

No. 8

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Per Year, \$3.00.

In memory of Thomas Strang, who was shot on Corning's Island, Aug. 7, 1885, while stealing a few potatoes to feed his starving children. May he rest in peace.

### *Anti-Syllabus*

AND

### *Tom Strang Killed.*

*Lily Curry*  
*Two thrilling facts for wage-slaves.*

If Socialism were the law in America, every worker would get at least four times his present wages for half his present work. Don't you call that practical politics?—"Justice."

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JULIUS BORDOLLO AND COMPANY,  
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1886.

## MEN OF LABOR.

Men of Labor, wherefore plough  
For the lords who lay ye low?  
Wherefore weave with toil and care  
The rich robes your tyrants wear?

Wherefore feed and clothe and save,  
From the cradle to the grave,  
Those ungrateful drones who would  
Drain your sweat—nay, drink your blood?

Wherefore, toilers, do ye forge  
Many a weapon, chain and scourge,  
That these stingless drones may spoil  
The forced produce of your toil?

Have ye leisure, comfort, calm,  
Shelter, food, love's gentle balm?  
Or what is it ye buy so dear  
With your pain and with your fear?

The seed ye sow another reaps;  
The wealth ye find another keeps;  
The robes ye weave another wears,  
The arms ye forge another bears.

Sow seed—but let no tyrant reap;  
Find wealth—let no impostor heap;  
Weave robes—let not the idle wear;  
Forge arms, in your defense to bear.

—*The Poet Shelley's Address to the Men of England.*

## Wage-Laborers of all Countries, Unite!

Not until the laborers control the political as well as the economical forces can they enjoy the fruits of their labor.

You must support the labor press, start free labor reading-rooms and libraries, read labor literature, educate yourselves, study the labor problem, hear both sides, think and judge for yourselves, look at the capitalistic press with a critical and distrusting eye, emancipate yourselves from both the old corrupt and decayed political parties, freely discuss the wage-system in labor lyceums, and you will convince yourselves that the

### SOCIALISTIC LABOR PARTY

will be the future party in all civilized countries, having as its only opponent the capitalists and their satellites.

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# ANTI-SYLLABUS.

ADAPTED FROM DR. HERMANN KRASSER,

BY

LILY CURRY.

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Fifty thousand years and longer, puissant science proof has shown,  
Mortals dwelt in earthly precincts ere a Paradise was known,  
Ere the Bible was imagined, ere the Maker's mighty hand—  
In the legendary fashion—heaven and earth and humans planned.  
If the story be authentic, as each circumstance relates,  
Man's terrestrial existence his creation antedates,  
And the earth in cloudy orbit many thousand years had rolled  
Ere the Lord, perceiving needful, manufactured and controlled.  
Ere from off the tree of knowledge Adam rashly plucked and ate,  
Ne'er had whisper of Jehovah pierced humanity's estate;  
Were there princes then or clergy, not as now were such attired  
In the image of Jehovah, or at His decree inspired.  
Though perchance 'twere needless wholly—never bee-hive but must

own

'Mongst its complement of toilers many an estimable drone—  
Human numbers pray consider, where one soul in bondage sore  
Turns to pack-horse for the service of a lazy, lumpish score.  
Think of artisan and farmer forced to slave like merest tools  
To contribute to the glory of aristocratic fools!  
Think how standing armies flourish, horse and foot an idle crew,  
Which society must nourish and maintain with honors due;  
Think of monks with cross and sackcloth, who to God's eternal praise  
Barter bloody sweat for manna to the limit of their days;  
Think of speculating schemers, greedy capital in mass,  
Think of wife and helpless children, and of serving folks, alas!



For whose keeping strives the toiler, though his lot be anguish-fraught,

Plodding on in Christian silence till to verge of madness brought,  
 Forced beside to fatten loafers, cheats and ne'er-do-well recruits,  
 Beggars, vagabonds and swindlers, highway robbers, murderous  
 brutes;

Since the honest man's endeavor builds for every slothful wight  
 Prison, hospital and refuge—most humane and goodly sight!—  
 Whilst his own forlorn condition unbefriended still may go  
 Till himself has sunk to thieving, overpowered by want and woe.

Human Nature's conformation, back as far as Olaf's days:  
 Some to strive and strain forever, knowing naught of brighter ways,  
 Others shirking, arrant sluggards, save when sheerly hunger driven,  
 Then upon the toilers' earnings graceless-hearted these have thriven.  
 If perchance these airy loafers, brutal force the mastery gave,  
 High they soared as sovereign rulers, made the laborer but a slave;  
 Or, if haply they were weaker, strove through cunning and deceit—  
 In a fashion also modern—industry to gull and cheat,  
 Planting in the human bosom, sophist-wise with oily word  
 Seeds of supernatural folly, fabrications most absurd,  
 Bearing witness to the value of a mystic rigmarole,  
 Pap of phrases mixed and seasoned for the welfare of the soul.

Thus arrayed, the dual forces, like a mighty regiment,  
 Charged upon the weak opposers, careless of divine assent,  
 Potentates and hierarchies, unsustained by heavenly grace,  
 At their pleasure domineering o'er the feebler of the race.  
 And the darkness of the ages, ere the embryotic time  
 Of the old mosaic legend, swept and shadowed every clime.  
 Never any season fouler than the days of shameful mirth  
 When in Biblical tradition—came the deluge on the earth.  
 Where the heaven-chosen leaders sinned so grievously and long  
 That the Lord in righteous anger drowned them with the rabble  
 throng.

Lo, the years by thousands vanished, till the past becomes the now,  
 And, as ever groans the farmer in the furrows of his plow,  
 And the toiler of the city, striving madly as he may,  
 Sees his famished wife and children growing gaunter day by day!

Shunned and driven forth forever by the haughty "upper class,"  
 Stung with insult and derision, hooted by the vulgar mass,

So the suffering one must wander through the paradise of earth,  
 Hopeless-hearted and despairing of his manhood's real worth ;  
 Though for others life be laughter, freedom-buoyant, fortune-sweet,  
 Unbefriended on his journey he must plod with weary feet,  
 Blind to feasting or rejoicing, deaf to merriment or song,  
 E'en denied the birthright blessings which to all alike belong.  
 Speak the measure of his sinning, since like plague-corrupting sheep  
 Sorely stricken from the presence of his brethren he must creep.  
 Brethren who, in sluggard folly propped on pedigree, deduce  
 That the best of earth was fashioned for aristocratic use,  
 Aye, who revel in the product of their fathers' thievish art,  
 Though it shine bedewed with blood-drops from the toiler's bursting  
 heart ;

Or attain to might and honor, held for kinship's sake in place  
 By some pompous dignitary bare of dignity or grace.  
 Speak, O rich and prosperous mortal : is the laborer's crime so grave,  
 That the woman he would cherish, tarnished must become your  
 slave ?

Strange abyss 'twixt man and master,—scorn the servant from your  
 height,

Yet regard his wife and daughters none too vile for your delight !  
 Shining bribe and luring promise with a lavish hand bestow,—  
 In the dwellings of the humble to achieve an endless woe !  
 Priestly celibates and masses sinning early, sinning late,  
 Who shall wonder at the foulness of the world's debased estate ?  
 Would you crush the wretched victim who in fear and trembling  
 stands

Sacrificed to meet the measure of your infamous demands ?  
 Hath he not behind his masking—weary brow and drooping glance,—  
 Some degree of human reason—shadow of intelligence ?  
 'Neath his garments' soil and tatters bears he not a manly heart,  
 Throbbing day by day, and longing to embrace the better part ?

Ah, your own long since confessed it, and perchance compassion  
 pleads

An array of schools and churches to accommodate his needs.  
 Would you rescue and uplift him ? Contemplate in earnest mood,  
 And deny him not the age's all-ennobling spirit food.  
 Let the blaze of truth and knowledge stream upon his joyless mind,  
 Till a soul awake and blossom in the garden of mankind ;



Fling aside the holy legends handed down from ancient times,  
 Where the chosen left a history of their follies and their crimes !  
 Life has need of other teachings, calls for comprehension vast,  
 That the spirit mount forever from the darkness of the past.

If the great Creator's mandate on the second day made bright  
 What was hitherto but chaos,—fired the universe with light,—  
 If the fourth morn saw discovered sun and moon and starry way,  
 To make radiant earth and ether, and to sever night from day ;  
 If Jehovah, the *All-powerful*, was obliged to pause and rest  
 From the week's severe exertion, as the chronicles attest,  
 If a human clod was mated with a rib from out his side,  
 Then, because he ate an apple, doomed to wander far and wide,—  
 If created in God's image—one—the first-born of the race  
 Turned a fratricidal monster in that fair and heavenly place,—  
 If the records of succession be a veritable guide,  
 How, like patient brutes they wandered, found their homes, begat and  
 died ;

If, with blade made keen and fearful, Abraham had nigh begun  
 To atone for numerous sinnings by the slaughter of his son,—  
 If with wine his zealous daughters plied the patriarchal Lot  
 To insure the perpetration of their strange, incestuous plot,—  
 If the ever-famous lyrics of King Solomon, the wise,  
 Stain the whiteness of the pages that their music glorifies :  
 If the wayside tree was grafted—Absalom-wise, with human fruit,—  
 If the Jews' amazing thievery 'twere laborious to compute,  
 Ere from Egypt they departed, following Moses and his staff  
 In the safety of the desert to adore a golden calf,—  
 If Jehovah, God of justice, overwhelmed relentlessly  
 Pharaoh's swift pursuing forces with the roaring of the sea,—  
 If the gay Philistines perished by the jawbone Samson held,  
 If Rebecca's instigations actually her son impelled  
 To deceive his aged father, helpless, long bereft of sight,  
 Thus to steal away the blessing that was patient Esau's right,—  
 If Jehovah to reward him for the knavery, marked him well  
 Future head and source prolific of his people Israel,—  
 If the swallow and Tobias be a credence-worthy tale,  
 Or if Jonah undigested roamed the stomach of the whale,—  
 If the virgin mild and holy in her yet unwedded state,  
 Having borne the infant Jesus, still remained immaculate,—  
 If she turned as custom ordered, and the Bible law recites,

In retirement to the cleansing and the purifying rites ;—  
 If the Saviour's intercession so blots out our every sin,  
 That the Inquisition demons highest heaven have entered in,—  
 If the story be a true one of the earliest wonder sign,  
 Where the tipsy Jews were gladdened at the water turned to wine,—  
 If the touching of the eyelids with the spittle-moistened clay  
 Brought a being born to blindness, swift the glory of the day,—  
 If the devils fled in terror, subject to a will divine,  
 From the ever-quivering bodies of the long-tormented swine,—  
 If the woman who had suffered a decade of years and more,  
 Swift was healed at merest touching of the robe the Saviour wore,—  
 If the ancient Nicodemus with his subtle acumen  
 Turned obedient at Christ's bidding, eager to be born again,—  
 If our children be instructed as concerning these events,  
 Till they comprehend and master all stupendous incidents,—  
 If these adamitic methods of enlightenment conspire  
 To uplift them to the heavens or to sink them in the mire,—  
 Nay, but own it, ye believers, leaning from your high estate,  
 Ours a superhuman patience to endure and tolerate !  
 Lo, the stupid faith demanded in the shadow of the past,  
 From beclouding human reason needs must disappear at last !  
 Oh, unspeakable the havoc that the earlier teachings wrought,  
 Crucifying heart and spirit, blighting every bud of thought !  
 For the soul that groped in darkness and their monstrous tales believed  
 Was forever dwarfed and crippled by the lessons it received,—  
 Aye, beset with sore affliction, since forbidden to progress,  
 Life and intellect were wasted in a struggle profitless !  
 Would you risk the certain evil that such foldarol imparts  
 To pollute the pure condition of our children's minds and hearts?  
 E'en to-day, when knowledge, rising and rejoicing in its might,  
 Bears a wealth of bloom and fruitage for continuous soul delight !  
 Aye, to-day, when theologians by their fettering creeds oppressed,  
 Through the joyous halls of culture walk unseeing and unblessed !  
 And the earnest man, the toiler, hidden in the blinding maze  
 Of the struggle for existence, sinks to proletarian ways,  
 Out with cabalistic fancies, nightly visions of the past :  
 Give us human institutions for the human family vast !  
 Mourn our predecessors' errors, who, enslaved and falsely taught,  
 To the great and glorious dawning of the future gave no thought,  
 Who, by nature truly noble, bowed 'neath many a grievous woe,  
 Or, for Truth's dear sake, if needful, gladly unto death would go.



Oh, the depth of their rejoicing, could they witness our delight !  
 Oh, the pity they would lavish on the Past's unhappy plight !  
 If but Socrates and Jesus once again should walk the earth  
 And perceive athwart the darkness morning's sweet and marvelous  
     birth,

With what prescient exultation they would comprehend and wait  
 The fulfilled and perfect glory of the intellect's estate.  
 Should we cleave to ancient mummeries, or forever soar away,  
 Spreading wide the spirit's pinions in the sunshine of to-day?  
 Should we rest upon tradition and obey the old decrees,—  
 We, the children of the present, with its dawning excellencies?  
 Thrust aside the cumbering rubbish ! Break from bondage and arise,  
 Soul of man with wings untrammelled, to the beauty of the skies !  
 Suffer not an hour shall vanish, ere in richly fertile ground  
 Golden seeds of strength and purpose for futurity abound.  
 Suffer not the fleeting moment from reality to fade,  
 Ere upon thy brow hath greatness set its seal and impress made !  
 Suffer not that childish wonder or the vigorous thought of youth  
 Be forever cramped and darkened by the shrouding of the truth !  
 If beset with orthodoxy—shaven priest or parson prim,  
 Singing psalms or chanting masses—sing thou Nature's nobler hymn,  
 Though with crucifix he menace—though severe the aid he calls  
 In the effort to convert you to the olden rituals,  
 Straight with telescope and spectrum overwhelm the foolish wight !  
 Aye ! or thrust stupendous wonders, steam and lightning, on his sight.





[Reprinted from *John Swinton's Paper*.]

## TOM STRANG KILLED.

*John Swinton:*—I send you this account of the killing of THOMAS STRANG, who was shot here, a few nights ago.—JOHN BROPHY.

Troy, N. Y., August 20, 1885.

“Poor things! they have no one to steal vegetables for them now.”

There was a powerful sermon in these simple words, as they were uttered, with a bitter laugh, over a dead body, a few nights ago, here in Troy. There was also a glint of that grim, terrible kind of humor in them that flashes out of a bold-spirited, reckless man when, rendered almost insane by some terrible evidence of human misery, he is full ready to curse his God.

It was in an iron-worker's cabin in South Troy, where poverty's pinch makes even little children look old, where a wolf is chained at every door, and where the Iron King rules with an iron hand.

The speaker was a stalwart iron-worker, standing beside a blood-stained pallet, upon which lay the dead body of his friend. The “poor things” he referred to were the nine starvelings of the dead iron-worker. The eldest was a pale, sad-faced boy of twelve; the youngest, a tiny infant, four weeks old. Their widowed mother, a wan, starved-looking woman, sat beside the pallet, not a tear in her eyes, but her quivering, bloodless lips giving vent to moans of anguish. Looking at the famished breast of the widow, there was something terribly suggestive in the way in which the little infant sucked its tiny fingers. The stamp of hunger was upon the faces of the dying ten; the stamp of death was upon the face of their natural protector. Dying they, because they have feasted by stealth for the last few weeks upon the proceeds of robbery; and now the guilty thief, who has just paid the penalty of his crime, lies dead on yonder pallet; and “they have no one to steal vegetables for them now.”

The interior of the cabin, though scantily furnished, bears every sign of neatness. The pine table and floor are scoured white, and a tallow dip stands flickering in a tin candle-stick that shines like silver. Everything within is neat and clean, but there is very little to be kept so. It is indeed the home of poverty, and the wolf's red eyes seem to gleam in every corner.

This is the cabin of the widow and orphans of big, brave-hearted TOM STRANG, who now lies dead on yonder pallet, shot in his tracks

while gathering a trifling share of nature's bounty to feed his starving children.

A few years ago TOM STRANG was in comfortable circumstances, and had the respect and good-will of all who knew him. He had a little home of his own that he had toiled for in the mills night and day. He had a good wife and a young family growing up around him. He was steady and temperate in his habits, a model of health and strength, and he had been guaranteed life and [a few other things by the Constitution of his country.

Poor STRANG was happy and hopeful of the future. He was generous, too; and, strangely enough, in one incident of his life he himself pointed the moral for the story of his death. A friend who had been crippled in the mill came to TOM STRANG one day and asked him for assistance to save his home, which was about to be sold over his head. "Certainly," said STRANG, in his prompt, manly way. "I am a poor man, of course, and often find myself pinched to pay the taxes on my own little place, but I guess I can give you a lift, for *I'll live anyway, and that's all the Burdens can do.*" Poor STRANG! The sequel proves that he could *not* live unless the Burdens saw fit to allow him to live.

There came a dullness in the iron business, and shut-downs at the mills became frequent. STRANG and hundreds like him, who depended on the mills for a living, bore it patiently. They did not ask for double pay, and, because the mills only ran half time, they were willing to stand their share of reverses, waiting for better times.

But the *Burden Brothers*, of Troy, were not so patient, and struck for double pay; they wanted their usual dividend of \$80,000 out of the iron works, whether they ran six months or twelve—their usual profits, work or play. To accomplish this capitalist feat, they resorted to the usual policy of reducing the force, lengthening their hours, and cutting their wages.

Finally, after serving fifteen years in the employ of the *Burden Iron Company*, it came his turn, and TOM STRANG walked the plank to drift with the tide. Thus he had drifted for the past few years, picking up odd jobs here and there, struggling along as best he could. But debts accumulated rapidly; his little home was soon mortgaged to the last penny. The usual signs of poverty began to appear in the STRANG family, in patched clothing, shoeless children, and the absence of the family from the little chapel from which young STRANG, then the finest specimen of manhood in Troy, led his young bride, thirteen years ago.



It began to be whispered about that the STRANGS were seeing hard times; but, if they were, they uttered no complaint, for they were proud, and their distress was a family secret.

At last, however, there came a ray of sunshine through the clouds, and TOM secured what promised to be a steady job for several months on city improvements. Hope sprung again into a breast easily made happy. He could be heard every morning before daybreak whistling cheerfully as he took his long journey clear to the farthest end of the city where his work lay, and a little of the old brightness began to enter the gloomy home of the STRANGS.

But, alas for the man who cannot live without depending on his fellow-men to let him! He had scarcely worked a week when a body of men met, drew a line, and said that no man who lived outside that line should work inside it. Poor Strang's little cabin was just twelve feet over the line, and Tom was discharged, denied once more honorable access to the bounty of nature through the medium of honest labor.

This was Strang's last job. He went sadly home to his wife and little ones, his big, brave heart crushed. How they lived since no one knew. Men saw the powerful form of Tom Strang wasting away day by day, yet never knew that the disease that was gnawing at the noble fellow's vitals was *Hunger*. His children never begged, and even they, poor innocents! never dreamed that he was starving himself to keep life in them as long as possible.

But before brutal man had finished his work, Mother Nature came to the rescue. The crops appeared, and as Tom Strang stood perhaps on the brow of the hill near the little cabin which contained his starving family, and his hungry eyes, sweeping the Hudson, feasted upon fields of corn and vegetables on *Erastus Corning's* Island—is it a wonder if he said to himself, "Necessity knows no law," or cried, in the bitterness of his spirit: "First my family, next my God, and curse my country and all its laws!"?

On that island, one night after midnight, TOM STRANG met his death. While leaving the island with a pillow-case full of potatoes, he was pursued by a watchman, and, although his burden impeded his progress, he clung to it with the clutch of a miser to gold, while bullets whistled past his head. He clung to it because it contained the morrow's food for his starving children. He clung to it until the cowardly, murderous brute behind drove two bullets into his defenseless body, and he tumbled headlong in the path. Then, true to his cowardly nature, the brute who shot him dared not touch him.

Bleeding to death, he crossed the Hudson; suffering agony, he dragged his bleeding body up the steep bank, and, with a last effort, pushed open the door of his cabin and fell in, to die among his starvelings, for whom he had made his last effort and gave up his life.

Their pitiful cries pierced the hearts of the men in the Steel Works. Borne across the river on the still morning air, they rung in the ears of his slayer on Corning's Island. But they never reached the ears of the *Burdens*.

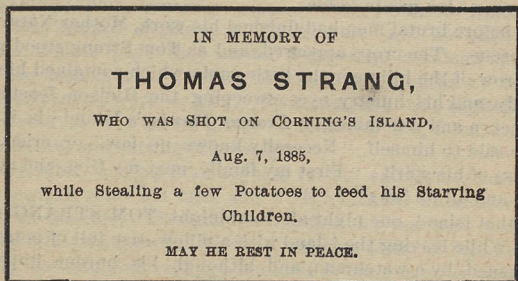
Yet the weak, pitiful cries of that widow and her starvelings may linger in our native air until their thin volume is swelled by oppression, until it assumes the proportions of a mighty roar of maddened men. And then, *Retribution!*

"Justifiable homicide," says the coroner's jury. "Justifiable Hell!" grinds out a brawny iron-worker. "A cow would have been simply driven out of that potato field, not riddled with bullets. But, then," he continued, "animals are valuable; animals have owners, and STRANG had none."

Among men "live and let live" is a thing of the past; and, as civilization progresses, Murder assumes newer, safer and more enticing shapes.

Next year three costly blast furnaces will mark the spot where TOM STRANG fell, but not a stick will mark TOM STRANG'S grave.

Let me here write his epitaph:



JOHN BROPHY.

NOTE.—This outrage is only one instance of the hundreds of thousands occurring every day under all climes of the globe, and which never come to daylight. If Socialism were the law of America, such outrages would be impossible. Socialism guarantees to every man and woman an independent human existence. Abolish the wage system, and join the

**SOCIALISTIC LABOR PARTY.**



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