

The Progress of an Idea

PROFESSOR ENRICO FERRI, the eminent Italian criminologist, who, together with M. Lombroso, developed the system of criminology now recognized the world over, took up the study of scientific Socialism, which he afterwards adopted. Replied to his critics for thus straying from the orthodox political paths, he says in his book "Socialism and Modern Science":

"During many years, as a defender of the positivist school of criminology, I have had personal experience of the inevitable phases that must be passed through by a scientific truth before its final triumph—the conspiracy of silence; the attempt to smother the new idea with ridicule; then, in consequence of the resistance of these artifices of reactionary conservatism, the new ideas are misrepresented, through ignorance or to facilitate assaults upon them, and at last they are partially admitted and that is the beginning of the final triumph. So that, knowing these phases of every new idea, now when, for the second time, instead of resting upon the laurels of my first scientific victories, I have wished to fight for a second and more radical heresy, this time the victory appears to me more certain, since my opponents and my former companions in arms again call into use against it the same artifices of reactionary opposition whose impotence I had already established on a narrower battle-field, but one where the conflict was neither less keen nor less difficult. And so, a new recruit enlisted to fight for a grand and noble ideal, I behold even now the spectacle of partial and inevitable concessions being wrung from those who still pretend to maintain a position of uncompromising and unbending hostility, but who are helpless before the great cry of suffering and hope which springs from the depths of the masses of mankind in passionate emotion and in intellectual striving."

WHY HE QUIT WORK.

While passing through Rocky Ford, Colo., recently, some gentlemen boarded the train and sat down near me. In the conversation one of them said that Rocky Ford was dead, and instanced the cause by saying that last season the planters made nothing. I asked if they were not raising good melons as of yore. "Yes, but the price does not pay for the labor," said I. "But we are paying as high prices as ever for your incomparable products," said he. "That may be, but I shipped three cars of melons last season and received a statement that I was in debt to the commission man, who paid the freight, seventy-five cents. We cannot afford to raise melons and pay all expenses and then pay people to take them off our hands. I have quit raising melons." And this is the story of every locality. But the private ownership of railroads is such a sacred thing that the farmers vote only for the capitalists who want the country saved from the Socialists so they can go on skinning the dupes who raise products for the sole purpose of making millionaires of a few and paupers of themselves. It is enough to make a dog laugh to see people voting for a system that robs them.

RECOLLECT

That your opportunity is swiftly passing to receive in your paper a subscription blank such as you find enclosed. If you would not have other liberties gradually encroached upon and taken from you then do not fail to secure enough subscriptions to FILL THIS BLANK, and send it in. "Eternal vigilance is the price of Liberty," and intelligent and effective protest lies through the greater circulation of the Appeal, since the restriction of its circulation is the aim and object of refusing us the use of this blank.

DO IT NOW!

In retiring from the Fair department store of Chicago, Otto Young says he has made all the money he wants. Starting with a capital of \$200,000 in 1886, it has paid Mr. Young \$13,000,000 profits on his half interest! This shows how much the people are skinned out of because they think that the way to get the goods they make is to have some people engage in business instead of having the public do the business. Under Socialism that vast sum given one man would be left in the pockets of the people. When this is multiplied many thousand times throughout the country you can see why some have millions and the many have poverty. Isn't it strange that those who suffer refuse to see the cause of their misery?

I NOTICE in a recent official paper from New Zealand that several employers were fined for not paying their employes in cash weekly. And that even a banker was fined for not furnishing the public inspector with a time book of its employes on request! Think of such a condition in America! Here the men prefer to have worthless script paid them, which is no good except at the company store, where goods are sold at double price. That is because the men here follow such Accoy ducks as Mitchell, Gompers, Chaffier, et al. Down in New Zealand the workers are in politics and get better treatment than in any country on earth. The masters are afraid of political power in the hands of the workers. Whoop it up for Gompers, boys, and take your medicine.

THEY tell us that the Filipinos are not fit for self-government. From the dispatches it appears that the Americans over there are. Grafts of stupendous proportions are being unearthed, and several little criminals have been sentenced. The big

thieves in control are not punished there, any more than they are here. Yes, the Americans know how to govern the Philippines and steal everything they can lay their hands on. Why shouldn't they? Can't they read how their bosses at home are doing the same thing? What are they there for if not to steal? What does one man want to control another for if not to take from him the results of his labor? No, the Filipinos are not fit for civilization—they are not learned in the art of stealing.

FRUITS.

berries, vegetables, honey, milk and butter—everything that land will produce is yours if you order the most of the Trust Edition and thus secure the deed to the 50-acre farm, which will be given to the one that orders the most copies of the Trust Edition.

This government prints and gives to the banks five hundred millions of bank notes—and then borrows and pays the banks interest on the money! The bankers know that the average citizen is so stupid about such matters that he will never find it out, and congress does the bidding of the bankers. Wouldn't you consider yourself insane if you handed a thousand dollars to a neighbor and then borrowed a thousand of him and paid him interest on it? Well, that is just what you are doing as a government. Your congressmen vote, and have for forty years voted, for just such a graft on you. And you didn't know it! Say, you are a lulu, you are!

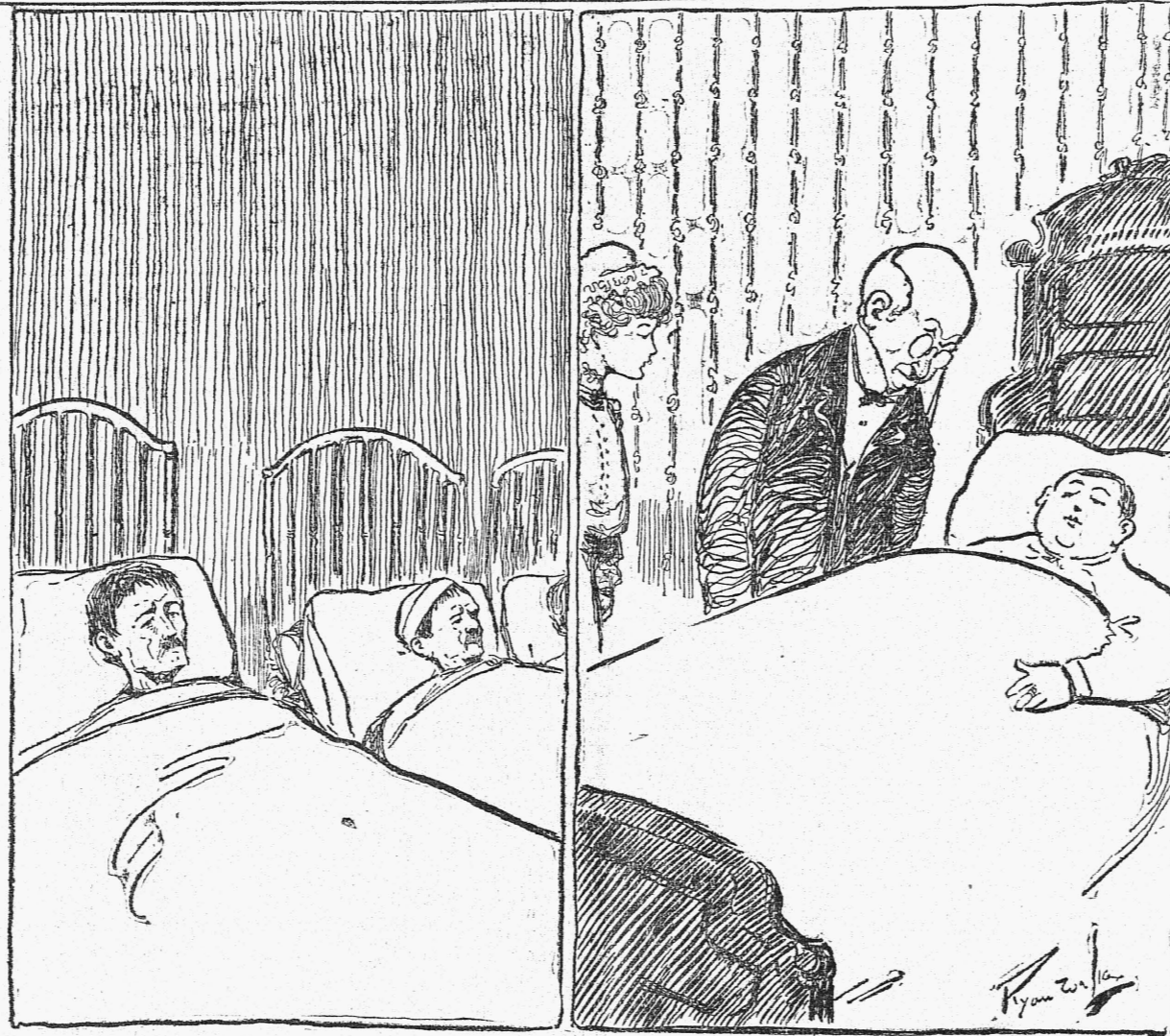
If you buy a house or a farm the occupant must move off or pay you tribute for staying. If others own the land you are merely a tenant and must conform to such whims as the landlord is pleased to enforce. If you own no land you are not a free person, because others can dictate on what terms you may stay here. Again, if you own no land, this is no more your country than China, where you own no land. I often hear of people "fighting for their country" who don't have any country—who don't own a foot of it. They are usually the "patriots." I know a number of paupers who howl exceeding loud about having "fit" for their country—when they haven't a legal title to a single rod of it. This country, like all others, belongs to those who own it. Others are merely trespassers or tenants of it.

YOU FAIL

In your duty to the Socialist cause if you neglect to secure a bundle of at least 250 copies of the Trust Edition for distribution in your district. The movement has been started IN EVERY LOCALITY by the use of literature and that is the way it must be pushed to a successful conclusion.

HAD the people listened to their wisest men the earth would today be a paradise. But they have ever listened to the schemer and self-seeker and have believed the most absurd statements when coming from those they had been taught to rely on. The world has made all its progress by reason of minds that have been ignored, tabooed and punished—yet later had to be accepted. If there were the honesty and knowledge in the two old parties that would bring the people out of their slavery to the dollar it would long ago have been done, for they alternately have had absolute power to do what they would. But is the nation better today than formerly? Are the people better fixed and have they more security for the future? Is crime decreasing? Is corruption less? When you see how things are going why do you not at least stop and think, even if you will not reverse your votes and elect a new party?

A bundle of seven papers weekly for a year for \$1.40. This will enable you to hand out a paper each day and every day. The price is surely right.



JIM AND JAMES, No. 8.

Jim, after being shot down during the strike, was taken to a charity hospital to recover as best he could, for he had given all his labor to enable James to have a comfortable bed when sickness came to James.

James, from his exertions as a commander of his "patriotic" state guards was laid up. His muscles were soft. The bed James was stretched out in was given by the Jims—so were the fine doctors and nurses.

The Jungle

Wm. Gross Lloyd, Chicago, Ill.: "I have been following 'The Jungle' with intense interest. It is always the first thing I turn to in the Appeal. I have often read it with tears in my eyes and murder in my heart. It is all right. My wife won't read it. She says it is too horrible and that she does not need to have her sympathies for the working class aroused. They already have them."

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

The Workingman's Home . . .

Their home! Their home! They had lost it! Grief, despair, rage, overwhelmed him. . . . The whole long agony came back to him. Their sacrifices in the beginning, their three hundred dollars that they had scraped together, all they owned in the world, all that stood between them and starvation! And then their toil, month by month, to get together the twelve dollars, and the interest as well, and now and then the taxes, and the other charges, and the repairs, and what not! Why, they had put their very souls into their payments on that house, they had paid for it with their sweat and tears—yes, more, with their very life-blood. . . . All that they had paid was gone—every cent of it. And their house was gone—they were back where they had started from, flung out into the cold to starve and freeze!

CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

"You must be mistaken," she answered him. "No one ever lived here. This is a new house. They told us so. They—" "What have they done with my family?" shouted Jurgis, frantically. "A light had begun to break upon the woman; perhaps she had had doubts of what 'they' had told her. 'I don't know where your family is,' she said, 'I bought the house only three days ago, and there was nobody here, and they told me it was all new. Do you really mean you had ever rented it?'"

"Rented it?" panted Jurgis. "I bought it! I paid for it! I own it! And they—my God, can't you tell me where my people went?" She made him understand at last that she knew nothing. Jurgis's brain was so in a whirl that he could not grasp the situation. It was as if his family had been wiped out of existence; as if they were proving to be dream people, who never had existed at all. He was quite lost—but then suddenly he thought of Grandmother Majauskis, who lived on the next block. She would know! He turned and started at a run. Grandmother Majauskis came to the door herself. She cried out when she saw Jurgis, wild-eyed and shaking. Yes, yes, she could tell him. The family had moved; they had not been able to pay the rent and they had been turned out into the snow, and the house had been repaired and sold again the next week. No, she had not heard how they were, but she could tell him that they had gone back to Pani Aniele Juknos, with whom they had stayed when they first came to the yards. Wouldn't Jurgis come in and rest. It was certainly too bad—if only he had not got into jail—

And so Jurgis turned and staggered away. He did not go very far—round the corner he gave out completely, and sat down on the steps of a saloon, and hid his face in his hands, and shook all over with dry, racking sobs. Their home! Their home! They had lost it! Grief, despair, rage, overwhelmed him—what was any imagination of the thing to this heart-breaking, crushing reality of it—to the sight of strange people living in his house, hanging their curtains in his windows, staring at him with hostile eyes! It was monstrous, it was unthinkable—they could not do it—it could not be true! Only think what he had suffered for that house—what miseries they had all suffered for it—the price they had paid for it!

The whole long agony came back to him. Their sacrifices in the beginning, their three hundred dollars that they had scraped together, all they owned in the world, all that stood between them and starvation! And then their toil, month by month, to get together the twelve dollars, and the interest as well, and now and then the taxes, and the other charges, and the repairs, and what not! Why, they had put their very souls into their payments on that house, they had paid for it with their sweat and tears—yes, more, with their very life-blood. Diedas Antanas had died of the struggle to earn that money—he would have been alive and strong today if he had not had to work in Anderson's dark cellars to earn his share. And Ona, too, breathlessly,

had given her health and strength to pay for it—she was wrecked and ruined because of it, and so was he, who had been a big, strong man three years ago, and now sat here shivering, broken, covered with a hysterical child, and they had cast their all into the fight; and they had lost, they had lost! All that they had paid was gone—every cent of it. And their house was gone—they were back where they had started from, flung out into the cold to starve and freeze!

Jurgis could see all the truth now—could see himself, through the whole long course of events, the victim of ravenous vultures, that had torn into his vitals and devoured him; of fiends that had racked and tortured him, mocking him meantime, jeering in his face. Ah, God, the horror of it, the monstrous, hideous, demoniacal wickedness of it! He and his family, helpless women and children, struggling to live, ignorant and defenseless and forlorn as they were—and the enemies that had been lurking for them, crouching upon their trail and thirsting for their blood! That first lying circular, that smooth-tongued slippery agent! That trap of the extra payments, the interest and all the other charges that they had not the means to pay, and would never have attempted to pay! And then all the tricks of the packers, the shut-downs and the scarcity of work, the irregular hours and the cruel speeding-up of prices! The mercilessness of nature about them, of heat and cold, rain and snow; the mercilessness of the city, of the country in which they lived—of its laws and customs that they did not understand! All of these things had worked together for the company that had marked them for its prey and was waiting for its chance. And now, with this last hideous injustice, its chance had come, and the company had turned them out bag and baggage, and taken their house and sold it again! And they could do nothing, they were tied hand and foot; the law was against them—the whole machinery of society was at their oppressors' command! If Jurgis so much as raised a hand against them, back he would go into that wild-beast pen from which he had just escaped!

To get up and go away was to give up, to acknowledge defeat, to leave the strange family in possession; and Jurgis might have sat shivering in the rain for hours before he could do that, had it not been for the thought of his family. It might be that he had worse things yet to learn—and so he got to his feet and started away, walking on, wearily, half-dazed.

To Pani Aniele's house, in back of the yards, was a good two miles; the distance had never seemed longer to Jurgis, and when he saw the familiar dingy-gray shanty his heart was beating fast. He ran up the steps and began to hammer upon the door. The old woman herself came to open it. She had shrunk all up with her rheumatism since Jurgis had seen her last, and her yellow parchment face stared up at him from a little above the level of the door-knob. She gave a start when she saw him. "Is Ona here?" he cried, breathlessly,

"Yes," was the answer, "she's here." "How—" Jurgis began, and then stopped short, clutching convulsively at the side of the door. From somewhere within the house had come a sudden cry, a wild, horrible scream of anguish. And the voice was Ona's.

For a moment Jurgis stood half-paralyzed with fright; then he bounded past the old woman, and into the room. It was Pani Aniele's kitchen, and huddled round the stove were half a dozen women, pale and frightened. One of them started to her feet as Jurgis entered; she was haggard and frightfully thin, with one arm tied up in bandages—he hardly realized that it was Marija. He looked first for Ona; then, not seeing her, he stared at the women, expecting them to speak. But they sat dumb, gazing back at him, panic-stricken; and a second later came another piercing scream.

It was from the rear of the house, and upstairs. Jurgis bounded to a door of the room and flung it open; there was a ladder leading through a trap door to the garret, and he was at the foot of it, when suddenly he heard a voice behind him, and saw Marija at his heels. She seized him by the sleeve with her good hand, panting wildly. "No, no, Jurgis! Stop!"

"What do you mean?" he gasped. "You mustn't go up," she cried. "Jurgis was half-crazed with bewilderment and fright. 'What's the matter?' he shouted. 'What is it?'" "Marija clung to him tightly; he could hear Ona sobbing and moaning above, and he fought to get away and climb up, without waiting for her reply. "No, no," she rushed on. "Jurgis! You mustn't go up! It's—it's the child!"

"The child?" he echoed in perplexity. "Antanas!" Marija answered him, in a whisper: "The new one!" "And then Jurgis went limp, and caught himself on the ladder. He stared at her as if she were a ghost. "The new one!" he gasped. "But it isn't time," he added, wildly. "Marija nodded. 'I know,' she said; 'but it's come.'" "And then again came Ona's scream, snatching him like a blow in the face, making him wince and turn white. Her voice died away into a wail—then he heard her sobbing again: "My God—let me die, let me die!" And Marija flung her arms about him, crying: "Come out! Come away!"

She dragged him back into the kitchen, half carrying him, for he had gone all to pieces. It was as if the pillars of his soul had fallen in—he was blasted with horror. In the room he sunk into a chair, trembling like a leaf, Marija still holding him, and the women staring at him in dumb, helpless fright. "And then again Ona cried out; he could hear it nearly as plainly here, and he staggered to his feet. "How long has this been going on?" he panted. "Not very long," Marija answered, and then, at a signal from Pani Aniele, she rushed on: "You go away, Jurgis—you can't help—go away and come back later. It's all right—it's—" "Who's with her?" Jurgis demanded; and then, seeing Marija hesitating, he cried again: "Who's with her?" "She's—she's all right," she answered, "Elzbieta's with her."

"But the doctor!" he panted. "Someone who knows!" He seized Marija by the arm; she trembled, and her voice sank beneath a whisper as she replied: "We—we have no money!" Then, frightened at the look on his face, she exclaimed: "It's all right, Jurgis! You don't understand—go away—go away! Ah, if you only had waited!" Above her protests Jurgis heard Ona again; he was almost out of his mind. It was all new to him, raw and horrible—it had fallen upon him like a lightning stroke. When little Antanas was born he had been at work, and had known nothing about it until it was over; and now he was not to be controlled. The

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frightened women were at their wit's end; one after another they tried to reason with him, to make him understand that this was the lot of woman. In the end they half drove him out into the rain, where he began to pace up and down, bareheaded and frantic. Because he could hear Ona from the street, he would first go away to escape the sounds, and then come back because he could not help it. At the end of a quarter of an hour he rushed up the steps again, and for fear that he would break in the door they had to open it and let him in.

There was no arguing with him. They could not tell him that all was going well—how could they know, he cried—why, she was dying, she was being torn to pieces! Listen to her—listen! Why, it was monstrous—it could not be help for it! Had they tried to get a doctor? They might pay him afterwards—they could promise—

"We couldn't promise, Jurgis," protested Marija. "We had no money—we have scarcely been able to keep alive." "But I can work," Jurgis exclaimed, "I can earn money!"

"Yes," she answered—"but we thought you were in jail. How could we know when you would return? They will not work for nothing."

Marija went on to tell how she had tried to find a midwife, and how they had demanded ten, fifteen, even twenty-five dollars, and that in cash. "And I had only a quarter," she said. "I have spent every cent of my money—all that I had in the bank; and I owe the doctor who has been coming to see me, and he has stopped because he thinks I don't mean to pay him. And we owe Pani Aniele for two weeks' rent, and she is nearly starving, and is afraid of being turned out. We have been borrowing and begging to keep alive, and there is nothing more we can do."

"The children have not been home for three days, the weather has been so bad. They could not know what is happening—it came suddenly, two months before we expected it."

Jurgis was standing by the table, and he caught himself with his hands; his head sunk and his arms shook—it looked as if he were going to collapse. Then suddenly Pani Aniele got up and came hobbling towards him, fumbling in her skirt pocket. She drew out a dirty rag, in one corner of which she had something tied.

"Here, Jurgis!" she said, "I have some money. Palauk! See!" She unwrapped it and counted it out—thirty-four cents. "You go, now," she said, "and try and get somebody yourself. And maybe the rest can help—give him some money, you; he will pay you back some day, and it will do him good to have something to think about, even if he doesn't succeed. When he comes back maybe it will be over."

And so the other women turned out the contents of their pocketbooks; most of them had only pennies and nickels, and they gave him all. Mrs. Olszewski, who lived next door, and had a husband who was a skilled cattle-butcher, but a drinking man, gave nearly half a dollar, enough to raise the whole sum to a dollar and a quarter. Then Jurgis thrust it into his pocket, still holding it tightly in his fist, and started away at a run.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"GHOSTS BANISHED."

Many a human head, like "The Enchanted Castle" of Edgar Allan Poe, is haunted by vague but vigorous objections to Socialism. When once these ghosts get possession the victim becomes capitalist-minded and the spoils hold high carnival in the region immediately under his hair.

Comrade A. M. Stirtion's new pamphlet, "Ghosts Banished," drives out the goblins and sets the worker's head in order, so it can entertain wholesome economic thought. Try it on your bughouse neighbor and note the result. Mailed, postpaid, for 10c; a dozen for \$1.

A bundle of seven papers weekly for a year for \$1.40. This will enable you to hand out a paper each day and every day. The price is surely right.

WHAT SHOULD HE DO?

Kindly answer the following question for the satisfaction of a few trades unionists who voted the Socialist ticket at the last election. Is it consistent for the Socialist party to remain as a member of the party a man who is an employer and who belongs to an employers' association, whose avowed purpose is to destroy the trades union movement? What we can't understand is, how a Socialist can consistently ask us to vote for his party and at the same time try to destroy our organization.

So writes a correspondent to the New York Worker. The editor replies: Yes, we think the question must be answered in the affirmative. If a capitalist takes the side of the working class on the political field and helps toward abolishing the system by which he and other capitalists exploit the workers, we do not think that we can consistently ask anything more of him as an individual than that. What would our correspondent have him do? Must he as an individual go out of business, give up his property and become a wage-worker? That would do the workmen no good; the remaining capitalists would exploit them just the same, and there would simply be one more workman competing for a job. Must he stay in business, but stay out of the employers' association of his branch of trade and grant the demands of the trades unions when the other employers in the trade do not? He might better go out of business at once, for he will soon be put out of business by less scrupulous competitors. He is not responsible for a system which makes every man either an exploiter or a victim of exploitation; he is doing all he can to abolish that system and substitute one under which every man can and must be a useful and free worker.

The only ones who are responsible are those—whether capitalists or workmen—who continue to vote for capitalism and against Socialism. Suppose this man willing to give up his advantage, work for a living, will our correspondent guarantee him a chance to get a living by labor? He cannot do it. Suppose he remains in business and stays out of the employers' association and grant the unions' demands while the other bosses organize and refuse those demands, will our correspondent guarantee him a chance to keep up his business in competition with those other employers who are paying lower wages to their men, able to undersell him? He cannot do it. No one can give either of those guarantees, under the existing system.

The Socialist employer would say his critics: "Gentlemen, I don't like capitalism though personally I profit by it. I want to see a better system, which will use work and all get the value of the product. I am doing my best to hasten that change; if all of you who are robbed by capitalism would do the same, robbery would soon be stopped. But, I happen to be a capitalist, I have to play the game or go to the wall. In order to play the game as long as the workmen vote for it. The sooner they wake up and put an end to the game the better I shall be pleased. It is just what I'm voting for. Meaningless as to that last sentence in your letter, let me tell you that you made a mistake. I never asked you to vote for my party. I have advised you to vote for your own party. The only apparent inconsistency in my conduct is that I have given you good advice against your own personal interest as a capitalist. You choose to vote against your own party just because I happen to support it—well, you are quite free, of course, to cut off your nose to spite your face, but it isn't a very sensible thing to do. If you vote against Socialism, I and the rest of my class will go on making profits out of you so much the longer, and you may thank yourselves for it. Suit yourselves."

And he would be quite right.

Sweden is going ahead in a Socialist direction. In 1903 there were ninety branches of Socialist organizations throughout the country. This year the number has been increased to 112. At the same period the membership has risen from 31,552 to 64,885.