

# WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

## Genial 'Gene

THERE are several ways of being a Socialist. One is by being good and rich and living in a palace on Long Island Sound, emerging therefrom, from time to time, to speak soulfully about the distribution of wealth, but being distraught and silent when it is suggested that an excellent place to begin the distribution would be with your own wealth. Another is to write books lambasting the eternal tar out of everybody who has more than four dollars and a half in the bank, with particular attention to the scoundrels who have made a million or so. Another is to take society, real society, you know, the kind we read about, and just kick the daylights out of it; usually starting with a terrific arraignment of the orgies that prevail every time any group of society people have something to eat, whether it is a chicken sandwich, or a dinner that begins with an appetizer that tastes and smells as if it had been kept too long in a hot room, and ends with a priceless *rosoglio*, for which somebody must have had the price, by the way, which proves the downtrodden are downtrod to beat the band.

Then there is the method of craftily erecting a dry-goods box on the corner, and mounting thereon and declaiming against the existing state of things, while a large, imposing policeman leans carelessly against the lamp-post, waiting until you reach the "rouse-rouse-rouse!" stage, at which moment he will go into action, to the great discouragement of the cause for the time being. We have, too, the back-room brand, which is safe but not spectacular, inasmuch as the odds are that every person in the back room with you can talk just as long as you can.

These sorts of Socialism are much like theosophy and musical criticism, and the discussion of technique in art and baseball. All you need to be an expert is to know the patter, and to rise, run your fingers through your hair, and say, with the loud pedal on: "What is Socialism? I repeat, my fellow-slaves, not to say serfs, what is Socialism? It is this, this, my poor underlings, my associates in thralldom, it is this: We seek to abolish entirely the individual effort on which modern society rests and to substitute coöperation, I may say coöperative action—co-oo-per-a-tive acshun—which will introduce a perfect distribution of the products of labor, and make land and capital, as the instruments of production and the means of production, the joint possession of the members of the community. Do you get that, my submerged brethren, do you get that? Land and capital the joint possession of the members of the community, of which we are whom."

"Raw! Raw!" your brethren will yell. "Great! When do we get ours?" If you have said this correctly, with the right terms in their proper places, you can go on then, until you are black in the face, telling how you intend to make the distribution and when, and you will be one of our leading little Socialists. After that, you can choose your own way of specializing.

Of course, there is a good deal of competition. We have a fine bunch of these correspondence-school Socialists in our midst already; and so long as they can get their books printed the number will not diminish. It makes little difference to them that they cannot define their terms. Most faddists of this kind cannot. Socialism, with some of these exponents, is a means to attain notoriety, and, if fortune is lacking, to get money.

### Mark Hanna's Prophecy

ASIDE from these self-styled Socialists, the ones who get into the papers, there are thousands of hard-headed, hard-working, clear-thinking men in this country who are advocates of Socialism against capitalism. For the third time Eugene V. Debs, of Indiana, is heading their Presidential ticket. These two facts seem in direct opposition. Debs has been variously labeled as an incendiary, an anarchist, and a believer in mob rule. He is an orator, an enthusiast, a fanatic, in a way. Still, he is best fitted to be a Socialist candidate for President so long as there is no chance for his election, and that does not seem to be at all imminent.

That is, he can preach the doctrine, can be a propagandist, when he would be an impossible Executive.

When the late Mark Hanna was managing the two McKinley campaigns he was much disturbed by what he called "the spread of Socialism." He made extensive investigations and predicted that this party would be a power sooner than anticipated by other students of political conditions.

The fact that the spread of Socialism has not been so rapid as Hanna thought it would be is of no particular consequence. The main, essential truth is that it is spreading, just how rapidly will be best shown by the votes Debs receives in November.

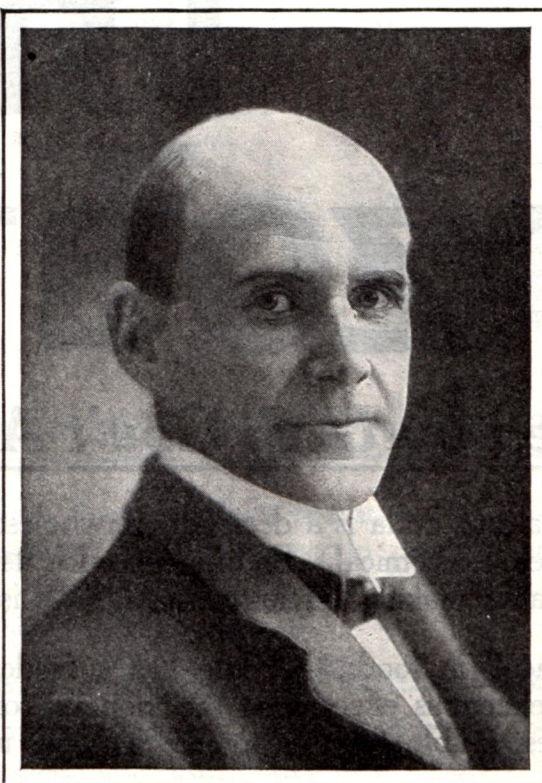


PHOTO BY KLEIN AND GUTTENSTEIN, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

He has Few Superiors as an Orator

## Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Conditions, economic and political, have much to do with the increase of the party; but able, unwearied, intelligent agitation has more. The leading Socialists, the men who are Socialists from conviction and not from emotion, work incessantly, without hope of material reward, to arouse an interest in their doctrines. It would be idle to deny that they are obtaining a larger hearing, year by year; as idle as it would be to predict what the outcome will be, and when they will get a chance to put their principles into active operation.

### How Debs was Converted in Jail

DEBS, now more than fifty years old, lived several tumultuous years as a labor leader, several reposed months in jail, and since that time has occupied himself with Socialism, as a lecturer, writer and candidate. When he was a young man he was a locomotive fireman, after that a clerk in a grocery house, city clerk of Terre Haute, and for one year in the Indiana Legislature. Always a strong union man he became grand secretary and treasurer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. While he was in this position, from 1880 to 1893, he planned and organized his American Railway Union, which was to be the most powerful labor organization the country has known. He won a strike on the Great Northern and, in 1894, led the great strike that, eventually, made Chicago an armed camp and was terminated when President Cleveland sent Federal troops to Chicago to secure free passage for the United States mails.

The law reached after Debs, who was execrated or idolized, it all depending on the viewpoint, and he was tried for conspiracy. This trial failed; but the law got him, for he was charged with contempt of court in violating an injunction, and sent to jail for six months. Meantime, his American Railway Union was dissolved and Debs retired from labor leadership. The Socialists claim they converted him to their doctrines when he was in jail. At any rate, he announced himself as a Socialist soon after he returned to Terre Haute, and in 1900 was the candidate of the Social Democratic party for President. He ran again for President in 1904, and was nominated early this year for the third time, both times by the American Socialist party.

Debs is a man of great intelligence, great eloquence and great magnetism. He has few superiors as an orator, and is fervently for his cause. His friends speak of him as a kindly, gentle, lovable man, sympathetic, generous, soft-spoken and modest. Occasionally he flares up, as he did when he wrote and issued the call headed: "Rouse, Ye Slaves!" which urged all who thought as he did to gallop with him across the Rocky Mountains and release Moyer,

Pettibone and Haywood from the thralldom of the law. The slaves did not rouse, and Debs subsided. His platform speeches are radical, but not so radical that they will bring conflict with the authorities. Now and then he sends up more skyrockets than are necessary, but generally he is well within the pyrotechnic limit.

The Socialists adore him. A large proportion of the public consider him a dangerous man who should be kept under restraint. It is likely he will get more votes for his party this year than ever before, inasmuch as he is touring the country in a "Red Special," so called to distinguish it from the chocolate or maroon-colored specials of Mr. Bryan and Mr. Taft. Although he is using this method of transportation, distinctly capitalistic, Debs says his meals cost him but fifteen cents a day, which proves anything you like—that he is a real child of the people, that he has dyspepsia, or that he is going to write a testimonial for "Creamed Hay" or some other breakfast food.

But, that sort of thing aside, he is a capable citizen, is Debs, likely to be nominated for President three or four times more, if he lives, but sure never to be President. He is the trail blazer. If the Socialists ever get a smooth enough trail to Washington, the man who will lead the procession along it will not be Debs.

### In Sympathy With the Japs

THEY brought a covey of Filipinos to this country before the St. Louis Fair, some of them for exhibition purposes and some of them to be shown how friendly this country is to the "Little Brown Brother," these latter being men of consequence back home.

The visiting Filipinos were welcomed to all our fair cities, after this Government had provided them with high hats and frock coats, and, in the course of time, reached Washington, where they were received at the White House. Many people were bidden to meet the Filipinos; among the crowd, the diplomatists. Two who came were a commander in the Japanese Navy, who was naval attaché at the Japanese Embassy, and Second Secretary Hanihara.

"See here," said a Western Senator, who was wandering about, putting his hand on the naval man's shoulder, "do you speak English?"

"I do, sir," replied the attaché politely.

"Well, tell me, my good fellow," patronized the Western Senator, "are your people in sympathy with the Japanese in this row with Russia?"

"Yes, sir; I can assure you my people are in sympathy with the Japanese."

"Well, now, I thought so," rambled the Western Senator. "I kind of had an idea that all of you slant-eyed and colored folks hung together and sympathized with Japan. Perfectly natural, I should say. In full sympathy, eh?"

The Japanese naval attaché was standing stiff as a ramrod, glowering at the Western Senator. "In full sympathy, sir," he said. "In positive accord. Here is my card, sir."

And he stalked out of the room, while the dazed Western Senator gazed at the card and didn't know what he had done until some one explained to him, kindly and with much labor, that he couldn't have done anything much worse to a Japanese than to mistake him for a Filipino, unless, indeed, he had mistaken him for a Chinese.

### The Hall of Fame

Clark Howell, the Georgia editor and statesman, has a cute little mustache.

William Faversham, the actor, is a collector of and connoisseur in bulldogs.

Urey Woodson, secretary of the Democratic National Committee, owns and runs a string of newspapers in Kentucky.

Henry N. Cary, of the St. Louis Republic, is an amateur carpenter who makes furniture for his friends with his own fair hands.

John A. Dix, who has been nominated for Lieutenant-Governor by the Democrats in New York, is a nephew of General John A. Dix, who was Secretary of the Treasury under Buchanan, and Governor of New York.

The new Senator from Washington, Wesley L. Jones, who will succeed Ankeny if things go right at election time, will restore the honored name of Jones to the Senate roll-call and pay-roll, where it has not been since the retirement of Jones, of Nevada, and Jones, of Arkansas, there being now two Smiths, but no Robinson, on said rolls.