

Is Crime Necessary to Progress?

I NOTICE that an associated press dispatch from Washington, under date of July 8th, speaking of the conviction of Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, for boodling, says:

Senator Mitchell's conduct has varied from that of his colleagues only in a few particulars. He engaged in petty transactions to which other senators of higher character or less in need of money would not stoop. But the principle on which he operated, that of using his office to advance his own ends, is the mainspring of action of a number of his colleagues, to whom the law is not even a menace and public sentiment hardly a threat.

The Appeal has for years been telling the public that the senate is but a graft machine, an agent of the corporations, composed, as a rule, of the most disreputable men of this corrupt age, but I was hardly expecting the associated press to acknowledge this fact, so patent to all thinking and observing people. The conviction of Burton, of Kansas; Mitchell, of Oregon, and the escape by a legal technicality of Dietrich, of Nebraska, in a few months, shows the character of the senate. Most people today have forgotten the scandal that was unearthed by what is known as the Credit Mobilier, in the building of the Pacific subsidized railroads, which caught in its grip scores of senators and congressmen, and even the vice president (Cox) of the nation. The people forget—the people forget. There are a majority of the members of congress, who, if the laws were lived up to, would be in prison stripes. The crimes of Mitchell, according to this dispatch, are known to have been committed by other senators—but they, like Paul Morton, have too strong a pull at the court to be molested in their speculations. You can't pick up a paper but you will find one to a dozen items concerning graft. Even in the agricultural department one head clerk has just been discharged for taking a bribe of \$50,000 to furnish in advance the government statistics to a brokerage firm in New York—but there is no law to punish him! Graft, graft, graft!

And the people are asleep! When thieves govern a nation that nation cannot long exist. And even the devotees of capitalism admit that this nation is governed by thieves. Are you going to continue to vote for the system and hope that corruption will purify itself? Remember that you are Americans, Kicked Freeman, and will you uphold by your vote a set of criminals? Do you not see that in every city, regardless of political ascendancy, corruption runs rampant? And that it is costing millions annually to send your elected representatives to prison? And this has been true for forty years. And yet it is not the character of the men you elect, but the conditions that surround them in office? I am not one of those who believe that you have intentionally elected criminals, nor that the men you have elected took office at first for the purpose of grafting. I do not believe that republicans and democrats are worse than Socialists so far as personal integrity is concerned. I believe that where the temptation is ever present, where grafting is seen on every hand, where fortunes are stolen daily in public and private life, that men who take office and thus have the opportunity before them, seeing not one of a hundred punished, that such a condition is demoralizing, and that you and I might become victims to graft if we had to live any considerable time under its blighting influence. The remedy, then, is for those who are not in office, who benefit not by the graft, to select men who will change the system that breeds these conditions. Take away the private ownership of corporations and there will be no corrupting influences surrounding the men you select, and if there are no private interests to be served by bribing there will be no bribery, and if there are no bribes offered there will be no corruption. Grafting is an effect, not a cause.

Private profit is the Cause, and private profit will have to be removed before the end can come to grafting.

A REVOLUTIONARY PROCLAMATION

The following proclamation was issued by the czar's sailors a few weeks before the recent outbreak. It shows the temper of the men who have for centuries been oppressed by the rulers of that country. This proclamation was printed on a secret press and distributed by loyal comrades. It influenced very largely the direction of the revolt. It breathes the spirit that wins. It is the awakening of the proletariat—let us rejoice and be glad!

"You say that we have been attending secret meetings in the suburbs of St. Petersburg. You are quite right. We do indeed attend such meetings. You say that this is a crime. That we deny. We say that these meetings are not criminal, but that it is our right to attend them. It is right and necessary that we should come together and discuss the questions that affect our common interests, that we should hear the sacred words of justice and liberty, that in these gatherings of comrades we should for a little while at least escape from the oppression and outrage that the tsar and you, his lackeys, and lickspittles, inflict upon us. All you tools of the tsar and he himself are contemptible in our eyes. We despise you, do you understand? We have no need of you. We hate you—you who lie and steal and squander the people's money.

"You tell us that it is the Jews that are spreading discontent and sedition among us. It is false; it is one of your lies. We perfectly well know and understand that you and the like of you are deliberately trying to incite hatred against the Jews, the most oppressed of the people. But they are working-men, just as we are. No, traitors, you will not succeed in setting us against the Jews. We know too well who are our real enemies. You are our enemies, you embezzlers, you murderers, you tyrants. And the oppressed Jews are our comrades and brothers, do you understand?

"You pretend to be, not our master, but our friend! You, a friend! We know better. You, all of you—admirals, commanders, officials—all of you are robbing the people, sucking the peo-

ple's blood, torturing us. You are our sworn enemies.

"Yet you said that your hand would not quiver in signing the death-warrant for any of us who attend those meetings. There you spoke truly. Of course you are a hangman!

"But beware! The hour is near when in turn our hands will not quiver in tightening the noose around your neck—you, Baranovsky, Choneterin, Aphonsieff, and others like you. Remember that the hour of reckoning is at hand. And it will be a terrible hour for you. You pretend that the proclamations are written by Jews. But you do not yourself believe it. This proclamation, for instance, is written by real Russian sailors—sailors who belong to the Social Democratic Party.

"Comrades, do not believe the commanders. Do not listen to them. Attend the meetings, boldly, fearlessly. Read the proclamations. Resist your enemies!

"Comrades, the power lies with ourselves, with our class. Let us join hands and work together, and we shall soon be freed from our oppressors and their master—the tsar!

"Down with masters!

"Hail to the republic!

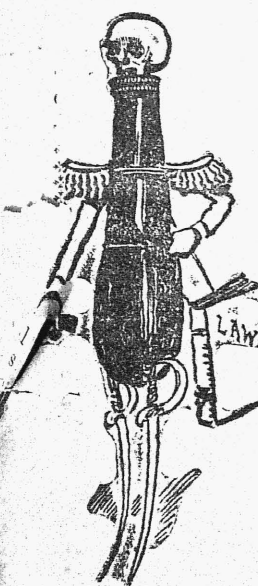
"Hail to Socialism."

PLEASE OUR FRENCH COMRADES. A cablegram from Paris indicates that our French comrades are well pleased with the recognition accorded Jaures by the German government in refusing him permission to speak at the demonstration held in Berlin, July 9th. It was recognition that Socialism is the ruling power in European politics.

When the history of the twentieth century is written it will be discovered that this power of the Socialist wielded in the interest of the proletariat has prevented European powers from engaging in war. Rulers will not fight so long as they fear the loyalty of the proletariat, who compose their armies.

And the French Socialists have served notice on the government that they will not fight the German Socialists who compose the German army. This leaves no one to do the scragging, but the rulers. And they can't carry the cannons and the flags and beat the drums and so they don't fight.

Russianizing America.

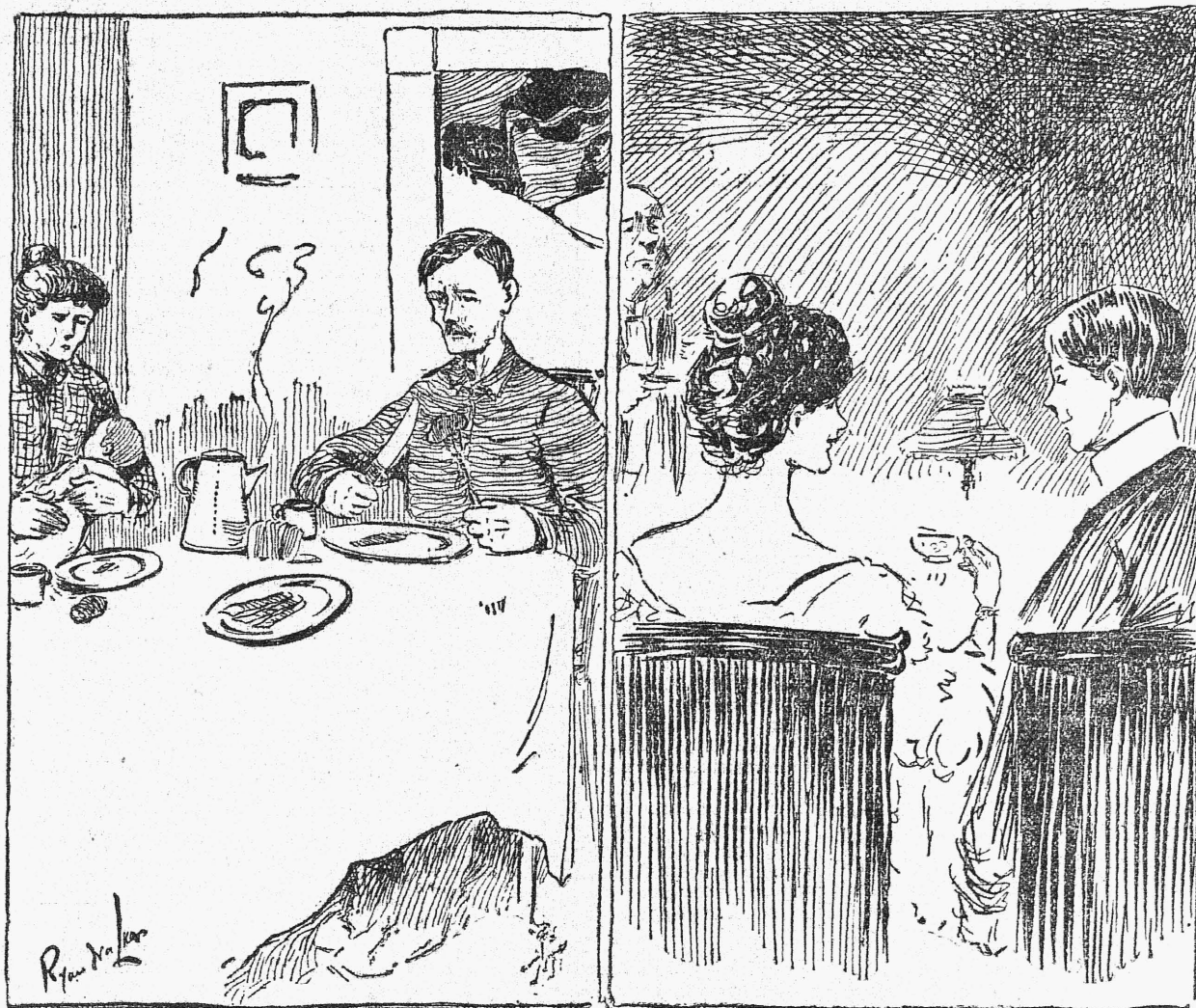


The law-makers at the next meeting of congress will be asked to improve the recently passed Dick military law by reorganizing and making the national guard a part of the national defense. The law as it stands now places the national guard under the direction of the president, but still permits it to remain a state institution.

The proposed legislation has been carefully prepared. It originated with the officers of the national guard and has incorporated in it certain suggestions from the war department, thus giving it governmental approval. Its principal feature is the doubling of the annual federal appropriation of \$1,000,000 for armament and encampment expenses which is said to be imperatively necessary to properly equip and instruct the men.

Other features of the bill embrace a provision for paying the actual expenses of officers making inspection tours in connection with the promotion of rifle practice, regulations governing the auditing of accounts incident to encampments, and giving the secretary of war discretion as to what shall constitute proper incidents "for such encampments for which the government is to pay."

This new move, together with war maps of every city and industrial community in the United States, makes the captains of industry the masters of the situation. Mr. Worker, you are going to wake up yourself looking down the muzzle of a carbine—for the fine morning and find you are a workingman and wear patched clothes.



No. 6.
JIM AND JAMES
Jim and his wife had humble fare. They drank their coffee from a tin pot and tin cups. Jim and his wife stunted and starved in order—
That James and his wife could have dainty foods and choice wines, served elegantly. The crumbs that fell from James' table were choicer foodstuff than the best that Jim ever had.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Jungle

"The Jungle" is great. I believe now it will be the Uncle Tom's Cabin in the work of industrial emancipation. Everybody will read it, because any one who starts it cannot stop, and those who read it will compel everybody else to start.—J. A. C. Meng, Eureka Springs, Ark.

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

A Night in the Packingtown Jail.

Jurgis is a Packingtown employe—he works in the fertilizer mill, the last place but one—(hell)—where men are consigned by the packers. His wife worked in another department under a foreman who permitted her to keep her miserable job at the price of her honor. Jurgis made the startling discovery as told in the preceding chapters. Blind with rage he did what any other strong man would have done—he all but choked the life out of his wife's seducer. The strong arm of the law steps in and drags him to jail, which brings the reader to the present chapter.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN Jurgis got up again he went quietly enough. He was exhausted and half dazed, and besides he saw the blue uniforms of the policemen. He drove in a patrol wagon with half a dozen of them watching him; keeping as far away as possible, however, on account of the fertilizer. Then he stood before the sergeant's desk and gave his name and address, and saw a charge of assault and battery entered against him. On his way to his cell a burly policeman cursed him because he started down the wrong corridor, and then added a kick when he was not quick enough; nevertheless Jurgis did not even lift his eyes—he had lived two years and a half in Packingtown and he knew what the police were. It was as much as a man's very life was worth to anger them, here in their inmost lair; like as not a dozen would pile on to him at once, and pound his face into a pulp. It would be nothing unusual if he got his skull cracked in the melee—in which case they would report that he had been drunk and had fallen down, and there would be no one to know the difference, or to care.

So a barred door clanged upon Jurgis and he sat down on a bench and buried his face in his hands. He was alone; and he had the afternoon and all of the night to himself.

At first he was like a wild beast that has glutted itself; he was in a dull stupor of satisfaction. He had done up the scoundrel pretty well—not as well as he would have if he had given him a minute more, but still pretty well; the ends of his fingers were still tingling from their contact with the fellow's throat. But then, little by little, as his strength came back and his senses cleared, he began to see beyond his momentary gratification; that he had nearly killed the boss would not help Ona—not the horrors that she had borne, nor the memory that would haunt her all her days. It would not help to feed her and her child; she would certainly lose her place, while he—what was to happen to him God only knew.

Half the night he paced the floor, wrestling with this nightmare; and when he was exhausted he lay down, trying to sleep, but finding instead, for the first time in his life, that his brain was too much for him. In the cell next to him was a drunken wife-beater, and in the one beyond a yelling maniac. At midnight they opened the station-house to the homeless wanderers who were crowded about the door, shivering in the winter blast; they thronged into the corridor outside of the cells. Some of them stretched themselves out on the bare stone floor and fell to snoring; others sat up, laughing and talking, cursing and quarreling. The air was fetid with their breath, yet in spite of this some of them smelt Jurgis and called down the torments of hell upon him. He lay in a far corner of his cell,

upon the ground, counting the throbbings of the blood in his forehead. They had brought him his supper, which was "duffers and dops"—being lumps of dry bread on a tin plate, and coffee, called "dops" because it was drugged to keep the prisoners quiet. Jurgis had not known this, or he would have swallowed the stuff in desperation; as it was, every nerve of him was a quiver with shame and rage. Toward morning the place fell silent and then he got up and began to pace his cell; within the soul of him there rose up a fiend, red-eyed and cruel, and tore out the strings of his heart.

It was not for himself that he suffered—that did a man who had worked in Anderson's fertilizer mill care about anything that the world might do to him! What was any tyranny of prison compared with the tyranny of the past, of the thing that had happened and could not be recalled, of the memory that could never be effaced! The horror of it drove him mad; he stretched out his arms to heaven, crying out for deliverance from it—and there was no deliverance, there was no power in heaven that could undo the past. It was a ghost that would not down; it followed him, it seized upon him and beat him to the ground. Ah, if only he could have known of it—but he would have known of it if he had not been a fool! He smote his hands upon his forehead, cursing himself because he had ever allowed her to work where she had, because he had not stood between her and a fate which every one knew to be so common. Every one laughed at it; but he—should have taken her away, even if it were to lie down and die of starvation in the gutters of Chicago's streets! And now—oh, it could not be true; it was too monstrous, too horrible!

It was a thing that could not be faced; a new shuddering seized him every time he tried to think of it. No, there was no bearing the load of it, there was no living under it. There would be none for her—he knew that he might pardon her, might plead with her on his knees, but she would never look him in the face again, she would never be his wife again. The shame of it would kill her—there could be no other deliverance, and it was best that she should die.

This was simple and clear, and yet, with cruel inconsistency, whenever he escaped from this nightmare, it was to suffer and cry out at the vision of Ona starving. They had put him in jail, and left his family to perish! And he saw it all happening; the long series of inevitabilities filed and refiled before him in gloomy procession. They would keep him here a long time, years maybe, and Ona would surely not go to work again, broken and crushed as she was; Maria, too, might lose her place—if that hell-fingered Connor chose to set to work to ruin them they would all be turned out. And even if he did not, they could not live—even if the boys left school again and Elzbieta went out to service, they could surely not pay all the bills without him and Ona. They had only a few dollars now—they had just paid the rent of the house a week ago, and that after

cupping her station in the nobility of her country. At a recent meeting at Sunderland she made a strong appeal to her hearers to help fill the British parliament with Socialist members, the same as is the case in the German reichstag.—Citizen.

Do not fail THIS WEEK to order a bundle of FIVE APPEALS FOR A YEAR. Price ONE DOLLAR.

...Plain Talk about Banking...

THE increasing number of bank failures is arousing and causing the intelligent to ask why this condition and hundreds of thousands are withdrawing their bank accounts thus making the condition even worse. The banking we have is a graft. It was conceived and enacted by the manipulation of a set of men who saw they could benefit by it at the expense of their fellows. Bankers have written every banking law on the statute books of the nation—and they never write laws for the benefit of the bankers. As well expect criminals, if given the law-making power, to make and enforce laws against their own interests. But all are not dishonest—perhaps not any considerable number of them are not dishonest—perhaps not any considerable number of them are not dishonestly doing wrong. They are victims of the delusion of the banking system is right because it is legal. But it is a bad system, and it costs them many hundreds of millions a year. The people would be saved if the public provided itself with a postal or other banking system. Bankers prevent that, as it would take away the opportunity of taking without producing. Some people think national banks are safe and the government guarantees the deposits of those who haven't had money in failed national banks believe the words "National Banks" were adopted just to make the people think, without saying it, just as they are now issuing bank notes in green backs, because the people have become accustomed to favor on national treasury notes which have always been called backs, while bank notes have heretofore been printed with black backs. This has been done with a dishonest motive.

But that isn't what I started out to write about, but about on my meditation. Banking as now conducted is not safe for depositors for this reason: The only way the banks can afford to accept money and keep the account is to loan your money to others. In this they take risks on every loan. They cannot know the condition of every person to whom they loan, and they are deceived, as recent failures show, where millions of the paper is shown to be worthless. The depositor stands no show to profit by the loan and takes the chances of loss. Many hundreds of millions have been lost to depositors in the last forty years—and yet they seem blind to the game and set up another bank as soon as they lose by one! The banks are the corrupting influence in national legislation, just as franchise holders and thus you furnish these useless sharks with the means of skinning you, and take chances of losing, through the banks, your money. Use postal money orders for your savings; then you will be safe and if any considerable number of you do this it will force the government to establish savings banks, and thus you will have done something useful with your savings and helped to protect future generations from the banking graft.

WHO WILL PAY THE INVENTOR?

One of the questions most frequently asked the Appeal is "How will the inventor be remunerated under Socialism?" the assumption on the part of the questioner being that the inventor is today amply rewarded for his efforts, and that to deny this would be to stop invention. The inventor is still popularly regarded as the man who works alone for a lifetime and then suddenly prances to the front with his new idea and receives the plaudits and gold of an admiring populace. This delusion has been dispelled by the march of events, and we see the inventor taking his place side by side with the wage worker in the factories of the Overlords of Industry. In a recent issue of the *World's Work*, Mr. Strother writes interestingly of "The Modern Profession of Inventing," and I'll wager a year's subscription to the Appeal that few readers of this paper will not be surprised at the revelations made. Says Mr. Strother:

"The great majority of practical inventions are made by a group of men of whom the public never hears. These men are members of one of the most complicated and highly organized of the modern professions. Every great manufacturing concern maintains, under one name or another, an inventions department; employing men who are paid various salaries simply to develop inventions. They are supplied with every mechanical appliance to facilitate their work; the bills are paid by the company, and every invention they make is assigned to the company 'in consideration of salary and one dollar.' The General Electric Company, at Schenectady, N. Y., for example, employs about 800 men who devote much of their time to developing new ideas. It spends \$2,500,000 a year in this development work. The Washington Companies do the same thing; so does every progressive manufacturing concern of any consequence in the United States. And it is these unknown men grappling with the every-day, practical problems of great manufacturing, who make most of the inventions of immediate commercial value. . . .

"The inventions departments, the modern development of inventing, are maintained by the great manufacturing concerns. The National Cash Register Company, the United Shoe Machinery Company, the Bell Telephone Company, and many others have each a corps of men who have displayed the inventive faculty, at work on salary, developing the inventions needed by the companies. In any of these departments new devices are being created that will not be made public for years to come, because they are not yet perfected. The inventions by the time the public knows them are always months, and usually years, old.

"The General Electric Company offers a typical example of the use of the inventions department. In an establishment employing 20,000 men, a round \$2,500,000 is spent each year in developing patentable inventions. There are about fifty engineers at the head of various departments and each of them is expected, as a part of his routine duty, to develop such improvements as are suggested by the needs of his department. Last year 1,412 ideas were carried to the management by 300 men, were found to be either impracticable

..250 Copies

of the great Trust Edition, to distribute among farmers, professional and ingenuen will only cost you \$2.00. you can get 500 copies for \$2.00. have YOUR order, for if we don't the edition will be short just much.

There are approximately a thousand tramps in this country. These these great army should be put to work. These these great army should be put to work. These these great army should be put to work.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

I have berries, grapes and peaches a year old, fresh as when picked. I used the California Cold Process. Do not heat or seal the fruit. Just put it up cold, keeps perfectly fresh and costs almost nothing to put up a bushel in ten minutes. Last year I sold directions to over 120 families in one week; anyone will pay a dollar for directions when they see the beautiful samples of fruit. I have many more like myself. I consider it my duty to give my experience to such, and feel confident anyone can make one or two hundred dollars round about in a few days. I will mail sample for free and full directions to any of our readers for (15) two-cent stamps, which is out the actual cost of the samples, which etc. FRANCIS CASEY, St. Louis, Mo.

Do not fail THIS WEEK to order a bundle of FIVE APPEALS FOR A YEAR. Price ONE DOLLAR.