

"We have seen a good many singular things happen recently. We have been told that it is unpatriotic to criticize public actions. Well, if it is, then there is a deep disgrace resting upon the origin of this nation. This nation originated in the sharpest sort of criticism of public policy. We originated, to put it in vernacular, in a kick; and if it be unpatriotic to kick, why then the grown man is unlike the child. We have forgotten the very principle of our origin if we have forgotten how to object, how to resist, how to agitate, how to pull down and build up, even to the extent of revolutionary practices if it be necessary to readjust matters. I have forgotten my history if that be not true history."—President Woodrow Wilson.

**THE THREE RIGHTS**

**Freedom of assemblage,  
Freedom of speech, and  
Freedom of the press.**

With these means, with these three rights, and with these only, can we clear the vision of the working class—to see further and see distinctly what the working class is and what the working class should be, and to see what it has and what it should have.

With these means and with these means only can we stir the slave's soul to see more light, more life, more freedom, more rights.

With these means and with these means alone—can we fire the slaves to demand the next number on the program of human progress, Peace, Freedom and Justice. It is simply impossible to overestimate the importance of these three rights.

With these three rights of discussion we defend and we must defend our lives against the ruling class always near us, above us, and ready to rob us of all that is dear to us. And let it be emphasized that:

With these three rights of discussion—

We hold these three rights;  
We hold all other rights we have;  
We can get any other rights we need.

With these three rights we can strip naked the real character of hypocrisy, autocracy and plutocracy and let the lecherous soul of dollar-marked capitalism stand forth as the stinking thing it is—to be despised and destroyed as soon as it is distinctly seen and thoroughly understood by discussing it boldly before the industrially bled, wrecked, and ruined working class.

The right to life is, of course, important. But life itself can never be made great, safe, deep and joyous for the working class without the rights of discussion.

The wage-slaves' jeweled, flashing weapons of self-defense are holy rights of discussion.

The swamps of ignorance can be drained and the deserts of despotism can be watered and fertilized for freedom only with the three great rights of discussion.

Learn well—also: The right to give ideas through discussion carries with it the right to receive ideas discussed. The right to speak carries with it the right to hear; and the right to publish carries with it the right to read. When speakers and publishers are robbed of the right to speak and publish, the people—grown-up people—hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands of them, are likewise belittled, contemptuously treated as ignorant, vicious children—in being thus robbed of the right to hear and read. When rowdies or rulers steal the rights of discussion they at the same time insult the intelligence of the people who desire to hear and read. Only a community of slaves and cowards will meekly surrender and consent to be thus wronged by rowdies or rulers.

Think it all over. And do it swiftly—and do it Now  
G. R. K.

**THE THREE CLASSES**

By Victor L. Berger

Under the present capitalist system, we have three classes, roughly speaking.

The first class is the plutocracy, composed of wealthy bankers, railway magnates, corporation directors, trust magnates, etc., or people who are doing nothing and inherited their wealth.

The next class is the middle class, composed chiefly of small manufacturers, merchants, farmers and some professional men.

The third class is the proletariat, made up of wage workers and some persons in professional occupations.

The existence of classes is nothing new—the class struggle is many thousand years old. It began the very moment civilization began.

In the most democratic republic of Athens and the aristocratic republic of Sparta and later on in Rome, the people were divided into different classes, with different rights and different duties, according to their wealth. Some of these classes were hereditary to begin with—always provided that the respective family could keep its wealth. In Rome, the censor would assemble the Roman people every four years, have every citizen show up his wealth and put him into his respective class. And the great Cato the Censor got the honorable name of Censorius because he would expel from the senatorial

class the man who could not show the necessary wealth to belong to that class.

And in all these ancient civilized commonwealths there was found to be a large stratum of citizens who owned nothing—and which in Rome was called the proletariat, because the only capacity in which its members could serve their country was by furnishing children for the state. Nor was this all.

Lower still—most numerous—and belonging to no class were the slaves. They did not own their bodies, and were not supposed to have any souls. Plato described the slaves as "animated tools." The slaves were either captured as prisoners of war or were made slaves on account of debts—or were the descendants of such persons.

The class struggle then was very crude and very brutal. So much for ancient civilization.

We all know that the classes almost took the form of castes under the feudal system. Everybody was pressed into an iron mold.

Society then was really a pyramid with the king on top. The high clergy and the feudal lords, the patricians and the burghers of the cities formed the upper layers, and the serfs owned by the lords formed the lower layers of the pyramid.

And under the feudal system also as everywhere else, wealth and land gotten by force, cunning, or in any other way, furnished the basis of the classification.

The capitalist system, of course, has changed the mold. But the class distinction and the class differences and the class struggle have remained. In fact, the struggle is now more subtle, but more bitter than ever.

Under former civilizations, in almost every case the class distinction was the result of war. And the ruling class was made up of the members of the victorious tribe or the victorious nation. This was generally the case in ancient times and almost invariably so during the middle ages.

The ruling class usually was the stronger, the more able part of the population. As a whole it was the only class that had any education fitted for the conditions of the times.

Thus the medieval lord was unquestionably the best fighter of his day. He was trained for warfare, clad in iron, and spent all his life in hunting or fighting. The average medieval lord in war was good for about 20 peasants. Five or six hundred of these lords could go out and conquer a country.

When the Archduke Leopold undertook to conquer Switzerland, he had an army of six hundred, and that was considered a most tremendous fighting force. And if it had not been for the mountains and the rocks of Switzerland, he would have accomplished his purpose.

Without any doubt, in former days the ruling class were made up of the most capable and energetic part of the people. The great mass of the respective nation was also inferior to them intellectually.

Besides, in every one of these epochs they could claim, and did claim, that it was the will of God Almighty, that they should rule, and that the others should serve and obey.

In old Greece and old Rome, the patrician families usually also claimed descent from some god.

And all during the middle ages the church supported the claim of the feudal system to be "God ordained." The church was a beneficiary of the system to no small extent—the bishops and abbots having great estates and ruling the people.

Besides the ruling classes were not only more able than these lower classes, but in many cases they differed in nationality, speech and general make-up.

Thus, for instance, the Norman lords spoke French in England for a long time. In France, the Franks were a German tribe who had taken possession of Gaul. In many parts of Germany, the Germans had subjugated the Wends and other Slavonic tribes. Hence there was an element of conquest in every case.

In modern countries, the conditions are entirely different.

The conquered class is of the same nationality, the same speech, the same mode of thought. And the ruling class is not better nor stronger, nor more able in any way.

Since the general introduction of public schools, the proletarians as a whole get at least the elements of the same kind of education. The ability to read and write opens to them the same avenues of knowledge and

mental power that the ruling class possesses.

The proletariat and the middle class not only do all the useful and necessary work which is to be done under the present civilization, but they also have to keep up that civilization.

Today civilization depends entirely upon the proletariat and middle class for its existence.

The capitalist class holds its position only because the proletariat is asleep and is not conscious of its power.

A statesman of old Rome said that the Romans could hold their slaves because they had never counted themselves and their masters.

However, since we have universal suffrage, there is a good chance to count ourselves and our masters at every election.

Nor would the claim that God has ordained class rule, hold good today. Not even the most stupid Slovak would believe Ogden Armour that God has ordained that he should speculate in wheat or put rat manure in sausage in order that he may make millions every year and thus keep up his end in the plutocracy. And there are very few priests who would dare to support such a theory in all its nakedness, no matter how much Armour might be willing to pay.

Nor would anyone believe young Thaw or young Gould that they are descended from the gods.

Unless plutocracy can persuade the majority of the people to close up all the public schools and make illiterates of the next generation, and unless it can also persuade them to give up the electoral franchise plutocracy is doomed. So much is clear.

And that is the reason why we Socialists can look with such equanimity and complacency into the future.

**The Paradox of Wealth and Debt**

That which is termed the wealth of nations now runs into figures that stagger the human mind. Those figures become more imposing each year and, as strange as it may appear, they have gone up by leaps and bounds during the last three years, years that have been marked by a far greater consumption and destruction of what is ordinarily termed wealth, than has ever occurred within any similar period of history. Newspapers, statisticians and alleged economists boastfully proclaim the wealth of this age, and fairly slaver at the mouth as they give voice to the juicy suggestive figures. Millions are no longer referred to. It is no longer good form to mention such trifles. The term billions is now required to express the wealth of even third-rate nations in the great family of national bandits. Now of what does this wealth consist? In what respect is the world any more wealthy now than a thousand years ago? Is that which we commonly term wealth really wealth, or is it wealth in outward appearance only? Is it, in fact a hollow mockery and a curse to the useful portion of human society, the real wealth producers, while at the same time serving as a veritable haven of refuge for the useless, the reactionary, and the parasitic? We shall see.

The wealth of Great Britain has been recently estimated at \$80,000,000,000, and the consoling reflection has been drawn that as the national debt is now but \$463 per capita, or about \$20,000,000,000, her financial showing is excellent. But the fact is that all computation of a nation's wealth is based upon what the producers of that nation are able to pay as an investment. The stocks, bonds, deeds, mortgages, loans (public and private) and all other forms of invested capital constitute the sum total of the national wealth. In the estimated total of \$80,000,000,000, as above given, is and must be included the national debt, for that is as certainly an investment of capital, and therefore an asset, as is any other capitalistic venture or undertaking. These capitalist investments are wealth only when viewed through the eyes of the holders thereof, the capitalists. The value of their holdings are measured solely by the returns they are able to realize out of the productive labor of the wealth producers. To the latter all such holdings appear as debt, upon which they have to pay perpetual revenue or profit. The principal can never be paid for the self-evident reason that that which called it into being (the necessity of selling on credit

all commodities taken from labor, because there never was, is or can be anything with which to make actual payment) precludes such payment. The national debt is owed to individual capitalists, and even if paid off by the government, that amount of capital would be again in the hands of those who had loaned it to the government and would be available for other capitalist investments and enterprises. The total of debt resting upon the producers and upon which they are to pay revenue in the shape of some form of profit, would not be lessened. It is a perpetual charge against the class of wealth producers. From the capitalist standpoint it is wealth; from that of the producers it remains an everlasting debt. It is a case where black is white, and white is black. It is a paradox.

One of our brilliant Vancouver dailies marvels with the usual editorial profundity over the astounding fact that "the wealth of the United States has increased by the war profits of the last three years, so that it can withstand any strains the war is likely to put upon it."

Now that is really an astounding fact, that it would be if it were really a fact. But the joke of it is that it is not a fact. Certain capitalist interests in the States have accumulated credits right valiantly since the breaking out of the glorious melee. But that is all. They have it is true, gathered a right tidy lot of orders on the future, but that future has long since become so burdened with that sort of thing that it is more than problematical whether the obligations now outstanding are really worth fifty cents on the dollar of their original value. Judging from the present high prices of all commodities—which only spells depreciated currency—and their continued rise in spite of all price-fixers, it looks as though another year or two of this accumulating wealth by war, would result in a currency level of value being reached very similar to that of the Southern Confederacy when it went broke in 1865. The possibility of a nation becoming rich by running in debt will then be most convincingly demonstrated. Also the possibility of skinning slaves and trading in their hides as a safe and sane cornerstone upon which to erect the fabric of civilization. And also the possibility of animal society, either human or otherwise, existing upon the planet for any length of time under the circumstances and conditions of the wealth producers being enslaved and robbed by their own kind.

The sheet in question quotes some statistician as saying, that "American wealth amounts to \$2280 per capita," thus making that country the richest on earth. This means, if it means anything, that the wealth producers of that country can pay revenue upon that much per capita. In other words, they are in debt that much to the American capitalists. They are worth that much to their owners, for surely if they owe \$2280 each to the capitalists, the latter own them body, boots and breeches. And right there is ample additional proof of the statement that we have already made that debt can never be paid. Two thousand two hundred and eighty dollars per each man, woman and child in the country. Does there exist one so simple as to imagine that such a sum could ever be paid? Try as we may to explain it away, the fact still persists that all this talk about wealth is pure buncombe. There is nothing to wealth outside of the daily productive power of the working class of the world, and the results of that are used up by ruling class society as fast as they are brought forth. All food, clothing, shelter and all other usable things are consumed as fast as produced. Nothing is stored up, nothing is accumulated except the credit tokens, figures and other evidence of the wealth that is produced by the workers and is taken from them without any payment or recompense therefor. No payment can be made, for there is nothing to pay with. The entire financial pretense is nothing but a sham and a humbug. It is pure and unadulterated filth. So involved and hidden as to even befoul the majority of the alleged experts who work it. It is now rapidly breaking down and thereby disclosing its humbug character to those who care to see it. By its own course of evolution capitalism is stripping itself clear of all humbug and disclosing itself in obscene nakedness as the clumsiest and most transparent subterfuge ever concocted by the animal cunning of a vulgar ruling class, to cover up the hideous crime of human slavery

from the eyes of the victims of it. If the slave was not the original easy mark he would have been through it ages ago. It, or he, whichever you like, has been a good thing for rulers and robbers for the last ten thousand years. Their game is now about up, but it is no fault of the slaves. If the game was workable for another ten thousand years, the slaves would do their part. At least it looks like it.—B. C. Federationist.

**SOCIALIST PRESS AND THE WAR**

By Eugene V. Debs.

Since the United States entered into the European war there has been a determined effort on the part of the government to either suppress Socialist publications by excluding them from the mails or render them comparatively useless by a rigid censorship which virtually emasculates their policy and propaganda.

Socialist papers had a hard enough time to make ends meet before this censorship came upon them, but now it requires all the strength and support they can muster to keep the ship afloat until the war is over.

If the Socialist press is forced in these days to fight for its life, it is likewise true that never before have Socialists realized as they do now the vital importance of the press to the movement. The press is the very life breath of any party or movement. Imagine the Republican or Democratic parties without newspapers, magazines or other periodicals to support them! They simply could not exist, and powerful as they now are, they would soon crumble to pieces, disintegrate and disappear without the support of the powerful press (owned by the same economic class which controls these parties) which advocates their principles (?), booms their candidates and fights their battles with a loyalty that knows no shadow of turning.

In the desperate struggle the Socialist press is making to save itself for the future service of the movement it ought to have the loyal support of every party member and every real friend of the working-class.

**Labor Triumphant**

(By David Fulton Karsner.)

Labor, whose long, sinewy arms have held the world together in his strong embrace since the beginning of time, today reach out to snap the sword of hate thrust through the crust of hell.

Labor, the creator of all beautiful and useful things, pioneer in the arts and sciences, daily dedicating his brain and brawn to a million wonders of the world—shall he now yield his heroic stature to the gods of greed?

Labor, courageous beyond conception, having the hillows, subduing the wilderness, probing the bowels of the earth for metal and fuel to light the pathways of progress—shall he now bow his head while his masters press on his brow the crown of thorns?

Labor, whose marvelous muscles twist the iron and hew the granite, transmitting it into towering buildings and palaces of pleasure—shall he now shed his precious blood to slake the thirst of Mars?

Labor, inherently gentle and kind, devoted companion of woman, playmate and teacher of children, always sacrificing for their needs with his unrelenting, scarce rewarded toil—shall he now kiss his dear ones good-bye, while the tears roll down the furrows of his face, leaving aching hearts and a hollow home behind him?

Labor, to whose power and daring poets and thinkers have dedicated the gems of their genius, and made him the subject of immortal song—shall he now bare his breast to receive the bayonet?

To Labor, final arbiter of all great questions, unconscious creator of thrones and parliaments, the bleeding world turns now its ashen face for deliverance.

Arise, Labor, and with your sinewy arms break down the barriers of dogma and superstition and false traditions. The flowers bloom in all countries, the night and the moon and the train of the Milky Way are yours. And the beautiful and useful things that you create are yours, and love and happiness are yours, and the eternal seasons are yours in which to work and to play, and the days and nights are yours in which to dream.

Down through the long corridor of time you stand alone as the priest of democracy. There are no other gods before you or after you. You are invincible.

Before your magnetic presence creeds and philosophies stand aside

and ask to be examined. The names of those who have neglected to take you into account in their final estimate of the races now fill the roster of the dead.

You, who have built edifices for the deities and the gods of gold, have been denied even a place to lay your head.

You, who have reared the temples of learning, have yourself come through the world untutored, unheralded and unafraid.

Defeated about on the restless waves of humanity when your work was done, cast aside by your masters when your back was bent with age and toil, you, Labor, may even now guide the feet of your offspring toward the Temple of Truth on which Love's healing sun never sets.

Labor, you have lived through the travail to witness the royal robbers grovel at your feet. You see them locked in death grapple, rocking on the brink of the abyss.

Labor, you stand by, serene, watching the life-stuff trickle from the veins of the dying gods, knowing you are guiltless of the havoc they have wrought.

Labor, empire and nations may fall today, as they have in the past, but you alone are unconquerable. You who made the world with your brawn, may now, with your brain, fashion it for eternal peace, fellowship and service.

**SINS SHALL BE VISITED UPON THE CHILDREN.**

At last officialdom is recognizing the fact that the social evil is a truly terrible thing. It is hindering the efficiency of the army. They are trying to stamp it out—too late. Army life, the same as other unmarital camp life, encourages immorality, and trench warfare offers unparalleled opportunities for the spread of disease.

The reports from Canada and Australia concerning the percentage of diseased among the returning soldiers are horrifying. What but sorrow can one predict for the generation that will be fathered by these men?

**IN THE WORLD OF LABOR**

The insurrectos in Spain seem to have been temporarily suppressed again. But the country has all the appearance of being in a state of war, according to travelers who come away and labor papers in neighboring countries. In the latter part of August martial law was raised for less than a week and then restored because the authorities feared that the revolutionary demonstrations would become more dangerous than were in the summer. The most outrageous forms of repression are being enforced, no such thing as free discussion of political questions being permitted, all meetings are prohibited unless a monarchial agent and police are present to note all that is said, and the censoring of newspapers is worse, if anything, than prevailed in Russia before the revolution. The politicians and their noble masters realize that the evil day is being merely postponed by the tyrannical methods that have been employed to save the monarchy. But that is the historical stupidity of monarchy.

The struggle between democracy and Junkerism is on in full blast in Germany, even though many American traitors, for reasons best known to themselves, are attempting to make people believe that the masses of Germany are cowed and controlled by autocracy. At Frankfurt-on-the-Main last week, for example, a mass meeting was held in which 50,000 persons participated and it was necessary to utilize six platforms to address all the people who desired to hear the war problems presented. Speakers representing the "democratic bloc"—Socialists, Radicals and Catholics—bounced hard against annexation schemes of the imperialists and in favor of an honest and democratic suffrage system. Meetings are also being held in other cities to arouse the people and the Junkers are being forced on the defensive more definitely than ever before.

The Russian revolutionary government, in digging up the archives of the old Romanoff regime, continue to uncover many sensational facts regarding the membership and methods of operation of the Ochrana, the notorious spy organization, that was maintained by the imperialists to train all who dared to oppose the old regime. Not only persons in business and professional circles, but also many in the most radical organizations who were entrusted with great responsibilities and honors are now known to have been sneaking traitors. Needless to say that the rats who know they are guilty are making desperate efforts to escape.

It now develops that there have been some very severe strikes in Germany during the past few months, and we learn that fully 300,000 workers were involved. A rather significant feature was that the ruling classes have charged that the troubles were caused by British gold. (In England and even in this country nearly every strike enacted by workers to stave off hunger and suffering is charged up to the Kaiser's gold.) In Hamburg and several other places soldiers were called out to overawe and terrorize the people, but the soldiers refused to use force and thereby caused a profound sensation among the Junkers.

**A NEW HYBRID PARTY IS FORMED**

By William J. Fielding.

Those who keep in touch with the birth and death announcements of contemporary institutional life have been apprised of the recent advent in Chicago of a new political party. This obnoxious event is the arrival of the National party—the progeny of a most harmonious quintette, an unquestionably homogeneous affinity—composed of Prohibitionists, Progressives, Social Democrats, Single Taxers and Independents.

The physical signs of this expected nativity have been visible for some time. Its coming has been heralded in the capitalist press since the pro-war Socialists deserted the Socialist party. And it was really edifying to find with what good will and graciousness the painted lady of journalism lent its approval to the formation of a new Socialist party—for such we are told it was to be—by the aforesaid "Socialists" of this country.

One after another, the newspapers which so faithfully represent the great financial and industrial interests of the land have desecrated upon the appropriateness of John Spargo, Edward Charles Russell, etc., founding a new, perfectly respectable, truly "American," lamblike "Socialist" party—one that would innocently eat out of the hand of the American plunderbund, and lie peacefully at rest with (or inside of) the wolf of an insatiable industrial gluttony. And so the expected has been materialized as per schedule, with some slight modifications. In order to be more thoroughly acceptable, more agreeable, the new-comer has been given a name less obnoxious than originally announced, obtained by any reference to the outlawed word "Socialism."

Of course, it will reflect the ideas and ideals of its sponsors, the Prohibitionists, Progressives, Social Democrats, Single Taxers and Independents, and consequently no Marxian will deny the fundamental soundness of its Socialist conception.

Sizing the hybrid up from all angles, we proclaim it to be "some animal." If it turns out according to specifications, it will be a delight to the seeker after the curious, or a prize for some modern Barnum or enterprising Huber.

Furthermore, its pro-war proclivities are unquestioned. And it points us to recall Fore's theory of "blasphemy"—the deterioration of the term-plasm through chronic intoxication, with disastrous results to the progeny—as we wonder what here there can be in store for this offspring of the war-drunk Socialists and their new-found affinities.

With its parents long since frothing at the mouth in an apparently hopeless attack of battle-bred insanity, conceived in the womb of inebriety, the hybrid is a veritable monster, with a capitalistic-plutocratic mother—so to speak—what manner of being will this near-Socialist baby be?

Perchance, as a further dubious distinction, it may be nurtured in the incubator of William English Walling's impervious scholasticism.

In 1912, a somewhat similar monstrosity was born of the genus Bull Moose, a breed now practically extinct in its pristine form, but very numerous in mongrel kin of the "Bull" species. This precocious infant, bred of the bone of Social Justice and Good Trucks, fired with the spirit of Arma-red-don, its birth-cry breaking into the malodorous—beg pardon, melodious—strains of "Onward, Christian Soldiers," attained gigantic size and strength in the course of a few brief months. And then, alas, deserted in a critical moment by its irresponsible parent, Teddy-the-Terrible, it died a sudden and almost painless death before God-father Perkins could hasten from Wall Street with a heart stimulant.

Now we observe this similar phenomenon coming over the political horizon. It will absorb and neutralize—meaning socialize, we suppose—the most divergent elements, in this respect resembling the late aforesaid Bull Moose wonder. Such imported un-American provisions and doctrines as the class struggle will go by the board. As economic determinism and surplus value were first expounded by an individual of Germanic origin we infer that they will be renounced also.

As the movable type was invented by a German, we presume the new-comer will not be partial to the work of the printing press, and therefore, will not have a printed platform. Instead, its able disciples, skilled in the self-soothing art of linguists, will give constant verbal expression to its superior near-Socialist advantages.

Whether members of the working class (assuming for the moment that this irritating example of terminology is not yet obsolete) will be welcomed, or even permitted to attach themselves to this sacred creature, we are as yet unable to say. Possibly, they will be tolerated—if not "made in Germany." However, this is a mere detail.

The foregoing, from the many accounts and versions that have come to our notice, is the most adequate, if not comprehensive description that we are able to give at this writing. Owing to the wide variety of sources from which this information came, there may eventually prove to be some slight discrepancy in picturing the creature that is to be our deadly competitor. And from the noise it has thus far made it is impossible to accurately judge the nature of the beast as a zoological specimen.