Theodore Roosevelt
THE POLITICAL DR. COOK

A CHRONOLOGICAL REVIEW OF
THE POLITICAL LIFE OF
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

PUBLISHED BY
T. A. HICKEY
ABILENE, TEXAS
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With flaring flags and flying streamers, blaring bands and strenuous shouts an excited multitude that burned red fire, and showered confetti, moved, eddied and swirled in great streams of humanity in the lower end of New York City on the twelfth of last September. They had come to the gateway of the Atlantic to greet Dr. Cook on his safe return from the North Land.

A similar crowd with the same hysterical display will journey to the same spot in the near future to greet another explorer—Theodore Roosevelt. There is a striking similarity between both men and their receptions. As hunters, naturalists, explorers, literatures and superb advertisers they challenge international attention. Both were greeted by European kings and savants; wined and dined, feted and decorated. Both returned to find an expectant multitude at their feet.

Within four months from the day of landing Dr. Cook was in exile—exposed as a fraud. The flags were furled, the bands were silent while the multitude hissed out one word—"stung"

Just as the geographers and scientists generally delved into the crooked record and thus destroyed the doctor so shall we now look into the record of the Political Dr. Cook with the same end in view, viz.—the exposure of a fraud.
ROOSEVELT

Chronological—1883.

Theodore Roosevelt was elected to the legislature from New York, the city of his birth, by the grace of Tom Platt, he of express company and concubine infamy, known even at that time as the most corrupt politician in America.

Roosevelt voted with the Platt-Conkling machine and was known as a safe man, whose assistance could always be secured to kill every Knights of Labor or any other labor measure that was introduced from time to time.

1884.

Continued to be used by the machine as the young man of good birth who made capitalist politics respectful. He was the original good young man in politics. Tammany hall has since played that game with splendid success, mixing up their sweet scented Fifth avenue grandees and fine ladies with their Bowery thugs, white slavers and courtiers.

1886.

This year found organized labor united as never before. The Knights of Labor, organized in 1867, had grown to over one and a half million members. So great was the desire to organize that the national office had to stop issuing charters for a period of six weeks in the spring of this year. The A. F. of L., then five years old, was thriving splendidly. These organized workers decided that they must use their political power to help them in their economic struggles; hence the organization of the United Labor party in New York City in the summer of 1886.

Their candidate for mayor was Henry George, then at the zenith of his fame as the author of Progress and Poverty. Tammany nominated Abram S. Hewitt, the son-in-law of the great greenbacker, Peter Cooper. Then Wall street lined up as never before behind their "clean young aristocrat," Theodore Roosevelt. It was figured that he would pull enough votes away from Henry George to elect the ticket of Tammany hall. The scheme was successful, and, although George got sixty-eight thousand votes, he was counted out by the Roosevelt-Tammany crowd. That Roosevelt was last in the race was small comfort to the workers whose candidate Roosevelt had helped to defeat.

1887-1893.

These years found Roosevelt acting as civil service commissioner for a short time and writing, hunting, plotting and
planning his future political career, with never a word or thought of labor.

1894.

This year found Roosevelt re-entering politics. He was appointed one of the four police commissioners of New York City. In his absence from the political field he had developed a good grasp of the psychology of the American people. Even more than the French they loved the spectacular. Everything abnormal, from white elephants to Teddy Bears, goes. Calcium light effect gets results. Red fire is argument—Rah, Rah, Rah! So acted Roosevelt in his new job. He prowled the city at all hours. Slid into Water Front saloons by the back door at 2 a.m. Woke up astounded blue coats, who were taking naps on ash barrels in the gray of the morning.

This stunt was always good for a two-column, front-page display.

It was at this stage of his career that he gave the first evidence of his wonderful press agent ability that has since developed to the point where Barnum, Tony Hamilton, Ringling Brothers, Lydia Pinkham and all great advertisers have been put in the shade.

His real character cropped out well at this time. An inventor came to him with a new police club more murderous than the cestus of ancient Rome. This club had a spring in the end of it; press the spring and presto! sixteen steel spikes sprang out; each spike two and a quarter inches long and sharpened to a fine point. Grab the innocent looking club, the spring would be pressed and your hand was torn off; one blow, a sickening crash and your skull was smashed like an egg-shell. This weapon in the hands of New York policemen would be singularly efficacious for a strike picket, reasoned the simple-life Roosevelt.

But what strange chances upset our plans on this mundane sphere!

The patentee applied to the patent office and patent was refused on the remarkable grounds that the spiked club was a weapon contrary to the interest of humanity. Just because the club flew in the face of civilization the big stick had to discard the big club.

1895.

This year found Roosevelt displaying his love for labor by passing favorably upon the examination papers of inspector
McAvoy because he recommended that in the event of a labor disturbance on the east side (the workers' quarters in New York City) that cannon be planted on Chatham square and the seven intersecting streets be raked with grape shot and cannister.

1896.

This year found Roosevelt off the police board and tied up with Mark Hanna and J. P. Morgan. (I will show later that his alliance with Morgan has not been broken up to date.)

He stumped the western states in that ever memorable campaign, at the request of Mark Hanna, and returned to New York on election day happy in the defeat of Bryan.

1897.

For his services against the radical democrats and pops Mark Hanna used his influence with McKinley to have Roosevelt appointed assistant secretary of the navy. Roosevelt, because of his years-long intimacy with Parsons, Shepherd and Havemeyer of the sugar trust, knew that war with Spain was inevitable and trained his mind on every passing event that would assist him upwards in his political climbing.

One of these events proved to be of immense advantage to him. Col. W. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) had been watching Roosevelt since he was police commissioner. With the genius of a great circus man he selected him as the one individual that could help him (Buffalo Bill) to put through a brilliant scheme that would make all former showmen, from Jimmie Robinson to P. T. Barnum, turn over in their graves with envy. This scheme was none other than the organization of a great regiment of western frontiersmen, cowboys, rangers and sheriffs, all long-legged, raw-boned men, who rode the western range.

The man who put that scheme through in war time might have a mortgage on the country from East St. Louis to Cape Cod. Oh! for the khaki, the leggings, the quirts and the chapps! Roosevelt heard Buffalo Bill and went wild about the scheme at once. He was Dee-Lighted.

But alas, for Buffalo Bill! Roosevelt double-crossed him, went to work and organized The Rough Riders, with Buffalo Bill with drooping mustache standing mournfully outside the circus tent.

It was small satisfaction to Buffalo Bill to know that he had made a president and in doing so had made a big fool of himself.
1898.

Too well known are the Spanish-American war incidents to use up much space on them here. From the start it was one prolonged scandal, with scarce a trace of honor to our flag. Our soldiers were murdered by the thousands by the beef trust’s embalmed beef.

Rotting hulks were sold by “patriotic capitalists” to the government for ten times their value. Corruption stalked rampant. And even among the gentlemen of the navy we saw Sampson try to steal Schley’s honors.

In the midst of all this rottenness our American sense of humor causes us to turn with relief to the one bright, beautiful, comic opera spot in the whole works. It was where the terrific Teddy stood under the spotlight at the bottom of San Juan hill—the hill that he never climbed.

A green policeman in the vortex of a race riot is a thing of repose beside our hero. Through his stupidity the Spaniards had him and his merry men corralled. As rattled as a boy with a bee on his back the terrible Ted ran around like a whirling Dervish giving contradictory orders. Fortunately for all concerned the negro infantry came upon the double quick, and Roosevelt heaved a prodigious sigh of relief as he gazed at the backs of the negroes as they climbed San Juan hill. Shafter, with his hammock and his mule, was a figure of martial dignity alongside the toothful terror from New York. But Roosevelt, if he didn’t know how to fight, knew how to advertise. If the negroes saved him from the clicking of the mausers wasn’t Richard Harding Davis there to attend to the clicking of the cameras? When the negroes had repulsed the Spaniards Roosevelt grabbed a flag and went to the front. The band played Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight and Roosevelt’s Rough Riders came home to a delighted people in the glorious blaze of red ink, colored supplements and four-column cuts. The colonel gleefully told the reporters how he had shot a Spaniard in the back.

Tom Platt needed a spectacular candidate for governor, and invited a conference to discuss the subject in the Fifth Avenue hotel. Elihu Root, the biggest attorney in Wall street, was the chief man assigned for the discussion. When the republican chiefs had decided upon Roosevelt, some disgruntled republican sub-chiefs threw a bomb into the meeting by pointing out that Roosevelt was not a citizen of New York and hence could not run for governor because some months earlier he had sworn he was a resident of Washington, D C., this for the purpose of dodging his taxes in New York. This
then was Roosevelt’s dilemma: If he stood for governor he stood for it as a perjurer.

Tom Platt tells us in the Cosmopolitan Magazine this year that Roosevelt went white to the lips and shook with mortal fear, and that Platt, trying to put backbone into the weakling, slapped him on the back and said: “Is this our brave Roosevelt, the leader of The Rough Riders?” Root assisted Platt in regaining Roosevelt’s composure; the conference broke up for the night and Root promised to do his best to straighten the perjurer out. A few days later the republican state convention was held.

Root took the management of the situation in one of the most masterful speeches ever delivered in a state convention from a viewpoint of legal word-twisting. Root, the greatest legal mind in Wall street, proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that black was white, white was no color at all, perjury was truth, and Roosevelt was nominated, and elected over Van Wyck, governor of the empire state of New York.

1899.

Behind Root in the struggle to elect Roosevelt stood the masterful figure of Edward H. Harriman.

Not only did he deploy Root to the front, but he threw fifty thousand dollars to the campaign in the closing weeks of the fight and turned the tide of victory Roosevelt’s way. This debt had to be paid. Roosevelt paid it by signing the Alton Steal bill, which enabled Harriman to loot the Chicago and Alton railway out of sixty-one million dollars, which has been abundantly proved by the Appeal to Reason.

His old-time hostility to labor was shown by his sending the national guard to Croton Dam, New York, to shoot down the workers who were struggling to enforce the eight-hour law of the state.

The republican party nominated Roosevelt for vice president in the national convention at Philadelphia, and he was elected vice president the following November.

1901.

On September 7th, this year, the infamous Czolgoz assassinated the benign McKinley and the Spike Club Roosevelt stepped into the white house. Surely no more horrible lesson than this were needed to show the frightful results of the
"propaganda of the deed" anarchist in a country like this where we have the ballot to use as we will.

Roosevelt swore to carry out the McKinley politics; but where and what they were is buried in the limbo of the dead gone past!

1902.

With the calcium light working overtime and the press agents working all the time, this year finds Roosevelt posing in a new role—The Apostle of the Apparent; the Discoverer of the Obvious; The Triturator of All That Is Trite.

Every copybook lesson is revamped. Every Sunday school phrase that has done duty for two generations is cried out from clenched teeth with all the dignity of a Delphic oracle.

The people looked on with wild-eyed amazement and delight. Great is the truly good. Roosevelt is the prophet, soothsayer, discoverer and all-round prognosticator of the ever glorious, grand and truly beautiful, simple, war-like life—Selah! Go to! Hurrah!

1903.

Something has to be done right now, for the people are restless over the growing power of the trusts, and Mark Hanna threatened, up to the day of his death, to climb into Roosevelt's seat at the expiration of the term. "Destroy the trusts by publicity" is the new cry that comes from white house, and again the tired press agents are lashed on to their typewriters like galley slaves to their oars. Direful and awful things are sure to happen the trust magnates. "Malefactors of great wealth" tremble, for the terrible one will get you if you don't watch out. Lay on, McDuff, to the "criminal rich." Hard is the lot of the trust magnate! Again the people yell with joy as they hear these fearsome sounds, and while gazing delightfully up at Mr. Roosevelt the aforesaid "criminals" go through their pockets and take the last dollar bill.

1904.

So well have the trust magnates been squelched that they nominate Roosevelt on the republican ticket, Parker on the democratic ticket and lie back contented to watch the sham battle. Roosevelt's campaign manager, Cortelyou, visits Wall street and carries the Roosevelt campaign coin away in four-wheel trucks.

Roosevelt is elected, but there is a fly in the ointment. The Socialist runs its genuinely first national campaign. Debs
get over four hundred thousand votes. A large number of people have caught on to Roosevelt the fraud.

It is the first faint glimmering of the dawn.

1905.

Seated in the saddle for four years more the people manifest much interest in Roosevelt’s new cabinet. To the disgust of a large number of people the trust lawyers are appointed to the chief positions; Root of the Ryan-Morgan interests; Knox of the steel-Morgan interests; and Taft, the father of the injunction, are the big three that are selected to sail the big ship of state. To offset this Trust Roosevelt bends to work of deception as never before. Like great power machines in the modern factory the carriages fly backward and forward in the typewriters and miles of dope are turned out daily to bamboozle the multitude. Fearful is the onslaught against the trusts and all the time as resistlessly as a moving avalanche the process of trustification sweeps majestically on.

The classical political economists are dazed at the process that Marx sketched with the hands of science before they left their mother’s lap. The giant modern industry eats up the little fish like the Itchosaurus devouring its young, while all through the process Roosevelt like a voodoo priest tears his hair and utters strange sounds. Never was the intellectual and moral poverty of the existing order so apparent.

1906.

Scarce six weeks of this year had passed until the western division of the plutocracy feeling secure in their control of the white house decided to destroy the Western Federation of Miners whose national officers they could neither buy nor coerce. True, in their anarchistic spirit the mine owners believed that by lopping off the head of the organization the body would shrivel and die. They had everything squared from the perjured Van Doyn, of Idaho, to Roosevelt and the supreme court. Splendidly did Roosevelt aid them in their murderous schemes. When Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone were shackled in their prison cells and standing in the shadow of the gallows Roosevelt reached up in the white house and struck down the outraged, helpless, kidnapped workingmen. He stole a phrase from one of Jack London’s books—undesirable citizens—and hurled this at them in the interest of the vile beast whose hide Judge Lindsay, of Denver, has just peeled off and exposed to the gaze of the horrified people.

But all in vain did Roosevelt work. Debs sprang into the arena and electrified the nation with his historic article, Arouse,
Ye Slaves! and his declaration, "If they hang Moyer and Haywood they will have to hang me."

The Appeal and the unionists backing Debs beat back the would-be murderers, and, fearing for their precious skins when an aroused people would demand an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, the conspirators collapsed and Roosevelt was left sulking in his tent.

1907.

Strange as it may appear, this off-year proved to be the most eventful year of Roosevelt's life. It witnessed the climax of his perfidy. He knew the feeling against a third term was so strong that he would be beaten were he to run. He had to find a successor. He had to face a panic and save his sugar trust friends from the penitentiary before the day died out of the sky on December 31st. First as to the sugar criminals: A keen-eyed inspector had noticed something wrong on the Brooklyn and Jersey wharves where the imported sugar belonging to the sugar trusts was weighed. A wire had been put into the delicate mechanism of the scales, where it could be pulled by one of the sugar trust weighers, causing it to weigh falsely. In this manner Uncle Sam had been robbed of twenty-five millions in duties and inasmuch as the government can reclaim a sum that is equal to five times as much as that of which it is defrauded, the sugar trust would have been hopelessly wrecked were even-handed justice done. But the sugar trust was in deeper than this. A Philadelphia Jew named Segal had induced the president of the Philadelphia Fidelity Trust company to back an independent sugar refinery in the city of Brotherly Love and street car grafters. The sugar trust bought in on the deal and by criminal frenzied financiers wrecked the independent plant, destroyed the Fidelity Trust company and thus caused President Hippelt to blow out his brains. A brilliant attorney in Philadelphia was appointed receiver for the wrecked property. He uncovered the sugar trust fraud and again it seemed as if the sugar magnates were headed for the pen. Roosevelt's attorney general, Boneparte, with the kingly name and the face of a French chef, visited Philadelphia and prepared for action. Roosevelt sprang into the breech, called Boneparte off and saved his sugar trust friends.

In the good old summer time Roosevelt decided upon Taft as the ideal man to carry out "my policies."

To secure Taft's nomination the first string to be pulled was the postoffice department. The jobs to be given away amounted to 150,000, postmasters and all.
So Hitchcock, assistant postmaster general, was told to pack his grip and go south; this for the reason that a southern vote counts as much in a national convention as a northern one, and in the south where the democratic party reigns supreme postmasters is about all there is of the republican party.

When Hitchcock moved on Roosevelt’s campaign, carte blanche was given him to pull all live wires on his itinerary; after the postmasters, federal judges, district attorneys, government inspectors, capitalists seeking special privileges under public domain, in short, everything in sight was to be grabbed to fasten the cogs and wheels and bearings and parts that would make the steam roller that would flatten out all opposition to Taft at the coming national convention.

After visiting the south, Hitchcock passed through Arizona to California, where one of the chief cogs of the Southern Pacific machine, United States Attorney Lawler, of Los Angeles, was pushed on the band wagon. This Lawler was the man who kept the Mexican patriots, Magon, Villarreal and Rivera, in jail for seventeen months without a trial.

Down to the coast to Seattle sped Hitchcock, where the most important meeting of the tour was held. Seattle, be it remembered, is the gateway to Alaska. Billions of dollars of public property was in sight. In fact, Benjamin Hampton, owner of Hampton Magazine, says in his April number that competent experts estimate the value of District of Alaska in trillions. One mountain of anthracite coal in the public domain has six thousand million tons in sight, every pound of which belongs to the American people, and every ounce of this was to be stolen through the connivance of Hitchcock, Taft and Roosevelt; so the plotters plotted in the night at Seattle in October, 1907. This conspiracy was conducted by what was known as the Morganheim agents, otherwise Messrs. Morgan and Guggenheim. The chief demand of the Morganheim agents was that they should be allowed to appoint the secretary of the interior in person of Ballinger, and Taft should drive through congress and sign the bill that the lawyers of Morgan and Guggenheim would frame. In return for this service the Morgan-Guggenheim agents agreed to deliver a Taft delegation to the national convention in all the Rocky Mountain states, then put up a campaign fund sufficiently large to elect Taft in these states. After events have shown that everything has moved up to date as planned. Taft got the delegation, the campaign fund was put up, the states were carried for the republican party. Ballinger was appointed, the Cunningham claims were rushed to patent by Ballinger, and the steal only stopped by the heroism of Glavis; Taft has fathered the Alaska bill that provides that nine commissioners
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appointed have the power to give away every franchise in Alaska, thus causing Governor Wickersham of Alaska to say before a congressional committee in answer to a question of Governor Clark of Arkansas—"the Taft bill virtually turns over every five dollars' worth of property in Alaska to the Morgan-Guggenheim interests." So much for the Hitchcock-Roosevelt move in 1907.

In this same October came the panic, sweeping like a tornado through the nation. Banks collapsed, factories closed, three million men are out of employment and the hearse of the suicide is seen in the city streets.

Morgan visits Roosevelt and the United States treasury is tapped for twenty-five million dollars, while the farmer cannot get one dollar to move his cotton. Morgan strides out in the breakers and pulls to his sheltered financial shore steamship lines, factories and other valuable propositions, and winds up his buccaneer cruise by ordering Roosevelt to smash the anti-trust law and enable him to steal the one genuine competitor of these United States Steel corporations, The Tennessee Coal and Iron company. Thus does the trust buster bust the trust.

1909.

The last congress over which Roosevelt held sway was as usual barren of any results to the people. Floods of special messages came from the white house, Tilman was excoriated. Congress was threatened with secret agents' reports. A rep-
resentative from New York attacked Roosevelt savagely in a speech in the house, referring to him as the gargoyle of American politics, and so, on the fourth of March at noon, amidst a frightful snow storm, emblematic of the conditions of the people, Roosevelt walked out of the white house and turned over the reins of office to his successor, William Howard Taft. As he drove through the storm to the Pennsylvania depot he must have recast in his mind the seven swift years that lay behind them since the martyred McKinley gasped out his last breath at Buffalo. Two trusts were doing business to the one that was in operation when he stepped in the white house, the cost of living had enormously increased to the masses of the people and wages had not kept pace with the increase. Millions of unemployed were hungry in the land.

1910.

After a year spent indulging his passion for blood in the wilds, Roosevelt turns his face homeward. He has not forgotten his old spectacular tricks. Scarcely is he out of the jungle until he upholds the mailed fist of English capital and attacks the revolutionary party that is struggling for freedom within the shadow of pyramids.

The prow of his vessel will soon plow through the Narrows, and, like his explorer, double, Dr. Cook, he will be greeted by acclamation in New York. He will find a city captured by the Socialists in his absence. He will find a more sober and thoughtful people thinking as they never thought before. He may then realize his theatrical race is run and he will sink into oblivion, unwept—unhonored—and unsung.
The Threat of Barbarism

BY GEORGE D. HERRON.

It is difficult to write of so dominant and delusive a personality as Theodore Roosevelt without in some measure using language that fits the subject. In both word and deed is Mr. Roosevelt himself so terribly personal that it is impossible to write about him in an impersonal way. To speak of him in any terms that at all characterize him is to lay one's self open to the charge of personal feeling. I confess I do feel deeply about Mr. Roosevelt, but it is because I believe him to be the most malign and menacing personal force in the political world of today. He is the embodiment of man's return to the brute—the living announcement that man will again seek relief from the sickness of society in the bonds of an imposing savagery. He is a sign, and one of the makers, of universal decay. He is the glorification of what is rotten and reactionary in our civilization. To speak calmly of one whose life and achievements are a threat and an insult to the holiest spirit of mankind, this is not easy for anyone who cares about mankind, or carries within himself the heartache of the generations. About other men one may write judicially, and leave something for inference. But one can only truly write about Mr. Roosevelt by telling the truth about him; and that means the use of plain and terrible words. That is the tragedy and terror of having to speak of him at all.

Quite recently I have been criticised for saying that Theodore Roosevelt is the most degrading influence in our American public life and history. I said this because it was true. It is what many thoughtful Americans know; it is also what no one with a reputation to lose will say. We are all afraid of him: we are afraid of him just as we are afraid of the plotted revenge, of the bludgeon from behind, of the knife in the back, of the thief in the dark. No one knows what this man will do, if one enters the lists against him; but whatever he does, it will be to avoid the question at issue, and to come at you unawares; to seize an advantage that only the dishonorable and the shameless accept. Whatever he does, he will never fight you fair; he will never strike a blow that is not foul. In some respects Mr. Roosevelt has the field to himself; the majority of men have still some rudimentary feelings about the truth; and if not this, then an ordinary sense of humor, as well as the lack of opportunity, saves them from any foolish attempt at competing with Mr. Roosevelt in the art of clothing flagrant falsehood with the garments
of moral pomp. It is notorious, too, that no man will now contend with Mr. Roosevelt, because no man will so bemean himself as to fight upon Mr. Roosevelt's terms. It is also notorious that Mr. Roosevelt will avail himself of this fact, as he did in his controversy with Mr. Edward H. Harriman; as he did in his amazing and disgraceful articles against Socialism; as he did when he condemned, for the sake of his own popularity with a capitalist press, the labor leaders, Moyer and Haywood, while these men were still on trial for their lives. He knows that his most bitter opponent will observe some of the decencies of combat. Observing none of these himself, he has all the choice of weapons; and he chooses without reference to the weapons of his opponent. Indeed, no white man would be found with the controversial weapons of Theodore Roosevelt upon his person. And no white man has had, or would wish to have, Mr. Roosevelt's opportunity for investing the most skulking personal revenges with the air of a champion of the public good.

But it is not against a mere individual that I protest. I object to Mr. Roosevelt from the fact that he voices and incarnates the fundamental social immorality—the doctrine that might makes right; that no righteousness is worth the having except that which is enforced by brute words, or brute laws, or brute fists, or brute armies. Mr. Roosevelt stands for a life that belongs to the lower barbarian and to the jungle. He has set before the youth of the nation the glory of the beast instead of the glory of the soul. The nation has been hypnotized and saturated with his horrible ideals, as well as by his possessional and intimidating personality. Of course, the nation is itself to blame, and in this reveals its own decadence; for the heroes we worship, and the ideals we cherish, are the revelations of ourselves. Yet it is this one man, more than all others, who has awakened the instinct to kill and to conquer, and all the sleeping savagery of the people. It is he who has put the blood-cup to the lips of the nation, and who bids the nation drink. And one of the strangest ironies that ever issued from academic ignorance, and what will prove to be one of the historic stupidities, is the endowment of this naked militarist with the Nobel Peace Prize; and this because, in the interests of the great bankers and of his own military policy, he was instrumental in depriving Japan of the full fruits of her victory.

Theodore Roosevelt leads a recession in the life of the world. He betokens the enfeeblement of mankind, its lack of a living faith. He is the ominous star of the new New Dark Ages—wherein the faithless soul of man will seek forgetfulness and excitement in military murder, and political bestiality. It is true that Mr. Roosevelt has imposed upon the world an impression of strength; but he is essentially a weakling, an anthropological problem, a case for the pathologist. His psychology is that of the savage at one time, and of the hysterical at another. Intellectually, he is an atavism, the recrudescence of
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an antique type; he belongs with the rulers of the Roman degeneracy, or with the lesser Oriental despots.

And Mr. Roosevelt is the last man whose name should be spoken of in connection with democracy. He does not believe in democracy at all; nor in freedom at all. He is no more of a democrat than Genghis Khan or Louis XI. He likes liberty less than Cromwell did; and Cromwell liked liberty less, by far, than did Charles I. Only these are big names to put beside the name of a man so morally small, so ignorant of essential excellence, so ruthlessly inconsiderate of his fellows, as Theodore Roosevelt.

But supposing Mr. Roosevelt were one of the soul's gentlemen, supposing he politically meant to do social good, it is by methods that belong to the darkest phases of human history—the methods of the tyrant who believes his own will to be the only righteousness, and all opposition to that will to be the one unrighteousness; and who proceeds to stamp its opposers with what he means to be an indelible infamy, or to kill if he can. As the best example of this sort, Cromwell tyrannized over a nation, and over the souls of men, for their own salvation and for the glory of God. And this is the method by which every tyranny or tyrant seeks justification. It is the only method Mr. Roosevelt cares for or believes in.

Yet no man ever ruled other men for their own good; no man was ever rightly the master of the minds or bodies of his brothers; no man ever ruled other men for anything except for their undoing and for his own brutalization. The possession of power over others is inherently destructive—both to the possessor of the power and to those over whom it is exercised. And the great man of the future, in distinction from the great man of the past, is he who will seek to create power in the peoples, and not gain power over them. The great man of the future is he who will refuse to be great at all, in the historic sense; he is the man who will literally lose himself, who will altogether diffuse himself, in the life of humanity. All that any man can do for a people, all that any man can do for another man, is to set the man or the people free. Our work, wheresoever and wheresoever we would do good, is to open to men the gates of life—to lift up the heavenly doors of opportunity.

This applies to society as well as to the individual man. If the collective man will release the individual man and let him go, then the individual will at last give himself gloriously, in the fulness of his strength, unto the society that sets the gates and the highways of opportunity before him. Give men opportunity, and opportunity will give you men; for opportunity is God, and freedom to embrace opportunity is the glory of God.

Yet, having said all this, I venture to prophesy that Mr. Roosevelt has not yet reached the high noon of his day. And the day is Roosevelt's, you may be sure of that. It will be a long day, too,
and a dark day, before it is done. He will return to the American nation and rule it, as he means to do. It is not merely that the nation is obsessed with Theodore Roosevelt; it is that a situation is arriving in which he will be the psychological necessity. He himself foresees this necessity; the nation is instinct with it. He knew what he was doing when he made Taft president. Roosevelt made Taft president because he knew that Taft would make Roosevelt necessary. He knew that Taft would be a failure; that he would further confound the confusion toward which the nation is drifting.

But drifting is hardly the word. With awful swiftness we are moving toward long crisis and abysmal disaster—crisis and disaster in which the rest of the world will be involved. It is the inevitable outcome of the capitalist system that the workers of the world will become too poor to buy the things they make. We are already in sight of that culmination in America. We must hence reach the last accessible man and compel him to buy, we must sell to the uttermost man on the outermost edge of the earth, or our economic world-machine will fall in upon itself. We Americans must have the market of China; else there will come a sudden day when twenty millions of men will be in the streets without work. And twenty millions of men will not go down to starvation without bringing down the national structure with them.

Now capitalism knows that Mr. Roosevelt is the only man that can be depended upon to get for it the Chinese market. It also knows perfectly well that labor has not in the world a more ruthless enemy than Mr. Roosevelt. At heart he holds the working class in contempt. He despises the dream of equality. He hates the whole modern effort of the soul toward freedom—freedom of labor, freedom spiritual, freedom social. Notwithstanding his bluster about the trusts, and his determination to control to some extent the course of industrial operation, it is in the interest of absolutism, and against Socialism, that he has worked. Intelligent capitalism knows that Roosevelt can be trusted, as no other man can be trusted, to see it through. It is, therefore, to Roosevelt that capitalism will turn to conquer its new worlds for it; to Roosevelt that capitalism will turn to finally crush the resistance of labor. It is to Roosevelt that all the vested interests of the present civilization will turn, in the time of their danger or dissolution. The Cæsars arose as the necessary chief of police of the Roman propertied or plundering class. So will Roosevelt and his successors arise; they will arise to police the world in the interests of its possessors.

There could only be one alternative to Roosevelt, in the dreadful years that are coming to America; a thoroughly organized Socialist movement of the highest order; a Socialist movement that would be profoundly revolutionary, resolutely reaching to the roots of things, refusing any longer to tinker or compromise with the present evil world; yet a Socialist movement with its pattern in the Mount
THE POLITICAL DR. COOK.

—a Socialist movement led by the glowing vision, and charged with the highest idealism as to ultimate freedoms and values. It is for such a revolution the whole world waits; a revolution that shall be a synthesis of the life of man; a revolution wherein men shall mightily and decisively make their own world; a revolution that shall make all material facts and forces to be the medium and music of the free human spirit; a revolution that shall make the world's civilization an invitation to the soul of every man to express itself and rejoice. Yet there is not such a Socialist movement in the world now, and the last place to look for its coming is in America. No where else has individualism borne such deadly fruit; nowhere else is there such intellectual and moral servility; nowhere else is there such actual ignorance of the new world that is besetting the old. We have never had a republic in anything but name. We have always and only had the administration of society in the interests of the dominant financial bureaucracy. And it is well known, now, that our whole system of government has long since broken down. America is practically being governed without law. There is absolutely no constitutional method of social reform. There will be a long time of darkness and suffering, of hypocrisy and compromise, and of depthless disaster, before there will be any real social awakening in America, or any effective spiritual fund upon which to draw for a revolution. It is for this reason Mr. Roosevelt will become the nation's psychological necessity. There is nothing for it but the strong man—the man who will govern us without law. Mr. Roosevelt knows this; and he has known it for many years; and all his life he has been getting ready for it. And not only America, perhaps Great Britain as well, will turn to Roosevelt as the only force relentless and purposeful enough to carry it through the beginnings of the New Dark Ages. And, as I have already said, it is when the world is enfeebled and faithless that it turns to the strong man.

Upon such a crisis the nations are turning now. We are approaching one of those times when the world returns to brute force; when civilization is resolved back into its primal elements; when the tyrant seems to be the only savior. And Mr. Roosevelt is the man for this approaching time. And this approaching time is working out the day and the hour of the fulfillment of Mr. Roosevelt's ambitions.

So I make my prophecy: Roosevelt will return to America, and he will rule it. He carries the nation in the hollow of his hand. He will be elected president. There will be war with Japan for the market of China. There will be glutted markets, underconsumption of economic goods, universal unemployment, and the sudden standstill of industry, and the paralysis of even the semblance of government. Roosevelt will seem the only salvation from anarchy. When he returns to Washington he will return to stay, as he means to stay. He is by nature a man utterly lawless, and the nation is now practically lawless. He has been all his life getting ready for
this one goal, and the decadent nation is rapidly preparing the goal for him. The monthly magazine-reformers and Mr. Pierpont Morgan are alike turning to Mr. Roosevelt as the nation's hope. All things are preparing his way. The times and he are joining themselves together perfectly. Theodore Roosevelt has had his dawn; he will now have his day; and it will be one of the harshest and bitterest days in the still-continuing pilgrimage of mankind through the wilderness.

Now having made my prophecy, let me be judged by it ten years hence—not now. And ever, while I live, shall I pray that my prophecy may prove false. For the sake of man, and for the joy of my own soul, may it be that this word of the future may not come true. Rather let it be that some sudden awakening as to what is really true and good and beautiful, some sudden precipitation of the yet unevolved spirit of man, may deliver us from the engulfing misery of the New Dark Ages which the coming of Roosevelt be-tokens.
"The Threat of Barbarism"---
The Answer.

Geo. D. Herron's deeply Philosophic article, in 760 of the Appeal may well strike terror in the minds of all thinking Americans.

His prophecy of the dark ages coming upon our country is the most fearsome note that has been struck in the music of our life since Wilkes Booth's shot rang out in Ford's theater in 1865. He prays that his prophecy may not come true and wishes to be judged by the results ten years hence. It were well that he put in that proviso because although ten years from now may find us with primitive barricades on the street fighting with blood and rude weapons the centuries old battle, still, out of that conflict there will come a redeemed America pushing onward to the goal of the race, the universal brotherhood of man.

George Herron may stress on the individualistic spirit of our country with its accompanying lack of ideals, its glorification of power in the hands of the individual and its lack of a soul-lifting movement. But after all is this not a necessary phase in our sociologic development? Just as we could not jump from feudalism into Socialism, so we could not escape this individualistic horror.

If my friend Herron will ponder deeply over the fact that Washington, Jefferson, Franklin and Payne never heard the whistle of a locomotive, the tinkle of a telephone bell and the churning screws of a side wheel steamer and will remember that in 1839 just 70 years ago Ft. Dearborn on which the city of Chicago stands, was an Indian trading post, Wisconsin had 5,000 souls within its border, Minnesota was a wilderness, Nebraska was a political district and westward beyond that was the Indian and Vista he will then realize that the Spirit of America had to be the pioneer spirit of the man in the prairie schooner who pushed on to the west with the leather lines in his hand, the rifle across his knees and his wife and babies behind him.

Viewing events in this way I have no fear for the future of fair Columbia; The Star Spangled Banner will continue to wave
while our people clean out a bunch of Roosevelt vermin that is hidden in its folds.

I do not think of Roosevelt as my good friend Herron does, and the reason is that each time I hear of the "man on horseback," I pull myself away from the stress of the day and take down my eighteenth Brumaire and read again the most wonderful monograph on history ever written, Marx's greatest contribution to the socio-logic science of our day. Listen to what he says:

"History repeats itself, once as tragedy, again as farce. The tragedy of the great Napoleon, the farce of LaPetite Napoleon" (the little Napoleon).

And so with our Roosevelt as a star of the moment and his part in the history of our times. We have the tragedy of the great Lincoln and his immortal Gettysburg address with its "Government of the people by the people and for the people will never perish from the earth." These words in our history were not the idle words of a passing hour but they were carved in the granite of our nation's life as portrayed for a moment on that historic field and gloriously lit up by the sheen of the sword in hands of George Picket as with his gallant men he sought to scale the heights of Cemetery Hill.

The Parallel between Lincoln and Roosevelt is just as correct in our day as between Roosevelt and Dr. Cook, and Napoleon the Great and Napoleon the Little. Where is the hill that Roosevelt climbed? It exists not in this world and the only recollection we have of it is that the gentleman himself standing at the base of San Juan Hill while the negroes climbed the heights.

And so I have the Faith within me that the Socialist party will march on carrying the torch of Knowledge and with its footsteps lighted by the lamps of science will climb the obstacles of ignorance that beset the race today and will lead us, through the orderly processes of autonomous work, as laid down by the Jeffersons and Paynes, into the haven of the Socialist republic where all things collectively used will be collectively owned and all things privately used will be privately owned and the stars of a social democracy will light all the homes of the earth as each passing day dies out of the sky.

T. A. Hickey.
Socialist Party Platform--1908

Adopted by the Socialist Party in National Convention Assembled at Chicago, May 10, 1908.

Declaration of Principles.

Human life depends upon food, clothing and shelter. Only with these assured are freedom, culture and higher human development possible. To produce food, clothing or shelter, land and machinery are needed. Land alone does not satisfy human needs. Human labor creates machinery and applies it to the land for the production of raw materials and food, whoever has control of land and machinery controls human labor, and with it human life and liberty.

Today the machinery and the land used for industrial purposes are owned by a rapidly decreasing minority. So long as machinery is simple and easily handled by one man, its owner cannot dominate the sources of life of others. But when machinery becomes more complex and expensive, and requires for its effective operation the organized effort of many workers, its influence reaches over wide circles of life. The owners of such machinery become the dominant class.

In proportion as the number of such machine owners compared to all other classes decreases, their power in the nation and in the world increases. They bring ever larger masses of working people under their control, reducing them to the point where muscle and brain are their only productive property. Millions of formerly self-employing workers thus become the helpless wage slaves of the industrial masters.

As the economic power of the ruling class grows it becomes less useful in the life of the nation. All the useful work of the nation falls upon the shoulders of the class whose only property is its manual and mental labor power—the wage worker—or of the class who have but little land and little effective machinery outside
of their labor power—the small traders and small farmers. The ruling minority is steadily becoming useless and parasitic.

A bitter struggle over the division of the products of labor is waged between the exploited propertied classes on the one hand and the exploited propertyless class on the other. In this struggle the wage-working class cannot expect adequate relief from any reform of the present order at the hands of the dominant class.

The wage workers are therefore the most determined and irreconcilable antagonists of the ruling class. They suffer most from the curse of class rule. The fact that a few capitalists are permitted to control all the country’s industrial resources and social tools for their individual profit, and to make the production of the necessaries of life the object of competitive private enterprise and speculation is at the bottom of all the social evils of our time.

In spite of the organization of trusts, pools and combinations, the capitalists are powerless to regulate production for social ends. Industries are largely conducted in a planless manner. Through periods of feverish activity the strength and health of the workers are mercilessly used up, and during periods of enforced idleness the workers are frequently reduced to starvation.

The climaxes of this system of production are the regularly recurring industrial depressions and crises which paralyze the nation every fifteen or twenty years.

The capitalist class, in its mad race for profits, is bound to exploit the workers to the very limit of their endurance and to sacrifice their physical, moral and mental welfare to its own insatiable greed. Capitalism keeps the masses of workingmen in poverty, destitution, physical exhaustion and ignorance. It drags their wives from their homes to the mill and factory. It snatches their children from the playgrounds and schools and grinds their slender bodies and unformed minds into cold dollars. It disfigures, maims and kills hundreds of thousands of workingmen annually in mines, on railroads and in factories. It drives millions of workers into the ranks of the unemployed and forces large numbers of them into beggary, vagrancy and all forms of crime and vice.

To maintain their rule over their fellow men, the capitalists must keep in their pay all organs of the public powers, public mind and public conscience. They control the dominant parties and, through them, the elected public officials. They select the executives, bribe the legislatures and corrupt the courts of justice. They own and censor the press. They dominate the educational institutions. They own the nation politically and intellectually just as they own it industrially.

The struggle between wage workers and capitalists grows ever
 fiercer, and has now become the only vital issue before the American people. The wage-working class, therefore, has the most direct interest in abolishing the capitalist system. But in abolishing the present system the workingmen will free not only their own class, but also all other classes of modern society: The small farmer, who is today exploited by large capital more indirectly, but not less effectively than is the wage laborer; the small manufacturer and trader, who is engaged in a desperate and losing struggle for economic independence in the face of the all-conquering power of concentrated capital; and struggle of the working class against the capitalist class, while it is a class struggle, is thus at the same time a struggle for the abolition of all classes and class privileges.

The private ownership of the land and means of production used for exploitation is the rock upon which class rule is built; political government is its indispensable instrument. The wage workers cannot be freed from exploitation without conquering the political power and substituting collective for private ownership of the land and means of production used for exploitation.

The basis for such transformation is rapidly developing within present capitalist society. The factory system, with its complex machinery and minute division of labor, is rapidly destroying all vestiges of individual production in manufacture. Modern production is already very largely a collective and social process. The great trusts and monopolies which have sprung up in recent years have organized the work and management of the principal industries on a national scale, and have fitted them for collective use and operation.

The Socialist party is primarily an economic and political movement. It is not concerned with matters of religious belief.

In the struggle for freedom the interests of all modern workers are identical. The struggle is not only national, but international. It embraces the world and will be carried to ultimate victory by the united workers of the world.

To unite the workers of the nation and their allies and sympathizers of all other classes to this end is the mission of the Socialist party. In this battle for freedom the Socialist party does not strive to substitute working-class rule for capitalist-class rule, but by working-class victory to free all humanity from class-rule and to realize the international brotherhood of man.

PLATFORM FOR 1908.

The Socialist party, in national convention assembled, again declares itself as the party of the working class, and appeals for the support of all workers of the United States and of all citizens who sympathize with the great and just cause of labor.

We are at this moment in the midst of one of those indus-
trial breakdowns that periodically paralyze the life of the nation. The much-boasted era of our national prosperity has been followed by one of general misery. Factories, mills and mines are closed. Millions of men, ready, willing and able to provide the nation with all the necessaries and comforts of life, are forced into idleness and starvation.

Within recent times the trusts and monopolies have attained an enormous and menacing development. They have acquired the power to dictate the terms upon which we shall be allowed to live. The trusts fix the prices of our bread, meat and sugar, of our coal, oil and clothing, of our raw material and machinery, of all the necessities of life.

The present desperate condition of the workers has been made the opportunity for a renewed onslaught on organized labor. The highest courts of the country have within the last year rendered decision after decision depriving the workers of rights which they had won by generations of struggle.

The attempt to destroy the Western Federation of Miners, although defeated by the solidarity of organized labor and the Socialist movement, revealed the existence of a far-reaching and unscrupulous conspiracy by the ruling class against the organizations of labor.

In their efforts to take the lives of the leaders of the miners the conspirators violated state laws and the federal constitution in a manner seldom equaled even in a country so completely dominated by the profit-seeking class as is the United States.

The congress of the United States has shown its contempt for the interests of labor as plainly and unmistakably as have the other branches of government. The laws for which the labor organizations have continually petitioned have failed to pass. Laws ostensibly enacted for the benefit of labor have been distorted against labor.

The working class of the United States cannot expect any remedy for its wrongs from the present ruling class or from the dominant parties. So long as a small number of individuals are permitted to control the sources of the nation's wealth for their private profit in competition with each other and for the exploitation of their fellow men, industrial depressions are bound to occur at certain intervals. No currency reforms or other legislative measures proposed by capitalist reformers can avail against these fatal results of utter anarchy in production.

Individual competition leads inevitably to combinations and trusts. No amount of government regulation, or of publicity or of
restrictive legislation will arrest the natural course of modern industrial development.

While our courts, legislatures and executive offices remain in the hands of the ruling classes and their agents, the government will be used in the interests of these classes as against the toilers.

Political parties are but the expression of economic class interests. The republican, the democratic and the so-called "independence" parties, and all parties other than the Socialist party, are financed, directed and controlled by the representatives of different groups of the ruling class.

In the maintenance of class government both the democratic and republican parties have been equally guilty. The republican party has had control of the national government and has been directly and actively responsible for these wrongs. The democratic party, while saved from direct responsibility by its political impotence, has shown itself equally subservient to the aims of the capitalist class whenever and wherever it has been in power. The old chattel slave-owning aristocracy of the south, which was the backbone of the democratic party, has been supplanted by a child slave plutocracy. In the great cities of our country the democratic party is allied with the criminal element of the slums as the republican party is allied with the predatory criminals of the palace in maintaining the interest of the possessing class.

The various "reform" movements and parties which have sprung up within recent years are but the clumsy expression of widespread popular discontent. They are not based on an intelligent understanding of the historical development of civilization and of the economic and political needs of our time. They are bound to perish as the numerous middle class reform movements of the past have perished.

PROGRAM.

General Demands.

1—The immediate government relief of the unemployed workers by building schools, by reforestation of cut-over waste lands, by reclamation of arid tracts, and the building of canals, and by extending all other useful public works. All persons employed on such work shall be employed directly by the government under an eight-hour workday and at the prevailing union wages. The government shall also loan money to states and municipalities without interest for the purpose of carrying on public works. It shall contribute to the funds of labor organizations for the purpose of assisting their unemployed members, and shall take such other meas-
ures within its power as will lessen the widespread misery of the workers caused by the misrule of the capitalist class.

2—The collective ownership of railroads, telegraphs, telephones, steamship lines and all other means of social transportation and communication and all land.

3—The collective ownership of all industries which are organized on a national scale and in which competition has virtually ceased to exist.

4—The extension of the public domain to include mines, quarries, oil wells, forests and water power.

5—The scientific reforestation of timber lands and the reclamation of swamp lands. The land so reforested or reclaimed to be permanently retained as a part of the public domain.

6—The absolute freedom of press, speech and assemblage.

**Industrial Demands.**

7 The improvement of the industrial condition of the workers.

(a) By shortening the workday in keeping with the increased productiveness of machinery.

(b) By securing to every worker a rest period of not less than a day and a half in each week.

(c) By securing a more effective inspection of workshops and factories.

(d) By forbidding the employment of children under sixteen years of age.

(e) By forbidding the inter-state transportation of the products of child labor, of convict labor and of all uninspected factories.

(f) By abolishing official charity and substituting in its place compulsory insurance against unemployment, illness, accidents, invalidism, old age and death.

**Political Demands.**

8—The extension of inheritance taxes, graduated in proportion to the amount of the bequests and to the nearness of kin.

9—A graduated income tax.

10—Unrestricted and equal suffrage for men and women, and
we pledge ourselves to engage in an active campaign in that direction.

11—The initiative and referendum, proportional representation and the right of recall.

12—The abolition of the senate.

13—The abolition of the power usurped by the supreme court of the United States to pass upon the constitutionality of legislation enacted by congress. National laws to be repealed or abrogated only by act of congress or by a referendum of the whole people.

14—That the constitution be made amendable by majority vote.

15—The enactment of further measures for general education and for the conservation of health. The bureau of education to be made a department. The creation of a department of public health.

16—The separation of the present bureau of labor from the department of commerce and labor, and the establishment of a department of labor.

17—That all judges be elected by the people for short terms, and that the power to issue injunctions shall be curbed by immediate legislation.

18—The free administration of justice.

Such measures of relief as we may be able to force from capitalism are but a preparation of the workers to seize the whole powers of government, in order that they may thereby lay hold of the whole system of industry and thus come to their rightful inheritance.