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WILLIAM BRIGHT  
CAPTAIN *of*  
COMMERCE

*A Story of Commercial  
Progress*

By MAX STEIN  
"

HALT!  
ATTENTION!  
FORWARD, MARCH!  
GUIDE RIGHT!

CHICAGO  
United States Publishing House

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## AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

EVERY person has a hobby. For twenty years mine has been the study of religion, human nature, and economics, including every-day politics.

Years ago I discovered that the possession of wealth is not greatness, and that book learning is not wisdom. I have sought acquaintance with all classes of people, and among them I have known old men, human wrecks with neither money nor education, who possessed ideas that, could they be carried out, would relieve much of the misery of the world. Yet the sum total of the small, unrecorded, little appreciated deeds of these men helps humanity a step forward.

Two years ago the plot of this story occurred to me, and I began gathering material through observation and discussion with men. This I was in a position to do, as I traveled extensively. Thus I claim that this book was written by some of the brightest minds that have ever lived, and the scenes described herein are not fiction, but facts, the deeds of real people whose chronicler I am. And I plead guilty, too, to the occasional appropriation of the thoughts and words of those better able than I to explain what I desired to say, borrowing now from a prophet or writer of cen-

tures ago, now from a great speaker of today. I make no attempt to defend myself from the charge of plagiary, but rather hold that the good things of all time should be made the common possession of all through constant repetition.

I did not expect in my lifetime to see realized the suggestions made in this book and was therefore in no hurry to complete it. But new history was being made, and what I had learned from my study for twenty years past might now prove inspiring to men of action. The first and last sections of this story had been practically completed for months. I now issued mimeograph copies of Professor Land's Preamble and sent them out wherever they might be of use.

Had I received no replies, I doubt if this book would have been completed for another year or two. But one acknowledgment after another reached me, several of which I prize highly, especially that from Colonel Roosevelt. His letter proved to me that he had undertaken to fight the corrupt politicians of the country, and that his life would be spent in correcting the evil conditions that exist among us, notwithstanding the seeming prosperity.

I was fired with an ambition to complete this novel, and thus do my part to help the good work along.

I had never before felt any desire to enter into politics, but when at last a political party based upon principle and the sacredness of human rights was formed, I joined at once.

The time for co-operative centralization has been reached. After the question of human rights over property rights has been finally adjusted, as it will be sooner than most imagine, then will come the vital question of the future, commonwealth ownership of industry and land, which shall divide the country, or, for that matter, all the people of the earth, into two factions, a Socialistic-Democratic agitating for government by a bureaucracy and a Progressive-Individualist in favor of a moral democracy.

Every private citizen should be considered a part of the public government, and he should devote a portion of his time for the public good. Popular pressure can always correct the many evils in local, state, or national affairs, if only a system of free discussion among the people can be introduced, which should be done with the assistance and at the expense of the state.

The most dangerous feature of the whole situation at present is the smoldering discontent everywhere apparent. As Colonel Roosevelt says, "If all parties interested would only in good nature crowd a little less, the whole matter might readily be arranged."

Time always faces ahead, not behind; to progress we must look up and forward, not down and backward.

This being a story with a purpose, I have left much connecting explanation to imagination, hurriedly molding the matter into novel form, so that the meat and nutrition may be quickly grasped by busy readers.

One last word: Nature, or whatever providential power you believe in, inspires certain individuals to undertake some important work. When they leave off, others continue the task, until it is accomplished. Therefore, the fate of no one, however important he may be, can stop this movement, now begun.

The important ambition of every person, made necessary now for very existence, has been to accumulate wealth. But need the accumulation of wealth be our chief aim in life, when there is so much else to be proud of? The tide is turning to a higher public morality, one that will cause our shackles to drop and send our civilization forward and upward into higher bounds than we can even dream of.

MAX STEIN.

Chicago.

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## CHAPTER I

### WOLVES AND LAMBS.

IT was early evening in the Stewart home. Dr. Wilson, the family physician, was attending Miss Helen Stewart, only daughter of his old chum, whose death a few days previously both were mourning deeply.

One of Mr. Stewart's peculiarities had been never to trust an outsider with the inner workings of his business, but Helen, after receiving a thorough business education, had become his private secretary. Under his personal tuition she became familiar with all the details of his affairs and in his black hours, of which he had many, she was his trusted counsellor.

"Now, girlie, try to control yourself. No one can live forever."

"Yes, doctor, but I have no one left in the world. We were inseparable."

"Yes, I know; but remember, you are a responsible person now. Much will depend upon your strength. You must not wear yourself out. I will leave you this medicine and another prescription," he added, preparing to go. "If the prescription does not help you, call me at any hour. Now, don't worry. It will not help you in the least. Your father is at rest, and, though it seems

### *Wolves and Lambs*

a hard thing to say, let the past be only a memory. Fortunately, you will have but little time for grief. Worry is a condition of the mind, anyway. A true philosopher never worries. To him everything is according to the laws of God or Nature. Now, look this trouble squarely in the face; try to philosophize; set your mind at rest. Remember, there are others with even greater troubles. I must go now. If you want me, call me."

"Shall I send out now to get the prescription filled, doctor?"

"No, don't use the prescription unless you feel very much worse. Good-by, child, be brave."

As he went, Helen looked after him wistfully. Then, with dismal forebodings and a heavy heart, she buried her head in her hands and cried unrestrainedly.

"Mr. Bright is in the hall, Miss Helen."

No attention paid to her announcement, the maid continued, "I beg your pardon, Miss Helen, but Mr. Bright is at the door."

Helen looked up, with tears streaming and nodded. Speech was impossible.

William Bright was a young man who had entered her father's employ as an errand boy, working his way up by degrees. He had filled nearly every position in the house, and was the one to whom Mr. Stewart had trusted most of the office details.

"Pardon my intrusion," he said gently, "but I find it necessary to lay an important matter of business before you which must be settled in the morning. I may come right to the point?"

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A wan smile and a slight nod answered him. "Go on, Will, say what you wish."

"I'll be as brief and as little blunt as possible. Our competitors are driving us hard; one day lost gives them advantages that it will take us weeks to regain. We have lost much time already. With our leader gone, we are today at a terrible disadvantage. Unless you, his only child, whom the smaller stockholders, the employees, and the customers all know, will take immediate charge, tomorrow in fact, we shall soon be disorganized. As secretary, I shall call a meeting of the directors at once, and propose you as president, Miss Helen. Pardon me, but I may still call you Miss Helen? You are now my employer, you know."

"Why, Will, it appears to me that you will have to become the real employer in the business. You have managed the details a long time, have had charge of the help, the sales, and a great deal more. I really don't know any one else upon whom to place the management."

"I understand, Miss Helen, but all that is not the management. The commanding officer of a company has more than the buying and selling details of a business to look after. Though important, these things are secondary. It is the unyielding will, the great magnetic power, the personality of one who is looked upon as the natural leader, that holds a business together. That is not my place. My strength, you will soon see, is needed at the front. I am the watch dog, but you are the mistress.

### *Wolves and Lambs*

Have I your permission to prepare the papers? I will not trouble you further with business matters tonight."

With words of sympathy for her in her bereavement, he soon took his departure.

Hardly had she bidden him good-by when the doorbell rang, almost furiously. With some apprehension she waited the newcomer. "Mr. Boldman!" she said with a frightened glance as the maid announced the visitor's name. "Why, Mr. Boldman is the head of our strongest competitor, known as 'the Trust.' What does he want, I wonder. Father never would talk to him. He considered him more dangerous as a friend than as an enemy. What shall I do? If Will were only here!"

A pause. Then, with some hesitation, "Let Mr. Boldman come in," she said.

"Good evening, Miss Stewart. I came to offer you my sincere sympathy and to extend to you my heartiest assistance. It is my earnest desire that we be friends; I can and wish to be of use to you, and so do my business associates."

"You are very kind, Mr. Boldman. Should I ever need you, I will surely accept your assistance."

"You need me now, child, right now," he replied with emphasis, almost abruptly.

"Why—" she hesitated.

"Listen, Miss Stewart. Feel toward me as if your father were speaking. Ten days ago I was instructed by the board of directors of my com-

*Wolves and Lambs*

pany to perfect plans looking to the concentrating of all concerns in our line of business. I want you to consider not only the advantages to you personally, but to our country. Today England and Germany are getting all that rightfully should be ours. The auxiliary governmental service in connection with the commercial system of these countries is so perfectly arranged as to encourage even the smallest merchant to export, whereas here we are a disorganized mass, except where private corporations can unite to organize on a scale sufficiently large to meet this otherwise unequal competition. You must admit this. How much have you shipped to Africa, South America, Australia, or anywhere else? You say you send something right along. Of course you do. But, candidly, don't you think it more advantageous to act jointly with us in business? Never mind, child, do not answer now; but I must know your answer before tomorrow evening."

"Mr. Boldman, my thoughts are not clear. Neither I, nor in fact any of us here have ever dreamed of such a thing."

"Well, what do you think 'o' it now? Would it not be better for both if we could work together?"

"Why—ye—es. But how—"

"Oh, I have it all planned. Now, child, I must report tomorrow night as to whether you will join us or not, or I should not have troubled you tonight. I will tell you the most simple plan—the one I would carry through were I in your place—and remember, what I say is said with the best

### *Wolves and Lambs*

intentions. If this plan is not acceptable, we may hit upon another, but probably one not so easily carried out. To begin with, I want you to put your concern into the hands of some friendly trustee."

Helen held up her hands as if to ward off a blow.

"Nothing wrong intended. This would merely simplify matters. The burden of debt will be lifted from your shoulders, and we will give you an interest in our concern. Of course you would have to place implicit confidence in our honor as gentlemen. Your business is worth a great deal; it will be of immense value to the new concern, more than your plant itself. Give me your answer tomorrow—in a general way. Don't decide hastily."

She could contain herself no longer. "You may have my answer now. I won't even consider your proposition."

"Now, Miss Stewart, after some thought you must come to my conclusion. You are deeply in debt. Your fight is a losing one, with no chance of winning. Besides, why should you waste your life and die worrying as your father did? Were I in your position, I would do exactly as I have advised you to do."

Her refusal to consider his plans only brought out more polite protestations of his friendship, after which he took his departure.

Her mind was in a whirl. This had been an eventful day, and tomorrow—tomorrow would certainly be exciting.

*Wolves and Lambs*

"There is the bell! Another visitor tonight? Why, good evening, Mr. Deck."

"Good evening, Miss Helen, I wish to offer you my hearty sympathy in your bereavement."

After talking with him for a few moments she said, "You have been a trusted employee, Mr. Deck. You know every customer on our books, and you have been intrusted with a great many mechanical secrets. We must go right ahead with the new place and give up the old as soon as possible, so as to concentrate our energies. You have been in charge of the transferring of trade. You will continue to stand by me, won't you?"

He looked nervous. He now spoke quickly. He had an unpleasant task to perform, and it would be well to have it over with.

"Miss Helen, you have Mr. Bright, and an ordinary helper could be promoted to do my work for much less than what I am worth. You see, I have leased the old premises myself, and would like to occupy them when your lease expires. I am going into business for myself. I came to resign."

This was the last straw. She grasped a chair to steady herself. Mr. Deck made as if to assist her, but she waved him away. His object accomplished, he withdrew.

"Oh, I feel sick. Miserably sick," Helen exclaimed. And then, "Where is the prescription Dr. Wilson gave me? Oh, here it is," and opening it she read, "Be cheerful! Don't worry!" Involuntarily, she exclaimed, "Well, of all things! 'Don't worry!' Don't worry? Does he think this

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prescription better than medicine? 'Be cheerful! Be cheerful? How can I be cheerful?'

Mechanically she walked over to her father's old writing desk, opened it, and sat down before it, resting her head on her arms. She remained thus a long time, far into the night, when she awoke from a drowsy stupor. Before her face there lay the last advertisement that her father had printed; a blotter with the following words, which she read to herself aloud:

"It is easy enough to be pleasant,  
When life flows along like a song;  
But the one worth while  
Is the one that can smile  
When everything goes dead wrong."

## CHAPTER II.

### POSSESSION IS NINE POINTS OF THE LAW

“GOOD morning, Miss Stewart.”

“Good morning, Mike. Is Mr. Bright in the office?”

“Yes, Miss. He wants to see you, I believe. Wait—I’ll get him.”

She had no time to protest, and he returned quickly with his favorite, whom he actually idolized, directly behind him.

“Good morning, Miss Helen—pardon me—Miss Stewart, I see you are feeling much better than you did the other night.”

“Good morning, Will. You will look after the office until I am stronger, won’t you? I have been worried about Boldman and Deck. What have you done with them? Have they made any trouble?”

“Deck will trouble us very little, I think,” Bright answered. “We won’t move, and he will have to pay the rent until we feel that we have had the place long enough to transfer our trade. We will have to return the money that he advances, of course.”

They spoke on many subjects and became so interested that they did not notice a messenger boy brush past Mike.

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"Where is the Boss?"

Mike reached for the message with, "I'll take it," but with a "Chuck yer gab!" the messenger boy darted an ugly look at him and turned to Will and Helen.

"Which o' youse gets the message?" "You take it, Will. Who's it from?"

"From Boldman. Here it is," Will answered, as he read, "Have been empowered by the Board of Directors to treat with you according to my judgment. Must have your answer at once."

They looked at each other in consternation. This meant immediate war, and war with a man and a combination devoid of conscience. No trick, small or great, no blow from the front or knife thrust in the back was beyond this corporation. There was the money, the power, and the courage.

Instinctively Helen grasped Will's hand. They looked at each other. Companions in misery think with their hearts and speak with their eyes. With a sharp start he turned to the messenger, who was having a duel of growls and ugly looks with Mike.

"There is no answer." "All right, Boss," answered the boy, as he backed out of the office, with a last glare at Mike.

"Oh, this is all so much more terrible than what father had to go through, and I thought his troubles were hard enough."

"Naturally, for they will now take advantage of what they consider the inexperience of those at the helm. Had you a brother trained in this busi-

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ness for years past, one whom they knew to be a worthy successor to your father, I doubt if they would act so soon. Still, with your permission, your father was always hard pressed by competition. I think—I must take the place of a brother.”

“Why, yes, and I will be a sister to you.” They could not help smiling.

Looking up, Helen saw an old friend approaching. “Why, Mr. Chester, come in! I am so glad to see you!”

“How do you do, folks? And how is my dear Miss Helen feeling? You must accept my apologies. It was absolutely impossible for me to be here last week. Did you receive my telegram? I surely would have been here, were it possible. Will, old man, how are you? It is medicine for sore eyes to see you. How are you? What news have you?” His eyes had a twinkle and a bright smiling look.

With an apology, he removed his light overcoat and, smiling broadly, handed coat and cane to Mike for safe keeping. Will spoke up. “Our office here is running splendidly. The men and girls all seem to work as usual. Business is good, but we are being threatened by Boldman and his company. Read this telegram; it came only a few minutes ago.”

Mr. Chester, let it be explained, represented the strongest concern in the field next to the trust. His employers, with whom he had closer than ordinary business connections, were wealthy, outside of their business interests. The Stewart concern

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had in many ways acted jointly with them and locally represented them exclusively. To continue these relations and cement them still further would give the Stewart company strength to withstand the assaults of the Boldman combination. Discussing the present aspect of the business, Will, Helen and Mr. Chester saw that it was more necessary than ever for the two firms to act in unison. So engrossed were they, they hardly noticed the flight of time.

A telephone message from the old place recalled Will from this pleasant discussion. "Deck's lumber is being unloaded—now? Don't open the door. He says he will break it in? Shoot him down if he does. Let no one in. Let no one have the door open even for a second—or windows either. Everything must be closed tight to come within the law. How many people have you inside, in case of an accidental rush? Can you trust them? That's good. I will be there in about half an hour. Let me in at the side door. But don't open the door if anyone else is about. I will run in, then close it quickly. Good-by."

"Why, Will, you are not going to have bloodshed?"

"No, but we cannot let that traitor occupy that place. The business can't stand the loss of so much trade. It's nothing. I had Jack hire a dozen rough and ready fellows whom we have befriended at various times, and you know I have been a militia non-com. for some time. Some of the boys brought their guns, to carry out the bluff—just to

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make a show, you know; nothing serious. Will you come, Chester? You'll enjoy it. There'll be lots of fun."

"No; not where rifles are displayed. I have an engagement elsewhere. Won't you both dine with me tonight?" After accepting Mr. Chester's invitation, Helen looked nervously at Will and almost begged, "Will, won't you stop this Wild West affair of yours? It is better to give up than to have bloodshed."

"I can't; it's too late. Won't you trust this matter to me? Good-by, Chester. Convince Miss Helen for me that it's nothing serious, won't you? I must go now. Until six-thirty, au revoir."

Will Bright, now about twenty-six years old, was a healthy, well-educated, handsome, honest, and fearless type of Young America, wrapped up in the work with which he had become associated. His executive ability and clear-headedness had brought him a position of trust in a comparatively short time. Now not only the fortune of his pretty employer, but the future of many families depended upon his ability to hold the business together. As he walked along, thinking of these things, he was suddenly startled by revolver shots, loud voices of men in conflict and shrieks of women. Looking ahead, he saw that the uproar came from the neighborhood of his headquarters. With wild fears he ran swiftly toward the scene. He did not realize his own danger until a bullet passed within six inches of his face. He jumped into the nearest

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doorway. It was only then that he noticed the lumber in front of his building and the rioters, at least fifty in number, diagonally opposite, surging in a solid mass, hitting to right and left, nearly all with their faces bleeding. Now the entire mass seemed about to force an entrance, when revolver shots rang out and they were again out in the street. Some, wounded, made their way to a drug store a little distance away; the others prepared to continue the fight.

"Is this worth while? Jim Baylor told me he would storm that building today to get possession. His political influence is great, but suppose some one is killed in the affair? Where are the police? I dare say he is keeping them away."

Just then he saw two loaded patrol wagons in the distance. He also saw a sight that chilled his veins. His traitor assistant, his old landlord, Judge Milton, and a little band of men were clustered about three hundred feet further from the scene of battle than himself. He felt sure they had not yet seen him. Without further thought he dodged into doorways until he came directly opposite his own place, when he dashed across the street. His own people saw him, and opened the door. Owing to the lumber piled in front, Deck's men did not see him until he was at the door. The patrolmen were just gaining headway with the fighting mass opposite, when the cheers of the "brigade," as the men in the factory had styled themselves, rang out.

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The fight opposite was over. Luckily no one was seriously hurt. Unquestionably Judge Milton would not allow his party to run such risks. He would be held personally responsible for accidents.

"I guess we keep this place till next year," Hans, the watchman, said exultingly. So much excitement followed that no one noticed the repeated knocking on the door by Judge Milton. Will finally walked to the door. "I hear you, Judge. What do you want?"

"Open the door."

"No, why should we?"

"You have no right here. You have no lease."

"Then put us out."

"I shall, unless you get out peaceably."

"Try it." Turning to his fellows, Will cried, "Boys, bring up your guns and point them toward him." This was done in the fraction of a minute.

"Now, look here, Mr. Bright, let us settle this matter peaceably; I don't want any trouble. Let me in, and we'll talk it over."

"No, sir."

"On my honor, I will not take advantage of you, if you will let me in to talk with you. On my honor as a lawyer and a gentleman."

"Send your men away, while I talk to the boys," Will answered. A pause; "Well, boys, what do you think?"

"A lawyer and a gentleman, is it?" one cried. "Did you ever hear the likes of it? He couldn't get by me."

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This was the general opinion. These people would trust neither a lawyer nor a so-called gentleman. To them the word of either was like so much wax, to be molded to fit any situation. It was up to Will to assume all the responsibility, as it had been in all matters since the passing of his old employer. Judge Milton was waiting.

"Judge, I'll trust you." The door was opened and quickly closed. Two of the men were so afraid of some unseen trick of the law that they would not stir from the door, even though it was locked and bolted.

"Mr. Bright, let us talk alone. I did not know your people wanted this place, or I should not have leased it to Deck."

"How long has he had the lease?"

"Three weeks; since Mr. Stewart became disabled."

A sudden idea seemed to come to both.

"Bright, do you think the lease was obtained originally for Mr. Stewart?"

"How can I tell?"

"Don't you see that if Deck acted as agent for Mr. Stewart that the lease rightfully belongs to your house? When did he quit?"

"Last week."

"It's evident he acted as your agent. If you are willing to stand by this, you have the right to openly retain this place after today, while either your agent or yourself must pay the rent. Should your agent fail to bring me the rent on the first of each month, I shall cancel his lease and re-issue it

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to you. He will probably sue for possession, but I think you have a perfect claim. In the meantime, my rent for this month has been paid and I shall trouble you no more. I think the man acted as traitor to your concern when you most needed help, or I should not take this step. Good-by. Good luck to you."

"Thank you, Judge. Indeed, I'll not forget this."

With a cordial handshake the two parted. The door was opened and quickly closed. A sigh of relief at the exit of the lawyer and gentleman passed about the room. A short explanation was made. One of the boys humorously compared the decision of Will and Judge Milton to a story often told by his uncle, a police magistrate. Discharging a certain jury, he complimented them for their prompt and just decision. Calling the foreman, he said, "Mr. Smith, how did you manage things so well?" "Oh, we decided, after the severe instructions you gave about disagreeing, to flip a coin, and every man agreed to abide by the result."

It was getting dark. Will saw teamsters loading up the lumber that had been lying on the sidewalk all day, and he knew the victory was won, at least for the present. Leaving full instructions for all possible contingencies, he left to keep his dinner engagement with Helen and Mr. Chester.

## CHAPTER III.

### A DUEL OF BRAINS IN COMMERCE.

**B**OLDMAN entered his private office hurriedly the next morning. "Mail ready, Miss Collins?"

A few short letters were dictated when the telephone bell rang. "Hello, Wily. He's still there? Where was Deck all that time? Where was his nerve? What did he have to lose by storming the place? All right. See me at five today.— Miss Collins, call Jones at once."

"Jones," Boldman said to him as soon as he saw him, "that fellow Bright is still in possession of his old stand. This won't do. He is blocking the way of our owning a monopoly. Ever spoken with him?"

"Yes; I met him once at the Club. He was with Chester."

"Chester? Is he friendly with him?"

"Well, I should say. Both he and the girl think him a little god on a stool."

"Well, that opens up a new field of action that I think will get him. I want you to take the temporary management of our Pittsburg branch. In the meantime I'll work along different lines. Understand now? You're the new manager of our Pittsburg branch. Get thick with Chester. I

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think he'll be here a few days longer. We'll discuss further plans later."

Jones remained silent a few moments, and then asked Boldman, "Why don't you see what you can do with Bright?"

"Splendid idea. Send him this message right away: 'Must see you at once. Important for yourself. Boldman.' Fine idea. All right, Jones, that's all now. Send Miss Collins in to finish with the mail."

Jones was a well educated young man, a director of the company by virtue of his father's stock, and as he had no reason to fear for the future, at times a high liver. An occasional all-night session seemed as necessary to him as food or rest. He had often been out with Chester, and knew his weak points. It occurred to him that just now the best way to reach Chester's ear would be by a rich dinner. It took him several hours to "accidentally" run across him, but only a few minutes to offer his bait.

"I'll see you tonight at the club then, old man." A hearty handshake and so much of the work was done.

He at once returned to Boldman's office to report. Finding Will Bright closeted with the manager he sent in a note to Boldman and remained at hand to await further instructions. In Boldman's office a dramatic scene was in progress.

A duel of wits was in progress between a diplomatic veteran of commercial life, one who knew the ins and outs from A to Z and had experienced

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every phase of business life, and an open-hearted young man just taking up the management of a big business. The life of the Stewart company was at stake. The bull-dog tenacity of each man was about equal. The older man plainly had two important advantages, his lack of conscience and his experience.

"Morning, Bright. Sit down. I want a heart-to-heart talk with you."

This was the beginning. It did not take these two men long to get down to serious talk.

"Miss Stewart, who was in the office when I received your telegram, did not wish me to come, but we might as well understand each other—positively, absolutely. I think we do already."

These words gave a third advantage to Boldman, and one that is always hardest to combat. The discovery that the young man regarded it his duty to protect the girl, perhaps loved her, could be used as a lash.

"See here, Bright, we're invulnerable; our machine is absolutely complete. Sum it up. We've got unlimited capital; we own mechanical patents that reduce our costs; we own the selling rights on public necessities that you yourself must buy from our house; our line is so complete that we can cover the entire field. While you must figure out large profits to your customers, we simply decide the price our customer pays, reckoning his expenses, so that if he works hard he can make a fair living at our prices. Of course, he can never afford automobiles, but then, the tastes of most

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people are very simple. So long as they live contentedly, why think about that? Our sales are large. Why, almost daily, with our vast system of orders and delivery, we reach practically every man in the business. Suppose you bring us a new article. We consider the demand will be fair. We give you a price, either roughly or outright. Our manufacturing system at once makes it possible to produce that article at the low price, and when I say low that means there is no profit tacked on for anyone else. My selling sponge at once absorbs it. Have you any idea how largely we buy? Now what chance in competition is there for you against this machine, this 'steam roller'?"

"Mr. Boldman, from your language I infer that you wish me to advise Miss Stewart and her friends to retire from business and liquidate."

For the slightest fraction of a second a flush came to the face of Boldman. He saw that he had not made the slightest impression on this young man. The quiet, almost jocular manner of this retort angered him, although he did not show it. He quickly assumed a sympathetic air. "I'm serious, my boy. I'll come to the point at once. Your business is to me like a book. Some of your most faithful men are my spies. Now wait, I intend no wrong to you in all that I say. It's all business, pure business. There is no personal animosity against you or Miss Stewart, or anyone else. Now listen, I want you and I want your business. Why don't you marry the young lady, and let her take care of a home?"

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Boldman's eagle eyes almost burned those of Will Bright, who sat like one in a trance. He might have known that such an attack would be made, but for a moment he could not reply.

"Let me repeat, my boy, that my feelings for you are most friendly. I have discovered that you are strictly honest—too honest, in fact. I want you in business with me. It is almost impossible nowadays to find an honest man with ability, good judgment, and knowledge of affairs, one who does not dissipate or waste his time on some useless hobby. I want you as my right-hand man and possible successor. And—I'll get you." In his mind he added, "by hook or by crook."

Will, however, had now regained his composure. The humor had all disappeared.

"Well, what's your proposition?" He also was assuming the offensive.

"Now, Bright, you're talking. Here is what we will do. To you personally we will give a large salary—as large as any that my house is paying today—and we will permit you to purchase an interest in this business payable in future profits from your stock if you wish it. Does that sound good to you, my boy? All right. Now in regard to your business, presuming that your future wife's interests are yours, what I offered you we will do to cover the good will. Of your business itself we don't care a snap. It's only a matter of time when it will fail anyway. My advice to you is to throw it into the hands of a receiver, and be free. If you will trust me faithfully, I will take care of that for

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your benefit. My influence in such matters is great."

A fierce fire from the other side now broke loose. Will simply exploded.

"First you offer to bribe me. You insult me and an innocent girl. Why, you are actually conspiring to swindle the best friends we have, the people who are helping us fight your corrupt machine. You direct a suspicion against every man working with me. Is there no conscience in you at all? No, I won't hear any more. You listen to me, Mr. Boldman. With what our house and the concerns who work in conjunction with us manufacture, we'll give you a run for your money. And don't forget that although we have not your capital, our customers are our friends, and don't overlook the fact that we cover the country pretty well ourselves. I can understand now why Mr. Stewart would never talk with you. Mr. Boldman, I can't see that you have made me a single proposition. Good-by."

The war was now on. As Will left the office, Boldman smiled in a sickly sort of way, but his nerves nevertheless were unstrung. It was some little time before he noticed that Jones was in his presence.

"I knocked on your door, but as you did not answer I took the liberty to enter. What result did you have?"

"Jones, never enter my office unannounced. You broke into my train of thought. You'll need instruction for your part in the play, and lots of

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it." He sat for a time quietly thinking. "That boy's pride will have to be broken before we can win. I certainly made him an honest, sincere proposition, and I meant to stand by him. He is an ass."

This was spoken in a quiet, thoughtful way, rather to himself than to Jones. The dishonesty of it never occurred to him.

"What did you offer him?" Jones asked. "And what shall I do with Chester?"

This roused him. His eagle glance was fixed on Jones. "Jones, you are being entrusted with a mission that will make you independently rich. Rare diplomacy will be the only weapon you need. If you forget diplomacy for a moment, you are done. If I hear of one instance of dissipation on your part while this is going on, I will sever all connections with you. Here is your plan. Listen closely. You are manager of our Pittsburg branch. To forward this scheme the better you will also be cashier and sign all checks. Offer Chester a third interest in a manufacturing concern for plans of his suggestion and another third in some way to Bright. Chester has been suggesting some schemes to his concern which he thinks are wonderful money makers. Bright, to my knowledge, thinks the same as Chester, but lack of money prevents him from accepting them at the moment. His false idea of honesty, I think, has a good deal to do with it. He would not let his concern accept personal partnership proposals while Chester is drawing salary from his other

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people. But to bring this partnership about is left to you. Use all the funds you want. Circulate through our channels and Bright's limited channels. Use our money to pay the bills. Do you understand the object? Withdraw his attention from his business. Keep his time and his thoughts glued to this scheme. Neither of you three require a cent at the start. The business cannot help but grow to be a prosperous one. Do you follow me?"

Jones saw the magnitude of that proposition. Boldman was right. If Bright went into this side business he would be useless in his other concern. Jones looked at his employer with admiration and awe. It actually made Boldman break out into laughter.

"See Chester tonight, and start the ball a-rolling. Good luck to you."

## CHAPTER IV.

### COMMERCIAL OFFICERS AND COMMERCIAL PLANS.

JONES, seated in a private booth of a Pittsburg Hotel grill room, was just beginning his second bottle. Two weeks had passed since his interview with Boldman.

"This is getting on my nerves. I wish he'd come." This was the kind of work he could not endure. He walked into the lobby, out into the street, and then back into the restaurant. He sat there a while longer, and again went out into the street. He there met a condition that nearly made him rave. His "best girl" was in an auto alone. Naturally, she extended him an invitation, which, had he not known Boldman as he did, he would have accepted and thrown his appointment to the winds. As it was, he promised to meet her later in the evening at a restaurant known to both. This little break made him feel better and he waited more patiently now. He sat some time longer, lost in deep thought, when a voice he recognized as Chester's interrupted him, "Well, how are you, old man? I owe you an apology for keeping you waiting. My train was delayed, and you should have seen me make tracks here. How are you, anyway?"

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"Fine, just fine. Do you think Bright will be here tonight?"

"He said he would, and to my knowledge he has never broken his word."

"Waiter!" A short order given, and the conversation again drifted back to the important subject.

"I left word with the clerk for Bright to find us here," Chester said. "Why you want to give up a third interest to him, I can't see though. He is smart; his ideas undoubtedly will help us; but this first idea was all mine. True, I took him into it, but he would gladly have relinquished his claims to see his friend go forward."

"You must not forget that you did offer him a half interest in your idea, that he did not refuse you pointblank, and that when I stepped in and offered to put up the money for a half-interest with you, he felt rather jealous. After you told him that when I heard he was previously interested, and on that account would deal no further with you unless he also was interested, he immediately accepted, didn't he? He even added a provision that we must accept a material addition and his pro rata of ideas and services." Chester changed the subject. "It certainly should be a profitable affair, but until this is under way, I prefer not to relinquish the position I hold with my house. I am under contract there for some time yet."

"That is not necessary. It will take some time to get things under way, all of which I will attend to, with your permission. How did Miss Stewart take to the plan? She knows, I presume."

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“She appeared pleased. As this does not interfere with their business, she really could find no objection. Indeed, I think it gives Bright an excellent opening he could never have had otherwise.”

Jones inwardly admired more and more the plan and the farsightedness of his employer. Here he was actually wearing away the best representative of the opposition, and the energy of the only man that could keep the opposition united. Truly a great player of the commercial game of chess! He looked at his watch. Bright’s train must be an hour late. He thought of the girl that would be waiting for him in another hour. Would he have time to clinch this affair in an hour?

Chester broke into his thoughts. “Don’t you know, Jones, a man is foolish to waste his life in a business like Bright’s, where you have to count dollar by dollar, be careful not to buy unless you can collect from some one else in time to pay your bills. I know that poor chap works until three and four o’clock in the morning since the old gentleman died.”

Jones smiled as he answered, “He’s young and can stand it. It seems when one is young one must stay up late. Look at us, for instance; we’ve often been up all night. That’s still worse.” With a laugh they both filled their glasses. “There he is now.”

Chester ran hurriedly toward him. “Well, old man, you are certainly salve for sore eyes. On what road did you come?”

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"Hello, Bright! When did you get in?" Jones offered his hand as he said this. "Had supper?"

"I had some lunch two hours ago."

"Let's have a bite and then we'll all go up to Bright's room to form our plans," Jones suggested. "I have been here so long."

After each had ordered, they naturally drifted into the subject in which they were most interested.

"What do you think of this new business of ours, Bright? I can see nothing but success, the greatest kind of success."

Jones put on his wisest and sternest appearance and cleared his throat. With his fast approaching appointment in mind he saw that something more solid than mere talk would have to be done, so he, as if for a speech, waited a second, giving Chester time to say, "Out with it, old man," then started:

"Gentlemen, we are gathered here for the purpose of starting a concern with opportunities such as have never before been presented to any three young men going into business, without the necessity of investing one cent of capital. Our brains, coupled with our knowledge, will be able to create our income. How large that is to be is left entirely to ourselves. Both the field and the opportunities are without limit. We are all young, of about the same age, active, and I dare say, with but two or three possible exceptions, the best posted men in our business. Each is strong where the others are lacking. Chester here is always about, picking up ideas, listening to tales of prospect or mis-

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takes. He is the traveling man. Bright is a manufacturer. He knows values; he earns a profit for us before we sell; he knows how to create the inviting appearance; he also commands methods not reached by the traveling man nor by my powerful combination. Yours truly is personally the least important of all, as I know nothing of manufacturing, appearances, or traveling; but by virtue of my position as manager and treasurer of an important branch of a combination controlling hundreds of branches everywhere, reaching even into foreign countries, I can bring unlimited financial backing. Now take our first article, one suggested by Chester. Bright places the order after consultation with both of us. When ready, my company sends samples, charged, of course. Our first order for making up anything need not be larger than that. I, as treasurer of my branch of the combination, issue a check to our concern and then it pays the folks that make these articles for us, leaving a fat profit, which is our income.

“Should Chester find upon his travels that the manager of any branch does not do justice to our wares, off goes his head, for you know that I used to be at headquarters and I stand pretty strong there.

“There is always a cry of trust. Nearly twenty per cent of the people are independent. They can be supplied by Bright’s channels, provided of course, they will pay the full price.” “No,” Will interrupted, “my trade will not. All you can supply will be seconds, of which you will naturally

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have a great many and for which I have a constant demand." Jones continued, "Now, boys, get busy. Let us go up to Bright's room to complete our arrangements and look at the plans he spoke of. But say, boys, I forgot. I have an important appointment for this evening. I am ten minutes late now. You must excuse me, and I will return in about an hour. You boys go up to the room, and I will be with you as soon as possible."

"Will you surely come back?" this from Chester.

"Yes, within an hour, probably, not much later."

"Hurry, Jones, we are all impatience."

Chester and Bright went first to the former's room, where they discussed all sorts of schemes, not only for the new venture but for their older business. They then went into Bright's room to look over his plans for the new concern, and awaited Jones' return. An hour went by very quickly. Two hours went by, and no Jones appeared. They became impatient; Chester began to fume. He remembered previous times when he had been kept waiting for hours. At one time he took it upon himself to look him up and had found him asleep in a telephone booth.

"Do you want such a man for a partner?" he fumed. "If he does not return in another hour, you can continue this business with him alone. I'll take the next train east."

In another hour they decided to adjourn to the grill room again, leaving word to that effect with the hotel clerk. They again became interested in their business ventures, and had hardly any thought

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of Jones returning when they saw him enter, all smiles, his face flushed, accompanied by a stout, jolly, rather distinguished looking young man. "Hello, boys! Let's look over the things in the morning. It's too late now. Mr. Quirk, Mr. Chester—Mr. Bright. Mr. Quirk's my attorney, boys. He wouldn't promise not to tell you that he saw me with a pretty girl, so I'll tell you myself. I met her just as I was in front of the hotel."

This, of course, was the gospel truth, but he failed to mention the time that he met her. Chester softened. His politeness would not permit him to scold in the presence of the newcomer. "Pardon me for keeping you so long. Quirk, what do you think of our venture? I want you to draw up the papers tomorrow. Shall it be a partnership or a corporation?"

"A corporation is the safer so far as responsibility is concerned," Quirk stated. "We'll leave that to you, eh, boys?" Jones looked at them inquiringly. "But as all three of us have decided not to be known for the present, you will have to use outside names as incorporators. We'll fix that up at the office. Let's drink to the success of the new concern," and Jones offered a toast. "Now if we had a king we would also give a toast to the king," remarked Chester.

"A king! Who wants a king? You certainly don't believe in monarchy?" Quirk asked in surprise.

"I most emphatically do." Chester's reply made Jones blurt out, "My God! Are you crazy?"

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“Do I appear that way? I believe in aristocracy. Will you tell me that an Italian cleaning the streets, an uneducated Irishman, German or a man of any other nationality, not mentioning the negro, who may become rich by some graft or accident, is my equal? I will walk the streets with you, and at every square I will show you many people that you must acknowledge you cannot consider your equal. The human race becomes of worth only after generations of training, hard training. My father and forefathers are of pure-blooded stock. Am I not better than these others? I most firmly believe in a king, aristocracy, and all.”

Chester had spoken in all seriousness.

“A republic for me, where my children have the hope of some day having a ruling voice, and where I myself feel that I at least have a chance to make myself heard,” exclaimed Quirk.

Chester retorted: “Again, what more chance have you to make yourself heard?” “At least, when a vast majority of the people feel that the yoke is too heavy they throw it off, and replace it with a different one.”

“A different one, yes. Have you ever seen ‘Robespierre’? I saw it one night with Bright. ‘The poor peepul.’ A worse regime follows the one overthrown—worse each time. We shall see anarchy here if we live long enough, or a king.”

“Who said anarchy? Gentlemen, I need a smoke, and I will tell you all about anarchy.”

They all turned to an individual, well dressed in a white duck suit, but of a disordered appearance.

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He was of medium height, stout, and looked as if he had been drinking.

"Gentlemen, won't one of you offer me a cigar? I need a cigar. I am an anarchist. Thanks for the cigar. I wear bombs on my toes and poison on my fingernails. If I kick a man he blows to kingdom come, and if I touch him he is a goner. Let's have anarchy. Hurrah for the cigar!"

The stranger lighted his cigar, then continued: "I accept nothing for nothing. So listen to your pay. My friend Bill stood on the corner smoking a 'two-for' like this the other day, eyeing closely a skyscraper on the other side of the street, when a clerical looking gentleman stepped up to him and asked him if he smoked many cigars like that. Bill says, 'two or three a day.' 'Young man, stop in your course,' says the cleric. 'Think of what you might buy by saving that money. You might eventually own that skyscraper across the way.' Bill eyes him and says, 'I do own it; I bought it last week.'" With that, the stranger bowed, turned about and walked away.

The laugh was general. Where he came from, and whether he had heard their debate they could not tell.

"Well, we might as well finish our views. Bright, you haven't said a word."

"I'd rather not."

"What! Are your ideas still different? Out with it. You can't surprise us after all we have heard so far," Jones quizzed him.

"Never mind my views."

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“Out with it, Will. Jones, I never told you, but Will is quite a philosopher.” Chester smiled encouragingly at Will as he spoke.

“Well, all right, then. You may think me as much a lunatic as the fellow that just left us. I earnestly believe in universal action in all things by the human race as a whole or in part, for the betterment of the individual, now and in the future. This means the united working together of every man, woman, and child—not as today, when men break down in health and vitality endeavoring to ruin or compete with other men defending themselves and those dependent upon them. Our methods are hardly better than those of the wild animals that tear each other to pieces to get food the others have stolen or steal the prey the other has killed. Under present conditions, what difference does it make whether we have a king, a president, or an oligarchy? How do we know what we have? What time have we to think about it? As for me, I am kept busy protecting myself from this same trust that is to benefit our new concern, and from a few other competitors. If I had time, I would preach that instead of paying soldiers for war the government should make soldiers—every able-bodied man—build roads and protect from destruction the natural resources of the country.

“Would you not rather be a captain under a government that assures food for the brain and for the stomach and shelter for all, then be captain in a trust that day after day, without stop or rest,

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enslaves numbers of its poor followers, who in turn draw the lifeblood from the consumer?

“What chance does the supply man or small selling agent of the powerful trust have for anything but to slave, from the time he rises until bedtime? What has he to look forward to? Death, and only death. For him there is no prospect of a period of rest. Some day, undoubtedly, our government will create an old-age pension for the laborer, the merchant, the farmer, and any other member of the American family, who, after working years to enrich his country, has no means to provide for his own declining years.

“It is the aristocracy, few in number, that rules. They always have ruled. Today they run our government. Not as in time gone by, but still by the same system. What does it matter if their leader is called president or by any other title?”

Suddenly ceasing, Will saw that his hearers were so quiet that even their wine was untouched.

“Does it occur to you that we are trying and willing to be among the ruling class?”

“Say, Will. You’re in the wrong calling; you should become a lecturer,” Chester and Jones spoke at once. “You had us listening.”

But Will held up his hand. “No. I have thought of that. No man can lecture honestly for the benefit of the human family unless he has no ties to hold him — no mother, no wife, no money, no estate. You will not understand my meaning without a long, tire-

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some explanation. Some men of Bible fame can be held up to you as examples."

After a brief discussion Quirk bade his friends goodnight. "It's time for me to go home. My wife does not expect me out so late, and may worry. See me at my office tomorrow."

Chester and Bright shortly after accompanied their partner to his car, and then they also parted for the night.

## CHAPTER V

### A DAY OF COMRADESHIP

“HELLO, Choc’late Creams.” Without warning, Mike, the office boy, suddenly found the contents of a partly filled inkwell against his shirt front.

“What did you do that for? Now I’ll have to go home again and change my clothes.”

“You hurt my feelings, you mocking idiot. Next time I’ll twist your head off. Where’s the boss?”

“Find him.”

“You’re looking for more trouble?”

“Look in the next room.”

Johnny, latterly called Jack, considering that he was now a member of the National Guard, walked into the next office and there found Will Bright all dressed in a mounted infantry officer’s uniform. He had never seen him dressed this way before and stood with awe in the doorway at attention.

“Well, Jack, you look fine. All ready for the parade, eh?”

“Yes, sir. Will I get your horse now?”

“You may as well. You know where I want him.”

This was Memorial Day, and as some of Will Bright’s men had joined the company of which

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he was a member, his office this day looked like a barracks. He had just been appointed as aid to his battalion major. After some riding practice with several cavalry friends, he concluded to take part in the parade of the day.

The windows of the Stewart establishment, from which the parade could be seen, gradually became filled.

"What's wrong with your shirt front, Mike?"

"Johnny threw some ink on it because I called him Choc'late Creams."

"Choc'late Creams! What an odd name. How did that hurt him so badly?"

"You see, Miss Stewart, the first day he put on his uniform a crowd of us fellows walked into a fruit and soda store. We all ordered drinks, but he wanted choc'late creams. He dunno why himself, he said. The guy what waited on the place must have been an old soldier. He just stood and laughed and laughed. 'A choc'late cream soldier,' he kept saying. Just call him Choc'late Creams once, won't you, Miss Stewart, I want somebody to call him that once when he can't hit back."

"No, thank you. How is Mr. Bright? I am nervous about him on horseback." "Oh, he'll take care of himself all right," the boy answered.

The parade was coming. One who has not seen a Memorial Day parade in our largest northern cities cannot imagine the patriotism displayed by the people on that day. The marchers, the reviewers, and those unable to be near, all have the same feeling. Neither Fourth of July, Christmas, nor any

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other holiday creates quite that sense of comradeship, the feeling that must eventually exist amongst all human beings.

"Here they come!" What a crush, a stretching of necks, crowding back of the line of spectators by the police! Then the forerunners in ancient days known as heralds. The music of the big band in front thrills every nerve. A military parade seldom becomes tiresome. The quick changes, the fine bands, the line-up of officers, the neat uniforms, the breaks in the ranks, all combine to make a thrilling picture.

"Oh, see, there's Will!" Helen Stewart was the first to single him out. How noble he looked on his horse as he rode but a short distance behind the band. His was the first battalion. She could not take her eyes from the clean-cut, well-built, athletic form, as he rode diagonally behind a stout man with a bristling mustache.

"Will Bright!" a shrill girlish voice called out that could be heard even above the music. Helen looked around. What girl could have called him? Not a refined person, surely. She felt an inward pang. Had he a sweetheart? Such a question had never occurred to her before. She noticed the meaning smiles on the faces of some of the old comrades marching behind him, and felt greatly hurt. He glanced up to where she sat for just the fraction of a second, and she thought she detected a slight smile. After that he was like a statue on a horse that seemed to be dancing to the music, until he disappeared from view. She

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mechanically watched the rest of the parade, but her thoughts were only for the knight on horseback. She never knew he could ride so well. Was there any chance of his getting hurt? Johnny and his other friends were not far from him, so he would be taken care of, at least. It would be a great blow to the business if he should be killed by an accident. She gave a sudden start and became white as snow. No one had noticed it. All were intently watching a zouave company's parade drill. This company had won one prize after another, and were worth watching, but she could scarcely wait for the parade to come to a end.

The watchers, one after another, left the building. There were now only a few remaining. It seemed as if hours were passing, and she thought that, being delayed, he would probably not expect her to wait. She was almost alone, and was just preparing to leave, when Will came in. He was all smiles. Happiness radiated all over him. He apologized for his lateness.

"Funny thing happened to me today. Our Colonel happened to send me with a message to our old brigade general, who was acting as marshal of the uniformed Fraternal Societies divisions. I got across the lines and delivered my message, but while on my way back to report I waited in front of the Hibernian Gúards band, when suddenly a Scottish company, playing their bagpipe music, turned the corner. They had barely passed when, without warning, out of pure jealousy I suppose, the Hibernian band struck up. My horse

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did not know what to make of it. I was directly in front of the bass drum when suddenly he kicked back his heels right into the drum, gave a run, and shot down the street like lightning."

"And didn't you fall off? Didn't you get hurt?"

"He looked at her inquiringly. He had expected her to laugh, but here she was asking a question that had not even occurred to him.

"Why, you look anxious, nervous. Did something go wrong here?"

"No, no. But just think if anything had happened to you."

"To me! Oh, Helen. You don't really mean that you—you—want me—to—be—careful?"

He seemed much braver in uniform, but the words came with difficulty. He held out his hands, and she took them without looking up. Neither had ever made love before. The shadows were falling and there was no one else in the office.

"Helen, you—you—care for me?" He could say no more.

Both were trembling, and it seemed to him that she could scarcely stand. To save her, he put his right arm about her waist. He tried to apologize but could not utter a sound. She felt herself growing fainter; he noticed it as if by instinct and grasped her tighter. To steady herself she suddenly threw her free arm about his neck. Their hands were clasped tightly and their now flushed and trembling faces met. Their lips were pressed together. They forgot parades, office, business,

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everything. For some time they had no thought—only this bliss and happiness such as neither had ever tasted before. This was true love, God-given love.

## CHAPTER VI

### RICHES NOR POWER RECOGNIZE FRIENDSHIP.

“MORNING, Captain.”  
“Good morning, Jack.”

“Does it feel different to be a captain?”

“To a philosophical cynic like myself, nothing feels different. Naturally I feel proud that the boys chose me last night without one dissenting vote. I expect it’s easy enough to be a captain in a fixed institution like the peace military, though to be a captain of commerce nowadays is not so easy.”

“Here comes your partner, Captain. Good morning, Mrs. Bright.”

“How do you do, Jack? Must I salute the captain?” Will interrupted this banter. “Listen Helen, here is something important. A letter from Morrow Brothers & Company. They are about to retire, and as we bought their local branch some time ago, they will give us first chance to purchase the whole or part of their business at our price. They have a number of things I consider almost priceless. If we can get the concern at a low figure, I suggest we buy.”

It was a year since the Memorial Day parade. Will had just been elected captain of his militia

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company, while Jack was elected second lieutenant. They felt a gladness of spirit that any salesman would give a great deal to see in a customer. The letter from Morrow Brothers & Company could not have been timed to reach Will in better mood for buying. Since his marriage to Helen Stewart some few months before Will had become the real as well as acting manager of the business, while Jack was now general office superintendent, though he felt and acted as though he were a part owner.

Their business was going forward in bounds even with the handicap of the unfair competition forced upon them. Money was no longer a worry and their credit was good. This is the time when the most dangerous rocks are struck, causing the ship of commerce to shake and tremble and oftentimes sink. These children of commerce had no idea of the chess-like moves made against them by their veteran enemies. It took nearly the whole day, studying the Morrow Company affairs, to decide upon a conservative investment, but at last a letter with a list of what they desired was sent by special delivery. A very low price was fixed with reasonable terms. Should this offer be accepted it would undoubtedly give them a decided advantage.

"Well, well, here is Mrs. Bright, and how is Jack? How are you, Will, old boy. It's like an oasis—"

"Not Will, any more, Mr. Chester. Call him captain, now, and you must salute him, like this,"

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Helen interrupted, with a mischievous smile, stiffly giving the military salute.

"Well, how are you folks, anyway? But don't tell me now. Put on your things quickly and come with me to lunch. I am literally starved. We can talk over the news there. Hurry now, won't you, Will—Captain?"

After some hurried instructions, a little preparation, and a final observation, Captain and Mrs. Bright and Mr. Chester repaired to a prominent restaurant. Many points of their business were laid bare, especially the new Morrow Brothers proposition. Mr. Chester was still the confidential friend, though his connection with his old firm had been severed that he might the better look after the Pittsburg business, which had grown considerably. After dinner Helen was accompanied to the door of a friend whom she wished to visit, and Will and Chester then strolled along the boulevards, inhaling the clear air of a beautiful evening until they became tired. They entered the vast lobby of their favorite hotel, where, owing to the fine weather outside, they found their favorite corner actually deserted.

On the afternoon of this same day Boldman was busily engaged in his office when Jones entered.

"What news, General?"

Boldman looked up. "None. That boy irritates me. Does he think I am asleep? He should have wired Morrow?"

"He does not consider you more than as a trifling competitor. I rather think he likes you in

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the business. You fight off all small competition, leaving just enough independent trade to keep him busy," Jones replied.

Boldman smiled as Chester walked in. "Ah, Chester," with a slight nod, "sit down. Jones has told you, of course, that Morrow Brothers & Company have retired. We have already bought their plant, temporarily retaining the old management. Mr. Mackin, who has been general superintendent for thirty-five years, will become a fixture in our concern as soon as affairs have been straightened. With the exception of one important patent we have decided to give Bright a chance to buy at one-tenth the value. To add this lump to his business, credits, stock, and all, will either choke him or make him independent. I will teach him that when a large corporation wants a small one out of the way, we merely loose a few moves first, just as a checker player with eight kings will beat the one who has only three kings by losing three moves.

"We'll give the boy a chance. What do you think he will do?" with a questioning look at Chester.

"General, Will is as bright as his name, and I think he will consolidate that business with his own."

"You're a child, Chester. The Morrow business is ten times the size of his. Neither he nor you probably know it. If he pretends to add the Morrow business to his, his old business will be ruined for lack of attention—and vice versa. He

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cannot supply the demand except with great capital."

"That then is where his commercial ability must save him."

Chester's reply proved his opinion of Bright's ability.

"You do not understand, and it is not necessary that you should," Boldman shot at him. A pause, then Jones here broke in.

"Can't you see? What chances has commercial ability or——"

Boldman quickly arose, with a fierce look at Jones. Then suddenly turning on Chester, with loud, passionate voice he almost shouted, "Chester, I want you to find out today and report to me on the telephone tonight at eleven-thirty at my home just what that simple boy wrote the Morrow office. I can't wait until his letter reaches them. Tell him he had better wire in the future and— one thing more—you had better tell him tonight that you and Jones have started a different corporation in your own names in Pittsburg, that he is not in on this, and that according to Jones's books the old corporation owes \$50,000 after deducting unsold material that we are not prepared to accept."

"Mr. Boldman, I can't——"

"What! Jones, does your corporation owe \$50,000 today, according to your books?"

A silent assent from Jones, who felt the need of a draught of whisky to nerve him to look at Chester.

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“Mr. Chester. You may take your choice—either of remaining with the Pittsburg company, a half partner with Jones, gradually assuming the balance of the old corporation, or join the Stewart corporation, which I shall soon crush like a shell. Which shall it be? I mean business, and I want a business-like answer—now.”

He glanced at Chester, whose easy conscience and quick wit had already almost formed the words. “It’s a case of Hobson’s choice, isn’t it, General?”

He almost non-plused Boldman, who did not expect such a quick reversal of feeling. Inwardly, he set him down at once as a thoroughbred oily rascal, who would not hesitate at anything to improve his own prospects. But Boldman was too old a veteran to be affected long.

“Young man, you would make your mark as a diplomat.”

“Sir, I would give up my commercial career, with all its rosy possibilities, if you were to get me a government appointment.”

Boldman could not avoid a smile. The lightning-like, nervy wit of this young man had not come to his attention before, and he resolved to make use of it in the future. Some further instructions and both Jones and Chester bade him good-by, Chester with a smiling, “At your service, General.”

It was after this that Chester walked slowly over to the Stewart office and offered to take Bright out to dinner. They had comfortably

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seated themselves in the large easy chairs in the hotel.

"Will, old man, do you really think yourself strong enough to absorb the Morrow Company business? You know Boldman will then have to crush you."

"Why not? I have the ready cash in bank to pay for the entire plant, provided they accept my price. We may have to borrow to carry on an extraordinary volume of business, but I have studied for every possible emergency, and feel perfectly safe. Have you any idea how much money we have earned recently?"

A pistol shot suddenly rang out on the boulevard sidewalk. From the window where they sat they saw a man fall, apparently dead. Immediately there was a rush of people from all sides to the spot.

"I heard him shout, 'No liberty for me, it's death!' and then he shot himself within a few feet of several police officers, who had moved him along several times." One witness of the scene repeated, "He told me that he was formerly rich, but somehow of late he often found it impossible to earn the price of a bed or meal. He had at some time stopped in this hotel, and was dreamily revolving the past, when the police moved him on. It's just plain discouragement. He would have done better to have sold his gun."

Chester had an unpleasant task ahead of him and time was quickly passing. This scene somewhat unnerved him. He had found out all that

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Boldman wanted to know, and had this not happened very likely he would have heard a great deal more. For some reason he could not nerve himself to broach the unpleasant Pittsburg subject. They returned to the corner in the hotel, and were renewing their conversation when a stranger, in a somewhat flashily dressed attire, stood before them with a cigar in his hand, remarking upon the good weather. He fumbled in his pockets, and asked them for a match. Looking at them, he again fumbled in his pockets, one pocket after another.

"You are both likely looking young men. Has either of you a watch? Then what time is it, please?" Will smiled at him and, pulling out his watch, told him. The stranger "blessed" him and turned away.

"Seems to me I've met him before," Will said.

Chester was now so nervous he could not rest in his chair. He could not bring out the words that he knew must forever separate him from his old chum.

"Will, I'm afraid I'm sleepy, and I've got some letters to write. You really must excuse me. You will, won't you? By the way, wait a moment, this is important—Jones just told me this afternoon that the Boldman corporation refuses to settle for bills shipped through their house on account of your being a member, and you know our Pittsburg corporation is \$50,000 in debt. We thought of starting a new corporation in my name to buy out the old one. If you offer no objection, we

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shall proceed with this at once. Well, never mind tonight, I will see you tomorrow. Better sleep on this a little. Good-night, Will."

He shook hands fervently, and stepped quickly into the elevator. He was glad to get away to think out the events of the evening. Will had never parted from him this way before. He stood dumfounded several minutes. Something was wrong.

Helen had always said that the Pittsburg affair was too easy an act of Boldman's to bode good. Did they intend to throw this corporation into court and make him partly liable for this debt? That was it, of course, and he thought of the corporation that Chester and Jones intended to start. He would never be interested in that, his instinct told him—a freeze-out, pure and simple. Why did they take him in originally? Only for the ideas that he gave them? He could not tell Helen. She was not well, and this would worry her more. He could not fight them openly, then. There was no doubt in his mind that Boldman was interested, with some hidden purpose, but he could not make it out, while reviewing in his mind the evening's happenings and conversation. He saw more and more clearly that Chester would not see him tomorrow, or at any time again if he could avoid it. He had become a paid tool of Boldman's. There were many things he could not understand, but one point he was now determined upon—he must buy the Morrow business at any price to give him real fighting material to hold his own against the

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trust. He studied far into the night until he became so fatigued that he had to rest.

\* \* \* \* \*

Boldman's office, next morning.

"Miss Collins, take down this telegram to Morrow Company and file a copy. 'Accept Stewart plant offer at once by letter. Retain title in property until paid.' Let the boy take this right down to Central and mark it 'rush'; it must be delivered at its destination before nine-thirty. The mail, please, and let no one be admitted."

\* \* \* \* \*

Bright's office, the same morning.

"The captain is just coming in. Wonder what's wrong? This is the first morning he's ever come late. Probably his wife is sick. He looks as if he had been up all night. Morning, Captain."

"Good morning, Jack. This mail can be answered this afternoon. I don't feel right about the shop. I want to make the rounds during the morning. If anything special turns up, call me."

"All right," Jack replied. To himself he added, "Something's queer; he's never done it that way before."

One P. M. Boldman's office. Same day.

"Any telegrams, Miss Collins?"

"Yes, one came about half an hour ago; here it is."

"That man's slow; he will have to do better. Remain with me." Reading to Jones, who had just entered, "Have written Bright as requested.

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Letter will reach tomorrow morning.' Good, that is move number one."

"General, you have not permitted him to buy the whole business intact?"

"Why not?" Boldman asked.

Taking up an invoice sheet, Jones pointed out certain features and the possibilities in them for the Pittsburg business. Boldman flushed. He saw the point and more. Bright was getting some things that would help him greatly.

"This will never do. Jones, what made you wait until now to show me? Why didn't you tell me yesterday, or this morning? Miss Collins, another rush telegram to the Morrow Company. Wire Bright immediately, 'We find that Numbers 39, 40, 41, and 42 cannot be sold with the rest of the business offered you. Letter on the way to explain.'"

He walked over to his desk in such a mood that Jones thought it better to leave him alone. Soon he turned.

"Jones, your old sprouts are coming out again. You know my conditions to you."

"General, I have been busy for a week on the Topper affair. I have studied it from all angles, but cannot decide to buy it."

"What's that? My report was that the Topper business was absolutely destroyed at his death."

"So it was. But the widow retained over half the plant without running it. I find now that it would hurt us if Bright or Chester's old house, which is more likely, were to get it."

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"Give me all the details, Jones."

They went over every phase of the case thoroughly. After some deliberation Boldman announced, "I'll chance it. We'll just add that to this checker move. Bright must buy it. Another wire to Morrow will arrange for that. We'll explain it so clearly that they can put up the proposition in the letter going to Bright today. That's all you can do for me today, Jones. Good-by."

Five P. M., Bright's private office. Same day.

Will at telephone: "And I am so glad you are feeling so good. Do you know, things seem to be booming here—big orders, good collections. Best wishes from Arthur and Olive for yourself in the mail. By the way, we had a telegram this noon from the Morrow Company, accepting our offer. That just tickles me all over. Everything seems to be coming our way now. Well, Helen, be good and careful of yourself. Good-by."

"Telegram for you, sir."

Will was all smiles and happiness as he opened the telegram and read, "We find that Numbers 39, 40, 41, and 42 cannot be sold with the rest of the business offered you. Letter on way to explain. He became white as a sheet. The suddenness of the shock nearly made him ill.

"Jack, that devil Boldman has played me another trick. What or how, I can't make out," handing the telegram to Jack, who, after reading it, looked up in surprise, and said:

"Why, the numbers mentioned here are useful only in the Pittsburg business. You might wire

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them. They may have bought them. In that case you are still concerned. What's the matter?"

"Boy, bring me a glass of water quick. I'm afraid you're right, Jack. Chester gave me to understand last night that I was squeezed out of the Pittsburg business. He knew all the particulars of our Morrow deal and probably acted on it through New York parties this morning. Result—this telegram. I understand now what Chester meant when he said that Boldman had finally started to crush all competition with a whirlwind, laying especial stress on us. But Morrow accepted our offer. They are liable to heavy damages. They cannot possibly cancel an accepted obligation. It's past six now—too late for more action today. It's better so. I can sleep over it; but not one word of this to Helen, not a word to my wife for the present. You understand, Jack?"

The two, feeling depressed but determined not to let underhand methods triumph over them, shook hands fervently and parted company for the night.

Next morning, 10 A. M., Bright's private office.

"Oh, here we are, Jack—the Morrow Company letter." Hurriedly opening it and reading it, he soon turned to Jack. "They write plainly that those numbers were sold yesterday by Mr. French, who did not know that his firm had sold the entire business. The price was so much higher that they are willing to offer us free, to satisfy a possible claim (here they put in a lot of taffy), all their rights in the Topper concern, including several very

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large payments made for the patents, plant, etc., the balance still payable being very small."

Will looked up. "Jack, what do you think about it all? You don't say a word. That's where you differ from a woman. Had Helen been here, she would have given her opinion at every sentence. If she could only know of this now! A woman's first impression is natural instinct and is nearly always right. A man must think to 'size up' matters and get the correct answer. I can't see that this requires any immediate answer, anyway. The letter is a positive amended and signed acceptance of our proposition."

"Yes, to accept or reject," Jack answered sharply. "I would think long before going into so large a deal, Captain. You know now that there are breakers ahead, that the trust is going to crush you if it can."

"You are right, Jack; we are becoming dangerous competitors. But we are safe. Taking off the four numbers, we do not require much additional to take on the Toper lines. All in all, it will give us a solid standing in the commercial world. Do you know that the Morrow plant is the oldest in our business? Just imagine the reputation that will give us."

"You are the captain commanding, and you know all the ins and outs of the business better than any one else."

## CHAPTER VII

### ON THE FIRING LINE OF BUSINESS.

**B**RIGHT and early, one morning, Will entered the New York display rooms of the Stewart corporation. "Everything ready, Phil?"

"Yes. I'm all done up. It's hard work getting our show into trim this time. The boys helped me, but it will take some effort to land anybody now. It's all panic. No money—that's all you hear. It's killed everybody. Those d——d bankers ought to be hung for causing this scare. I suppose it's another racket between two cliques of the syndicate, one trying to squeeze the other out of the stock of some railroad or something. If I had my way they'd all be in jail."

"Oh, come Phil. Cut out your gloomies. We have articles that the people need—the old staple Morrow and Toper lines in addition to our usual list. Why, we can't help doing business."

"Didn't we borrow from the bank to get this stuff? Don't you have to pay it back? If you sell anything, how will you collect? There is no money in circulation; the banks have shut down and won't lend to your customers. How about that?"

"Phil, you know the old saying, it's the busy bee that gets the honey. No doubt it will be some time before business is booming again, but we can't sit

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down and look sorry. We're like men on a ship in a terrible storm, rocks all about, but with good pilots."

"Stop, Will, you're forgetting that our ship is in a running battle all the time with Boldman, who is much better equipped."

"Let us forget all that, Phil. You're a good salesman; you know our business; you had this part of the country a long time; you know the selling ropes from A to Z. Now you manage this selling campaign to the best of your ability. We want money and business. Let's try to concentrate on that, and do the best we can. Have you made any appointments?"

"No; I thought it best to consult with you first. It will take some extraordinary methods, first to attract our men, then to interest them, and then to close the deal."

After going over the list of buyers, it was decided to have a limited number visit the display rooms by appointment during that afternoon and evening if necessary. After some telephoning, a half dozen appointments were made with old friends of the house, who would come just to talk it over, but not to buy. After more than an hour of waiting, two men disappointed them. Will, all impatient, called to see them. They apologized for unexpected business having detained them, but also excused themselves from a further visit. In telephoning Phil a short time after, Will found that two more had broken their appointments by telephone.

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Luck seemed against them. He visited another and arranged to bring a display to him the next day. He decided to take the bull by the horns. Stopping at a garage he arranged for an auto and an extra man for the next day. Returning to the hotel, he found that none of the appointments had been kept. He advised Phil of his action.

They checked up a list of prospective customers to see in the morning, and then prepared an elaborate display for the trip. Both were tired out when they parted for the evening, but the next morning found Will early at the garage.

"My 'Man Friday,' as we call him, is sick today, and I am sorry to say that I can't spare another just now. Would a boy do?"

"Certainly, if he's fairly strong."

"Here, boy, want to earn a day's pay?" the man called to a husky-looking, rather large boy, who had been playing with several others such as usually loaf about a place of this kind looking for a chance to earn a little money.

"Sure!"

"Can you watch a car when it stands in a busy street?" Will asked him.

"Me? Cert', Colonel. I'm captain of the 'Battling Tigers Boy Scouts' and there ain't anybody can shove one over on me. What's in it?"

"Oh, I won't mistreat you. Get in."

They soon reached the hotel, where everything was placed in the car without further loss of time, Phil joining them.

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The first stop was close at hand. Both Will and Phil were walking toward the office when a "Halt" made them turn about. "Say, you fellows had better give me fifteen cents for breakfast while you go in there."

Phil shot out, "You young villain, stay there and watch those things."

Will, however, gave the "Captain" the fifteen cents upon the boy's assurance that he "would keep his eye peeled" from the restaurant. They walked into the customer's office, but he had not yet arrived. They decided not to wait, left their card and word that they would call him up later. They seated themselves in the car to wait the end of their boy scout captain's breakfast.

Several more places were visited, but, as Phil said, "They wouldn't bite today." At noon they entered a restaurant for lunch, the boy captain asking for some change so that he could pay for his own dinner. The fun Phil had with the "Young Villain" put him into good spirits.

"We'll get to Martin's place next. He's never turned me down yet. Let's start him off with a whoop-ripping 'snap' that he can't refuse. He'll buy big after you get him started." Martin had his office in the front of the store floor of his building. He was an experienced business man, known everywhere. He was quick to think and act, personally took care of every important visitor to his building and his opinion upon the consumers' buying power of any article was always

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requested and nearly always found correct. Just now he was engaged with a couple of strangers.

"Look at those men over there. If he buys much it will fill our day," Phil said to Will. The experience of every salesman is that the "head of the house" who attends to his own business is busy with something or other that comes to his attention every few moments, leaving the salesman to smile and wait his pleasure.

Hardly had they stepped into the store when Martin waved his hand to them, jumping up right after to shake hands and bid them welcome, especially Will, whom he took over to his desk and introduced to his visitors, two European manufacturers, one from Germany and the other from France. They had been interchanging opinions on the commercial and political systems of the different countries. Will, although he knew the value of his time, was not averse to talking on this subject; but to Phil all was nonsense that occupied much time not spent in straight business talk. Knowing the "lasting-power" of both Will and Martin when talking economics he thought of ways to keep both at work all night, if need be.

"Will, how are you? Long time since you've been in my place. Our friend from France has just been explaining to me their system of banking. The idea of a central bank is being forced here now, you know."

Phil here broke in with, "By a lot of sharks and grafters who own half and want control of all the money."

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"In France, as I understand it," Martin continued, "the central institution known as the Bank of France is controlled by the national government with headquarters in Paris and a branch in every prominent community. These branches carry on the banking business of the nation very much as do our banks. Strict police regulations require the registration of all citizens and others residing with them. Any business man can procure a reasonable loan at a rate of interest fixed by the directors of the Bank of France, fluctuating according to conditions, but seldom over four per cent per annum. The police, also controlled by the government, much as the municipal police forces are controlled by the state governments in the states of Missouri and Texas, naturally make false registrations scarce, as each offense is punished by imprisonment. Therefore, as I see it, very few accounts are lost to the bank, except by misfortune. Good system, eh?"

The German spoke up, "We have a system almost universally followed in Germany, the discount system, whereby a private bank usually discounts at banking interest on bills of lading or drafts payable by arrangement as long as a year ahead. That is the reason we get the great bulk of the South American trade in my business—we give such long time. Then, again, our systematic government encourages exports by systematic method.

"For instance, we have a number of large export houses, in control of hundreds of millions of capi-

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tal, who have for many years, with the assistance of the German government, its consular service, shipping subsidies, and interior privileges, built up an established trade in every country of the globe. These export houses, similar to your large mail-order concerns, often contract for the entire output of weak factories, advancing all money required for the pay roll and other investments. They purchase all manner of merchandise, agricultural machinery, etc., from German manufacturers to transport to their branch offices and thence to their customers in foreign countries.

“Your large brokerage houses are similar in method. The noticeable difference is that the American broker plans, with American and foreign wares, to get his business from the American citizen, where as the German broker, encouraged and assisted in every possible way by his government, sits like a protecting spider in the midst of his countrymen, looking for foreign flies upon whom to settle their wares. The German government discourages, by various means, importation of foreign wares that can be duplicated at home. It sees to it that the exporter can compete with any exporter of another nation in his line by meeting freight conditions through the national ship subsidy. It will pay a premium to get the balance of trade for its citizens. The American shipper has tried long to influence public opinion to bring about a similar law, which would create a new period of prosperity for America to the possible disadvantage of some other nations, but

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the people here will not trust your statesmen in a matter of this kind that gives such a great field for private advantages.

“I do not blame them for opposing the so-called ‘Central Bank,’ which is nothing more nor less than a ‘meeting house’ of your banks, or, still plainer a monopoly of all money, its printing, distribution, and power of circulation. I am tempted to wager that this institution will become a fact. The rule of the land is—each man for himself. When a law is broached that interests a large or influential number of people they stop at nothing, not even murder, to carry the law or rule into effect. Where a law does not harmfully affect the individual almost at once, there is invariably no opposition. New laws bringing about the gradual shrinkage of each individual’s average of property ownership to add to the vast properties of the few will never cause any stir, provided the methods used are scientifically juggled so that his majesty the American citizen need not be troubled.”

“That’s like old Boldman offering to back Will, to any limit, just to bust him.” Phil could not help throwing this hot shot at Boldman, although a glance at Will’s sober face made him sorry for it a moment after.

“That cannot be done in France,” said the Frenchman. “The people have overcome fear of their own government, in which every man is interested, as you see, not only as a citizen but financially. The method has made the French

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people individually the richest people on earth. Their pro-rata of private property is much larger for each person than it is in England or Germany or America. The people, through the Bank of France, have loaned to many other nations, and because of close supervision, only responsible corporations can float their stocks or bonds among the people. We dispose of our monopolies also by the only reasonable method—absolute government ownership or control.”

“A form of bank deposit insurance to safeguard depositors should be enforced here by the various states. The banks can afford the expense, as I believe if the public felt more secure, there would be little danger of concerted withdrawals during depressing periods. The banker also would feel safer in lending the funds, thus reducing the interest.

“Many sarcastic and humorous books are written here on these questions, but even they appear to be for a ‘tainted’ purpose. Every person here, with few exceptions, reminds me of an experience in Benjamin Franklin’s boyhood. He had to walk several miles through snow to school each morning. One morning as he neared school he had a full hour to spare, when he was accosted by a cutlery-grinder, who began flattering him. He asked him about his folks, how fortunate they were in having such a nice boy, etc. He felt his muscle, complimented him on his strength, and then asked him to try grinding an ax. Franklin’s vanity was aroused, also his curiosity as to the machine, and he readily started grinding while

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the ax grinder busied himself otherwise, each minute paying another compliment and incidentally holding out great offers of reward should the boy finish the ax before school time. He worked hard, not having the heart to stop, and perspiration came down in large drops, when the school bell rang. He was going to drop the ax and run to school, but the smooth talk of his tempter kept him grinding. He was nearly done, why leave off now? Such was the talk. After another hour of harder work than he had ever done before the grinding was finished, and he stood silently awaiting his reward. The man looked up, scowling, and upbraided him for being a slow, lazy, good-for-nothing boy, who did not know the value of schooling, and ran him toward the school, giving him a hard parting kick. Many times thereafter sedate, sober-faced statesmen were surprised by Franklin's abrupt question, "Have you an ax to grind?" when seemingly innocent questions were up for discussion. Well, whenever your monopolists, bankers, or statesmen present a new law to the representatives of the American citizen, it is your duty to investigate whether he has an ax to grind. Possibly your schooling will not then be neglected, and you will be saved doing the hard work he is being paid to do."

"Say, aren't you fellows going to come out today?" A boyish head peeked into the room. Phil ran angrily toward the door, but suddenly he broke out into loud laughter, joined by the others, when

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the boy followed his first query with, "Ain't you been here long enough?"

Phil inwardly thanked him for the interruption, but gruffly told him to get out until he was wanted. With a salute and "Hurry up a bit," the boy wheeled out of the door.

At this interruption the party broke up.

"Zat is Young America for you, drilled, but independent to the extreme."

"Well, gentlemen, I have another call to make. Will you pardon if I leave you?"

After a few more remarks the European friends departed, leaving the field to Will and Phil, who at once proceeded to business with Mr. Martin. While in the midst of a heated debate over a certain difference of opinion, a telegram was handed to Martin from Boldman. "Hold all orders for me. My Mr. Jones will see you in a day or two, and I guarantee that he will discount any price quoted you by that day."

"Well, gentlemen, there you are," said Mr. Martin, showing the telegram, "I have no liking whatever for Boldman, but what are you going to do about this?" Phil explained excitedly, "We'll meet him on anything. He's got only plunder that imitates us."

Will's answer was philosophical, and struck home with the honest Mr. Martin. "How can we meet such an attack, struck unawares and in the dark? He must have heard of our arrival and work here, and is coming to head us off. I promise you that any order you place will receive hon-

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est attention, terms, and prices, and you know from past experiences that I have always made correction even after bills were settled."

"Say, you fellows'll have to hurry up. I'm tired waiting. Ain't you coming yet?"

All looked in the direction of the door. There was the captain of the Boy Scouts, erect, and awaiting further instructions. He dodged just in time to avoid an empty letter file that had found its way into Phil's hands. He could not have come at a more opportune moment. Phil was ready to hurl anything at any one.

"Go home, you villain." It took no further orders. The captain instantly obeyed at the double quick. Phil ran to the door in time to see him turn a corner. It was only then that the ludicrousness of the situation dawned on him. It put them all into such good humor, that had Phil seen the Boy Scout captain later in the evening, when he and Will returned to the garage he would have given him a liberal reward for the very success they had, that might have turned out differently but for the timely entrance of the captain.

## CHAPTER VIII

### LAWFUL DISHONEST COMPETITION IS CIVIL STRIFE.

THREE years had passed since the successful deal with Martin. Will and Helen are in their home, preparing to go out for the evening.

"Hurry now, Helen. Here comes Jack. Let us be at the show on time." With these words, Will admitted Jack, who was to accompany them.

"Hello, Cap. Are the folks ready?"

Will pointed to a chair. "Better sit down. What did you find out?"

"I think I will; I'm all in. After I left you this afternoon I went to Kober's office. He had just heard from his agent and he advises, as your attorney and friend, that you drop the Pittsburg affair. His idea is that it is a continuous irritant. If you make a claim they will saddle a large debt on you; and if you claim publicly, without a lawsuit, that you have been swindled, they may even sue for libel. They're too slick for us. You'd better take his advice. He thinks that you should not be friendly or even courteous with any one connected with Boldman. That devil has been a continuous pest to us ever since I can remember. He's lucky that he's got easy goody goodies like us to deal with. Any one else would have killed him long

*Lawful Dishonest Competition is Civil Strife*

ago. I've been tempted often to give him one good punch that would lay him out for good. If ever we got into an argument I'll do it, sure. Kober believes we would do better to make any sacrifice than to have any dealings whatever with such 'oily, malicious thieves.' Those are his exact words."

"Oh, never mind, Jack. We're going to a show tonight, so don't look so gloomy. We've done lots of business, things are booming, and we shall hardly miss the loss. This deal reminds me of a cartoon I saw in the paper the other day. A certain corporation man was walking back to his home in the northwest on a railroad track—dressed in nothing but a barrel, when his ex-friend, a well-known trust magnate, calls after him, 'Be sure to send the barrel back when you get home.'"

"Oh, father, we're ready!"

A little boy, as pretty and bright as his name, ran to his father and began climbing upon him, when suddenly the telephone bell rang. Putting the youngster gently on the floor, Will picked up the receiver, but soon became ghastly pale.

"All right, I'll be there right away."

This was said so faintly that both his wife and Jack became alarmed. He sat down weakly, and at their excited questions said, "Our new plant is one mass of flames."

"Who called up? Let's go there quick! Get some brandy, Will. Brace up."

"That devil's work!" Helen cried out. "Let's go! I want to go!"

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“No, Helen, the whole square is blocked with engines, the water is knee deep. Hans says. ‘That’s no place for a woman or a baby. We’ll call you up often.’”

“Will, be careful. I’ll be so nervous until you telephone. Call me up right after you get there. You’ll see to it, won’t you, Jack? Oh, will our troubles ever end?”

All forgot about the theatre, for which the tickets were laying on the table. Will and Jack hurried to the scene of the fire, where even the firemen were in confusion. They could not get into the building from any side. Water appeared to make the blaze and smoke worse. No one knew the cause of the fire. There had been two distinct explosions, presumably from the basement; the upper floors were visibly caving in. The marshals had given instructions that every effort be made to prevent the walls from falling outward. The building was given up as a total wreck, the chief effort now being to save the neighboring properties.

Will, Jack, Hans, and several of the Stewart employes were excitedly investigating here and there, but they could learn nothing, except that Hans, who was janitor of the building, had gone to the corner to get himself a sandwich and a pitcher of beer. He had locked the outside door and was not gone five minutes when, returning to the building, he noticed smoke. Suddenly there was a terrific explosion and the whole house seemed in a blaze. He called up the fire department at once, but to him it seemed fifteen min-

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utes before help came. The building was all ablaze almost at once. The floors soon caved in.

"The most important machinery is in the basement, and cannot be duplicated short of six months. I guess this is where Boldman wins," said Will faintly.

"This was a fireproof house that couldn't burn," Hans remarked. "That's what the builders said. I guess even the vaults are cracked and melted."

It was daybreak when Will left the scene. The wreck of the building was still burning and would very likely continue to smoulder for another day. His home-coming was a sad affair. He and Helen spent the early morning hours in sorrowful discussions as to the future. They still had branch offices from which to continue their business, but there was no question that they were permanently crippled. The insurance would only partly cover the loss. The plant, valued as old machinery, could not be duplicated for five times the sum; besides, they now owed more than the insurance would bring.

Will planned to confer at once with creditors, write personal letters, gather in outstanding accounts, arrange closer ties with other independents, try to get salvage from the wreck, and make a loan at the bank in order to buy at once what would be needed to start a plant in new quarters.

There was a drizzling rain as he left his home to consult with his attorney. Not finding Mr. Kober in his office, after some remarks with one of the partners he decided to walk over to his

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banker. As he was about to leave he was called to the telephone to answer a message from his wife. "Hans is here, and he tells me that some one has approached him trying to get information about our business, but he told the man, whom he never saw before, that he would have nothing to do with him, and came right to the house to tell us. I thought it best to call you up so you can tell Kober about it. Oh, I hope we may pull through."

He reassured her, telling her not to worry as that would only make matters worse. He then left for his bank, determined to make a large loan. His nerves were in a terrible condition. As he approached he began to feel so upset that he had to pass the door and walk around the block. He recalled an old saying, "When blue, walk around the block and whistle the latest tune," but as he approached the entrance the second time he felt as if he could not enter. With a sudden brave start, however, he marched straight to the president's office, the man with whom he had always done his business.

He blurted out his troubles at once, but the easy and confident smiles of the banker soon put him at his ease, and he gradually explained his wishes and his opinion as to how he could, with the bank's assistance, set everything right.

After the number of death-like stabs he had received in his short business career he had learned to study men. Now that he was calm, with every word it became more apparent to him that there was no intention on the part of the banker to help

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him—he was to become simply one more skeleton added to the pile of “dead ones.” The man was a banker, a “stand-pat American banker,” the most “business-hearted,” who would do no act, however merciful, unless to increase his business.

Benjamin Franklin aptly pictured this sort of man when he described the American eagle while objecting to the adoption of this bird as the national emblem. “For this is a bird of bad moral character. He does not get his living honestly. You may have seen him perched on some dead tree when too lazy to fish for himself—he snatches the labor of the fish-hawk, and when that diligent bird has at length taken a fish and is bearing it to his nest for the support of his mate and young ones, the bold eagle pursues him and takes it from him.”

“I am so pleased that you were honest enough to give me such a statement of facts,” came the banker’s cold-blooded reply. “You had better see that you can make settlement for the note due us tomorrow, otherwise we shall join with the others in appointing a receiver.”

Talking, arguing was of no use here. Smiling, the banker bade Will a good day and busied himself elsewhere.

Before returning to his attorney’s office it occurred to Will to drop in on some of his customers, to collect a few of the larger bills owing him. These promised to accommodate him soon, but after a number of visits he found that he had collected from only one, a friend of long standing,

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who, when paying him, offered to aid him all in his power, advised with him, and sympathized with him.

Only one thing occupied Will's mind now—to raise money. A small sum would tide him over his present difficulties—a sum ridiculously small when compared to the amounts he had been handling—and at any previous time he could have borrowed it within a few hours. The way to Kober's took him past the office of a friend, a young gentleman with whom he had many a jolly outing. This man was known as a well-fixed private banker. Without delay Will confided in him and in return received much advice. But when Will asked for the loan of an amount that would help him in his present straits, he immediately noticed the "steel eye" and knew the answer, but he waited.

"Personally, Will, I have no balance such as you need. But I have friends who make occasional loans, though I doubt if you would care to pay their commissions, which are large. I will recommend you and do everything in my power to obtain your loan, but very likely they want to thoroughly secure themselves, and—charge you pretty well for the accommodation."

Will told him to think about it, that he would see him again, and then left him.

"It was a loan-shark proposition, pure and simple," he muttered. "He had the money, but wanted security and high interest. I am becoming more and more a mistrusting cynic. No one

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apparently earns a good living except by doing something wrong." Glancing up, a glaring sign on a large store caught his eye:

"We have our competitors by the throat."

Such is commercial life today. Brother fights brother, parents fight their children and children their parents to get more wealth. To get money, at once, with no thought of tomorrow or of the consequence, is the main endeavor. "Get the money," is the war cry. "It does not matter how, nor from whom, so long as you are not caught getting it."

This time Will found Kober in his office, who at once offered him a chair beside his desk and bade him speak his mind. When he was through speaking, Kober shoved an "extra" newspaper over to him to read. As he read, the color left his face. The fire was described in a single column. The government, on complaint of competitors, had several days before planned action, under the anti-trust law, against the Stewart company as an unjust corporation. Letters were presented in evidence. It was absurd, but coming at this juncture would prove a serious matter.

Kober looked at Will. "Haven't you seen that before, Bright?"

"No, I have been so busy on a money-raising tour that I have not read any papers."

Now he understood the answers he had received from his customers.

"Well, if you did not see that you evidently do not know about this." With that, he showed him

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two lines in the Law Bulletin. "Application for a receiver in bankruptcy against the Stewart Corporation, Wm. Bright, president, etc., was made before the U. S. Court today by creditors aggregating claims of \$120,000. A temporary receiver was appointed."

Will nearly fainted. He was handed a glass of ice water.

"What shall we do?" he asked.

Kober, seeing his condition, said, "You will do two things, and nothing else. Go home and feel as easy as possible, and leave this whole matter to me. That's all you can do."

"Can't we——"

"No. If you trust me, leave everything to me. You really should feel glad that matters have reached a climax. The receiver appointed is not unfriendly to me, and I feel sure he will not give Boldman any preferences. When you are sick you call a doctor; when your business is sick it also requires a doctor in whom the patient must have strict confidence if a cure is to be effected.

"The bankruptcy law not only protects the complainant, but it also protects you; in fact, it was made for just such cases as yours. It is while you are down, with your persecutors, themselves struggling with each other, on top of you, that the strong arm of Uncle Sam reaches out and holds these men at bay while with the other arm he gently stands you on your feet and gives you a chance to start afresh."

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"Oh, it's the dishonor of having been proved a failure!" cried Will, looking the picture of discouragement.

"But you have done nothing dishonorable. Come, now, Bright, be strong, be brave. It's not as bad as it seems. You, of all people I ever met, should meet this philosophically. Forget yourself, and think only of your wife and the future. Tell her there is not one thing on this earth nor in the future that is worth worrying about, for worry has never righted or corrected one wrong."

They talked some time longer and then Will, with profuse thanks, left for home.

How could he face Helen? He blamed himself for lack of management. Had he been too honest? Did he do wrong in always turning Boldman away? Would it not have been better had he planned with Boldman to dupe the trade and others in his business? But, no, he could never have done that. He missed his car and started to walk home, soliloquizing:

"Providence surely will not let me go down after all I have gone through. There is a something, that nameless Almighty God, that regulates all things and for a purpose. I am not a fatalist, but still there must be a reason behind all my experiences. Success, failure, more success, down and up, joy, trouble, silver linings, more clouds, plots, intrigues, sparring, and failing, honesty and dishonesty. Why does dishonesty ever win? Ever win? Dishonesty aimed against me seems always to win. Why? Am I going

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against one of the laws of nature? What law could this be? Am I, as Boldman says, too honest? Surely that is not possible. Shall I go with the stream instead of against it, and become dishonest like so many other business men, or shall I go alone? My conscience is clear. I know I am right and they are all wrong, all of these people. I'll continue to go alone. But why alone? Can't those people see their mistake? Success is high; failure, low. It is easier going down stream than up. Failure, success. Success? What right have I to talk of success? Have not the courts of man declared me a failure? But what kind of failure? A money failure, because of plots, dirty, dishonest plots that could be successfully met only by more dishonesty. Is that real failure? Money, property, capital—that is the secret of it all—capital arrayed against the man, humanity. Is there no cure?

“Man was surely chosen to control the elements. Just think of that terrible storm we had. What could a savage in the forest do? If he could not protect himself he had to die. And it would be the same with the civilized man. There is no sentiment. The Great Natural Will works for a reason, a mighty reason. To learn that reason, and how to protect one's self, that is the great problem. Were there two men in this storm, one good and one bad, with shelter sufficient for one only, which would live? Great God, what a question! Look at my own case. Which does live? The bad, the cunning, the man with no conscience. The good man would strive on, hoping

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against hope, trusting to save both, while the other was already preparing to strike a blow strong enough to kill his companion and keep the shelter for himself.

“What a horrible situation for two wicked men to be in! Why, all this crowd going downstream is in this position, cunning, forceful, ready to strike any kind of a blow to get money, to keep a competitor from getting it. That is each one’s main aim in life. They imagine they are following the natural law of self-protection. How wrong they are!

“Must I go my way alone? Can’t I call others to my side? They would only laugh and make sport of me, as Boldman has done. But they are all wrong, all, every one. Can’t I turn that solid mass that is ever going the wrong way? There are men who proclaim themselves ministers of God. Won’t they help? No; with a few exceptions, they are leading the easy life now, and would look upon my efforts as an act opposed to them. It’s no use.

“Sheep follow their leader. These others are as sheep, but I am no leader. Why not?—Why not?”

He started up, then suddenly stopped, as if struck.

“I know the reason for all my experiences. I must turn that mass of money getters; I must stop them from tearing at each other’s throats. Providence has given me a second sight. I see the wrongs. I can right them, if only the people will listen to me. But how to make them? Is there always a way where there is a will? I am but a

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single being—a small dot in the universe. I'm not strong enough. Must the elements turn these masses by punishment? Evolution may do it. I see, but I cannot teach. I will wait, study, learn. Almighty God, help!"

He felt much better now, and determined to fight his enemies every inch of the way, and study and wait for opportunity to carry out his plans for helping his fellow-man.

## CHAPTER IX

### HALT! ATTENTION!

ONE year had passed. As Will came home one evening he said to his little four-year-old son, "You can't guess whom I've just been talking to." Both his wife and the boy looked at him, and he explained, again to the boy, "I've been talking to the moon and the stars."

"Oh, father, the moon likes me so much; he followed me all over the other night. Is that why you talked with him?"

His wife knew what he meant by talking to the moon. It was a way he had acquired of concentrating his thoughts and threshing out all the ideas gathered by him, usually resulting in some improvement and change.

"Oh, father, will the moon go with us all over, when we go far away next month, on the train?"

The doorbell rang. Will answered it, and returned, smiling and happy, and with him he brought an elderly, smooth-shaven gentleman, an old friend of the family, who had been Will's teacher, Professor Land.

When Helen saw him, she could hardly contain her pleasure, for the professor had been away for some time, the last few months in a wild, uninhabited country. Helen was impatient to tell him

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all their troubles and their new successes, so that when Professor Land said, "I am surprised that you are renting this apartment. I thought you were about to buy a large apartment building in this vicinity as I left," she burst out, "I wish we had, for then we should not have lost it."

"Did you lose money?"

"Haven't you heard? We lost every dollar about a year ago. We were so far reduced that I had to accept a position for several months that we might meet our personal expenses."

The professor expressed his sympathy. "So you were squeezed, after all. Tell me the whole story, Will. This interests me. I may be in position to assist you. Our country had just gone through a panic when I left home."

Will quickly ran over the details of the panic, the Morrow deal, the fire, the banker's refusal of aid, treachery of employees, appointment of a trustee for the Stewart properties, and his attempts to borrow from friends that he might reinstate the business, which in fact was not insolvent.

"Professor," he continued, "never again will I get discouraged. If the unfortunate would but allow inspiration to force them to go on, instead of giving way to despair or worse, many a person would be saved who would forever warn others. When affairs were at their lowest the realizing sense came to me that, notwithstanding my misfortunes, which seemed to argue to the contrary, honesty is always the best policy. Not only is it the best policy, but it is the only right,

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and no business can continue to prosper, no government can become permanent, until this principle is recognized and acted upon by all men—all business men, all politicians, men in all walks of life. I made up my mind to win a place in business sufficiently strong to support me and then to fight to introduce this principle and win a following.

“When I was about eight years old, a gypsy camp settled near our school. I was one of a crowd of boys whose curiosity annoyed the gypsies. One day an old gypsy woman chased us. All got away but myself. The other boys stood at a distance, trembling for my welfare, for we had all heard terrible stories of what gypsies do to children. I shivered with dread, but all the old woman did was to turn up the palm of my hand and begin to tell my fortune. It was simple and only too true. She said, ‘You will never receive anything unless you work to earn it; you will succeed beyond all your dreams if you work hard enough; stop, and you get nothing.’ Then she let me go, and I did not stop running until I reached school.”

The professor interrupted him. “I dare say that fortune would apply to every one.”

Will continued: “That scene recurred to me when my fortunes were at their lowest and, strange to say, affected me. I considered that I had been going along on the wrong track, and a superhuman intelligence was reversing the brakes to run me on to a different track where I could use the knowledge, gained through experience and

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study, to carry enlightenment in other directions where I could meet with understanding. I went in to win. I had done no wrong. Others were just as poor, and poorer. I found that, no matter how low down on the scale one gets, there are so many still lower it hardly behooves one to feel miserable. Only those who have never looked beyond the station they occupy, no matter what it is, appear quite contented."

"But those who have seen better times," Helen spoke up, "are either pitied or scorned. Do you remember that factory girl we once met in the street? 'You're not hiring any more girls now, are you?' she said."

Will continued, "The worst was at the beginning. Each day I had to be in court. I had no money, and could get none then. At a creditors' meeting I almost turned things to my favor, but Boldman had bought up enough accounts to prevent it. At one time he walked into the courtroom while the case was going on and sat down right next to me. I was about to leave, when he asked me to stay. I don't know why, but something possessed me to listen to him. He renewed all his offers of friendship, offering me a high position, which I declined, and incidentally mentioned that he considered it good policy on my part to have taken his advice and thrown the business over, but that I had acted the d—d fool he thought I would in turning all my property over to the creditors' trustees.

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"The questions his attorneys fired at us to incriminate us in some way, when Helen, myself, and faithful employees and friends were on the stand, proved to me, however, that his offers of friendship were shallow."

"But your appearance now denotes a life of comfort and ease," broke in Professor Land. "I should judge you are rather prosperous. How have you managed so well? Tell me."

"I figured it out that to accept a position (several good proposals were made to me) would mean losing the Stewart identity; besides, we wanted to 'make good.' Therefore we advised our customers, shortly after, to give us their business as heretofore and we would attempt to meet conditions. These customers, we soon found, were our best friends, for they responded nobly, making due allowance for all misfortune. In the meantime we had arranged with our old connections to carry all the business and allow us to act as brokers.

"Our own plant has been rebuilt by strong financial concerns that have formed a separate corporation in which I receive about one-half the profits. The fact is, I consider that as brokers we are now stronger than before the failure, for our finances are unlimited, we owe no money, and I am personally more free from care, especially the responsibility of watching a large force of labor. Things went well until Boldman saw our new start, when he went after us hot foot. First he cut prices one-third wherever he could possibly compete. He had government privileges, which it

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appears we could not receive unless we were willing to commit perjury, giving him great advantages, but so far we have held our own."

"You did not tell the professor about the stranger," Helen interrupted.

Will smiled, then explained the circumstance of the intoxicated stranger's humorous, uninvited speech on anarchy at the hotel grill-room, and his unannounced presence after the shooting and upon several other similar occasions.

"One day a man ran plump into me on the street as I was hurrying toward this house. I remembered having met him before, but could not place him. We both apologized, when he said that if I would invite him into my home I would hear something to my advantage.

"I did not know him, but I invited him to enter, anyway. After we were comfortably seated he explained that he was James Wiley, chief of Boldman's secret service force. He explained that he was requested originally by Boldman to keep a steady watch on Jones, Chester, the Brights, and the Stewart interest. He further explained that as he became better acquainted with the case, he began to take a personal interest in both Helen and myself. When we had our worst troubles he was tempted to leave Boldman and help us, but remained only that he might be of more use to us later. It sounded to me like the Boldman style of talk, and I suppose he read my thoughts for he said, 'You may believe it or not, but I came to warn you. You are about to hire back some of

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your former confidential employees. Don't do it. They sold Boldman all of your trade addresses, cost and selling prices, and other secrets. They stole from you at every opportunity. I will give you three addresses where shipments were made without your knowledge. Why, your original salesmen's orders were withdrawn from your files and your own product, dishonestly obtained, was often used against you in competition. This was not ordered done by myself or by Boldman. It took a number of years for this system of leakage to grow to the extent where it was draining all of your earnings. Take my advice and hire strangers.' Then he again assured us of his friendly feeling and departed.

"I travel a good deal now. There was not a day when I first started that I did not hear the worst kinds of libels against my honor made by Boldman's agencies. They became so bold that at last I was forced to take the matter to court."

"But Providence at last seems to be against Boldman," Helen spoke up. "His plants are all shut down by strikes; riots are common, and the other day, his largest factory was destroyed. We expect, any day, that the militia will be called upon and Will will have to protect that monster's property. I wish they would blow him up with dynamite."

"You little spitfire, to express such sentiments. Just like a woman, but if some one should do so horrible an act your tears would never stop," the professor said banteringly.

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"Oh, don't you fear," she answered. "I cry? I would rejoice forever." But Helen's eyes did not second her words. "He'll end worse than Chester, you'll see."

Seeing his surprise and remembering that the professor had not been told, she continued, "Oh, you don't know. Chester became so important to the Pittsburg concern that from strain and overwork he began acting strangely at first and then, while in an unbalanced condition, shot himself."

"We felt so sorry," Will interrupted, "that a money matter should have ended what would otherwise always have remained the best life-long friendship. It broke us all up. The memory of happy comradeship never fades away."

"Professor," said Will, "I have explained, I believe, that I find it necessary to visit every city of prominence in this country at least once a year. During my travels I have taken special pains to learn the ideas that people of all grades have regarding politics, creeds, and other subjects, and do you know, Professor, if the principles you and I have so often discussed were now freely agitated they would sweep the land like so much wildfire. The people have been awakened by teachers and thinkers to a condition where they are in fear of remaining stationary and in fear of going ahead. Our principles, rightly embodied, backed or subscribed to by men of responsibility and honor, and with trusted leaders would win in so short a time that it would be almost like a revolution."

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“You are right, Will. I shall take this matter under immediate consideration. I will see men, prominent in every walk, who are honest in their opinions, and though they may look at questions from directly opposite viewpoints, we must get them together in free and open debate. The wants of all men are essentially the same, happiness and the means of subsistence. It should be easier to obtain these. Will, we must form a society, a society composed not of one set or clique, but broad enough to take in all, every human being, no matter of what belief—and there must be no more delay. Leave it to me. You keep on working as you have until I have made headway. The first act, after selecting my men, will be to invite them to a banquet where opinions may be aired without ill-feeling, but with fixed intention of formulating plans to bring about the first step leading toward a happy millennium. You would feel in your glory, I suppose, were we to form a society or party that would send you to Congress, where you could air your views to the world?”

The professor eyed Will quizzically as he spoke, but little Ted answered for him.

“No, father is going to be elected as president of the whole world. Mother said so.”

With an amused look the professor fondly picked up the little lad, and said, “And your mother and you yourself are the whole world to him. Your mother never spoke truer words. She does well to teach you to think of these questions early in life.” Then slowly, with a far-away look,

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“Still, who knows but what such advances may be made? National borders will very likely be but nominal. What better warrant to secure peace than to elect a permanent international commission to bring about unity of languages, weights, measures, time, currency, etc.; a closer regulation of transportation, postal service, aeroplanes, passports, inventions, etc.; arbitration with power to enforce decisions; assistance of sections in need; universal hospital service and economic improvement; united study and exploration to increase our knowledge of the earth, above and below its crust, also astronomy and the elements. Oh, there are so many reasons why such a commission, with a strong ruling head, should exist, and would not that leader be the president of the world?”

## CHAPTER X

### FORWARD, MARCH! ENLISTED FOR HUMAN RIGHTS

**B**OLDMAN, standing in his office, face flushed, scathingly addressing a deputation of stockholders:

“And you little fish dare to threaten me! Whenever you can show me that Jones is not a good asset, I’ll show you how quickly he’ll go. But for you to bluff me! That you will take legal action to depose Jones, and even go so far as to threaten me with court proceedings, unless I obey! That’s the attitude of ungrateful curs. Who has seen to getting you those fat dividends, if not I? Who has added to the standing of the corporation? Who has stood the brunt of those reform grafters? Who has been supplying all the brain and all the energy and nerve and work and what not, if not myself? Have I not been the power against which you could always lean? What do you know about business? Be pleased that you have an easy mark like me to do your scheming. Go home now, and hold your peace, or go to h—l. if that suits you better, but let me take care of matters that you don’t understand. My time is valuable, so if you gentlemen are done with your business, please

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excuse me." He left them abruptly, going into an inner room.

The delegation had hardly gone when Wiley, chief detective in Boldman's employ, entered the office, visibly excited. Boldman, still flushed, stepped from the inner room and he began telling Wiley of the visitors, when he noticed that Wiley also was in an excited condition, unusual for him. Boldman stopped his tirade to listen.

"General, Jones is done, so far as business is concerned. He is fit only for a sanitarium," and Wiley proceeded to explain the history and reasons of Jones's fall, due to "highballs and dope." "It's permanent now. I know these cases; he'll last a long time, but he's no man for you in the future. Send for him, and see for yourself."

"That will give young Bright another opportunity to step up. Wiley, but for that stupid young dreamer I would pay no attention to such changes. But we must finish him. He's always in the way. Wiley, I want that boy 'jobbed' for good now. We've got to do it to save ourselves."

Wiley knew that the crisis had now come. He was fully decided not to hurt Will again, even at the risk of leaving Boldman's service.

His mind made up, he felt that he could talk as independently to Boldman as the occasion warranted. He would attempt one last bold effort to set Boldman right, so he quickly said, "General, I feel surprised."

"What's that you say?" Boldman shouted back; but, undaunted, the detective replied:

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"As I have always understood you, the boy was to be your successor."

"He has thwarted me at every turn."

"But now you expect me to ruin his good name for all time."

"What of it? He has become a menace to me."

"I am afraid you are mistaken, General. At least, I would try him out and give him the benefit of the doubt."

"We have done that often enough and long enough. It's time to look elsewhere. We are men of business, not children. There is a place and time for play, but not here, or when work is concerned."

"Why not put it up to Bright?"

"I have done that time and again. There is a limit to my patience, and you know I have been patient with that boy, if ever I was with any one. My decision is final, and that settles it."

"General, not with me." The suddenness of Boldman's last words wrought a change in Detective Wiley. He straightened up, and his eyes seemed turned into steel balls.

"Hey? You dare—" Boldman became purple with rage.

"General, don't let us quarrel, but young Bright must have a fair chance before you finish him."

"Why—you—tell—me—let us not quarrel. I believe you actually imagine yourself my partner. Quarrel with you? You forget my position in society—and you—an insignificant—"

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“Stop. You’ve said too much already. Were any one but you to say that to me I should have had him by the collar and thrown him into the street. Do you know, Boldman, that I have the ‘goods’ on you—that I have your history from alpha to omega, and that I could lock you up under so many charges that your money, your high social position, and your terrible power would evaporate like so much useless steam? Don’t you try anything on me, or we will quarrel. Is Bright to be ruined or not? I’ll give you just ten minutes to decide. You play square, or we break, and that’s a taste of your style of medicine.”

Neither of these two men had ever been so excited before. Detective Wiley had traveled over the globe. He had fought the worst criminals, wild animals, dangerous elements; he had often to resort to diplomacy, but never had he been in so strange a situation, requiring both courage and tact. If the strange belief in “unseen spirits of the air” as a part of the Almighty Power working for good had foundation, then they were exerting an influence upon the will of the usually quiet detective. It seemed as if an invisible army were storming both these strong minds, purging an evil situation of all wickedness, and would leave in its wake an atmosphere clear and sweet.

And who knows but what science, in its constant striving after more perfect knowledge, will discover another element surrounding us which we now know only as dreams, a vague feeling of telepathy, hypnotism, questionable spiritualism, and

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those human "faith beliefs" so commonly misused in religion?

Boldman breathed heavily. For some moments he could not speak, though he tried. A cold sweat covered him. He had been threatened before; men had even threatened to assassinate him. But this was different; he could not resist that gaze. Both men stood at the table, that same table over which a cold glance from Boldman had many a time frozen men's veins. He now gazed at Wiley with blood-shot eyes, while on the other side, facing him, were eyes of steel that seemed to have behind them a coolness and power not in man's realm.

"Well, General—"

"I give in, Wiley, and I apologize for my abrupt—"

"And so do I, General. Let us be friends."

"Now your advice in regard to Bright—"

"General Boldman, it is my place to serve your business, not to advise. You were about to take a step which you could not fail to regret in time, probably soon, to the end of your life. In always suppressing that young man, you did not squeeze him and throw him aside, like others who got into the way, but each time he fell you picked him up, gave him new power, and because he refused to do things dishonorable—or unethical, let us call it—he had to be put aside, picked up, and pushed down again, until now he has gained an experience and an insight into your business such as to put him at the head of the field. He is experi-

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enced, honorable, and qualified as a fit candidate to be your successor. He is absolutely honest, a good business man when he has an even chance, a mixer, and, above all, that rare man, a true friend. If you yourself were to place him in power, you would have a powerful friend, for Boldman, I tell you, man to man, the day of aggression is now over. Already our courts and government have agreed to let the good trusts continue while the wicked ones must be prosecuted, and dissolved into smaller companies."

That appeared humorous to Boldman, who replied, "Wiley, you are a child in business, like the rest. Is it possible to prevent a British subject in London, or elsewhere, from owning the majority of the stock of any American concern?" Without waiting for a reply, Boldman continued, "Then what will prevent an office in London, owned by an unknown party, from controlling any concern or number of concerns dissolved by our Supreme Court?"

"But don't you see the good business move it would be to let Bright continue in your place?" Wiley continued. "You pushed him forward in society, in our state militia, in clubs of this branch of business, in politics, and you can push him still farther, making such a popular idol of him that his word alone will protect your monopoly. You told me yourself that with the proper figurehead, you could, as chairman of the executive committee, control as well as ever, besides living a much easier life in your old age. General, you laid all

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of these wonderful plans, we worked them out thread by thread, and now at the moment when you can carry them out you order me to throw everything over."

"But the fool lives high in the air; he will not listen; he's worked out my patience."

"Leave him to me. All I want is to let him get a chance to see this from his viewpoint. Then you've got him for good. General, you'll find it good business, even if, as manager, he in his 'goodness' should earn a little less for the house. You'll save the difference in court costs. That 'damned public opinion' is beginning to be the rule of law, and you know how much public opinion loves us, hey, General? Another strike like that last one, with hard times about, and I wouldn't want to take chances again alone with a mob and a rope."

"All right, Wiley, you have carte blanche to do as you please."

Wiley was pleased. "Good. Now I'm going straight to Kober; Bright places faith in his advice. I have worked hard on Kober's natural distrust of your good faith, and it will not be easy to overcome it. If we come here together, for heaven's sake prove to him that you mean what you say."

After informing himself again as to how much support Boldman would give Will, Wiley became happily enthusiastic and both parted with mutual good will.

As Wiley had anticipated, Kober, who had gained quite a respect for him, would not even

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hear the mention of Boldman's name in a friendly way. They argued earnestly and long, but for several days Wiley made little headway. Then he went to Will, this time openly, as a friendly messenger from Boldman. There he found the same objections from Helen as Kober had presented, although Will gradually felt inclined to make a compromise that would give him certain leeway to carry out his ideals and that would insure his own concerns against any possible chance of loss.

Professor Land interested himself shortly after with Wiley and both induced Helen to withdraw her objections, though she did so with many misgivings.

After much effort a meeting was finally arranged in Will's home between Boldman, Kober, Will, Professor Land, and Wiley, a meeting that brought together forces, now weaker and willing to compromise, that had been contending to the death.

Boldman made matters easy by offering his hand to Will with the words, "I am glad to meet you again, my boy." The ice was quickly broken. It did not take long to arrange plans for the future. Boldman was convinced of the honesty and good faith of the others, and was intent on retiring from active business without sacrificing his property. He was prepared to offer anything within reason. His former enemies wanted nothing but security against loss from the overpowering odds of property interests.

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It was understood that so long as the Boldman and Bright interests worked together no friction could occur in the great combine now being formulated, and with that purpose in view all plans were made. It was decided that the Boldman corporation should take over the Stewart and Bright interests, for which bonds would be issued. Boldman would relinquish one-half his own stock to William Bright to be held until paid for, by a trust company mutually agreed upon, the profit to apply on payment less the interest on amount as due, the stock to be voted by Bright, with the agreement that Boldman be always chairman of the Board of Directors.

Will was to become and remain the president and superintendent of the corporation, Boldman, always with Will's sanction, to appoint the secretary and the treasurer. Both were to control the policies of the corporation according to their positions, but should there be a clash between them, Boldman surprised all by agreeing to leave the matter to a board of five, three of whom were to be appointed by Will and two by himself. Kober was appointed counsel of the corporation.

The party was slowly taking on the appearance of a family reunion. There was apparently no point upon which they disagreed. Even the outside concerns with which Will was friendly were well taken care of. Boldman and Bright had almost identical ideas as to business development; it was on ethical points, however, that their judgment never coincided. All saw that Will would

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add the moral aspect that was now lacking in the corporation. They would have a monopoly, but one that has a heart, if such a thing were possible. Progress in commerce demanded it, and none saw this more clearly than Boldman. He expressed his feelings in these words:

“My boy, you are undertaking a task of great magnitude. With all rendering you constant assistance, you will still for a long time find yourself almost too weak to meet all the situations that will confront you. What sentiment you now have will be driven out of your system, and your so-called heart will eventually become hard as stone. The man who employs several thousand people, these feeding still other thousands of mouths, has great responsibilities upon his shoulders. They need careful attention; but so also does the institution. It is easy enough to draw the weekly salary, which may be none too much to pay the expense of living, but it is another matter for you to see that your business earns enough to pay these salaries and all the other expenses and—then some.”

Boldman's eyes twinkled at the humor of the “then some,” for it was his boast that the dividends were the largest “expense” his business had.

Will acquiesced in all that Boldman said, proving by his words that he had a generally correct understanding, obtained by past experiences, and that he would look to Boldman for advice and information. All matters of business were readily

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agreed upon, and Kober was instructed to draw up the necessary legal papers.

It was Professor Land who changed the subject by remarking, "Will can now use the time formerly wasted in fighting competition to build his ideals."

Boldman looked at him inquiringly. "And they are to do what?"

Will tried to explain. Boldman listened for some time, but suddenly repeated one sentence after him—"The quickest and shortest route to human rights'—What way is that?"

Will tried to explain in a few moments what it had taken him years to learn. Boldman listened patiently until he noted that Will, flushed from the evening's work, was becoming embarrassed.

"I'm afraid you're on a fool's errand, my boy. Don't you know that in these times, when any one claims to do something for nothing he is always believed to have something up his sleeve to spring for his own advantage, or he is considered a fit inmate for an asylum for the insane? The dollar is the average man's only true friend. But go ahead, my boy. You have my full consent and backing. Were you, as the boss of our plant, to become popular, it would be a feather in our cap. Think of the drawing card it would be! We could go on and do anything without interference; it would sooth our help and prevent strikes. Now, wait," as Will began to remonstrate, "as to your idea of human rights—we certainly agree upon that. Of course every one must eat, sleep and

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so on, but you must know that the fittest always survive in those laws of nature of which you speak. The weak must succumb to the strong. It is only by sheer strength of will and body that people withstand all the strenuous vicissitudes that initiate them into the upper strata of success. You are a good example of the successful man. How many are there who can pass through all of your trials and come out on top?

“I will put no stone in the way of your work. You believe all articles necessary to life should be under public control. Try it. Start with food, the most important. After your heavenly scheme falls through, I will stand ready with real money and brains to finish the work of combine. But my advice is, don’t. Remember the old adage, ‘Fools build houses and wise men live in them.’ You will waste your time and energy for no thanks if you attempt to bring the masses, who are satisfied with their lot, up to our mode of life and thought.”

“I shall have accomplished a great deal,” Will answered, “if that chase for the dollar can be lessened, so that instead of humanity living to work, people will work in order to enjoy life.”

“Right, my boy.”

“General, I announce myself as candidate for the State Legislature, where I wish one law especially to be passed and tried out, one that is even more ‘far-fetched’ than the initiative and referendum. A law that will bring about popular debate, discussion, and voting on all public questions, all citizens to meet weekly for that purpose, at dis-

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trict halls or in schoolhouses, similar to the old town-hall idea. Thereafter I wish to go to Congress to help create laws so that our national administrations may be divided into several separate commissions, not under one President, but ruled through Congress by the people. One commission must control all methods of communication and transportation. This department can, if desired, control public ownership of railways and the merchant marine. Another commission must supervise all commercial interests, directing advantageously all manufacturing, farming and trade; a system of commercial consuls; the tariff; and national corporations, so that any person can safely be a part proprietor—a system to improve the condition of people placed into unfortunate circumstances by changing conditions.

“Give us a weekly town-hall or district meeting, law in every state, and the people will soon decide, with but little debate, what is best for all, and I think with due justice to all.

“General, do I get your support?”

Boldman had listened, much interested, to Will's words, given with much zest. Professor Land, also an interested listener, approvingly announced that Boldman and he had already taken up that question and had invited a number of leaders in various lines of thought for a general discussion as to the best means of advancing the “human uplift.” This meeting was to be held in the near future and, if advisable, they would form a permanent body for a series of meetings.

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With general good feeling all gradually parted, leaving Will and Helen in a state of mind impossible to describe.

“It seems too good to be true,” was Helen’s exclamation.

## CHAPTER XI

### GUIDE, RIGHT! AS WE GO MARCHING ON

A LONG torch-light procession of united laboring bodies with a plentiful sprinkling of fife and drum and brass bands, was about to pass the Bright home on Labor Day. Mrs. Helen Bright, a lady friend, and little Ted Bright were near the large open bay-window, where there was built a flagstand displaying a kaleidoscopic mingling of colors of the flags of all nations ready for a patriotic occasion soon to take place.

Within the house, the banquet over, the men were preparing for the after-dinner speaking. The lively strains of a band could be heard approaching in the distance, and the waiting people were expectantly cheering in the street below, when Boldman arose.

“Gentlemen, let me propose a toast”—a raising of the filled glasses—“Success to our young friend, who after meeting with hard experience and weathering many storms, is at last to receive into his control vast properties, necessitating oversight over thousands of workers upon whom depends the feeding of many mouths. This young man, by opportunities not of his will, has become what I consider the foremost man of knowledge in his business. I say against his will, for were it not for

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the ties that hold him from such rashness, I am sure his preference would be to put on sackcloth, eat only sufficient to retain life, and set out to rebuild the world according to his, pardon my frankness, impracticable ideals. I vouch for his absolute honesty. It is because I have convinced myself of that beyond question that I have complied with his simple (with an expression that plainly said he meant 'silly') conditions."

With unexpected suddenness, Boldman became serious. "But I feel proud of the boy, and will stand by him as I have promised. Gentlemen," with a sweeping bow to all, "I feel highly honored by your presence. The object of this meeting is the formation of a club or union at which shall be discussed, confidentially and without rancor, all opinions, views and methods put forth to show how we may help to form a greater Union, to encompass the entire human family, kith and kin, black, yellow, white, red, and brown, large and small, cannibal, vegetarian, and steak-eater, male and female."

Here his face became a study. He clearly wanted to burst into hearty laughter, but the sober faces of those about the table, listening to all he said so seriously, nonplussed him. These men were unlike his usual banquet companions.

"The Constitution of the United States of America is my religion," he continued. "It embraces all the faith that I have had time to think about. It grants common sense and is still a perfectly good declaration; pardon my bluntness, with

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all its faults, I do not know a single government I would trade ours for.

“It is a political document possessing the power of adapting our existing institutions to new wants. It is true, undoubtedly, that a considerable number of our people have attained to a mental condition of dissatisfaction, but that has been true always and always will be.

“Yet we cannot deny that there are a great many who are unfortunate. In behalf of these great sums of money have been freely contributed. As a whole, our poor people are moderately well fixed, our country is rich enough to allow every man to live without want; however, if we find there is room for improvement, by all means, let us have it. With this vast wealth of thought we have here tonight I doubt if any feasible plan for the betterment of human kind can escape. To explain his ideals, and his ideas for making them real and effective instead of only theoretical, I beg to introduce my young and able business successor, Colonel William Bright. But first we shall hear a few words of wisdom from my old friend, Rabbi Herz.” As Boldman sat down, all eyes turned to the famous humanitarian who now arose:

“A conclave has been called here of honorable gentlemen, each a leader in his own profession, to voice, as a body if possible, sentiments that may through intelligent publicity be adopted universally for the common advantage.

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“Our purpose is of the highest. But that such ideas will find general favor I am loath to acknowledge, for humanity has become gradually hidebound by rules, customs, and forms that prevent the enforcement of the natural laws of Almighty God and the enjoyment by mankind of their wonderful power for good.

A universal regulation of work, morals, pleasure, all that enter into life, would probably have gone on forever, adding here an improvement in some phase, there a slight change, to meet unexpected or new conditions, were it not the law of Almighty God that there shall be rest only for a time and then we must forward. Forward to no end. There shall be no end. When the great Solomon took hold of his father's legacy, the cycle was at its zenith. The strength of rulers was lacking thereafter.

“Jealousy of power here; neglect, carelessness of all the people elsewhere. With well-filled stomach there is little complaint, and soon we have a stupor settling over all with only one result—the final destruction of unity. Mark this well. It takes long to bring about perfection or strong union or universal action in men, very long; much unnecessary bloodshed, much unfortunate misery, much foolish effort, much wasted energy and, what is worse—loss of centuries of time that can never be replaced, for a year of death, destruction, and misery is a step backward in the calendar of human endeavor. All of those lost centuries between the time of Solomon and the

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time of the Roman conquests might have been employed for advancement by my people had they done then and after what we are doing tonight and shall continue to do after tonight. Tomorrow is one whole day, twenty-four hours by our reckoning; then will come another, and another, and so on. Is any effort being made now to avoid universal destruction? Is any effort being made now to unify all energy to the one purpose that our civilization shall be saved during the next ten years, one hundred years or one thousand years? Open up all those roofs, lift the cover from every heart. The endeavor everywhere is only for tomorrow, and in what does it consist? First, what shall I eat? Second, how shall I earn more money? Third, how shall I get possession of my neighbor's property? No thought of how can I benefit my fellow-man or future men. The future? Talk to any one about future humanity, or let any person imagine that you are working for anything but to add to your own property, and at once you are set down as a lunatic, more or less dangerous, according to your effort, or as a wise man with an ulterior selfish motive, for only he is accounted wise in the eyes of the world today who is capable of accumulating property. An almighty curse rests on such a world of people! They have no fear of punishment, they cannot see the wrong, nor the danger from which a single glance back at the chronicles of the past might save them.

"It was in the midst of such conditions that the word of a dozen honest, far-seeing Jews was heard.

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Disdaining the use of money or personal ownership of worldly goods, they simply preached and fought with their little might against the great sea of humanity, that would not listen and would not act. It was only after great loss of more centuries that at last men who were masters over other men and great owners of the world's goods would take up the work of these Jews, and how did they use their words? They were used to suit circumstances in order to keep men who were creating new independencies under subjection, and to make slaves of those who were physically strong but mentally superstitious, to assassinate those learned or non-superstitious people who could not or would not be either cruel masters or slaves, and among those were millions of my people. Not only were they slain then because of their beliefs, but the same evil work is going on today, and I say unto you now that they will never accept any twisted words of men to represent the great law of Almighty God.

“To continue; a dozen Jews circulated among the heathen or gentile to teach them the goodness and regularity of God and the universal law of man. What has come of it? Ask the day laborer. But he is busy, then tired. Ask any one else, no matter of what so-called religious belief. If he believes in a God, it is in a super-human man that is all powerful or in an idol impossible to imagine.

“Other men, Buddha, Brahma, Confucius, have seen and taught the laws of Almighty God, but what came of them all? Each took the same path.

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The words of these great teachers were so twisted as to bring about the enslaving of the intellect of man.

“Then what is best to be done? What shall be the course of the people in the future? The same as in the past. Intelligent thought, no more than air or water, cannot be locked away from the human being. It is Destiny and must exist. All races may in time be assimilated, but what exists must exist for all time. How then, by all that’s good, can the belief in the natural overlordship of Almighty God ever be lost, even granting that all the old customs are done away with as ancient or useless, as doubtless they will be, for many religious observances have already been discarded by the younger generations? But the laws of Almighty God will exist and by his greater knowledge of the Great Law, man will succeed gradually in gaining control of all forces until his rule shall be universal.

“Dishonesty or neglect or treachery of fellow workers may cause temporary delays, but mark me, the day is not far distant when men of true knowledge of the Great Law will rule, and I pray to Almighty God that the rule shall be just, that the brains of those that rule shall teach all, so that all may eventually rule, for the benefit of the living and those that are to come. Amen.”

The applause was marked. Rabbi Herz was a close student and thinker. His eyes shone as he spoke, and an exceptionally fine march played by a passing band, and the cheers of the people, visi-

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bly affected the enthusiastic speaker and his audience.

Will arose, somewhat nervous, and began: -

“Gentlemen, I must thank you for your kindness in coming to espouse what the general clearly thinks is a ‘will o’ the wisp’ cause. That I have the correct ideals I feel, I know, but whether they can be materialized in our day, or whether we must wait until natural evolution carries out what are rather the plans of nature, remains to be seen. I believe that human endeavor can greatly facilitate what Almighty God intended for universal good, protecting meanwhile those who may be unfortunate enough otherwise to be ground in the wheels of misery during the course of the forward movement.” He had not prepared himself to reach the point so early and stopped a moment to formulate his ideas. “Considering that I am the cause of your coming here, I believe that I will feel more at ease when I have given you my reasons. I am not an orator, and I will not waste our time in introduction or debate rules, but shall come right to the simple facts as we find them, taking up at once the improvements that I have in mind.

“We know and cannot deny that there is going on throughout the earth a general upheaval among men, a period of dissatisfaction, that may at any time, with practically no warning, become a continuation of explosive eruptions within municipalities, the duplicate of which cannot be found in chronicles of history. It does not appear to be the desire of one nation to cripple another, nor is it,

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curiously, any individual's desire to hurt another. Men wish to live in peace, they wish to be left to their own vocations, their families, and what happiness may exist in life. The human families have patiently followed masters who order them to hardships, wretchedness, and solitary misery and whose disciples minister to their needs with sympathy and promises of happiness only in the future life. While apparently the most fervent wish among men is for peace, there is evident everywhere the picture of luxurious over-indulgence on the one side and absolute want among the great mass on the other.

"To deny that the picture is truth, or to set up that it is an illusion, is to deny that there is a great law that will go on for right and for good. That great power that regulates the universe and that moves instincts, that forms and generates to the minutest detail living things too small for the most powerful microscope to discover, that Almighty God will surely force the issue in time. So let us do what we can now to help bring good out of evil.

"For when might is holding back right, a greater right will be generated, and right will eventually win. It is the inevitable law. If it is not, the men of religion and science are all wrong. Gentlemen, you of all men must have had occasion to study present human conditions. Therefore it is not necessary to give you many individual instances, but when in rich America you see a hungry child with a peddler's basket on her arm, a child supporting perhaps an invalid mother and sister, gaz-

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ing hungrily at a window overloaded with fruits, cakes, candies, but unable to touch a single piece, what meaning has this sight for you? If on a cold winter night you happened to be old, ill-dressed, worn out, discouraged, and ready to drop, without a cent in your pocket, and presented yourself at an over-crowded municipal or charitable lodging-house, where because of sanitary or fire regulations they cannot or will not take you in; if you were refused lodging in a large empty church, and then, when you at last sat down on the steps of a great mansion locked up and unoccupied because its owner has gone South, and an ignorant, inhuman watchman brought his club down on your back and forced you to move along, what would you do, gentlemen? What holds such people in reserve? Why don't they make their complaints?

“Now let us face this situation. Complain to whom? Humanity has put about its neck a halter and on its head a load. Almighty God does not wish it, nor is there a natural law that makes it necessary. Great superstitions, customs, and laws have been established which men have been afraid to break, not through fear of earthly punishment but fear of a hell forced upon the imagination of these people in their ignorance.

“But now have come wise teachers of science, brave men of religion, both students of the laws of Almighty God. They have gradually beheld the light of truth dawning, and others have announced it. Then why still hold to the old customs, neces-

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sary only when people were savage and anxious to kill?

“So long as there is a truth for any one to reveal in, why hold up useless systems and institutions that cannot possibly appeal to the reasoning powers of human beings today? Why permit a revolution of force to sweep over the earth, when in peace we might reason out the best methods whereby all may enjoy the great good that must come to human kind. Why make man his own enemy? The benefits of all our labors, miseries, and hardships should be reaped by future generations.

“Why shorten and embitter our lives by acts that are useless and that we know in our hearts give pain to others? What greater sin is possible against the great law of human endeavor? To cause misery to another is the greatest sin of a human being; to neglect your kin and to refuse your assistance or to be for self only is evil. It is evil to make any one unhappy. To make others and yourself happier is the reward of the good that you do.

“You men of religion, if you are brave enough, as men before you have been, and not afraid that man’s almighty gold coin shall be withdrawn from your grasp; if you will withdraw your teaching of supernatural elements and in a hearty handclasp will unite with men of science to replace superstition by logical moral codes that will serve to hold society together, you will then contribute to the further development of civilization.

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“What crimes are committed in the name of religion! Just today I read of the death sacrifice of thirty-five negroes by an old negro woman who thought she was doing penance to God. Ruskin’s opinion was that ‘Our national religion is the performance of church ceremonies, and preaching of soporific truths (or untruth) to keep the mobs quietly at work while we amuse ourselves.’

“Napoleon Bonaparte always readily yielded to all opinions that were subject to proof, but he would never hear of materialism. On deck, one beautiful night, surrounded by several persons who were expressing their disbelief in a divine creation of the universe, Bonaparte, raising his hand toward the heavens and pointing to the stars, said, ‘Gentlemen, your arguments are vain. How came all these?’ He was won’t to say, ‘My reason keeps me in unbelief regarding many things, but the impressions of childhood, and the feelings of early youth, throw me back into uncertainty.’”

“Come, my boy, get down to earth. Let’s get to the practical points.”

Boldman really did Will a service by interrupting him, for he had lost himself in his enthusiasm, and some of his hearers showed signs of impatience.

“Your pardon, gentlemen. Now to the point. Move number one is to form this or a similar body into a permanent association, to gradually encompass all who are citizens of the nation, with the object of establishing everywhere local precinct posts, where groups of citizens may meet at regular

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periods. In the beginning it would be well to hold the meetings in the public schools evenings. Any person desiring the proud position and rights of a citizen should there debate upon every question that confronts the nation, state, or community, and the people should decide by vote what is best to be done. All officers should be elected there. The nation would then be ruled in reality by its citizens, and his majesty, the American citizen, will indeed be a title to be proud of.

“Uniformed reserve posts can protect the country from invasion. Should we decide to control any public commodities we can do so easily without the danger of one-man power, for our posts can easily elect a director or president of ‘Communication and Transportation’ or of ‘Mines and Public Lands’, or of anything else for any length of contract, who need not in any way be affected by those administering the laws of the state or by the judiciary.

“The state, of course, should be the support of these bodies. This first movement is the essential one, for when that has been done, any question that arises will be quickly disposed of and woe be to any small body of men, however intelligent or cunning, that may decide to oppress the masses.

“Then questions of initiative, referendum, etc., would at once become minor issues, for would not every member of a great society have the right of voice, vote, and motion, that he might express his views on topics for the general welfare? A bill similar to what should be introduced into

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every state legislature, of which I shall present each of you a copy, is here all prepared for you by Judge Kober.

“Move number two, not necessarily dependent on move number one but very important, is this: Many men, intelligent, honest, strong, and willing, can barely make a living. When these men get crushed between the old régime and the new science of machine work, it is our duty, as human comrades, to help them keep their strength and to provide them with other facilities of living.

“The aged veteran citizen also, who has helped to create riches but may have nothing left to provide for his last days, should not be cast aside, nor should any other unfortunates requiring food and shelter.

“Should any great delay occur in carrying out move number one, this second move would be necessary to prevent a revolt, rumblings of which are already being heard among the people.

“Move number three will bring about a great deal of discussion. The great fortunes that have been accumulated and keep on growing larger are a menace to our social order. When permitted to remain in estate under the supervision of trustees, these fortunes grow so rapidly that in certain well-known instances, although offspring has been added to the family, it appears that each descendant of the family today is worth more than the original one.

“I therefore suggest a bill, copies of which I also have here, to prevent this accumulation. The

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idea is simple. It is not the earning of wealth during the lifetime of a person that appears to do the damage; it is at death where the danger begins. It is the will of the dead that holds back the advance of the living. After an accumulation of vast property, amounting to millions of dollars, there is no good reason why that great wealth, growing forever, should remain in one man's control, to the disadvantage of coming millions of people.

"France has done better than we in this matter. Its Code Napoleon is flexible. It has been adapted better than ours to modern conditions. By limitations laid upon the powers of testators, by insistence upon the participation of all heirs in the fortunes of decedents, and by a high scale of death dues payable to the state—a scale which rises to twenty-nine per cent of a dead man's millions in some cases—the French republic has effectually prevented the bestowal upon one heir of such fortunes as those of our multi-millionaires.

"Move number three, therefore, is the introduction of a law providing that no person shall, after death, leave behind to any one individual more wealth than will properly provide for his family and their immediate descendents, limiting the sum to not more than one million dollars. That should be a sufficient amount to feed and clothe any family. Should larger estates be left, the balance must be used as an 'Age and Aid' fund.

"The introduction of these three rules over the earth would change the status of everything. The

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people would truly rule. No one would worry about food or shelter. The one-man-property power over humanity would gradually disappear, and for many generations there would be peace, a feeling of comradeship that would generate good will, happiness, and an ambition to excel, not for pay but for honor.

"Gentlemen, I thank you for the honor you have done me. It will be a greater honor if you will come again soon to deliberate on the institution of these plans. In the meantime, you also may have something to add."

As Will sat down, there was a simultaneous handclapping.

"Quite an orator, my boy. I did not think you had it in you. But hadn't you better delay that death clause until after I have left you my millions? Bishop, what are your views on these questions?"

After a formal introduction by Boldman, his friend, the bishop, well known as an orthodox, honest helper of people in distress, began:

"The church has, in the main, always stood for human morality and a betterment of conditions, then why should orthodoxy hold aloof from a union that is to all intents for the same purpose? So long as our goal is the same, even though our opinions of the road differ, it is the duty of each to give all possible aid. It is only the blocks in the way, the evils that befall society and cause the body and the spirit to decay, with which we are always at war.

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“The church, whatever the creed, in virtue of her principles, aims with all her power to build up a population contented as possible on this earth and happy thereafter. Other thinkers and scientists, too, whose sense of right has been evoked by the prevailing social conditions, though as a general rule they do not believe in a life hereafter have, nevertheless, the same object as the church, so far as they are laboring to secure contentment and advancement in the present life.

“Running battles of opinion, between religious creeds and other forces of human endeavor, create jealousies that withdraw attention from the real enemy, making it impossible for the great moral forces to gain appreciable headway in awakening or arousing the good conscience asleep in the layman.

“Like a raging fire, evil has become predominant and uncontrollable. Public emotion must be invoked, or we shall be consumed. No one denomination has the strength to carry on a winning fight. Insatiable thirst for wealth has taken such root in the minds of mankind that I fear we are already too late to quench the fires before some terrible catastrophe, with great destruction, shall force humanity in its weakness to see the wickedness of its course. I certainly enlist in this movement that will help to unite the people for the winning of their rights.

“It is true that startling revelations of evil have been made, astonishing exposures in political circles, hideous sins of society practiced openly and

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protected by sham laws. A light value is placed upon morality everywhere. It is a rule that has become almost an unwritten law that men plan, without qualm of conscience, how to legally rob others. In fact, with all the prosperity that we can see about us, men cannot honestly earn enough for a livelihood, and they are forced to become dishonest.

“With this situation we are today face to face, but we are doubtless to see an end of it soon. God give us strength to correct these evils! Unless the forces of good unite to open a path wide and wise enough to adjust them, I fear for the result. As a Christian I say that ‘God is love,’ and ‘How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.’

“I vote for the establishment of a permanent body that will do all in its power to unite humanity into a brotherhood to make our world better.”

Boldman, as a matter of form, now arose to introduce Senator Franklin, as a statesman, as a disciple of free constitutional thought, and an honest exponent of commercial life. Senator Franklin lost no time in getting into his subject.

“Brotherhood without mutual regard, charity, and good opinion, and plenty of allowance for failings and faults, cannot exist. Only those who can think well of each other, and see the good and overlook the evil, can dwell together in unity as brethren. The law of society teaches us to love one another. Selfishness is a sin, punishable by loneliness.

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“To win success is the hope of every one, whatever the work or thought. But to have a worthy object and carry it out as a duty, without consideration of reward, is the most exalted task.

“Undoubtedly the aims and the ideas of all you gentlemen come from the heart, or, in more correct language, from your intellectual sentiment, for the heart is but an organ of the body to pump blood, materialists tell us.

“For many years I have had the honor of speaking on political questions in all parts of the country, but I have yet to find the man who does not feel himself fully capable of managing our government if given the chance. All statesmen are now supposed to be politicians, and a politician is always, according to popular opinion, attempting to get his hands into every citizen’s pocket. To form a new league or party, with religion as an asset, will receive scant attention. The basis must be much more solid, for if the people are suspicious of the politicians they are more so of the minister, who has no useful status, according to the view of many citizens.

“I wager that it is religion that is causing much of our discontent, for where is there a minister who will admit that he can be wrong in his particular creed of God and heaven, and if he is right, how can those be right who hold a belief in direct contrast to his? When all who now insist on doing our spiritual thinking decide to bury the hatchet then will begin the dawn of peace.

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“Colonel Ingersoll, in lecturing on God and the future life, mentioned happiness in the present life as the grand aim of mankind. And Pope says, in his *Essay on Man*, ‘Oh, Happiness! Our being’s end and aim! Good, pleasure, ease, content, what-e’er thy name.’

“The remarks made by my worthy friends here tonight are but too true. It is high time that we all strike a happy medium, for I want my children to live in peace when I am gone.

“The weekly schoolhouse discussion plan on its surface appears practical. I still adhere to the belief, however, that one mind will sway each flock as if they were sheep, and I fear that I would be as quiet as a lamb were some young, newly imported, husky, excitable ditch digger loudly to acclaim his opinion, prepared to back it up with force, most likely calling me a designing robber of the people and carrying a vote by large majority to put me under the table. The plan of subdividing the work of the national executive I cannot subscribe to. I am rather inclined to the view that we should decrease rather than increase the number of elective officers.

“Law number two has its objections. During the hardest winter months our large cities are overrun with many ‘summer tramps,’ criminals, and others who will not work. Those cities that are the most lenient collect the largest number who beg, sneak or rob to get along until summer, when they again scatter through the country. I

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understand, of course, that they are a natural outcome of existing conditions.

“Number three at first glance appears to me ridiculous. Property rights must be respected at all costs. There are agencies at work that accidentally or otherwise bring about the formation of vast fortunes. There are also other natural agencies at work, tending to break up and destroy these forces.

“It is indeed a pleasure to confer with this honorable body, and nothing will please me more than to see it become a permanent institution.”

Boldman arose without further ado and read a telegram that had just been handed him.

“So sorry, I cannot attend. In your debates please remember “unequal woman.” “Uplift of the human race” is our slogan.

“I move and vote to make your honorable body permanent. Kindly excuse my unavoidable absence.

“‘Anna Anthony.’”

Boldman looked up from his reading and smiled quizzically. “Woman’s family duties are so arduous that when she has equal rights with men we shall vote for her by proxy.”

He was about to begin the reading of a letter in his hand, when a thought suddenly occurred to him. “We have a motion before us made by Miss Anthony to make this honorable body permanent. As there is no second, I shall delay the motion until our debate is over. Dr. Joseph Lease has

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mailed me a letter from the West, where he was unexpectedly called. I will read it:

“My dear General: One of my patients here met with an accident that leaves him in a condition that is so precarious as to make it impossible for me to leave his side. He has so much confidence in my ability to cure him that, were I to leave now, he would have an immediate relapse. You will oblige me by reading the inclosed letter to the gentlemen present with you.

“I regret that I cannot be with you personally, though unquestionably you all understand the principles of the Socialist doctrine on which I stand. Mr. Bright has often spoken to me of his ideals. It is my belief they are a step forward toward the goal we must finally reach. You may depend upon my influence, for each step we take brings us nearer the millennium, that you so-called practical men call “Dreamland.” I say “so-called,” for it is we Socialists who are the practical men. We believe in no misty future, nor in any misty heaven nor hell; we believe in practical liberty from the old customs that bind us today. In your hearts each of you knows you would prefer the Socialist principles enforced, but the difference between us is that whereas I would forge straight ahead, fearing no consequences, you are uncertain, and prefer to let evolution do the work.

“We believe in practical, real equality. Those ignorant now we believe were made so by circumstances, and we are willing to patiently work with them on an equal footing, until knowledge and

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better conditions shall give them the opportunity that those of us who were more fortunate have had. I have seen children, born of poorest invalid parents, without schooling, support themselves and their parents, and at the age of twenty, when the pressure seemed hardest, educate themselves, and rise by mere fighting pluck.

“Whether in the name of the Socialist party, the Grand Union Society, or any other organization, the Socialist principles are brought about, to me does that matter. My doctrine is the Socialist philosophy. It will bring universal comradeship of all human beings, with ownership of the earth with all that is in and above it. It will come; the belief is making great headway, and in my opinion nothing can stop it.

“The principal question is, must it come by revolution or peaceably?

“By all means let it be without the shedding of blood, if possible, and if it can be brought about by the formation of a society such as William Bright is considering, then we are morally bound to join with him. By all means count on my support.

“Your friend,

“‘Joseph Lease.’”

A feeling of good humor prevailed after the reading of the letter.

All eyes were now turned upon King Moy, who next arose, a man well known throughout the world as a practical scholar and philosopher, a progressive writer, and as associate editor of im-

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portant newspapers in Japan, India, Persia, and China.

He began slowly at first:

"There are few people in the world so misunderstood as the Oriental. Among the innumerable unfair judgments, our religious thought is especially misrepresented and condemned as heathen.

"Be it heathen, pagan, or something else, it is a fact that from the beginning of our history we have received all teaching with open mind, and also that the instructions which came from outside have commingled with the native religion in entire harmony, as is seen by so many temples built in the name of Truth with a mixed appellation of Buddhism and Shintoism; as is seen by the affinity among the teachers of Confucianism and Taoism or other isms, as is seen by a popular ode, which, translated, means, 'Though there are many roads at the foot of the mountains, yet if the top is reached the same moon is seen.'

"You send missionaries and they advise us to be moral and believe in Christianity. We like to be moral, we know that Christianity is good, and we are thankful for this kindness. But at the same time our people are rather perplexed and much in doubt about their advice.

"If men followed the natural bent of their nature, then all would go the right way. Hence the Chung Yung says: 'To follow nature is the right way.'

"As to the doctrine of human life, Confucianism speaks of it more minutely. Cheng Tsze says:

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'The spirits are the forces or servants of heaven and earth, and signs of creative power; speaking of one power, the supreme and originating, is called God, the reverse and returning is Demon.'

"As to rewards and punishment the ancient sages also spoke of them. The great Yu, B. C. 2255, said: 'Follow what is right and you will be fortunate; do not follow it and you will be unfortunate. The results are only shadows and echoes of our acts.' Tang, B. C. 1776, said: 'Heaven's way is to bless the good and bring calamity on the evil.' His minister, Yi Yin, said: 'It is only God who is perfectly just; good actions are blessed with a hundred favors, evil actions are cursed with a hundred evils.'

Confucius, speaking of the Book of Changes, Yih King, said: 'Those who multiply good deeds will have joys to overflowing; those who multiply evil deeds will have calamities running over.'

"The superstructure has to be built on the basis of a pure life. So long as the basis is fettered by selfishness, passion, prejudice, fear, so long the doors of his higher nature are closed against the truth. The rays of the sunlight of truth enter the mind of him who is fearless to examine truth, who is free from prejudice, who is not tied by the sensual passion, and who has reasoning faculties to think. One has to be an atheist in the sense employed by Max Müller. 'There is an atheism which is not death; there is another which is the very lifeblood of all true faith. It is the power of giving up what in our best, our most honest mo-

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ments, we know to be no longer true. It is the readiness to replace the less perfect, however dear, however sacred it may have been to us, by the more perfect, however much it may be detested as yet by the world. It is the true self-surrender, the true self-sacrifice, the truest trust in truth, the truest faith.'

"Without that atheism no new religion, no reform, no reformation, no resuscitation would ever have been possible; without that atheism no new life is possible for any one of us. The strongest emphasis has been put by Buddha on the supreme importance of having an unprejudiced mind before we start on the road of investigation of truth. The least attachment of the mind to preconceived ideas is a positive hindrance to the acceptance of truth. Prejudice, passion, fear of expression of one's convictions, and ignorance are the four biases that have to be sacrificed at the threshold. To be born as a human being is a glorious privilege.

"Man's dignity consists in his capability to reason and think and to live up to the highest ideal of pure life, of calm thought, of wisdom without extraneous interventions. Buddha says that man can enjoy in this life a glorious existence.

"Great teachers sought to universalize religion, to make possessions of the few the wealth of all, abolishing caste, sending teachers everywhere among the people to teach light and knowledge, to see with open eyes, and know the right. Not to follow blindly any teaching without knowledge

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of it must be inherent among the people. It is therefore with joy that I have here heard the suggestion, that the House of Education shall also become the House of Wisdom by reason of public dissemination or debate of all the people, where they may listen to and examine among themselves the truth of every teaching that a wise inspiration has presented to some receptive mind.

“Before ending I will quote this Proverb from your Holy Bible: ‘By mercy and truth, iniquity is purged.’ Also this: ‘Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free!’”

With a wave of his right hand and a smile and bow, King Moy sat down.

There was animated applause at this masterful speech, each recognizing the truth of all his remarks.

The tones of an harmonious march came to their ears through the open window. The enthusiasm and good feeling pervading was beyond all expectation, and when John Barrie, the great labor leader, who in times past had made his mark as a farmer, land agent, cattle-dealer and ranchman, and rough and ready woodsman, arose, he voiced the unanimous sentiment with the beginning words:

“Gentlemen of opposite lines of thought, each the best and most enlightened in his manner of belief, have met here tonight to ‘split hairs’ and ‘get together,’ if possible, with the object of spreading a great movement.

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“Let those who believe that it can't be done look upon our little gathering and see for themselves what the result so far has been. Now, if we, who have at our wit's end all opposing arguments, are successful, then what is to prevent the spread of this good feeling among the whole human family? To learn, to discover, and to initiate new moves, without fear of consequences: that is what age and enlightenment do. The confusion prevalent now prevents rather than invites initiative for individual effort. Scoffers are always ready to laugh down our good efforts. Even when we vote they laugh at us as we come out of the booth, and they seem right.

“When first born, the babe cries, it finds it can cry, and it cries louder, then touches, then walks, and so on. Later he learns to write. The environment of the child decides its character. The boy has never done wrong, possibly prevented by some superstition. One trial, with subsequent punishment, and he dares farther and farther until at last his eyes are opened to the evil of certain powers within him. The salesman approaches his first ‘big’ man. He is nervous. Soon he sees he is only a man like himself. He laughs at his former hesitancy and becomes bolder.

“Man sees the stars, first in awe, then in study, then in the God-given command to overcome. Criminals are made in the same way for the same reason. The wrong, at first awful, soon becomes a part of the life which only an intelligent view from a broader point can change. But change is

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always possible, when food and shelter are within reach, except in the case of the insanely depraved.

“Consequently education is the root of human power—broad-minded, liberal education, not that which seeks to hide truths. The child, no matter how young, should know what is good and what not, mentally and physically. So few grown people know the power of acids, the nutritive value and the length of time for digestion of foods, their chemical properties, and their proper or timely coöperation to build up the body, the operation or the value of the muscles, nerves or bones, when even the children should be taught these things. Our young also receive too little economic attention. Society will be punished for the crime of grinding sweat out of children. All important is the fact that children who are overworked are discontented. Agitators can readily prove to such the injustice of it all, and the agitator becomes the friend and adviser.

“At every election there are thousands of young men who have not voted before, and who have waited long for this honor. These young men hold the balance of power, and no one can tell how they will vote. They demand attention and help. Men earning a living should do work that is useful to their community. The large number of young people training for the professions and miscellaneous enriching labor, learning to till the soil, to transport, distribute, and re-manufacture, according to requirements of nature and the people.

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“Land is the most neglected although the richest asset that mankind has. The value of land is equal to all other resources combined. Not only is it true in money figures, but also in value to life. Therefore it follows that land and its consequent products and uses must be placed under efficient public control, to derive the greatest benefit for the common good. The present method of disposing by will of countless acres of land, held to a great extent unused, to await an increase in value, is the most unjust part of a system whereby dead men rule forever.

“In the older states there has been a steady flow of population from farm to town. That means abandoned farms, decay of farm buildings, the disappearance of shrubbery, flowers, orchards, and other manifestations of the well-kept country home; the substitution of one-crop grain growing for the varied farming and stock raising of the best agriculture. What is the explanation? The father has died, and the boys have ‘gone to the city.’ We are all concerned in the higher cost of living.

“Systematic use of all land will secure more abundant yields of the fruits of the earth. Great attention should be given to encourage an exodus of the young from the cities to the country, where the state must build good roads and provide modern scientific schools and other conveniences necessary for pleasant agricultural settlement. The state also must assist financially to start the work.

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“Our country is so rich that we have no time for misery; it is not necessary where there is so much work to do. The philosophy founded by Karl Marx is partly responsible for our social unrest, and his one great command, ‘Laborers of the world, unite; you can lose nothing but your shackles,’ is the call that has proved to labor the truth of union. We know that labor unions, with their trained watchmen, personal abstaining, lack of selfishness during strikes, and the brotherly feeling of one laborer for another, regardless of creed, have prevented dangerous popular eruptions and by their strong union have been in position to deal with concerted capital. Separate individuals cannot bring about equal rights. It is here that the state should interest itself, for I have found by experience that whenever there is any advance in prices all collect their share but the laborer, who is usually forced to smile and look on.

“We must make it unnecessary for people to tell ‘white lies’ regularly, for pay, or to turn little tricks on the side, in order to support themselves and their families. Men always wish to tell the truth. No building with a rotten foundation can long stand. Place conditions on a solid foundation so that men can open their hearts and give utterance to their true feeling.

“Not the robber eagle s pry,  
Nor the oriental crescent high,  
Nor the sun that gives us day,  
Nor the moon that in darkness lights our way,

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Nor the great colored bars that line our flags,  
Nor the 'personal liberty' bars that so often turn  
men into rags;  
"Not even the renowned star of Liberty is the true  
call to humanity,  
But the heart, the emblem of goodfellow- and com-  
radeship, is the throb of life, that will lead  
men to their future destiny."

As John Barrie concluded, his meaning did not appear clear enough for all to assent to everything he had said, but they joined in a loud hum of approbation.

Boldman quieted them with a eulogy of Professor Land, whom he held in high esteem.

Anticipation of an extraordinary nature could be read in the eyes of all as they were directed toward Professor Land when he began to speak:

"The fact is beginning to dawn upon all that they are not alone in the world, but that there are nearly two thousand millions of human beings upon the earth, every single one of whom requires food and shelter and expects some happiness and pleasure, also that greatest of joys, the providing of a comfortable future for their offspring.

"Customs and methods that have upheld the more cunning or the better educated by keeping in subjection those oppressed or without opportunity, have gradually been decaying for several hundred years past, so that there is now no form, no superstition, or no manner of obedience to command but what there is that feeling of slavery and an

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idea that the act is useless and not the best that could be done. Custom, and blind obedience to the leaders, has ruled the earth for thousands of years, sometimes with happiness for many, but more often misery has been the reward. But a new order has come into existence. Science, the progressing giant, the mighty hand and wand with which human intelligence has been ordained. It started centuries ago with artificial light, with artificial heat, with means of signals, then communication, with means of faster and faster travel, with means of subjecting all other animals, plants, minerals, and all the elements.

“Science, although advancing in great strides, is only in its infancy. Its possibilities are beyond all manner of belief. We can imagine the most distant ideals only in a hazy sort of way, and when these have been realized tenfold, its possibilities even then will be beyond human understanding.

“Tonight thousands of brains are working to change conditions. No one knows what brain may be inspired with a discovery that will change our entire method of life, but we do know that what one brain may or may not do, thousands of brains will do. Without question, every day much new machinery is invented, each piece of which at once makes a few persons happy and probably large numbers unhappy.

“Great brains are not only searching out new inventions, but are studying more scientific ways of planning and figuring, and mere mathematics have made many of our great men wealthy.

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"No matter how rich a nation may be, no one individual can quickly change his circumstances when he is suddenly confronted with the fact that his line of work has become useless, unnecessary, ancient, while he has only average financial means, insufficient to long supply his immediate dependants with food.

"It is the duty of the state to place this man into a useful situation when no other employment is at hand. It is not in order with the Great Law that his requirements be ignored.

"We have passed through various so-called ages, but never has the human race as a whole experienced such opportunities for prosperity and a happy life as in this Age of Science. There is no rose without its thorns, but for the sake of common sense, don't permit that evil, the predominant craze for wealth, to destroy or check the grand advantages that are now being presented to humanity.

"Circles of men, predominant at the beginning of the Age of Science, naturally took advantage of the wonderful opportunities offered to place themselves into absolute power. Now, however, those who are not in this gradually narrowing circle are becoming educated, for it is a fact universally known that the body or brain of the majority in the inner circle has, by lack of usefulness, become not more productive of good to the age but less so. The old stage of superstitious hero-worship has passed. Admiration for accomplishment has replaced it.

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“Science stops at nothing; there are no rules except the great natural law. The wealth-mad stage must pass, peaceably if possible, forcibly if need be. Human beings must coöperate by the best possible method. The coöperative stage comes next, for science is now leveling the races and creeds; it is measuring distances to other planets with an aim to span them; it is discovering causes and cures of all ills; it is inventing means of absolute control over all the elements. Gold and silver, the cause of the present mischief, will become so common that any one can possess them. The absorption of the human elements, if I may use the term, is with us simply a play of time, for even the color of skin or blood may be neutralized by food diets, or other means. We are preparing the way for that higher age to follow, that of human brotherhood and morality, the grand millennium that every prophet has foreseen since the reign of man began. As Darwin says: ‘There are no limits prescribed to the perfection of organization which the human race may ultimately reach.’

“Like bees who are driven out of their hives, men and women, affected by changing conditions, have formed into parties, into swarms, flying hither and thither, settling here and there, dissatisfied. Without trusted leader or permanent home, they are now getting frightened.

“The time is now ripe to found a political or social order with a purpose much more far-sighted and distinct from our present system of parties. Social unity and human coöperation must be

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the keynote, human progress the main issue, with the control of wealth for its benefit a fitting sub-aim.

“Each individual must be imbued with an enthusiastic desire to take a share in the great work of government, to exert every possible power. For this purpose every person must be given absolute power of voice, vote, and labor.

“If we wish to avoid popular disturbances, we must quickly begin at the very bottom, and form this grand union step by step. As the individual vote these days does not count, we must first establish a correct method that will give to every citizen the opportunity of debate, discussion, and suffrage; the immediate care of all unfortunates; supervision and instruction in new lines of work of persons put out of employment by quickly changing improvements; the supervision of a system for pensioning aged citizens; prevention of the use of wealth to oppress humanity and impede progress, but rather coöperate, to use wealth to advance human progress; the best teachers must confer to unify religion; the highest students must confer to unify language; the greatest statesmen must confer to level in the imagination of mankind all national borders; the deepest scientists must confer to make the elements do our bidding; and the most practical inventors must confer to overcome distance in travel and communication.

“Like my young comrade, I also have prepared a paper to distribute among you—a preamble explaining our object and calling for volunteers to

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help carry out the next step. I will read it to you:

PREAMBLE

“The time has come for a new era in the industrial and political life of humanity. An oligarchy is ruling, not simply in America, but it is so powerful that it encompasses the earth, more powerful than were the empires of Greece or Rome. In power at the beginning of the Age of Science, it has retained the aid of science and invention to rule not for the welfare of the people, but at their expense, and without thought as to their prosperity.

“Societies have been formed for the purpose of overthrowing this oligarchy, whose aims are so well defined that were they suddenly to win popular election it would force upon us a contest more terrible than revolution or civil war.

“Whereas, it is our aim by peaceable means to restore to the people as a whole, to be used for all the people according to our Constitution, the power that Almighty God has chosen humanity to control;

“Whereas, practical human progress is our watchword, grand union and coöperation the keynote, and happy life, peace among men, and proper subsistence for all is our aim;

“Whereas, the votes cast by the people have not been conceded of sufficient importance to be considered conclusive and we feel that some much more satisfactory method of suffrage must be in-

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roduced, so that every citizen shall feel proud of his duties as one of the directors of the destinies of this great nation;

“It is our object to establish at the expense and under the supervision of each state, rules whereby every citizen shall have the privilege to meet at regular periods, at precinct or district halls or public schools, to discuss, debate, and vote on all questions that concern the public welfare, including the elections of representatives and administrators, expenditure of all money, etc.;

“Whereas, the government, to meet the demands of the times, is continually adding large numbers of assistants to its working forces, nearly all of whom are voters, which in time of peace gives so enormous a patronage to the President and party in power as to enable them to hold their rule almost impregnable; to obviate the dangerous one-man power, it is our object by act of Congress and with the consent of the people, to withdraw certain divisions from the control of the President and establish separate administrative branches of government under separate commissions, the president or director of each commission to hold the rank of a vice-president of the United States, all to be separately elected for set periods, at popular elections;

“Whereas, it is our object at once to establish a department or branch of government, not under the head of the present administrative President of the United States, whose president or director and board of commissioners shall be elected sepa-

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rately for a stated period, this branch to control with the aid of Congress and by consent of the people all matters concerning communication and transportation, including the control of all post offices, and the regulation or control of all express, railroad, telegraph, and kindred public-service corporations, also the administering of navigation laws that we propose to construct and regulate on American merchant marine;

“It is our object, by act of Congress with the consent of the people, to connect the avenues of trade throughout the United States by deep-water and other canals, the department of transportation to include under its control all navigable waters in the United States.

“Whereas, it is our object to establish a national commission supervising all commerce, under a director or president separately elected, whose duties shall be to regulate with the aid of Congress, by consent of the people, all matters relating to the manufacture, farming, and trade of the nation, including a system of commercial representatives to foreign nations attached to our consulates. As general tariff agitation never fails to affect values and disturb business, this commission can decide by popular consent whether the rate of duty upon a foreign import should be increased or lowered. The Tariff is a question to be settled, each item separately, solely by business and financial consideration.

“We do not believe in prosecuting corporations for political effect, but would rather strengthen

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them by creating a national corporation law, embodying therein regulations forbidding any individual from being a director or officer in more than one corporation, making public the actual book value of each share of stock or bonds, preventing any one individual from owning more than a third interest in large public-utility or public-necessity corporations, giving preferred and common stockholders equal voting privileges, creating confidence in the reliability of our great commercial enterprises, with penalties for misleading or dishonest conduct, so that persons or trustees investing therein will feel that their interests cannot be jeopardized and thus encouraging workers to become copartners in their corporations.

“As science advances, men and women will, by quickly changing improvements and by circumstances not of their choosing, be forced out of employment, naturally facing starvation, homelessness, and misery. Whereas, it is a sin against the Great Law and it is not in order that society turn its back upon these people, it is our object that the department of commerce shall be empowered to instruct these people to take up new occupations, also to advance the situation of the laborer at each favorable opportunity.

“Whereas, we believe in a circulating medium flexible enough to accommodate any volume of trade, whenever required, but under no circumstances shall our government go into partial partnership with any private enterprise for the purpose of issuing money, and all the powers of a circulat-

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ing medium of exchange shall be retained and concentrated in the government exclusively; all currency that is issued to be based on substantial security. No legislation of a serious financial nature is to be enacted until after a thorough campaign of discussion.

“Whereas, it is our belief that the duty of a citizen does not end by offering his vote twice a year, but that it is his duty, as a matter of honor and not for personal gain, to give his active, enthusiastic and proud coöperation as a comrade to work shoulder to shoulder, marching on with time, day by day, month after month, and year after year, taking up every question as presented and correcting every wrong, enriching the land, advancing all with thought, action, and progress. As a reward we ask that the aged veteran citizen of every state be awarded a pension, a system of graduated tax toward such fund to be established at once. It is also our object that the state care for all the unfortunate. Toward the ‘Age and Aid’ pension fund we also demand an income tax, graduated according to the earnings of each citizen. We also demand an inheritance tax, especially on large estates.

“Whereas, social unity and popular government is our fundamental principle, forgotten and not practiced by either the Republican or Democratic parties;

“The Republican party was made successful by holding together into one united body the states of this great nation. Its object has been since

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forgotten. The only remnant of this principle is the Grand Army of the Republic. With the fading away of this Grand Army there fades away union, the glorious republican party, and the theory that Almighty God chose humanity to rule, while there has been substituted a principle of subsidizing mankind to the superior right of money and property. The same is also true of the party founded upon these principles by Thomas Jefferson.

“We call upon all citizens of all parties, of all beliefs, of all professions and trades, of all sections, to volunteer to promote our principles so that our standards may be carried into the most remote places.

“We invite all Republicans who believe in progress and who are in favor of a party that will insist that each individual vote shall count.

“We invite all Democrats who feel that true progress can never be attained through that party. We invite all those whose ties were with the by-gone confederacy, who cannot consistently vote for the Democratic party nor the Republican, but who feel that the interests of all the United States are now one.

“We invite all Socialists who wish to see practical, humane, and progressive improvement made possible at once, instead of waiting for the development of distant theories for which we are not prepared.

“We invite all Prohibitionists who are willing, by means of education, to create a healthy moral

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influence, without depriving individuals of their personal liberty.

"We invite particularly all independent voters, the great masses who decide contests, merchants, laborers, professionals, farmers, and all workers in whose interest and for whose benefit this society or party is especially being founded.

"Citizens, halt! Awake! Conscience calls you to assist in the progress of civilization.

"Attention! Guide right! The time is here, now, to take the next forward step in history.

"Look about you, look ahead. What do you see?"

"Almighty God chose humanity as overlord of all the universe. It was not intended that wealth should be used for its suppression and misery.

"Form yourselves into one 'Grand Union.' Elect the leader who is at hand, and let him give the order of 'Forward, march!'"

An exceptionally fine band, as if by prearranged plan, suddenly, right under the window, broke out into the thrilling tones of, "O Columbia, Gem of the Ocean," which was taken up by Teddy Bright, who began marching in front of the international flagstand, waving two large American flags.

The scene became one of intense dramatic patriotism. The sentiment under the strains of that grand march was unanimous for the formation of a permanent organization, of which Professor Land was elected chairman, with permission to enlarge the membership by adding "clubs of voters" wherever convenient.

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There was much comparison of ideas, and many arguments, before the party gradually broke up, and it was well along in the night before Boldman, Professor Land, Will, and Helen were left alone. The professor had tried in vain to turn Boldman, whose disbelief in what he called "scare-politics" almost nettled Professor Land, into his way of thinking.

With a twinkle in his eyes, turning to Will, Boldman said, "Better take my advice and drill your little army, Will." Proudly sizing up his protégé, he added, "When you become Secretary of War, you rascal, and your armies march to Alaska or elsewhere, if you forget our company I'll have you impeached."

There was fervent hand shaking when Professor Land and Boldman prepared to depart, and the farewell bidding took some time before they finally separated for the night.

## CHAPTER XII

### REALIZATION: THE BIRTH OF A NEW PARTY.

ENTHUSIASM was running riot, as Professor Land was addressing a meeting of the Grand Union League of Progress.

The general clamor by the rank and file of the Republican party throughout the country for Theodore Roosevelt had been answered.

His acceptance of a call for the formation of a new party enthused his disappointed admirers, but they were not prepared for so spontaneous an uprising of the general public when Roosevelt announced his intentions of taking up, in true spirit, without technical conventionalities, the fight that had been waged with little success for some years by disorganized majorities composed of the men who work—laborers, merchants, farmers, and professionals—as against united groups of professional statesmen, who held in a viselike grip all branches of government.

It gradually dawned upon the world that history was in the making. Sociologists and human uplifters were favorably received. A common bond threw aside all rules and declared human rights above property rights.

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Never before had any political party dared take such a stand. Never was there so energetic a leader, always on the right spot with the right words to cheer his followers to deeds.

The nerves of every man at this meeting were on edge with excitement. Venerable professors who considered it undignified to cheer or applaud were visibly affected as Professor Land informed them that their principal desires were to be embodied in the Declaration of Principles of the new party and also many others which they had not even dared publicly express.

"There is still hope," Professor Land continued. "A spirit, not in shape but in action and in thought, is striding among us, striking first this one, then that, with darts and flashes of inspiration, now lifting one as with a magic wand into mental and moral spheres before unknown to us, now endowing the weakest of us with such superior strength of intellect, that almost overpowers all opposition to righteousness."

"The leader who is at hand is the living ideal of all that is human, a man who has always lived by force of providence and who has at no time refused to act when called upon to lead the standards of human right.

"That our little circle should be forced into that large stream by the strength of the sudden swelling and moving tide that has so quickly formed, is simply another proof of that great providential action always at work for universal good and over which one can never have control. Don't fear that

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this movement will die out, leaving us stranded on the banks of one of the old parties. Even the man who is leading could not, with all his might, now turn and push back the stream that is forcing us all on. We are enlisted in a cause that will not stop until we have reached the goal destined for us—the wonderful valley of human happiness.

“There is much important work to be done. We have no time in our march of progress to quibble by answering prattling or thoughtless arguments.

“While we, who have embraced the progressive movement, are clearing the path and forging our way, blind doubters, who appear to us as so many Rip Van Winkles, may see their answers all carried out by action, but let them stand aside and out of our way, that they may not be jostled, and that we may work the faster for the common good.

“Greed and the agitation against it has at last forced into being a party with a positive reason for existence.

“The real issues that future generations must decide will be, first, the rights of humanity over property, and thereafter as to whether the earth’s property shall be owned separately by individuals or by all human beings as a collective whole. Political parties of all countries in future will divide upon those lines and time can only decide, by the aid of Almighty God.

“The new philosophy is even more deep-rooted than these important questions. No brain of our generation is susceptible enough to grasp the infinitesimal detail necessary, to understand the un-

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bounded philosophic moral science into which humanity is drifting.”

The business of the meeting was finished soon after; each man had his instructions and each was ready for any change of battle that fate might bring forth.

Our friends had become acquainted with the leading men of the movement that now threatened all tradition by placing in the field a newly equipped party making a presentable fight toward winning the national, state, and local elections, manned to a great extent by recruits with little political experience but an insurmountable amount of grit and enthusiasm and the knowledge that they were fighting for human rights. Money as a reward was never thought of, a religious frenzy to help, whatever the cost, without personal reward or favor appeared to have seized upon every worker in the cause. It was a feeling that had been lacking heretofore, not only in politics but in business and even in home life. Such an aggregation had not been witnessed for over fifty years, according to old Grand Army soldiers, who could not contain their feelings.

One famous man after another in his own way renounced his allegiance to the old parties to join his efforts with what was more often pronounced the new “movement” instead of party.

The cheering and marching delegations, the ovation tendered to Colonel Roosevelt at his arrival, his introduction to the Convention, his two-hour confession of faith, explaining his own posi-

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tion to prove his sincerity and the reason for the formation of the new movement, are now records of history.

It was after much difficulty and delay that the sub-committee finally agreed upon the platform, in the making of which our friends played an important part.

When the chairman of the Resolutions Committee began reading, they craned their necks as their ears caught every word. At intervals they applauded certain questions that were especially beneficial.

Theodore Roosevelt was then declared the nominee of the Convention for President.

Shortly after came the nomination, by acclamation of Governor Hiram W. Johnson, of California, for Vice-President of the new party.

"I come forward," said Colonel Roosevelt, "to thank you from my heart for the honor you have conferred upon me and to say that of course I accept. I have been President. I have seen and known much of life, and I hold it by far the greatest honor and the greatest opportunity that has ever come to me to be called by you for the time being to the leadership of this great movement for the common people. I thank the convention for my running mate."

When the cheers subsided, Governor Johnson was introduced, and began:

"It is with the greatest solemnity that I come here to tell you that I have enlisted for the war."

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A cheer interrupted him. He pledged himself to aid in the fight for the common good.

Professor Land could not avoid the remark: "There is the man who at heart understands this new movement best of all. What an ideal President he would make."

It was almost midnight on the day of the nominations, when our friends entered the Florentine Room at the Congress Hotel. They had attended many conferences with Progressive leaders from everywhere and combed the future thoroughly.

A small circle of enthusiasts gathered around them when Will spoke: "Nothing can stop it now, boys, I feel as if the reward were all mine. Leaders can be made. As Abraham Lincoln felt when a certain Congressman rushed in to him and excitedly announced that General Blank and a thousand mules had been captured by the confederates, laying particular stress on the general, who came from his district.

"Lincoln declared his sorrow at the loss of the mules, at a location where he needed them so badly, smilingly telling the surprised statesman that he could make another general at any time."

"Those are fine pictures of Teddy being passed around. He must have some other admirers," one of those standing near exclaimed.

Suddenly a shrill feminine voice sang out, "We want Teddy."

The cry became general. "We want Teddy. We want Teddy. We want Teddy." There was no stopping it.

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The cry was kept up, and became louder and louder, when suddenly an attendant announced: "The colonel will be here in twelve minutes."

A lady, prominent as a social worker, gave the various reasons for woman's suffrage, reciting her twenty-five years of labor among the poor and needy, showing conditions of man and wife among the different grades of families, and the many things that would not be, were women permitted the ballot. She spoke of the enormous influence that the additional votes of women would create, banishing all corruption and forcing the male members of our committees to honest intention.

It was twelve, sharp, when suddenly a panel at one end of the room about midway up the wall suddenly opened; a hush fell upon the audience and a figure stepped up to the opening unlike the energetic speaker of the convention.

It was Roosevelt, quiet, in neat evening dress, the glasses shining as though to hypnotize the audience, a wide smile on his face, showing the well-known teeth that the artist so likes to caricature. Not the public campaigner but the private man was about to speak, and every one present felt the difference and respected the honor by silent attention.

At first he spoke fast, thanking the people for the honor bestowed upon him, then, apparently becoming more commonplace, he announced, "I will not make a long speech. No person should promise anything that he knows cannot be carried out. Our proposal is definite; it is practical. We

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Progressives are very fortunate in our platform. We do not have to apologize for it. We can stand on it, and what is more, we treat it as a contract, which we shall scrupulously fulfill if the people give us the power."

As if his speech were done, but not desiring to go, he slowly hit the railing with his hollow hand, "We will try to make things more decent, better and easier, so that life shall be worth living for all."

With a pleased smile, he bowed, stepped back, and the panel closed as quickly as it had opened.

Professor Land turned to his friends and said: "That man is in dead earnest. Win or lose, he has resolved to bring the class levels closer together and contrary to all that his enemies claim he means to carry out every word he says."

"I am fully convinced as to his sincerity, Professor. I can see war, real war ahead, and we must stand by him to the end," Will answered.

Both men were serious and determined, and as they walked on in deep thought, with firm steps, their jaws set, passersby instinctively were inspired by the superior spirit-force that was active in them. Their eyes showed the vigor and strength of purpose that wins or fights to the end.

## APPENDIX

**T**O show that the same sentiment has been growing almost simultaneously in the minds of the more prominent people, that has gradually been developing the masses into one compact movement simply waiting for leaders.

Why suddenly so many men and women have so enthusiastically been singing and arguing the praises and necessities of the Progressive Movement is not clearly understood by many. They may obtain a further insight to the reasons by reading the following excerpts from speeches of men whose absolute honesty has never been questioned; also the Declaration of Principles or Platform of the Progressive Party.

Excerpts of a speech made by Charles E. Merriam, Professor of Political Science, University of Chicago:

“The political program of the Progressives is summed up in a demand for such changes in our political machinery as will place the government in the hands of our people. To bring this about it is necessary to secure the initiative, referendum, recall and direct election of United States Senators. To effect these changes in our fundamental law it is necessary to secure an easier and readier method of amending our constitution, well-nigh unamendable. The demand for these changes is

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not based upon theory, but upon practical experience that has taught us by many bitter experiences the necessity of obtaining some method of more directly controlling our political agents.

"We do not present these measures as a panacea, but we urge them as reasonable correctives of a system of political misrule and corruption unparalleled in our history. We do not intend to cripple or destroy representative government. We are bent upon re-establishing it, upon strengthening it, upon making it genuinely representative of the interests of the decent and honest people of this commonwealth.

"Mr. Taft says: 'Referendums do not pay rent or furnish homes; recalls do not furnish clothing; initiatives do not supply employment.' But he does not see that the lack of the referendum and the recall has enabled more than one official to clothe himself in purple and fine linen at the public expense; the lack of the initiative has made possible and profitable the successful employment of gigantic schemes of political corruption and public exploitation.

"I believe we must stand for a minimum wage for women; that we must favor a limitation of hours of labor in continuous industries; that we must appoint an industrial commission to investigate the hours, conditions and wages of labor, to codify and strengthen our labor laws, and to recommend other legislation dealing with this human situation. We must conserve not only our land and mineral resources and our water power, but

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the health, vigor and happiness of our population. We have already too long delayed advance in this direction, and we must now enter into the fight, ready to attack these questions seriously, scientifically and vigorously. It is the greatest battle of our day.

“In view of our changing social and economic conditions, I believe progressives should now stand for equality of political rights between men and women. One of our local progressives said to me the other day that he had received a letter from his mother, stating that she and father for the first time in thirty years were members of the same political party. They had both joined the progressive party.

This is not a battle to secure political machinery alone. Great questions of social and economic justice loom large before us and demand solution. In the great battles over tariff, currency and con-

The identity of the old political machines is conditions of men must not be forgotten.

The identity of the old political machines is clear. Both have made common cause.

Because of the similarity of method and purpose of these machines it is necessary to organize a new party with different purposes and different ideals.

The greatest loss by graft has not been in stolen millions.

We could afford, almost, to give our grafters what they steal in money if they would leave us alone to work out our own political salvation.

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The greatest loss inflicted upon the community has been the prevention of a vigorous policy for social and economic betterment.

They have prevented the adoption of laws long since applied in other countries and have left the working man and woman the victim of exploitation and greed.

The political programme of the Progressives is summed up in a demand for such changes as will put the government in the hands of our people.

Excerpts from a speech by James R. Garfield, the son of President Garfield:

"The message of progressivism is not confined to the men and women of the great West, but is shared by the men and women of Ohio and the East.

"The conservative men of Ohio who have pondered conditions are the very men who have cast away the old order of things and taken up the new.

"We know that, year in and year out, the people will make fewer mistakes than the leaders who have directed them and ruled them heretofore.

"If you are afraid of the people and their views on social and industrial progress, then you are out of touch with the spirit of the age.

"It is a long road before us, but our faces are set in the right direction. Year by year, one by one, we are ridding ourselves of the things which have oppressed us, the things that are wrong, the things that are evil."

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Gifford Pinchot was escorted to the stage when Mr. Garfield had concluded speaking.

"Great movements which carry the world forward are not often," said Mr. Pinchot. "I congratulate you that you are in the forefront of the movement that will make this country a better place for every man to work in and every child to grow up in, a truly progressive movement.

"We are realizing as we have never before that this government belongs to the people who inhabit it.

"It means that everything—the soil, forests, mines, navigable streams and everything—owes a debt to the common people of our country.

"We have in our hands the cords that move the moral indignation of all who have the best interests of the country. Our progressive movement is a moral movement and therein is its strength."

Governor Hiram W. Johnson's Speech at Orchestra Hall, Chicago:

"We've come 2,000 miles for the cause and the man," said Governor Johnson in opening.

"California extends greetings to Illinois and also that you join in the same fight.

"We come here not alone for the individual who will be nominated next week, but to see that a new and a better aim will actuate those who hold high places.

"In our state we have a preferential primary, which was set aside by the convention in Chicago.

"We have the initiative, the referendum and re-

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call, and we make the recall applicable to every office, executive, legislative and judicial.

"We have all these things, and all these things are coming to you in the east.

"It may not be that you will take all these things, but ultimately you will, and you will have the weapons to punish recalcitrant officials.

"Beyond these things there is yet a greater problem which must be solved in progressive fashion. The problem of how to bridge this chasm between those rich who are constantly growing richer, and the poor who are constantly growing poorer.

"And so this movement, of which you are a part, is the answer. A party shall be founded in this Union that is founded on humanity and the rights of human kind.

"And so in the present struggle the ultimate result will be a sane progressivism that shall be the antidote of anarchy and the corrective of socialism.

"So we are organized under the banner of the greatest two-handed fighter the world has ever seen in this greatest of all battles.

"Of course, there will be 'pussy-footed' politicians who will stand aside.

"Let them go—every man without fear who really believes in progress will go forward with us.

"We've learned in our country to think right and to go forward for the right whether the road leads to defeat or victory."

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Col. Roosevelt's Epigramic Remarks interjected into prepared speeches.

"Right at the outset I wish to answer a question that has been put to me two or three times. Men have asked me if this movement is going to go on or is it just a movement which is connected with me. This movement is going on just as sure as fate. This is a real movement, springing from the needs and hearts of the people of the United States. The only part that I have had in it is that perhaps I have brought it on two or three years earlier than it would have come anyhow. The man is blind who does not see that our people are tired of having other people govern them. Our people were making up their minds that there must be a new party which should deal with live issues instead of dead ones."

"The boss in private life could not look you in the face without grinning if you called him a servant of the people," he said.

At another time he compared the Republican and Democratic parties to a pair of wolves with the voter as a sheep.

"When two wolves fight for a sheep," said he, "each wolf dislikes the other, but there is not any benefit to the sheep in that dislike."

"As this movement develops, instead of being less radical, I have grown more radical. I am ready to go farther than the platform."

"The president's usefulness ceases when he no longer represents the people. Sometime I'm go-

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ing to develop that thought. For the present I shall go no further than the platform."

"If you aren't fit to govern yourselves, stay in the old parties. If you intend to show that as American citizens you have the power to rule yourselves, then come with us."

"To try to punish one set of defenders of political and industrial privilege by occasionally voting for the nominee of the other set is to play into the hands of both."

"We Progressives stand against both. We propose to drive them both from power for all time, and to substitute for their power the real and genuine rule of the people."

"There is peculiar need of leadership for this fight. It has been a matter of concern to me to see so many of those who should be leaders in the new movement turn cold heartedly from it. I believe that half of the opposition to our course is due to sheer, plain ignorance, half of the remainder to hard shelled prejudice, and the other half of the remainder to craven fear of what is new."

"I hold that every self-respecting, ordinary citizen should be for us. The men for whom we are making the fight are not politicians and are not men of great wealth. They are busily engaged in their daily toil; they do not appear as speakers at public meetings, they do not take prominent parts in political canvasses, and they cannot contribute large sums of money for the furtherance of the campaign on their behalf.

"I believe, though, that their feelings are all the

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more intense and their sympathy the more keen just because of the fact that hitherto they never have been stirred as now they are stirred.

"Hitherto, as a standpatter, a reactionary congressman from Kansas, with involuntary truthfulness put it, these plain people have been regarded by politicians as only entitled to pay the price of admission and sit on the bleachers and watch the politicians play the game for their own benefit.

"Under this congressman's views, the plain people have nothing to do except to pay the expenses of the contest which the rulers wage for their own benefit.

"The Progressive doctrine, on the contrary, is that the plain people of America are not, after this, to sit on the bleachers, and look on as the politicians play the game; that the plain people are to be their own masters and masters over all their public servants."

"We stand for a protective tariff, but we wish to see the benefits of the protective tariff get into the pay envelope of the wage worker. Instead of decreasing we wish to increase the amount of the prize money that is rightfully due those who work hard in industry, but we stand for a more equitable division of the prize money."

"One of our national problems calling for immediate solution is that of our banking and currency system. It has been demonstrated beyond any question that the present system is unscientific and ineffective, and that if we are to enjoy a full measure of prosperity, we must adopt a mod-

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ern and proper system, at least as stable as the financial systems of France, England and Germany.

“This country should have as good a system as any in the world, one that affords protection to all legitimate interests, one that insures proper and reasonable accommodation at reasonable rates to all who may be entitled to it, whether they be laborers, farmers, manufacturers, or merchants, in any and all parts of the country; one which will at least retard and minimize if not fully prevent inflation and speculation and thus insure a proper use of the funds of the people of our country.

“We must have a currency that will meet the requirements of the whole country. It must have elasticity. It must be absolutely beyond question in character, ranking with the best in the world.

“The issue of currency should be a government function, and therefore every dollar of currency issue should be as good as gold.

“Above and even more important than these requirements, any system adopted must be beyond the control of the great Wall street and other similar interests.”

**Senator Beveridge's Opening Speech at the  
National Progressive Convention,  
Chicago**

The first words of the Constitution are, "We, the people," and they declare that the Constitution's purpose is "to form a perfect union and to promote the general welfare." To do just that is the very heart of the progressive cause. Abuse will only strengthen our new party, ridicule only hasten its growth, falsehood only speed its victory.

Knowing the price we must pay, the sacrifice we must make, the burdens we must carry, the assaults we must endure—knowing full well the cost—yet we enlist, and we enlist for the war. For we know the justice of our cause, and we know, too, its certain triumph.

We stand for a nobler America. We stand for an undivided nation. We stand for a broader liberty, a fuller justice. We stand for social brotherhood as against savage individualism. We stand for an intelligent coöperation instead of a reckless competition. We stand for mutual helpfulness instead of mutual hatred. We stand for equal rights as a fact of life instead of a catch word of politics. We stand for the rule of the people as a practical truth instead of a meaningless pretense. We stand for a representative government that represents the people. We battle for the actual rights of man.

To carry out our principles we have a plain program of conservative reform. We mean to tear

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down only that which is wrong and out of date; and where we tear down we mean to build what is right and fitted to the times. We hearken to the call of the present. We mean to make laws fit conditions as they are, and meet the needs of the people who are on earth today. That we may do this we found a party through which all who believe with us can work with us; or, rather, we declare our allegiance to the party which the people themselves have founded.

For this party comes from the grass roots. It has grown from the soil of the people's hard necessities. It has the vitality of the people's strong convictions. The people have work to be done and our party is here to do that work.

At the present moment notorious bosses are in the saddle of both old parties in various important states which must be carried to elect a President. Neither of the old parties' nominees for President can escape obligation to these old party bosses nor shake their practical hold on many and powerful members of the national Legislature.

Under this boss system, no matter which party wins, the people seldom win; but the bosses almost always win.

The South has men and women as genuinely progressive and others genuinely reactionary as those in other parts of our country. Yet, for well-known reasons, these sincere and honest Southern progressives and reactionaries vote together in a single party, which is neither progressive nor reactionary. They vote a dead tra-

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dition and a local fear, not a living conviction and a national faith. They vote not for the Democratic party, but against the Republican party. They want to be free from this condition; they can be free from it through the National Progressive party.

The root of the wrongs which hurt the people is the fact that the people's government has been taken away from them. Their government must be given back to the people. And so the first purpose of the Progressive party is to make sure the rule of the people. The rule of the people means that the people themselves shall nominate, as well as elect, all candidates for office, including Senators and Presidents of the United States.

What must we do to make American business better? We must do what poorer nations have done. We must end the abuses of business by striking down those abuses instead of striking down business itself. We must try to make little business big and all business honest instead of striving to make big business little and yet letting it remain dishonest. As the Sherman Law now stands, no two business men can arrange their mutual affairs and be sure that they are not law-breakers. This is the main hindrance to the immediate and permanent revival of American business. Under the decrees of the courts the oil and tobacco trusts still can raise prices unjustly and already have done so. Such business chaos and legal paradoxes as American business suffers from can be found nowhere else in the world.

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We mean to put new business laws on our statute books which will tell American business men what they can do and what they cannot do. The next great business reform we must have to steadily increase American prosperity is to change the method of building our tariffs. The tariff must be taken out of politics and treated as a business question instead of as a political question. The greatest need of business is certainty; but the only thing certain about our tariff is uncertainty. Next to our need to make the Sherman law modern, understandable and just, our greatest fiscal need is a genuine, permanent non-partisan tariff commission.

A tariff high enough to give American producers the American market when they make honest goods and sell them at honest prices, but low enough that when they sell dishonest goods at dishonest prices, foreign competition can correct both evils; a tariff high enough to enable American producers to pay our workingmen American wages and so arranged that the workingmen will get such wages; a business tariff whose changes will be so made as to reassure business instead of disturbing it—this is the tariff and the method of its making in which the Progressive party believes, for which it does battle and which it proposes to write into the laws of the land.

Never doubt that we will solve in righteousness and wisdom every vexing problem.

## Platform on Which the Progressive Party Appeals for the People's Support

THE conscience of the people, in a time of grave national problems, has called into being a new party, born of the nation's awakened sense of justice.

We of the Progressive party here dedicate ourselves to the fulfillment of the duty laid upon us by our fathers to maintain that government of the people, by the people, and for the people whose foundation they laid.

We hold with Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln that the people are the masters of their constitution to fulfill its purposes and to safeguard it from those who, by perversion of its intent, would convert it into an instrument of injustice. In accordance with the needs of each generation, the people must use their sovereign powers to establish and maintain equal opportunity and industrial justice, to secure which this government was founded and without which no republic can endure.

This country belongs to the people who inhabit it. Its resources, its business, its institutions, and its laws should be utilized, maintained, or altered in whatever manner will best promote the general interest. It is time to set the public welfare in the first place.

### The Old Parties.

Political parties exist to secure responsible government and to execute the will of the people.

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From these great tasks both of the old parties have turned aside. Instead of instruments to promote the general welfare they have become the tools of corrupt interests which use them impartially to serve their selfish purposes.

Behind the ostensible government sits enthroned an invisible government, owing no allegiance and acknowledging no responsibility to the people. To destroy this invisible government, to dissolve the unholy alliance between corrupt business and corrupt politics, is the first task of the statesmanship of the day.

The deliberate betrayal of its trust by the Republican party and the fatal incapacity of the Democratic party to deal with the new issues of the new time have compelled the people to forge a new instrument of government through which to give effect to their will in laws and institutions. Unhampered by tradition, uncorrupted by power, undismayed by the magnitude of the task, the new party offers itself as the instrument of the people to sweep away old abuses, to build a new and nobler commonwealth.

This declaration is our covenant with the people, and we hereby bind the party and its candidates in state and nation to the pledges made herein.

### **The Rule of the People.**

The National Progressive party, committed to the principle of government by a self-controlled democracy expressing its will through represen-

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tatives of the people, pledges itself to secure such alterations in the fundamental laws of the several states and of the United States as shall insure the representative character of the government.

In particular the party declares for direct primaries for the nomination of state and national officers, for nation wide preferential primaries for candidates for the presidency, for the direct election of United States senators by the people, and we urge on the states the policy of the short ballot with responsibility to the people secured by the initiative, referendum and recall.

### **Amendment of Constitution.**

The Progressive party, believing that a free people should have the power from time to time to amend their fundamental law so as to adapt it progressively to the changing needs of the people, pledges itself to provide a more easy and expeditious method of amending the federal constitution.

### **Nation and State.**

Up to the limit of the constitution and later by amendment of the constitution if found necessary we advocate bringing under effective jurisdiction those problems which have expanded beyond reach of the individual states.

It is as grotesque as it is intolerable that the several states should by unequal laws in matters of common concern become competing commercial agencies, barter the lives of their children, the health of their women, and the safety and well be-

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ing of their working people for the profit of their financial interests.

The extreme insistence on state's rights by the Democratic party in the Baltimore platform demonstrates anew its inability to understand the world into which it has survived or to administer the affairs of a union of states which have in all essential respects become one people.

### **Equal Suffrage.**

The Progressive party, believing that no people can justly claim to be a true democracy which denies political rights on account of sex, pledges itself to the task of securing equal suffrage to men and women alike.

### **Corrupt Practices.**

We pledge our party to legislation that will compel strict limitation of all campaign contributions and expenditures, and detailed publicity of both before as well as after primaries and elections.

We pledge our party to legislation compelling registration of lobbyists; publicity of committee hearings except on foreign affairs and recording of all votes in committee; and forbidding federal appointees from holding office in state or national political organizations or taking part as officers or delegates in political conventions for the nomination of elective state or national officials.

### **The Courts.**

The Progressive party demands such restriction of the power of the courts as shall leave to the peo-

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ple the ultimate authority to determine fundamental questions of social welfare and public policy. To secure this end it pledges itself to provide:

(1) That when an act, passed under the police power of the state, is held unconstitutional under the state constitution by the courts the people, after an ample interval for deliberation, shall have an opportunity to vote on the question whether they desire the act to become law notwithstanding such decision.

(2) That every decision of the highest appellate court of a state declaring an act of the legislature unconstitutional on the ground of its violation of the federal constitution shall be subject to the same review by the Supreme court of the United States as is now accorded to decisions sustaining such legislation.

### **Administration of Justice.**

The Progressive party, in order to secure to the people a better administration of justice and by that means to bring about a more general respect for the law and the courts, pledges itself to work unceasingly for the reform of legal procedure and judicial methods.

We believe that the issuance of injunctions in cases arising out of labor disputes should be prohibited when such injunctions would not apply when no labor disputes existed.

We also believe that a person cited for contempt in labor disputes, except when such contempt was committed in the actual presence of the court or

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so near thereto as to interfere with the proper administration of justice, should have a right to trial by jury.

### **Social and Industrial Justice.**

The supreme duty of the nation is the conservation of human resources through an enlarged measure of social and industrial justice. We pledge ourselves to work unceasingly in state and nation for:

Effective legislation looking to the prevention of industrial accidents, occupational diseases, overwork, involuntary unemployment, and other injurious effects incident to modern industry.

The fixing of minimum safety and health standards for the various occupations and the exercise of the public authority of state and nation, including the federal control over interstate commerce and the taxing power, to maintain such standards.

The prohibition of child labor.

Minimum wage standards for working-women, to provide a "living wage" in all industrial occupations.

The general prohibition of night work for women and the establishment of an eight hour day for women and young persons.

One day's rest in seven for all wage workers.

The eight hour day in continuous twenty-four hour industries.

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The abolition of the convict contract labor system, substituting a system of prison production for governmental consumption only, and the application of prisoners' earnings to the support of their dependent families.

Publicity as to wages, hours, and conditions of labor; full reports upon industrial accidents and diseases and the opening to public inspection of all tallies, weights, measures, and check systems on labor products.

Standards of compensation for death by industrial accident and injury and trade disease which will transfer the burden of lost earnings from the families of working people to the industry and thus to the community.

The protection of home life against the hazards of sickness, irregular employment, and old age through the adoption of a system of social insurance adapted to American use.

The development of the creative labor power of America by lifting the last load of illiteracy from American youth and establishing continuation schools for industrial education under public control and encouraging agricultural education and demonstration in rural schools.

The establishment of industrial research laboratories to put the methods and discoveries of science at the service of the American producers.

We favor the organization of the workers, men and women, as a means of protecting their interests and of promoting their progress.

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### **Department of Labor.**

We pledge the party to establish a department of labor with a seat in the cabinet and with wide jurisdiction over matters affecting the conditions of labor and living.

### **Country Life.**

The development and prosperity of country life are as important to the people who live in the cities as they are to the farmers. Increase of prosperity on the farm will favorably affect the cost of living and promote the interests of all who dwell in the country and all who depend upon its products for clothing, shelter and food.

We pledge our party to foster the development of agricultural credit and coöperation, the teaching of agriculture in schools, agricultural college extension, the use of mechanical power on the farm, and to reestablish the country life commission, thus directly promoting the welfare of the farmers and bringing the benefits of better farming, better business, and better living within their reach.

### **High Cost of Living.**

The high cost of living is due partly to world-wide and partly to local causes; partly to natural and partly to artificial causes. The measures proposed in this platform on various subjects, such as the tariff, the trusts, and conservation, will of themselves remove the artificial causes. There will remain other elements, such as the tendency to leave the country for the city, waste, extravagance,

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bad system of taxation, poor methods of raising crops and bad business methods in marketing crops. To remedy these conditions requires the fullest information and, based on this information, effective government supervision and control to remove all the artificial causes. We pledge ourselves to such full and immediate inquiry and to immediate action to deal with every need such inquiry discloses.

### **Health.**

We favor the union of all the existing agencies of the federal government dealing with the public health into a single national health service without discrimination against or for any one set of therapeutic methods, school or medicine, or school of healing with such additional powers as may be necessary to enable it to perform efficiently such duties in the protection of the public from preventable diseases as may be properly undertaken by the federal authorities, including the execution of existing laws regarding pure food, quarantine, and cognate subjects; the promotion of vital statistics and the extension of the registration area of such statistics, and coöperation with the health activities of the various states and cities of the nation.

### **Trust Regulations.**

We believe that true popular government, justice, and prosperity go hand in hand, and so believing, it is our purpose to secure that large measure of general prosperity which is the fruit of legiti-

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mate and honest business, fostered by equal justice and by sound progressive laws.

We demand that the test of true prosperity shall be the benefits conferred thereby on all the citizens, not confined to individuals or classes, and that the test of corporate efficiency shall be the ability better to serve the public; that those who profit by the control of business affairs shall justify that profit and that control by sharing with the public the fruits thereof.

We therefore demand a strong national regulation of interstate corporations. The corporation is an essential part of modern business. The concentration of modern business in some degree is both inevitable and necessary for national and international business efficiency. But the existing concentration of vast wealth under a corporate system, unguarded and uncontrolled by the nation, has placed in the hands of a few men enormous, secret, irresponsible power over the daily life of the citizen—a power insufferable in a free government and certain of abuse.

This power has been abused in monopoly of national resources, in stock watering, in unfair competition and unfair privileges, and finally in sinister influences on the public agencies of state and nation. We do not fear commercial power, but we insist that it shall be exercised openly, under publicity, supervision and regulation of the most efficient sort, which will preserve its good while eradicating and preventing its evils.

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To that end we urge the establishment of a strong federal administrative commission of high standing, which shall maintain permanent, active supervision over industrial corporations engaged in interstate commerce, or such of them as are of public importance, doing for them what the government now does for the national banks and what is now done for the railroads by the interstate commerce commission. Such a commission must enforce the complete publicity of those corporate transactions which are of public interest; must attack unfair competition, false capitalization, and special privilege, and by continuous trained watchfulness guard and keep open equally to all the highways of American commerce.

Thus the business man will have certain knowledge of the law and will be able to conduct his business easily in conformity therewith, the investor will find security for his capital, dividends will be rendered more certain, and the savings of the people will be drawn naturally and safely into the channels of trade.

Under such a system of constructive regulation legitimate business, freed from confusion, uncertainty, and fruitless litigation, will develop normally in response to the energy and enterprise of the American business man.

### **Patents.**

We pledge ourselves to the enactment of a patent law which will make it impossible for patents

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to be suppressed or used against the public welfare in the interests of injurious monopolies.

### **Interstate Commerce Commission.**

We pledge our party to secure to the interstate commerce commission the power to value the physical property of railroads. In order that the power of the commission to protect the people may not be impaired or destroyed, we demand the abolition of the Commerce court.

### **Currency.**

We believe there exists imperative need for prompt legislation for the improvement of our national currency system. We believe the present method of issuing notes through private agencies is harmful and unscientific. The issue of currency is fundamentally a government function and the system should have as basic principles soundness and elasticity. The control should be lodged with the government and should be protected from domination or manipulation by Wall street or any special interests.

We are opposed to the so-called Aldrich currency bill because its provision should place our currency and credit system in private banks, not subject to effective public control.

### **Commercial Development.**

The time has come when the federal government should coöperate with manufacturers and producers in extending our foreign commerce. To this end we demand adequate appropriations by

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congress and the appointment of diplomatic and consular officers solely with a view to their special fitness and worth and not in consideration of political expediency.

It is imperative to the welfare of our people that we enlarge and extend our foreign commerce. We are preeminently fitted to do this because as a people we have developed high skill in the art of manufacturing. Our business men are strong executives, strong organizers. In every way possible our federal government should coöperate in this important matter.

Any one who has had the opportunity to study and observe first hand Germany's course in this respect must realize that their policy of coöperation between government and business has in a comparatively few years made them the leading competitors for the commerce of the world.

It should be remembered that they are doing this on a national scale and with large units of business, while the Democrats would have us believe that we should do it with small units of business, which would be controlled not by the national government but by forty-eight conflicting state sovereignties.

Such a policy is utterly out of keeping with the progress of the times and gives our great commercial rivals in Europe—hungry for international markets—golden opportunities of which they are rapidly taking advantage.

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### **Conservation.**

The natural resources of this nation must be promptly developed and generously used to supply the people's needs, but we cannot safely allow them to be wasted, exploited, monopolized, or controlled against the general good. We heartily favor the policy of conservation, and we pledge our party to protect the national forests without hindering their legitimate use for the benefit of all the people. Agricultural lands in the national forests are and should remain open to the genuine settler. Conservation will not retard legitimate development. The honest settler must receive his patent promptly without hindrance rules or delays.

We believe that the remaining forests, coal and oil lands, water powers, and other natural resources still in state or national control (except agricultural lands) are more likely to be wisely conserved and utilized for the general welfare if held in the public hands. In order that consumers and producers, managers and workmen, now and hereafter, need not pay toll to private monopolies of power and raw material, we demand that such resources shall be retained by the state or nation and opened to immediate use under laws which will encourage development and make to the people a moderate return for benefits conferred.

In particular we pledge our party to require reasonable compensation to the public for water power rights hereafter granted by the public. We pledge legislation to lease to the public grazing lands under equitable provisions now pending

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which will increase the production of food for the people and thoroughly safeguard the rights of the actual homemaker. Natural resources whose conservation is necessary for the national welfare should be owned or controlled by the nation.

### **Good Roads.**

We recognize the vital importance of good roads, and we pledge our party to foster their extension in every proper way, and we favor the early construction of national highways. We also favor the extension of the rural free delivery service.

### **Alaska.**

The coal and other natural resources of Alaska should be opened to development at once. They are owned by the people of the United States, and are safe from monopoly, waste or destruction only while so owned. We demand that they shall neither be sold nor given away except under the homestead law, but while held in government ownership shall be opened to use promptly upon liberal terms requiring immediate development.

Thus the benefit of cheap fuel will accrue to the government of the United States and to the people of Alaska and the Pacific coast; the settlement of extensive agricultural lands will be hastened; the extermination of the salmon will be prevented, and the just and wise development of Alaskan resources will take the place of private extortion or monopoly. We demand also that extortion or mo-

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nopoly in transportation shall be prevented by the prompt acquisition, construction or improvement by the government of such railroads, harbor, and other facilities for transportation as the welfare of the people may demand.

We promise the people of the territory of Alaska the same measure of local self-government that was given to other American territories, and that federal officials appointed there shall be qualified by previous bona fide residence in the territory.

### **Waterways.**

The rivers of the United States are the natural arteries of this continent. We demand that they shall be opened to traffic as indispensable parts of a great nation-wide system of transportation, in which the Panama canal will be the central link, thus enabling the whole interior of the United States to share with the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards in the benefit derived from the canal. It is a national obligation to develop our rivers, and especially the Mississippi and its tributaries, without delay, under a comprehensive general plan governing each river system from its source to its mouth, designed to secure its highest usefulness for navigation, irrigation, domestic supply, water-power, and the prevention of floods.

We pledge our party to the immediate preparation of such a plan which should be made and carried out in close and friendly coöperation between the nation, the states, and the cities affected. Under such a plan, the destructive floods of the Mis-

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Mississippi and other streams which represent a vast and needless loss to the nation would be controlled by forest conservation and water storage at the headwaters, and by levees below land sufficient to support millions of people would be reclaimed from the deserts and the swamps, waterpower enough to transform the industrial standings of whole states would be developed, adequate water terminals would be provided, transportation by river would revive, and the railroads would be compelled to cooperate as freely with the boat lines as with each other.

The equipment, organization and experience acquired in constructing the Panama canal soon will be available for the lakes to the gulf deep waterway and other portions of this great work, and should be utilized by the nation in cooperation with the various states, at the lowest net cost to the people.

#### **Panama Canal.**

The Panama canal, built and paid for by the American people, must be used primarily for their benefit. We demand that the canal shall be so operated as to break the transportation monopoly now held and misused by the transcontinental railroads by maintaining sea competition with them; that ships directly or indirectly owned or controlled by American railroad corporations shall not be permitted to use the canal, and that American ships engaged in coastwise trade shall pay no toll.

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The Progressive party will favor legislation having for its aim the development of friendship and commerce between the United States and Latin American nations.

### **Tariff.**

We believe in a protective tariff which shall equalize conditions of competition between the United States and foreign countries, both for the farmer and the manufacturer, and which shall maintain for labor an adequate standard of living. Primarily the benefit of any tariff should be disclosed in the pay envelope of the laborer. We declare that no industry deserves protection which is unfair to labor or which is operating in violation of federal law. We believe that the presumption is always in favor of the consuming public.

We demand tariff revision because the present tariff is unjust to the people of the United States. Fair dealing toward the people requires an immediate downward revision of those schedules wherein duties are shown to be unjust or excessive.

We pledge ourselves to the establishment of a non-partisan scientific tariff commission, reporting both to the president and to either branch of congress, which shall report, first, as to the costs of production, efficiency of labor, capitalization, industrial organization and efficiency, and the general competitive position in this country and abroad of industries seeking protection from congress; second, as to the revenue producing power of the tariff and its relation to the resources of gov-

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ernment; and, thirdly, as to the effect of the tariff on prices, operations of middlemen, and on the purchasing power of the consumer. We believe that this commission should have plenary power to elicit information, and for this purpose to prescribe a uniform system of accounting for the great protected industries. The work of the commission should not prevent the immediate adoption of acts reducing those schedules generally recognized as excessive.

We condemn the Payne-Aldrich bill as unjust to the people. The Republican organization is in the hands of those who have broken, and cannot again be trusted to keep, the promise of necessary downward revision. The Democratic party is committed to the destruction of the protective system through a tariff for revenue only—a policy which would inevitably produce widespread industrial and commercial disaster. We demand the immediate repeal of the Canadian reciprocity act.

### **Inheritance and Income Tax.**

We believe in a graduated inheritance tax as a national means of equalizing the obligations of holders of property to government, and we hereby pledge our party to enact such a federal law as will tax large inheritances, returning to the states an equitable percentage of all amounts collected. We favor the ratification of the pending amendment to the constitution giving the government power to levy an income tax.

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### **Peace and National Defense.**

The Progressive party deplores the survival in our civilization of the barbaric system of warfare among nations, with its enormous waste of resources even in time of peace, and the consequent impoverishment of the life of the toiling masses. We pledge the party to use its best endeavors to substitute judicial and other peaceful means of settling international differences.

We favor an international agreement for the limitation of naval forces. Pending such an agreement, and as the best means of preserving peace, we pledge ourselves to maintain for the present the policy of building two battleships a year.

We pledge our party to protect the rights of American citizenship at home and abroad. No treaty should receive the sanction of our government which discriminates between American citizens because of the birthplace, race or religion, or that does not recognize the absolute right of expatriation.

### **The Immigrant.**

Through the establishment of industrial standards we propose to secure to the able-bodied immigrant and to his native fellow workers a larger share of American opportunity.

We denounce the fatal policy of indifference and neglect which has left our enormous immigrant population to become the prey of chance and cupidity. We favor governmental action to encourage the distribution of immigrants away from the

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congested cities, rigidly to supervise all private agencies dealing with them, and to promote their assimilation, education, and advancement.

#### **Pensions.**

We pledge ourselves to a wise and just policy of pensioning American soldiers and sailors and their widows and children by the federal government.

And we approve the policy of the southern states in granting pensions to the ex-confederate soldiers and sailors and their widows and children.

#### **Parcels Post.**

We pledge our party to the immediate creation of a parcels post, with rates proportionate to distance and service.

#### **Civil Service.**

We condemn the violations of the civil service law under the present administration, including the coercion and assessment of subordinate employes and the president's refusal to punish such violation after a finding of guilty by his own commission; his distribution of patronage among subservient congressmen, while withholding it from those who refuse support of administration measures; his withdrawal of nominations from the senate until political support for himself was secured, and his open use of the offices to reward those who voted for his re-nomination.

To eradicate these abuses, we demand not only the enforcement of the civil service act in letter

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and spirit, but also legislation which will bring under the competitive system postmasters, collectors, marshals, and all other nonpolitical officers, as well as the enactment, of an equitable retirement law, and we also insist upon continuous service during good behavior and efficiency.

We pledge our party to readjustment of the business methods of the national government and a proper coördination of the federal bureaus, which will increase the economy and efficiency of the government service, prevent duplications, and secure better results to the taxpayers for every dollar expended.

### **U. S. Supervision Over Investments.**

The people of the United States are swindled out of many millions of dollars every year through worthless investments. The plain people, the wage earner and the men and women with small savings, have no way of knowing the merit of concerns sending out highly colored prospectuses offering stock for sale, prospectuses that make big returns seem certain and fortunes easily within grasp.

We hold it to be the duty of the government to protect its people from this kind of piracy. We, therefore, demand wise, carefully thought out legislation that will give us such governmental supervision over this matter as will furnish to the people of the United States this much needed protection, and we pledge ourselves thereto.

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### **Conclusion.**

On these principles and on the recognized desirability of uniting the progressive forces of the nation into an organization which shall unequivocally represent the progressive spirit and policy, we appeal for the support of all American citizens, without regard to previous political affiliations.





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