

THE *APPEAL* TO REASON

BY GEORGE MILBURN

EIGHT years have passed since the *Appeal to Reason*, the great Socialist weekly, got out its last issue, and the short-grass country has been a humdrum place to live in ever since. Perhaps there will never be another like it. It called itself the Greatest Political Newspaper in the World, and its modest programme was "the salvation of the working class, the utter, final emancipation of the world." For nearly thirty years the *Appeal to Reason* was a power in the land.

Not, of course, a power in the sense that the despicable Plutes, those gross, checkered Interests with their monopolies and trusts and Pinkerton thugs and "black-robed puppets of bench and bar," were powerful. Rather it was a power, the more formidable for being clean and bright, to confound those foul adversaries. As an *Appeal* advocate deftly phrased it, a power "to lay bare the grafts, extortions, abuses, murder plots, steals and slimy capitalist filthiness"; a power "to voice the wrongs of millions, otherwise mute, rallying them, otherwise impotent, to war against oppression and vast wrongs; dispelling the tears, the blood, the woe of Capitalism"; a power for "bringing to pass that New Time which seers have longed to behold." Briefly, the *Appeal* was the force that was to bring the true faith of Socialism to the benighted American masses, in the process, of course, delousing them of any stray pieces of silver that they had got in their contacts with the curs of Plutocracy.

And it appears that the vaunted strength of this Socialist weekly indubitably had more than hot air back of it. A flimsy sheetlet, published in an obscure Kansas village, execrably printed and proof-read, even for a newspaper, slathered with red ink, filled with fancy fulminations that must have turned the thesaurus wrong-side out, its appearance was anything but prepossessing. And yet two Presidents of the United States were so incautious as to take serious personal notice of its jibes. Repeatedly, when attempts to suppress it were made "by every subterfuge, trick, meanness and abuse the unclean harpy-brood could possibly think of," the *Appeal* sent the Federal buzzards wheeling for cover.

Its anomalous pet name, the Little Old *Appeal*, was belied by its circulation figures, which regularly ran into the millions, and one mighty special edition of 4,100,000 "beat all newspaper records in the entire world." An enraptured statistician figured that if all the *Appeals* printed in 1912 were "opened out and placed end to end they would make a path some *two feet wide by more than 110,000 miles long*, on which you could walk around the entire earth more than four times, without ever setting foot on anything but this marvellous output."

It set the vogue for muckraking in America, and published exposés of everything exposable, from the hellish traffic in innocent young girls to the equally cul-

pable Boy Scout menace. In its pages, from week to week, Upton Sinclair's great stockyards novel, "The Jungle," made its first appearance, and the nation's lawmakers were aroused to the extent of passing a Pure Food and Drug Act.

It built up an espionage system through such white-collar slaves in government offices as were its loyal customers. In thousands of outposts over the nation its pinched, sharp-eyed subscribers watched the polling places to prevent election steals. Within its ubiquitous family of readers it numbered an organized army of 80,000 ardent subscription hustlers.

The walls of the *Appeal's* editorial rooms were completely covered with picture postcards, sent by its readers from all parts of the world. Letters piled in at the rate of 1,500 to a mail. A silver dollar labelled "To the *Appeal*" was promptly delivered.

Indeed, this extraordinary magnetism that attracted the silver dollars so unerringly from people who were obviously penniless was the final and surest evidence of the *Appeal's* puissance. Everything took money, and somehow the starving readers were as quick to send it in as the editors were to ask for it. Trifling litigations were made the basis for outcries by which defense funds of \$20,000, \$35,000, and even \$50,000 were raised. The inevitable surplus was scrupulously returned—in the form of credit cards exchangeable for *Appeal to Reason* subscriptions.

The stated policy of the paper was twofold: (1) "violently exposing and attacking Capitalism"; (2) "constructively up-building the ideals and practical framework of the Coming State." But the *Appeal* usually was too preoccupied with firing its "paper bullets of the brain" into the rotten bulwarks of Capitalism to pay much mind to the Marxian Revelation.

Few of its later issues ran long on doctrine. Notwithstanding, the spondulix was never overlooked, and the printers in the composing room joshed one another, swearing that the man who set a line of type that didn't coax money would be summarily docked.

The readers, however, thrived on such stuff. Socialism had been little more than an academic theory in America at the time the *Appeal* began publication. The Socialist party was unborn. The *Appeal*, in its heyday, saw the party poll almost a million votes and elect a thousand minor candidates. But the fine points of the millennium made tedious reading, and the paper, save for its early numbers, remained strangely vague about Marxian theory.

Instead it laid into the Rotten Rich. That was something the Faithful could understand. And occasionally it took time out from inveighing against those "blowflies of a putrescent civilization" to turn some of its invective on the less resolute comrades. For example, under a cartoon depicting bloated barons and their wasp-waisted, décolleté females at a banquet would appear:

You working ass! Feast your eyes on this picture of a feast. That's about as close as you will get to the festal board. And yet—

You built the palace—
 You made the furniture—
 You raised the grapes—
 You made the wine—
 You cultivated the tobacco—
 You rolled the cigars—
 You planted the corn—
 That fed the sheep
 From which was taken the wool
 Out of which you wove the cloth
 Worn by these nobles.
 You picked the fruit—
 After planting the trees—
 And you cooked the food—
 And serve as lackeys—
 Then you eat the crumbs—
 And walk the ties looking for work,

And then every few years
 You vote for a continuation
 Of hunger and want and cold!
 You are a P-E-A-C-H!

And what peaches they were, those Socialist janissaries who read the *Appeal*! What gluttons for punishment! Not that they ever really voted for a continuation of want and hunger and cold. That was an unkind assumption on their editor's part. Many of them, unquestionably, would have been quite willing to suffer martyrdom for the Cause. But curiously enough, the first and only one among them to fall was the editor of the *Appeal*.

II

Julius A. Wayland, its founder and guiding spirit, came out of Indiana, that State which has exercised such a profound influence on American letters. At first he roamed about the Middle West as a tramp printer, but at the age of twenty-three he married and settled down as editor of a Republican newspaper in Harrisonville, Missouri. He conducted the campaign so valiantly in that quarter that Rutherford B. Hayes rewarded him with the Harrisonville postoffice. Even at this early date, however, there was no danger of respectability settling upon Wayland. Harrisonville was a violently Democratic community, and, as an *Appeal* pamphlet biographer pointed out,

Carpet-bagger was the mildest of many terms of abuse applied to him. . . . Many a time he was threatened with personal violence and even death. Once a mob roped him round the neck and talked lynching. At another time, utterly unarmed, he stood off a sheriff and a mob by merely reaching for his (empty) hip pocket and coolly announced that he would perforate the first man who should advance a step.

The sheriff was a local bad man with

several notches on his pistol, but that didn't feaze Wayland. He proceeded to brand the fellow as corrupt and to publish certain proved charges against him. A few days later the sheriff, meeting the editor on the street, pulled out his six-shooter and announced that he, too, was prepared to do some perforating. Wayland calmly looked him over, spat in his face, turned around and leisurely walked away. "Then as since," his biographer comments proudly, "his quick wit and unflinching bravery repeatedly saved his life."

Such surroundings proved a severe strain on salivary repartee, though, and after sticking it out for four years Wayland decided to return to Indiana. Things were not going so well there, so he moved West again, this time to Pueblo, Colorado, where he set up another printing business. With characteristic humor, he called his press Wayland's One-Hoss Print Shop. "It was very properly named," he thought, "and that queer imprint brought me much work. I soon had the largest commercial printing house in the city."

The drollery was so fetching, indeed, that he used One-Hoss for a pseudonym in later years, and thousands of readers knew him, affectionately, as Old One-Hoss Wayland.

"He now began playing the real estate game," the recording comrade writes. "Money flowed in, and all grew prosperous." The young printer-realtor, it would seem, was in a fair way to become a hell-bound capitalist. But he was saved. A radical English shoemaker, doing missionary work in the American wilderness, came along and handed him a tract written from the "economic or Socialist viewpoint."

To be brief, he "landed" me good and hard. He carefully nursed me into reading Carlyle, Ruskin, Gronlund and other works,

and I realized for the first time that I was an ignoramus. . . . I saw a new light and found what I never knew existed. I closed up my real estate business and devoted my whole energies to the work of trying to get my neighbors to grasp the truths I had learned.

His biographer, however, has a shrewder, if somewhat preternatural explanation for the business change. Faith, apparently, had endowed the young convert with a power suspiciously like second-sight.

His new understanding gave him increased business acumen. He saw what others could not see, predicted the panic of '93, and sold his properties for gold. His friends mocked him, turned on him and ostracized him as insane. Still he persevered and when the crash came that wrecked so many, he survived. His wealth increased rapidly. . . .

He was soon confronted by the stiff problem of investing this incumbering capital in such a way as to maintain his position as a communal-property evangelist. Before long the big idea came to him, the idea that eventually was to place him with William Lloyd Garrison and Horace Greeley, Frances E. Willard and George Creel, in the ranks of the nation's great propagandists.

I planned that if I were to start a cheap paper in the center of the great industrial cities, I would soon get a few thousand readers, so I moved to Greensburg, Ind. in February, 1893, and began publication of the *Coming Nation*. I thought I would get my circulation among the workingmen in the cities. . . .

Surprisingly, it was the farm-hands, and not the working-class slaves in the cities, who responded to the *Coming Nation's* clarion. Subscriptions began pouring in from the drouth-stricken tundras of the Middle West, and shortly Wayland was making money hand over fist. Here was a perplexing situation: sixty thousand lousy

dollars multiplying like rabbits. Again the zealous proselyte cast about to get shed of his soul-stifling wealth, and the second time he met with complete success.

He bought 2,000 acres in Tennessee, and there, with a band of 125 followers, established a coöperative commonwealth named after his idol, Ruskin. It took this Utopian venture only a year to separate him from all his accumulated cash and much of his optimism. More than once, in after years, he found occasion to refer to the "invincible ignorance of the average human mind," and there is evidence to show that, for all his published eagerness to save humanity, there was always a misanthropic tinge to his private meditations.

Comrade Brewer, of the *Appeal* staff, in the biographical pamphlet, "The Wayland I Knew," records a Boswellian conversation. Debs, who had become a special correspondent, had been "wasting his time writing personal letters to the down and outs." Wayland railed at him:

Debs, you're a fool. What is the use of wasting your time on these human wrecks, hopeless victims who can never be of service to themselves or to society? Let them perish. They are only rubbish in the stream, clogging the world's progress. . . . Every day you write from twenty to fifty personal letters, in many of them enclosing money to pay a widow's rent, or an old man's doctor bill, buy clothes for some poor children, or pay the interest on a mortgage for some old couple who ought to have been dead ten years ago. Cut it out and devote yourself to the movement in a larger capacity. Fight the System and let the victims go to the devil.

Harsh, unphilanthropic words, and enough to set the conscientious office force aghast, but Debs, the old veteran of the hustings, replied mildly, "I know, J. A., that you are philosophically correct, but for me to follow any other course would be impossible. We are not constituted

alike." Wayland turned abruptly and left the room.

"It would have pained us," the biographer goes on to explain, "had we felt that he had given a true expression of his real self. But happily we knew the inner man. . . ."

How much of this later pessimism had clouded Wayland's outlook when he landed in Kansas City, the Fall of 1895, cleaned of \$100,000 in one fell year, and a penniless tramp once more, is not shown. He was forty-one then. "I was now thrown again into the necessity of creating another paper to continue the work I had planned for the benefit of the working class."

His first paper, the *Coming Nation*, presses, name and all, had been appropriated by the rapacious Ruskin colony, so the deposed editor had to think up a new name. The choice finally narrowed down to the *Rights of Man* and *Wayland's Weekly*, with the latter a strong favorite, but before the matter was definitely decided a friend suggested the *Appeal to Reason*. This, in truth, was a snappy title, and when an old German Socialist said, "Give it a name that in time will be better known than the man who made it!", the *Appeal to Reason* went to the masthead. "And today," exclaims the staff historian, "the name *Appeal* is known in every land whereon the sun shines or the winds of Heaven blow free."

Happy inspiration though the name was, village wags, always tickled to set a squib under solemn, fervent town Socialists, soon evolved the *Squeal for Treason*. Among impious detractors it was the nickname by which that beacon for the disinherited went for many years.

And, for all its engaging masthead, the new weekly's beginning was not auspicious. The Bryan presidential campaign with its God-given-ratio catchwords was

in full swing, and the wage-slaves were flocking to the van of their new champion. The infant *Appeal* was no match for any such spellbinder as the Boy Orator, although it, too, was shouting lustily, "Shall the People own the Trusts, or the Trusts own the People?" Wayland was giving his readers "clear-cut, scientific Socialism," and the oppressed masses were not breaking their necks, precisely, at taking in his message. Things were soon at such a sorry pass that he decided to suspend publication temporarily, and to move his plant to some small town where operating expenses would be lower.

He picked Girard, Kansas, a gesture to be fully appreciated only by one who has visited that dour, hidebound little county-seat in the southeastern corner of the State, within yelling distance of the Ozarks. Here, on April 3, 1887, after a suspension of several months, the *Appeal to Reason* resumed publication.

The country air had an exhilarating effect on the puny enterprise and circulation figures bounded up. Wayland was soon exhorting his readers:

If you like this kind of a paper, this is the kind of a paper you'll like.

Trial trip, 10 cents!

Try this paper three months and it will kill you or cure you.

No man is rich enough or great enough to get this paper on credit. . . .

The dimes came rolling in, and for a while it seemed that the Marxian apostle had repeated his success of a few years before. But gloomy times were still to come. When the paper's circulation had grown to 45,000 the Spanish-American War broke out, "stampeding public opinion to jingoism and national insanity." Appeals to reason were decidedly out of harmony with the times, and Wayland's readers deserted by the thousands.

Meanwhile, other afflictions had beset him. The Kansas villagers were giving him more than he came after. He and his family were pariahs, as he must have foreseen they would be, had he any of his old soothsaying power of '93 left. His children were hooted by their schoolmates. His neighbors turned sour glances on him when he began his apostolic expositions in the village stores. Hate and suspicion hemmed him in, and "more than once he wept because, as he said, he 'couldn't make the poor fools see the light'." But he was quick to forgive the bigotry and abuse of the townspeople since it was easy to perceive "the cause for it in the poison of Capitalism."

And the ingrates' hostility was not always passive. Sometimes it was necessary for Wayland and his printers to work behind closed shutters, anticipating brickbats and other missiles more malodorous. When news of McKinley's assassination came to town, a mob surged around the printing plant, shouting threats of lynching.

"I don't know how it seems to you," One-Hoss began one of his polemics wearily, "but to me it seems that life is one continual struggle and disappointment."

III

Fortunately for the *Appeal*, there was a man in its organization, one Fred Warren, a \$15-a-week typesetter, who was destined to put the paper on its feet, and to fill it with the sort of reading that would build the circulation to stupendous figures. Warren gradually worked his way into the position of sub-editor, and when he became managing editor in 1901 things began to pick up around the Temple of Revolution.

Wayland had been prone to give his readers "a Socialism pure and undefiled,"

but he was subject to bewildering vacillations. One week he would be extremely saturnine: the world was in a hell of a shape and nothing was being done about it. The following week he would preach: "If every conscious Socialist will only do his share in the work of agitation, we will soon have the children out of the factories, the sweatshops out of business, the capitalist out of existence and the people out of misery."

High and mighty stuff, but bait too impalpable to attract a large clientèle.

The mercurial Warren changed all that. The beacon of the oppressed became a searchlight. Juicy exposés began to em-purple the hitherto stolid grey pages of the *Appeal*, and red ink, laid on in generous streamers, heightened the effect. A columnist was imported and his pithy produce began appearing under the infectious heading of Hot Cinders. Within the year the circulation popped up to 150,000. The *Appeal* was on the make. Soon "Capitalism began to feel the sting of its savage goadings and the Beast turned with a snarl." Presently a Federal grand jury was indicting the editors for depositing "scurrilous, defamatory and threatening" matter in the mails, and from then onward everyone around the Sanctum of Revolution stepped high, wide and handsome.

The dowdy paragraphs and parables of Wayland, bringing home Socialistic tenets to the common man, were displaced by such front-page tabasco as:

A Negro porter of a Pullman car on the Santa Fé Railroad some time ago attempted rape on a woman passenger whom he had choked into insensibility. Discovered in the act, he was seized by the train crew and turned over to the sheriff of Mohave county. . . . The brute was sentenced to fourteen years at hard labor in the penitentiary. . . . Promptly the Pullman company, backed by the Santa Fé Railroad,

turned its legal batteries upon the Supreme Court at Phoenix and that body ordered that the Negro be released from the penitentiary. . . .

Correspondents exclaimed, with touching delicacy,

You can imagine my surprise when evidence was submitted to the *Appeal* showing that underneath this veneer of respectability existed a sink-hole of iniquity and graft that would make a Sodomite blush with shame.

The Boy Scout movement was branded, in turgid headlines, as "the most sinister and diabolical attempt ever made, akin to the White Slave Traffic itself, to debauch youth."

As early as 1904 the *Appeal* was publishing a "smashing White Slave story, 'Breaking Up the Home,'" stressing the "respectable, higher-up element in this thoroughly organized capitalistic business."

The muck-raking monthly journals of New York, segments of a corrupt and prostituted press though they were, soon began to look to the *Appeal* as a bellwether, and it was not long before white slavery exposés had reached the proportions of a vogue. Regrettably, these Eastern magazines were actuated by greed rather than by any high moral purpose. The *Appeal* continued its sporadic disclosures about the infamous traffic in females over a period of eight years, but it was always careful to point out that such enormities were the result of the iniquitous Profit System.

In fact, the spiciest of the *Appeal's* copy never failed to point to a moral lofty enough to justify the paper's entry into the most decorous of family circles. Frequently it would pause in the midst of an exciting bit of pornography to make a pious explanation: "The *Appeal* does not

relish digging into this muck of filth and degeneracy, but we honestly believe it is a duty we owe to the victims of corrupt Federal judges to tell this story in all its hideousness."

In 1905 it serialized Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle." This, it felt, was "the 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' of the class war."

It opened the eyes of multitudes concerning the true nature of the Beast [Capitalism]; it forced even Theodore the Insolent to act; and in its wake followed more sweeping reforms than could have been brought about by years of academic discussion. . . . True, as Sinclair himself says, "It was aimed at the people's hearts, and struck their stomachs."

The *Appeal* gave it a big play, broadcasting it with enormous editions. Many Eastern periodicals climbed on the band wagon uninvited. An *Appeal* commentator complained with pardonable ire, "Only after the *Appeal* had run 'The Jungle' did other publishers step in—as usual—to rob the paper of the fruits of this great scoop."

Meanwhile, Wayland was slowly being muscled out of his editorship. The staff was ready to allow that the old man had been a great propagandist in his day, but new methods were coming in, and he was no match for that up-and-coming searchlight journalist, Warren. The latter had been tacitly dictating the paper's policy for several years, but not until 1906 did a crisis show that Wayland's administration was definitely at an end.

Debs had contributed his first article, "Money Power Exerts Barbaric Sway," in October, 1895. His diatribes appeared in the columns of the *Appeal* frequently after that. On one occasion, in February, 1906, he sent in an "immortal classic" entitled "Arouse, Ye Slaves," a preachment so incendiary as to give even the bellicose Warren pause. Wayland, as editor-in-chief, was called in for consultation.

In silence the Debs article was placed in his hands. Not a word was spoken as he stood a little apart and read it carefully. Three times he paced the length of the room and returned, stopped, glanced hastily over the manuscript again and then dropped it on the desk of the Fighting Editor, with the calm remark, "Fred, you have been doing most of it lately, and I guess you'll have to do as you please about this."

Warren, with singular cautiousness, said, "J. A., you realize that the publication of this article may mean the suppression of the *Appeal* and the arrest for feloniously inciting to armed rebellion of every one of us, followed by imprisonment and possible execution?"

And Wayland replied, "Yes, and the only question I want you to settle in your mind before acting is, Will it work to the best interest of Socialism? . . ."

Warren handed the article to the ever-ready messenger with a note to the foreman to set it in big type on the center of the front page. Before night this fiery and revolutionary message was gorging the mails on every departing train.

Debs' immortal classic brought no disastrous repercussion, but from that moment until his death Wayland was editor *emeritus*. The muckraking policy of Warren dominated the paper, and, my God, how the money rolled in! But with the prosperity the portents of evil materialized thick and fast.

Those were feverish times. Girard swarmed with secret agents. Conspiracy followed counterplot. The *Appeal* offices were ransacked nightly. The pressmen, each morning before starting, searched the machinery for infernal machines. The editors of the *Appeal* were in court continually. One Father Pompeney, a Jesuit, was sent by a Catholic magazine to get the evidence that would put the entire staff be-

hind the bars. Another enemy, an ex-convict who had been employed by the *Appeal* to give the low-down on Federal penitentiaries for a series of exposés, turned on his benefactors, attempted to blackmail them, and then appeared as a witness for the State. An elaborate defense, with a big fund, had been worked up for the McNamara brothers, the California dynamiters, and then they showed their gratitude by confessing. Hectored and harried by the Postoffice, the circulation, still running into the millions, faltered. Uneasy times, indeed.

Wayland, nearing sixty, stuck on bravely until November, 1912. Then a wooden-headed district attorney ranted, "I'm going to bankrupt the *Appeal*, force its editors into suicide, or land them behind the bars at Leavenworth." Propagandist to the last, here, One-Hoss Wayland realized, was his cue.

One Sunday night he went to his bedroom and wrote in his copy of Bellamy's "Looking Backward,"

The Struggle Under the Competitive System is not worth the Effort. Let it Pass.

Then he took up an automatic pistol and put a bullet through his brain.

The *Appeal* was quick to charge that its fallen master had been hounded to death by the dogs of Capitalism. Socialists everywhere hailed him as a martyr. Even some of the kept newspapers published obituaries calling him, with cautious generosity, "the Lincoln of Socialism".

Other newspapers acted with less decency. General Otis, in his Los Angeles *Times*, began a series of counter-exposés, matching the *Appeal's* own berserk attacks. The *Live Issue*, a Catholic sheet, sponsor of the Jesuit Pompeney, and as rabidly against Socialism as the *Appeal* was against Capitalism, exclaimed:

The *Appeal* has reached its zenith. Without Wayland it will have far less circulation and influence. The *Appeal* is a menace to the workers and our country and the death of its founder paves the way for its end.

Wayland's children were soon wrangling over his estate in a most un-Socialistic fashion. The martyr had left a private fortune on which local rumor placed a fabulous figure. But in the ensuing legal battle the plaintiffs were awarded a split of only \$75,000.

IV

The death of Wayland naturally slowed up the *Appeal* a bit. But the paper had always profited by adversity. When there were crop failures the farmers flocked to Socialism by the thousand. Strikes and labor troubles always perked up the circulation. And a court action against the editors was always the occasion for a two- or three-million edition and the raising of a fat defense fund. Wayland's martyrdom gave the weekly new impetus. Warren, now editor-in-chief, wrote:

When the news of the tragic death of our comrade, J. A. Wayland, was flashed across the country, there was great rejoicing in Camp Plutocracy. With ghoulish glee they announced that "the death of Wayland paved the way for the *Appeal's* end. . . ."

The *Appeal* will continue on its way, growing in influence and circulation because the *Appeal* Army is back of it. It will grow because there is a need, a crying need for a paper that speaks in clarion tones for the working class. All theimps of this Capitalist Hell cannot prevail against the *Appeal* Army.

Although Warren was mistaken about the future, he gave a true estimate of the *Appeal* army. Those fanatic myrmidons, pitted against the fiends of Hell, would

have made short work of them, beyond a doubt. Eighty thousand strong, they went charging about the countryside, taking subscriptions, selling credit cards to be exchanged for Socialist literature, circulating petitions, writing letters of protest, raising defense funds, terrifying the village *bourgeoisie* with their howls. "With men of such mettle," said the *Appeal*, "what wonder the Plutocracy gnashes against us in vain!"

But even in a Socialistic host there must be individuals who will forge to the front with a spirit dangerously like that of the hateful Competitive System. For example, there was the redoubtable Louis Klamroth, whom Wayland had called his "mightiest war horse." This valiant soldier in the War of Human Emancipation rode a bicycle all over this country and Canada, hustling *Appeal* subscriptions. Rottenegged, knocked down and clubbed, drenched with fire hose and water bucket, arrested and deported, in his time he sold more than 100,000 subscriptions to the *Appeal*, not to speak of 20,000 pamphlets. And, as final proof of his stamina, "he would never accept any of the many premiums the *Appeal* has given away."

Wayland exclaimed exultantly:

We have the greatest army in the world! Our soldiers invade every city, town and hamlet in the land. They solicit subscriptions, sell and distribute booklets on economic topics on every highway. They work without money and without price. They not only pay their own expenses, postage and costs of money orders on what they solicit, but often pay for the subscriptions out of their own scanty purses.

Wayland, although he was out-stripped by Warren's sensational journalism, had always been a shrewd circulation manager, and as early as September, 1897, he had marshalled the first contingent of the army in a department headed "Patriots—Men

and Women who are Stirred by the Sufferings of Humanity." The next year this became a Roll of Honor in which new recruits were recorded weekly. When Warren took charge he found the *Appeal's* championing phalanxes straining for the fray.

There was a protracted series of skirmishes with the Postoffice, but the first big battle was delayed until January, 1907. Moyer and Haywood, two Colorado miners, had been kidnapped by means of forged extradition papers, to stand trial for murder in Idaho. The Supreme Court had held that no law had been violated. Warren immediately printed, in flaming red, on *Appeal* envelopes, as well as in the *Appeal*:

\$1000.00 REWARD!

The *Appeal to Reason* will pay \$1000.00 in Gold to the Person or Persons who will Kidnap Ex-Governor Taylor and Return Him to the State Officials of Kentucky. . . . The *Appeal* has absolutely no interest in the Taylor-Goebel feud of Kentucky, but I want to put it up to the Supreme Court of the United States to decide a case of kidnaping where the victim is a Republican politician and a personal friend of the President of the United States. It will be remembered that Taylor and Goebel were the Republican and Democratic candidates for Governor of Kentucky. Taylor held the office and Goebel was a hot aspirant for the same. Goebel was assassinated; Taylor fled the State and a warrant was issued for his arrest. The Governor of Indiana refused requisition papers, as did also the Governor of Pennsylvania—both Republicans. . . .

Let us put it up to the capitalist courts to treat a capitalist as it does a working-man. . . .

Four months passed before Warren got action. Then, in May, 1907, the Department of Justice (to the name of which the *Appeal* invariably appended a sarcastic [?]) instituted criminal proceedings against Warren for having deposited for

mailing "scurrilous, defamatory and threatening" printed matter. Two years later, after the prisoner had delivered a "wonderful forensic" in the crowded courtroom, bully-ragging everyone from the judge down, there was nothing left for Mammmon, "dull-eyed and huge of jowl", but to pass sentence: "Six months at hard labor and \$1500 fine."

The case, started during Roosevelt's term, had extended over into Taft's administration. The *Appeal* army had subscribed \$35,000 for a defense fund, although, at a generous estimate, \$10,000 would have paid the fees, costs and fine.

Taft sensed that Warren was capitalizing on his martyrdom, so he reduced the fine to \$100, read a lecture, and mailed the belligerent editor a full pardon. When Warren received this, covered with "all sorts of seals and curlycues," he examined it closely for a union label. Finding none, he placed a sticker across the scab document, "Demand the Label on all Your Printing," and returned the pardon to the President. "No doubt Taft experienced a fatly agreeable sensation on receiving it," was the *Appeal's* mordacious surmise.

But it was impossible to get another rise out of Taft. Warren baited him for weeks, issuing a photostatic copy of the pardon in a Red Special edition, and "declining to pay the \$100 fine otherwise than in the form of *Appeal* sub cards." Still the fat man in the White House was too wily for the faunching little radical, and he maintained an Olympian silence. The *Appeal* took this as evidence that the odious Plutes had turned tail, and yah-yahed Taft all around the lot, addressing him with every epithet that his girth-measurement could prompt.

There was one President, however, who was lacking in Taft's magnificent restraint, and in whom the *Appeal* found a more satisfying foe. In May, 1906, it con-

cluded that it was "time to drop all delicacy of verbiage in dealing with Roosevelt." And it went on to scoff: "He has nothing in him that suggests the statesman; he is merely a mouthing mountebank on the political stage, one who uses wind as a substitute for wisdom; a bladder of blatancy whom the veriest pin-prick of truth would hopelessly puncture."

Before long the *Appeal* had the doughty Theodore on the defensive. It published an article proving to the satisfaction of many readers that the late colonel of the Rough Riders had had nothing to do with the winning of the Battle of San Juan Hill, and proceeded to pillory the nation's idol as a fraud and a bad sport. Roosevelt wrote an elaborate reply for the *Outlook*, explaining exactly how the misconception arose, and how he had, indeed, won the Battle of San Juan Hill.

Delighted with this veiled recognition, the *Appeal* had at the toothy colonel with furious yaps. Presently its red headlines were screaming

Attorney-General Bonaparte vs. the *Appeal*
Roosevelt's Attorney-General Personally
Orders Criminal Proceedings Against
the *Appeal*.

Stung Into Frenzy by Scathing Indictments
the Washington Administration is Thoroughly
Aroused. Another attempt to
Suppress the *Appeal*, This Time
Through the Federal Courts.

Roosevelt's term was drawing to its close, and he never had the pleasure of seeing the "vituperative organ of pornography, anarchy and bloodshed" brought to book. But he did manage to get in a highly satisfying parting shot. On the eve of his sailing for Africa and big game, he wrote a sanctimonious message for the *Outlook* of March 20, 1909:

Socialists occupy in relation to all morality, and especially to domestic morality, a position so revolting—and I choose my words

carefully—that it is difficult to discuss it in a reputable paper. In America . . . the leaders have been cautious about stating frankly that they intend to substitute free-love for married and family life as we have it. . . . In places on the Continent of Europe, however, they are more straightforward.

I wish it to be remembered that I speak from the standpoint and on behalf of the wage-worker and tiller of the soil. These are two men whose welfare I have ever before me and for their sakes I would do anything, except anything that is wrong. . . .

What their [the Socialist] movement leads to may be gathered from the fact that in the last Presidential campaign they nominated and voted for a man who earns his livelihood as editor of a paper which not only practices every form of malignant and brutal slander, but condones and encourages every form of brutal wrongdoing, so long as the slander or violence is supposed to be at the expense of the person who owns something. . . .

When the staff members of the *Appeal* read this they whooped: "An unspeakably vile attempt to smirch the character of every Socialist, impugn the chastity of his mother and his wife, and place an insufferable stigma upon his daughter."

They promptly set about preparing a special Reply to Roosevelt edition to hurl back at this "vaudeville warrior." "His foul tirade will be met point by point," the *Appeal* promised, "and his venomous and sophistical argumentation torn to tatters." The day of publication was a significant one: May 1, International Labor Day. "There will be no resort to abuse," readers were assured with magisterial unction. "The answer of the *Appeal* will be on a plane of dignity that will put to shame the coarse tirade of its swaggering assailant."

A strange mode of attack for the *Appeal*, and something to cause its readers to sit up and take notice. The drone of battle was causing them to doze, and the *Appeal* howled: "Throw off your lethargy

and gird on your armor! Like a heroic blast from the trumpet of Revolution this edition summons to duty all the hosts of emancipation!"

Before the magnificent response to this call was satisfied, the Reply to Roosevelt edition had run to three million copies. The *Appeal's* statistician reported that "the letters and postals ordering this edition, when packed closely together on a table, extended more than eight feet."

Debs wrote the reply, a full-page article which "met and utterly overthrew every invective of T. R." It began with this piercing riposte:

Capitalists occupy in relation to all morality, and especially to domestic morality, a position so revolting that it is difficult to discuss it in a respectable paper. . . .

A comrade exclaimed in febrile ecstasy, "So splendid was the peroration of that reply, so noble in ideal and poetic in diction, so utterly antithetic to the coarse vituperation of the braggart who attacked the Cause. . . ."

Unhappily, the blustering Theodore had departed for Africa. The Dark Continent had swallowed him and the answer to the *Appeal's* reverberation was silence.

V

There stands in Girard, Kansas, a trim Federal building, built with the \$25,000-a-year postage bills that the *Appeal to Reason* paid in the old days. That, perhaps, is the only effect of the mighty weekly perceptible today.

Some of the reforms that it advocated, it is true, have come into effect, but scarcely as a result of its efforts. It was the first newspaper to propose the eight-hour working day, and it once rallied a bloody strike for that objective.

Back of its bombast there were many

worthy projects. It opposed, with unmistakable sincerity, imperialism, compulsory military training, the employment of child labor, and peonage in the South. It was writing about the hijacking of Nicaragua ten years before the *Nation* noticed it. It was always lively in the defense of civil liberties, and admitted that, out of hundreds of cases, it was wrong about only one—"the McNamara affair, in which it was misled by false reports, in which it honestly believed the innocence of the Catholic non-Socialists accused. . . ."

And while it was always careful to keep itself aloof from "those bawdy sheets . . . the pink atrocities that lie on the tables of innumerable pool-rooms and barbershops, filled with scandalous illustrations and advertisements of so revolting a character that even to mention them is beyond bounds," it was pretty racy, too, and it seldom failed to be entertaining.

The postal smellers tried repeatedly, but they were never successful in barring it from the mails. The ultimate conspiracy, "an almost unbelievable plot, as foul as ever hatched in the maggot-infested brains of capitalistic bootlicks," failed miserably.

But the *Appeal's* record after Wayland's death, save for that short-lived rally, furnishes a dismal anticlimax. Warren imported a young managing editor from the New York *Call* in 1913. Before leaving for a grand tour of Europe to enjoy the fruits of his toil, he confessed to a comrade that "muckraking was at an end and that he didn't know how to run a paper except to biff every head that appeared."

Only once after that did the *Appeal* attempt an edition of the stupendous dimensions of the old days. The President had set apart a Sunday, October 4, 1914, for prayers of peace. The Old Guard of the *Appeal* army stood at church doors handing out copies of the paper, which con-

tained arguments for disarmament. But there was little of the old religious vigor in the *Appeal's* announcement that this strategy had been "a great stroke toward securing a better understanding of the aims and purposes of Socialism and the dissolution of fogs of prejudice."

It was war and prosperity, of course, that finally did for the *Appeal to Reason*. During the war, while dozens of other Socialist papers were being thrown out of the mails, it hedged prudently and held its second-class entry. Debs was in jail, Upton Sinclair had deserted to Democracy, Wayland was dead, and Warren was rich—all the old fire-eaters were missing. Occasionally the editors rose to take mild pot shots at conscription, and when Quentin Roosevelt was shot down and a day of national mourning was declared, the *Appeal* complained querulously that Quentin was no better than any other mother's son.

Capitalism was in on the death blow, however. A young copy-holder named Emanuel Julius, who had come out from New York City to work on the paper, married a local heiress. He promptly bought a controlling interest, and assumed the editorship early in 1918.

The circulation had been on the downgrade since the roaring days of 1912. Contributions to the Agitation Fund continued to come in, not so briskly as once, but still at a gratifying rate. The subscription list, however, had dwindled frightfully. Presses built for great editions were going idle. The death of the paper was a startling metamorphosis. It occurred on November 23, 1922, when there appeared in the stead of the *Appeal to Reason* the *Haldeman-Julius Weekly*. It promised to all comers "individual self-help and development through one's own effort, . . . a literary feast for real culture-seekers who want to know the truths of science, philosophy and history and want to establish weekly contact with the vast beauties of literature and art."

The *Kansas City Star* noticed the great weekly's passing with a front page, six deck story. In distant towns, faded veterans of the *Appeal* army received the new paper in lieu of unexpired subscriptions, snorted, and sat down to write last letters of protest. In the file rooms the homilies of Wayland, projecting a "Socialism unde-filed; not in a thousand years, but as soon as possible," were crumbling to dust.

MUSIC

SOME RECENT ENGLISH MUSIC

By W. J. TURNER

IN ENGLAND for some time after the war there was a violent reaction against what was called the "Teutonic influence" in music.

A nationalist movement began to be heralded loudly in the daily press by bright journalists who were more at home writing stunt propaganda than criticizing music. This propaganda was artfully kicked forward here and there by the emerging foot of some eminent English musician, generally of foreign extraction, who, feeling his position shaky in the aftermath of war-hatred and race-prejudice, was engaged in manœuvring the ball of public opinion through the goal of opportunity and by loud hurrahs for England and English music, concealing the fact that he really was on the other side.

The prejudice of the English against their own musicians was great. Before the war English musicians had even taken foreign names, one gentleman having discovered for himself the imposing name of Hindenburg, under which he progressed rapidly until about 1915, when the real Hindenburg emerged and his English namesake had to abandon his now dangerous disguise. The reasons for this prejudice against English musicians were various and require lengthy analysis. In passing I may just say that they were well founded, but not on any lack of musical talent or receptivity in the British Isles. In fact, some foreign musicians who are acute observers are of the opinion that the nat-

ural talent and taste for music is, if anything, higher in England than on the Continent. What is lacking is a tradition and a standard, and this lack will be found on examination, I believe, to be due to the philistinism which, since the Restoration and the collapse of the Renaissance culture in England, has been a symptom rather than the cause of the fatal division between the body and the mind, the senses and the intellect in English life.

Immediately after the war the most prominent names among English composers (ignoring the slightly older generation of Vaughan Williams and Gustav Holst) were Eugene Goossens, Arnold Bax, Arthur Bliss, Lord Berners and Philip Heseltine; of whom Eugene Goossens, perhaps, made the most noise as he was certainly the most definite example of the new tendency to look to French, Russian and Spanish composers rather than to German for models.

I have an unpleasant recollection of having heard masses of new English music from 1919 to about 1927 (when the wave of Russo-Franco-Hispano-philism evaporated finally into the hot air of which it had been chiefly composed) which was a compound of Debussy, Rimsky-Korsakov, Stravinsky and Spanish dance music. All these compositions and composers have vanished, leaving one with a strange feeling that it is impossible that Eugene Goossens, Lord Berners and William Walton are all that is left of that multitudinous musical fracas.

Frenzied attempts were made by journalist musicians and musicologists to per-