

# His Menace Does Not Alarm Capitalists

By Fred D. Warren

"The Nation Menaced" is the startling headline over a Washington patch. A closer reading discloses the fact that this menace is foreign immigration, and that during the year just closed 1,027,421 steerage immigrants landed in the United States, being an increase of 25 per cent over the number brought in the year before. I say "brought in" advisedly, because these people are brought here by the steamship companies in collusion with foreign governments and local agents.

That this immigration is not a "menace" to the country, viewed from the standpoint of the Captain of Industry, I refer my readers to the following article printed in the *Financial Chronicle*, Wall Street's official mouthpiece, in its issue of August 22, 1903:

In the two years ending June 30, 1903, the arrivals have been over a million and a half—1,565,730. It is scarcely necessary to dilate upon what such an addition to population signifies. It means a million and a half requiring clothes, and it means increases in various other directions—the use of street cars and other transportation facilities, etc., etc. It means, of course, also a large addition to the body of laborers.

There you have the capitalist philosophy in a nut-shell—the more workers the greater the competition for jobs; the greater the competition for jobs the lower wages can be forced; the more mouths to feed the greater demand for foodstuffs; the greater demand the higher the prices. See how it all works to the advantage of the capitalist? And note how he uses his government to further his ends?

Maybe it doesn't appear quite plain to you, so I will reduce the proposition to a concrete example: For fifteen years I lived in a mining town in Missouri. The mines were owned by the Goulds of New York. There was enough work to keep 500 miners busy all the time. The company kept 1,000 miners on the job the year round. They figured this way: One thousand miners working half time (and they did not average that) produced as much coal as 500 miners working all the time.

One thousand miners and their families would need just twice as many houses—and the company had houses to rent!

One thousand families would consume just twice as many groceries—and the company had groceries to sell!

And then there were the doctor's fees and the blacksmith's fees—on each item there was a very considerable profit to the company!

And, finally, to sum up, it was the policy of the company to hand out just enough work each week to enable the miners to live—thus getting back all the wages which they had paid out for mining coal.

Had the company given 500 men employment all the time, and they had been able to live on the earnings of three days per week, it is apparent that some of the thrifty would have saved the wages earned during the other three days and this sum would have been lost to the mining company.

But there was still another advantage to the coal company. It was this: It was discovered that where there were so many men and so few jobs there was less likelihood of strikes and the exorbitant demands of trades unions. The capitalist is shrewd enough to understand that if men had jobs with no unemployed army—no "reserve of labor," as the capitalist economist puts it—to draw from, labor could demand anything it wanted, even to the full product, and could enforce its demand.

But the individual capitalist is not responsible for the surplus labor, nor is he responsible for the improved machinery and methods of production—he simply takes advantage of these conditions and turns them to account.

He is using these million immigrants—men and women forced from their own countries by intolerable conditions—to defeat organized labor in this country.

And "when employers have convinced organized labor that it cannot hold its own against the capitalist manager, the whole energy that goes to the union will turn to an aggressive political socialism," says David Graham Phillips. And Mr. Phillips is right. His position recognized by one group of capitalists, which is anxious to placate the trades unions and give them "reasonable" wages and "fair" conditions—always provided, of course, the capitalist is permitted to name wages and conditions. But this group, as the struggle grows apace, decreasing in number—while the group which is determined to crush every semblance of organized labor is growing in power and influence.

Year	Influx	Total
95	270,084	1000
96	348,287	1901
97	230,832	1002
98	220,280	1003
99	311,715	1904
00		812,870

And now comes the banner year, 1905, ending June 30th, with its 1,027,421. In the light of the *Financial Chronicle's* article, do you wonder the capitalist looks with complacency on the influx? It means more people to clothe and feed and it means fiercer competition for jobs.

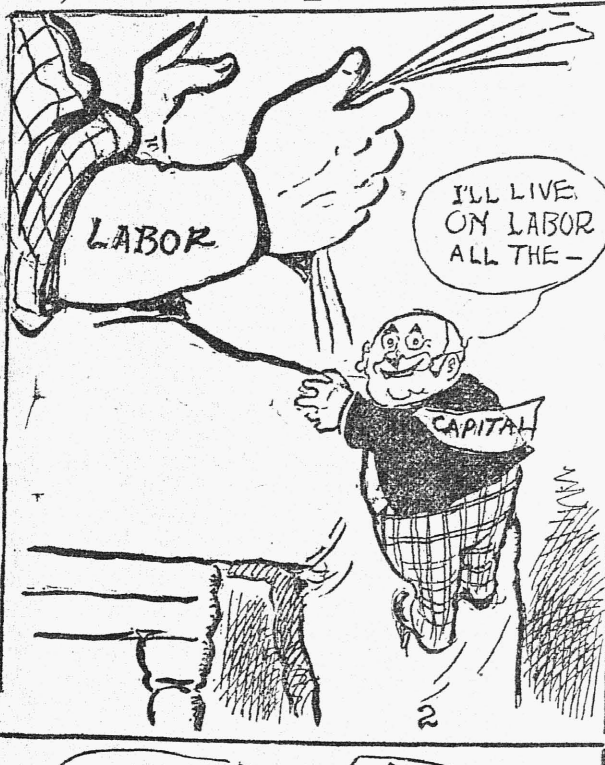
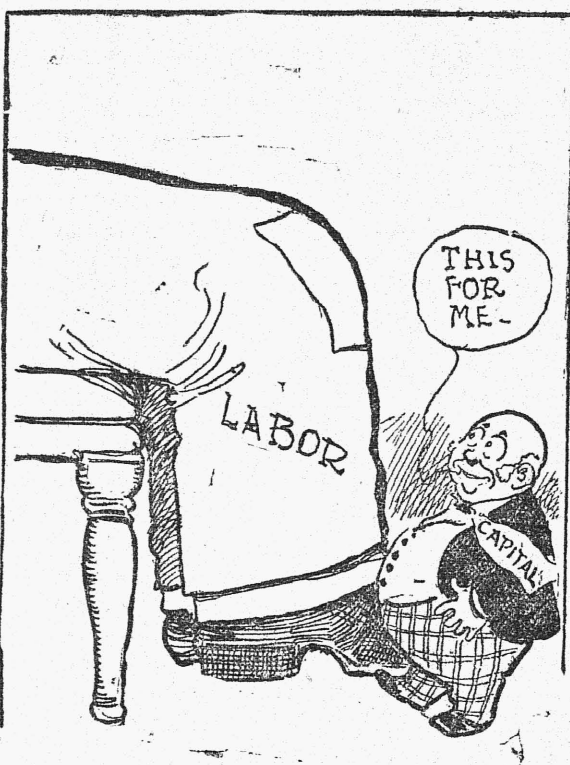
Against this flood of unskilled and unorganized workmen, the organized trades of America cannot stand! The miners of the coal fields the east are already preparing for the most stupendous labor contest ever waged. This contest is not for an increase in wages, nor a shortening of hours—but to maintain the present wage scale—which itself represents a reduction peaceably accepted by the miners at Indianapolis a year ago.

These millions of imported laborers will be used by the capitalist to force the miners to accept the conditions imposed upon them, is true that many of these foreign workmen join the unions and become valiant fighters, but when capitalism dumps them on the industrial field by the million it is quite impossible to absorb them. They must live, and in order to live must have work.

It is not hard to forecast the result of this contest between the mine owners and the miners. *The miners will be beaten*, as they were in 1900 and 1902. In the face of this tremendous influx of workers, added to decreasing demand for coal, there is no possible way by which they can win. No possible way, did I say? That must be qualified. There is a way. David Graham Phillips, quoted above, points the way, or rather tells what will happen when the workers are forced to admit that they are no longer in the economic field are useless.

Then will they use their political power and win the day!

# Wouldn't It Jar You, Mr. Capitalist--



If you were to discover a big, horny handed son of toil, whom you felt sure would be your slave forever, to discover that he had issued a new declaration of freedom?

## The Jungle

SAMUEL KERWIN, author of "Calumet K," writes of the "Jungle": "It seems to me to be pretty big stuff. You have something like a masterpiece of the big brush, I think. And then the wide sweep of it—the way you convey whole communities and whole atmospheres straight to the reader and make him see and feel them—that is immense. You present a point of view which is so big and honest and so awfully human that it comes like a force in a new direction."

Written for the Appeal by UPTON SINCLAIR, author of *Manassas*. Copyright, 1905.

### The Wilderness of Civilization.

These streets were huge canyons formed by towering black buildings, echoing with the clang of car-gongs and the shouts of drivers; the people who swarmed in them were as busy as ants—all hurrying breathlessly, never stopping to look at anything nor at each other. The solitary trampish-looking foreigner, with water-soaked clothing, and haggard face and anxious eyes, was as much alone as he hurried past them, as much unheeded and as lost, as if he had been a thousand miles deep in a wilderness.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

JURGIS did not get out of the Bridewell quite as soon as he had expected. To his sentence there were added "court costs" of \$1.50—he was supposed to pay for the trouble of putting him in jail, and not having the money was obliged to work it off by three days more of toil. Nobody had taken the trouble to tell him this—only after counting the days and looking forward to the end in an agony of impatience, when the hour came that he expected to be free he found himself still set at the stone-heap, and laughed at when he ventured to protest. Then he concluded he must have counted wrong; but as another day passed, he gave up all hope—and was sunk in the depths of despair, when one morning after breakfast a keeper came to him with the word that his time was up at last. So he doffed his prison garb, and put on his old fertilizer clothing, and heard the door of the prison clang behind him.

He stood upon the steps, bewildered; he could hardly believe that it was true—that the sky was above him again and the open street before him—that he was a free man. But then the cold began to strike through his clothes, and he started quickly away.

There had been a heavy snow, and now a thaw had set in; a fine sleety rain was falling, driven by a wind that pierced Jurgis to the bone. He had not stopped for his overcoat when he set out to "do up" his boss, and so his rides in the patrol-wagons had been cruel experiences; his clothing was old and worn thin, and it never had been very warm. Now as he trudged on the rain soon wet it through; there were six inches of watery slush on the sidewalks, so that his feet would soon have been soaked, even had there been no holes in his shoes.

Jurgis had had enough to eat in the jail, and the work had been the least trying of any that he had done since he came to Chicago; but even so, he had not grown strong—the fear and grief that had preyed upon his mind had worn him thin. Now he shivered and shrunk from the rain, hiding his hands in his pockets and hunching his shoulders together. The Bridewell grounds were on the outskirts of the city and the country around them was unsettled and wild—on one side was the big drainage canal, and on the other a maze of railroad tracks, and so the wind had full sweep. After walking a ways, Jurgis met a little ruffian whom he hailed: "Hey, sonny!

He knew that Jurgis was a "jail bird" by his shaven head. "Wot yer want?" he queried.

"How do you go to the stock-yards?" Jurgis demanded.

"I don't go," replied the boy.

Jurgis hesitated a moment, nonplussed. Then he said: "I mean which is the way?"

"Why don't you say so then?" was the response, and he pointed to the northwest, across the tracks. "That way."

"How far is it?" Jurgis asked.

"I dunno," said the other—"mebbe twenty miles or so."

"Twenty miles!" Jurgis echoed, and his face fell. He had to walk every foot of it, for they had turned him out of jail without a penny in his pockets.

Yet, when he once got started, and his blood had warmed with walking, he forgot everything in the fever of his thoughts. All the dreadful imaginations that had haunted him in his cell now rushed into his mind at once. The agony was almost over—he was going to find out; and he clenched his hands in his pockets as he strode, following his flying desire, almost at a run. One—the baby—the family—the house—he would know the truth about them all! And he was coming to the rescue—he was free again! His hands were his own, and he could help them, he could do battle for them against the world!

For an hour or so he walked thus, and then he began to look about him. He seemed to be leaving the city altogether—the street was turning into a country road, leading out to the westward; there were snow-covered fields on either side of him. Soon he met a farmer driving a two-horse wagon loaded with straw, and he stopped him.

"Is this the way to the stock-yards?" he asked.

The farmer scratched his head. "I dunno jest where they be," he said, "but they're in the city somewhere, and you're going dead away from it now."

Jurgis looked dazed. "I was told this was the way," he said.

"A boy?"

The cars clanking and crashing together, and Jurgis would pace about waiting, burning up with a fever of impatience. Occasionally the cars would stop for some minutes, and wagons and street-cars would crowd together waiting, the drivers swearing at each other, or hiding beneath umbrellas out of the rain; at such times Jurgis would dodge under the gates and run across the tracks and between the cars, taking his life into his hands.

He crossed a long bridge over a river, frozen solid and covered with slush. Not even on the river bank was the snow white—the rain which fell was a diluted solution of smoke, and Jurgis's hands and face were streaked with black. Then he came into the business part of the city, where the streets were sewers of inky blackness, with horses slipping and plunging, and women and children flying across in panic-stricken droves. These streets were huge canyons formed by towering black buildings, echoing with the clang of car-gongs and the shouts of drivers; the people who swarmed in them were as busy as ants—all hurrying breathlessly, never stopping to look at anything nor at each other. The solitary trampish-looking foreigner, with water-soaked clothing, and haggard face and anxious eyes, was as much alone as he hurried past them, as much unheeded and as lost, as if he had been a thousand miles deep in a wilderness.

A policeman gave him his direction and told him that he had five miles to go. He came again to the slum districts, to avenues of saloons and cheap stores, with long dingy red factory buildings; and then Jurgis lifted up his head and began to sniff the air like a startled animal—scenting the far-off odor of home. It was late afternoon then, and he was hungry, but the dinner invitations hung out of the saloons were not for him.

So he came at last to the stock-yards, to the black volcano of smoke, and the loving cattle, and the stench. Then, seeing a crowded car, his impatience got the better of him and he jumped aboard, hiding behind another man, unnoticed by the conductor. In ten minutes more he had reached his street, and home.

He was half running as he came round the corner. There was the house, at any rate—and then suddenly he stopped and stared. What was the matter with the house?

Jurgis looked twice, bewildered; then he glanced at the house next door, and at the one beyond—then at the saloon on the corner. Yes, it was the right place, quite certainly—he had not made any mistake. But the house—the house was a different color!

He came a couple of steps nearer. Yes; it had been grey, and now it was yellow! The trimmings around the windows had been red, and now they were green! It was all newly painted! How strange it made it seem!

Jurgis went closer yet, but keeping on the other side of the street. A sudden and horrible spasm of fear had come over him. His knees were shaking beneath him, and his mind was in a whirl. New paint on the house! And new weatherboards, where the old had

begun to rot off, and the agent had got after them! New shingles over the hole in the roof, too; the hole that had for six months been money to have it fixed, he having no time to fix it himself, and the rain leaking in, and overflowing the pots and pans he put to catch it, and the hooding the attic and loosening the plaster. And now it was fixed! And the broken window-pane replaced! New white curtains in the windows! New, white curtains, stiff and shiny!

Then suddenly the front door opened. Jurgis stood, his chest heaving as he struggled to catch his breath. A big, fat, come out, a stranger to him: a big, fat, rosy-cheeked youngster, such as never been seen in his home before.

Jurgis stared at the boy, fascinated. He came down the steps whistling, kicking off the snow. He stopped at the foot of the snow, and then leaned against the railing, making a snow-ball. A moment later he looked around and saw Jurgis, and their eyes met; it was a hostile glance, the boy evidently thinking that the other had suspicions of the snow-ball. When Jurgis started slowly across the street toward him, he gave a quick glance about, meditating retreat, but then he concluded to stand his ground.

Jurgis took hold of the railing of the steps, for he was a little unsteady. "What—what are you doing here?" he managed to gasp.

"Go on!" said the boy.

"You—" Jurgis tried again, "what do you want here?"

"Me?" answered the boy, angrily. "I live here."

"You live here?" Jurgis paused. He turned white, and clung more tightly to the railing. "You live here! Then where's my family?"

The boy looked surprised. "Your family!" he echoed.

And Jurgis started towards him. "I—I live here!" he cried.

"Come off!" said the boy; then suddenly the door upstairs opened, and he called: "Hey, ma! Here's a fellow says he lives here."

A stout Irish woman came to the top of the steps. "What's that?" she demanded.

Jurgis turned toward her. "Where is my family?" he cried, wildly. "I left them here! This is my home! What are you doing in my home?"

The woman stared at him in frightened wonder; she must have thought she was dealing with a maniac—Jurgis looked like one. "Your home!" she echoed.

"My home!" he half shrieked. "I lived here, I tell you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

This issue contains a subscription blank, which you should fill with the names of new subscribers and send in. In an effort to circumscribe the circulation of this paper the postal department refuses to allow us to use these blanks after September 1st. Do your duty, and DO IT NOW!

CAPITALISM AND FEVER. New Orleans has an epidemic of yellow fever and there is no way of estimating how widely the infection has been spread. It has been here since before the 24th of May. It is now admitted that there have been 141 cases and 31 deaths from yellow fever or disease suspiciously like it. The public was just placed in possession of these facts this morning.

Yellow fever has as its direct means of communication a mosquito known as the *stegomyia fasciata*; its indirect cause is capitalism.

People will blame the doctor who passed the fruit company's ships without proper disinfection and quarantine; he will be made a scapegoat, and the health authorities here will also come in for their portion of condemnation, but "Business Interests" are responsible.

This together with the ignorance of the people as to sanitation and politics. Dr. Kohnke, the official head of the New Orleans board of health, is an able scientific man, and has labored to have the city cleaned and mosquitos killed for three years, but has had no co-operation.

Now that the matter has ceased to be one of the death of a few dozen "daggers," and the almighty dollar has been hit hard; also the lives of the "best people" exposed to the dreaded pest of the tropics, it is to be hoped that the disease will be promptly stamped out, and probably will be, but this will not remedy the great loss in dollars and the trivial loss in human cattle that has already taken place.

Professional speed the day when my brethren may all realize that their trained skill cannot prevent pestilence and death until the wild rage for profit is swept away upon the waves of the true prophylactic against pestilence and other forms of human misery, which is Socialism.—A Medical Comrade, New Orleans Local.

#### WALTER DAVIS SEES MISERY.

Walter Davis is back from New York, where he spent a month with his brother Webster, who is now an old resident of the place.

"I saw eight men finish a day's work in the hot sun of New York," said he, "and then turn in to a room without a blanket, and like a steam oven. I saw there were thousands—sleeping on the pavement—men, women and babies. At each window was a fire escape landing, some slats, or boards, and these were bunks for from one to three men, and when the sidewalk filled up, by which time traffic had ceased, I saw men stretch their legs and sleep on the pavement, with the curb for a pillow. The fire escapes near their babies, or on the iron ladders of rooms where they had to look.

"I saw the crowd go to bed and I got before me to see it rise, but it was a man made them all hike into the dustings in the tenements to get ready for tocrats on the fire escapes. They lay by. If we kept out the cool of the moras that Missouri would be the talk of the nation and the international charities association would be after us."

"Who will not reason is a bigot; who dares not reason is a fool; and who dares not reason is a slave."—Bacon.

Every reader of the Appeal with interest the following article in the Seattle Star of the 11th, the Socialists of Seattle for speak on the streets of that city. The Socialists have won.

Hereafter they will be allowed their sidewalk meetings with pounced upon by the sturdy of the peace.

A local committee representing Socialists called on Mayor Ball Chief of Police Delaney on morning and stated their grievances. After a congenial pow-wow agreed that the expounding speech and equal rights should be held their meetings between First and Second.

The committee consisted of J. E. D. Whidon and George Lewis, E. D. Whidon and George Lewis, Judge Winsor, and Arthur Lewis, the Socialist speaker.

#### LIVES OR DOLLARS.

A New Orleans dispatch last marked that "the most annoying of the fever situation" was the timing of the place by other than this had "affected trade badly" time when the telegram was had been about fifty deaths fortnight, a large amount of might have been supposed, to guess the ability of the health ties to handle the situation.

The fact that many New Orleans were able to subordinate natural apprehension of the far as to lament primary the tion of trade, will evoke an thrill of admiration. For would it not be an exhibition sentiment to give attention to incidental matter as mere while trade was threatened?

Every man must die sooner or so it were the part of wisdom fuss about the fluctuating life. But business—that is another. Commerce if interrupted Orleans, might go to Galveston plus. Money might be lost, and a contingency that no right-son can contemplate unmoved.

Those gentlemen who sent reflected in the dispatch in question acquired a chastened and enlargement of values. For is not shadow and is it not the do that is real?—Kansas City Star.

DO NOT FORGET

To order a bundle of not 250 copies of the Trust edition week. This edition will be the thing the Appeal has ever put we want every section plastered It doesn't make any difference you are in the farm contest or should secure a bundle of this Thousands are ordering bundles and 500 copies for local use, and you to keep things moving at of the line.

250 copies Trust edition  
500 copies Trust edition  
1000 copies Trust edition

#### THE MODERN WAY.

The head of one of the great systems was recently asked how the loyalty and good will of his and his men. The reply was: "I don't hold them at all—treasurers does."

That railway is run on the that every man has his price, long as he gets it he will work cut out for him. In its work cut out for him. In its sentiment is not considered asset.—Wall Street Journal.

Where the Fight Waxes Warm

Dear Comrades of the Appeal, battle for human rights has in this section. A little more ago I did not know the word Socialism, but I knew anarchy, lawlessness and lust. What I brought before you in the Appeal, I took it more to him than for any other reason. I brought bigger returns than money I ever spent. I want to read and to think and to talk and to act. Others have done likewise, and I want to see the Appeal now read to this office. I made my class speech before a large crowd of air meeting last Sunday. Much good propaganda created in the discussion of Socialism and of eight yearly subscribers for the Appeal. Comrades, press the and be of good courage in the very air. In the future days of our enjoyment of the fruits of your side, it will be good to think back in these days of good to me.—Yours for the Socialists, moonwalk, J. W. Scoles, Robbins.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

EARN A HOME—For particulars address (stamp), The Colorado Co-operative Colon, Montrose, Colo.

COMRADES WITH SOME MEANS WILL HELP INVESTIGATE PROPOSITION BY GARRET DRESS C. L. PRATT, Fayetteville, Ark.

WHAT SOCIALISTS THINK

Five new propaganda leaflets by Charles H. explain the principles of Socialism in language. 1. How We Explain People's Actions. 2. How the Laborer Makes Surplus Value. 3. The Class Struggle Between Workers. 4. The Co-operative Commonwealth. 5. The Socialist Party of America. FREE CHARGE to the leaflets will be mailed FREE mentioning the Appeal. A hundred copies are available by mail. J. Aldrich, National Secretary of the Socialist Party, 257 West 47th St., New York.

Don't forget to send fifty cents for "THE LUTION OF MAN," by Wilhelm Boelcher, every one can understand, yet thoroughly date. Dubs recommends it. Beautifully illustrated.

CHARLES H. KERR & COMPANY, 58 Fifth Avenue, Chicago.

LET THE NATION OWN THE TRUST.

A WHOLE YEAR FOR 10 cents.

The Greatest Illustrated Socialist Periodical Published.

Circulation 200,000.

WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE, 125 East 23d St., NEW YORK.

PLUTOCRATS  
Going to down Socialism if they can, it is your business and your place to that they don't do it. To the end their efforts may be foiled, you it fill up the subscription blank in paper. This will add names to the and make Socialists. Incidentally, will rebuke the postal department, it will not allow us to use these after September 1st.

THE WORKERS WILL ACHIEVE INDUSTRIAL LIBERTY—  
When they recognize that they are being robbed.  
When they recognize how they are being robbed.  
When they recognize their helplessness on the economic field.  
When they recognize their political power and learn to use it for their own benefit.  
Do not fail THIS WEEK to order a bundle of APPEALS FOR A YEAR. Price ONE DOLLAR.