law. All men are to have a voice in controlling the business affairs with which they are connected, as well as the political affairs of the city, state or nation to which they belong. Political democracy is but a name without industrial democracy. The privilege of monopoly is to give way to the democracy of public ownership. The struggle of
workers and the mastery of employers is to give place to co-operative partnerships. The conflict of industrial groups is to give way to a great industrial union, a federation of co-operative groups under a wise and simple industrial constitution, just as the dissensions of the thirteen states gave way to a great political union under the Federal constitution. The lower self-interest is to give way to the higher self-interest—the egotistic to the altruistic. The love of money is to give place to the love of man. Such is the great ideal that is moulding the present coming age. Will you make the ideal your own, or will you bar your mind against it, and choke the way to your heart with your pocket book and your prejudice? Will you turn your face to the coming age, or will you turn your back upon it, and do your best to pull the world back toward the Paleozoic age or the Eozoic age? Choose and work.

ABOUT STRIKES.

In a special sermon to striking iron molders of Lynn, Mass., Herbert N. Casson said: "A strike springs from the sacred germ of resistance implanted by nature in every man. There is nothing higher or holier in human nature than that impulse which resists oppression and strikes for liberty. A dog will bite, a mule will kick, a cat will scratch, but the man who will not strike to resist tyranny and injustice is lower than a rabbit. The man who is afraid to strike, afraid to resist, who would sit and wipe his eyes and say, 'Let well enough alone,' 'Thank God it is no worse' and 'The Lord loveth those whom he chasteneth,' is a barnacle on the ship of progress. Had his advice been followed in the past mankind would to-day be little better than the animals. Suppose that American workmen never struck, but received every cut with Christian resignation and Chinese humility, would it be a good thing? If they did every lover of liberty would leave the country. Every strike is proof that American working-men have not yet lost the spirit of 1776.

"Moses struck against capitalist Pharaoh, of Egypt. Christ struck against the corporations of Judaism. He formed a union of twelve men, and one of them was a 'scab.' Our revolutionary forefathers organized a glorious strike against English taxation and were successful. John Brown started a small strike at Harper's Ferry forty years ago that tore the shackles from the limbs of millions of people."
THE CHURCH AND ITS POSITION TOWARD THE WORKINGMAN.

By REV. S. S. CONDO.

The Olympian gods contrived to keep themselves free from the pains and cares of the mortals whom they ruled. For them it was enough to govern; it was too much for them to suffer and be in sympathy with their people. Not so with Jesus Christ. He was "touched with the feelings of our infirmities and in all points tempted as we are." We have not a ruler, as Carlyle has wisely designated him, "An absentee God," but a divine Father who is everywhere present, "beholding the good and the evil." We have inherited from the Latin fathers a vicious dualism separating the church into the sacred and man into the secular. All nature was looked upon as being profane instead of being a manifestation of the divine. We are told that the soul and body are in conflict, and the visible world is attributed to the devil and our natural appetites are unholy, thus separating the sacred from the secular, and in order to overcome the world we must run away from it. But it is not so, for all nature is as much inspired as is revelation. God is everywhere and in everything supreme. Do you mean to say that Christ, for thirty years at the carpenter’s bench, was any less the son of God or less divine? When he was only twelve years old he was found with the doctors and said to his parents, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father’s business?"

Christ had compassion on the multitude in the wilderness, not because they were without a shepherd spiritually, but because they had nothing to eat, and on the shore of Galilee his first words to his hungry disciples were, "Children, have ye any meat?" If he were to come to-day among the toilers and suffering poor it would be just like him to ask, as of old, "Children, have ye any meat?" Why does not the church do as its master did, whom its members profess to love and serve? A little boy once stopped to ask of a minister something to eat, and the preacher said he would give the boy something if he would repeat the Lord’s prayer, and the hungry boy said he would. The minister handed him a dry crust of bread and said, "Now repeat the prayer." The boy said he did not know what it was. The minister said, "I will teach it to you and you repeat it after me. ‘Our Father
who art in heaven.'” The poor boy hesitated, saying, “Is he our Father?” “Yes,” replied the preacher, “He is my father and your father; too.” The boy, surprised, said, “Then we are brothers, ain’t we?” “Yes,” said the minister. “Then,” replied the hungry lad, “why did you give your little hungry brother such a dry, hard crust of bread?”

If the church is ever to reach the masses she must do it on the plane and conditions where the masses live. If she would convince them of her love and interest it must be done in ways that appeal to them and deal with questions and things which they regard as real. The idea that the church is too holy and sacred to come into contact with the world is the height of nonsense and hypocrisy. The human heart craves for another heart—life wants life. The world has lived about long enough on promises and cold parchments and creeds, which have become colder and colder from day to day. Going into some churches is like going into an ice house. The very heart of society to-day aches for the heat of love and sympathy and is waiting for a voice crying in the wilderness of human distress, telling the people they are to be saved, not by theology, but by the Christ spirit. Love first to Him, knowledge afterward. Does the infant know the mystery of love when clasped to the parental breast? Parents do not teach their little children agriculture before they eat of the fruits of the earth.

What is the church? In a few words, I think the real, true church is a confederation of hearts formed on a purely moral basis, subsisting on love to God and man, who calls us together in a divine spiritual fellowship. The original idea is that of a particular relation of man to man, originated by a common relation to God. Christ established no sect. He brought His life and love to us; therefore the immortality of love, human and divine, is the immortality of the church. The small huts of bigotry will be submerged by the mighty wave of human progress, but the true church, founded upon love, will remain above the floods. Eternal love is the security of the church. The church is a kingdom within men’s lives here in this world and not something far away in space. Such a church as this is interested in the masses of working people and the betterment of their conditions. Civilization is debtor to the lowly cradles and some unknown mothers hold a heavy account against the world.

The churches are doing a good deal for their own sake, but
little for the sake of poor humanity. They are interested in creeds, disciplines, theology, sacraments, church fights and in raising missionary money to send the gospel to heathen nations across the seas, while some of the worst heathen in the world are suffering, starving and dying right around the costly temples in the larger cities of this country. What does the church exist for but to toil for the elevation of all the people.

The wage workers bring a strong indictment against the church for neglecting her ministrations. They allege that churches manifest but little sympathy for them in their struggles with poverty and none at all with their efforts to get a fair share of the wealth they produce; that in the troubles between capital and labor the church generally takes the side of capital, and the minister is a kind of spiritual policeman, paid from $1,000 up to $25,000 annually to preach contentment to empty stomachs and to administer spiritual narcotics to men restless from injustice and want. The great preacher's salary depends upon the millionaires, rich manufacturers and stock gamblers in the church, and the holy divine must whitewash those fellows and make them appear respectable before the people, no matter how they appear before God.

The church of to-day is not popular in its feelings, tendencies and methods. It gravitates away from the masses toward wealth and fashion. Its magnificent buildings for the rich to worship in and the little chapels for the poor are so many confessions that mammon has more to do than Jesus Christ in classifying and grouping worshipers. If there is any sacred duty the church and pulpit should perform to-day it is to defend the poor and helpless and thus follow the example of its professed founder. Attempts are made to close the mouths of noble, God-fearing and man-loving ministers, but they are beginning to awaken all over the country and plead for the righteous cause of the white slaves of labor. It was so during the civil war. Pulpits were cowed down to the slave power, but they began to unmuzzle and a mighty wave of truth began to be felt. The church was forced by public opinion into the fight for human rights and for the preservation of the Union. I believe that the white slavery of to-day is worse in the eyes of God than the black slavery of 1861.

Yet we are told that the church has nothing to do with the political government; that these questions of capital and labor and poverty, suffering and death belong to the state.
What in the name of common sense is the church for if not to combat all oppression and industrial wrongs that thwart her in the work of evangelizing the masses? As Felix Holt, in George Eliot's story, says, "The church gives us plenty of heaven hereafter. We may have a land over there flowing with milk and honey. That's the kind of religion they like—a religion that gives us workingmen heaven and nothing else. But we will offer to change with them. We'll give them some of their heaven and take it out in something for us and our children in this world." The church may offer alms, but the workmen will resent the offering, so long as the church refuses to do anything to remove the cause of poverty. What the masses want and demand is that the church, which professes to be the friend of the laboring classes, shall prove its right to give spiritual advice and help by purging itself of all complicity with crimes which pauperize labor and openly espouse the cause of the masses against their oppressors. The immortal Lincoln said, "This Union cannot permanently endure as half slave and half free." Let the church help to teach the capitalist and employer of men to be just to the laborer and pay him righteous wages and the white slavery will cease, and the permanency of this Union will never be questioned. Christ said, "My house shall be called of all nations the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves." O, that the Man of Nazareth might come to-day into our country and drive out the spirit of the "money changers" from our temples and give the people what they earn. This is one of the great purposes of the church, and certainly there could be no holier cause in which to exert all the efforts of this existence, and nothing could bring the millenium quicker and make this world happier.

William Morris, the poet and socialist singer, once spoke of competition in these words:

I know that you have often been told that the competition which is at present the rule of all production, is a good thing and stimulates the progress of the race. But the people who told you this should call competition by its shorter name of "war" if they wish to be honest; and you would then be free to consider whether or not war stimulates progress, otherwise than as a mad bull chasing you over your own garden may do.
LOVE AND SYMPATHY THE BASIS OF SOCIALISM.

"LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF."

By ROBERT BLATCHFORD.

Socialism is just and reasonable in itself. Socialism has behind it the strongest sentiment of modern times—the sentiment of human love and mercy called altruism. The extent and power of this altruistic sentiment must be realized before we can hope to understand the position and prospects of socialism in this country. Altruism is the embodiment of the command, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." It probably owed its origin to Christ, but has only attained important development in comparatively modern times. Almost unknown to the ancients, and almost universally rejected by eastern nations, altruism is fast becoming the most powerful impulse in social evolution.

The sentiment of pity for the misfortunes of others, of resentment at the wrongs of others, mercy for the failings of others, has been at the bottom of nearly all the political and social reform from the signing of Magna Charta to the passing of the factory acts.

The altruistic sentiment originated and carried to victory the agitations which resulted in the abolition of torture, the star-chamber, witchcraft prosecutions, religious disabilities, and slavery. The same sentiment inspired the pioneers of prison reform, factory act legislation, and the reform of the penal code. The same sentiment is answerable for the hospital movement, the lifeboat movement, the organization of such bodies as the societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals and to children. It would, indeed, be difficult to find a single instance in which any effective attack has been made on political or social injustice or inhumanity except as the direct outcome of the sentiment of altruism.

Now, this sentiment—the sentiment of man's love for man—which has been so potent a factor in social evolution during the last century or two, is growing daily stronger and becoming daily more general. In some form or other, more or less pronounced, it finds a place to-day in nearly every reflecting mind. From a mild regret that innocent people should suffer unmerited wrong or misery, to a passionate feeling of universal human brotherhood or sisterhood with
the humblest, the poorest, and the most vile, this voice of Christ, this saving principle of love, whispers or calls aloud to every soul.

It is not by the word or act of this man or of that, nor by the vigor or zeal of this or that organization, that the final and distant triumph of the god-like over the beast-like in mankind will be consummated. It is by the spirit of love moving upon the waters that order shall come out of chaos and form out of the void. While the spirit of righteousness waxes stronger, the cause of righteousness cannot fail.

Many socialists despise, or affect to despise, what they are pleased to call sentiment. Like so many Gradgrinds up to date, they call for facts and figures and a rigid adherence to the laws of economics. Now, figures and facts and logic and economics are all valuable in their place; but the man who places any or all of these things before "sentiment" must be singularly ignorant of human nature and of history.

Even supposing it possible for a mob of selfish individuals to carry the position of the classes, what could it avail? Could that victorious mob of selfish men and women be formed into an unselfish community of socialists? No; we want something better than a plan for manufacturing silk purses out of sow's ears.

I am, I hope, a faithful and thorough socialist. I believe that only through socialism can society be wisely ordered and securely established. But divest socialism of its "sentiment," and what remains? Sever the socialist movement from the altruistic sentiment, and it is a lost cause. Never without the impetus of human love can socialism be established. Stripped of all its sentiment and poetry, deprived of the warmth and color which it takes from altruism, socialism means nothing but the substitution of collective ownership for the private ownership now in vogue. That kind of socialism will never win the love or arouse the enthusiasm of the people. That sort of socialism is not worth fighting for. I for one would not waste an hour nor lift a hand in the service of such a bloodless, soulless, inhuman creed.

To me it seems true beyond question that the spread of altruism is the most important consummation in the progress of social evolution. Altruism, indeed, is more important than socialism itself. Given universal love of man for man, and we should have something better than socialism—that is, communism of the purest and most durable kind.
From the first, all, or nearly all, the successful struggles for reform have been originated and led, not by the selfish mob, but by unselfish philanthropists and heroes—chiefly of the middle and upper classes. To-day, as of yore, men seldom act upon the dictates of pure reason; they act, almost universally, from impulse, from instinct, from sentiment, and call in their reason to support their action.

Love is stronger than greed, stronger than hate, stronger than any passion or motive of human nature. In the growth of love lies the hope of socialism; in the prevalence of selfishness lies its menace and its danger. And love is growing, will grow, must grow; and is destined finally to "beat down Satan under our feet," and drive the beast-hood out of our human nature. The trend of public sentiment toward human brotherhood and Christ-like love and mercy continues, and is every day more accelerated in its progress.

To the socialist in a hurry—the optimistic revolutionary socialist who for the last ten years has been constantly expecting the social revolution to appear in the middle-of-next-week—any decided repulse may seem like ruin.

Some love of justice, some feeling of pity, some instinct of fair play and human kindness, exists in nearly every heart. Our duty, it seems to me, is to fan the divine embers of love into a flame, to aid by means in our power the spread of the altruistic sentiment among the people. Next to that it is our duty, by fair, honest, and gentle means, to make clear to all men the truth, justice, and wisdom of socialism.
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