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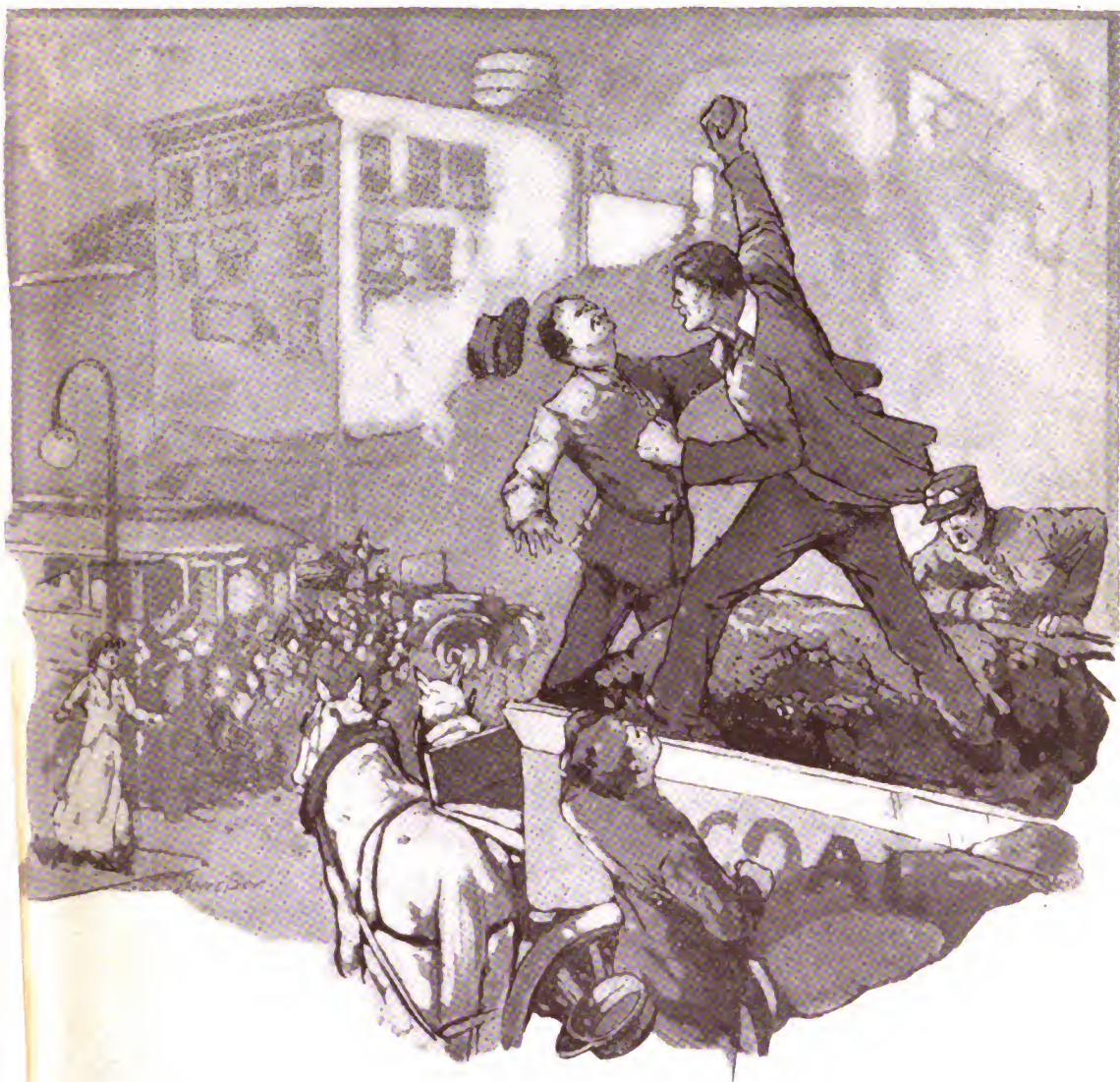
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INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW



SOUTH OF THE SLOT: By JACK LONDON

JESUS—"One of Those Damned Agitators"

In his "**The Carpenter and the Rich Man**" Bouck White proves to the satisfaction of all intelligent men and women that Jesus of Nazareth TAUGHT the very things the Churches and so-called Christians today CONDEMN in the name of Christ.

Jesus approved of the acts of David and his hungry followers when they entered the temple and took the blessed shew bread from the sacred altars, to satisfy their want.

In New York a Catholic Priest declared he would die rather than permit the Unemployed to contaminate the "sacred" Church by using it to protect them from the winter's cold, although they had not where to lay their heads. The Catholic Priest had these **starving men arrested** and sent to **prison**.

Jesus said: "I was in prison and ye visited me not," for "inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the LEAST of these my brethren, ye did it not to me." According to Mr. White in his "**Carpenter and the Rich Man**," Jesus looked upon legal and all authorities as ENEMIES of the poor. He demanded that his followers and friends visit and support their comrades when imprisoned by the hated authorities.

That Jesus loved ALL the poor and despised ALL the rich there seems to be no reasonable doubt after reading this book. Comrade White points out how when a rich man asked permission to follow Jesus and become one of his band of OUTLAWS, Jesus said to him: "Sell ALL you have and GIVE to the POOR and take up your cross and follow me."

In thus referring to the cross, Mr. White shows how Jesus meant that his companions must be ready and willing to give up ALL things, to be prepared to DIE if necessary in their crusade for the **poor**.

Jesus stood for the **poor** thief, the propertyless lawbreaker, the oppressed SABOTAGER, the HOMELESS and HUNGRY Church defiler (if we are to accept the definition of defilement as laid down by our Priestly parasites today).

He was the BOLDEST of REBELLIOUS workingmen. All things could be forgiven ANY POOR man and the possession of riches in the midst of poverty irretrievably damned the owner, according to the Nazarene.

The outcasts of the world were the beloved of Jesus. Prostitutes, thieves, beggars, workingmen, ex-convicts were all the friends of Jesus. For the banker, the great property-owner, the usurer, the RICH MAN, he held only the most deep-rooted hatred and scorn.

Jesus demanded material communism among his comrades, and—above all—revolt against ALL CONSTITUTED AUTHORITY.

Comrade White proves how most of the books of the New Testament were written several hundred years after the death of Jesus and bear the imprint more of the aims and minds of the AUTHORS than they do of the FIGHTING CARPENTER.

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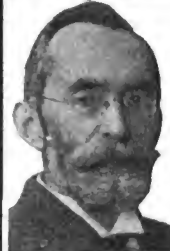
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WHO IS

A VOICE FROM

(Holly Grove

By A PAINT

WILD volleys and volleys of murderous lead
 And whirlwinds of air-leaping flame,
 With hell-screaming agony writhing and red
 In fields that were calm ere the yellow-legs came!
 From the tattered black village Death rears up his head
 And leeringly numbers the names of the dead.
 "But who is to blame?" cries the voice from the pit.

And there, 'mid the embers that some one had lit,
 Pale children are weeping alone;
 While women and babies are strewn in the pit,
 Disfigured and mangled and burned to the bone,
 With red gaping wounds where the bullets have bit.
 "And who is to blame?" cries the voice from the pit.

"O, who is to blame for the shot and the flame?"
 Cries the voice from the depths of the pit.
 "I am covered with mud and spattered with blood;
 My children have ashes and blood in their hair....
 O, who is to blame for the misery there.....?
 In this murderous game I will find who's to blame
 And shout to the whole world the fiendish name!"



—From Harper's Weekly

Label 1000000

TO BLAME?

THE PIT—LUDLOW

(Not Forgotten)

CREEK MINER

Quoth Death, "I have shown their encampment before—
My own most dependable crew.
So why do you roar and plead and implore,
I have brought them from Hades expressly for you;
They are yellow-legged curs who are greedy for gore
And mine-guards who clamour for more and for more. . . ."
"But WHO is to blame?" cried the voice from the pit.

*"Who is to blame for the shot and the flame—
The machine-guns that sputter and spit,
What tyrant serene is directing unseen
His black-hearted cowards who kill at command—
The safe one who orders his own hellish band
To slaughter and slay with an iron-gloved hand. . . .
O, HE is to blame for the gun and the brand!"*

(RECAP)

Wild volleys and volleys of murderous lead,
And whirlwinds of air-leaping flame;
With hell-screaming agony writhing and red
In fields that were calm ere the yellow-legs came.
In the black smoking ruins does Nemesis sit
With a burned-out torch that some one had lit. . . .
"And WHO IS TO BLAME?" cries the voice from the pit.



MOTHER JONES—REVOLUTIONIST.



A New Story Which Will Soon Be Published with Other Short Stories by the Same Author in Book Form Under the Title, "The Strength of the Strong."

OLD San Francisco, which is the San Francisco of only the other day, the day before the Earthquake, was divided midway by the Slot. The Slot was an iron crack that ran along the center of Market street, and from the Slot arose the burr of the ceaseless, endless cable that was hitched at will to the cars it dragged up and down. In truth, there were two slots, but in the quick grammar of the West time was saved by calling them, and much more that they stood for, "The Slot." North of the Slot were the theaters, hotels, and shopping district, the banks and the staid, respectable business houses. South of the Slot were the factories, slums, laundries, machine shops, boiler works, and the abodes of the working class.

The Slot was the metaphor that expressed the class cleavage of society, and no man crossed this metaphor, back and forth, more successfully than Freddie Drummond. He made a practice of living in both worlds, and in both worlds he lived signally well. Freddie Drummond was a professor in the Sociology Department of the University of California, and it was as a professor of sociology that he first crossed over the Slot, lived for six months in the great labor-ghetto, and wrote "The Unskilled Laborer"—a book that was hailed everywhere as an able contribution to the literature of progress, and as a splendid reply to the literature of discontent. Politically and economically it was nothing if not orthodox. Presidents of great railway systems bought whole editions of it to give

to their employees. The Manufacturers' Association alone distributed fifty thousand copies of it. In a way, it was almost as immoral as the far-famed and notorious "Message to Garcia," while in its preachment of thrift and content it ran "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" a close second.

At first, Freddie Drummond found it monstrously difficult to get along among the working people. He was not used to their ways, and they certainly were not used to his. They were suspicious. He had no antecedents. He could talk of no previous jobs. His hands were soft. His extraordinary politeness was ominous. His first idea of the role he would play was that of a free and independent American who chose to work with his hands and no explanations given. But it wouldn't do, as he quickly discovered. At the beginning they accepted him, very provisionally, as a freak. A little later, as he began to know his way about better, he insensibly drifted into the role that would work—namely, he was a man who had seen better days, very much better days, but who was down in his luck, though, to be sure, only temporarily.

He learned many things, and generalized much and often erroneously, all of which can be found in the pages of "The Unskilled Laborer." He saved himself, however, after the sane and conservative manner of his kind, by labeling his generalizations as "tentative." One of his first experiences was in the great Wilmax Cannery, where he was put on piece-work making small packing cases. A box factory

supplied the parts, and all Freddie Drummond had to do was to fit the parts into a form and drive in the wire nails with a light hammer.

It was not skilled labor, but it was piece-work. The ordinary laborers in the cannery got a dollar and a half per day. Freddie Drummond found the other men on the same job with him jogging along and earning a dollar and seventy-five cents a day.

By the third day he was able to earn the same. But he was ambitious. He did not care to jog along and, being unusually able and fit, on the fourth day earned two dollars. The next day, having keyed himself up to an exhausting high tension, he earned two dollars and a half. His fellow workers favored him with scowls and black looks, and made remarks, slangily witty, and which he did not understand, about sucking up to the boss and pace-making and holding her down when the rains set in. He was astonished at their maligning on piece-work, generalized about the inherent laziness of the unskilled laborer, and proceeded next day to hammer out three dollars worth of boxes.

And that night, coming ing out of the cannery, he was interviewed by his fellow workmen, who were very angry and incoherently slangy. He failed to comprehend the motive behind their action. The action itself was strenuous. When he refused to ease down his pace and bleated about freedom of contract, independent Americanism, and the dignity of toil, they pro-

ceeded to spoil his pace-making ability. It was a fierce battle, for Drummond was a large man and an athlete, but the crowd finally jumped on his ribs, walked on his face, and stamped on his fingers, so that it was only after lying in bed for a week that he was able to get up and look for another job. All of which is duly narrated in that first book of his, in the chapter entitled "The Tyranny of Labor."



"IT WAS A FIERCE BATTLE."

A little later, in another department of the Wilmax Cannery, lumping as a fruit-distributor among the women, he essayed to carry two boxes of fruit at a time, and was promptly reproached by the other fruit-lumpers. It was palpable malingerings; but he was there, he decided, not to change conditions, but to observe. So he lumped one box thereafter, and so well did he study the art of shirking that he wrote a special chapter on it, with the last several paragraphs devoted to tentative generalizations.

In those six months he worked at many jobs and developed into a very good imitation of a genuine worker. He was a natural linguist, and he kept notebooks, making a scientific study of the workers' slang or argot, until he could talk quite intelligibly. This language also enabled him more intimately to follow their mental processes, and thereby to gather much data for a projected chapter in some future book which he planned to entitle "Synthesis of Working-Class Psychology."

Before he arose to the surface from that first plunge into the underworld he discovered that he was a good actor and demonstrated the plasticity of his nature. He was himself astonished at his own fluidity. Once having mastered the language and conquered numerous fastidious qualms, he found that he could flow into any nook of working-class life and fit it so snugly as to feel comfortably at home. As he said, in the preface to his second book, "The Toiler," he endeavored really to know the working people, and the only possible way to achieve this was to work beside them, eat their food, sleep in their beds, be amused with their amusements, think their thoughts and feel their feelings.

He was not a deep thinker. He had no faith in new theories. All his norms and criteria were conventional. His Thesis, on the French Revolution, was noteworthy in college annals, not merely for its painstaking and voluminous accuracy, but for the fact that it was the dryest, deadest, most formal, and most orthodox screed ever written on the subject. He was a very reserved man, and his natural inhibition was large in quantity and steel-like in quality. He had but few friends. He was too undemonstrative, too frigid. He had no vices, nor had any one ever discovered any temptations. Tobacco he detested, beer he abhorred, and he was never known to drink anything

stronger than an occasional light wine at dinner.

When a freshman he had been baptized "Ice-Box" by his warmer-blooded fellows. As a member of the faculty he was known as "Cold-Storage." He had but one grief, and that was "Freddie." He had earned it when he played full-back on the 'Varsity eleven, and his formal soul had never succeeded in living it down. "Freddie" he would ever be, except officially, and through nightmare vistas he looked into a future when his world would speak of him as "Old Freddie."

For he was very young to be a Doctor of Sociology, only twenty-seven, and he looked younger. In appearance and atmosphere he was a strapping big college man, smooth-faced and easy-mannered, clean and simple and wholesome, with a known record of being a splendid athlete and an implied vast possession of cold culture of the inhibited sort. He never talked shop out of class and committee rooms, except later on, when his books showered him with distasteful public notice and he yielded to the extent of reading occasional papers before certain literary and economic societies.

He did everything right—too right; and in dress and comportment was inevitably correct. Not that he was a dandy. Far from it. He was a college man, in dress and carriage as like as a pea to the type that of late years is being so generously turned out of our institutions of higher learning. His handshake was satisfyingly strong and stiff. His blue eyes were coldly blue and convincingly sincere. His voice, firm and masculine, clean and crisp of enunciation, was pleasant to the ear. The one drawback to Freddie Drummond was his inhibition. He never unbent. In his football days, the higher the tension of the game the cooler he grew. He was noted as a boxer, but he was regarded as an automaton, with the inhuman action of a machine judging distance and timing blows, guarding, blocking and stalling. He was rarely punished himself, while he rarely punished an opponent. He was too clever and too controlled to permit himself to put a pound more weight into a punch than he intended. With him it was a matter of exercise. It kept him fit.

As time went by, Freddie Drummond found himself more frequently crossing the

Slot and losing himself in South of Market. His summer and winter holidays were spent there, and, whether it was a week or a week-end, he found the time spent there to be valuable and enjoyable. And there was so much material to be gathered. His third book, "Mass and Master," became a text-book in the American universities; and almost before he knew it, he was at work on a fourth one, "The Fallacy of the Inefficient."

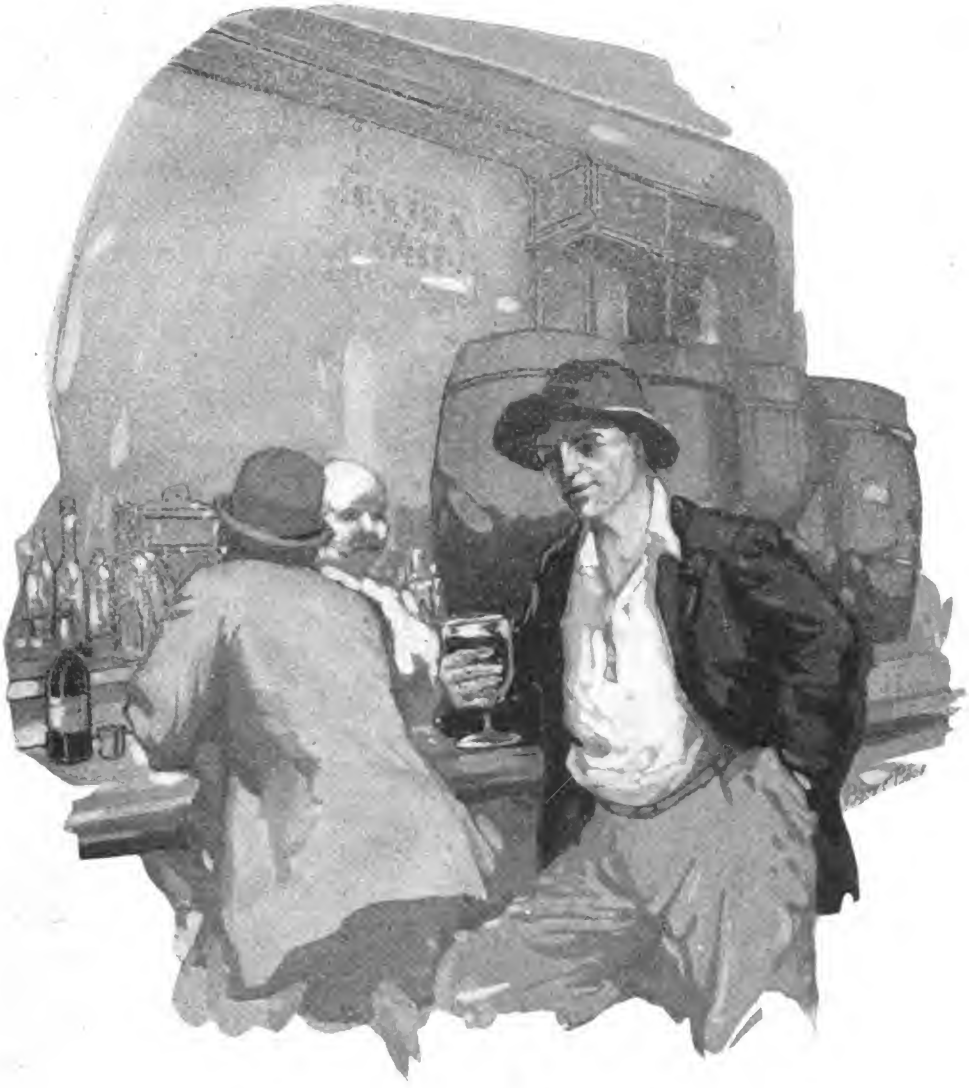
Somewhere in his make-up there was a strange twist or quirk. Perhaps it was a recoil from his environment and training, or from the tempered seed of his ancestors, who had been bookmen generation preceding generation; but at any rate, he found enjoyment in being down in the working-class world. In his own world he was "Cold Storage," but down below he was "Big" Bill Totts, who could drink and smoke, and slang and fight, and be an all-around favorite. Everybody liked Bill, and more than one working girl made love to him. At first he had been merely a good actor, but as time went on, simulation became second nature. He no longer played a part, and he loved sausages—sausages and bacon, than which, in his own proper sphere, there was nothing more loathsome in the way of food.

From doing the thing for the need's sake, he came to doing the thing for the thing's sake. He found himself regretting as the time drew near for him to go back to his lecture-room and his inhibition. And he often found himself waiting with anticipation for the dreamy time to pass when he could cross the Slot and cut loose and play the devil. He was not wicked, but as "Big" Bill Totts he did a myriad things that Freddie Drummond would never have been permitted to do. Moreover, Freddie Drummond never would have wanted to do them. That was the strangest part of his discovery. Freddie Drummond and Bill Totts were two totally different creatures. The desires and tastes and impulses of each ran counter to the other's. Bill Totts could shirk at a job with clear conscience, while Freddie Drummond condemned shirking as vicious, criminal, and un-American, and devoted whole chapters to condemnation of the vice. Freddie Drummond did not care for dancing, but Bill Totts never missed the nights at the various dancing clubs, such as The Magnolia, The Western Star, and The

Elite; while he won a massive silver cup, standing thirty inches high, for being the best-sustained character at the Butchers' and Meat Workers' annual grand masked ball. And Bill Totts liked the girls and the girls liked him, while Freddie Drummond enjoyed playing the ascetic in this particular, was open in his opposition to equal suffrage, and cynically bitter in his secret condemnation of co-education.

Freddie Drummond changed his manners with his dress, and without effort. When he entered the obscure little room used for his transformation scenes he carried himself just a bit too stiffly. He was too erect, his shoulders were an inch too far back, while his face was grave, almost harsh, and practically expressionless. But when he emerged in Bill Totts' clothes he was another creature. Bill Totts did not slouch, but somehow his whole form limbered up and became graceful. The very sound of the voice was changed, and the laugh was loud and hearty, while loose speech and an occasional oath was as a matter of course on his lips. Also, Bill Totts was a trifle inclined to late hours, and at times, in soliloquies, to be good-naturedly bellicose with other workmen. Then, too, at Sunday picnics, or when coming home from the show, either arm betrayed a practiced familiarity in stealing around girls' waists, while he displayed a wit keen and delightful in the flirtatious badinage that was expected of a good fellow in his class.

So thoroughly was Bill Totts himself, so thoroughly a workman, a genuine denizen of South of the Slot, that he was as class-conscious as the average of his kind, and his hatred for a scab even exceeded that of the average loyal union man. During the Water Front Strike Freddie Drummond was somehow able to stand apart from the unique combination, and, coldly critical, watch Bill Totts hilariously slug scab longshoremen. For Bill Totts was a dues-paying member of the Longshoremen Union and had a right to be indignant with the usurpers of his job. "Big" Bill Totts was so very big, and so very able, that it was "Big" Bill to the front when trouble was brewing. From acting outraged feelings, Freddie Drummond, in the role of his other self, came to experience genuine outrage, and it was only when he returned to the classic atmosphere of the university that he was able, sanely and conservatively, to



"BILL TOTTS WAS A TRIFLE INCLINED TO LATE HOURS AND A TIMES IN SALOONS, TO BE
GOOD-NATUREDLY BELLICOSE WITH OTHER WORKMEN."

generalize upon his underworld experiences and put them down on paper as a trained sociologist should. That Bill Totts lacked the perspective to raise him above class-consciousness, Freddie Drummond clearly saw. But Bill Totts could not see it. When he saw a scab taking his job away, he saw red at the same time, and little else did he see. It was Freddie Drummond, "irreproachably clothed and comported, seated at his study desk or facing his class in "Sociology 17," who saw Bill Totts, and all around Bill Totts, and all around the whole

scab and union labor problem and its relation to the economic welfare of the United States in the struggle for the world market. Bill Totts really wasn't able to see beyond the next meal and the prize fight the following night at the Gaiety Athletic Club.

It was while gathering material for "Women and Work" that Freddie received his first warning of the danger he was in. He was too successful at living in both worlds. This strange dualism he had developed was, after all, very unstable, and, as he sat in his study and meditated, he saw

that it could not endure. It was really a transition stage, and if he persisted he saw that he would inevitably have to drop one world or the other. He could not continue in both. And as he looked at the row of volumes that graced the upper shelf of his revolving book-case, his volumes, beginning with his Thesis and ending with "Women and Work," he decided that that was the world he would hold on to and stick by. Bill Totts had served his purpose, but he had become a too dangerous accomplice. Bill Totts would have to cease.

Freddie Drummond's fright was due to Mary Condon, President of the International Glove Workers' Union No. 974. He had seen her, first, from the spectators' gallery, at the annual convention of the North-west Federation of Labor, and he had seen her through Bill Totts' eyes, and that individual had been most favorably impressed by her. She was not Freddie Drummond's sort at all. What if she were a royal-bodied woman, graceful and sinewy as a panther, with amazing black eyes that could fill with fire or laughter-love, as the mood might dictate? He detested women with a too exuberant vitality and a lack of—well, of inhibition. Freddie Drummond accepted the doctrine of evolution because it was quite universally accepted by college men, and he flatly believed that man had climbed up the ladder of life out of the weltering muck and mess of lower and monstrous organic things. But he was a trifle ashamed of this genealogy, and preferred not to think of it. Wherefore, probably, he practiced his iron inhibition and preached it to others, and preferred women of his own type, who could shake free of this bestial and regrettable ancestral line and by discipline and control emphasize the wideness of the gulf that separated them from what their dim forbears had been.

Bill Totts had none of these considerations. He had liked Mary Condon from the moment his eyes first rested on her in the convention hall, and he had made it a point, then and there, to find out who she was. The next time he met her, and quite by accident, was when he was driving an express wagon for Pat Morrissey. It was in a lodging house in Mission street, where he had been called to take a trunk into storage. The landlady's daughter had called him and led him to the little bed-room, the occupant

of which, a glove-maker, had just been removed to a hospital. But Bill did not know this. He stooped, up-ended the trunk, which was a large one, got it on his shoulder, and struggled to his feet with his back toward the open door. At that moment he heard a woman's voice.

"Belong to the union?" was the question asked.

"Aw, what's it to you?" he retorted. "Run along now, an' git outa my way. I wanta turn 'round."

The next he knew, big as he was, he was whirled half around and sent reeling backward, the trunk overbalancing him, till he fetched up with a crash against the wall. He started to swear, but at the same instant found himself looking into Mary Condon's flashing, angry eyes.

"Of course I b'long to the union," he said. "I was only kiddin' you."

"Where's your card?" she demanded in business-like tones.

"In my pocket. But I can't git it out now. This trunk's too damn heavy. Come



"PUT THAT TRUNK DOWN" WAS THE COMMAND."

on down to the wagon an I'll show it to you."

"Put that trunk down," was the command.

"What for?" I got a card, I'm tellin' you."

"Put it down, that's all. No scab's going to handle that trunk. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you big coward, scabbing on honest men. Why don't you join the union and be a man?"

Mary Condon's color had left her face, and it was apparent that she was in a white rage.

"To think of a big man like you turning traitor to his class. I suppose you're aching to join the militia for a chance to shoot down union drivers the next strike. You may belong to the militia already, for that matter. You're the sort——"

"Hold on, now, that's too much!" Bill dropped the trunk to the floor with a bang, straightened up, and thrust his hand into his inside coat pocket. "I told you I was only kiddin'. There, look at that."

It was a union card properly enough.

"All right, take it along," Mary Condon said. "And the next time don't kid."

Her face relaxed as she noticed the ease with which he got the big trunk to his shoulder, and her eyes glowed as they glanced over the graceful massiveness of the man. But Bill did not see that. He was too busy with the trunk.

The next time he saw Mary Condon was during the Laundry Strike. The Laundry Workers, but recently organized, were green at the business, and had petitioned Mary Condon to engineer the strike. Freddie Drummond had had an inkling of what was coming, and had sent Bill Totts to join the union and investigate. Bill's job was in the wash-room, and the men had been called out first, that morning, in order to stiffen the courage of the girls; and Bill chanced to be near the door to the mangle-room when Mary Condon started to enter. The superintendent, who was both large and stout, barred her way. He wasn't going to have his girls called out, and he'd teach her a lesson to mind her own business. And as Mary tried to squeeze past him he thrust her back with a fat hand on her shoulder. She glanced around and saw Bill.

"Here you are, Mr. Totts," she called. "Lend a hand. I want to get in."

Bill experienced a startle of warm surprise. She had remembered his name from his union card. The next moment the superintendent had been plucked from the doorway raving about rights under the law, and the girls were deserting their machines. During the rest of that short and successful strike Bill constituted himself Mary Condon's henchman and messenger, and when it was over returned to the University to be Freddie Drummond and to wonder what Bill Totts could see in such a woman.

Freddie Drummond was entirely safe, but Bill had fallen in love. There was no getting away from the fact of it, and it was this fact that had given Freddie Drummond his warning. Well, he had done his work, and his adventures could cease. There was no need for him to cross the Slot again. All but the last three chapters of his latest, "Labor Tactics and Strategy," was finished, and he had sufficient material on hand adequately to supply those chapters.

Another conclusion he arrived at, was that in order to sheet-anchor himself as Freddie Drummond, closer ties and relations in his own social nook were necessary. It was time that he was married, anyway, and he was fully aware that if Freddie Drummond didn't get married Bill Totts assuredly would, and the complications were too awful to contemplate. And so, enters Catherine Van Vorst. She was a college woman herself, and her father, the one wealthy member of the faculty, was the head of the Philosophy Department as well. It would be a wise marriage from every standpoint, Freddie Drummond concluded when the engagement was consummated and announced. In appearance cold and reserved, aristocratic and wholesomely conservative, Catherine Van Vorst, though warm in her way, possessed an inhibition equal to Drummond's.

All seemed well with him, but Freddie Drummond could not quite shake off the coil of the underworld, the lure of the free and open, of the unhampered, irresponsible life South of the Slot. As the time of his marriage approached, he felt that he had indeed sowed wild oats, and he felt, moreover, what a good thing it would be if he could have but one wild fling more, play the good fellow and the wastrel one last time, ere he settled down to gray lecture-rooms and sober matrimony. And, further

to tempt him, the very last chapter of "Labor Tactics and Strategy" remained unwritten for lack of a trifle more of essential data which he had neglected to gather.

So Freddie Drummond went down for the last time as Bill Totts, got his data, and, unfortunately, encountered Mary Condon. Once more installed in his study, it was not a pleasant thing to look back upon. It made his warning doubly imperative. Bill Totts had behaved abominably. Not only had he met Mary Condon at the Central Labor Council, but he had stopped in at a creamery with her, on the way home, and treated her to oysters. And before they parted at her door his arms had been about her, and he had kissed her on the lips, and kissed her repeatedly. And her last words in his ear, words uttered softly with a catchy sob in the throat that was nothing more nor less than a love cry, were "Bill . . . dear, dear Bill."

Freddie Drummond shuddered at the recollection. He saw the pit yawning for him. He was not by nature a polygamist, and he was appalled at the possibilities of the situation. It would have to be put an end to, and it would end in one only of two ways: either he must become wholly Bill Totts and be married to Mary Condon, or he must remain wholly Freddie Drummond and be married to Catherine Van Vorst. Otherwise, his conduct would be beneath contempt and horrible.

In the several months that followed San Francisco was torn with labor strife. The unions and the employers' associations had locked horns with a determination that looked as if they intended to settle the matter, one way or the other, for all time. But Freddie Drummond corrected proofs, lectured classes, and did not budge. He devoted himself to Catherine Van Vorst, and day by day found more to respect and admire in her—nay, even to love in her. The Street Car strike tempted him, but not so severely as he would have expected; and the great Meat Strike came on and left him cold. The ghost of Bill Totts had been successfully laid, and Freddie Drummond with rejuvenescent zeal tackled a brochure, long-planned, on the topic of "diminishing returns."

The wedding was two weeks off, when, one afternoon, in San Francisco, Catherine Van Vorst picked him up and whisked him away to see a Boys' Club, recently instituted

by the settlement workers with whom she was interested. It was her brother's machine, but they were alone with the exception of the chauffeur. At the junction with Kearney street, Market and Geary streets intersect like the sides of a sharp-angled letter "V." They, in the auto, were coming down Market with the intention of negotiating the sharp apex and going up Geary. But they did not know what was coming down Geary, timed by fate to meet them at the apex. While aware from the papers that the Meat Strike was on and that it was an exceedingly bitter one, all thought of it at that moment was farthest from Freddie Drummond's mind. Was he not seated beside Catherine? And, besides, he was carefully expositing to her his views on settlement work—views that Bill Totts' adventures had played a part in formulating.

Coming down Geary street were six meat wagons. Beside each scab driver sat a policeman. Front and rear, and along each side of this procession, marched a protecting escort of one hundred police. Behind the police rear-guard, at a respectful distance, was an orderly but vociferous mob, several blocks in length, that congested the street from sidewalk to sidewalk. The Beef Trust was making an effort to supply the hotels, and, incidentally, to begin the breaking of the strike. The St. Francis had already been supplied, at a cost of many broken windows and broken heads, and the expedition was marching to the relief of the Palace Hotel.

All unwitting, Drummond sat beside Catherine, talking settlement work, as the auto, honking methodically and dodging traffic, swung in a wide curve to get around the apex. A big coal wagon, loaded with lump coal and drawn by four huge horses, just debouching from Kearney street as though to turn down Market, blocked their way. The driver of the wagon seemed undecided, and the chauffeur, running slow but disregarding some shouted warning from the crossing policeman, swerved the auto to the left, violating the traffic rules, in order to pass in front of the wagon.

At that moment Freddie Drummond discontinued his conversation. Nor did he resume it again, for the situation was developing with the rapidity of a transformation scene. He heard the roar of the mob at

the rear, and caught a glimpse of the helmeted police and the lurching meat wagons. At the same moment, laying on his whip and standing up to his task, the coal driver rushed horses and wagon squarely in front of the advancing procession, pulled the horses up sharply, and put on the big brake. Then he made his lines fast to the brake-handle and sat down with the air of one who had stopped to stay. The auto had been brought to a stop, too, by his big panting leaders which had jammed against it.

Before the chauffeur could back clear an old Irishman, driving a rickety express wagon and lashing his one horse to a gallop, had locked wheels with the auto. Drummond recognized both horse and wagon, for he had driven them often himself. The Irishman was Pat Morrissey. On the other side a brewery wagon was locking with the coal wagon, and an east-bound Kearney street car, wildly clanging its gong, the motorman shouting defiance at the crossing policemen, was dashing forward to complete the blockade. And wagon after wagon was locking and blocking and adding to the confusion. The meat wagons halted. The police were trapped. The roar at the rear increased as the mob came on to the attack, while the vanguard of the police charged the obstructing wagons.

"We're in for it," Drummond remarked coolly to Catherine.

"Yes," she nodded, with equal coolness. "What savages they are."

His admiration for her doubled on itself. She was indeed his sort. He would have been satisfied with her even if she had screamed and clung to him, but this—this was magnificent. She sat in that storm center as calmly as if it had been no more than a block of carriages at the opera.

The police were struggling to clear a passage. The driver of the coal wagon, a big man in shirt sleeves, lighted a pipe and sat smoking. He glanced down complacently at a captain of police who was raving and cursing at him, and his only acknowledgment was a shrug of the shoulders. From the rear arose the rat-tat-tat of clubs on heads and a pandemonium of cursing, yelling, and shouting. A violent accession of noise proclaimed that the mob had broken through and was dragging a scab from a wagon. The police captain reinforced from his vanguard, and the mob at the rear was repelled. Meanwhile window

after window in the high office building on the right had been opened, and the class-conscious clerks were raining a shower of office furniture down on the heads of police and scabs. Waste-baskets, ink-bottles, paper-weights, typewriters—anything and everything that came to hand was filling the air.

A policeman, under orders from his captain, clambered to the lofty seat of the coal wagon to arrest the driver. And the driver, rising leisurely and peacefully to meet him, suddenly crumpled him in his arms and threw him down on top of the captain. The driver was a young giant, and when he climbed on top his load and poised a lump of coal in both hands, a policeman, who was just scaling the wagon from the side, let go and dropped back to earth. The captain ordered half a dozen of his men to take the wagon. The teamster, scrambling over the load from side to side, beat them down with huge lumps of coal.

The crowd on the sidewalks and the teamsters on the locked wagons roared encouragement and their own delight. The motorman, smashing helmets with his controller bar, was beaten into insensibility and dragged from his platform. The captain of police, beside himself at the repulse of his men, led the next assault on the coal wagon. A score of police were swarming up the tall-sided fortress. But the teamster multiplied himself. At times there were six or eight policemen rolling on the pavement and under the wagon. Engaged in repulsing an attack on the rear end of his fortress, the teamster turned about to see the captain just in the act of stepping on to the seat from the front end. He was still in the air and in most unstable equilibrium, when the teamster hurled a thirty-pound lump of coal. It caught the captain fairly on the chest, and he went over backward, striking on a wheeler's back, tumbling on to the ground, and jamming against the rear wheel of the auto.

Catherine thought he was dead, but he picked himself up and charged back. She reached out her gloved hand and patted the flank of the snorting, quivering horse. But Drummond did not notice the action. He had eyes for nothing save the battle of the coal wagon, while somewhere in his complicated psychology one Bill Totts was heaving and straining in an effort to come to life. Drummond believed in law and

order and the maintenance of the established, but this riotous savage within him would have none of it. Then, if ever, did Freddie Drummond call upon his iron inhibition to save him. But it is written that the house divided against itself must fall. And Freddie Drummond found that he had divided all the will and force of him with Bill Totts, and between them the entity that constituted the pair of them was being wrenched in twain.

Freddie Drummond sat in the auto, quite composed, alongside Catherine Van Vorst; but looking out of Freddie Drummond's eyes was Bill Totts, and somewhere behind those eyes, battling for the control of their mutual body, were Freddie Drummond, the sane and conservative sociologist, and Bill Totts, the class-conscious and bellicose union workingman. It was Bill Totts, looking out of those eyes, who saw the inevitable end of the battle on the coal wagon. He saw a policeman gain the top of the load, a second, and a third. They lurched clumsily on the loose footing, but their long riot-clubs were out and swinging. One blow caught the teamster on the head. A second he dodged, receiving it on the shoulder. For him the game was plainly up. He dashed in suddenly, clutched two policemen in his arms, and hurled himself a prisoner to the pavement, his hold never relaxing on his two captors.

Catherine Van Vorst was sick and faint at sight of the blood and brutal fighting. But her qualms were vanquished by the sensational and most unexpected happening that followed. The man beside her emitted an unearthly yell and rose to his feet. She saw him spring over the front seat, leap to the broad rump of the wheeler, and from their gain the wagon. His onslaught was like a whirlwind. Before the bewildered officer on top the load could guess the errand of this conventionally clad but excited-seeming gentlemen, he was the recipient of a punch that arched him back through the air to the pavement. A kick in the face led an ascending policeman to follow his example. A rush of three more gained the top and locked with Bill Totts in a gigantic clinch, during which his scalp was opened up by a club, and coat, vest, and half his starched shirt were torn from him. But the three policemen were flung wide and far, and Bill Totts, raining down lumps of coal, held the fort.

The captain led gallantly to the attack, but was bowled over by a chunk of coal that burst on his head in black baptism. The need of the police was to break the blockade in front before the mob could break in at the rear, and Bill Totts' need was to hold the wagon till the mob did break through. So the battle of the coal went on.

The crowd had recognized its champion, "Big" Bill, as usual, had come to the front, and Catherine Van Vorst was bewildered by the cries of "Bill! O you Bill!" that arose on every hand. Pat Morrissey, on his wagon seat, was jumping and screaming in an ecstasy, "Eat 'em, Bill! Eat 'em! Eat 'em alive!" From the sidewalk she heard a woman's voice cry out, "Look out, Bill—front end!" Bill took the warning and with well-directed coal cleaned the front end of the wagon of assailants. Catherine Van Vorst turned her head and saw on the curb of the sidewalk a woman with vivid coloring and flashing black eyes who was staring with all her soul at the man who had been Freddie Drummond a few minutes before.

The windows of the office building became vociferous with applause. The mob had broken through on one side the line of wagons, and was advancing, each segregated policeman the center of a fighting group. The scabs were torn from their seats, the traces of the horses cut, and the frightened animals put in flight. Many policemen crawled under the coal wagon for safety, while the loose horses, with here and there a policeman on their backs or struggling at their heads to hold them, surged across the sidewalk opposite the jam and broke into Market street.

Catherine Van Vorst heard the woman's voice calling in warning. She was back on the curb again, and crying out:

"Beat it, Bill! Now's your time! Beat it!"

The police for the moment had been swept away. Bill Totts leaped to the pavement and made his way to the woman on the sidewalk. Catherine Van Vorst saw her throw her arms around him and kiss him on the lips; and Catherine Van Vorst watched him curiously as he went on down the sidewalk, one arm around the woman, both talking and laughing, and he with a volubility and abandon she could never have dreamed possible.

The police were back again and clearing the jam while waiting for reinforcements and new drivers and horses. The mob had done its work and was scattering, and Catherine Van Vorst, still watching, could see the man she had known as Freddie Drummond. He towered a head above the crowd. His arm was still about the woman. And she in the motorcar, watching, saw the pair cross Market street, cross the Slot, and disappear down Third street into the labor ghetto.

* * * * *

In the years that followed no more lec-

tures were given in the University of California by one Freddie Drummond, and no more books on economics and the labor question appeared over the name of Frederick A. Drummond. On the other hand there arose a new labor leader, William Totts by name. He it was who married Mary Condon, president of the International Glove Workers Union No. 974; and he it was who called the notorious Cooks and Waiters' strike, which, before its successful termination, brought out with it scores of other unions, among which, of the more remotely allied, were the Chicken Pickers and the Undertakers.



—From The Masses.

CLASS STRUGGLE AND CLASS HATE

C LASS hatred? Why nobody that is grown up feels any class hatred when he is sitting home thinking about things. The doctrine of the class struggle is flatly opposed to class hate. It is a calm and loving acknowledgement of the fact that our problems arise out of a conflict of interests which are inevitable and all right—all right on both sides.

But of course after you go outdoors and get into the fight in a concrete situation, like that at Little Falls, where the knife is drawn and it's a clear case of life against profits, then you begin to see red, and you forget all about your theory, and start in

calling names. But we ought not to mind a few swear words now and then, so long as our general philosophy is sound. We don't have to shake hands at the end of each round. That would look silly.

But we do have to keep the spirit of sympathy and good sense alive in our hearts, and recognize all along that human's is human's. The true spirit for those on the under side of a class struggle is summed up forever in the greeting of Mother Jones to the Warden at San Quentin—"Poor boy, God damn your soul, you can't help it!"—From The Masses.



CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL.

Doing Us Good—And Plenty

By Charles Edward Russell

WELL, fellow Americans, tariff reform wasn't the thing, after all, was it?

Do you remember how we were told year after year that the abominable tariff was the root of all our troubles? It was the tariff that increased the cost of living; it was because of the tariff that we were getting relatively poorer all the time. Whenever we pointed out that provisions were constantly growing dearer, clothing cost more, and rents were higher, the answer from the wise men was always pat.

Blame all this to the tariff, they said. It was behind the protecting wall of the tariff that all such evils grew.

They made the thing look rather plausible, too.

There was an import duty on meat, for instance. Therefore, we could bring no meat from abroad, and the American packer having no competition, could charge us what he pleased. That was the reason why meat was dear.

There was an import duty on wool; that was the reason why clothing was so dear.

There was an import duty on sugar; that was the reason why sugar was high and all articles into which sugar entered cost us so much.

There was an import duty on lumber; that made houses dear and rents high.

On practically everything we consumed was an import duty, and thus we suffered from it. To make living cheap, therefore, behold the simple, certain prescription—Reduce the tariff and you reduce the price we must pay.

Same way with the trusts.

Those hideous monsters of our dreams, how quickly they would vanish when the fierce, man-eating tariff should be driven from our midst! "The tariff is the origin of the trusts," sang from ocean to ocean a large, if indiscriminate, chorus. Some persons thought the trust question was complex and difficult to handle. Gifted thinkers that were editing Democratic newspapers knew better. The simple way to abolish the trusts was to abolish or reduce the tariff that nourished the trusts.

For instance, if beef were admitted free of duty, that would dispose of the Beef Trust, because then we could buy our meat from abroad and be independent and happy.

If sugar were admitted free the Sugar Trust would not last twenty-four hours. Put lumber on the free list and watch the Lumber Trust melt away, and rents come down with a rush. Reduce the tariff on steel and the Steel Trust would cease to bother and the Wire Trust be at rest.

And it seemed well that we should do something of the kind, for even to the dullest and fattest witted observer the situation was becoming alarming; if not for himself, being full of beef and mutton, at least to his country. You see the cost of living had been increasing rather rapidly for many years, and as wages had increased comparatively little, and in some instances not at all, this did seem to make a tough situation for the workingman. Even a fat millionaire Senator could see that—if it were brought to his attention often enough. It wasn't serious for him, of course, but it might be serious for somebody else.

As to the fact itself, that was not a matter of assertion; it was a matter of statistics as well as of common knowledge among the millions and millions affected by it. Of course old Senator Sorghum does not know anything about it from personal

experience, because an increase in the cost of his living is offset by the natural increase in his revenue from the investments that are fattened upon other folks. But he can very easily ascertain all about it if he will turn to the official and other reports. Thus, for instance, what are called "index numbers," a device for registering average prices on the markets, show that in twelve years the average cost of living has increased 50 per cent, and in seventeen years it has increased nearly 80 per cent, but in the same period of seventeen years the average of wages and salaries has increased no more than 20 per cent.

In other words, here is demonstration for the well-fed Senators of a fact that to all the workers needs no other demonstration than their experience. The worker in America is constantly growing poorer. Every year he must pay more for practically everything he buys, and whatever good luck he may have had in securing an increase of wages the prices have soared faster than his income. Every worker knows this. It is only set down here to explain what happened to the mind of Senator Sorghum when the fact was driven in upon him.

Not only is the cost of living increasing more rapidly than any increase in wages, but every time wages are forced up, whether by strikes, threats, appeals, the work of the unions or what else, the fact is made an excuse for jacking up the cost of living another notch, so that the increase in the good man's wage really reacts to his disadvantage.

Thus, when in 1910 the anthracite coal miners succeeded in extracting from the Coal Trust a slight increase in their wages, the Trust immediately used the fact as an excuse to advance the price of coal 25 cents a ton, and thereby increased its income \$15,000,000 a year; whereas the increase of wages it had granted to the miners cost the Trust only \$6,440,000 a year—thus adding \$8,560,000 net to its yearly gouge. But the increase of 25 cents a ton went into the production cost and the transportation cost of 90 per cent of the things the miners bought; with the result that they were no better off than they were before.

But the Trust had \$8,560,000 more to divide.

All these facts were undeniable and not

pleasant to contemplate, even to the gentlemen of the professional and well-to-do classes, to whom exclusively (for some reason never disclosed) we entrust our government.

It was all well enough to have a working class perpetually on a lower social plane, but if that working class was every year being worse fed and worse housed, and was getting constantly poorer, those among our legislators that were able to think at all conceived that the outlook was not wholly reassuring.

Suppose the working class, for example, under such conditions, should get tired of being forever fooled into supporting Lawyer Sorghum and Politician Mazuma; suppose the worker should quit voting for his employers, as represented in the Republican and Democratic parties, and begin to vote for himself. You see the possibilities were not nice. Of course the worker never had revolted nor shown signs of insubordination in his politics, but there was no telling what might happen in such an extraordinary situation. Where the cost of living was always increasing, and there was no corresponding increase in wages, was every possibility of trouble. Every year it was harder for the workingman's wife to make her husband's income buy the food for the household and clothe the children; every year she must scrimp more and practice more self-denial; and every year the chances for the children grew worse.

For all this again some of the well-fed contingent told us the simple remedy was to reduce the tariff. If we could import the articles now monopolized by the innumerable trusts the trusts would dry up and blow away all commodities would necessarily be cheapened, and, of course, down would come the cost of living.

Workingmen were told this throughout the campaign of 1912, and seemed to believe what they were told, for the country elected a Democratic President and a Congress Democratic in both houses, and this Democratic administration promptly applied the simple remedy that had been doped out by the wise men. Congress passed the law reducing the tariff on most things and abolishing it on those important articles that were supposed to control the high cost of living.

Bread was put on the free list; so were crackers.

Meat was put on the free list.

Milk and eggs, potatoes, cattle and hogs, fruits and lard were put on the free list.

Wool was put on the free list.

Corn and cornmeal were put on the free list; so were bacon and hams.

Lumber was put on the free list.

Wheat and flour were put practically on the free list.

Coal was put on the free list to reduce manufacturing cost and household expenses; so was kerosene.

Iron ore, pig iron, hides, leather, boots and shoes, cotton, steel ingots, billets and slabs were put on the free list.

The duty on sugar was greatly reduced for the time being, to be abolished a little later.

Salt was put on the free list; so were fresh water fish.

As you will see, a whole bill of fare, and then some.

This great and wonderful reform has now been in operation about one year.

The result is that the cost of living has not been reduced; the trusts have not been busted, but only benefited; the situation of labor has not been improved.

Exactly as before, the workers continue to grow poorer. The cost of living continues to increase upon them. There is no corresponding increase in their wages. The winter of 1913-14 was the worst that the working class has seen in the country for many years; more men were out of work; there was in all parts of the country a more acute distress. Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, and many other cities saw demonstrations by the unemployed the like of which had never before been witnessed in American communities. In New York the charitable societies estimated that there were 350,000 men without employment, and it was admitted that the resources of the city government and of private charity were utterly unable to cope with the situation. Many of the unions were caring for unusual numbers of the destitute among their members. In more than one city the well-to-do were appalled at the plain manifestations of distress and discontent among what are called in snobbish speech "the unfortunate."

So it is apparent, brethren, that Tariff Reform isn't the thing; they were not giving to us the correct dope when they handed that out. We have had the blessed old tariff

reformed and reduced and amputated and tinkered with in every way those experts could suggest, and the trouble keeps on exactly as before.

Still the cost of living increases, and there is no corresponding increase in wages and salaries. Still, therefore, the whole working class is getting poorer and the prospect for the children of that class gets darker.

But the tariff tinkers were not the only Old Docs that undertook to find a cure for these augmenting troubles. A great many declared that at bottom the whole thing was a question of getting more out of the land. We were not producing enough.

Thus, if we produced more wheat the price would fall, and that would bring down the price of bread, and when bread fell of course other things would fall, too, and there you are with a full solution. Back to the farm—that was the grand idea. Let everybody go to farming. Only a small part of the total surface of the land was cultivated. Immense areas in addition were susceptible of cultivation. Let all those now suffering from poverty in our cities go west and turn farmer. This would relieve the congestion in the labor market and at the same time reduce the cost of living by increasing enormously the supplies of food. How the people of the cities were to get possession of farms was not explained, nor how if they got the land they would find farming profitable when the prices of all farm products were to be cut in half or so. But trifles like these were not allowed to stand in the way of the only true and infallible remedy for all the ills of the nation. Hence, back to the land! Let everybody turn farmer! Shoes, probably, would grow on trees, and trousers on bushes. Anyway, back to the land!

Well, it seems we have been going back to the land, and we have been increasing our farm products, and yet nobody can detect any change in the general situation, except that it grows worse.

I have here the figures before me. In 1913 there were more farms than ever, and they produced more food. The value of the farm products raised in the United States in that year was more than six billion dollars, and exceeded any crop records in our history. We raised about twice as much in 1913 as we raised in 1899, and a billion dollars' worth more than we raised in 1909. It was the bumper crop of America.

The number of farms had increased 11 per cent since 1910. The total number in 1913 was 6,600,000.

So we have been going back to the land, and we have been applying this far-famed remedy, and these are the results. I do not need to preach any pessimistic view of the outcome. An official bulletin of the Agricultural Department tells the story and supplies the comment. First, the facts. The bulletin says:

Corn, with a value of \$1,692,000,000, comprised 28 per cent of the value of all crops, although the volume was under the record. The other principal crops with values are given in the order in which they come: Cotton, \$798,000,000; hay, \$797,000,000; wheat—the largest crop ever raised in this country—\$610,000,000; oats, \$440,000,000; potatoes, \$228,000,000; tobacco, \$122,000,000; barley, \$96,000,000; sweet potatoes, \$43,000,000; sugar beets, \$34,000,000; Louisiana cane sugar, \$28,000,000; rye, \$26,000,000; rice, \$22,000,000; flaxseed, \$21,000,000; hops \$15,000,000; buckwheat, \$10,000,000.

In quantity of estimated production the record has been broken by wheat, rye, rice, sugar beets, beet sugar, and the total of beet and cane sugar. Of the remaining crops, oats, barley, cotton and hops have been exceeded twice in production.

The value of the crops of 1913 is high. A new high record in estimated value is made by the total of all cereals, and separately by corn, cotton, cottonseed, tobacco, and sugar beets. Only once has there been a higher estimated value of oats, rye, rice, potatoes, hay, hops, and the total of beet and cane sugar. Only twice has the estimated value of wheat and of beet sugar been exceeded.

Dairy products of 1913 are estimated at more than \$814,000,000; eggs and fowls have an estimated value of more than \$378,000,000.

The wool production of 1913 was estimated at 304,000,000 pounds.

The prices of fourteen principal crops average about 20.2 per cent higher than a year ago and 4.6 per cent higher than two years ago. Their total values average about 3.8 per cent higher than a year ago and 7.6 per cent higher than two years ago.

The value of the agricultural exports of domestic production in the fiscal year 1913 was \$1,123,021,469, an amount which has not before been equaled. The reexports, otherwise called the exports of foreign agricultural products, are estimated at \$12,000,000. The so-called balance of trade in agricultural products is in favor of the exports of domestic farm products by \$296,000,000.

The cotton crop now seems to be established in value as next in order after corn. The lint of this crop in 1913, at the price of December 1, had an estimated value of \$798,000,000, and this was not equaled in any former year. It is 14½ per cent above the average of the preceding five years. The estimated number of bales of 500 pounds gross weight in this crop is 13,677,000; consequently, this crop has been exceeded in

quantity by the crops of 1911 and 1912. If the estimated value of the cotton seed is added to that of lint, the total farm value of this crop amounts to \$945,000,000, an increase of 16 per cent over the average of the previous five years.

That seems to make the back to the farm argument look pretty sick. But listen to what the department says:

However desirable increased production on farms may appear to be from the consumer's standpoint, it does not follow that such increased production would result in any increase in the cash income per farm or per capita of farm population, or that prices paid by consumers would be any lower.

Had the total production in 1913 equaled or exceeded the 1912 production, it seems probable that the cash income per farm would not have been greater, and might have been less than in 1912; but it is extremely doubtful whether the cost to the consumer would have been any less, because retail prices are promptly raised on a prospect of underproduction, but are very slow to decline if there is overproduction.

So it seems there is little hope here; the prices of food continue to increase, but the farmer gets nothing of the increase.

Something deeper and far more radical than this seems to be our ailment.

Not long ago Congressman H. W. Summers of Texas, who represents a cotton growing constituency, made a sensation in the House of Representatives by a speech on the condition of the Southern farmer. He said:

It is said that the man who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew is a public benefactor, but we are offering mighty poor encouragement for the two-blade production if the two blades bring less money than the one would have brought.

In 1910 Southern farmers produced 12,000,000 bales of cotton. The world said that was not enough. The next year they produced 16,000,000 bales. It cost them millions of dollars more. The world's appreciation was shown by penalizing them \$125,000,000. The corn crop of 1912 was considerably larger than that of the preceding year, yet it brought \$50,000,000 less.

Plainly, then, the farmer is not getting the profit from the increased cost of living.

To a worker no demonstration is needed that the working class is not getting it; he knows that well enough from his own daily experience. For the benefit of others it may be well to refer again to the statistics. The census of 1910 showed that the average income of a workingman that was the head of a family was a trifle over \$500 a year. Investigations of the Agricultural Department showed a year or two ago that to sup-

port an average family in anything like decency anywhere in the United States at least \$900 a year would be required. The New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor recently went into this subject scientifically, and its tests showed that the conclusions of the Agricultural Department were too optimistic. The Association took twenty-seven tenement house families that it was caring for, and, after deliberate investigation, adduced the following table as giving the least a family could subsist upon in New York city, any-

way:	\$.65
Rent and light.....	1.298
Food433
Clothing045
Fuel089
Lunches068
Dues079
Medicine05
Ice065
Carfare091
Household supplies097
Miscellaneous	\$2.965

Total daily budget \$1,082.00
Total yearly budget

If we take the Agricultural Department's figures as indicating the best that can be done in small communities, which is probably the case, and the tables of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor as showing the conditions in larger cities, we must be appalled at the next fact we are called upon to contemplate, which is that an analysis of the income tax facts of 1913 showed that 96 per cent of the people of the United States that have any income at all, whether from wages, salaries or investments, have an average annual income of \$601.

It is very common among well-fed persons that think superficially, or not at all, to push aside any such terrible facts as these by saying that anyway the worker can better his condition if he wishes to do so. All he needs to do is to practice thrift, economy, zeal and other virtues, and be diligent in the performance of his duties. If he is faithful and intelligent he is sure to rise, and meantime let him deny himself and put money in the savings bank and get rich and independent.

Having delivered himself of which, this kind of a philosopher usually lights a fresh cigar and delivers an impressive lecture on the improvidence of the working classes. The thing has become so common that we

even have now a National Thrift Society for the purpose of teaching workmen and their wives how to make two dishes of one soup bone and to turn papa's trousers a third time for little Willie.

It is easy enough for a man with an income of \$25,000 a year to preach thrift. If he were one of the many millions of workers whose average annual income is \$500 with a \$900 family to support his eloquence on this subject would drop a little. How are you to practice economy when every cent you can earn or hope to earn is swept away the moment it touches your hand by pressing needs and imperative demands? The Thrift Society has not told us this. I wish it would in the next beautifully printed bulletin.

But about this matter of improving your condition and rising in the world and all that.

It is customarily put forth with a wealth of instances to make the grand old truth apparent to every workman. James J. Hill began life as a farmer's boy, Charles M. Hays was an obscure clerk in a railroad office, Thomas F. Ryan's first job was to sweep out a store at \$3 a week, Charles M. Schwab used to be a workman in an iron mill, Andrew Carnegie landed on these shores all but penniless. See? These are the opportunities offered in this country to men that are zealous and industrious. Be zealous; that's the thing. Regard your employer's interest as your own. Serve him faithfully and get your wages increased. Then you will not have to complain about hard times and the increased cost of living.

Yes. Well, there is about one foreman, overseer, superintendent or other salaried officer to every 333 workers, so that even at the best the gaudy prospect offered by this prescription is that maybe one person in 333 can rise and the rest must remain exactly as they are, no matter how hard they may strive, no matter how diligent, industrious, zealous and serviceable they may be. They can wear out their hearts and lives in the effort to improve their condition, and have nothing to show for it but their pains.

This is on the theory that all officers of all corporations and industries are taken from the ranks, and that such officers have the same average length of life that workers have.

But, as a matter of fact, the situation is

much worse than I have shown, because most officers are not taken from the ranks, and the average length of life among them is much greater than among toilers.

Prof. Scott Nearing, in his valuable book, "Financing the Wage Earner's Family," has some interesting facts that illuminate this subject. He takes the railroad worker as a typical case, which is good, since it is the officer of the railroad that is most frequently held up to the admiring throng as an example of "getting on in the world."

It appears that ostensibly and on the face of the returns a railroad trainman has one chance in three hundred of becoming some kind of an officer on his line, but he has every year a far greater chance of being killed in the performance of his duty for his kind and generous employer. Every year he has one chance in twenty of being injured and one chance in one hundred of being killed. If he shall work as long as twenty years while he seeks by diligence and zeal to better his condition, the chances are even that in that period he will be injured, and one to six that he will be killed, so that the chance of being injured is three hundred times as great and of being killed is fifty times as great as his chance of becoming a general officer in the company.

From this and other illustrations Prof. Nearing deduces that the tendency of modern industry is toward a form of organization that will require the wage-worker to remain a wage-worker, and without the least hope of being anything else.

Prof. Nearing also seems to find that when a worker reaches thirty years of age the slender, elusive chances he may have had, one in three hundred or four hundred of securing a better position, are practically exhausted, and from that time on he can look for nothing better, but only things worse. At thirty he has reached the maximum of his earning power. But there is no limit to the minimum, for wages are always subject to contingencies of sickness, accidents, suspensions in the industry, overproduction, new inventions and the like.

So while the cost of living increases upon this working class and there is no corresponding increase in its wages, it is confronted with an iron-bound condition that offers no possible escape from a state steadily growing worse. This is not the deduction of an agitator; it is the conclusion

of the highest authority in the United States on work and wages.

No, it is perfectly obvious that the working man is not getting any of the profit that is reaped from the increased cost of living. Nor is the working woman. Mr. Abram I. Elkus, of the recent New York State Commission to investigate factory conditions, made a searching inquiry about two great industries that employed together 10,893 women, and found that hundreds of these women received a compensation of \$3 a week or less, while other hundreds received less than \$8 each. On this he said:

"Some remedy is needed for such conditions. You know and I know that women can't live and keep body and soul together on such a wage as this. We have got to give the employes a living wage."

Miss Mary Dreier, another investigator, said that the object of the state was to discover if there were any industries that were paying wages upon which employees could not live, and the Commission had ascertained that there were thousands of girls earning from \$3.50 to \$7 a week.

"We know they can't live properly on that," said Miss Dreier, "and still they go along doing the best they can. We also know big able-bodied men earning not more than \$7 or \$9 a week. They have families to support, and we know it can't be done."

Miss Dreier said that in one store she

investigated the rule was that the chairs for sales girls which were required by law were not to be used, and that the girls were afraid to tell about it.

"Why is that?" she asked.

A girl in the crowd called back, "Black-list."

So it appears that not only do these women work for less than enough to live on, but they are denied the right of speaking about the conditions under which they work, even when those conditions violate the law. Some one with an expert mind should point out the difference between such a situation and the slavery that existed in the South before the Civil War.

Still, the great toll is collected, and more of it every year, for still the perilous condition is maintained under which the cost of living is increasing, and there is no corresponding increase in wages and salaries. Where, then, does the tribute go? The farmer does not get it, but complains all the time of diminished returns for his hard work, complains so bitterly that he is now organizing or trying to organize a huge marketing system of his own that will save him a part of the money now taken from him. The worker does not get it, because he grows always poorer, and slides downward to lower standards of living and bleaker prospects for himself and his children. Where does it go?

(Mr. Russell will answer this question in the August number)

The Marseillaise in the Tombs

Written by Upton Sinclair on hearing the four girls who were arrested with him for picketing the Standard Oil offices, singing the Marseillaise in the next cell to his in the Tombs prison, New York.

FIRST comes the settler with his ax and plow,
 He clears the land and founds the future state;
 A Freeman, proud and happy in his toil,
 Sure that the nation will be strong and great;
 Then comes the trader, with his cunning wiles,
 He takes the land—the freeman is a slave;
 And justice sleeps, hatred and murder reign,
 Hunger and want pursue men to their grave.

They rear the prison with its iron bars,
 And all the solemn majesty of law;
 But hark, the sound! The prison walls awake,
 The song that roused a people into war.
 Rejoice, rejoice! The voice of hope is heard,
 There are no bars forged by the powers of wrong,
 There stands no prison upon God's fair earth
 That can withstand the fury of that song.



EXPERTS ASSORTING TOBACCO.

The Poor Man's Smoke

By Marion Wright

THANK goodness! the working man is still permitted "baccy," though the noonday and evening pipe is about the only consolation left in some parts to the man who toils by capitalist and capricious reformer. Bad habit it undoubtedly is, but there is many a philosophic comforter born in a wreath of smoke. Mark Twain died with a cigar in his mouth, and often stated that tobacco was his greatest aid. The average man feels at peace with the world when he is smoking and no remedy that will dissipate a grouch should be considered more harmful than the disease.

As "Havana," in speaking of tobacco, calls to mind our millionaire friends in their plush clubs, we will consider a less pretentious, though not one whit inferior brand of tobacco—the Filipino. And in passing let us prick with the point of our meddlesome pen the Havana bubble. Know ye, all who pull out a "two-fer-a-

quarter pure Havana cigar," and dream pure Havana dreams, that there is only one small valley in the world that produces genuine Havana tobacco. This lies near the city of that name in Cuba and its crop is contracted for years in advance. There is not enough Havana tobacco grown in a year if root, stalk and leaf were used, to put a wisp half as big as a broomstraw in one ten-thousandth of the "pure Havana cigars" sold in the world in one month. The Havana fake is on a par with that of French champagne. Experts have proved by facts and figures that there is not enough acreage in wine grapes in all France to produce the wine sold under one standard brand in the United States alone, to say nothing of the amount consumed in the great capitals of Europe. So let us forget the aristocrat with his exclusive brand and turn to tobacco that is tobacco and of which there is such an abundance that it will be long

permitted to live honestly under its own name.

The Philippines is the home of tobacco. There, almost without exception, men, women and children smoke. You can get a light from a naked youngster of six or from a grandma smoking a cigar six inches long and thick as a longshoreman's thumb. A package of thirty cigarettes of the best costs a nickel. A cigar you will pay a quarter for at home comes to five cents gold in the islands, while one producing a snowy white ash—no dull gray, but hard white—can be procured at the rate of three for five. This is the smoker's paradise. No wonder from Manila alone are exported 196 million cigars and 33 million cigarettes every year. No wonder the total product of its factories is four times as many cigars and fifty times as many cigarettes. No wonder one factory alone turns out twenty thousand cigars and six to seven million machine-made cigarettes a day. No wonder the employes of this factory work at their machines on piece work from four o'clock in the morning to five o'clock in the afternoon. No wonder that with an hour and a half for their simple meal of rice and fish employes in the same factory stay with their hand piece work from seven o'clock in the morning to ten o'clock at night.

Let us visit a typical factory, in a clean, well-ventilated room; seven hundred men and women of the fifteen hundred employed are at work. There is no smell save an indistinct fragrance, the fragrance that one gets as one buries one's nose in the best Christmas present to friends at home—a box of Manilas.

Cleanliness and ventilation are the two essentials for contented workmen and the tobacco factories of Manila satisfy both these requirements, each of the large factories having its own plantation or hacienda. This was not always true, but the vendors of other brands of tobacco fought the Philippine product savagely on sanitary grounds alone. "You may be smoking Asiatic plague or other vile diseases of the Orient," they warned the man who asked for a "Manila." Manufacturers of Manila went their critics one better by making their factories real models of cleanliness. If the thing were

possible, they carried the point to an extreme, employes being required to dress in spotless white.

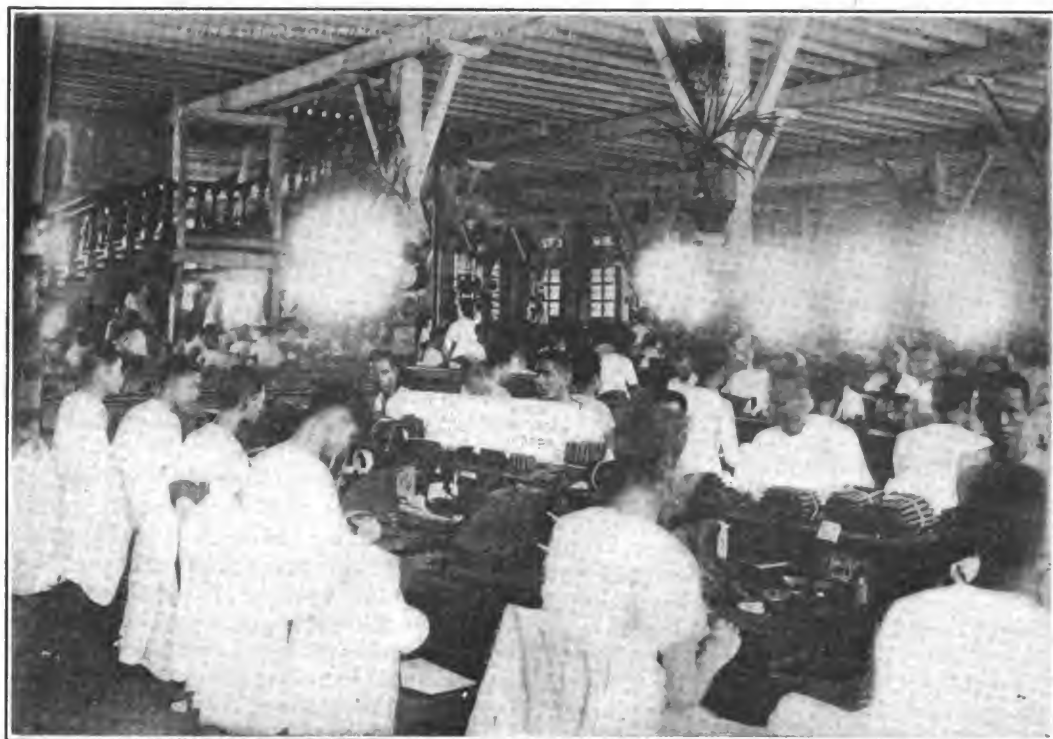
One company in the Philippines owns forty thousand acres of the best tobacco land in the islands and operates the largest cigar factory in the world. It has more than eight thousand tenants on its various plantations and in addition owns and operates ten large steamers, with ninety smaller vessels, making a fleet of one hundred ships. There are in addition innumerable small growers who are willing to sell to the buyers who go up and down through the provinces. Tobacco comes from Isabela and Ilocos Norte, but the great tobacco growing district is the valley of the Rio Grande de Cagayan.

At one time the tobacco growers used to dispose of their crop before it was ready to dry, but since the American occupation the advice of experts has produced a radical change both in the quality and in the quantity.

On the hacienda, the most primitive methods of cultivation are in use. The tin wooden plow is of Chinese origin, with narrow iron shoes shaped like wings. The only work animal is the carabao, slow-moving servant of a slow-moving master.

The seed beds must be on high ground, well exposed to wind and sun. They cover from forty to fifty feet square.

The seeds are taken from the pods of plants with the finest flowers, kept in earthen jars to protect them against moisture. They are mixed with fine dry sand or ashes and pressed down with the bare foot into the prepared soil. When the young plants begin to show above the ground they are provided with house covering of bamboo or banana leaves from early morning to evening. Day and night the grower watches them like children. After a month and a half or two months the plants are taken up and carefully pulled on moonlight nights or in the cool of the early morning, and then transplanted to a new home where they will have more room to grow. If three weeks after their move they show steady signs of growth the plow is again brought to bear over the land between the rows, and another two months later they are



"ON A LEDGE IS A LITTLE POT OF GUM—EVERYTHING ELSE IN THE FACTORY IS FILIPINO."

trimmed so as to produce nothing but thick, gummy leaves. As soon as the leaves develop the hardest work begins.

Tobacco insects are not only numerous but increasing in their ravages, day and night; day in and day out, in rain or sunshine, men, women and children have to be up and doing. It is a weird sight to see, by the light of moving torches, the varicolored figures bending anxiously over their precious charges. Green bugs make for the top of the plant, yellow bugs attack the leaves, black bugs perforate the trunk, white moths fly around the leaves, laying their eggs here, there and everywhere to create an army of caterpillars ready for everlasting damage.

If the leaves ever assume the yellow tinge which shows that ripening has commenced it is for no lack of care.

Drying takes from twenty-five to thirty days—or a little less in the sun. The grower has not learned the quality of fresh green leaves, so he arranges them according to size after being dampened and tied up in bales. If the buyer is buying from a private grower the price per

bale is already fixed before the bargain is struck. The only question is as to the grade to which the leaves belong. First-class leaves will fetch seven dollars gold; fifth-class leaves will fetch twenty-five cents, though by reasonable care a grower can get twenty-eight times as much. Every factory in Manila has an output onto the Pasig river, or onto one or another of the countless small streams that run into the river. The tobacco is landed at the back door and carried straight up to the drying room. Here it is given a hot-air treatment. As soon as the treatment is deemed sufficient the leaves are taken out. In some cases they have not been stripped and a stalk or a small leaf has yet to be taken out. Old women and children do this work. It is unskilled labor, but experts are required to grade the tobacco leaves. The double grading seems unnecessary, but the "tobaquero" dare not risk sending out poor material for good. The leaf is now ready for making into the finished product. If it is for cigarettes it has to be chopped up fine. In one end of the ma-

chine goes, the chopped tobacco; out at the other end comes the finished cigarette. There is no hand interference. Gum and paper is supplied en route. The cigarettes are rapidly carried to a small table. Here sits the worker with her packages. Each package holds thirty, no more or less. A girl who is quick at her work can count thirties out of the heap at the rate of four thousand an hour. There is no actual counting. Her right hand on the heap—and opens it ready for the grip. Like lightning it closes on the right number. With the left she draws an empty package towards the filled hand. Another flash and the package is no longer empty. A rapid movement and the cigarettes are lightly pressed down and ready for the consumer.

The cigar process is different. The leaves, now properly graded, are laid flat on the table. With a sharp, broad knife they are cut into the required length and shape. On a ledge is a little pot of gum. Everything else in the factory is Filipino but this and the wood of the cigar boxes, which comes from Germany. The leaves

are rolled between the hands gradually over and over till, from a flat, shapeless mass, they begin to assume the form of a cigar. Then the gum is applied with the tip of the finger where it is necessary, and the rolling and the gumming continue until it assumes the elongated oval shape that has come to be the perquisite of a cigar.

Now one would think that the box stage has been reached, but there are several steps to be gone through yet. Some smokers like a dark cigar, some a light "Colorado" and "Claro"—terms well known to connoisseurs—and between "Colorado" and "Claro" are "Colorado Claro" and "Claro Colorado," which designate the cigar that is neither very light nor very dark. Behind a dark gauze shade, to exclude anything but the pure light, an old man is patiently putting cigars in their proper class. He never errs, he never hesitates. Every cigar goes surely into its own group, and as one looks into the groups one stands amazed at the absolute equality of color.



PACKING CIGARETTES.

"A Girl Who Is Quick at Her Work Can Count Thirties Out of the Heap at the Rate of Four Thousand an Hour."

The best are wrapped up in silver paper, in gold paper, or even inclosed in a hermetically sealed glass tube. Here they lie awaiting the time when they will be drawn out for use, to do their duty to chase away troubles, to make and keep friends, to soothe the nervous, to bring back remembrances of home and the girl. We have seen all there is to see. We ask for a "fosforo," we draw from our pocket the luscious weed the factory has just given us for a reminder, we carefully draw off its wrappings and throw them to

the winds, the lighted match is applied to the pointed end, one puff and all our thought is of what we have seen and gone through. The rapid movement of countless hands, the thousand odd intent workers, the wonderful issue of that factory is typical of other factories in Manila, of the whole islands. It is a far cry from the busy, troubled "tao" in the far-off Cagayan valley to the little red store on the corner, but tobacco bridges the gulf. Let us smile, smoke and be thankful.

ONE BIG UNION

BY WADE SHURTLEFF

Secretary Ohio State Federation of the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks.

I DO not believe in strikes in the transportation industry. As transportation workers we should be so well organized that strikes would not be necessary. During the month of March, 1913, we had a flood in Ohio. Cleveland escaped without loss of life, but our flats were flooded, the railroads were crippled, and what happened? In one day elevators began shutting down, steam coal doubled itself in price, meat from out of town could not be had at any price, and poultry went up in price from 15 to 24 cents a pound. This all happened with four roads out of commission—what would have happened if all the roads had been tied up? Cleveland would have been starving in two days.

With this evidence of the necessity that the railroads be kept running, why have not the Illinois Central boys won their strike long before this? You can not say the boys have not fought, yes, even unto death; they have filled the jails, starved and stood steadfast, and yet after nineteen months we find them still on the firing line—going to win, this we know and are sure of, but why have they not won long before this?

The answer is simple: We are not organized right. We fight right. Many of the trades have said in the past that the clerks would not fight, yet on the Illinois Central the union clerks came out

to a man, and helped to fill the jails in the fight.

The Machinists, Boiler Makers, Car Men, Blacksmiths and Helpers, Steamfitters, Sheet Metal Workers, Painters, Brotherhood of Railway Clerks and Laborers, all came out, and have remained out. But on the other hand we find the Federation of Labor Freight Handlers and the Federation of Labor Telegraph Operators still working. Think of it—working with seven other of the Federation of Labor unions battling for their lives. And along with them are the independent brotherhoods. We can hardly blame the Brotherhood of Trainmen, Firemen, Engineers, Conductors and others not affiliated with the Federation of Labor for remaining at work and looking with suspicion on the transportation workers in the Federation of Labor where they scab on each other.

The question for the boys to decide is, do they want an organization that can lick the boss, and do it without a strike, or do they want to go through more of the Illinois Central experiences? It is up to them, not the officers, but the rank and file who do all the suffering, and pay all the dues. When they say it shall stop it will stop, and not until then.

Did you ever stop to think—the capitalistic class has; it is a reason why they fight the federation so—that there is not

more than three days' supply of food in any city? There is not more than two weeks' supply of coal. That today when a craft on the railroad goes out on strike, instead of having to fight the railroad corporations of the country (for the railroad corporations are united into one big union—and they make an injury to one the concern of all, and well do the I. C. boys know this), instead of having to battle with them, we find 35 different other trades or craft organizations that we have to lick before we can reach the boss. Is it any wonder that it takes us nineteen months to do the job? Give us one big union of all the transportation workers, and if we had a strike we would all strike together. Well, boys, there is only two or three days' of supply in any city—**leave that sink in**—the railroads would have to come to terms inside of a week, or the railroad officials and the capitalist class would have a taste of the bread line that they never had before, and when it came to doing without their regulars they would not be in it with the working class, who are not only used to it, but in such a case would be prepared for it. But there would be no starving, there would be no strike; we would come to an agreement and the agreement would be just what the transportation workers asked for.

And how can this be accomplished? Nothing easier. Just **One Big Union**.

Now do not howl Knights of Labor at me. I know they accomplished more while in existence than was ever accomplished before or since with their one big imperfectly formed union, but organized capital put one over on them by getting the wage workers to divide their forces into separate craft unions and have been whipping them ever since. Do not howl A. R. U. and Debs. We know their mixed transportation organization was not organized right, even though it took the U. S. army along with union scabs to whip them. And do not throw up your hands in horror and scream I. W. W. sabotage, although that word "sabotage" makes the chills run up the back of every cockroach capitalist who lives on dividends. Forget them all. Neither do I wish to destroy the present brotherhoods or unions on the railroads. I simply want them to make good that long suit cry of theirs that "In union there is strength," and get together into **One Big Union**. Not a loose Federation in which the F. of L. telegraphers can be working—some of us call it scabbing—while the F. of L. clerks are striking, but one Federation of all railroad organizations, with one general head, with a common defense fund into which we could all pay and from which we could all draw. When such an organization is formed there will be no more strikes.

LEST WE FORGET

By Kate Sadler

A GREAT Historical Event took place in Seattle on May 30, 1914. Memorial Day has taken on a new meaning. It has been clothed with a Dignity and Grandeur that no military celebration could ever have brought to it. This came through Labor's efforts, as all else has come. Seattle has set an example to the Labor Movement of the UNITED STATES which is best expressed in the old saying, Go thou and do likewise. Here is where Imitation will surely become the sincerest flattery. Labor has changed this DAY, as it will change all other days,

whenever Labor sufficiently exerts itself and forgets the master, focusing its eyes upon the men, women and children of its own ranks and upon INDUSTRY, from which all must draw their sustenance.

Yes, Labor determined that the time had come to pay loving tribute to its own dead, to commemorate as an HISTORIC EVENT those who have fallen in the TERRIBLE INDUSTRIAL BATTLES, those who have been murdered quickly, and those whose lives have been one long agony of toil. The babe, the youth, the middle aged and the old, all, all are remembered, as witnesseth the evergreen



Photo by Villers, Seattle.

LABOR'S MEMORIAL DAY, SEATTLE.

float entitled, "LEST WE FORGET." Upon their fallen bodies, upon their crushed and bleeding forms, upon their broken hearts and despite their anguished protests has been built our so-called civilization.

And so we gathered, the different groups or units forming at their own headquarters and marching from there to the trysting place, the "Labor Temple," at Sixth and Union streets. Arriving about noon at the Fifth Ward headquarters, Socialist Party, I found the place crowded, and lunch being served. After eating we formed in line outside, the Finnish Local No. 2 being in the lead. Promptly at 1:30 p. m. the march to the Labor Temple began. At Sixth and Olive streets a small group from the rival S. P. awaited us, falling in behind the Fifth Ward, attesting the solidarity possible in a common cause. The next organization we came upon was the I. W. W. waiting under their banner of ONE BIG UNION. As soon as the REDS hove in sight all bearing upon their breasts long red badges with the wording "IN MEMORY OF LABOR'S DEAD" printed in black thereon, they were greeted with loud cheers. The clarion notes of a bugle played by an I. W. W., gave us the MARSEILLAISE, followed by the RED FLAG, sung to the end.

It looked as though some objections

were going to be raised over the red badges of the Socialists and the banner of the I. W. W.; but Business Agent Doyle of the Central Labor Council was given to understand that we marched that way or not at all.

At last all was ready, with floats reminding us of CALUMET, of LUDLOW, and of all those who have gone before battling for bread. The Socialist banners (Workers of the World Unite) called forth cheers all along the line. Seattle's sidewalks and windows were filled with a sea of humanity gazing upon LABOR'S AWAKENING TO ITS DUTY TO ITS OWN DEAD. Miles upon miles of marchers, four abreast, solemn men and women, conscious of their DIVINE MISSION and the CAUSE that they served, with heads held high, as becomes Intelligent Workers. Many Grand Army comrades were among us, proud of their bronze button, prouder of their RED button, which carries with it the greatest comradeship the world has ever known. See the Trinity of Labor and of Love as it winds slowly along the streets of Seattle—the MAN, the WOMAN and the CHILD. A Nation's wealth lies in the wellbeing of the least of these. We have been blind, but now we see with a class-conscious vision. At last it dawns—consciousness, class consciousness.

Oh! GENTLEMEN of the RAINIER CLUB, as ye sate at the windows and watched the ranks of Labor file past—and the flunkies on your steps—what would I not give to have been able to read your respective thoughts then. Did the raised clinched fists mean anything to you? Did that hoarse cry, "Remember Ludlow," blanch your cheeks, or contract your hearts, if such an organ still functions in your soft white bodies? Remember Ludlow—Historic rallying cry. Up to our nostrils comes the smell of burning flesh—tender babies' flesh—the price of which no man on earth can tell. But the women, the MOTHERS of this and every other Nation know. And because of this thing which you have done to the next generation of American Citizens, ye shall suffer—suffer the loss of ownership, the loss of power to do your dirty, filthy will upon those who labor.

As we have awakened to Class Consciousness, so will we progress to the full knowledge that no man is good enough to be another man's master. That the private ownership of things used in common must go, and social ownership

take its place. And so we leave you, merry gentlemen, to your thoughts. Here's hoping your shadows will grow less. WE must hasten on, March on. The Stormy Petrel of the labor movement—MOTHER JONES—is already talking to the first arrivals. She must speak twice—there are so many of us. The Awakened Mother tackling the 20th century problem—The Abolishment of Poverty.

Already protests are going up against our use of that day from the infamous editor of the Seattle Times. It is our day. We have taken it. Shall we keep it? We have marched a unit, shown our Solidarity, demonstrated our loyalty to our dead. Will it end there? What of the Living? They will soon be dead. How will they die? As at LUDLOW, quickly? Or slowly in mine and mill, in shop and factory—in HELL?

Come, Labor, you must answer. Close up the Ranks. In Unity is strength. Each for All and All for Each. Stop mouthing phrases. Put these words into Action. All things are possible to A UNITED WORKING CLASS.

SHINE, SIR!

By W. H. Emery



SHOE SHINING MACHINE.

NO longer will you be saluted by the Greek boy in front of the shoe shining stand with the words "Shine, sir." No longer will the same Greek watch your shoes as you pass

in front of his Shine Parlor. He is doomed, not by any disease, not by bacteria with unpronounceable names, not by any judge passing the death sentence upon him, but the onward march of the

machine process has doomed him to extinction along with the other members of the working class, who have seen their means of livelihood taken from them by the machine.

Twenty years ago on the streets of most cities you were confronted on practically all the downtown corners by the small street urchin crying his services for sale, "Shine 'em up, make 'em look like new!" His place of business was the street, his tools of trade a few rags, a couple of boxes of shoe polish, a brush and a wooden box decorated with tobacco tags. The box, slung by a strap to his shoulder, was used to carry his tools and as a pedestal for the customers' feet, also as a weapon of offense and defense when a rival "shine" infringed on his territory or he found it necessary to acquire a new trade zone. Competition was keen in those days and the survivor in the struggle for a business career had to pass through "the struggle for existence." This struggle was not carried on by trade agreements or rebates, but by the muscles of the competitors reinforced by the shine box used as a weapon.

The next stage in the development of the shoe-shining industry was the establishment of shoe shining parlors in basements, barber shops, under awnings, alongside of buildings, and, in fact, in any space large enough to harbor a few elevated chairs on which the customers sat while having their shoes cleaned. These shoe shining parlors were manned by recently landed emigrants whose standard of living was low and, with the added conveniences of chairs, the street urchin as a competitor was eliminated.

We have been for several decades saturated with stories and articles of how the average American can rise from bootblack to merchant, from bootblack to congressman, etc., ad nauseam, but now the opportunity for the rise from bootblack, onward and upward, has gone. No American boy who has the slightest idea of mechanics, or who is able to tell the difference between day and night, will start on his congressional career by the bootblack route. A machine has confiscated the shine.

The Chicago Electric Shoe Shining Company is installing shoe-shining machines throughout Chicago.

Your shoes are dirty; you need a shine; step into a neat appearing cigar store on a main business street. Ranged along the walls are what look like old fashioned hall seats. These are the machines. In the upper part are glass windows through which are displayed movable advertisements. An advertisement comes into place in front of your eyes, remains a moment, slides to one side and disappears; another ad comes into view, and the process keeps on indefinitely.

There is a large slot cut in the bottom of the cabinet; on each side of the slot are plates of glass giving you a view of the machine at work.

Insert a nickel in the slot; place a foot on the pedestal, press the button; immediately two revolving brushes shoot out from the rear of the machine, one cleaning the dirt from one side of the shoe and the other brush cleaning from the other side of the shoe; at the same time another revolving brush shoots out and cleans across the top of the foot; the brushes are drawn back into the rear of the machine, blacking is squirted on the shoe from tubes at the sides of the foot; again the brushes shoot out and proceed to rub the blacking over the shoe. Once more the brushes disappear, to return again and polish the shoe; when the machinery stops, place the other foot on the pedestal; press the button and the same process is repeated. Examine your shoes; you have a "shine" as good, if not better, than you could procure by the old hand process. It has taken less than two minutes. It costs one-sixteenth of a cent. The customer didn't have to tip the machine. The machine does not eat or sleep. It can work 24 hours a day.

The man who oversees the machines tends the cigar store. The corporation has three sources of revenue—the machine, the advertising in the machine, and the cigar store. The machine is the death of the small business man no matter how low in the social scale his business is. Thus is answered the question, "Who will do the dirty work under Socialism?" The machine!



HITTING THE TIES.

“THE FLOATER”

By Charles Ashleigh

“**F**OR East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet.” So sang a poet, referring to the great and almost unbridgeable gulf which divides the western peoples from those of the Orient. Judging from the mass of confusion and misconception apparent in the references made by a number of our eastern would-be sympathizers of a certain type, the migratory worker of the Pacific states is as little understood by the easterner as is the inscrutable Oriental by the son of the Occident. This was very vividly suggested to me recently by a friend of mine—a western hobo agitator, strong of body and clear of mind, who has contributed much to the development of class consciousness among the floaters of the coast. “That crowd back East thinks we western stiffers are all bums because we beat the trains,” said he. “They haven’t the savvy to distinguish the difference between the Bowery bum and the casual laborer of the West. Hence all this stuff about the ‘bummery,’ etc.” This gave me furiously to think; and with much force was brought home to me the wide difference existing between the living and working conditions of the proletariat of the East and that of the West, and particularly of the Pacific coast.

In the East the first and most obvious feature which strikes the western observer is the permanence of industry. It is true that there are periodical crises which necessitate the laying off of hands, but the industries are territorially STATIONARY. There are huge and complex aggregations of machinery, necessitating numerous minutely distinct functions for the processes of production, which are performed by whole populations of industrial wage earners who reside for their whole lifetime, or at any rate for periods extending into years, in the same district. In the steel industry, in the textile industry, and others of like magnitude, it is nothing out of the ordinary for several generations of workers to have lived always in the same spot and to have worked always at the same process—allowing for changes implied by the improvement of machinery—and to have sold their labor-power to the same boss.

In the eastern industries women and children are employed. It is common for a whole family to be working in the same mill, plant or factory. This makes for family life; a debased and deteriorated family life, it is true, lacking in all the pleasant and restful features usually associated with that term, but, nevertheless, marriage, the



A JUNGLE FEAST.

procreation of children and some amount of stability are assured by the conditions of industry. On the other hand, the nerve-and-body-racking, monotonous nature of the work, the close and unhealthy atmosphere, and, sometimes, chemical poisoning or other vocational diseases, and the speeding-up system, all make for loss of nervous and physical vitality and the creation of bodily weaklings.

As we journey westward we mark a change. We leave the zone of great Industry and enter country in which capitalism is still, to some extent, in the preparatory stage. We come to the source of one of the great natural resources—lumber—and to that portion of the country where the railroads are still busily extending their complex network and where agriculture on a large scale is a leading factor in economic life.

All of these three principal occupations of the unskilled worker of the Pacific coast—lumber, construction work and agriculture—are periodical in their nature. A mighty wave of fertility sweeps up through the various states into British Columbia, drawing in its wake the legions of harvest workers. In California and Oregon, the ripening of fruits brings an army of labor to the scene. The construction of railroads, aqueducts and other signs of an onward-marching capitalism, employs temporarily thousands of laborers, teamsters and the like. The same is true of the lumber industry, which is also conditioned by natural processes.

The result of this is the existence on the coast of an immense army of unskilled or semi-skilled workers, of no fixed abode, who are forever engaged in an eternal chase for the elusive job; whose work takes them away from the towns to the hills or plains or forests, for varying periods. Forever over the great western country are they traveling, seeking this or that center of temporary activity, that they may dispose of their labor-power.

The Pacific coast is the country of the bindle or blanket-stiff. On the construction jobs the workers sleep in tents. In the lumber camps they are housed in bunkhouses, rude frame structures with tiers of bunks, something similar to the forecabin of a wind-jammer on a large scale. In these bunkhouses the men wash and dry their clothes, smoke and play cards, and generally divert themselves within the small limits of their time and location. The atmosphere is anything but fresh, and vermin are usually abundant, the wooden material of the bunks rendering it easy for the nimble and voracious creatures to secrete themselves. In many camps the men are engaged in a perpetual warfare against lice. The sleeping quarters for agricultural workers consist of barns, sheds or probably the open field. Bedding is rarely provided in lumber camps and never in construction camps and on harvest work. Therefore, the worker is compelled to follow literally the advice of the founder of Christianity and "take up his bed and walk." The inevitable burden of the migratory worker is a roll of blan-

kets, slung by a cord around his shoulders. Many hotels in the coast towns, knowing the vermin-infested state of the camps, refuse to allow blankets to be brought into the premises, and they are therefore stacked up in the cheap saloons during the stay in town of their owner.

Employment agencies play an important and predatory role in the life of the floater. A large agency will take complete control of the recruiting of labor for some big job, shipping numbers of men out each day to the scene of action from their branches in various towns. Fees ranging from one to three dollars are charged the applicant for unskilled positions. It is a well-known fact, although, by reason of the underground support of the powers that be, hard to prove in specific cases, that there is often collusion between the agencies and the petty bosses by which a constant stream of men are kept coming and going, to the mutual enrichment of the agent—or "shark," as we prefer to term him—and the "straw boss." Nothing is easier for a foreman than to discharge quantities of men on trumped-up charges after a brief period of work and thus provide more fees for his agent friends in town.

A prominent feature of every coast town of any size is the "slave market," or "stiff town," composed of a varying number of streets or blocks, according to the size of the town and its strategic position as a recruiting center for labor. As you walk down the street, you notice that the loungers are all "stiffs." Sun-tanned, brawny men, most of them in early manhood or in the prime of life, dressed in blue overalls or khaki pants and blue cotton shirts, in the lumber country in mackinaws and high, spiked-soled boots, are standing in knots around the doors of the employment sharks, watching the requirements chalked up on the blackboards displayed outside. In some of the larger agencies the office will seat a couple of hundred men, who wait patiently for the employe who appears at intervals and shouts out the news of some particular job for which men are needed. Then comes a rush! The slave market is in full swing! Numbers of disconsolate ones may also be observed who have not the price of a job and who are waiting in the hope of obtaining that much-desired thing—a free shipment. There may be a dozen such offices in two or three blocks. This is also

the quarter of cheap restaurants, where a meal—of adulterated, worthless food—may be bought for ten or fifteen cents. Fifteen or twenty-cent lodging houses are also plentiful, most of them crawling with vermin, and there is an abundance of barrel houses, where the slave gets an opportunity of drowning his miseries in oblivion by "blowing in" his "stake" on rot-gut whiskey or chemical beer. Above all this wave the flaunting banners of the military, marine and naval recruiting offices, offering a desperate refuge for the jobless, homeless, starving worker; vultures hovering over the swamp of poverty, ready to sweep down upon some despairing victim, probably some confiding lad lured to this country by booster-fed visions of the "Golden West." The ostensible recruiting officers are the gaily uniformed, upright-standing men standing invitingly outside their offices; the real recruiting officers are the vampires of hunger and unemployment.

The wholesale firing of men by foremen, the arduous nature of the work, and the temporary nature of the employment, keep the worker constantly in motion. He does not usually have enough to pay his fare, if he is to exist at all in the town whilst waiting for the next job. Therefore, the only alternative is to beat the trains. This is also the only method of following the harvests over the wide stretches of country, where to pay a fare would be impossible usually and ruinous always. Hoboing is, therefore, the universal method of traveling among the migratory workers of the Pacific coast.

The railroad tracks are alive, at certain periods of the year, with men tramping the ties, under the burning sun, with heavy bundles of blankets upon their backs. The worker cannot usually travel as fast as the professional "tramp," who beats the fast passengers. His unwieldy pack makes it difficult for him to negotiate anything but a freight, although some of them achieve wonders of agility in the "making" of a "blind" or even the "rods," when hampered by their bedding. On the outskirts of practically every town may be seen the "jungles," or camp, where the meal, purchased—or, if needs be, begged—in the town, is cooked. A supply of cooking utensils is nearly always to be found in the "jungles." Primitive utensils, it is true, formed with much ingenuity out of preserve, oil or lard

cans. Besides the large stew can, there is always the "boiling up" can, in which shirts and underclothes are sterilized—an inevitable feature of the incessant campaign against the plague of body lice.

The meal over, if it be winter, a huge fire is built up and, with the approach of dusk, blankets are spread, and these soldiers of western industry, out of whose sinews and brain the enormous wealth of the West is distilled, settle down for a night of fitful slumber, broken by the cold, the necessity of attending to the fire, and the arrival of newcomers. In the morning the long walk down the track is resumed or a train is boarded with caution and concealment. There are constant wrangles with the brakemen, who frequently demand a money contribution in return for the permission to ride, with the alternative of jumping off (oh, Solidarity, thy name is null among the railroaders of the West!), and the unceasing, gnawing fear of arrest for vagrancy or of a beating up by the railroad police in the yards of the town of destination. It would be hard to estimate the number of workers who in one year are sentenced to varying terms of imprisonment, usually accompanied by hard labor, for the crime of trespassing on the property of the railroad companies. Yet no other method of traveling is possible for them. The risk of imprisonment, or of rough physical handling by the yard police is an integral part of their lives. Can we wonder that among them is fast growing a spirit of passionate rebellion? To make strong men, who work out in the open air and who preserve a certain spirit of rude independence, slink for fear of the armed bullies of the city or railroad police, and to be stigmatized as bums and ne'er-do-wells by canting, ignorant magistrates, is a certain method of fostering and stimulating that revolt which is already smoldering in the consciousness of the workers of the Pacific states.

And, for all this labor and suffering, what reward? The average wage of the worker in the lumber camps is \$2.75 or \$3 per day of ten hours. From this, five dollars weekly is deducted for board, often of the rottenest kind. A hospital fee of one dollar per month is also compulsorily charged by the company for medical attention of a very indifferent nature and for a hospital which, in many cases, is non-existent. The truck system flourishes in camps of all kinds, the distance from the nearest town obliging the

worker to purchase from the camp store, where he is charged exorbitant rates for his goods.

It must be remembered also that this work is by no means permanent, and that the savings of one job must be applied to tide the worker over until the next. Construction workers receive an average of \$2.25 per day, from which 75 cents is daily deducted for board, or \$5.25 per week. Here the hospital graft also prevails. If a worker remain only two days in a camp, the dollar is extorted. The work is from sun-up to sun-down. Somewhat larger wages are paid for agricultural work during the harvest rush, but the work is at breakneck speed and for extremely long hours, and lasts only for a short term.

The effects of the life lived by the slaves of the domain ruled by the Southern Pacific railroad and the lumber trust are, in many ways, disastrous. The striking feature of the Pacific country is that it is a man's country. Conditions render it impossible for the worker to marry. Long terms in isolated camps produce the same phenomena of sex perversion as exist in the army, navy and the monastery. The worker is doomed to celibacy with all its physical and moral damaging results. The brothel in the town, between jobs, is the only resort.

Yet the arduous physical toil in the open air does not have the same deteriorating effect as does the mechanical, confined work of the eastern slave. The constant matching of wits and the daring needed for the long trips across country have developed a species of rough self-reliance in the wandering proletarian of the West. In health and in physical courage he is undoubtedly the superior of his eastern brother. The phenomenal spread of the propaganda of the I. W. W. among the migratory workers indicates that this great mass, so long inarticulate, are at last beginning to realize their economic oppression and to voice their needs. The size of the local membership is an uncertain gauge in that territory of ever-moving fluid labor. Certain is it that around nearly every "jungle" fire and during the evening hours on many a job in the great westland, the I. W. W. red songbook is in evidence, and the rude rebel chants are lustily sung and discontent expressed more and more definitely and impatiently.

The free speech fights of San Diego, Fresno, Aberdeen and Spokane, the occa-

sional strike outbursts in the lumber country, the great railroad construction strike in British Columbia and the recent tragedy of Wheatland are all indications that the "blanket stiff" is awakening. It was indeed an unpleasant surprise to the masters of the bread in the booster-ridden West when the much-despised tramp worker actually began to assert himself. The proud aristocrats of labor had also long stood aloof from them, considering them worthless of organizing efforts. And, then, suddenly, lo and behold, the scorned floater evolved his own movement, far more revolutionary and scientific than his skilled brother had ever dreamed of! From the lumber camps, from the construction camps, from the harvest fields, water tanks, jails and hobo camp-

fires came the cry, ever more insistent, of the creator of western wealth. And, marvel of marvels, summit of sublime audacity, the cry of the flouted wanderer was not merely for better grub, shorter hours and simple improvements, but, including these things and going beyond them, he demanded, simply and uncompromisingly, the whole earth—the Product of his Toil!

More power to you, western brother! Go to it! And may you continue the good work and agitate and organize until you have builded up for yourself a mighty force that shall bring you your reward, the ownership of industries, and transform the vaunted, slave-driving mockery of the "Golden West" into a workers' land that shall really deserve the name.

REVOLUTIONARY ESSAYS

By Lillian Hiller Udell

HAS Socialism a literature? This word "literature" is obviously not meant to be used here as a synonym for printed matter, as we speak of the literature of an anti-tuberculosis campaign or a vice crusade. One regrets the poverty of language which forces us to employ one and the same noun in describing the tragedy of an Aeschylus or an Ibsen and the report of a garbage inspector. Socialism has its men of science like Enrico Ferri, its philosophers like Dietzgen, its economists like Marx and Engels, its scholars like Kautsky and Ward, its men of action like Bebel, Haywood and Debs.

In the present inquiry we refer to the art by which noble thought finds adequate expression on the printed page, the medium through which aesthetic or heroic emotion becomes articulate for our own and succeeding generations.

For existence, even our present existence under the wage system, has its aesthetic and heroic phases. None of us should forget that, least of all the pioneers in a revolutionary movement. Granted that the philosophies of the eighteenth century did not take the Bastille or achieve the cataclysm of '93, none the less their work stands as the best inheritance of their time, none the less

their writings form the source of highest inspiration for their spiritual descendants of the twentieth century. What we of today are striving for is not merely physical well being, nor even physical well being plus a most intimate and accurate knowledge of our descent from the amoeba and our kinship with the chimpanzee. Does the Socialist movement as at present constituted afford us those elements of poetry and eloquence which nerve the spirit for the great act of rebellion which must precede the bringing in of a better order of things?

One recalls Oscar Wilde's "Soul of Man Under Socialism" and William Morris' "News from Nowhere." These two master artists have, however, given us pictures of society in its ultimate perfection. Their prophecy is derived less from science than from faith. Mr. Shaw has treated current problems with a lucidity and brilliancy unsurpassed by any contemporary writer. But his appeal is never to the deeper emotions of his readers.

These thoughts occurred to me as I laid down a little volume entitled "Revolutionary Essays in Socialist Faith and Fancy,"* by Peter E. Burrowes.

*Published by Charles H. Kerr & Company, Chicago, cloth, \$1.00, postpaid.

I cannot claim for this author a very high place among literateurs, yet in his best moments he is reminiscent of Carlyle, of Whitman and curiously enough of Friedrich Nietzsche.

At his worst he is mystical even to the point of becoming unintelligible. There is much in these essays that could have been omitted. Yet the reader who can enter into the mood in which the work is conceived will find himself abundantly repaid for the effort. There is throughout all these reflections a fine enthusiasm which acts upon one as a tonic. There are moments of passionate eloquence, almost of poetry. There is little that is dull. One feels that the man who penned them had the temperament of a poet. He is religious, but his religion is of this world. He writes:

"Oh, he is a very present, very near and dear God—the God whose new name I whisper to thee, Socialism. And as you think of the glistening morning thoughts, wherewith so often he has coronated your brow, that crown of yours, which is in the thought world as a rich rose giving out of its folds delightful particles of fragrantly blessed fancies you know nevermore aught of the terrible nearness of God. He is no longer that awful live eye which the priests pulled out of a socket and set staring at you from the altar, staring in among your poor little heart thoughts, to shrivel you up with a horrible fear of God and make you slaves. The God of humanity is so sweetly near, and you so sweetly fearless of his nearness are, that you would if you could, let him into your bosom's heart to stay among the red pulses."

Yet this dreamer is far indeed from holding the point of view of the Christian Socialist. He is never more vehement and perhaps never clearer in his utterance than in his attack upon organized religion:

"There is no vision that ever came to man so unconquerably true as the Socialist perception that the church in every nation is but the voice of the economic ascendant. In America, many are puzzled to see mercantile Protestantism and mercantile infidelity flirting so incontinently with Rome. The daily press, which is indubitably run and written by trade and for trade only, cannot nevertheless conceal, and cannot hold back the daily interest of its proprietors in the prosperity and doings of that venerable hypnotist, the approved handmaiden and willing paramour of all despotism, the Roman Catholic Church. And let it be known that she deserves their confidence and affection, for she has never yet officially betrayed any property class, and indeed cannot, for every cell and tissue of her canons, doctrines, and practices was formed in the bowels of riches for its own defense and comfort against the sin-

ners who must work and who do not work enough."

And later:

"I do not single out Rome by name in order to separate her dishonorably from the other churches of the world. Her own claim that in Western lands she is the mother church is sound; she is older and wiser in the police business than her Protestant progeny, who though a bit naughty in the past, are filially imitative. It was but a minor property quarrel that separated them, the major property interest of uniting against Socialism will soon bring them all together again. Hence the billing and cooing between their eminences in the press and the priesthood."

The so-called progressive movement in modern capitalist politics will find here little encouragement:

"The reform tinker, who has no higher aim in politics than to mend the passing pots, we do not endorse. He shall pass through life mending pots, and shall leave the world with yet more pots to mend than he found there when he came."

We are to have no illusion concerning the depth of our slavery to those who own the tools of production:

"This parasite class, according to the observed law prevailing in all ages, having obtained control of the economic needs and forces of their time, clothe themselves with authority, and gird themselves with the powers of the state. They therefore can supplement the privation by exclusion from the means of living. They can also add positive suffering to the negative misery; they can beat you by all the rods of law into their laboratories; they can entangle your feet in every step you make for freedom; they can not only use the guns of the state against you but they can force you to use them against yourself; they can, by possessing all the archives, know how much it is costing you to live, and can, as private employers, cut your wages down to that. From the signal boxes of the state they know your incoming and outgoing. They can control your mind; they can go behind you and before, and float over you, and build military tunnels under your feet with your own hands. You cannot be emancipated while that class is in control and they can afford to let you play at all kinds of radical discontent as long as you leave them where they are."

And oh, the contempt he pours upon the middle class:

"The middle class man is the negative, empty space between two facts, he is nothing—not even a hypocrite. He has no role to play anywhere in any great world. No great social movement is for him who is but a soaker, maintaining himself by keeping on the moister side of everything."

That which is of value in these essays is a certain power born of earnest conviction which meets Tolstoi's test of art, viz., that the emotion of the writer is communicated to those who read. They are not literature, it is true, but they deserve to be read.



Lineman Partner with His Dogs Crossing Creek in Lake Section. The Ice Is Just Breaking Up.

THE TRAIL OF THE

(From the Commercial Telegraphers' Journal)

FROM Ashcroft on the old Caribou road to British Columbia, winding northward for 2,500 miles, runs the Yukon telegraph, the most remarkable and romantic telegraph line in all America. Its origin was like no other; its operation never had and perhaps never will have an analogy; its service to mankind has certainly never been surpassed.

The visitor trailing his goods into the lone north land seeking a gold claim in the bed of a rivulet, or staking his future on a free farm and a muscular back, may jeer at the low, straggling poles with the wire sagging down like the domestic clothesline back home. But when he tastes for a month or two the supreme isolation of that infinite silent wilderness, that pitiful strand of wire will size up as a strand of gold.

The Yukon telegraph was born in the feverish days of 1896, when it seemed that half America was turned northward to wrestle with the little god of Chance. In those days it had two kinds of stories to deliver, one of the "lucky strike" transforming a penniless tramp into a million-

aire, the other of some mute tragedy of the wayside, wherein a discouraged adventurer wrapped himself and his hopes in the snows by the trailside and left the remainder to Providence.

Today when the reckless glories of that "wickedest camp on earth" have given way to a standard of respectability, the little Yukon telegraph tirelessly fulfills its duties. Now, however, it flashes a new code of success, the code of the pioneer farmer whose cottages are fast trailing up the northern valleys, searching out the last choice spots in Canada where the speculator has not stuck his sign. Up in that land the railway is short, but the telegraph is long—and in the settlement of the earth one seems to balance the absence of the other. For the thousands of white men in the scattered communities from Prince Rupert to the Arctic Circle the Government wire forms the link and the only link with the great news events of the outside world. The route of the line is almost parallel to that weird and abandoned survey of the Western Union half a century ago, when that company after the breaking of the Atlantic cable in 1859 decided to lay a



Fourth Cabin: Maxwell Is the Operator.

LONESOME WIRE

land line through Alaska and Siberia to Europe. Over three million dollars had been spent on the line when the company recalled the plans, having in the meantime picked up its Atlantic cable again. Some of its engineers and linemen were then so far inland that it was nine months from the time the order was sent until it could be delivered to them. For many miles portions of the Western Union wire are now being worked as an auxiliary by the Dominion government.

Every year the federal government extends the branch lines, keeping ever ahead of the steady stream of settlers. The main line connects at Ashcroft with the Canadian Pacific Railway system. At its northern extremity it joins the United States signal service on the Alaskan boundary. Its longest branch is 200 miles, from Hazelton, an old Hudson Bay trading post, to Prince Rupert.

At intervals of from seventeen to fifty miles the operators live out their lonely and dangerous lives in their roughly built cabins. That each operator should be an expert lineman is an absolute necessity, since most of these sections are

placed in an operator's care and in the depth of winter he is called upon not infrequently to tramp on snowshoes across treacherous areas to repair his wires.

Two of the worst foes of the mountain operator are the forest fire and the avalanche. Again and again their depredations sweep away poles and wires, demanding heroic service of the linemen to restore normal conditions.

In some districts winter departs for only two months in the twelve, so that day and night, month by month, the deadening loneliness of perpetual snow threatens to drive a man into melancholia. It is a heavy test of human endurance, not so much in the times of activity as when the monotony of existence turns a week into an eternity.

Once a year the supplies of food are "packed" in, and then the operator and his visitors exhaust the possibilities of conversation.

The following stories are typical of the early Yukon days. To many of the old-timers who have since left the "Great North Country" these stories will recall, no doubt, the memories of many months



Third Cabin: Frank Lee and Tommy Brewer Have Been After Grub.

passed "mushing over a blazed trail" in the interest of the government and humanity, while they will portray to the craftsmen of younger years the perils and hazardous positions from which so many complexities have arisen. To the rising generations of telegraphers—that is, a majority—it may be interesting to state that to this day conditions are practically unchanged.

One winter's afternoon the telegrapher at —Cabin, a young Englishman, usually called James, was plodding slowly along the snow covered trail in the direction of home. The day had been typical of winter; heavy snow, which as the day wore on, gave way to the sharp air of evening. Trees and branches were everywhere covered with the fleecy downfall. Operator James carried a small knapsack containing his tools, a change of clothing and a little food and in his hand a 30-30 rifle. Across his path lay a small branch weighed down with snow and in a moment of thoughtlessness he grasped his weapon by the barrel and swung the butt lightly at the obstruction. As the weapon struck it, the branch, freed from its weight of snow, sprang back, but simultaneously came a report and a shock to the unfortunate youth, who realized that he was shot—terribly, perhaps fatally wounded. With a sinking heart and a growing sensation of horror and despair, he knew that the bullet fired by his own carelessness had passed through his body

and that he was alone—far from help and doomed mayhap to perish miserably.

In another moment the reaction came. James pulled himself together, determined to not give way so long as strength and vitality remained. Fortunately, the wound, though desperate, had not deprived him of consciousness, so with rare presence of mind he hastily unstrapped his pack and taking from it the small "testing relay," which is carried by the men when on the trail, he made his way to a "test pole" not far away and connected the instrument. He managed to get Hazelton and in a few words made his desperate plight known. Then, finding his strength failing, he left the trail and made his way with difficulty to an abandoned Indian hut some quarter of a mile distant. In the meantime the manager at Hazelton had hurriedly informed the operator at the adjoining Cabin of the occurrence. It was drawing on to dusk, but his comrade lost not a moment in hurrying to his co-worker's rescue. Snowshoes were buckled on, a few necessities collected and within ten minutes of receiving the message the operator was hurrying south through the cold and dark of a winter's night and hoping and praying that he might reach his destination in time. It was nearly morning when he reached the lonely cabin and found the wounded man stretched on the floor but with life still remaining.

The wounded man had not lost con-

sciousness, but he was too weak and helpless to make a fire, so he had lain alone through the long hours and bitter cold of the night, hoping and waiting for the help he knew would surely come.

To make the sufferer as comfortable as was possible and then to summon more help was the first thing to be done by his rescuer.

In the meantime, a doctor had been despatched from Hazelton without delay. Upon his arrival he found that the bullet had entered just below the heart and passed through the body, making its exit lower down at the back.

The patient, having all the advantages of youth and a good constitution, was soon moved on a toboggan and conveyed down the frozen Skeena to the hospital at Hazelton, where he soon recovered.

The incident showed both rare pluck and self-possession on the part of the wounded man, and to this he undoubtedly owes his life, for to have given way under the circumstances, which were sufficiently terrible to overwhelm the average man so situated, would have meant a speedy end, if not by the bullet, then by the none the less sure cold, and another name added to the mournful record of those who have "Died on the Trail."

Some three or four winters ago Martin, who was operator at "J" Cabin, left to pay a visit to his neighbors at the next Cabin, twenty miles north, incidentally inspecting his own portion of the line. He reached his destination and spent a day with the men there, leaving on the following day on his return journey. The weather was extremely cold, while a fresh snow had fallen, thus making progress slow. When evening came and Martin had not appeared, his comrade at "J," who had been apprised of his departure, felt somewhat uneasy. He again called up the men at Northern Cabin, thinking that he might have changed his mind. However, the neighbors had heard nothing of him since morning.

To start out in search of the missing man at night would have been futile. So his companion waited until morning and then set out northwards to gain tidings of the missing man—a bare three miles, and the tragedy revealed itself in the corpse of the unfortunate operator lying frozen on the trail. Exhausted by the



Picture Taken at Eighth Cabin, North of Hazelton:
John Barker, Operator Sixth, and Lew Mason,
Lineman Ninth Cabin.

heavy traveling, he had struggled on until overtaken by night, and overcome with fatigue he had fallen forward never to rise again.

Alone and unaided his comrade "packed" the frozen body back to the cabin and then telegraphed briefly the facts of the occurrence. The body was taken down by toboggan to Hazelton and there interred.

On one occasion I was speaking to Jones, who is stationed some two hundred miles north of Hazelton. He said, "One day in September the pack train arrived with the annual supplies. That we were glad to see them, you may be sure, since the sight of a strange face was a treat to us. The pack train only remained long enough to unload and then turned back for their camping ground of the previous night. Until that train again paid us a visit—twelve months later—we saw but two persons at our cabin and in each case it was an Indian!"



Drawn by Arthur Young

At the Edge of the Crater

—From The Masses

COLORADO

WHILE he was in Chicago a few days ago, Upton Sinclair said some vital things about Colorado, among which we quote the following:

I have just returned from a two-weeks' visit to one of the battlefields of the Colorado Class war. I have come home with my nostrils full of powder smoke and the scent of burning flesh; my ears full of the screams of murdered women and children. What I have seen has made me admit for the first time in my life the possibility that the social revolution in America may be one of physical force.

The night before I left Denver I dined at the home of the widow of a former chief justice of the state. And this lady said to me: "If we women had not stormed the capitol and forced the governor to appeal for federal troops, there would have been an end to state authority in Colorado."

A leading lawyer said to me: "It was touch and go—like that!" (He snapped his fingers.) "We almost had a revolution." And Judge Ben Lindsey came east and said to the President: "Our state is sitting upon a volcano."

Somebody "stringing" me, you say! Well, let me tell another story. I talked with Senator Van Tilborg, machine leader of the Democrats, at the state capitol.

"Mr. Sinclair," said he, with a quiet smile, "our troubles here in Colorado can be settled quickly; all we need is about three hundred men who can shoot straight and quick, and I think we can get them."

I told of this speech at a dinner party at a fashionable hotel, and a young man spoke—an explorer, who had been several times around the world and had financed expeditions to Siberia and Central Africa; he had just been to Ludlow and heard the stories of the miners, and now he said:

"Tell that (unprintable language) that three hundred is just the number of crack shots that I decided I could bring there when next the fighting began!"

And let me add that this young man went off to Chicago and is now pledging his hunting companions, ranchmen and Canadian guides to be ready for Senator Van Tilborg's signal.

All this, you will observe, is without counting the miners. On the day that

the federal troops were called they had dynamite under all the railroad tracks into Trinidad, and were about to blow them up. They had fought pitched battles with the state troops, and in several places had these troops at their mercy. They had 2,000,000 rounds of ammunition stored in a piano warehouse in a neighboring state; they had 1,500 men in another state, armed and pledged to march over the mountains.

Many such things they had done, and, incredible as it may seem, they have so much backing of the public sentiment of Colorado that none of their leaders will even be punished for anything!

What do you call this but class war?

There has been civil war in Colorado. Thousands of miners, armed and intrenched, have stood off the state militia, defeating them in pitched battles.

I am considering the situation to try to throw some light upon the meaning of it, and more especially upon the question: "What is to be the outcome of it?"

Here is the question I want to put to you: Suppose this revolt had not been of Colorado alone, but had included the miners of a dozen states or of the entire nation. What then?

"Impossible!" you say. But why? Have not the things that caused this revolt been done in other states of our union?

In Colorado they had an armored car with a machine gun that traveled up the canons and rained death upon the tent colonies of the strikers. They call it the "Death Special," and in West Virginia the name was the "Bull Moose Special," but the difference in the name was the only difference.

In West Virginia they had all the phenomena of government by gunmen; wholesale arrests without warrant or charge, imprisonment incommunicado, beating up of strikers, abusing of women and children, midnight raiding of homes and deporting of "undesirables;" they had the same in Michigan more recently, in Idaho and Nevada some years back. Does it seem to you impossible that these miners could learn to combine?

I can assure you it does not seem impossible to them!

The very same gunmen were taken from West Virginia to Michigan and from Michigan to Colorado.

Come and let us try to face the facts. What are the conditions that drove thousands of peaceable, hard-working laborers to leave their wives and children and take to the mountains, to live and fight like wild beasts? What are the evils that have brought women to lay themselves liable to a charge of treason against the state by hiding machine guns in the cellars of their homes?

To go not too far back, there was a strike of the Colorado coal miners in 1902. Men were beaten up, deported, jailed, shut up in "bullpens"—the whole sickening story. The strike was crushed and the coal operators had their undisputed way. Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., declared that he would not compromise the present strike, because it was a fight for a principle.

Well, in 1902, the "principle" was maintained, and what followed? Decent American, Welsh and Cornish miners being unwilling to work as slaves, the coal operators opened up an advertising campaign in Greece, Roumania, southern Italy and Russia; they imported by wholesale the peoples of twenty-four different nations, and for twelve years had their way with them—with the result of turning the twenty-four nations into one, animated by a fury of hatred which is simply inconceivable to any one who had not been on the ground.

They owned the land on which the miners had to live, the homes they had to rent, the stores at which they traded, the churches at which they worshipped.

They built stockades about the villages and made the entrances private roads.

They ran the political machines, voting the people in herds, and making mayors out of mine bosses, coroners, magistrates and sheriffs out of company store clerks and gunmen.

They blacklisted men who belonged to unions, or who refused to mine 2,500 or 3,000 pounds to the ton.

They ran up the death list from accidents to two or three times as many as in neighboring states; twelve times as many as in a civilized nation such as Austria. Controlling the coroners and juries, they paid no damages for accidents. They made it the jest of their employes that they would rather kill a man than lame a mule.

Suffice to say that the men began to organize for protection, and so bitter was the opposition of the companies that there existed in Southern Colorado all the machinery of secret, underground unionization as among the revolutionary workingmen of Russia.

When the economic factions of a war, whether a civil war or a class war are present, then sooner or later fighting will begin.

There were "mine guards" and company detectives to "keep order." When things got worse, the state militia was brought in and new companies were recruited, consisting (by official commission of Adj. Gen. Chase) of from 77 to 90 per cent of employees of the coal companies—30 to 40 per cent of "mine guards!" The same ruffians who horrified the country in West Virginia and Michigan now armed with the weapons and clad in the uniform of the state!

How did they behave? The country ought to know the story by now; how they jailed men and women by scores and held them incommunicado. How they rode down a procession of women and children, sabreing and maiming young girls. How they deliberately tortured men and murdered prisoners in cold blood!

Then came Ludlow—the destruction of a tent colony full of women and children by machine gun and torch. The country has never heard of a tenth of the horror of this event.

It has never heard of the car load of quick lime that was brought in to help in keeping down the death list. It has never heard of the score or two who were missing and have been missing ever since.

But it heard enough, and so did the miners.

The authority of the debauched government of the state was overthrown, and, believe me, once for all. Those who talk of restoring it have no idea of the number of people in Colorado and elsewhere who are pledged to die, if need be, to prevent its being restored.

We read that there has been civil war in Colorado. We read that the state troops have turned machine guns on women and children and that the state legislature has appropriated \$1,000,000 to

pay the costs of such proceedings and to provide for more of it in the future.

What does all this mean?

Is not Colorado an American state, like all the rest of the states?

Why have the American people tolerated such things?

My explanation is a basely materialistic one. I say that the state is young and possesses enormous natural resources, and that from the beginning these resources have been thrown open to a free-for-all scramble on the good old American principle of "do others before they do you."

There are seventeen coal companies in the strike field, and a single one paid nearly \$2,000,000 in profits last year.

The government of the state, with all its powers, has been made the football of warring interests such as these. It has been corrupted and kept corrupt—shamelessly, naively corrupt.

I sat at lunch with two lawyers who chatted of things they knew, and presently one remarked that the gas and electric company had purchased its properties for \$3,000,000—and capitalized them at \$50,000,000—and sold the stock. Then he proceeded to name who had got a share (so many of the eminent leaders of the city), and how there had been a quarrel with the tramway companies, and how a certain editor had told too much and been shot—the fifth time he had had lead taken out of him—which spoke poorly for Colorado marksmanship.

Then something brought up the sugar companies; how it had been testified at Washington that they had hired an eminent authority to write a pamphlet proving that sugar beets enriched the soil, so that the farmers of the state would go on raising sugar beets to be sold at less than cost!

And then I went from the lunch table to talk with a miner's wife whose husband had lost his job because she bought milk from one of these farmers instead of from a company store.

Enough! Everything in the state has been stolen. And now what is to be done about it? The first thing I have to say is that the state will not be saved by any of the agencies of redemption to which the people generally look—not the churches or the clergy or the big university.

If you had gone to meetings of the "Law and Order League" you might have heard two clergymen one afternoon defending the state and calling for the blowing up of miners' homes with dynamite; and Denver was preparing to beg \$250,000 from those who had done it—and it was not the miners who had it.

So far the strikers have respected the uniform and the flag of the United States, and this in spite of the fact that they have been treated far from fairly. I talked with a lawyer who had handled the affairs of the United Mine Workers in the strike district, and he told me of the difficulty that he had had in getting permission for the strikers to rebuild the tent colony at Ludlow. He had to telegraph several times to Washington.

A little while later the Trinidad Free Press, the miners' paper, published the statement that the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company's gunmen were hiding their arms. In reply to that the federal officer in command served notice on the editor of the paper that he must print a retraction. I have myself seen the document which the officer wrote out in his own handwriting—an abject and humiliating apology. Unless this was published the paper would be suppressed.

The lawyer advised the editor to defy this order, and he personally defied the officer to carry out his threat, with the result that the officer backed down.

These things do not produce a favorable impression with the strikers.

The importation of strikebreakers wholesale has been forbidden; but men who want to work are allowed to come in of their own free will. Any one can see how easy this will be for the strikebreaking agencies. The strikers are not allowed to picket at the depot—for which rule there is no warrant in law or justice.

So it would seem the companies have only to wait and starve out the strikers. One thing stands in the way, however. There are elections coming next November. The corporations and their henchmen have relied upon these four coal counties to carry the state. They have been accustomed to hold up the returns on election night until they see the number of votes they need.

Should there be an honest election, the corporations might lose their grip forever.

This is even more important than winning the strike. So you may set this one thing down for certain—that the federal troops will be out of Colorado before next election day.

How will they manage it? All the miners and the leaders with whom I talked agreed that the corporations had one thing to do, and will be certain to do it. That is to start trouble between the federal troops and the miners.

The day I left Denver the press dispatches reported that somebody had thrown a brick out of a window at the soldiers. Then night came on, and somebody fired some shots at the soldiers from the hills. Of course, the press dispatches said this was the work of the miners. I cannot say, for I was not there. I can only point out that the miners have everything to lose and nothing to gain by such proceedings; that the only gainers will be the coal operators, their gunmen and their private detectives.

They have innumerable spies among the miners. What more simple than to have them throw some bricks and start some fighting? What more simple than to get a party of the miners drunk—or, for that matter, to get some soldiers drunk, and to tell them stories and reveal plots to them?

Some may say the company managers would be incapable of such a thing. Let me point out to you that some of the richest capitalists in New England were not above having dynamite "planted" in order to discredit the Lawrence strikers.

I want to do what I can to warn you, to prepare you for any devilment that may be attempted. I want the people to know what kind of men are in control in Colorado, and what weapons they are using in their fight.

I say that I do not think the workingmen of this country have ever faced a more serious crisis than this one. The corporations have pursued a policy of lawlessness and brutality; if they are permitted to get away with it undisturbed, it will be an encouragement to every other lawless corporation in the land. If, on the other hand, they can be beaten back from their prey, it will be a warning to exploiters of labor that they have gone too far.



THE GORILLA'S DIVINE UNREST

How the Ape's Discontent With Economic Conditions Caused the Origin of Man

[From Current Opinion.]

A REVOLT against its lot in life transformed the ape into a man. Not until discontent established itself in the consciousness of the simian progenitors of the human race could our species begin its ascent of that slope which led from the forest-tree-tops of a tropical wilderness to the exercise of the developed brain. Had no ape ever revolted against economic conditions there would be no race of men upon the planet. Those apes which were satisfied with things as they were remained in the tree-tops to maintain their species. Such is the conclusion to which that renowned anthropologist, Professor G. Elliot Smith, of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, is led by careful study of the determining factor in the origin of man. He dismisses the case for the erect attitude as the cause in question by citing instances of apes which walk erect, or even lower organisms which can assume the same atti-

tude. If the erect attitude is to explain all, asks Professor Elliot Smith, why did not the gibbon become a man in Miocene times? He can not take seriously the argument for the liberation of the hands and the cultivation of their skill as the foundation of man's supremacy in animate creation. The power of speech is less a cause than a consequence and in any event it was not the prime factor. It was discontent that gave the ape a brain in any true sense and thus made him a man.

The whole of his argument is aimed at demonstrating that the steady growth of the brain, under the influence just stated, has been the fundamental factor in leading man's ancestors upward from the lowly insectivore status, through every earlier phase in the evolution of mammals. But such advances as the assumption of the erect attitude are brought about simply because the brain has made the skilled movements of the hands possible and of definite use in the

struggle for existence. Yet once such a stage has been attained, the very act of liberating the hands for the performance of more delicate movements opens the way for a further advance in brain development to make the most of the more favorable conditions and the greater potentialities of the hands.

In the remote Oligocene period, an ape nearly akin to the ancestors of the Indian sacred monkey became definitely specialized in structure in adaptation for the assumption of the erect attitude. This type of early anthropoid has persisted with relatively slight modifications in the gibbon of the present day. But if the earliest gibbons were already able to walk upright, how is it that they did not begin to use their hands, thus freed from the work of progression on the earth, for skilled work, and at once become men? The obvious reason is that the brain had not yet attained a sufficiently high state of development to provide a sufficient amount of useful skilled work, apart from tree climbing, for these competent hands to do. In the language of Doctor Smith's elucidation in *London Nature*:

"The ape is tied down absolutely to his experience, and has only a very limited ability to anticipate the results even of relatively simple actions, because so large a proportion of his neopallium is under the dominating influence of the senses.

"Without a fuller appreciation of the consequences of its actions than the gibbon is capable of, the animal is not competent to make the fullest use of the skill it undoubtedly possesses. What is implied in acquiring this fuller appreciation of the meaning of events taking place around the animal? The state of consciousness awakened by a simple sensory stimulation is not merely an appreciation of the physical properties of the object that supplies the stimulus: the object simply serves to bring to consciousness the results of experience of similar or contrasted stimulations in the past, as well as the feelings aroused by or associated with them, and the acts such feelings excited. This mental enrichment of a mere sensation so that it acquires a very precise and complex meaning is possible only because the individual has this extensive experience to fall back upon; and the faculty of acquiring such experience implies the possession of large neopallial areas for recording, so to speak, these sensation-factors and the feelings associated with them. The 'meaning' which each creature can attach to a sensory impression presumably depends not on its experience only but more especially upon the neopallial provision in its brain for recording the fruits of such experience.

"Judged by this standard, the human brain bears ample witness, in the expansion of the

great temporo-parietal area, which so obviously has been evolved from the regions into which visual, auditory, and tactile impulses are poured, to the perfection of the physical counterpart of the enrichment of mental structure, which is the fundamental characteristic of the human mind."

The mere process of learning to execute any act of skill necessarily involves the cultivation not only of the muscles which produce the movement, and the cortical area which excites the actions of these muscles, but in even greater measure the sensory mechanisms in the neopallium which are receiving impressions from the skin, the muscles and the eyes to control the movements at the moment. Incidentally they are educating these cortical areas, stimulating their growth and enriching the mental structure with new elements of experience. Out of the experience gained in constantly performing acts of skill, the knowledge of cause and effect is acquired. Thus the high specialization of the motor area, which made complicated actions possible, and the great expansion of the temporo-parietal area, which enabled the ape-man to realize the "meaning" of events occurring around him, reacted one upon the other, so that the creature came to understand that a particular act would entail certain consequences. In other words, the ape-man gradually acquired the faculty of shaping its conduct in anticipation of results:

"Long ages ago, possibly in the Miocene, the ancestors common to man, the gorilla and the chimpanzee, became separated into groups, and the different conditions to which they became exposed after they parted company were in the main responsible for the contrasts in their fate. In one group the distinctively primate process of growth and specialization of the brain, which had been going on in their ancestors for many thousands, even millions, of years, reached a stage when the more venturesome members of the group, stimulated perhaps by some local failure of the customary food, or maybe led forth by a curiosity bred of their growing realization of the possibilities of the unknown world beyond the trees which hitherto had been their home, were impelled to issue forth from their forest, and seek new sources of food and new surroundings on hill and plain, wherever they could obtain the sustenance they needed. The other group, perhaps because they happened to be more favorably situated or attuned to their surroundings, living in a land of plenty which encouraged indolence in habit and stagnation of effort and growth, were free from this glorious unrest, and remained apes, continuing to lead very much the same kind of life (as gorillas and chimpanzees) as their ancestors had been liv-

ing since the Miocene or even earlier times. That both of these unenterprising relatives of man happen to live in the forests of tropical Africa has always seemed to me to be a strong argument in favor of Darwin's view that Africa was the original home of the first creatures definitely committed to the human career; for while man was evolved amidst the strife with adverse conditions, the ancestors of the gorilla and chimpanzee, gave up the struggle for men-

tal supremacy simply because they were satisfied with their circumstances."

It is a proposition resting upon the familiar but not wholly understood fact that the animals are subject to the passions. Such emotions as jealousy, anger, revenge, gratitude and the like can be experienced by vertebrates. The ape is not the least of these.

CONCERNING ANARCHY

BY MAX EASTMAN.

You would be surprised to know from what source the lawless capitalists of Colorado derive proof that all the anarchy is on the side of the working class. I succeeded in the role of a Sunday School lecturer, ardently searching for God's truth, in meeting the General Manager of the Victor American Company, receiving admission through the lines of the Delagua mines, and having a talk with Snodgrass, its Superintendent.

I had just come up from the tent ruins at Ludlow, where I counted twenty-one bullet holes in one washtub, and Snodgrass assured me that the soldiers had not fired on the tent colony at all. So I have not given great weight to his very charming and judicious remarks upon other subjects. But I do want to quote this much upon the subject of the national officers of the United Mine Workers of America.

"Those men are anarchists, you know. Even the Socialists won't stand for them. Why, there's a book by this man—what's his name? He's a Socialist—Hunter. That's right, Robert Hunter. Have you seen it? He says the Socialists won't stand for the methods of these men, they're anarchists."

"Is that book being read a good deal?" I asked.

"Oh yes, it's being very widely circulated. I have it here. Everybody around here is reading it."—*From the New Review.*

A Typical Letter from a "Live Wire."—"Youngstown, Ohio. Dear Comrades: Enclosed find \$2.50 for which please send at once 50 more copies of the June issue of the REVIEW. I went on the street Saturday evening and made a talk and the REVIEWS did not last two minutes, and lots of men came up with their money, but I had sold out, so rush these to me at once."—C. W. S.

STUDY COURSE IN SCIENTIFIC SOCIALISM

LESSON VII

The Class Struggle

By J. E. Sinclair

“THE history of all hitherto existing society is a history of class struggles.” So runs the first line that follows the introduction to the Communist Manifesto. He who has grasped the materialist interpretation of history can trace the economic purpose back of each great dramatic scene in history. He can see how classes form and how, goaded on by economic need, each strives for mastery over the food getting processes of life.

Even the casual student of history can see the economic motives that actuated the murderers of the Gracchi and that threw vast armies into the mountain defiles of Italy to crush the daring Spartacus. The struggle between the rising capitalists and their feudal landlords is apparent to every student of European history and its bloody climax in the French Revolution needs no comment here. In America, too, the conflict between the manufacturing and financial classes of the North and the slaveholders of the South ended in four years of civil war and salted southern swamps with the bleaching bones of the dead.

We might go on and enumerate one by one the great class wars of history; but why discuss these conflicts of the past further than to illustrate the truth of the Marxian law of the continuity of the class struggle since the dawn of civilization and the breaking up of the gens? As this is being written the conflict of the tragic present is going on all about us. Today they are burying the nursing mothers and the charred bodies of their babes who died last Monday in the class war at Lud-

low in Colorado. Only last December we buried seventy-four of our dead in the snow-covered graveyard near Calumet in Michigan. Tomorrow the deadly machine guns of the ruling class may begin their convincing argument under the reader's very eyes.

It is here. There is no disputing its terrible presence—a war between the militant proletariat and the owners of the earth. That it has assumed the character of open war is not the fault of the workers. They did not hire the armies of gunmen that a year ago infested the smoking hills of West Virginia. They did not introduce bayonets into the Lawrence strike. For years they have endured the clubs, the bayonets and the terror of brutalized capitalism. And now today they are arming in Colorado and are sweeping the gunmen from the hills. The gospel of peace that they have been preaching has been changed by the very necessities of the pressing moment into the stern gospel of arming for the defense of their children.

These things no intelligent student can fail to consider: 1. The economic origin of the struggle between the capitalists and the proletariat. 2. The elements that make up the respective forces. 3. The tactics that the workers should pursue. 4. What the outcome may be in the near future.

We have seen how with the progress of technical development power production has crushed out practically every other kind of production. We have seen how a class of small property holders in the means of production have been ruined

by the arrival on the industrial field of machinery so complicated and costly that the little fellow simply had to quit and make way for the big corporation. We have seen how this massing of the means of production has socialized production and how it has organized the workers into vast industrial armies for the making and distribution of human necessities. And we have seen how these workers, regardless of the ever increasing output of the machines which they operate, receive a wage that barely enables them to live and propagate after the fashion of beasts of burden. We have seen the vast surplus created by these workers going into the hands of a useless class that no longer functions in industry.

In their misery even the more ignorant among the workers cry out for more food, more pay, and shorter hours; but in the midst of the vast proletarian army of producers that modern industry has called into being there develops a militant proletariat that rises above the attitude of prayer and strikes for better conditions of labor. And inside this militant group there gradually forms a revolutionary group that demands the full product of its toil, and in order that this may be made possible it demands that the means of production that are socially operated shall be socially owned.

The theories of this revolutionary group are born of the struggle in which the workers live. They are practical theories. They have to do with food, clothing, and shelter, and are elaborated and propounded by those in the business of providing for the world food, clothing, and shelter. They do the work of the world; they know the machinery of production and distribution; they alone are competent to discuss intelligently the feeding and clothing and housing of the world. The doctrine that these revolutionary working men propound is Socialism. It is not a dream. It is a stern necessity.

For with the progress of machine production in all the lands of the earth the markets have become glutted with goods that the very producers cannot buy back for the simple reason that they are paid much less than the value of their product. Besides there grows ever greater

the army of the unemployed, dotted every here and there with blacklisted revolutionary workers whom capitalism has consigned to this living death.

Around the nucleus of revolutionists in the army of industry and in the army of the unemployed the militant workers are rallying in ever increasing forces. At the same time the numbers of militant proletarians increases owing to the fearful pressure of capitalist industrial life, to the spread of education necessary in capitalist industry, and to the obvious uncertainty of employment and life under capitalism. With the spread of this intelligence labor becomes conscious of its mission. It sees its product passing from it into the hands of social parasites. It refuses to be silenced. It articulates the gospel of the revolution.

In the army of wage and salary workers there are many that we can never count upon to become militant. They constitute what we might class the new middle class—mechanical engineers, architects, civil engineers, superintendents, bosses, and all the great army of officials that modern industry has created for the direction and suppression of the workers. In spite of the fact that many of these workers perform socially necessary functions, they are as a class the most contemptible enemies of labor. In every violent struggle with the master class the workers find these together with the socially rotting remnants of the old middle class in open and violent opposition to the toiling masses.

What changes the next turn in the wheel of industrial evolution may bring about in the ranks of this "aristocracy" of labor and intellect we can hardly tell, but the militant wage worker is not counting on its assistance at the present time.

In their war with the master class the workers are deeply interested in the best methods of bringing about the culmination of the conflict and of ushering in the co-operative commonwealth. Momentous as this question may seem, it does not approach in importance the need for new methods of spreading economic intelligence among the workers. The scientific thinker will be bound by no hard and fast rules. He will meet the

conditions as they arise one by one with the means that he happens to have at hand at that time. If political action will get him anywhere he will use that. If more direct and immediate action is needed he will not hesitate in the hour of his dire need. It is unnecessary that a discussion of tactics should ever become bitter among revolutionists who are capable of understanding the materialistic interpretation of history. And the dogmatic denial of the right of any worker to discuss what methods he thinks best is to be deeply regretted.

The kind nurses who are afraid that the militant proletariat will hurt itself by using certain methods not prescribed by the more learned are sensible enough to remain silent or brave enough even to assist when the rifles begin to crack in some dark West Virginia valley or on some bloody stained sagebrush plain in Colorado. It is then that we begin to see that our most stern political actionists are ready to die in the trenches beside us as bravely and as nobly as the rest.

It is not action that the workers need fear. It is inaction. With the militant worker or the revolutionists of whatever faith we have no fight. Our differences fade away in the face of our common peril—annihilation by the paid thugs of the masters. The prize that we all seek is the world and industrial freedom to use the world in the interest of the working class. Only pedants will pause to quibble about incidentals by the way-side. Our march is the march of man, our trail the pulsing path of human progress. Kaustky has faith in political action. Tom Mann believes in direct action on the economic field. The capitalists hate and fear both.

With the progress of industrial evolution the working class slowly but surely develops a class consciousness, a feeling that it has a mission to fulfill, a feeling that it must develop its own institutions in the fulfilling of this mission. With the birth of this class consciousness there is born a new desire to learn. Through the whirr of wheels in the factory the worker catches faint glimpses of a greater knowledge than the masters have allowed him to possess. In his constant

struggle with the master class he learns his mental deficiencies and proceeds to reach out for more knowledge of the right kind. The product of a scientific age, he yearns for scientific knowledge that will help him in the struggle with the masters. The books that he reads are books of power. He becomes a thinker. He rises to glimpse ever grander vistas. He sees the causes that lie back of capitalism and he sees beyond a new world, shaping itself in his very hands, a world of industry regulated by those engaged in industry, a world in which the political state as we know it today has become unnecessary. He sees the army of the revolution growing as it struggles with the masters. He sees its intelligence increase by leaps and bounds when it reaches the point where it realizes its mission. He does not look to governments to save his class, but bases his hopes for the emancipation of the workers upon the self-activity of the workers themselves acting under economic necessity imposed upon them by the very laws of capitalist production.

Because the working class and the employing class have nothing in common the class struggle now raging between them must be carried to its logical conclusion. And the logical as well as the biological conclusion of that struggle is bound to be the utter vanquishment of the class that no longer functions in production. The shaping of the new society is not in the keeping of any party or sect. It is bound to be the child of the present, an outgrowth of our marvelous industrial development. Just as industry scorns political boundary lines, so must it scorn international hatreds and political institutions based upon such hatreds. The offspring of world-industry, its field of operation must be the world. The culmination of the class struggle, the co-operative commonwealth will have no need for political institutions of oppression. Its business must be the management of things and not the government of men. Until this stage is reached, the class struggle will go on with increasing bitterness and barbarity.

The industrial revolution and the ushering in of power production on a large scale and for a world market created the

modern proletariat and gave it a voice, because the very needs of capitalist production made some semblance of an education necessary even among the workers. The social revolution that we now see going on about us as a bitter class war is simply the social adjustment that is coming as a result of the industrial changes that have gone before. Economic determinism is grimly working out the solution of life and that solution is Socialism. In that momentous conflict that we now see about us, as in all other conflicts, the fittest will survive; and the fittest class is the class that functions in the production of useful things. The elimination of the master class means the social ownership of the means of production.

By the red furnace fires, in among the wheels, in mines, on farms, on sea, on land, the army of the revolution is forming for the last grand charge. It is an army of peace. Its mission is to save. But it will not shirk the sternest tasks. It cannot stop in its march to freedom. In the hour when the workers see plainly the full meaning of their misery no force on earth can stop them. That day is rapidly approaching. Urged on by economic need, the creatures of economic forces inherent in capitalist society, the workers must win the world.

Not with any other feeling than that of optimism can the working class student view the future. The progress of machine production has socialized industry and has created in the hands of the masters surplus values of such great magnitude that even a wayfaring man may see that the end is in sight. Each day the solidarity of labor grows more strong. Each day the progress of science kills some god, some superstition, some witchcraft of the past that has blinded our fathers before us. Each day the naked facts of capitalist cruelty drive more workers to see the utter impossibility of compromise and the absolute necessity of

seizing the means of production for themselves. This seizure means the culmination of the class struggle and the beginning of a new era.

Suggestions for Study.

Read again the Communist Manifesto. Also read "No Compromise," by Liebknecht; "The Class Struggle," by Kautsky; "The Debate: Direct Action vs. Political Action," by Lewis and Mann, and Part III of "Socialism, Utopian and Scientific," by Engels. Over and over again we have used this last work and the reason is surely apparent to the real student who has patiently followed the course throughout. It is a classic of the highest order.

In this course we have simply touched on the three great sociological laws discovered by Marx and his great co-worker, Engels. It is impossible to cover the great and varied field of Socialist thought in a few brief articles. But with a clear comprehension of the three cardinal principles the student will have little trouble with the details of a movement that embraces the world of human activities.

As this is the concluding lesson we shall omit the usual questions and topics for discussion. Pressing questions spring up now on all sides. The class struggle is assuming new and, to many, startling forms. Even the slum proletariat, so much despised by revolutionists in the past, is awakening. The despised immigrant, whom we but yesterday in foolish utopian fury asked the capitalistic state to exclude, turns out on the picket line to be our brother-in-arms. Students of Scientific Socialism must keep pace with the transforming forces that move about us. New things are happening. New tactics are being devised. Socialism cannot be confined to any mold. It must expand as the class struggle expands. It must take on the newer forms needed by the exigencies of a newer life. There is nothing fixed in the universe, all is reverberant relationship and change.

The Best Magazine—I think the REVIEW one among the best magazines published. I have decided to never be without the REVIEW and aim to always keep my name on the subscription list from now on.—C. C. Greenhill, Hillsboro, Texas.

Needs Review to Keep Posted—I look forward with keen interest to every number of this newsy magazine, and feel that it would be exceedingly difficult to keep posted on what is doing without it. Yours for a fearless press.—Harriet T. Chervin, Oswego, Ore.

EDITORIAL

A BILLION DOLLAR DONATION

Carnegie Outdistanced by the Modest Wage-Workers of Massachusetts

IN THE year 1911 the wage-workers of Massachusetts made up among themselves as a free gift a magnificent sum of money officially reported as \$293,762,568. These figures, however, are grossly underestimated, the true figure being over a billion dollars.

This assertion seems on its face so improbable that we hasten to give our authority. We discovered the facts from a careful examination of "Public Document No. 36" of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, consisting of the Twenty-Sixth Annual Report of the Statistics of Manufactures. From a voluminous table starting on page 2 of this report it appears that there were during 1911 in the State of Massachusetts 8,132 factories, employing 584,033 wage-workers. During the year these factories used materials of all kinds amounting in value to \$863,050,379. They paid in wages \$311,148,856. The value of their product, according to the official report, was \$1,467,961,803. This seems to indicate that the labor of the wage-workers added \$604,911,424 to the value of the materials on which they worked, so that after deducting the wages they received, they contributed as a free gift to the capitalist class the sum of \$293,762,568. If this were all, it would mean a contribution of over five hundred dollars from each wage-worker. But it is not all. The "value of product," \$1,467,961,803 according to the official statisticians, means the value *at the factory*. When the things made by the workers have passed through the hands of jobber and wholesaler and are tagged with their prices in the retail stores where the workers spend their wages, the price has gone up from \$1,467,961,803 to about two and a half billion dol-

lars. So the real donation of the Massachusetts wage-workers to the International Brotherhood of Capitalists during the year 1911 was over A BILLION DOLLARS.

Much as we admire the splendid energy and ability shown by the workers in producing this vast mass of wealth, we can not resist the desire to point out their extreme folly in this misdirected gift. As a matter of fact they and their wives and children were in urgent need of this very wealth which they so recklessly lavished on a class of people who already had all the wealth they could use. Perhaps the most deplorable fact about the whole affair is the well-founded suspicion that most of the donors of this vast sum did not understand the transaction in the least, and imagined that they were getting a "fair share," or at least nearly a fair share, of the wealth they were producing.

It may be urged that a large proportion of these workers were without opportunity to learn the real facts in the case. But this makes the inactivity of their labor union officials still more despicable, since these officials were drawing salaries in return for which they were supposed to protect the interests of the members of the unions.

The whole transaction has so shady an appearance that it is not surprising that up to this time the capitalist press has been silent about it. The one surprising thing is that the state officials of Massachusetts should have placed the information in such convenient and irrefutable shape.

We wage-workers may as well own up that we have all been behaving just as foolishly as our brothers and sisters in Massachusetts. Isn't it time to stop being so generous?

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

Progressivism and After—In Europe. At the end of April and beginning of May parliamentary elections were held in France and Sweden. The results were almost identical. In both countries Conservatives and Socialists gained at the expense of the Liberals. Similar results have marked recent elections in other European countries.

In this country we have been busy for the past year readapting our Socialist philosophy to fit the sudden appearance of Progressivism. We have accounted for the apparently increasing importance of the new middle class and some of us have reached the conclusion that this middle class, organized in some sort of Progressive, or liberal, party, will bring about the next great changes in our political and economic system.

The European elections referred to seem to lead to an opposite conclusion. In France, e. g., the various radical groups represent the intelligence, conscience and class interest of small capitalists, professional people and others who for one reason or another cannot fight with the reactionaries. Many of them have stood for various important reforms; they have opposed the three-year military law. If any force outside the working class is to take the lead in bringing about the next important rearrangement of things it must be represented by these groups. But these groups are precisely the ones which are losing power at the present time.

The only answer which could be made to these considerations would be one to the effect that the French Socialist party virtually represents the middle class. And it is true that in France the Socialists count among their numbers more small capitalists and professional folk than in any other country. It is true, too, that at this last election great gains were made in the rural districts. But the program was a straight anti-capitalist program. It is probable that there never was before an election in France in which labor unionists took so large a part, and they supported the Socialist candidates

solidly. Even the anarchistic syndicalists went to the polls to help elect Socialists. It is practically inconceivable that this party, once in power, should turn reformist, or state capitalist, or state socialist, or anything else but Socialist.

The French Election. The thing most talked about in connection with the French election was the situation growing out of the passage of the new military law. As has been previously explained in the Review, the Conservatives and near Conservatives managed to pass a law requiring recruits to serve three years instead of two. This naturally made necessary a larger budget for military purposes. Here is where the rub came. The capitalists who had forced through this measure were unwilling to foot the bills. They defeated a financial scheme based on the passage of an income tax law. Then the ministry was hard put to it to get out of the hole into which it had been plunged. It has not yet got out. Money has been borrowed to help out, but as yet no method of paying regular expenses has been devised.

Under these circumstances the Socialists went to the country, making their campaign largely against militarism. The various Radical groups also opposed the three-year law. The Conservatives supported it. Of course it is the popular vote that interests Socialists; it is that that shows whether propaganda has really reached the people. In 1911 the Socialist vote was 1,110,561; at the recent election it was 1,398,771. This amounts to sixteen per cent of the entire vote. In the first election there were only 40 Socialists elected and the editor of *l'Humanité* remarked rather sadly that proportional representation would give the Socialists 101 seats. What was his surprise to find after the second election that his party had actually acquired 102 seats. The Conservatives gained 7 seats, the Socialistic Radicals gained 23, and the Socialists gained 27. Corresponding losses were sustained by the Progressives, the Union of the Left, and the Republicans of the Left.

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So far as the immediate future of France is concerned this shifting of forces means little. There is still a majority in favor of the three-year law. It is possible, of course, that something may be done to improve the new financial measure which is to be introduced, for, on the whole, the left has been strengthened more than the right.

But these are small matters. The important thing is that the masses of the French people are turning to the Socialist party. Of course many who voted the ticket are not Socialists, but they recognize that Socialists stand honestly against the reactionary measures under which the people are suffering.

The Swedish Election. In Sweden also the immediate issue was militarism. The king has recently taken a hand in the government and forced the preparation of a measure providing for a larger army. This measure is being pushed on the pretext that it is necessary to defend the country against Russia. It is supported by the Conservatives and opposed by the Socialists and Liberals. The number of voters was notably larger in this last election than in any previous one. Therefore all parties registered an increase. The Conservatives made a gain of 98,000, the Liberals gained 2,000, and the Social-

ists gained 57,000. In relative strength, then, the Liberals lost. But the great majority of the people, 475,000 out of 760,000, voted against the royal military program.

The Russian Reaction. Affairs seem to be shaping themselves for another revolution in Russia. The workers are reorganizing, and the Social Democratic party is once more carrying on a powerful propaganda. And at the same time the Czar seems to have determined to run the government back into its old pre-Duma methods. He has chosen for his latest prime minister a certain Goremykin, who treats the members of the Duma as if they were a pack of schoolboys. He has informed them that whenever the government is contemplating the introduction of a law on a certain matter the members of the legislative body are not allowed to present another measure dealing with the same matter. More recently he has practically put an end to the immunity of the members. Comrade Tscheide, leader of the Socialist group, happened to mention in a speech the fact that he prefers the republican form of government to some others. Weeks afterward the premier demanded that the Duma turn Comrade Tscheide over to him to be prosecuted before a court for

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this crime. This led to violent scenes, but it appears that the premier is to have his way. This will mean the end of the Duma as a tribunal. It long ago ceased to be a representative legislative assembly.

Party Congress in Italy. For many reasons the congress held in Ancona at the end of April was an important one. Only last year the annual gathering was followed by a split. For years the party had been divided and its work had been constantly hindered by a bitter struggle between Reformists and Revolutionists. Last year, at Regio Emilia, the Revolutionists outvoted the others and straightway Bissolati stampeded with his followers and formed a new organization. Then came the midwinter elections to parliament and it was discovered that the regular party had grown immensely in its popular strength. It returned a group of 51 members, many more than it had ever had. And this in spite of the fact that this was the first election at which all adult males had taken part. It had been supposed that the participation of a great number of unschooled rural workers would cut down the relative importance of the Socialist power.

Now, after this great electoral victory, the Socialists met at Ancona to settle on their party policies. The great change brought about by the departure of the Reformists made it necessary to thrash out a number of problems and settle on new tactics. It is easy enough to be a Revolutionist in opposition, but Revolutionists in control of a great party have some knotty problems to solve.

It strikes an American as rather ludicrous that a large part of the energy of the sessions was given to a debate on Free Masonry. And the decision, reached by a large majority, to expel all Free Masons from the party strikes one as a piece of narrow-minded sectarianism. But the other important piece of work done exhibited our Italian comrades working at a high level of intelligence and efficiency.

Last year it was decided to forego all manner of combinations with other parties in national elections. The matter of municipal elections, however, was left over to be taken up this year. It was

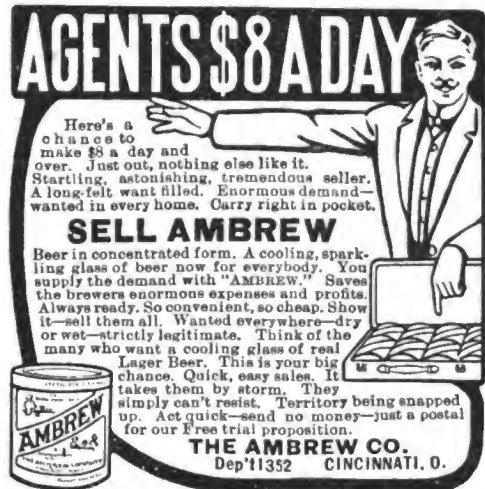
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thought by many that municipal politics are not to be taken up on party lines. The decision reached at Ancona is refreshingly clear. It is a pleasure, too, to be able to report that the congress was not content to lay down general principles and let it go at that. It worked out a fairly full and intelligible program for party work in municipal campaigns.

There were three resolutions on this topic: (1) One permitting combinations with capitalist parties; (2) one permitting combinations with labor organizations; (3) one forbidding any sort of combination. The first received 8,584 votes, the second received 3,214, and the third received 22,591. So the decision was final.

The municipal program worked out shows a fine insight into the possibilities of working-class government. In the main it is covered by seven points: (1) Municipal home rule; (2) better schools, feeding of school children, and provisions of public libraries; (3) use of municipal agencies to reduce the cost of living; (4) institution of municipally owned and operated street car service, lighting plants, etc.; (5) construction by the municipalities of cheap and healthful homes for working people; (6) improvement of general condition of the working class by the protection of children and mothers, erection of suitable hospitals, etc.; (7) improvement of condition of labor by recognition of the unions in municipal work, public support of the unemployed, etc.

On the whole, one can look at the work of this congress with great satisfaction. Evidently in Italy the Revolutionists are not content with merely being revolutionary. They have a great mass of new voters to appeal to and from the start they are going to show them that the Socialist party is different. And as rapidly as they come into power they are going to translate their revolutionary principles into better wages, better houses and better education. Let us hope that they will not develop a mania for expelling members. The world is much in need of revolutionists who are intent on doing something besides maintaining their purity.

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NEWS AND VIEWS



Courtesy of Brown, Victoria.

STRIKING COAL MINERS WITH THEIR WIVES AND MOTHERS SELLING TAGS FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE STRIKE FUND.

The Vancouver Island Strike—The coal miners of Cumberland and Nanaimo are still on strike and there seems to be little hope of settlement. The miners are obstinate and will not return to work until they get what they went out for, better working conditions and more wages.

The strike zone is at present very quiet; peace reigns supreme; a few militiamen are scattered here and there and every face seems to look askance at the next one for we know not when an outbreak will occur.

Since the trouble, twelve months ago, there have been many trials and many poor men sent to jail who are now serving a sentence. They have done absolutely no wrong. Not only these men, but the wives and children of the miners are suffering. The poor worn creatures who have spent their lives in digging coal down in the cold, dark mines that others may revel in luxury, ask for a few more cents per day that they may have just what it takes to keep life in their bodies, and then they are herded like cattle in a pen and a bunch of ignorant working men, paid puppets of the ruling class, are put out to spy and watch them. Not only are they ground down by the iron heel but their wives, mothers, and children are subjected to all manners of humiliations. One poor boy was given a sentence and died in the jail in a few days for lack of care. Some time ago the miners had a tag day; their wives

and mothers were right by their sides. Old gray-haired women carried cigar boxes and sold tags—the money being used for relief of the miners' children. The same day was the opening of the parliament in Victoria, B. C., and the great Sir Richard McBride, escorted by soldiers, was making his way from the Government House when he was suddenly confronted by a delegation of the miners' wives and mothers, begging the great Premier to pardon the sons and husbands who had been unjustly sentenced. But the Premier was firm; he laid his hand gently on one woman's shoulder and said, "You miners' wives look intelligent and I think you would be better off if you stayed at home," and contributed \$5 to their cause. The women went home that night disappointed and tired, their loved ones still in jail and no hope in sight for them.

And still the strike drags on. Some have finished their sentences and are out again, but the future looks very dark.—D. Lopez.

An Interesting Letter.—"I am dropping you a few lines to find out the price for bundle lots of the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW as I know I can use quite a few. I am a victim of the Ludlow massacre, "it was my boy the gunman killed." I joined the Socialist party last week with fourteen more new members. I secured twenty June REVIEWS but they won't last over tomorrow. Yours for Socialism, William Snyder, Trinidad, Colo."

The Railroad Boys—One of our railway comrades, who has long been a rebel in the rail boys' organization, writes us this month of a new move on the part of the capitalist class to sidetrack the formation of a bona fide industrial railway men's union. This time it is a "substitute" for the men which is "just as good" according to those who exploit them, as the real thing. The comrade who writes us says that in September, 1913, James Faith of Pottsville, Pa., an employe of the Pennsylvania System, was sent out to organize the employes of this road into "One Big Union" from yardmaster down to the trackmen. And (this is the inducement offered by those who grab the profits from the labor of the railroad boys): Each member of this boss-controlled "industrial union" was to be made a "stockholder in the P. R. R." The boys in Pennsylvania write that they don't yet know what kind of stock was to be handed to the men. They say Mr. Faith was unable to inspire much faith in the yards, and that the next man to try to lead the boys into the bosses' traps was a Mr. William Pearce. He was to "federate" the employes of the same road. But he didn't pierce very far before he had a strike on his hands. Doubtless the strike will fail, as 90 per cent of the men are sticking to the job so the railroad companies won't lose anything.

President Mellen of the N. Y. & N. H. was slated to head the next move for a federated group. This was in Boston and before we were able to turn around Kansas City was talking about an "amalgamation" of the railway employes. The two rebels who contributed a short article to the REVIEW two months ago, write:

"In order that all railroad employes may understand our position we enclose a statement showing the cost of maintaining our present craft unions." Lack of space prevents us from printing their report in full.

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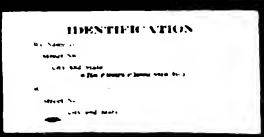

A Chance for You—W. E. Reynolds, of Lewiston, Idaho, has started a new paper to teach scientific socialism. We know this sounds old-fashioned, but not to readers of the REVIEW. Comrade Reynolds says just what the REVIEW has said for several years—namely—that if the socialist party members studied scientific socialism there would be no party disputes in regard to tactics. Comrade Reynolds has prepared twenty questions on Marxian Economics and is offering to wager a yearly subscription to his magazine against your answers to these questions, that you will be unable to answer FIVE of them correctly. Any person qualified to answer these

questions will have no difficulty in matters of party tactics. He will always be revolutionary and act in accordance with the interests of the working class. Write Comrade Reynolds and send two cents and get these questions. We believe that more readers of the REVIEW will be able to correctly answer them than of any other socialist periodical.


The Railroad Boys—Comrades John Honicher of St. Clair, Pa., and John L. Lundy, 419 W. Main street, Pottsville, Pa., have issued a challenge to Messrs. Lee, Stone, Carter or Garretson to meet them at Pottsville before a gathering of railroad employes or to issue a statement showing why an industrial organization could not be perfected and at a saving of hundreds of thousands of dollars annually to the union men. They also demand to know why this proposal should not be submitted to the rank and file for their acceptance or rejection.

Does anybody imagine the twenty-eight vice-presidents or the high salaried presidents will be in favor of an industrial union that will eliminate their jobs? Here is where the interests of the railway men's union officials and the interest of the railway men differentiate. This explains why nearly ALL union officials oppose industrial unionism.

A Wager—I received the JUNE REVIEWS, also samples of leaflets. Many thanks for promptness. I would bet a barrel of salted peanuts against a doughnut that the JUNE REVIEW is the workers' best information in the nation. The letter from the front by a marine is the dope to awaken the indifferent worker.—L. T. Rush. Cedar Rapids, Ia.

IN ORDER to bring our catalogue of union made goods into the hands of the readers of REVIEW, we are offering a genuine sheepskin card case, made with four pockets; one for bills, etc., two with transparent windows for union membership cards and one pocket for your due-stamp book, or



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From the "Live Ones."—The following rebels have sent in ten or more subscriptions to the Fighting Magazine during the past twenty days. This does not include the comrades who secured three hundred yearly subscriptions for the trip to the International Congress in Vienna. After all, the "live ones" are the salt of the Revolutionary movement:

Mileisen, Washington, D. C.....	20
Luetzel, Marshall, Mo.....	10
Patterson, Sacramento, Cal.....	10
Rose, Elwood, Ind.....	10
Fisher, E. St. Louis, Ill.....	16
Brown, Muncie, Ind.....	10
Benson, Stroud, Okla.....	40
Becker, Sheridan, Wyo.....	41
Suhr, Detroit, Mich.....	11
Marx, Mobile, Ala.....	10
Giowad, Nucla, Colo.....	10
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Pauley, Miami, W. Va.....	10
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Morningstar, Hagerstown, Md.....	10
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Fell, Montana, Ark.....	10
Fyffe, Turtle Creek, Pa.....	15
Kietzman, Alta Vista, Kan.....	10
Murphy, Street, Md.....	10
Scott, Gibson, Mo.....	10
Lear, Forbes, N. D.....	10

Lecturer from China.—Comrade G. L. Harding, who went to China for The Coming Nation and the Daily Herald of England, will be available for lecture dates in the middle west next fall. Comrade Harding is one of the most able lecturers and writers in England. He has first-hand information on all the stirring events that have recently occurred in China, latest news from Japan and has hundreds of pictures which he took himself in the Orient. Locals desiring him for a lecture can address the G. L. Harding Lecture Bureau, 43 Washington square, New York City.

From Alaska.—Enclosed find money to renew my subscription to the REVIEW. One copy is enough for me and my two partners. Our nearest neighbors are ten miles from here and they are Socialists too.

From Meadville, Pa.—"Enclosed find \$1.25 for twenty-five copies of the best magazine in the world."—J. E.

From Waukesha, Wis.—"I could not miss a copy."—J. Raggio.

From Springfield, Ohio.—"Best magazine published and getting better all the time."—J. R. Johnston.

From Banks, Ark.—"I like the Revolutionary character of the REVIEW, am sick and tired of opportunism."—S. R. Graham.

From Candler, N. C.—"I have taken the REVIEW for years and cannot get along without it."—O. L. Bachelder.

From Albia, Iowa.—"The Fighting Magazine is certainly getting better every month. It has any other Socialist publication in the United States beat all to pieces."—C. W. Shaw.

From New York City.—"The REVIEW is the best magazine for an old time rebel and I wish it a long life."—J. G. Schuck.

From An Old Timer.—"Enclosed find \$1.00 to renew my subscription. I was a subscriber to almost the first issue of the REVIEW and have not missed a copy all these years. Am now 76 years old and may not be here to renew another subscription. Yours for Socialism."—Virgil P. Hall, Mayfield, Me.

From the Frozen North.—"Enclosed find P. O. money order for which send me the REVIEW for one year. I consider it the best magazine in America. I simply can't do without it."—H. H. Rutzbeck, Porcupine, Alaska.

Moses Baritz.—A comrade from Manchester, England, has been selling "Ancient Society" at his street meetings recently. Several comrades write us from Duluth that he is one of the greatest exponents of Marxism and one of the best speakers they have ever heard. If he passes through your town you cannot do better than to arrange a meeting for him.

A Boost from Milwaukee.—Comrade Hodenberg writes: "Everybody I meet thinks that THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW is the best socialist magazine published in this country. I am a regular reader of it for years and I surely would not want to miss a single issue."



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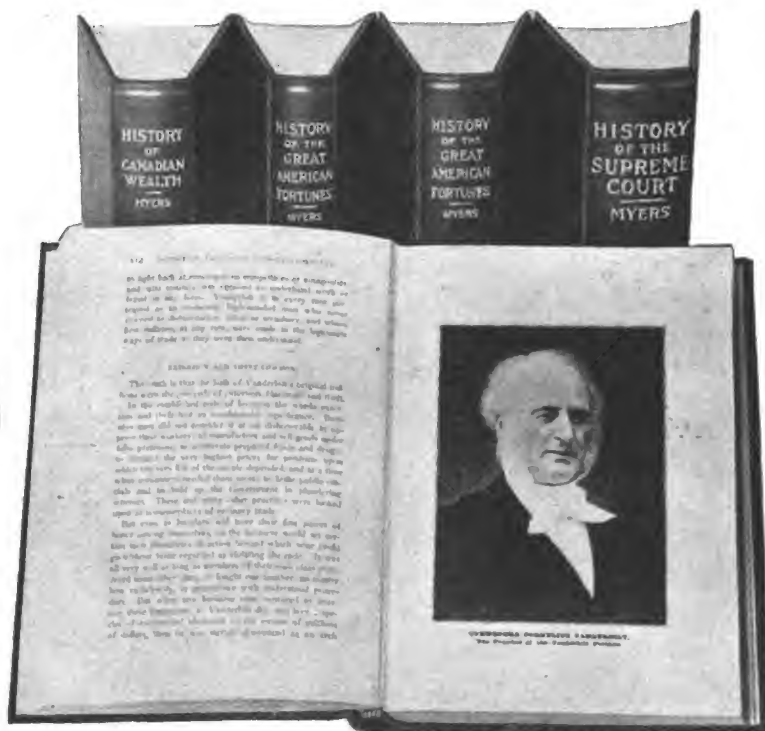
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The work is of great value. Its short histories of the judges, of the party affiliations and business connections are all of utmost importance to him who wants to know the truth and where to find it."—*American Journal of Sociology*.

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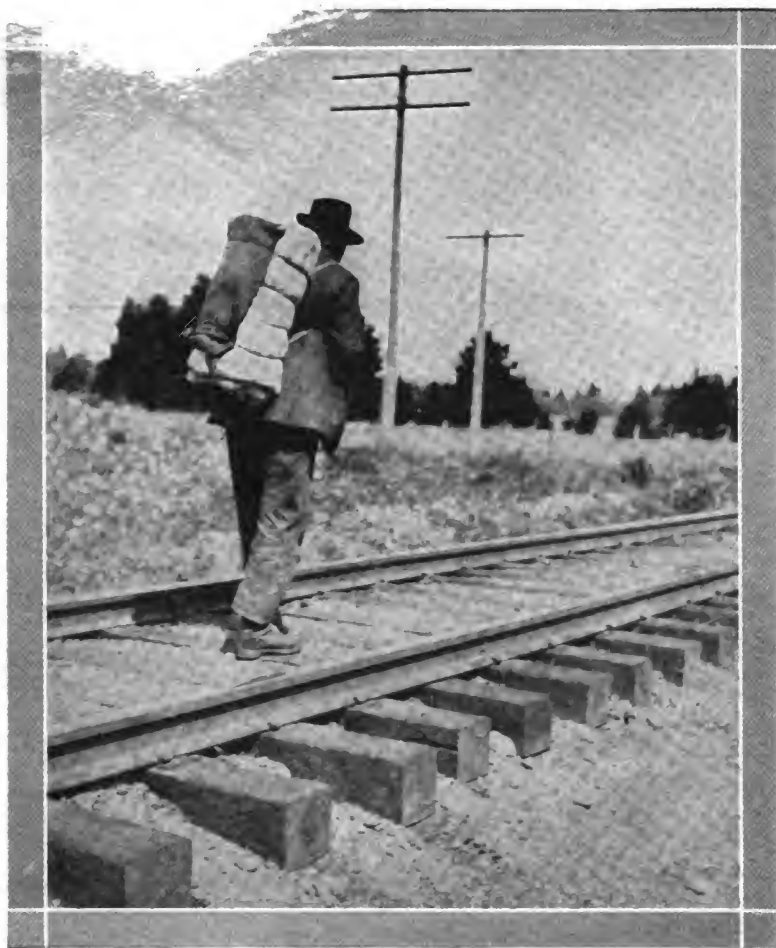
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JESUS—"One of Those Damned Agitators"

In his "**The Carpenter and the Rich Man**" Bouck White proves to the satisfaction of all intelligent men and women that Jesus of Nazareth TAUGHT the very things the Churches and so-called Christians today CONDEMN in the name of Christ.

Jesus approved of the acts of David and his hungry followers when they entered the temple and took the blessed shew bread from the sacred altars, to satisfy their want.

In New York a Catholic Priest declared he would die rather than permit the Unemployed to contaminate the "sacred" Church by using it to protect them from the winter's cold, although they had not where to lay their heads. The Catholic Priest had these starving men arrested and sent to prison.

Jesus said: "I was in prison and ye visited me not," for "inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the LEAST of these my brethren, ye did it not to me." According to Mr. White in his "**Carpenter and the Rich Man**," Jesus looked upon legal and all authorities as ENEMIES of the poor. He demanded that his followers and friends visit and support their comrades when imprisoned by the hated authorities.

That Jesus loved ALL the poor and despised ALL the rich there seems to be no reasonable doubt after reading this book. Comrade White points out how when a rich man asked permission to follow Jesus and become one of his band of OUTLAWS, Jesus said to him: "Sell ALL you have and GIVE to the POOR and take up your cross and follow me."

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Edited by Charles H. Kerr

No. 2

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**IN MEMORY OF
THE COMMUNE**



A Working-Class Demonstration in Paris

By **PHILLIPS RUSSELL**



TABLET TO THE MEMORY OF THE MARTYRS OF THE COMMUNE.
PERE LACHAISE CEMETERY, PARIS.

I WAS curious to see what a big working class demonstration in Paris was like, so when Victor Dave, white-haired veteran of the International, told me, soon after my arrival in Paris on May 15 of this year, of the approaching memorial

day in honor of the Commune on May 24, I made a note of it.

Sunday, May 24, came clear and sun lit, the trees of the great boulevards wearing the fresh, glowing green that they do only in Paris in the spring. In the afternoon I

tried to find my way to Pere Lachaise cemetery, where fell the martyrs of the Commune, but every 'bus and tram was crowded and I was forced to take a round-about way, which brought me to the cemetery late. But I found I was in plenty of time. The procession into the cemetery had just begun, and as far down the street from the gate as the eye could see stretched a long, thick, patient line, spotted with crimson banners that tossed and flapped in the warm breeze. Thirty, perhaps forty, thousand there were—all working men and women; yes, and children, too.

Motion-picture operators were grinding away furiously as the great line moved steadily into the gate. A vast throng of the idly curious stood silently around, kept back by heavy lines of police. There seemed to be more police than demonstrators. At the entrance to the cemetery stood a group of silver-trimmed, heavy-paunched police officials, contemplating the streaming throng with the cold, watchful gaze characteristic of policemen and other carnivorous animals when in the presence of their prey.

As I pushed my way toward the cemetery gate, already I could feel the electric tension that is so strong in the atmosphere whenever a great crowd of working people gather under the surveillance of the uniformed representatives of their masters.

Going well back toward the end of the line, I slipped through the police line and joined a group of young people who marched behind a red banner showing that they were a Circle of Socialist Students of the twentieth arrondissement, or precinct. As I took my place in line, a clear baritone voice far in the rear started up, of course in French, the tune of the International:

"Arise, ye prisoners of starvation,
Arise, ye wretched of the earth."

Other voices quickly joined. I could hear the song advancing up the line like a roaring wave. Soon we were all singing it. We could hear it coming from far in the center of the cemetery. Ordinarily the police do not permit this song to be sung in the streets of Paris, but this crowd was too big to be interfered with, so the police kept quiet, betraying their uneasiness by shifting from one foot to the other and twirling their long mustachios.

Soon we were inside the cemetery, the thick trees throwing a damp gloom over the rows of silent tombs. Up a steep declivity we pushed, winding round and round like a gliding snake. The police were everywhere. Not only did they line the course solidly, but clusters of them, on foot, bicycles and horses, could be seen half concealed behind clumps of trees or high tombs.

Every sight of these partly hidden groups was greeted with jeers by the crowd and by loud shouts of a phrase which puzzled me until, finally, I made it out as "Les trois ans—hou! hou! Les trois ans—hou! hou!" This cry refers to the much-agitated law, recently passed, extending the term of military service from two to three years. This is the most discussed subject in France just now and has been the cause of many working-class demonstrations. This shout is also forbidden in the streets of Paris, but in this case the police were helpless. One young workingman just in front of me, dressed in baggy, green corduroy trousers, red sash, yellow shirt and gray cap—the French workingman is much more picturesque in his attire than our own—was especially strident in his cry of "Les trois ans," and, judging by the way the police looked at him, I am sure they would cheerfully have taken him.

Around me everyone wore a little red flower in his buttonhole and copies of *L'humanite*, the Socialist organ, and *La Bataille Syndicaliste*, organ of the unions, were frequently consulted.

We now took a turn and started downhill. The crowd suddenly became silent and uncovered their heads. Around a wall in front of us the police were massed in battalions. A section of the wall was covered with fresh wreaths. In the center was a plain tablet inscribed: "Aux Morts de la Commune (To the Slain of the Commune), 21-28 Mai 1871."

Here the workingmen and women, who took charge of Paris forty-three years ago and ran it peacefully and well, were lined up, after being driven from barricade to barricade, and mowed down by machine guns, their bodies piling in heaps against the wall. From 20,000 to 30,000 men, women and children were shot down in the seven days of terror.

I paused a moment for a look up and down the wall, whereupon came the warn-



A MEMORIAL PROCESSION OF WORKERS BEFORE THE COMMUNE WALL, PARIS.

ing voice of a cop: "Avancez-ca, monsieur" (Move on, mister).

So I avancez-ed with the crowd, as silent now as it previously had been noisy. As I walked toward the exit of the cemetery, I noticed that the grounds around the Commune wall, though crowded with tombs elsewhere, were unoccupied save by grass and weeds. I learned afterward that the French respectables do not wish to be

buried near the Communards. Thus does class division extend even beyond the border line of life.

Though there are countless monuments, pictures and what-not celebrating every other phase of French history, I found no memorials to the Commune, save this, in Paris. But I learned that the spirit of the Commune still lives in the hearts of its working people.

IMPORTANT!

Joe Hill, song writer and composer of the I. W. W. song book, has been convicted of murder and sentenced to be shot September 4, 1914. The conviction was secured on the flimsiest kind of evidence and an appeal has been taken to the Supreme Court. Everyone everywhere should write letters to governor Wm. Spry, Salt Lake City, Utah, protesting against this outrageous conviction, and demand a new trial. If Joe Hill's life is to be saved, it will require the united action of the workers at once.



CARL PERSON AND FRANK COMERFORD, HIS ATTORNEY.

A FIGHT TO A FINISH

The Carl Person Case

By FLOYD GIBBONS

A BATTLE royal is going on in Clinton, Ill., between a twentieth century David and an up-to-date Goliath of the Super-Dreadnought type. The David is Carl Person, the fighting editor of the *Strike Bulletin*. The all-powerful Goliath is the Illinois Central Railroad Company.

It makes the red blood leap and bound to watch the struggle. It makes the

heart choke and stop at the thought of the consequences, should the Giant land one of his mighty swings.

Carl Person is a little fellow, the "little brother" of 35,000 brawny union shop men who, after thirty-four months of terrific struggle, are still fighting a winning fight against the Illinois Central and Harriman Lines. Throughout the long drawn-out battle Person has been in the

fore, discovering the weaknesses of the enemy and directing the onslaught on them.

"The little fellow," as he is known and called by the strikers, possessed himself of a weapon of wonderful effectiveness.

He girded himself with a shotgun called *Publicity* and pulled the trigger with the forefinger of *Organization*.

Before him stood the giant. Goliath was armed with the big bludgeon of the law. On the giant's side were his countless high-paid counselors, advising him just how to use, or rather misuse, the club.

And the battle is now at its height. It has been going on night and day for more than two years. Both sides have landed blows—straightforward, stiff from the shoulder, fair blows from the little blonde David, and the underhand, foul-fighting of scheme and cunning by the giant.

On September 30, 1911, the Illinois Central and the Harriman Lines forced their 35,000 shop men to choose between their right to organize and their jobs. Like men, they stuck by their organization. No question of wages, hours or working conditions entered into the controversy. It was simply the highwayman's edict of the giant, "Your organization or your job!"

Person was 24 years old. He laid aside his overalls in the shops at Clinton and walked out with the men. The men were determined to fight, but were without a weapon. Person realized the fact and determined to provide one.

With a second-hand typewriter, some paper and carbon sheets the thinking machinist began to change himself into the fighting editor, and thus the *Strike Bulletin* was born. An old mimeograph machine, rescued from the junk heap, was revived under Person's mechanical ingenuity and immediately the circulation of the hand-printed *Bulletin* was increased by hundreds.

It was hard work making both ends meet. The machinist-editor wrote, printed and mailed the paper in the same one room in which he lived and slept. Every penny had to be watched to pay the postage. With his genius for organization, Person began to build up a reportorial staff that would be the envy of any metropolitan editor-in-chief. Every one

of the 35,000 strikers was a reporter, a photographer and an agent for the *Strike Bulletin*. It made no difference whether a scab-treated box car broke down on the main line and tied up traffic for hours or whether the president's special went in the ditch and killed twenty—the *Bulletin* had it and published it.

Subscriptions began to come in. Person was putting the "guts" into the *Bulletin*. It was being read all over the Illinois Central and the Harriman Lines systems. The number of subscribers soon outgrew the facilities of the little mimeograph machine. The next step was taken when *The Strike Bulletin* came out in printed form.

With equipment and facilities, *The Strike Bulletin* strengthened and enlarged its onslaughts of truth against the interests of corporate greed. Each edition carried a broadside of forcible facts. Person was beginning to make the fight of the workers felt. He was working up to a grand climax. The first big achievement came.

The machinist-editor charged his publicity shotgun with a shell that carried 100,000 missiles. It was the "Graveyard Special."

There was an awful jangle and jingle of gold as the giant received the full load, square in its vitals, the pocketbook of the Illinois Central.

The graveyard edition carried thirty-two pages and contained the most damning pictorial indictment that was ever hurled against a railroad. A skeptical public was not asked to believe the printed word of condemnation; it was confronted with the photographic proof. The pictures showed the great toll of life that the public was paying on account of the stand taken by the roads toward the organized workers. Nobody could ever look through the "Graveyard Special" and then turn into a peaceful night's sleep in a berth on the Illinois Central.

The pictures showed the wrecks due to the scab care of the road's equipment and rolling stock. Because the I. C. had no skilled workers in the machine shops, it was unable to keep its engines and cars in repair. The pictures showed the result.

The photographs vivified the stories of the burning piles of wreckage, of the re-

lief trains, of the dead and wounded, of the ambulances waiting at the station, of the coffins piled high on the platforms, of the cries and moans of the injured; showed the mangled bodies, the scalded children—the horrors upon horrors that follow in the path of the blind capitalist hog.

That well aimed blow cost the Illinois Central millions of dollars. Copies of the "Graveyard Special" were circulated all over the country. Travelers and shippers were shown that a ticket over the Illinois Central was almost the same as a contract with the undertaker.

Down in Wall street the ticker began to act. I. C. stock, then up at 160, took a cold plunge to 110. It has never revived. It is down to 103 now and indications are that it will make still deeper explorations.

With a "cruel" suddenness, the annual dividends dropped like a flat cake. From seven per cent, they fell to five. That was a decrease of almost 33 per cent in the income of the road. A howl went up from the petty capitalist. Meetings were held by the minority stockholders. Something had to be done. Who was it that was doing this thing?

The giant didn't have far to look, because just at about that time he received another broadside. Person let the world know that the coal mines of southern Illinois and Kentucky were closing down and that a coal famine was in sight, due to the fact that the road, with its empty machine shops, was unable to repair enough cars to supply the mines. Thousands of miners were thrown out of work. The merchants in the little mining towns were beginning to look bankruptcy in the face, because the miners and their families, while staring starvation in the face, were unable to turn over their meager pay envelopes to the merchants and the landlords.

Gunmen were sent out to start something. Counselors were told to find a way to get David out of the way.

One night on the streets of Decatur, Ill., Person was waylaid by unknown assailants, who jumped on the "little fellow" from behind and beat him into insensibility. He was left bleeding on the sidewalk for dead. When he recovered consciousness, Person had his wounds

bound up and returned to Clinton. Bandaged and plastered, he was at his desk two days later and the *Bulletin* came out on time.

This time Person had something to say about the tactics that were being used by the Illinois Central through detectives and labor agencies to shanghai ignorant laborers into the strike zone, without letting them know about the labor trouble. The road was forced to increase its guards of thugs around the bull pens at the shops. Strike breakers and scabs began to desert.

Illinois Central detectives and United States marshals swooped down on Clinton and raided the office of *The Strike Bulletin*. They rifled the files and desks, went through the letter presses, handcuffed Person, locked up the office, barred it, and took the editor to Springfield, Ill., the capital of the state.

There the young David was arraigned before United States Judge Humphreys on a federal indictment, charging him with using the mails to circulate matter "reflecting injuriously on the conduct of the Illinois Central." Think of such a heinous crime. The seven counts in the indictment carry a maximum penalty of thirty-five years in a federal prison and \$35,000 fine which, in case of non-payment, amounts to several thousand years more. The I. C. giant was smiling now.

But the giant had overlooked that big army of 35,000 men who had not forgotten the work of their "little brother." Bonds were raised and the editor's release was forced on bail. Back to Clinton as fast as train could carry him—back to his desk in *The Bulletin* office—back to the battle with the giant—back he came, stronger and more determined than ever.

Bang! went the publicity shotgun, and the I. C. received another withering volley. The farmers were rising in arms because the I. C., unable to supply cars according to its legal duty, was costing the agriculturists thousands of dollars, because crops could not be moved. The coal mine operators were beginning to sue for hundreds of thousands of dollars damages. The scabs were beginning to desert by hundreds. Passenger and freight traffic was being diverted to other lines.

On December 30th, last year, the tele-



THE SOUTHERN EXPRESS.

This is the Illinois Central Southern Express. That the company is in a disorganized condition can be readily understood. This wreck occurred at Osprey, Ill., just a few minutes after the train had passed over the Salt Creek valley. If the equipment which broke and derailed the train had given away while it was passing over the Salt Creek Valley, the entire train would have fallen into the valley some seventy-five feet below the tracks, and all the passengers undoubtedly would have been killed. However, the wreck did not occur until the train had passed over the valley, and so no one was killed, but about 12 were injured, some of them seriously. The scabs employed on the Illinois Central have put the equipment in a dangerous condition.—From the Graveyard Special.



IN THE GREEN FIELDS OF KENTUCKY.

The above is a picture of Illinois Central train No. 101 in the ditch at Central City, Ky. Note the position of the big engine and the passenger coaches. The engineer and fireman, as well as many of the passengers, were injured in this wreck. The Illinois Central attributed this wreck to a spike placed on the rails by boys playing about the railroad. This indicates, however, that safety cannot be depended upon on the Illinois Central, when a mere railroad spike is sufficient to throw a train down an embankment into such a position.

—From the Graveyard Special.



THE DAYLIGHT SPECIAL.

This is one of the de luxe trains between Chicago and St. Louis, Mo. The Illinois Central advertises this train as the best on the pike, but as yet the company has overlooked the important matter of advertising the Daylight Special in the condition that it is frequently found along the barb wire fences on its journey between the cities of Chicago and St. Louis. That there were not many deaths in this wreck is attributed by railroad men to the fact that the cars were of steel. Many of the passengers were injured. When you travel between Chicago and St. Louis, remember that the C. & E. I., Wabash, C. & A. and Rock Island make this route, and they run their trains on the rails, and not into the ditches where you see the Illinois Central Daylight Special.—From the Graveyard Special.

phone in *The Strike Bulletin* office rang and Person answered it. A voice on the wire said: "This is Kirk. Run over to the Interurban Station. I've got a hot story about the I. C." Kirk was an I. C. striker who had left the road at Memphis, and who was working in the Wabash shops at Decatur. Person put on his coat and started for the interurban station.

The man who telephoned was Tony Musser, a former chief of police of Clinton who had graduated in the school of crime and brutality until he had reached the degree of fitness necessary for him to hold the position of chief strike breaker for the Illinois Central. Musser, "the giant Portugee," he was known and feared. He ruled with a rod of iron in the scab bull pen. His reputation as a wife beater, a brow-beating alcoholic, a ruthless bully, is written on the court records in Clinton.

Musser stood 6 feet 2 inches in height and weighed more than 200 pounds. He was every inch a human bulldog. The editor he lured out of the office by the decoy message stands 5 feet 6 inches in height and weighed 129 pounds.

After sending in the decoy message, Musser left his coat in the saloon from which he telephoned and walked to a cigar store across the alley from the Interurban station. Musser did not know Person. Person did not know Musser. That made it necessary for the Illinois Central gunman to have his victim pointed out.

"Do you know that editor, Blondy Person, when you see him?" Musser asked the cigar store clerk.

"Yes," said the clerk.

"He'll be by here in a few minutes," said Musser. "I want you to point him out to me."

"There he is now," said the clerk, pointing through the window to Person, who was standing in front of the station, looking around in vain for the supposed "Kirk."

Musser eyed his victim. Then he stepped out of the door of the cigar store and stood in the shadow of the projecting ledge, waiting for Person to pass. The little fellow walked by a minute later. The thug crouched in the shadow. As the editor passed, Musser with upraised fist launched his huge frame through the air. The fist landed on Person's temple. The

little fellow dropped to the ground as though he had been felled with a sledge.

Musser was on top of him in an instant. The giant's left hand clutched the boy's throat. The mighty right fist rained blow after blow in the senseless youth's upturned face. Throttling his victim, Musser banged Person's head against the cement pavement. It was an unmerciful assault.

Women screamed and strong men turned away. "Take that big fellow off. He'll kill the boy!" screamed a woman. Men took courage and rushed to the rescue. Person's life hung in the balance. Musser was grasped by the shoulders and pulled upward. As he came up, he brought with him the limp body of the boy that he held by the throat. Men grappled with the giant and finally succeeded in breaking the deathlike grip on Person's throat.

The little fellow was bleeding from a dozen wounds. Blood from gashes in his head streamed down his face and blinded his swollen eyes. The scalp was torn from the skull in several places. Person staggered as he came to his feet and was freed from the grasp of Musser.

He shook his head to throw the blood-matted blonde hair out of his eyes. He looked up. Musser had broken from those who held him and, with a horrible oath on his lips, was springing forward to renew the attack. Person saw the infuriated face of the gunman. He saw the blood lust in the eyes.

A rattle of shots rang out and Musser stopped in the middle of his spring. The thug had done his last work. He died a few minutes later.

Musser's body was taken out of Clinton in a private car on the Illinois Central. Carl Person, battered and weak from loss of blood, was dragged from the scene of the encounter to jail. He was thrown into a cell. He asked for his friends. None were admitted. He asked that a photographer be brought into to photograph his condition. It was denied. He insisted that as a defendant he had a right to preserve evidence of his condition to use in his defense. He was laughed at.

Attorney Frank Comerford of Chicago reached Clinton eight hours after the shooting. When he made new insistence that the photograph be taken, he was told



TONY MUSSER, DECEASED.
Gunman Who Tried to Kill Carl Person.

that it was "against the rules." After doctors had sewed up the editor's wounds, after the swelling, the discolorations, and the bruises and cuts had been healed, six weeks afterward, when every trace of the murderous assault had been removed, then the photograph was taken. It was not "against the rules" then.

In the meantime, the giant was busy swinging his club. Through the newspapers he controlled he caused editorials to be written, insisting that Person should be hung. The papers said that Person was not an American citizen. The editor was called an anarchist, a labor agitator, a trouble maker. This was the sentiment and prejudice that the giant built up in Clinton in his effort to railroad Person to the gallows.

On the day of the shooting it was necessary to close the saloons in Clinton to prevent a lynching. While that would have well answered the giant's purpose, it would have caused too much talk. The coroner's inquest was held. Only five witnesses were examined. The remainder were suppressed. The defense was left in the dark. The coroner's jury returned

a verdict in which two things were found. First, that Tony Musser was dead, and second, that Carl Person had killed him. Both findings were admitted by the defense. Yet the recommendation was that Person be held without bail on a charge of murder to await the action of the grand jury.

State's Attorney Williams, the Democratic, prohibitionist, purist-weakling of DeWitt county, presented the case before the grand jury. Williams, during his campaign for reelection, had offered Person an office on the ticket with him, if Person would prevent a Socialist ticket from being put in the field in Clinton and would swing the vote of the strikers. Person had answered by throwing the columns of the Bulletin open to the workers and piling up the largest Socialist vote ever polled in the county.

The indictment charging murder in the first degree was returned. The names of 34 witnesses that appeared before the grand jury and testified in the case were suppressed from the indictment. This was another attempt to keep the defense in the dark—to lead Person blindfolded to the gallows, in absolute violation of the accepted rules of court procedure.

Person remained in jail five months. But not a week went by that the Strike Bulletin didn't come out. In his cell the editor continued his writing. The publicity shot gun was kept oiled up and in working order and the giant found that David was still in the field.

Attorney Comerford tried every means possible in the country courts to get Person admitted to bail. Then he sprung a surprise on the I. C. He sued out a writ of habeas corpus in Chicago and subpoenaed all of the Illinois Central witnesses. This was an unexpected blow to the giant, for it provided the defense with all of the Illinois Central testimony, was the means of convincing the public of the attempt that is being made to judicially murder an innocent man, and in the end brought about Person's release on \$12,000 bonds.

Back at his desk again, Person has renewed his attacks on the Illinois Central stronger than ever. Mail matter of all forms is pouring out of the Bulletin office every day. The strike of the 35,000 shop men is being advertised all over the coun-

try. The greed of the Illinois Central and the Harriman Lines is being written in box car letters in the minds of the workers far and wide.

DeWitt county has been canvassed—every one of the 500 square miles of it—by notaries public for the defense, and 512 affidavits secured to show that prejudice is so great against Person that it would be impossible for him to get a fair trial in a county where the control of the Illinois Central is all powerful. In Clinton, it is shown that from the mayor down, all of the officials either work for the Illinois Central or have business relations with the road.

The state's attorney has secured 476 affidavits to the effect that no prejudice exists. He is fighting the change of venue. He is trying to force Person to

trial in DeWitt county, where prejudice wants to hang him. At the present time there is only one surviving judge in the district, and he has now continued for the third time, the hearing on the change of venue motion. What will his decision be?

In the meantime the Railway Employees Department of the American Federation of Labor and the Person Defense League of Chicago have launched nation-wide campaigns to gather funds for Person's defense. Donations to these funds are being received in Chicago by William McInerney, treasurer of the Person Defense League, with offices in room 606, at 166 West Washington street, and by John Scott, treasurer of the Railway Employees' Department of the American Federation of Labor, at 301 Sawyer building, St. Louis, Mo.

In the long hours of the night, here in the silence of the jail, I hear the tread of the marchers in the sorrowing army of the unemployed. The sound is like distant funeral music. Its theme is suffering—the suffering of Man. It makes the heart sick. I wonder and wonder the why of it all.

The newspapers record only part of the ghastly tragedies of the social drama—Poverty. Yet enough is printed to make one stagger in the presence of the horrors pictured.

Today we are told that one hundred and fifty thousand men in Illinois are roaming the streets seeking a chance to honestly earn their bread. They are weary, and cold, and hungry, and homeless. We know the story of their crying souls. We are one with them. We have known the wandering search for work. Fear of enforced idleness is indelibly written in the memory of the toiler. He knows the toll exacted—the toll in pain.

If this is a gray study of the facts, in what sadder color can we picture the sufferings of the women and children who share and bear the burdens of poverty? Child life is being crushed and destroyed. Song is banished from the home. In the gaslighted sweatshops the music of dollar-making goes merrily on. Social joy-riders move through the night entirely unmindful of the cost of their gaiety. Maybe this is as it should be, and maybe it is not.

Necessity compels a protest. The victims organize in self-defense. The organization is called a Labor Union. Its purpose is to free men from poverty—a freedom necessary to a free manhood. The effort is met with the organized assault of the beneficiaries of greed—the thoughtless, selfish seekers for gold.

A bell strikes in the neighboring church tower. Its tuneful message floats through the jail. It says that all is well, and the words of the Nazarene still live on. Yet, in the shadow of the church children are crying, women are sighing and life is dying.

The march of the dollarless, living dead, goes on. Even I, locked in a cell, am better off than the marchers.

CARL E. PERSON.
County Jail, Clinton, Illinois.



A PROCESSION OF PROSTITUTES.

The Japanese Geisha Girls

By S. KATAYAMA

THE Japan of today is a snug home of modern capitalism. There is plenty of cheap labor and the population is increasing by about five or six hundred thousand every year. There are no factory or labor laws in the land that might protect the workers. Even a mere child, five or six years of age, can be put to work in a factory. They work in two shifts of 11½ to 12 hours each, thus compelling girls to work in the spinning factories at night.

Girls in Japan are not only worked like mules in the mills, but are subjected to the most disgraceful life, I mean the brothel. There are approximately 200,000 legal prostitutes in Japan proper. Besides these there is probably the same number of geisha girls, who sing and dance in the restaurants. They are a sort of higher

type of prostitute who serve the rich, entering their families as professional entertainers of guests. The only difference between the legal prostitute and the geisha girl is that the latter has freedom and independence in her way of living. However, a large number of them are owned by slave-holders, who buy and sell them only in the manner of gentlemen's dealings. In each case it is done mostly after getting her consent and choice. While in the case of the former, it is entirely different. Every prostitute must be legally certified and she must be kept in a fixed quarter. She cannot get out without permission or a responsible guide from the quarter. Usually the quarter where these poor slaves are kept is surrounded by a wall and the gates are watched by the police. Moreover, legally instituted brothels are permitted to



THREE NEW ARRIVALS.

open up show windows where the girls stand in rows, human beings for sale.

For instance, Yoshiwara, that is the quarter of Tokyo, has been the infamous legal institution of prostitutes for centuries. There are several thousand slave girls in Yoshiwara who are kept like birds in cages. The public does not wonder at the institution as such, although many youths are corrupted on account of it. Yoshiwara is the biggest of the brothels in Japan and some of the finest buildings are there and an enormous amount of capital is invested by the rich and equally big profits are realized. In this respect Japan is no exception to the rule expounded by Bernard Shaw in his "Mrs. Warren's Profession." Only in Japan prostitution is more open and exploited than anywhere else. According to bourgeois morality it is virtuous for a girl to become a prostitute for the sake of her parents. When a new, nice-looking girl is bought and brought to the place, it is advertised in the best dailies that she became a public woman to help out the troubles of the poor mother or some such story that might get sympathy from the public. Quite a number of brothel keepers hunt out good-looking girls in some out-of-the-way country villages and make contracts with the parents of the girls, usually for three years. But once dragged into this life, there is hardly a chance of escape and they end their lives in misery and despair.

The brothel keepers at Yoshiwara advertise girls not only in newspapers, but also through some direct and striking means. The accompanying pictures are the advertisements gotten up this year, when the cherry trees were in bloom. The best looking prostitutes from the three principal brothels are attired in their prettiest dresses. Each puts on high clogs, some over a foot high, and go around the streets in a procession, as is shown in the pictures. The attire of each prostitute some times costs as much as several thousand yen. The show continues for a month or so on every day in fine weather. The onlookers crowd there each day and they are not only men, but also women and young girls of all classes, and the parade is talked of and advertised all over the country. This procession has now been going on for weeks and card stores are adorned with pictures of it.

Such is the state of things in Japan. The rich are financially interested in the legal institution of prostitution and the government gets taxes from the business. Every charity organization gets a rich contribution from the brothels, as do also the religious bodies. Even the Salvation Army, that was imported from England, is well Japanized by this time and is advocating only the reform of prostitutes and their manner of living. Thus the time honored institution of prostitution, unhindered,

serves as a means of money making for the rich. It is true that keeping a brothel is not an honorable profession in Japanese society, generally speaking, but it is an institution that is well supported by the people, especially by the rich capitalists.

Some two years ago the Yoshiwara was entirely destroyed by fire, leaving the prostitutes homeless. But soon bigger and better buildings were put up and the business is again flourishing.

Such is the ethics and customs of Japan, and held up as sound by the bourgeois public. No one questions its injustice and immorality. Only a few years ago it was legally established at the court that one cannot compel a girl to serve a creditor in person—that is, the brothel keeper cannot keep her against her will and compel her to lead a life of shame, and any prostitute can leave this disgraceful life at her own choice. There were some who really left the business by the help of the Salvation Army, but it was only temporarily. Now, again, the prostitutes are kept like slaves and there is no means of escape from the evil life.

We have no statistics about prostitutes, showing how long they live, etc., but they are better taken care of by their masters or owners. They have medical examination often and are treated in a special hospital; so perhaps they are far better off than the spinning girls.

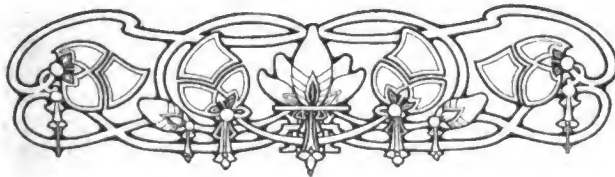
A few years ago the government investigated seven provinces which supply most of the spinning girls. In one year these seven provinces sent out 16,789 girls. Of these, 7,320 girls returned to their homes. Out of these, 938 girls went home on ac-



FOR SALE.

count of illness, 109 girls took sick after returning home, and 279 girls died after they returned, making a total of 1,326 girls. About a half of these are consumptives. One province, Niigata, sent 6,000 girls, and within three years about one-half of them returned to their homes on account of sickness.

Thus our poor girls are terribly exploited and, as I said above, there are no protective laws for women and children. This is the direct result of the Japanese bourgeois civilization and it must be destroyed at any cost.





CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL.

Current Styles in Governmental Bunk

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

WHEN the Interstate Commerce Commission was investigating the financial wreck of the New Haven Railroad it found that in eight years the capitalization of that road was increased 1500 per cent and that a very large part of the increase was not represented by improvements of any kind, but was merely the graft or "benefits" pulled off for the insiders that had control of the property. Nevertheless the increased capitalization was a burden on the road, the operations of which must be taxed to pay the resulting dividends and interest charges.

That meant that the charges must be passed along for the public to pay, and that meant that all of them must in the end come out of the toiler.

About \$125,000,000 of such "benefits" in the shape of these issues of interest-bearing securities were traced to the fortunate insiders, and suits were subsequently

begun to try to recover these amounts. But in any case the securities remain a charge upon the property that the public must pay and in the end this charge must fall upon the back of the producer.

One of these operations may serve as a sample of all. There was a piece of trolley road, more or less junk, that bore the resounding name of the New York, Westchester & Boston. Its stock, we now learn, on high authority, was worth "10 cents a pound," but its purchase would afford a good opportunity to issue more securities for the benefit of the gentlemen on the inside, and others, and also to make further deals. So this junk railroad was hitched up with other "properties," some real and some imaginary, having a total outside worth for everything of not more than \$4,722,348, and for the lot price of \$11,550,000 was fixed up and paid through Morgan & Co. to Oakleigh Thorne, a very prominent banker of New York. The ex-

aminers of the Interstate Commerce Commission subsequently found that the following was the distribution made of the money involved in this extraordinary purchase:

To C. H. Smith for "surrendering a contract".....	\$1,050,000.00
To J. P. McDonald, for negotiating the same	375,000.00
To Thorne and Perry in commissions	784,560.00
To Thorne and Perry for surrendering their contract.....	275,000.00
Unaccounted for because of burning of Thorne's books.....	1,032,000.00
For Portchester stock (face value \$156,000)	970,000.00
To W. C. Gotschall for "maps and plans"	116,000.00
To lawyers for "legal fees".....	260,000.00
To N. Y. R. R. and Development Company for stock.....	750,000.00
For New York City and Contract Company, property.....	4,722,347.15
Underwriting, brokers' commissions and miscellaneous not specifically accounted for.....	816,093.15

In turning over the accounts of these transactions the examiners found entries of enormous sums paid to lawyers of prominence, including a justice of the Supreme Court and his firm, a congressman (\$65,900), two justices of the Supreme court of New York and others.

Afterward President Mellen of the New Haven on the witness stand before the commission was asked about this transaction and recalled that it was necessary to amend the franchise of one of the companies involved before the deal could go through, and he said that to get this change made it was necessary to deal liberally with the city politicians. The late Thomas Byrnes, formerly superintendent of New York's police, Mellen said, acted as intermediary in the transaction of acquiring 24,000 shares of a certain stock, "held by persons of influence." Mr. Mellen said:

"When Byrnes came to me, he was all ready to turn over the stock. But I considered the franchises of the Westchester Company defective in many particulars. I told him there could be nothing doing until the franchises were amended. I gave him a list of the amendments I wanted and also insisted that certain litigation be cleared up. All of my demands were promptly met."

Mellen said that the New York City officials—he thought the Board of Estimate or the Board of Aldermen—amended the franchises. He could not tell how the deal was put through or whether Police Inspector Byrnes did business direct with the politicians.

"I didn't want to know," he said. "All I was after was results for the New Haven road, and I would have done business with the devil himself had it been necessary."

And again:

"I am satisfied this stock was originally issued to contractors and they placed it where it would do the most good."

"You mean they used it to bribe politicians?"

"Well, I mean they used it to get influence. Of course, I don't know all about it. We found the shares of the road scattered. One big block was in Byrnes' hands. We had to have it, and I did business with Byrnes."

"What was the Westchester stock worth?"

"I would say about 10 cents a pound."

"Yet you exchanged good New Haven stock or money for it?"

"I did."

So here is where go some of the profits from the increased cost of living. The farmers do not get it and the workers do not get it, but the parasites are taking it in hand over fist. And if the job were done when they get the money, there would be some limit to the essential graft. But the fact is that in nearly every case these transactions represent or culminate in the issuing of securities that constitute forever afterward a tax upon the operation of the railroad, to be paid by the public and passed along to the toiler.

Yet this New Haven Railroad, thus revealed as a producer of wealth for the insiders, is notorious for the low scale of wages it pays to its employers and in the last few years has borne an unenviable reputation for the number of its accidents.

But the New Haven is only one small example of where It Goes To. The cases of the 'Frisco, the Rock Island, the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton and other roads offer illustrations just as gross. While the trainmen with equal chances of being injured and one chance in six of being killed are creating this wealth for very little pay, the gentlemen on the inside are raking it off for themselves in always increasing volume. Where they are not concealing behind huge stock issues and crooked deals like that in New York, Westchester & Boston, they are taking staggering dividends. Look for instance at this table of the recent dividends paid by the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad, as given by Poor's Manual, the standard authority in railroad finance:

1902.....	7 per cent
1903.....	7 per cent
1904.....	17 per cent

1905.....	20 per cent
1906.....	20 per cent
1907.....	20 per cent
1908.....	20 per cent
1909.....	85 per cent
1910.....	20 per cent
1911.....	55 per cent
1912.....	20 per cent

In addition to millions of dollars distributed in the shape of stock dividends.

So it is pretty plain here where It Goes To. The farmer doesn't Get It, and the worker doesn't Get It, but the case is very different when you turn to the records of the fortunate gentlemen on the inside of these industries.

Those that have not told us that tariff tinkering would cure all our ills, and those that have not expatiated to us on the beauties of thrift and "getting on in the world," have been kind enough to say that Government Regulation of our trouble would make us all happy and cause papa's wages to go twice as far as they can go now.

These would seem to be persons of a degree of hopefulness only to be described as superhuman.

For twenty-five years we have been trying by regulation to achieve some beneficial change in the situation, and the net result of all the nation's effort in these directions has been ridiculous failure. The simple fact that in these twenty-five years the situation for the working class has not improved but only grown steadily worse is in itself enough to condemn all these efforts at parlor and lady-like reform, for in all this time the cost of living has not ceased to mount upon the workers, nor has there been at any time a corresponding increase in wages. But the truth is that while the workers constitute the great majority of the population nobody has considered them in all this legislation, nor, as I shall show a little later, has it been possible for the workers to secure the slightest real attention to their desires, even when what they want is a matter of plain and simple justice and of the utmost importance to the welfare of the nation.

But to come back to the failure of regulation, and to look at it merely from the point of view of the classes it was intended to benefit, take railroad regulations, for instance. We began that in 1886, and for the last twelve years every congress has

regularly testified to the failure of the railroad laws by passing a new set designed to correct the weakness of the laws in existence, and each new law has been found on trial to be as flabby and inefficient as the old.

A very good example of this kind of legislative tom-foolery may be found in the long-drawn out efforts to stop the species of railroad swindling that consists in the giving of rebates to favored shippers. Every one of our railroad regulative measures has aimed to stop rebating and on its passage each of these laws has been hailed as at last the sure and effective remedy. The Elkins law of 1903 was certain to stop rebates, the Roosevelt law of 1906 made them utterly impossible and the Taft law of 1910 abolished the last chance that any railroad, however dishonest, could ever slip by with a rebate to anybody. The result being that today there is probably in bulk as much rebating as there ever was, the only change being that it is more cleverly concealed and that whereas in former days small shippers had some chance at these favors, today they are confined exclusively to the big establishments, which thereby secure still another advantage over their smaller competitors.

Many good souls but easily deceived will probably be shocked at my statement that there is in bulk as much rebating as ever and some may think it merely an extravagance. I purpose in this article to make no assertion without the authority therefor, and in this instance the deduction I have drawn is based upon an authority no less than the Interstate Commerce Commission. In a decision handed down January 27, 1914, the commission unreservedly denounced the practice of rebating as widespread, unlawful and operating to the disadvantage of smaller manufacturing concerns throughout the United States. These rebates, the commission found, were often disguised as elimination of demurrage on "industrial lines" owned by the manufacturing plants and claiming to be common carriers, the admission of such industrial lines to the benefits of the so-called "per diem arrangements," and in other ingenious ways; but they were none the less rebates and unlawful. The decision then proceeded to give an astounding list of the rebates it had discovered, and, of course, where it succeeded in digging up one instance there are probably one hundred that

it did not unearth. Some of the largest railroad companies and most important manufacturing enterprises in the country, conducted by eminent gentlemen whose devotion to law and order is vociferous whenever there is a strike, were proved by the commission to be habitual violators of the statutes against rebating.

Thus the "National Tube Company, one of the subsidiaries of the United States Steel Corporation, the decision says, "has forced the line carriers to concede divisions to it out of their rates, which during 1911 are shown to have been \$425,000. This exceeded the entire operating expense of the plant railway for that year."

A long list of industrial companies, among them the Republic, Pittsburgh, Bethlehem, and Cambria steel companies; the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company, and the Wheeling Steel and Iron Company, are named as having received such preferences and discriminations.

The commission found that during the fiscal year 1912 the Pennsylvania Railroad had paid \$1,019,910, the New York Central \$660,057, and the Baltimore & Ohio \$530,317 in allowances to industrial railways. Five industrial lines received more than \$1,000,000 in per diem reclaims."

"In many cases," says this memorable decision, "the cash revenues received by these plant railways out of the rates of the line carriers are sufficient to lift from the industries the entire cost of their operation." It says that in many instances the plant railway also is able "to declare large dividends on its stock held by the industry." The Baltimore and Sparrows Point Railroad Company, the plant railroad of the Maryland Steel Company, paid annual dividends on such stock during the last eleven years that "aggregated more than 423 per cent, and have ranged from 20 to 55 per cent a year."

Fifteen million dollars a year, according to this decision, is a conservative estimate of the rebates thus concealed—years after all these laws have made all forms of rebating absolutely illegal and prohibited them under heavy penalties. And all these investigations of the commission, it must be borne in mind, take no account of the enormous rebates that are concealed in other ways.

The decision further points out that allowances paid to and free services per-

formed for large industrial plants relieve them of a heavy expense they would otherwise have to bear as part of their manufacturing costs. On the Pennsylvania lines east of Pittsburgh alone there are 233 such plants where the railroad performs services free.

Such allowances, the decision says, "are an example of the special concessions and rebates in service that shippers with a large traffic are able to wring from the carriers in consideration of being permitted to handle the traffic or share with other lines in its carriage."

Or to take another handy and ever present illustration, observe the prodigious efforts of the government to deal with the mighty trust problem and what a hash it has admittedly made of the job.

Twenty-four years have passed since the blessed Sherman anti-trust law was passed and cackling reformers said we had come to the end of our trust troubles. Today there are easily ten times as many trusts in the United States as when the law was passed and they are a hundred times more powerful and arrogant. The law so far as these powerful combinations of capital are concerned, has been merely a joke or worse.

Whenever a trust has been prosecuted under this law, even when a trust has been ordered by the Supreme Court of the United States to be "dissolved" it has merely advanced to greater profits and greater power. Three years after the Standard Oil trust had been "dissolved" under the Sherman act, the value of its securities had exactly doubled and its prosperity was the greatest in its history. The American Tobacco Company seems to have received similar advantages from its "dissolution" by the same august body. Proceedings have been pending for years against the United States Steel Corporation and other great trusts, but even when these have been investigated and specifically denounced by committees of Congress the cases against them have never gotten anywhere. There is a punishment of penal servitude provided by this law, but not a trust magnate has ever gone to prison under it. In spite of the fact that the supplies of every great necessity of life in this country are now controlled by a trust.

Very different, it will be recalled, has been the experience of labor unions and labor leaders under the same law. It was

never designed by the men that drew it, to be applied to labor unions. It has been enforced against them vigorously on more than one occasion. It was designed against combinations of capital and against such combinations it has been a dead letter.

Men are now under sentence of imprisonment in New Jersey for agitating against one of these trusts at a time of a strike; the gentlemen that conduct the trust have never at any time been in danger of jail for violating the anti-trust law.

To show now what has been the situation of the working class in all these reforming activities I cite a piece of history that ought to be familiar to all citizens of the United States and still is but little known.

In 1907 the Supreme Court handed down its famous decision in the Danbury Hatters case, the essence of which was that a labor union could be held financially liable for damages to business resulting from a strike.

Ever since the unions have been trying to have the Sherman law amended so that it will no longer be possible for courts to read into it a construction that was never intended by the framers of the act; in other words to amend the law so as to exclude in so many words all labor unions and farmers' associations.

For years Congress contemptuously refused to so much as listen to the plea of the unions for this elemental justice. I remember that in 1908 the House Committee on Labor refused to give to Mr. Gompers so much as one minute in which to state his case. At last the unions succeeded in compelling the Democratic party to pledge itself in its national platform to make the desired change in the law. When the Democrats obtained control of the government the unions asked for the fulfillment of that pledge. President Wilson prepared a new anti-trust law, being another experiment in feeble reform, and the unions desired to have an amendment added that would save labor from persecution under the Sherman law. They drew up one that would have had such a result. The Democratic leaders cried out against it as too drastic and revolutionary; the President, also, was unalterably opposed to it. A contest was precipitated, ending in a long con-

ference and a compromise. The result was that an amendment was adopted pretending to exclude the unions, but in reality doing no such thing, while under cover an adroit provision was slipped over to make injunctions in labor cases easier and more oppressive than ever.

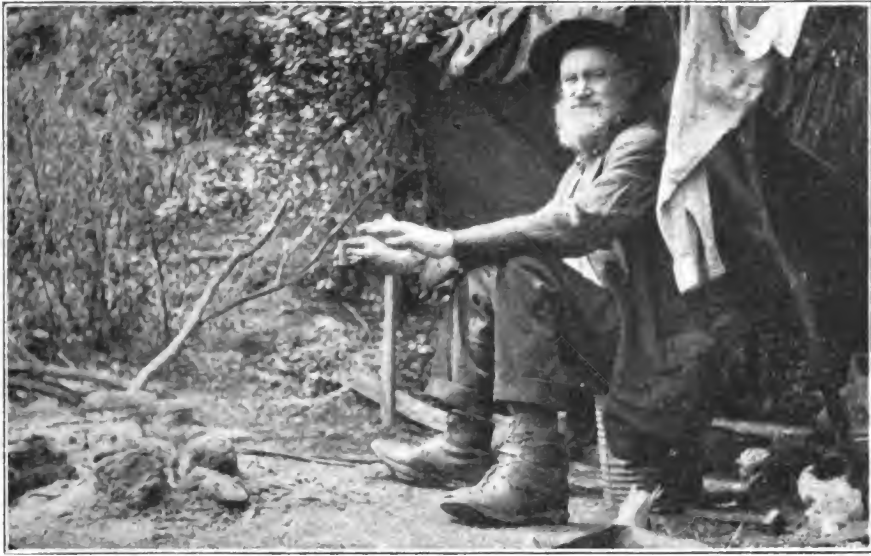
This has been the universal history of labor in all these legislative experiments. While the working class has all these years been the overwhelming majority of the population, and while every bad condition that was complained of bore far more heavily upon the workers than upon any other class, the workers have never been considered for a moment until their complaints and grievances became in the single instance of the Sherman law too threatening to be longer ignored.

Whereupon they were recognized—to the extent of being outrageously fooled, defrauded and humbugged.

It is evident, therefore, that there is no more hope of relief in regulation than there was found to be in tariff tinkering. All of these things are mere devices to distract the working class from its wrongs and their real remedy.

There has been no relief to the worker and there will be none so long as he remains unrepresented in the affairs of his nation.

Two-thirds of the voters of the United States belong to the working class; nine-tenths of the members of Congress belong exclusively to the parasite class. That is where the trouble comes in. If the working class does not wish to be represented it need not be; but in that position it stands alone among all the working classes of the world. Everywhere else the truth is being recognized that it is utterly impossible for the workers to have justice from a government conducted by and for the exploiters. Consequently, elsewhere the working class is moving on toward what belongs to it. We need not join that procession unless we wish; but if we resolutely refuse to use the means we have in our hands to secure justice we ought not to complain if the government and the courts seem organized against us and meantime the cost of living continues to increase but there is no corresponding increase in wages and salaries.



THROWN ON THE SCRAP HEAP.

AN OLD TIMER

The Story of the Migratory Worker

By THE FLYING SQUADRON

WHEN the Home Guard worker is thrown on the industrial scrap heap he is, at least, surrounded by friends or relatives. He has been a resident of the town and is well known in the community. Through the influence of some of his friends he can get into the County Poor House. But far different is the story of the migratory worker.

On account of the industrial conditions, the migratory worker is forced from place to place in search of a job. A few weeks' work in the harvest fields, and then he is off to some construction job which is completed perhaps in two or three months, making it impossible for the migratory worker to have a home.

He cannot vote at the city election; he has no political pull; he has no influential friends; no bank account. He belongs to no church or lodge. It is true that he pays hospital fees every month whenever he is employed, but the moment he leaves the

job his receipt for the hospital fee is null and void. Some times he has two or three jobs in a month.

In Humboldt County, California, the labor unions maintain one of the best equipped hospitals on the Pacific Coast. For ten dollars a year a worker can get a Union Labor Hospital ticket.

But the lumber corporations still collect the monthly hospital fee, in spite of the fact that many of the men are paying into their own hospital.

The trade unions of Eureka, Cal., took this case to the Supreme Court of the state. What did the Supreme Court decide? It maintained that the employer could not take out the hospital fee against the will of the employee, but that the employer can, upon employing a man, lay down certain regulations and conditions, and if the employee does not care to accept them the employer can refuse him employment.

According to the Supreme Court, it is

unlawful for the boss to do this, but if the slave does not like it he can become a tramp. Such is the way of the law.

The following is the story of one Jack O'Brien, one of the many thousands of worn-out migratory workers.

In the summer of 1912 the Modesto Water Company was constructing an irrigation canal near Modesto, Cal. Through the fault of the company-loving foreman's attempts to save powder, a certain blast did not do its work, leaving an overhanging ledge of dirt and rock. Some of the workmen protested, saying the cut was dangerous. But the foreman commanded them to get back on the job.

Contrary to the opinion of our well-to-do and comfortable "public" that the hobo will not work, the men realized that if they refused to go on they would again be thrown out of work on an already overcrowded labor market to become tramps, facing the hardships of hunger and want, and they stuck.

We met O'Brien at Colfax, Cal., huddled up to a camp fire with a few blankets and some tin cans between some bushes, and a canvas stretched out overhead. This was his home. O'Brien is sixty-five years old. He was injured while making profits for a boss. The Marshal of Colfax refused to send him to the County Hospital. The trainmen refused to give him a lift. With a crippled foot and the rheumatism, he is unable to walk. The only food he gets is

from passing hoboes or migratory workers. This is very little, for these men have not much for themselves.

What about the California Compensation Act? Well, O'Brien was hurt before this act became a law. And even if he had been hurt after, it is doubtful if he would have benefited.

And so there he lies on the Scrap Heap, worn out and lonely, awaiting the appearance of the passing hobo who may be kind enough and sufficiently supplied to stop and cook up a meal which he may share.

Like a worn-out machine that can no longer be used, O'Brien lies rejected of respectable society. This is the story of the migratory worker and every worker everywhere today.

Ye slaves, arise! The remedy for such conditions lies in organization. Unite in One Big Union and build up a system of society wherein every worker will be able to live like a human being. Then when our Day of Work is done, we shall know that a comfortable old age awaits us. The man who has planted and harvested shall spend his days in plenty. The builder shall have a roof over his head. And comfort shall be his portion. The man who has toiled shall not want for any needful thing! Then men like poor old Jack O'Brien will have something to look forward to besides a six-foot plot of ground, a barrel of quicklime and the Potter's Field.



ON THE ROAD.



MINERS' HALL AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

The Revolt at Butte

By WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD

EVERY swing of the miner's pick, every chug of the machine drill, shortens the life of a mining camp.

Every carload of ore that is hoisted is measuring the heart beats of Butte, Montana. But as long as copper is mined in that camp the people who live and work there will keep in memory the eventful days of June 13 and June 23, 1914. "Hoodoo" and "skidoo" days. The miners got in two splendid shifts' work. "They picked down, mucked back, set up, drilled a full round and blasted. Every hole broke bottom."

This reference in miners' parlance to the revolt in Butte, Montana, means that nearly 7,000 men gave vent to spontaneous action against the iniquities that they have suffered. For many years the

Miners' Union has been under the control of the Anaconda Copper Company. A contract had been imposed upon them in which originally they had no voice in the making. The infamous permit card system is a later development. It was a similar blacklisting scheme that was inaugurated by the mining companies in the Coeur d'Alenes after the great strike of 1899, when a permit to seek employment was required of every man looking for a job. At that time a miner who secured work was compelled to abjure his connection with the Western Federation of Miners, and it was against this infamous "permit system" that Mike Devine in his dying words said: "Boys, don't sign."

Thirty-six years ago the miners of

Butte formed a union for the mutual protection and advancement of the men who spent most of their lives underground and in working around the mines. Since then many of the old timers have found permanent underground homes in the great cemetery in the flat below Butte. Eighty-five thousand are buried there, mostly miners. In the years that have gone there has been a continuous procession of the members of the Miners' Union from their hall to the graveyard.

As the mines of Butte developed the decimated ranks of the pioneer miners were filled with newcomers from the many corners of the earth. The union grew in numbers, in power and in purpose, it became the warp and woof of the economic, social and civic life of the great copper camp. Men were proud of their union. A membership card of Butte Miners' Union was cherished as a family relic.

June 13 was the anniversary of the organization, it was the annual fete. On that day the mines closed down, the whistles were silent. Under a canopy of sulphurous smoke from burning piles of ore, Butte celebrated. The thousands of miners marched in parade, speeches were made, a good time was had and a new year begun.

Then came a change—crooked scheming politicians sought to advance their interests through their influence in the union. The personal squabbles and ambitions of the copper magnates, Clark, Daly and Heinze, were bitterly fought among the miners. When the trust was formed, the Standard Oil, Rockefeller's interests, became the dominant factor of the Amalgamated Company. John D. Ryan, the man of his master's initials, resident manager of the Robber Oil and Copper Barons, was wise in his day and hour and saw the need of controlling the union as well as the mines and smelters.

Insidiously the work of cultivating traitors among the members of the union was prosecuted. The black-hearted and weak-kneed found the trail that led to the sixth floor of the Big Ship (the company's store), where the offices were located. There the stool-pigeons—the copper-collared slaves—got their instructions as to how to lead their fellow workers to the shambles. The elections of the union

were so manipulated that the company tools were elected to official positions. There were few exceptions.

It was during one of the periods when true union men had a voice in the union that the crucial test came. The miners demanded an increase in wages to meet the advanced cost of living. With the approved methods of the I. W. W., the Western Federation of Miners, then being an integral part of the Industrial Workers of the World, the local regularly amended its constitution, providing for a minimum wage of \$4.00 per day and \$4.50 for sinking. A committee was appointed by the union to notify the companies of the change in the constitution, which was to go into effect May 1, 1907. From this event we can follow with the certainty of a surveyor's stakes on a section line other events that led up to the tragic revolt of the rank and file during the days of June 13 and 23, 1914.

When the company was informed that a raise of 50 cents a day was demanded, John D. Ryan, manager, and Superintendent Gillie said that they would not grant the raise and threatened to close down the Amalgamated properties if the miners stood by their amended constitution. They agreed that work should continue uninterrupted on the basis of a sliding scale, wages to be determined by the market price of copper. At this juncture Manager Ryan and Superintendent Gillie told the committee that they must have a contract.

It is interesting at this time to note that the agent of Rockefeller in Butte imposed a five-year agreement upon the employes of the Anaconda Copper Company and that this contract has since been renewed, is now in existence and has a year to run. John D. Rockefeller testified before the Congressional committee relative to the Colorado situation that his company would lose its millions invested in the C. F. and I. rather than recognize the United Mine Workers of America. Further, that he was fighting for the great American principle of "A man having the right to work where, when and for whom he pleases." In view of this testimony the Butte agreement becomes a significant document. It is as follows:

Whereas, the Butte Miners Union and the mining companies operating in the Butte district being desirous of perpetuating their friendly relations and at the same time have a definite understanding as to the compensation members of the union shall receive for their work from their employers, do mutually agree as follows:

1. That eight hours in each twenty-four shall constitute a shift or day's work.

2. The miners shall start to go down the shaft or other mine openings at the beginning of the shift and shall leave their place of work at the expiration of eight and one-half hours from that time, it being understood that the miner shall have one-half hour of that time in which to eat lunch. The miners to be hoisted or come from their work on their own time. It is also understood that where three consecutive shifts are employed, eight consecutive hours shall constitute a day's work.

3. Where the word "miner" is used in this agreement it shall mean all underground men engaged in any of the work of mining.

4. The rate or amount of wages to be paid a miner for a day's work or proportionately for a part of a day's work to be determined as follows: The average market price per pound of electrolytic copper as given in *Engineering & Mining* for each calendar month shall be the basis of determining the rate of wages.

5. When the average monthly price of electrolytic copper shall be 18 cents per pound or over, then the wage rate shall be \$4 per day for all miners other than miners in shafts, station cuttings, winzes and station tenders, and for all miners in shafts, station cutting, winzes and station tenders the wage rate shall be \$4.50 per day.

6. When the average price of electrolytic copper shall be under 18 cents per pound, then the rate of wages shall be \$3.50 per day for all miners except other than miners in shafts, station cutting, winzes and station tenders; and for all miners in shafts, station cutting, winzes and station tenders the wage rate shall be \$4 per day and in no case shall the wages be less than specified in this section.

7. Should a miner's employment terminate by reason of voluntary quitting, discharge or other reason before the end of any calendar month, the rate of settlement in each case shall be as follows: The wage rate upon any settlement made for any part of the month up to and including the fifteenth of said month shall be based on the previous month's average for electrolytic copper. The wage rate for any settlement made for any part of a month extending beyond the fifteenth of said month shall be made for the whole time of employment in said month at a rate based on the average price of electrolytic copper for the first fifteen days of the calendar month of settlement.

8. Should the authority used in ascertaining the market price of copper appear to either party of this agreement to be false or wrong at any time, then either party shall have the right to request that a representative be ap-

pointed by each party and those two persons to appoint a third, a majority of whom shall decide on the method or means to be used in arriving at the correct market price of copper for the purposes of this agreement.

9. This agreement shall remain in force and effect for a period of five years from and after April 1, 1907, and thereafter until thirty days notice shall be given by either party of his desire to terminate the agreement.

This agreement was never formally voted on by the members of Butte Miners' Union, but through the influence of the companies who laid off their men with instructions how to vote on such occasion, the union constitution was so amended as to conform to the main requirements of the agreement. This sort of work was usually done at special meetings. At the time this particular agreement was supposed to have been adopted, the constitution of the Western Federation of Miners provided, Section 3, Article V, "Any contract or agreement entered into between the members of any local union and their employers, as a final settlement of any difficulty or trouble that may occur between them shall not be considered valid or binding until the same shall have the approval of the Executive Board of the Western Federation of Miners."

The Butte agreement was never submitted to the Executive Board for its approval, it was never endorsed, but stood as a bad example and a menace to the organization until the following convention which met in Denver, June 10, 1907, where we find the following record:

Resolution No. 82, page 261, W. F. M. proceedings, 15th annual convention:

"Contracts entered into between the employing class and the working class are of benefit only to the former. Such contracts divide the workers in the struggle with their exploiters, chain one body of workers in subjection while war is being waged by another body; often compels one union to scab upon another union; destroys the class instinct of the worker; leads the works by a false sense of temporary security to cease taking an active interest in the affairs of their organization, while such contracts are in force and has absolutely no place in progressive labor organizations; therefore be it

"Resolved, by the fifteenth annual convention of the Western Federation of Miners, That any and all signed contracts or verbal agreements for any specified length of time that may have been entered into between any local union or unions of the Western Federation of Miners are by this convention declared null and void."

This resolution was carried by a vote of 325 for, 25 against.

The constitution was amended to read "Section 4, Article V—No local union or unions of the Western Federation of Miners shall enter into any signed contract or verbal agreement for any specified length of time with their employers."

The opinions and comments of the delegates at the Fifteenth Annual Convention of the W. F. M. were sincere and forceful and are as pertinent at this time to the question of binding contractual relations with the employing class as they were the day they were uttered. Here are a few of the thoughts as expressed by the delegates on that occasion, as taken from the stenographic report:

Tom Corra—(Local No. 10): "I know that whenever a local union enters into an agreement with a corporation of any kind it is always for the interests and benefit of the corporation, and whenever it suits their purpose to break such a contract they do it with a snap of their finger."

P. C. Rawlings—(Local No. 106): "If the Western Federation of Miners will go upon record that it will not bind and assess to slave chains its members, then this convention will have done a magnificent work for humanity."

Archie Barry—(Local No. 38): "There is no necessity for putting a time limit on a contract. In my opinion it is the only proper settlement which ought to be made between the employer and the employees."

Richard Bunny—(Local No. 2): "It is a well-known fact that the giants of the railroad organization and of the bituminous and anthracite coal districts of America could furnish us with sufficient proof to show the folly of all this all along the line and demonstrate that the contract system has proven a ruinous policy wherever introduced into any labor organization in the country."

J. C. Lowney—(Local No. 1): "I was opposed at all times to enter into this contract. I say this contract was not entered into voluntarily."

P. J. Duffy—(Local No. 1): "Yes Sir, and it is not the Miners' Union that in any way brought around the word 'contract,' but it was the managers of the Amalgamated Copper Co. that did the same."

F. H. Little—(Local 159): "It was only here a few weeks ago that in San Francisco workmen who were bound up with a contract with a corporation were expelled from their union because they wouldn't scab on the telephone girls."

Thomas Booher—(Local No. 1): "The Hod Carriers of Butte, Montana, receive a dollar and a half to two dollars a day more than the man who takes his life in his hands to go down under ground. . . . I challenge any member of this organization to show me the time since the Standard Oil Company took its first breath of life that that corporation has not

been one of murder and rampage from the Atlantic to Pacific ocean."

Ed O'Byrne—(Local No. 1): "I contend that nobody at this present time has got any right whatever to make a contract or agreement that shall bind men to come for five years hence or one year hence. . . . A man who has got nothing but his labor power for sale and his employer cannot enter into a contract."

Joe Shannon—(Local No. 1): "We are worse off today than when we were working for \$3.50 per day. We had a committee appointed to see the business men and the merchants, and of course they gave us that little tune that they wouldn't raise prices any more unless they were forced to."

Charles Bunting—(Local No. 180): "I will say at the start that I am absolutely opposed to any time agreement. . . . We turned the thing down and since that time we have got a wage schedule which we consider as good as any in the country. There will be no time agreements in the boundary district."

R. Randall—(Local 320): "It is my opinion that the time will come in the near future when the membership of the Western Federation of Miners will be bound down by contract the same as are the United Mine Workers if we do not take this action."

Albert Ryan—(Local 101): "I claim that no local of the Western Federation of Miners or any working class organization has a right of any kind to make a contract with the masters."

John H. Bottomly—(Local 16): "I was opposed to the time contract and I fought the time contract as hard as I knew how."

Thomas Reilly—(Local 117): "Ryan made some such remark but that they didn't want to prolong the five years—didn't want to reduce it to five years—they wanted a ten-year contract."

Vincent St. John—(Local 220): "The only thing is for this organization to go on record as making it more clear and standing irrevocably as it has in the past—standing squarely against any contract of any kind being entered into by any employer and his employees represented by the Western Federation of Miners."

J. D. Cannon—(Local 106): "I have got the idea that since this contract was entered into it has been demonstrated on the floor of this convention that at no time and no place should the laboring class enter into a contract with the employer. Every time you enter into such a contract you are driving a nail in the coffin of the laboring class."

W. A. Willis—(Local 220): "There was a time when I couldn't see any danger in the verbal agreement; I always thought there was a great deal of danger in the written agreement. Since that time I have found there is danger in any kind of an agreement which a labor organization may enter into with their employers. The only thing that gives the labor organization any power is what they can wrest from their employers by their economic power, and whenever you tie your hands by any kind of an agreement you lose that power."

J. C. Knust—(Local No. 245): "There is no doubt but that this motion is going to carry by a majority, that it will be carried by a great majority, and the greater the majority the better. Whenever you leave it open to the different organizations of the Western Federation of Miners to enter into contract, you leave it open for graft to come into the organization."

For five years after 1907 one of the fundamental principles of the W. F. of M. was "no contracts with the employing class." During these five years many changes had taken place in the W. F. of M. and its policies. The one time militant organization withdrew from the Industrial Workers of the World and became affiliated with the A. F. of L. From that moment it became poisoned and polluted with the virus of the pure and simple trade union that has representatives in the Civic Federation proclaiming the identity of interest of capital and labor. This cancerous environment resulted in a change of policy and the following was adopted in the Twentieth Annual convention:

Resolution.

Whereas, Every year the Western Federation of Miners spends thousands of dollars for organizing purposes, and

Whereas, The results obtained from the expenditure of this large sum of money and the energetic effort of the organization along this line are comparatively few and insignificant owing to the lack of a well-defined policy on the part of the organization in dealing with the industrial problems and in the adjustment of difficulties arising between the members of this organizations and the employers, and

Whereas, Experience in the past twenty years has demonstrated to us the nonstability of our local unions under the present system of organization; therefore be it

Resolved, by this the twentieth annual convention of the Western Federation of Miners, That we recommend the adoption of the United Mine Workers system in the adjustment of any and all industrial disputes that may arise in the future between members of this organization and the employers; and be it

Resolved, That a special committee of five be appointed by the chairman of this convention to revise our constitution and amend the same to conform with the sentiment expressed in this resolution; and be it further

Resolved, That we as delegates to this convention recommend to the rank and file of this organization to adopt the same.

Moved by Secretary-Treasurer Ernest Mills, seconded by Delegate Rodrick McKenzie, No. 26, that the resolution be adopted. Total vote, Yes, 225; No, 5; Absent, 4; No vote, 8.

The stakes are driven, the constitution of the W. F. of M. is again amended. Now read it: "Local unions or groups

of local unions may enter into wage agreements for a specified time, providing such agreements have the approval of the Executive Board. Negotiations for agreements must be made between the representatives of the local or locals affected, and the employers, with at least one member of the Executive Board or representative of the general organization."

This was the dynamic force that destroyed the Miners' Union Hall in Butte. It was a long fuse that was split and primed with the "quick stuff" in the Twentieth Annual Convention. It took years to burn through, but it finally went off. It was the reaction against the adoption of the infamous contract system that brought in its train the blacklisting rustling card used as a collecting medium by the company store—to secure a rustling card a man is subjected to an examination, second only to the Bertillon.

The members of Butte No. 1 were opposed to the indignity and humiliation of submitting to investigation; they voted against the rustling card 11 to 1, but local and general officials ignored this mighty protest. Then came the final imposition, every man was compelled to have a paid-up W. F. of M. card before he could go to work. There were thousands of men in Butte broke, searching for work; a paid-up card stood between them and the chance of a job. It had always been the custom throughout the mining camps of the West to grant a man 30 or 60 days to square up.

A great mass meeting was held, a vote was taken on the question of showing cards; 6,348 voted no—243 yes. Still the officials offered no relief or protection against these outrages. Then came the revolt, a spontaneous uprising of the masses. Butte Miners' Union No. 1, W. F. of M. fell. It had been dedicated to the Rights of Man, it served as an Altar of Mammon, and crumbled of its own corruption.

Out of the ruins a new union has been born. May the bitter experiences of the past make the members more vigilant of their interests in the future, and let us hope the lesson has been well learned and that the workers must depend upon themselves alone for the advancement of their class.

The following letters to the REVIEW are from men who have been members of Butte No. 1 for many years:

Letter Number 1.

"THE revolt which culminated in the tragedies of June 13 and 23 when the Miners' Union hall was wrecked and one man killed, and several wounded by shots fired from the hall is the result of causes dating back for a space of eighteen years.

"The causes which stand out most glaring are first, the whitewashing of a local secretary by the executive board of the W. F. of M. in the face of the fact that one of his bondsmen made good a portion of the shortage; second, the connivance of the W. F. of M. officials with local officials to prevent legally elected delegates from taking their seats at a convention; third, the complete reversal of the executive board in their position concerning time contracts between local unions and employing companies; and specifically, the championing of a constitutional amendment by Vice-President Mahoney making legal all such contracts between employes and employers; fourth, the evident connivance of local union officials with Anaconda Copper Mining Company in inaugurating the infamous card system in the Butte district, and the apathy of the W. F. of M. officials in failing to resist the same.

"The affairs of the union during all these years, except for a few short intervals, have been in the control of men who were at all times subservient to the will of the employing companies, and any proposition having for its object the betterment of conditions of the mine workers was promptly smothered. If any assistance was needed by the officials to do the smothering, it was furnished gratis by the companies, who sent a sufficient number of lackeys down from the mines to the meeting, allowing their time to go on as usual.

"President Moyer states that these conditions were never made known to him and as a consequence he made no effort to correct them. He well knows that those who opposed corporate control of the organization sent a man to the Victor convention of the W. F. of M. in 1912 to protest against these conditions and

that the convention expelled him from the W. F. of M. It comes with poor grace from Mr. Moyer at this late day to plead ignorance. He was perfectly aware of the rottenness of the Butte Union's affairs, and not only did he not attempt to cleanse them, but by his attitude he led the membership to infer that he condoned them. All his strength in the Butte district is drawn from that subservient element, as the true union men have long since given him up as hopeless, and this very element with which he now trains consists of those who deserted him when his life and those of Haywood and Pettibone were hanging in the balance at Boise.

"As a climax to all the abuses herein recited, the final one was the action of the President in declaring lost a motion, which was plainly carried, for the use of the voting machines at the election of local officers.

"The futility of further attempts to right things being apparent, the membership refused to recognize the jurisdiction of the union at the mines, and as a consequence were ordered off the job by the mine managers.

"This action resulted in a secession of the membership in general from the old union and the formation of a new union known as the Butte Mine Workers' Union.

"Prominent among the seceders are men who for many years have been noted for their working class loyalty.

"The membership of the new organization has now passed the four thousand mark, and new recruits are coming in rapidly. It promises to be an organization of class conscious workers which will be an effective weapon in the struggle which is being so bitterly waged the world over."

Letter Number 2

"THE starting of the affair was due to the condition that existed here. Contracts, rustling card system and Moyer and his bunch standing for it. We were always paying assessments to strikes in different places and nothing won—South Dakota, Utah and Michigan. Boys were paying a shift's wages together with dues and local assessments amounting to about \$5.00 a month. They did not kick until

Moyer kept the assessments on after the strike had been called off.

"The Anaconda Mining Company controlled the so-called union here by packing the meetings with their stools and the good ones could not get a look-in. At the recent election the stools got away with the judges and clerks again, as usual, so we withdrew the whole slate and let them have it all, so there wasn't any opposition and no need of election at all except the ballot on headquarters.

"There wasn't 500 ballots cast all day, although the stools gave to the papers that there was 3,200 votes cast, which everybody knew was a lie. The judges had a swell time boozing up at the expense of the slaves.

"The boys were all sore and the bunch at the Speculator mine said: 'The next time the delegates come up here to examine cards, we don't show them any more.' And they didn't, so the foreman sent the whole shift home. They got busy with the night shift, which went out to work, but wouldn't show cards, and they were sent home. But before the bunch left the mine they kicked the heads off the delegates and some bodyguards they had along with them.

"The two shifts marched back downtown and held a meeting in the Auditorium. It was decided to take a referendum vote as to whether or not they would continue to show W. F. M. cards at the mines in order to work. The turnout was great. Total number votes cast, 6,633. Votes cast against showing W. F. M. cards at mines, 6,348; for showing cards, 243. There were 42 spoiled ballots.

"At a change day meeting of 5,000 a motion to reorganize into a union to be

known as Butte Mine Workers' Union was carried without a dissenting vote and temporary officers were elected.

"Headquarters were immediately secured and 4,000 members have been enrolled to date (July 7).

"Of course, Moyer showed up on the scene to save his meal ticket, with some of his official bodyguards. He arranged a meeting in the old hall and 150 went up, including his bodyguard and special deputies furnished by the courthouse bunch. There were thousands gathered in front of the hall to see who would attend, but nobody was interfered with.

"The trouble started in about half an hour, when one of their own members started up the stairs to the meeting and was shot down by one of Moyer's gunmen. A minute or so after one of his bunch stuck a rifle out of a window upstairs and started shooting into the crowd on the street, killing one man and wounding several.

"Some few fellows in the crowd had pocket guns and started shooting at the 'gun' in the window and in a short time there were hundreds of guns in action from the crowd on the street. They thought the walls too thick for rifles and six-shooters, so someone hollered, 'If we can't vote Moyer out of office, we will blast him out.' And Moyer's meal ticket was some sight when they got through with it. Moyer and his 'guns' made their get-away down the fire ladder in the rear into an auto and never stopped until they landed in Helena, 75 miles away.

"The next we heard of him was through the Governor who wired Muckey McDonald that Moyer had called and requested him to send soldiers to Butte."





NATIVES PREPARING FEAST OF ROAST PIG.

OUR SUBJECTS IN THE FAR SOUTH SEAS

By Marion Wright

DURING the last four years of the nineteenth century the United States went into the island land grabbing business. Beginning in 1896, our glorious republic forcibly annexed the Hawaiian group at the instance of the missionaries and sugar barons to whom it was immediately surrendered, and followed in rapid succession with the gobbling of Porto Rico, Guam, the Philippines and the Samoan group. In the shuffle Cuba was incidentally taken away from Spain and handed over to our own sugar trust. In all this new territory acquired there were only two jokers hidden on the capitalists. These two were little, worthless Guam, situated a thousand miles from nowhere and producing nothing, and the Samoan islands. Still, both of these places

serve the capitalistic ends in a way, as they are used as Naval Bases from which our ships of war may dart out and inflict "dollar diplomacy" on any people who fail to fork over in accordance with the Wall street plan.

Tutuila, Samoa, and two smaller islands were acquired by the United States in 1899 by mutual agreement with two other international highwaymen, England and Germany, who whacked up the remainder of the group among themselves. We got the island of Tutuila with its fine harbor of Pago-Pago as a naval station and England took the city of Apia with the largest island. Germany also got her share. The natives protested as usual and of course received the usual answer—a hail of machine gun bullets, after which the survivors

were content to do as the missionaries said and to drag in their cocoanut taxes like good citizens.

As Tutuila has an area of only fifty-four square miles with a population of about thirty-five hundred, it is hardly worth while exploiting, especially as the principal port is occupied by the navy and the island is out of the present track of vessels trading through the Pacific.

It is a revelation to an American citizen to visit this far-away colony of ours, and so that we may understand something of the people, who will one day be a part of our Co-operative Commonwealth, the searchlight will be turned upon our subjects in the South Seas.

Few people know anything about the port of Pago-Pago (Pang-ee Pang-ee), Tutuila, Samoa. The sun comes up like a crash of clanging cymbals down in Pangee-Pangee, and when the tropic twilight dies before it is born, the Southern Cross gets tangled in the royal stays of a trader or glows warmly through a rift in the fringe of palms. Deep, soft, and never-ceasing comes the thunder of the surf as the great green swells pound on the coral reefs. Through the groves of fruit and palm the evening brings a barbaric chant of native song. Songs to their island home—its fruits, flowers, and ancient kings—songs to the warm, scented winds and the mother sea.

This is one of the old ports of missing men: one of the havens of slave-girl dealers, gin-runners, mutineers, and cannibal feasts. Here is the atmosphere that called Robert Louis Stevenson and held him, willing captive, to the day of his death. The soul of the "Seven Seas" hangs in these palm-fringed, coral-girted isles. Weary men find here the rest of the worn river that at last reaches the sea.

Here the ten commandments are *nil*. It is only the United States Naval Governor with his gunboat and "*Feeta-Feeta*" guard that makes commandments. No more may the natives cook missionaries, or trade their young women off for gin. The Governor frowns on gin, and protects the missionary. More than a hundred of the sturdiest, finest young warriors of American Samoa have discarded their head-knives to wear the regulation Navy web-belt and Krag bayonet. They also sport a blue cloth about their waists and a little blue skull cap. For

full dress occasions there is added a sleeveless Navy undershirt.

The native guardsmen, called by their countrymen "*Feeta-Feetas*," serve as police in American Samoa. There is rarely any trouble. The islanders know that the white man is strongest, and they submit to things that they don't want, and never will understand, like philosophers. They pay their cocoanut tax for the building of roads and schools, and, even against their natures, are becoming outwardly civilized.

For obvious reasons, the missionaries, and others who have the "welfare of the poor natives at heart," have never taught them the commercial value of money or the principle of trading for white men's goods. A nickel is legal tender, but a dime is entirely too small for a Samoan. They show the proper respect for gold, though a brightly polished penny has been known to accomplish as much as the genuine yellow metal. They measure money in shillings. Everything is worth a shilling. A pair of cocoanuts is worth a shilling. A boat load fetches the same price. You pay with the smallest coin you have, above a dime.

Though ignorant of money values, the Samoan is sometimes a shrewd trader. A giant warrior has been known to firmly insist upon an entire three-cake box of Pears soap in exchange for a woven mat that took his wife, or one of his wives, months, if not a year, to make. The sailor artfully held the box of perfumed soap nearer and nearer his victim. Its delicate aroma distended the nostrils of the savage, until, with a cry of delight, he yielded up the mat for one—just one—of the cakes of soap. It was not desired for his toilet set. White people are ignorant of a great many things, among them being the fact that scented soap makes ravishing soup. And it may also be cut into little cubes and used as a confection, after the manner of a high school girl with a box of chocolate creams.

A square of *tapu* cloth, made from wood fiber, wrapped about the loins, constitutes the native dress. However, they go into ecstasies over civilized clothes. It is never too warm in Samoa for a native to parade in an overcoat, or sweater, or plug hat, or all three together. They do not incline to trousers or shoes. No shoe could be found large enough to fit an adult Samoan.

The dream of every *Wahini* (Samoan



SAMOAN WOMEN MAKING KAVA—THE NATIONAL DRINK.

woman) is to own an umbrella and a baby carriage. These articles are the brand of social excellence. The acme of exclusiveness. The paths and trails are too rough generally for a baby buggy, and a Samoan, young or old, male or female, has about as much use for an umbrella as has a frog or a sunflower. But no matter, the native woman wants them just the same, to flash about, like our own society dame with her ostentatious *lorgnette*.

The most striking quality about the Samoan is his seamanship. Born on the edge of the water, reared in the surf, and taking his food as much from the sea as the fruit trees, he makes a perfect water animal. Boats come into Pago-Pago harbor with twenty-two oars on a side. Big, husky men, naked except for a cloth about the waist, with strings of shell beads and flowers about their necks and hair, man the long oars. They keep an absolutely perfect stroke, in time to a wild chant and the music of two drummers who perch in the bow, beating their tom-toms to a never-ceasing rhythm. Sometimes a war-dancer cuts his wild figures in the bow, keeping in stroke with the music, swinging a mighty war-club to illustrate the prowess of the

ancient warriors of Samoa. The stern-sheets of these gigantic long boats hold the women, children, and trade goods of a village, and almost without exception, a fat, long-bearded, begowned missionary who bosses the village, has his pick of the women and gin, and squeals for the gun-boat whenever the natives disagree with him. Round the harbor they circle, passing and repassing the ships at anchor, and at last pull alongside to trade.

Fans, mats, *tapu* cloths, war-clubs, head-knives, *kava*-bowls, beads, shells, fruits and flowers are passed over the side in exchange for anything from good coin to half a box of shoe polish.

There are some enterprising laundrymen in Samoa. They accept white collars, cuffs, shirts, etc., with the calm assurance of a Parisian cleaner. They return them the same way, only the linen is no longer white. Shreds of fiber, vegetable stains, cocoanut oil, and scorched spots are beaten, ground, and forever pounded into the cloth. Protests are of no avail. The big, bronzed laundryman will stay on deck for hours waiting for his pay. Cuss him and he grins. Show him, man to man, that he owes you for the spoiled linen and his si-

lent, fat mirth is positively infectious. Have him put over the side by force and he paddles away in his outrigger canoe still grinning. They are as peaceable as fat cows.

Samoans are very hospitable. One gets many invitations as:

"You come my house. You my fren'. I got nice girl. She sing. She make nice dance. She make *kava*-drink."

However, one is expected to bring a can of salmon, or some article of white man's food, when accepting such kind offers.

At the Samoan's house you sit on a clean straw mat. If you stay over night you sleep on the same. A thin *tapu* cloth serves to keep you warm and to keep off the mosquitoes. Your weary head is rested on a long joint of four-inch bamboo, fitted up with two little legs at either end to prevent it turning. This is an improvement over the wooden neck-pillow of the Japs; it is broader.

Meal-time is more enjoyable. With a few white man's delicacies to stir them to extra efforts, the *Wahinis* will prepare a feast that a cracker-eating Rockefeller would enjoy. A chicken and small pig are killed and dressed, wrapped in green leaves and roasted in the ground, or turned on a spit over the coals. Several varieties of fish are treated in the same way. Bananas and plantains are baked in the ashes, and some prepared raw. Some fine, fresh cocoanuts are halved neatly and the cups filled with the sweet, rich milk.

While this is going on, one of the cleanest girls wraps a large square mat with broad, green banana leaves. This is placed on the ground and used for the table. The roast chicken and pig with the fruits and vegetables are spread out on the green mat, and all hands turn to. For seasoning, there is a polished cocoanut cup filled with seawater. When it is emptied, a little, naked, dirty boy goes whooping down to the sea and refills it. For eating utensils you have always your eight fingers and two handy thumbs.

The *kava* comes last. This is a sacred Samoan custom. You must like the *kava*. It is always prepared by the prettiest girl

in the house. Bits of dried, white root are crushed up in the bottom of a big *kava*-bowl. Water is added, and the girl draws a vegetable fiber dish-rag through the bowl again and again, stirring the root pulp about and wringing the rag after each act. Soon the water takes on a dirty, milkish hue and the *kava* is ready to be served in the polished bowls. An excellent imitation of *kava* can be made by seasoning dirty dish water with tabasco sauce and licorice, to suit the taste. But you must like it! The Samoan host watches your face like a hawk when you take the first sip. It is good form to smile, nod happily, and say: "*Lee Lay*," the same being a cannibal term meaning "fine!"

As the evening advances, the "nice girl" may make nice dance and sing." The dance called "*Siva-siva*" is a libel on the performance that made the Chicago Midway famous; a sister to the Hawaiian *hula-hula*, and a credit to Maude Allen at her best—no apologies appended. All hands join in the song, and clap their palms together. The words are easy as every third or fourth is Sa-mo-a. The natives are intensely patriotic when they sing. The dance is merely intense.

American occupation has broken up polygamy in the islands and any person found suffering from a venereal disease is promptly jailed until pronounced well by the Naval doctor. American Samoa exports copra and curios. Copra is the dried meat of the cocoanut and the output for last season was over 3,000,000 pounds. This brought about \$100,000. Some of the native villages are very progressive, owning modern boats and fishing gear. Scientific methods of caring for the fruit groves have also been introduced to some extent. Free medical attention is given the natives at the Naval Hospital at Pago-Pago, but as a rule the natives are strong and vigorous, as are most people who live the simple life, North and South.

Roads are being constructed through the jungles to replace the narrow trails, and the Naval Governor does all in his power to transform the island into a typical American colony.

SYNDICALISM IN FRANCE

By Emile Pouget

THE French labor organizations offer noteworthy differences from the American unions — differences on which it is needless to insist, since they will be sufficiently obvious to the American reader after a comparison.

The first difference is the numerical weakness of the French unions as compared with the imposing numbers of the organizations in the United States. At the present moment, in fact, if we accept the most recent government statistics, we find that in France the number of organized laborers scarcely exceeds one million. And furthermore, this figure is inflated by over 25 per cent, the real number of unions scarcely exceeding 700,000.

The discrepancy between this last figure and the million unionists announced by the Minister of Labor is due to the bluff of several organizations; first, to the bluff of the "mutual" organizations, which take the name of union to draw government subsidies; secondly, to the bluff of the Catholic "Houses of Recreation," in which unthinking workmen are all the more easily entangled because no dues are required of them, and which, from the mere fact that they are there, are regarded as adherents of an alleged Catholic union; then, again, to the bluff of the Yellow unions, which adorn themselves with the banner, "Liberty to Work." These last unions have even less of a real existence than the preceding. They are represented merely by a few gloomy personages who are at their head and whose special function consists in recruiting strike breakers whom, in return for hard cash, they put at the disposal of employers.

The only exception to be made is in favor of half a dozen Catholic unions whose existence is not fictitious. Just one of these groups has any large membership namely, the Green (Catholic) Union of the railway workers, which had a considerable growth after the collapse of the great railway strike of 1910. Since then, because of the favors granted it and the pressure exercised upon the men by the railway companies and the insidious propaganda

of the clergy, this union has grown until it enrolls fifty thousand members.

As for the other "confessional" unions, which really exist, they do not enroll altogether more than a few thousand laborers. And, apart from these few organizations, the Mutualist, Catholic and Yellow unions exist only on paper.

These eliminations made, we may estimate the real number of unionists at about seven hundred thousand. Is that the membership roll of the General Confederation of Labor? No, since on its rolls we find only the approximate figure of four hundred and fifty thousand members. Actually this figure is rather below the truth than above it, for we must take account of the fact that certain groups do not report to the treasurer of the C. G. T. the full number of their members, reducing it voluntarily in order to pay dues for a smaller number. Moreover, there is a good number of unions which are merely affiliated with a Labor Exchange and which consequently cannot be counted as really federated. Furthermore, for more than six months dissensions have arisen within the Miners' Federation and, as the result of a split, the miners of the north of France have set up an independent federation, that of the coal miners.

All these reasons explain the discrepancy between the figure of seven hundred thousand unionists and the actual membership of the C. G. T. Nevertheless, since this has about four hundred and fifty thousand dues-payers, it is no exaggeration to say that, more or less directly, its influence is exercised over the two hundred and fifty thousand other unionists and that they are imbued with its tactics.

I have just said that a certain number of unions are simply affiliated with their labor exchange. This leads me to explain briefly the organization of the C. G. T. that the reader may get a view of its entire mechanism.

The members in one and the same trade and at one and the same center who have come to realize that isolated they are powerless to resist the least pressure exercised

on them by the employer, form themselves into a union. Their interests push them to this instinctively, logically. But this first effort at organization is insufficient. This grouping at the foundation is not, by itself, vigorous enough to carry on a general fight against the exploiter. Thus the laborers composing these groups are brought by the nature of things to realize that a union which should remain isolated from the other unions would be in the same situation relatively as a laborer remaining isolated from his comrades.

It is therefore necessary for a union to align itself with the other unions. This indispensable cohesion is brought about in two ways. First, by the grouping of unions of *various trades* in the same *locality* or in the same region; second, by the grouping of the unions of the same trade or of the *same industry* scattered over the *whole surface* of France. The first of these groups are the Labor Exchanges or Unions of Syndicate. The second are the National Trade Federations.

By affiliating with the Labor Exchange (or Union of Syndicate, either local or district), the Syndicates of the different trades lend to one another a mutual support and facilitate propaganda within the radius of a city or of a certain district. It would be difficult to do this work well if they shut themselves up in a pernicious isolation.

The work of the Labor Exchange is principally that of education and solidarity. Of education, by the assistance given by the formation of new unions, by the effort made to enroll in the syndicalist circle the greatest possible number of laborers, by developing the class-consciousness of its members through libraries, classes, etc. Solidarity is developed through the distribution of assistance to members traveling in search of work, by the support given to the anti-militarist propaganda, through greeting fraternally the young soldiers quartered in its neighborhood, through the organization of communistic dining rooms in case of strikes, etc.

The affiliation of the union to its National Trade Federation corresponds rather to the needs of war and resistance. The federations organize the unions of one and the same industry and they act over the whole territory of France so that they are solid fighting organizations. If a conflict arises in one center, all the solidarity of the

federated mass exerts its strength at this point to make the employer yield. In this way, the individual strength of one union finds itself increased by all the strength arising from the material and moral support of all the unions throughout France.

Nevertheless, it is clear that if the Labor Exchanges remained isolated from one another and if the Trade Federations would do likewise, the cohesion of the working class, arrested at an intermediate point, would never equal the strength belonging to the whole. In that case the local organisms (the Labor Exchanges) would be limited by the horizon of their district and the national organizations (the Trade Federations), by the frontier of their industry. That is why, in order to rise to a superior strength, these different organizations federate among themselves and according to their nature, trade federations with trade federations and the Labor Exchanges or District Unions with each other.

It is this double federation, of the trade federations on one side, and of the Labor Exchanges or district councils, on the other side, which make up the Confederation Generale du Travail (General Confederation of Labor).

Thus all the federated organisms of the working class meet in the C. G. T. It is there they enter into contact and it is there that the economic action of the proletariat is unified, intensified and broadened. However, we must not deceive ourselves on this point: the organic function of the C. G. T. is not to direct but rather to co-ordinate and amplify the action of the working class. In it we find cohesion, not centralization, impulse and not authority. For one of the characteristics of French syndicalism lies in the fact that federalism is everywhere: at every step the different organizations, the union man, the union, the federation and the Labor Exchange,—all are autonomous. And it is that which gives to the C. G. T. its all-pervading power: the impulse comes not from above. It comes from any point whatever and its vibrations, as they grow, transmit themselves to the federated mass.

The technical mechanism of the federation is simple. As has just been said, it is formed by the federation of the Trade Federations and by the federation of the district unions which form at the apex of the pyramid, two federal sections, each con-

stituted by a committee of delegates from affiliated organizations. The committee of the section of the federations is formed by the delegates of the trade federations and the committee of the section of the district unions by the delegates of the unions. These delegates, chosen by the federations or the unions, are under the permanent control of their constituents and can be recalled at any moment.

Each of the two federal sections holds separate meetings and concerns itself with the work of propaganda belonging to it. Finally, when the delegates of these two sections meet together, they form the Federal Committee from which originate the propaganda of a general nature interesting the whole of the working class.

It was not at a single stroke that the C. G. T., established in 1895, reached this simplicity of organization. The way was prepared by successive modifications and it was not until its congress of 1902 that it perfected its present mechanism which since then has undergone merely slight revisions in detail.

* * *

The functions and the aim of the confederation are defined by its constitution: *it organizes the wage workers for the defense of their interests, moral and material, economic and occupational.* And this definition is completed by the following paragraph: *it groups, outside of every political school, all laborers conscious of the struggle to be waged for the abolition of the wage system and the employing class.*

The definition of French revolutionary syndicalism is condensed into the words which I have italicized: the C. G. T. "groups the laborers *outside of every political school.*" The expression is clear, precise, and it is impossible to interpret it as meaning "*in opposition*" to every political school.

Moreover, in its Congress of 1906, after a thorough-going discussion on the reciprocal positions of the Socialist Party and the Confederation, the text of its Constitution was paraphrased by a declaration which has remained the Magna Charta of syndicalism. In this declaration, after the assertion that syndicalism does not limit its action to the work of defending the unions from day to day, but that it also aims to assist the work of social transformation, it states that: *the union member*

has complete liberty to participate outside his trade organization, in such forms of struggle as correspond to his philosophical or political ideas. It is, therefore, an optical illusion to assume that syndicalism is hostile to the Socialist Party. As evidence that such an interpretation is a mistaken one it is sufficient to know that a number of militants of that party, who in their capacity of laborers and as delegates from unions participated in the Congress of 1906, collaborated in the editing of the "Charter" of syndicalism, signed it and voted for it.

It is absurd to suppose that these sincere Socialists could have been so thoughtless as to allow themselves to be drawn into forging arms against the political party of which they are convinced militants. The thing that has lent color to this misunderstanding is that other militants have drawn anti-parliamentary deductions from the political neutrality proclaimed by the Congress of Amiens, but it would be as absurd to conclude from these isolated facts that the C. G. T. is anti-parliamentarian as it would be absurd to claim that its action is subordinated to suggestions from the Socialist Party because certain Socialists desire that it be so. In reality the thing that, up to the present time, has given syndicalism its penetrating force, the thing that explains the decisive influence that it has acquired over the working masses, is the fact that it is not a reflection of any parliamentary party and that it holds itself aloof from partisan agitations.

This attitude is justified by the fact that in the unions are mingled workers of all opinions. Here meet Socialists, libertarians and also wagedworkers who in the way of political ideas carry no other baggage than that of the simple republican, and who at the legislative elections vote for candidates of various opinions, paying no attention to the Socialist Party.

Now if electoral questions were discussed in the unions, the immediate result would be the destruction of the harmony which prevails there. Instead of being governed by the one essential aim, the struggle against capitalism, all factions would let themselves be carried away by the desire of making their own opinions prevail on the parliamentary issue. And there would be the end of working-class solidarity. The moral unity which is the life of the syndicate, and which remains strongly cemented,

thanks to the irreducible antagonism which, even to the dullest eyes, arrays the laborer against the employer on the economic field,—this moral unity would be endangered.

Moreover, if at the establishment of the C. G. T., it was decided that it be kept *outside* all political parties, that is because a cruel experience proved the necessity of this. At that period, in 1895, Socialist unity was not yet realized, and the different schools which proclaimed the Socialist ideal were disputing with each other for control in the syndicate, with the hope of drawing them into the orbit of their own parliamentary activity.

It is after having realized the dangerous effects of these internal dissensions that it was agreed that henceforth the unions should assume an attitude of neutrality with regard to all political parties.

And it is from the time that it became well established that the syndicates were no longer a tail to a political party that they began to become a formidable force and that the laboring masses flocked to them, when up to that time they had held themselves too much aloof.

Thus, for the reasons explained above, the French syndicates do not participate in electoral struggles. Nevertheless, it may happen that some of them, without any other concern than that of defending the economic interests of their members, may be led to take an indirect part in politics. This situation presents itself at the present moment inside the National Syndicate of Railroad Workers, apropos of the election of popular representatives to the Chamber of Deputies. Members of this union are carrying on a campaign by posters and by speeches at mass meetings against the deputies who in the session of the last legislature obstructed by their votes the reinstatement of the railroad laborers who had been discharged by the operating companies as the result of the strike of 1910.

The General Association of Postal Clerks, Telegraphers and Telephone Operators, which, though not affiliated with the C. G. T., is nevertheless inspired by its methods and its tactics, undertakes a similar propaganda: it indicates to the voters the candidates who have agreed to defend its demands in parliament.

It is, of course, obvious that campaigns with such platforms are not, properly speaking, electoral campaigns, and are in

no wise inconsistent with the program of political neutrality accepted by the syndicates, since it is merely with the aim to defend certain economic interests that such campaigns are undertaken. Moreover, it is plain enough that they can not be directed *against* the representatives or the candidates of the Socialist Party,—on the contrary, they can only be favorable to them, since the Socialist representatives were the only ones who, on every occasion, defended the demands of the railway workers, while the Socialist candidates are, from the fact of their opinions, won over in advance to the demands of the postal employes.

But apart from cases of this order, which arise especially in the unions of workers employed by the State, the labor organizations do not mix in political struggles. Naturally this is not the same with union men, who, as far as they are personally concerned, have full liberty, outside the unions, to participate in these agitations or not, and who do as they like. Some even, as I pointed out above, come out for candidates of the capitalist parties, without any one becoming excited over it. But it should be noted that these are becoming less and less numerous. And this goes to show that the syndicates form an admirable environment of social culture, in which, very quickly, workers who have come in with "moderate" opinions are transformed into convinced revolutionists, and that without any direct propaganda being exerted on them.

The most typical fact illustrating what I have said is the evolution of the syndicate of metal workers at Hennebont. When, for the first time, a delegate from the Metal Workers' Federation attended a meeting of this syndicate, a Catholic priest was seated at the desk. The delegate took no precaution against offending him and went on with his propaganda regardless of him. When, two or three years later, the workers of Hennebont were in conflict with their employers, the Catholic clergy promptly took up the cause of the latter. What happened then? The strikers understood of their own accord, thanks to that brutal fact, what no theoretical reasoning would have proved to them; they understood that, under their flattering exterior, the clergy had joined hands with the exploiters of labor, and these men who, the

day before, were pious communicants, lost all interest in worship.

Thus it appears that, as a general rule, although no systematic Socialist propaganda is carried on inside the unions, they are an excellent school of Socialism,—in the larger and more idealistic sense of the word.

What could be more natural? Where else is the class struggle which inevitably opposes the wage-worker to the capitalist more obvious than in the syndicate?

And it is precisely because this formal opposition between workers and employers is more sensible, more visible here than in any other organization, that the syndicates, under the logical impulse of facts, have not limited themselves to the defense of the immediate interests of their members and to the conquest of partial concessions. That is why, broadening their horizon, they also concern themselves with the future, plan for the complete emancipation of the working class, and set before themselves as a final aim the abolition of the wage system and of the employing class.

True, the remembrance of the glorious revolutionary record of the French proletariat has had much to do with this alignment of syndicalism,—a revolutionary record with which it has been careful to connect itself by claiming to be the successor of the International Workingmen's Association.

We will not stop to inquire into the exact legitimacy of this claim, but we may be sure that the vivifying idealism that permeates French syndicalism is the cause of its special and characteristic features. Elsewhere, as in France, the line is drawn between the economic action of the unions and the political action of the Socialist parties. Elsewhere, as here, the unions claim for themselves *neutrality*, from the political and parliamentary viewpoint. But while elsewhere the unions consider that their action must be limited to the closed field of the capitalist system, and abandon everything outside this to the Socialist parties, leaving to them the task of working-class emancipation—here the unions are better in that they are *not neutral* from the social point of view, since they have hammered out a working theory which proclaims that the laborers, if union men, must regard the revolutionary transformation of society as in-

evitable, and since the unions urge the men on to prepare for it.

In one sense, this ideal of emancipation which syndicalism makes its own has points of contact with the ideal of the Socialist party. But there is an important difference, namely, that while the latter pursues its aim by political methods, the action of the unions appears only on the economic field. Now, it is this clear line of division between the field of syndicalism and that of the Socialist party which permits them to move on parallel lines without encroaching upon each other in the least. Yes, both direct their efforts toward a common end, only, since both keep to the methods of action in which each is the more efficient, there is no superfluous duplication of effort between their two movements.

For example, the essential thing, if friction and regrettable irritations are to be avoided, is that the independence and autonomy of the syndicalist movement and the Socialist party be complete and never be endangered. And it is precisely because the C. G. T., very jealous of its independence and its autonomy, has had some reason to fear at any moment an attack or at least an act of interference on the part of the Socialist party, that it has appeared so skittish.

But these things are already ancient history. Today, experience has proved the tremendous advantage, both for syndicalism and for the Socialist party, of evolving each in its own sphere, of following each its own current without mixing the waters. Thus the old precautions against interference are gradually disappearing.

The best symptom of this absence of hostility is the instant agreement for a definite propaganda which in times of danger has united the militants of the Confederation and those of the Socialist party. Thus, when it was a question of creating a current of opinion in opposition to the threatened continental war, or again, when a campaign was needed against the militarist craze and the three-years service law, demonstrations and meetings were arranged with speakers from the C. G. T. and the Socialist party on the same platform.

These acts of mutual help from day to

day have brought added strength to the propaganda which justified them. Moreover, they have fortified the position of the C. G. T. by demonstrating that its

autonomy is henceforth secure. Thus, from this double point of view, their consequences could not have been more fortunate.

Homestead and Ludlow

By EUGENE V. DEBS

THE twenty-two years which lie between Homestead and Ludlow embrace a series of bloody and historic battles in the class war in the United States.

The battle between the organized steel workers and the Carnegie-Pinkerton thugs which stirred the whole nation occurred on July 1, 1892; the Rockefeller massacre at Ludlow, which shocked the world, on April 20, 1914.

In recalling Homestead I have been struck by the similarity of methods employed there and at Ludlow to crush the strikers, and by some other features common to both that have suggested a review of Homestead in the light of Ludlow, that we may the better understand their historic connection and at the same time see Ludlow in the light of Homestead.

As Ludlow is so recent and so vivid in the public memory and its horrors still so fresh in the minds of all, I need not review this appalling industrial massacre here, but will occupy the space in reviewing the essential facts about Homestead for the purpose of study and comparison.

Andrew Carnegie incarnated triumphant and despotic capitalism at Homestead in July, 1892, just as John D. Rockefeller did at Ludlow in April, 1914.

Carnegie, reducing the wages of the four thousand employes in his steel mills from 15 to 40 per cent, transforming his mills into forts, with three hundred Pinkerton hirelings armed with Winchester rifles in command, fled to his castle in Scotland to escape the storm about to break. In vain was he appealed to by the whole country to cable the word that would end the bloody conflict, exactly as John D. Rockefeller, twenty-two years later, refused to utter the word that would have prevented the massacre at Ludlow.

That was and is Carnegie, who, with Rockefeller, is famed as a philanthropist, but whom history will pillory as cold-blooded murderers.

Homestead will haunt Carnegie and Ludlow will damn Rockefeller to the last hour of their lives and the memory of their basely murdered victims will load their names with infamy to the end of time.

It was in 1889, after he had become a plutocrat, that Carnegie began to write and preach about the "Gospel of Wealth," which was being exploited as oracular wisdom and as the quintessence of philanthropy by the grovelling and sycophantic capitalist press, purely because it was the gush and outpouring of a pompous plutocrat.

Carnegie deliberately plotted and prepared for the Homestead massacre, but was too cowardly to face it. He placed Henry C. Frick, then his lieutenant, in charge and then put the wide Atlantic between himself and Homestead before the fuse was lighted that set off the destructive battery.

At the time of this historic conflict I was editing the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine and I shall here reproduce from its columns what I had to say about this event at the time of its occurrence. I remember the intense excitement as if it had been but yesterday, but there was no class-conscious labor movement or press, such as we have today, to interpret Homestead in the light of the class struggle. I myself had not yet become a Socialist, although I was heart and soul with the steel workers, did all in my power to support them, and to that extent was alive to the nature of the struggle in which they were engaged.

The Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers, the most powerful union then in existence, was the union then

involved and almost identically the same brutal method was employed to crush that organization that is now being employed to wipe out the United Mine Workers in Colorado.

Carnegie used an army of Pinkerton hirelings and Rockefeller an army of Baldwin-Feltz thugs. The only difference was that at Homestead, twenty-two years ago, the plutocrats had not yet learned how to murder pregnant women and roast babes to death in the exemplification of their "Gospel of Wealth."

The following, quoted from my articles reviewing Homestead in the *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine* for August, 1892, will, I venture to believe, be of interest to those who have been shocked by Ludlow and are students of the system and of the struggle in which such atrocious crimes against the working class are possible:

"The four thousand employes of Carnegie & Co., at Homestead, Pa., have been engaged for years in pouring capital into the lap of capital, content if they could build for themselves humble homes, obtain the necessities of life, rear their children as becomes American citizens, and save a few dollars for a 'rainy day,' for sickness and old age, and secure for themselves a decent burial.

"By virtue of their brain and brawn, their skill, and muscle, their fidelity to duty, Homestead grew in importance. It obtained a world-wide fame. The chief proprietor, Andrew Carnegie, a Scotchman by birth, an aristocrat by inclination, and a Christian with Christ omitted, waxed fat in wealth while the men toiled on. The works spread out, area expanded, buildings and machinery increased, night and day the forges blazed and roared, the anvils rang, wheels revolved, and still Carnegie grew in opulence. Taking his place among the millionaires of the world, he visits his native land and sensation follows sensation as he dazzles lords and ladies, dukes and dudes, by the display of his wealth in highland and lowland.

"All the while four thousand or more of the hardy sons of toil keep the machinery at Homestead in operation. The Monongahela is not more ceaseless in its flow than are Carnegie's workmen in their devotion to his interests. Suddenly Carnegie, to use a phrase, 'gets religion,' and begins to blubber about the duty of rich men to the poor. He out-phariseed all the pharisees who made broad their phylacteries and made long prayers on the corners of the streets in Jerusalem that they might be seen of men, while they were 'devouring widows' houses' and binding burdens on the backs of men grievous to be borne, for Carnegie, bent on show and parade, seeking applause, ambitious of notoriety, concluded to bestow a portion of his plunder to build libraries bearing his name to perpetuate his fame.

"This Andrew Carnegie, in 1889, began to preach his 'Gospel of Wealth,' the purpose of which was to demonstrate that wealth creates 'rigid castes,' not unlike those that exist in India among the followers of the Brahmin religion, the Carnegies being the priests and the workingmen the pariahs, and this Brahminism of wealth being established, Carnegie, the author of the 'gospel,' lays back on his couch of down and silk and writes, this condition 'is best for the race because it insures the survival of the fittest.'

"Andrew Carnegie, who for a quarter of a century has coined the sweat and blood and the life of thousands into wealth until his fortune exceeds many times a million, proclaims 'that upon the sacredness of property civilization itself depends.' This Carnegie, a combination of flint and steel, plutocrat and pirate, Scotch terrier and English bull dog, rioting in religious rascality, attempts to show that he is animated by 'Christ's spirit,' and remembering that when Christ wanted 'tribute money' to satisfy Caesar, He told Peter to go to the sea and cast a hook, catch a fish and in its mouth the required funds would be found, Carnegie and his Phipps and Frick, wanting cash wherewith to pay tribute to Mammon, have cast hooks into the sea of labor and securing from five thousand to ten thousand bites a day, have hauled in that number of workmen and taken from their mouths such sums as their greed demanded wherewith to enlarge their fortunes and enable them, with autocratic pomp and parade, to take the place of Jumbos in the procession.

"Under the influence of his 'Gospel of Wealth,' Carnegie, having prospered prodigiously, having millions at his command, concluded the time had arrived for him to array himself in purple and parade before the people of Great Britain. He was ambitious of applause. He wanted to sit in an open carriage drawn by a half dozen spanking high steppers and hear the roar of the groundlings as the procession moved along the streets. In the United States Carnegie was not held in much higher esteem than

"Robert Kidd as he sailed." Indeed, the freebooter never robbed as many men as Andrew Carnegie, though their methods were somewhat different. Kidd never wrote a 'Gospel of Wealth.' He never played the role of hypocrite. When he struck a rich prize on the high seas, captured the valuables, killed the crew and sunk the ship, he did not go ashore and bestow his booty to build a church or found a library, but, like Carnegie, he was influenced by a 'Gospel of Wealth,' which was to get all he could and live luxuriously while he lived and then, like the rich man spoken of in the New Testament, go to 'hell.'

"Kidd had heartless lieutenants, cold-blooded villains, but it is to be doubted if he had one equal to H. C. Frick, into whose hands Carnegie, when he left home for his triumphal march through Scotland, committed all power over the Homestead workmen. The fellow Frick was not long in laying his plans to reduce the workmen at Homestead to the condition of serfs.

"To do this wages must be reduced from 15 to 40 per cent. Having less wages, the workmen must have less of the necessities and comforts of life, they must be subjected to privations, must begin the downward road of degradation. Their homes must be darkened. Contentment must give way to unrest, harmony to discord. Regard for the employer must be transformed into hate, and the once smiling, joyous, happy Homestead be transformed into pandemonium.

"It is just here that Carnegie's 'Gospel of Wealth' has its practical application. The Carnegie steel works at Homestead employ, say, 4,000 men; that is the current estimate. The fellow Frick proposes to reduce the wages of these men from 15 to 40 per cent, an average of 27½ per cent, and this reduction, whatever it may amount to, is sheer robbery, unadulterated villainy. It is an exhibition of the methods by which Christless capitalists rob labor, and this is done while the brazen pirates prate of religion and the 'Spirit of Christ'; who plunder labor that they may build churches, endow universities and found libraries. Is it required to say that hell is full of such blather-skites?

"But direct and immediate robbery on the part of these plutocratic pharisees is not the only purpose they have in view, nor, perhaps, the chief purpose. They have in view the abolition, the annihilation of labor organizations. This purpose, on the part of the fellow Frick, is now openly avowed. It was the Order of the Amalgamated Iron Workers that antagonized the reduction of wages from 15 to 40 per cent. The men would not submit to robbery. They comprehended the intent of Carnegie's 'Gospel of Wealth.' They knew it to be a gospel of piracy rather than of peace. They saw Frick's operations to transform the Homestead steel works into a fort. They saw the murderous devices perfected to kill by electricity and scalding water. Carnegie's gospel was finding expression in numerous plans for wholesale murder. But the workmen were not intimidated. They saw the shadows of coming events but their courage did not desert them. They themselves had built these steel works. From their toil had flowed a ceaseless stream of wealth into the coffers of Carnegie and his associates. Around these works they had built their cottages and had hoped to live in them the remainder of their days. They made no unusual demand for wages. It was the same old 'scale.' There was no good reason for its change. Still they were willing to concede something to the greedy capitalists. They were willing to make some concession in the interest of peace. Having done this they resolved to stand by their rights and to resist oppression and degradation.

What is the plea of Frick? By virtue of the capital these workmen have created Carnegie had been able to introduce new machinery, whereby it was claimed the men could make better wages, and it was resolved that the men should not be the beneficiaries of the improved machinery; only Carnegie & Co. should pocket the proceeds. Such was the teaching of the

'Gospel of Wealth.' The pariahs were to remain pariahs forever.

"The day of the lockout came, July 1, 1892. The steel works at Homestead were as silent as a cemetery. The workmen were remanded to idleness. Their offense was that they wanted fair wages—the old scale—and that they were members of a powerful labor organization, created to resist degradation.

"Between July 1 and the morning of July 6, unrest was universal; excitement increased with every pulse-beat. The workmen had charge of Homestead. Frick was in exile, but he was not quiet. He wanted possession of the steel works. His purpose was to introduce scabs, to man Fort Frick; to get his dynamos to work and send streams of electricity along his barbed wires, to touch which was death. He wanted to have seas of hot water to be sent on its scalding, death-dealing mission if a discharged workman approached the works. He wanted the muzzle of a Winchester rifle at every port-hole in the fence, and behind it a thug to send a quieting bullet through the head or the heart of any man who deemed it prudent to resist oppression.

"What was the scheme? To introduce Pinkerton thugs armed with Winchester rifles, a motley gang of vagabonds mustered from the slums of the great cities; pimps and parasites, outcasts, abandoned wretches of every grade; a class of characterless cut-throats who murder for hire; creatures in the form of humans but as heartless as stones. Frick's reliance was upon an army of Christless whelps to carry into effect Carnegie's 'Gospel of Wealth.'

"Oh, men, who wear the badge of labor! Now is the time for you in fancy at least to go to Homestead. You need to take in the picture of the little town on the bank of the Monongahela. You peer through the morning mists and behold the Frick flotilla approaching, bearing to the landing three hundred armed Pinkertons, each thug with a Winchester and all necessary ammunition to murder Homestead workmen. The plot of Frick was hellish from its inception. There is nothing to parallel it in conflicts labor has had since Noah built his ark. No man with a heart in him can contemplate Frick's scheme without a shudder.

"The alarm had been sounded. The Homestead workmen were on the alert. They were the 'minute men,' such as resisted the British troops at Concord and Lexington in 1775. The crisis had come. Nearer and nearer approached Frick's thugs. Four thousand workmen are on guard. Now, for Carnegie's 'Gospel of Wealth.' In quick succession rifle reports ring out from the 'Model Barges' and workmen bite the dust. Homestead is now something more than the seat of the Carnegie steel works. It is a battlefield, and from Thermopylae to Waterloo, from Concord to Yorktown, from Bull's Run to Appomattox there is not one which to workmen is so fraught with serious significance.

"Amidst fire and smoke, blood and dying groans, the workmen stood their ground with Spartan courage. It was shot for shot,

and the battle continued until Frick's thugs surrendered and left the workingmen at Homestead masters of the field. A number of the thugs were killed, others were wounded and the remainder, demoralized, were glad to surrender and return to the slums from which they were hired by Frick.

"Rid of the gang of mercenary murderers, the workingmen proceeded to bury their dead comrades, the gallant men who preferred death to degradation, and who are as deserving of monuments as was ever a soldier who died in defense of country, flag or home. Of these, there were 10 who were killed outright on the morning of the battle.

"The fiend Frick, of coke region infamy, is the man directly responsible for the Homestead tragedies, and the blood of the murdered men are blotches upon his soul, which the fires of hell will only make more distinct, and still this monster simply represents a class of Christless capitalists who are now engaged in degrading workingmen for the purpose of filching from them a portion of their earnings that they may roll in the luxuries which wealth purchases.

"Carnegie wires from his triumphal march through Scotland that he has no word of advice to give, and constitutes Frick the Nero of Homestead, consenting thereby to the employment of Pinkertons to murder his old and trusted employees.

"It would be easy to reproduce here the arguments pro and con, showing the underlying causes which led to the murder of workingmen at Homestead. But we do not care to introduce them here, except in so far as the fact is brought out that the country has a class of capitalists who conduct vast industrial enterprises and who, not content with honest dividends upon honest investments, are ceaselessly seeking to rob labor of its legitimate rewards, and the better to accomplish their nefarious designs are determined to break up, if possible, labor organizations, the one barrier that keeps them from accomplishing their purpose.

"The Homestead slaughter of workingmen must serve to remind the armies of labor of what is in store for them if the Carnegies, the Phippses and the Fricks can, by the aid of Pinkertons, come out victorious.

"It occurs to us that the Homestead tragedies will serve to bind labor organizations in

closer union. If not, then the blood of workingmen, as it calls from the ground, exhorting the living to emulate the courage of the men who fell at Homestead, might as well call upon a herd of 'dumb, driven cattle.'

"Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote of the first shot at Concord and Lexington on the 20th of April, 1775, as 'The Shot Heard Round the World.' The first shot of the Pinkertons at Homestead has been heard around the world, and its reverberations ought to continue until the statutes of all the states make the employment of Pinkerton thugs murder in the first degree.

"It required Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill to arouse the colonies to resistance, and the battle of Homestead should serve to arouse every workingman in America to a sense of the dangers which surround them."

It will be seen by the foregoing, written twenty-two years ago, that there is much in Homestead to remind us of Ludlow and much in both to emphasize the absolute necessity for the economic and political solidarity of the working class.

It is interesting to note that Lexington and Ludlow occurred on the same day. The shot that was "heard around the world" and was the signal for the American political revolution was fired on April 20, 1775 and 139 years later, to a day, on April 20, 1914, the shot was fired that made Ludlow more historic than Lexington and that will prove, as we believe, the signal for the American industrial revolution.

There is much more in the way of striking analogy between Homestead and Ludlow that appeals for comment, but space forbids further review at this time.

Homestead, although finally lost, put an end to Pinkertonism as it was known twenty-two years ago and Ludlow, before it is over, will put an end not only to government by gunmen and assassination, but to the infamous system under which these hideous crimes against the working class have been perpetrated.

Sounds Good to Us.—"Killisnoo, Alaska. Enclosed you will find the last dollar that I have at this time. I would rather go to bed hungry for a few nights than to go without the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW.—Yours very truly, J. P."

A Good Word from Australia.—"The literature we have obtained from you is doing splendid work. It is the bed rock on which we are building up the revolutionary spirit. All we want is to educate the crowd on class conscious lines. Nothing else matters and all else will follow."—E. H. L.



RECRUITING POLICE.

White Wolf

By G. L. HARDING

THE devoutest hope a Socialist can express at the present time about China is that the bandit, "White Wolf," may turn out as successful a bandit as Pancho Villa. "White Wolf" is spreading terror among the gentry of the West of China today very similar to the consternation Villa was spreading a few years ago among the científicos of the North of Mexico. Like the Villa of those days, White Wolf is always being captured and his forces annihilated by some fearless commander in the pay of the Government. His soldiers have been represented as bloodthirsty ruffians, and his designs as nothing more than pillage and plunder—and the constant disturbance of Loranorder, that twentieth century fetich more barbarous than any mud idol in China. But whether murdered by one of his own cowardly band, or slain by some fearless officer of the Republic, White Wolf is always up and at it again somewhere else, and his army of bandits looms up an ever greater menace to the tottering peace of the Chinese Republic.

White Wolf has ravaged four provinces since last November—Honan, Hupeh, Shensi and Kansu—the heart of west central China just north of the Yang-tse river. His insurrection covers too wide an area to be reckoned as local. It is part of a wave of national discontent. And whatever may be White Wolf's own political opinions, as distinct from those of the peasantry from which he sprang, it is an open secret that his military operations have the support of a national revolutionary organization. This revolutionary organization, there is hardly need to say, is composed of the same determined men who put through the Revolution of 1911, but whom President Yuan Shih-K'ai's coup d'état of last summer drove from the country they had wrested from Manchu rule. A formidable rebellion for Dr. Sun's cause flared up last December in far-away Yunnan, the mountainous province of the southwest, China's Colorado. Widespread plots are known to be hatching in Canton and Wuchang, the centers of the 1911 Revolution. And as news of revolt after revolt is brought up to

Peking, always one reads that the strength of White Wolf increases. Only the other day the regular troops at Sianfu, the capital of the great province of Shensi, mutinied en masse on the approach of the brigand leader and turned the city over to his army. The whole country is plainly stirring with symptoms of another tumultuous change.

And there is little wonder. For China is feeling today, as never before, the iron heel of a patient and pitiless tyranny. Before the Manchus were thrown out China virtually had no government at all. While the enlightened revolutionists were in control the mighty inertia of Chinese civilization was transformed into as mighty a momentum toward national regeneration. Good government began to be born and the pioneers in scores of spheres of social and political effort that had never before been engaged in were American-educated ex-students, or, better, graduates from schools in China strongly influenced by the state socialism boldly advocated by Dr. Sun and his associates.

Their activities threw the foreign bankers and exploiters who make their living out of China's weakness into a panic of apprehension. At the earliest moment, therefore, they backed the "strong man" most amenable of being their tool, and forced his election as temporary, then permanent president of the Republic. They helped him crush one cabinet after another with the bludgeon of the Six Power Loan. They gave lavishly of their moral and financial support when Yuan set out to extinguish the last of the revolutionary party last summer. When he arrested the Constitutional Party members of Parliament en masse and sent them under armed escort to their homes, they applauded still more vigorously. He dissolved the Parliament that was left, crushed the provincial assemblies, tore up the Revolutionary Constitution and appointed a committee to write a new one, abolished the free press, reestablished the worship of Confucius with himself as the sacrosanct religious head of the state—all these things he did and more quite as blindly despotic and reactionary, and still dollar diplomacy smiled approval and continued to spin for the world another "strong man" legend such as they wove in Mexico for that miserable pasteboard statesman, Porfirio Diaz.

Meanwhile the China which amazed the world in the nation-wide enthusiasm for constitutional freedom she displayed in 1911 sees all her new-found liberties contemptuously dragged in the dust of a military dictatorship, her expanding initiative toward a finer civilization blighted by the horde of the parasites whose expulsion was the chiefest and most passionate purpose of the Revolution.

A year ago today China might be said to be the only nation in Asia to have a free press. There were almost a thousand daily newspapers in the country, representing every phase of opinion, uncensored and uncensorable by the Nanking Constitution. In scores of cities, newspapers were founded where none had ever existed before. Most of these were founded by the Southern party, and told the truth about corrupt officialdom to the people for the first time. The number of newspaper readers quintupled in two years throughout this vast empire.

Then came the reaction. The editor of the *China Democrat* (Chung Hwa Nun Pao), a graduate of the University of Illinois, and a former secretary to Dr. Sun, was put in jail for six months by the foreign court in Shanghai for approving of the Second Revolution. The *China Republican*, the Revolutionist daily paper in English on which the present writer served for two months, immediately left the International Settlement and placed itself under the protection of the Republican authorities of the French Concession in Shanghai. French liberty gave them three weeks, then the French police nailed up the doors, and the editors fled to Japan, the editor-in-chief, Ma Soo, being seen off by a file of French marines to make sure he left the country.

These two episodes sounded the knell of China's free press. Ten papers were closed in Canton in a single day. In Hankow five editors were shot, in Peking every opposition paper was wrecked by soldiers. By March of the present year not a single newspaper was left which had ever opposed sincerely the will of the government. Then this government proceeded to pass a series of press laws which are absolutely the last word in the world in the suppression of a free press. Today in China every newspaper must make a heavy deposit to the police for "good behavior," and must be directly responsible to the police for news,

editorial matter, and even advertisements. An idea of the latitude of this "police" discretion (in most cities in China today the police are little more than paid bullies personally responsible only to the local magistrate and to those higher up) is gained from the fact that they may censor anything which "misrepresents" the government, "disturbs the peace," or reveals political, diplomatic, or military secrets, and impose on the editor practically unlimited severity for these offenses in the way of fine and imprisonment. Finally, an eloquent clue to the class the government really fears appears from the fact that publishers, editors and printers *must not be students, and must be more than thirty years of age.*

As the free press has gone, so also is being destroyed the last semblance of republican government at Peking. Every official of known republican sympathies is being removed and his place filled by imperialists of the old regime. The man who is giving this change a constitutional form is Liang Shih-yi, President Yuan's private secretary, and the most unscrupulous and contemptible personage in China today. Through his intrigues the Parliament has become a nominated assembly of his own sycophants and its name has been changed very significantly to the Grand Council, the purely decorative assembly of Manchu days. At the same magic touch the Cabinet is now to become the Grand Secretariat, a committee of impotent sinecures. The present Cabinet will be reduced to the position of department chiefs, with no collective authority whatsoever, and the President is to be endowed by the new constitutional committee with supreme military and civil authority.

Meanwhile the deposed Manchu boy emperor sits in his private palace in Peking and bestows the sacred orders of his fathers upon one after another of his loyal followers who are being raised to high office in the Republic. Li Ching-hsi, the most notorious pro-Manchu in Peking, and until yesterday head of the biggest Manchu Restoration movement in China, that among the Chinese of the German colony of Kiaochao, has actually been appointed *chairman* of the Grand Council itself. All the usages of Manchu times are coming back, the titles and elaborate official ceremonial, the knee-crooking salutations of

Your Excellency, Your Honor, and the rest in place of the virile Republican "sien-seng," which for a time corresponded to the "citizen" of the French Revolution. And the Bureau of Merit, that naive machine of speculation, has been working overtime. Hsiung Hsi-ling, the last prime minister, announced a month ago that in two years this hard-working committee of grafters had handed out thirty thousand "rewards for loyalty" and had put ten thousand persons on the official "compensation list." "If there were any republican spirit left in China," he said at that time, "this practice would not last overnight."

The republican spirit in China is no longer a political party; the iron heel of the present Huertista government has made it a conspiracy. In this, the third year of the Republic, that conspiracy is becoming more formidable every month. The time must soon come when moderate reformers in China will be fixed on the same dilemma as that which faced the Girondins of the French Revolution. Yuan Shih-K'ai is leading them every day toward an absolute monarchy in which the monarch only is lacking. And the people are rising every day as the festering center of misgovernment in Peking spreads throughout the provinces. Canton, the originator of all of China's reform movements in our generation, has seen gambling, prostitution and the opium traffic revived again into the unholy activity of official protection after two years of the cleanest government that city has ever had. Nanking, sacked and blighted for years to come by the army of Chang Hsun's indescribable Huns who settled on it last October, has a score against the North which can only be wiped out by a Third Revolution, or, more justly put, by the third inevitable chapter of the Great Revolution of 1911.

But meanwhile, under the protection and with the full approval of the government, the foreign powers increase daily the material assets of their strangle hold upon the Chinese Republic. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the most momentous grab of all, the oil concession in northwest China to the Standard Oil. The fields of Chihli and Shansi provinces, covered by the agreement, are claimed by expert prospectors to be the greatest oil deposits in the known world, greater in this single field than all the oil possibilities of

Mexico put together. China has relinquished in her contract (made through the agency of the United States Embassy) all the rights to this vast wealth worth having. She keeps the land title, as land in China still belongs to the people, but she assigns the majority control in exploiting the oil and in controlling the affairs of the enterprise as a whole in perpetuity to the most unscrupulous body of financial adventurers in the world. For years the Rockefeller interests have been after this deal. It is not known how many times the Manchus turned them down. But Sun Yat Sen refused a loan of \$125,000,000 when his government was in the midst of its bitterest money stringency rather than barter away the inalienable possibilities of his country to men he knew were enemies of every principle on which his government was founded.

But a man is in the seat of power now who has the proper complaisance in these matters. There is no question in the world but what Yuan is "fixed." The flood of railroad concessions alone which have been obtained in China since his accession to absolute power are enough to expose the alien dictation on which his power depends. The French have a concession from Yunnan, the province they are busily trying to isolate from China, up into the heart of the Yang-tse Basin, there connecting with the great Russo-Belgian project which will eventually furnish the long fought for short cut to Russia via Mongolia. The British have strengthened their hold on the upper Yangtse by the same means, and the Germans have forced Chinese assent to a network of railway connections in southern Shantung tending to make their ninety-nine years' leased port of Tsingtao the metropolis of maritime China. During the past two years the "open door" fiction has

been exploded beyond recall. Japan has fortified her trade in Manchuria so completely that the economic government of this great province is administered not from Peking but from Tokio. She has drawn a circle round the mainland facing her island of Formosa and in a year or two at the most will add Fukien and its hinterland of Kiangsi, in the very heart of China, to her "sphere of influence." Germany in Shantung, France in Yunnan and Kwangsi, England in Thibet and Kwangtung, and Russia in Mongolia and north Manchuria, have in point of fact already made the partition of China a virtual status quo which modern diplomacy lends its whole prestige to uphold. And America, the traditional "friend of China," steps in in the person of the oil interests, and the tobacco interests, and the other great and powerful interests, and marks off not mere geographical "spheres of interest," but vast markets of economic products which take with them the very life-blood of the commercial destiny of China.

The foreign policy of capitalism is nowhere in the world more brutally plain than here. That capitalism must literally and inevitably tend to make liberal political institutions a farce is here being demonstrated in a way that brings more conviction with every successive unrolling of the scroll of fate in China. The regenerative forces throughout the country are struggling to unloose again the tide of social reform which awakened the greatest nation in Asia in one unforgettable year. Here is their enemy, the blind destroyer of the initiative of reform, the iron heel grinding the faces of Young China and denying to its leaders the future they have foretold for their country.

China awaits her Pancho Villa. Her Carranza will be Sun Yat-Sen.

Greek Workers in America

By ANASTASIOS PAPAS

IN ORDER to make myself understood. I will first tell you something about Greece, the country where these workers came from. Greece, as all know, is a small country and, I am sorry to say, though it was once the greatest country in

the world and possessed the most cultured people, is now, to use a common expression, a back number.

Modern industries have only begun to develop, and I must say that twenty-five years ago there was no modern industry of

any kind in Greece. Since there was no modern industry, there was no modern capitalism, and where there is no modern capitalism, there you will find no labor organization or Socialist movement. So it is no more than logical to say that the Socialists are nothing but the creatures of the system.

At least 80 per cent of the Greeks coming to this country are either agrarian laborers or live-stock raisers. Try to imagine a Greek goat- or sheep-herder who was born and raised among the hills of sunny Greece, or the one who was tilling the soil with the old crude tools. Although these men lived in constant poverty, they had more freedom than the wage slave of the cities. These men never saw a mine, factory, railroad or other modern industry before coming to America. They never heard of a labor union or a labor strike and never heard the word "scab."

They immigrated to this country with the hope of bettering their economic conditions, not knowing the true conditions existing here. They have often been used as strike breakers. It is only a little over four years since the writer was in Salt Lake City, Utah. While there he heard of a Greek who appeared to be very prosperous and had made his money furnishing Greeks as strike breakers for the mines, railroads and smelters of the West. It is a known fact that Greeks, hired by these men, broke the strike in the smelters located near Salt Lake City.

But now we hear reports that these same Greeks, on account of their ignorance, had been taken advantage of by their strike-breaking agents, for you must remember that these workers did not understand the English language. All they knew was that they had to get a job. For the workers have only their labor power to sell, and if they don't find a buyer they will have to starve. And hunger causes pain. It is a pity that we have to be governed by our stomachs, but, nevertheless, our stomach is our boss.

But after these workers get from five to ten years' experience of wage-slavery and capitalist oppression, they have learned something. Capitalism is their tutor. Now we hear about these men revolting against unbearable conditions, and we also learn that they make some noble fighters in the

class conflict. How true the words of Karl Marx seem: "Capitalism creates its own grave digger, the proletarian army."

I want to state the purpose of this article, and that is this—how much better it would be for every working man, who has reasoning power, instead of antagonizing the foreigners, to try and organize them and have them with you. Because the capitalists will use them against you. The capitalist recognizes no race, nationality or creed. Why are the workers so foolish as to divide themselves? Get wise and don't be a scissor-bill.

As a class-conscious working man, I appeal to all my fellow wage-slaves, regardless of their race or creed, to organize industrially and politically, as a *class*. For only through the united action of the working class industrially and politically will the workers ever emancipate themselves. The master class of the world stands together to protect their material interests. Why do not the workers learn from their masters and do likewise? Workers of the world, your only enemy is your master. The masters in every class conflict have shot down working men, women and children, regardless of race or color. When the hired murderers of the mine owners in Colorado shot and killed and massacred women and children, they did not ask their race or color. It was enough that they were working people. The hirelings of capitalism have all in a chorus denounced these men, women and children as "lawless, savage South European peasants." This is only done to create prejudice in the minds of the American public and the *American* worker. It is indeed a poor excuse and a mockery after shooting the miners' wives and children down like dogs, to try to shield themselves behind race prejudice.

Woe to the hands that shed this costly blood! Over the bodies of these martyrs do I prophesy that this foul deed will some day be avenged! And the spirit of Louis Tikas shall lead them on. O, Capitalism, Capitalism, thou marble-hearted fiend! You have starved us, outraged our mothers, wives and sisters; driven us to desperation, and we shall pay you back. Until every parasite has been put to work, let no wage slave rest!

After Ludlow—Facts and Thoughts

By FRANK BOHN

IN the southern coal field there is a hard-working Socialist comrade—tried, true and well-informed. He is one of the many such who were misled into believing that a rebirth of anarchism really endangered the Socialist movement in 1912. So he voted for Article II, Section 6 of the present Socialist Party constitution. But during the big fight he put on his war paint. The miners were attacking the militia and mine guards and burning a tippie here and there. Yet our comrade, hitherto so fearful of the use of physical force, was not satisfied with the results. He demanded action which should be remembered for a while by the capitalists. Going to the officers of the U. M. W. of A. he asked for a force of thirty-five men:

"What do you want to do with them?"

"Here is a list of the devils we want to get," he replied. "What's the use of killing a few mine guards and letting the 'men higher up' go untouched? Give me thirty-five men—good fighters—and I will hang this bunch to telephone poles. They are really responsible. That will have some effect. But I don't want any quitters in my bunch."

For some reason or other his plan was not endorsed. When I talked with him he was still angry about it. "They never do a job right," he said to me.

Snodgrass is the mine superintendent at De Logua. He is a stocky, sharp-eyed, ruddy-faced, iron-limbed man of thirty-five—just the sort of man the big corporation chooses to drive three hundred slaves to dig the greatest possible amount of coal for the least pay. On the day we called, Max Eastman, John Reed and I, Snodgrass had orders from above to tell his side of the story "just as it happened." So he entertained us for half an hour with tales of the wicked strikers and their evil works. "What caused the strike?" we asked.

"Those agitators from the East," he replied. "They came from West Virginia. They have to stir up trouble somewhere to keep themselves in a job. The men were

all right before they came on. They are a bad lot. John Mitchell wouldn't have that kind in his day. They stir up the men so. Even the Socialists won't stand for them. The Socialists are against violence."

"Indeed, we thought that the Socialists were supporting the strikers," one of us put in.

"Not at all! Not at all! Have you read that new Socialist book? It tells the truth about these labor agitators. It proves that they are all anarchists."

"Who wrote it?"

"Why, that great Socialist leader. What's his name? Oh! yes. Hunter, that's it. Robert Hunter. He certainly goes after the anarchists and trouble breeders."

"Is that book being much read about here?"

"You bet it is. Everybody is reading it. I wouldn't have missed it for anything."

Wit and Humor in Pueblo.

Pueblo is John D's own town. Its big mill is the steel plant of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company. Pueblo has a population of 50,000 and looks, sounds and smells like Youngstown or New Castle. Of course all the respectables of Pueblo are boot-lickers of the C. F. & I. Company. A threat to move the plant or lay off men brings the petty-larceny business men, the real estate sharks and the preachers to their knees in five minutes.

The small merchants and the high salaried clerks are organized into a Pueblo boosters' league called the "Commerce Club." Immediately after the Ludlow massacre this lovely bunch held a banquet. Whether or not this social occasion was to celebrate the "victory," I do not know. At any rate, *amid cheers and drunken laughter, the diners drank a toast to the dead women and children found in the black hole at Ludlow.* This incident is by no means extraordinary in Colorado. It indicates the point at which capitalism here has arrived. Rotten to the core, the stench of this class rises on every hand in thick, nauseating fumes. It permeates the whole

of life here. The greatest murderer of all, General John C. Chase, is in private life, a "respected citizen" of Denver. By profession he is a dentist and he teaches dentistry in the medical college of the State University. He is a faithful member of a Christian church.

The unspeakable Lieutenant Linderfelt, who murdered the unarmed Louis Tikas, was a student at Colorado College and his mother is a member of the Episcopal church at Colorado Springs.

The Rev. Mr. Pingree, pastor of one of the largest Methodist churches in Denver, is Chaplain of the Colorado State Militia. After he returned from Ludlow he made a public speech defending his charges. He declared that "the only way to rule those ignorant foreigners is by force. They are ruled by force in Europe. We must apply force here. It is the only form of government they know enough to respect. Those who can't behave themselves *must be boxed up and sent back to where they came from.*" Such is Colorado Christianity.

Two women members of the Presbyterian church at Trinidad, one of them the wife of the Presbyterian clergyman, told Max Eastman, Elsa Meland (representing the Independent) and me that "The only way to deal with those ignorant foreigners was to kill them off." Of course it may be taken for granted that the parson's wife is an active member of the Presbyterian Foreign Missionary Society. This "good woman" also told us that "The miners themselves killed the women and children because they didn't want to feed them any longer. They were a drag on the Union." Such is the modern capitalist version of "Go ye unto all nations and preach the Gospel."

Where the Middle Class?

Ludlow could not have happened in Wisconsin or Ohio. Not that the capitalists in the middle west are any better, but the old-fashioned middle class, the farmers and the city dwelling sons and daughters of farmers, is much stronger than in Colorado. In so far as there is a local "public sentiment" in Colorado it is but an outpouring of the soul of real estate. Everything in local life centers about this one matter. The real estate shark lives by grafting upon

suckers from the East. An easterner cannot understand this type until he sees it in action. This is the most pernicious, lying, and utterly contemptible class of parasites in the whole world. Lately the unspeakable gang which infests and rules Colorado Springs sold thousands of acres of dry land to poor eastern farmers. In their advertising are shown pictures of the golden harvests which are garnered upon these dry farms. Last winter the snow covered the mud huts in which these poor "suckers" lived. Their stock died of exposure. *People died of starvation.* A few charitable persons from Colorado Springs made a trip through eastern El Paso county in the spring and found hundreds of these creatures so starved that they looked like pictures of Hindoo or Chinese famine victims. The visitors returned and called for contributions of food and clothing. The real estate sharks said it wasn't so—it couldn't be true, etc. The matter, of course, was hushed up—it never got into the papers.

A motion was introduced at a meeting of the Board of Aldermen in Colorado Springs providing for the muzzling of dogs through the summer months. The hardware merchants favored it. Owners of dogs oposed it, of course, and the proposition had little chance of being accepted. Then its sponsor thought of a telling argument: "Mad dogs will bite tourists and when our guests for the summer are in the hospital they will spend no money seeing the sights. For Heaven's sake protect the tourists. They will go away if dogs are unmuzzled." The motion passed and became law.

This class, which controls the merchants, the smaller newspapers, the churches and the schools, are venomous against the strikers "because they injure the fair name of Colorado back East." That is the secret of the whole aftermath of Ludlow. It was excused, covered up—forgotten. At Boulder, where I spoke at an open-air meeting of the Socialist Party, I told the story of the strike. I was mobbed by a well dressed crowd and eggs aplenty were thrown at me. In Boulder the citizens committee organized, a hundred strong, to go to Louisville and shoot strikers. This crowd of patriots included a professor of law in the State University, which is located at Boulder.

These murderers were prevented from glutting their appetites only because the railroad men absolutely refused to haul them to Louisville. Such is the middle class in Colorado—a greedy, gambling lot of money-grubbers, nine-tenths of them failures—who would stop at nothing in the game of getting rich quick.

The Progressive Party in Colorado.

This middle class divided into the Democratic and Progressive Parties constitute the "reform" element in Colorado public life.

The "Progressive" Party is today torn to shreds by factional fighting. It is composed, politically, of three distinct elements. On top is a crowd of reactionary Rockefeller politicians. The chief of these is State Chairman Clarence P. Dodge, owner and editor of the *Colorado Springs Gazette*. Mr. Dodge is one of the bunch who left the Republican state organization because they could not get it away from shrewder men. His attitude toward the striking miners is clearly indicated by what he did directly after Ludlow.

At that time the assistant editor of the *Gazette* was an intelligent and active young Progressive named McClintock. In the absence of his chief (gone to Oyster Bay to see Roosevelt), McClintock wrote an editorial expressing horror at the murders perpetrated by the State militia and suggesting a plan of action. This editorial was calm, restrained and directly in line with the proclaimed policies of the "Progressive" Party. When State Chairman Dodge returned he "fired" McClintock. Since then the editorials of the *Gazette* have been given over almost wholly to boosting Colorado Springs real estate, suggestions for sponging on tourists, but the strike has not been mentioned except in a way insulting to the workers.

In Colorado Springs, also, the real Progressives organized a club for the study and discussion of their party platform. The members of this club wished to see the "social justice" planks of their platform actually put in operation. What happened?

The "Progressive" bosses appeared, dispersed the club, forbade it to meet again

in the party headquarters and told the members that they "could reorganize after election day."

This crowd of sore-headed Republican politicians would pay for the oil and matches for another Ludlow. They run the "Progressive" party and will continue to run it. They have the money. They have the newspapers. They are "It."

The second element of the "Progressives" in Colorado is the deaf, dumb and blind following of Roosevelt. This crowd will go back to the Republican party if Teddy does. They don't care much who runs the organization in Colorado or what it does. How many of these poor creatures are there in Colorado? We don't know. We meet a few new ones every day.

The third element is composed of persons who will count in the long run. It is made up of sixty thousand dissatisfied wage-slaves, poor farmers and their wives. They are quite like the same number of the same class who *call* themselves Democrats. Talk with any of these and they will be found bitter at heart because of Ludlow and Rockefellerism generally in Colorado. Ignorant of economics and politics, this army will join any party which seems to promise immediate relief from the rule of the gunmen. Incoherent though they are, individually and collectively, they are moving. They are thinking. We must go to them with the crystallizing force of our Socialist propaganda and education. But of how many of these stumbling ones can we make Socialists during the present campaign? There is no other such fruitful field for our work as Colorado.

Solidarity in Action.

The one really encouraging feature about the whole strike—the one fact that will do credit to the whole working class—was the refusal of the railroad men to haul gunmen and militia into the strike districts. That was fine! It was promissful! It makes us justly proud of our class! There IS hope for the workers!

Let all the miners act together as one, industrially and politically, and no fight can be really lost. It takes a long time to find this out, but the slaves are learning.

THE WORKING CLASS AND WAR

By Vincent St. John

THE wage workers of the world are the only class that is really concerned in abolishing war. It is they who furnish the victims and reap no benefit whatever for their class. All wars, past and present, are in the interest of the employing class of some particular political division.

From the viewpoint of working class interests, no war is justified except it be for the purpose of overthrowing the wage system and establishing industrial control of, by and for the working class.

The only practical method whereby the workers can abolish war is to organize within the industries in such a manner that they can refuse to support an armed force in times of peace and refuse to produce the necessary wealth for carrying on the struggle in time of war, by refusing to produce the implements used in warfare, to enlist in the army, and by paralyzing the industries of any nation or nations the rulers of which show a desire to involve their respective countries.

As members of the working class, we should view all disputes from the working class standpoint. We are not concerned in how international disputes can be settled best, or at all, for that matter, so long as the working class do not have to pay the penalty in the settlement. It might be suggested as a matter of settling international disputes, that the workers organize so as to compel the interested parties in the dispute to settle it between themselves. The same methods by which the workers can abolish war are the methods by which they can protect their interests in the case of international disputes. This, of course, means that they must be organized to a sufficient degree and educated as to their class interests so that it will be impossible to induce them to furnish the armies and do the fighting for their respective employers and rulers.

Peace societies are nothing more or less than schemes whereby certain parasites of the present system amuse themselves or gain a livelihood. There is no

record that they have ever accomplished anything except create a demand for printer's ink, paper, and furnish an avenue by which some individuals can exploit their ego. The U. S. standing army should be abolished forthwith in the interest of the working class. This can be accomplished by an active campaign against militarism and the workers organizing and refusing to enlist in the army or support it in any way, shape or form. The increase in the U. S. regular army and the increase in the number of unemployed are significant. It is proof that the employing class of that country are in possession of information that causes them to strengthen the army in defense of their private interests. As the army of unemployed grows, it means that ever increasing number of hungry, homeless, and consequently reckless men and women. In time it will have but one result—an attack upon the property of the parasites in order to satisfy the need for food, clothing and shelter. It is to provide against this contingency that the ruling class and their agents are bending every effort to increase the standing army of this so-called land of the free and brave.

With the workers properly organized the profits the employing class now reap would be absorbed by the workers in the shape of increased wages and better working conditions.

The working class in Switzerland are not any better off, regardless of the fact that they are citizen soldiers. Military training, however, could be of benefit to the working class providing it was supplemented by proper working class education. The citizen soldiers of Switzerland are as willing to serve the interests of the employing class of Switzerland as are the paid soldiers of any other country in the world. This phase of the problem depends altogether upon the relative strength of the organization of the workers in the shops and the education of the workers as to their class interests. With the workers organized to a sufficient de-

gree and educated as to their class interests, they will be able to combat the mis-education and force now at the service of the employing class.

The Boy Scout movement is an attempt of the employing class to so mould minds of children that in later years they will be more apt to respond to the demand for uniformed murderers. In this connection, however, the employing class are not going to meet with the success that they hope for. With few exceptions, members of the Boy Scouts will be forced to take their places in the industries of the nation as wage workers, and the conditions under which they will have to live and labor will more than offset the false education that they received as Boy Scouts. They will learn in industry that patriotism consists of nothing but high-sounding platitudes. They will learn that even though the discipline demanded of them in the army might have been severe, the discipline required in industry is more severe, and they will also learn that when they are no longer needed to create profits in the industries of the employing class, they cannot live on patriotism and they will receive no more consideration than any others who are considered an expense upon the owning and tax-paying interests of the country.

All innovations of a military character

that are introduced in any institution spring from the same source—a desire on the part of the employing class to build a stronger force to protect their interests. The state militia is an institution for holding in subjection the wage workers of any state without having to incur the expense and waste of time necessary to get regular soldiers on the job. As the state militia works for nothing except when on duty, it can be truthfully said that they are scabs on the regular soldiers and to this extent they relieve the employing class of a financial burden that otherwise they would have to meet in order to maintain an efficient military force.

The fact that the law compels every able-bodied citizen over eighteen years of age to belong to the militia, does not of itself mean anything. With proper organization and education, the workers could disregard summons for military duty and through their organization in the industries of the land, render powerless any effort of the government to force them to respond to the call to arms.

The answer of labor to militarism is organization on class lines. Educate the workers to depend upon themselves and the control which they can exert over industry when so organized.

Can You Beat This Brakeman?—"Some two months ago Comrade W——, of Trenton, N. J., gave me a circular you sent him asking for trial subscribers, for three months, at ten cents, saying as he gave it to me that he did not think I could get the necessary ten if I tried. I secured 83 names and am enclosing a money order for \$8.30 to pay for same. I am a railroad brakeman, one of those who feel the heavy hand with which the — R. R. handles Socialist agitators.—Yours in the fight."

EDITORIAL

A Lesson from France.—Even Socialists, who claim to understand and apply economic determinism, often lose their tempers needlessly because they fail to consider that people's views and conduct must necessarily be modified by economic conditions. And in the whole field of revolutionary activity no question has developed so much of this bad temper as the relations between Socialist parties and labor unions. France was the first country to suffer from this bad temper, and the French revolutionists have been the first to find a remedy for it. We can not urge too strongly that our readers give careful attention to the article which Emile Pouget has prepared for this issue of the REVIEW. He has been until lately editor of the official organ of the General Confederation of Labor, and he writes with a thorough understanding of the history, the problems and the methods of that militant organization. Its methods have been frequently misunderstood in America. It is not anti-political, as so many, both of its friends and its enemies, have assumed; it is merely non-political, and that for most excellent reasons developed by actual experience, as Pouget shows. No political test is required of its members, for the reason that it aims to enroll ALL the workers in each industry. Once inside, they are in an atmosphere that speedily makes revolutionists of them. But neither Socialists nor anti-Socialists are allowed to talk politics at *union meetings*. This rule was established in self-defense when the struggle between Socialist factions for control of the unions threatened to wreck the unions themselves, and it is now cheerfully acquiesced in by everybody. But outside the union meetings each member talks and works for political Socialism as much as he likes. The practical wisdom of this method has been shown repeatedly at times of danger by the prompt and powerful co-operation of the Socialist Party of France and the General Confederation of Labor. A recent case in point is the strike of the let-

ter carriers in Paris, reported in the newspapers not long ago. They demanded better working conditions and emphasized their demand by barricading themselves in the central postoffice, thus stopping all postal business for a day. This was treason or something equally bad in the eyes of the law. Yet they were not shot, nor even discharged. Why not? Because the ministry which used soldiers to break the railway strike has been turned out of office, and the present ministry could be turned out tomorrow if the Socialists were to vote for a day with its other enemies. For the present they are satisfied to let the politicians now in power remain there, provided they keep hands off the unions.

The Common Enemy.—In other words our French comrades have learned through long and bitter experience what we in America have yet to learn, namely, that the one enemy to fight is capitalism, and that struggles between revolutionary unions and revolutionary parties can help no one but the capitalist class. The labor unionists of France are more revolutionary in spirit than any other labor organization in the world of anything like equal size and permanence. They find it possible and wise to co-operate actively on occasion with the Unified Socialists of France, a party made up of elements which differ among themselves as widely as do the Socialist Party of Washington and the Socialist Party of Wisconsin. On the other hand, when a fight is on between the General Confederation of Labor and the capitalist government of France, the Socialist Party stands by the Confederation solidly. As between economic and political action, the French wage-earners choose both.

After the Ludlow Battle.—Later advices from Ludlow bring added proof that this war of extermination was deliberately planned by the trust magnates or their confidential agents. It also seems clear that "progressive" administrations, elect-

ed by the votes of little capitalists and muddle-headed wage-workers, are as ready to do the bloody work of the big capitalists as were the old machine administrations from which nothing better was expected. Here is a clear issue for

the coming election between the Socialist Party and all other parties: Shall the soldiers of the state or nation be ordered to shoot strikers and their families? Settle this question right and the battle is half won.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

Italians Strike for Free Speech.—This great uprising of Italians is a very simple affair. It is only our muddled journalism with its unconnected reports from half-a-hundred cities which has made it look like sudden madness. The Italian government denied the entire working class of Italy the right to hold meetings on a certain day. When some of them met despite this denial they were clubbed and shot. Then the rest went on strike. This is the whole story.

On June 7th the people of Italy celebrate the adoption of their constitution. This year the Executive Committee of the Socialist party sent out a request that the local groups everywhere hold anti-military demonstrations on that day. By order of Premier Salandra these demonstrations were forbidden from one end of the land to the other. One would hardly expect such an arbitrary order to be obeyed everywhere. At Ancona a group of anarchists, led by the well known Enrico Malatesta, held a meeting in the open air. The crowd was dispersed by the police. In the evening there was a protest meeting in a hall outside the city. At the close of it, the people started to march back to the city in a closed column. Suddenly they found themselves surrounded by cordons of carabinieri, as the national constabulary are called. The crowd was puzzled, and then enraged. Stones were thrown and then the carabinieri were ordered to fire. They did fire. They fired sixty rounds and killed two young workingmen and wounded many more. One of the wounded died on the following day.

This was the beginning. By midnight a general strike was declared in Ancona. The next morning the city was absolutely tied up. Not a car moved—and hardly a cab. Before night the Executive Com-

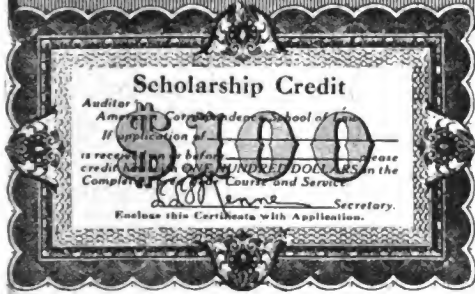
mittee of the Socialist Party declared a general strike throughout the land. In Italy a general strike is really more or less general. Travel stopped. No food was brought in from the country. For two days Italy stopped living. In many places there were riots with killings on both sides. One chief of police met his death. Many points were placed in control of the military.

The strike was called off on the 10th. In this instance action was taken by the Executive Committee of the Federation of Labor. The Socialist Executive gave its support rather unwillingly. In most places the strike had lasted forty-eight hours. As a protest against the massacre at Ancona it had been a complete success. Here and there it began to take on the appearance of a great popular revolt against the government, and there were some who saw in it the beginning of a revolution. They objected to calling it off. At Ancona and a few other points they are still fighting as the REVIEW goes to press.

Scores were killed and hundreds wounded. The affair was wild and bloody. But the government alone was responsible. The people of Italy are too advanced to be told that on a certain day they may not assemble to discuss national matters. Premier Salandra has formally accepted responsibility for this action and the death and destruction which followed. One cannot help wondering whether he served Italian capitalism wisely and how long it will be until both capitalists and working people will want a different sort of government. The world is moving very fast in Italy.

Wild Women and Tame Men.—There is a considerable performance going on in England. It may be a bit expensive, but it furnishes thrills where they are

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most needed. Nine women have been clubbed because they wanted to talk to the King. Others have been thrown into jail for shouting at this King in a theater. One has finally got his highness to receive some peaceable working girls by sitting on the steps of the House of Parliament and saying she would stay there until she starved. Others have enlivened life by cleaving paintings with hatchets and blowing up the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey.

Now I confess that I admire these women for having the nerve to do these things. They want the vote. They need the vote. They have wanted it and needed it for a long time. Solemn English statesmen have promised them to bring in a bill giving them the vote. These solemn statesmen have lied. Many voters, probably a majority, are in favor of votes for women. But English elections make it practically impossible to force the statesmen to do the will of the women or the majority. So some of the women began to smash things and starve themselves. Many of them are rich. Many of them are intelligent. They are enduring curses, blows, wounds, illness, for the sake of their cause. Anyone who doesn't admire them isn't worth talking about.

All the journalistic idiots in the world

are spilling ink over this matter. Most of them are saying everything except the one thing which is obvious and right. The whole trouble arises from the fact that the women ought to have the vote and haven't it. The only way to end the fight is to give them the vote.

Of course English Socialists believe in woman suffrage. They believe in it because Socialism is another word for social justice and, without an equal chance for man and woman, there can be no justice. But their thinking about the matter does not end here. They see that various groups of people have got the vote because they have achieved economic and social power. This is what the capitalists did. It is what workmen have done. At the present moment women have done it and are doing it. They work in stores and factories. They own property. They help create public opinion. They are in public life, but not in politics. They are ready for entrance into politics and have been ready for a long time. Keeping them out is now sheer stupidity. The Socialist sees all this as a part of social and economic evolution. So his belief in woman suffrage is based on something more than a vague sense of justice.

And so our English comrades have stood with the women. They have done

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Little capital needed. I grant credit—Help you out—Back you up—Don't doubt—Don't hesitate—Don't hold back—You cannot lose. My other men are building houses, bank accounts, so can you. Act then quick. SEND NO MONEY. Just name on penny post card for free tub offer. Hustle!

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it in spite of the fact that they do not approve of the violence of some of them. "The amazing feature to me is the tremendous pluck of the women," writes Alex. M. Thompson in the *Clarion*. Then he goes on: "But the saddest feature of this weird and awful sex war is its futility. The agonies which these sisters of ours are enduring can not and will not win their cause. The only effect their campaign is having on the heart of the nation is to harden it."

Comrade H. M. Hyndman, in *Justice*, vigorously condemns militancy, but says: "What we have opposed, and oppose today, is 'votes for ladies'; the extension of suffrage, namely, to well-to-do women only, who would naturally vote, as a rule, in favor of their own class."

The only weakness in the Socialist position is well represented by Hyndman: "Social Democrats in Great Britain . . . have always been in favor of complete adult suffrage for all sane men and women. We have not followed up our declaration of principles by a vigorous agitation because we thought there were many more important things to do. We think so still."

This position, it seems to me, is based upon the fallacy that issues can be dictated to world movements. Great issues strike their own hour and will not be put off. We Socialists are so accustomed to unmasking the false issues put upon us that we do not recognize a real one when we meet it. So this great movement of half our race leaves us cold. "There were many more important things to do." How many? one wonders. And if an English Socialist can write this, what about the Liberals? The Conservatives? And is militancy, after all, so hard to understand?

Gains in Belgium.—On May 24th members of Parliament were chosen in about half the constituencies of Belgium. The Clericals still control the house, but their majority has been cut down from 16 to 12. They no longer have a majority in the country. In the four provinces in which the elections were held the opposition parties received 186,000 more votes than the church party. These arch-conservatives still have the power because of the ingenious plural voting system which they invented themselves. Persons with property or school diplomas



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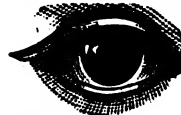
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No More Desire For Tobacco

Arthur Krouse is a locomotive fireman who had been using tobacco since he was a boy. About two years ago he began to have spells of illness. His memory was getting very bad and his eyes bothered him a good deal. He had tried in vain to conquer the habit until he got a certain book and now he is freed from the thralldom of tobacco, and his health is wonderfully improved. Anyone who desires to read the book can obtain it absolutely free by writing to Edward J. Woods, 534 Sixth Ave., 242B, New York City. It tells how the habit of smoking, chewing or snuff taking can be conquered in three days.

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get an extra vote or two. Moreover, the districts are so gerrymandered that the Clericals get the full benefit of this little arrangement. So they still have a majority in the house. But they must see that the game is nearly played out. This election has magnificently carried forward the work of the general strike in favor of electoral reform. Reform must come soon. And then will come the end of the Clericals. The Socialists have gained one seat.

Capitalism Anti-National.—Capitalism is the most powerful opponent of patriotism. Before the Balkan war Austria annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina. Many of the people there are Servians and Mohamedans. Nobody asked about their religion or their nationality. After the war various slices of territory were given to Greece, Servia and Bulgaria—again without regard to the inhabitants. And one region, called Albania, was set up by itself and given a German for a king. The king doesn't know the people and doesn't want to.

Strange to say, there is trouble all over the Balkans. Greece and Turkey talk of war. The Albanians are in rebellion and

a young Servian has shot the Crown Prince of Austria in Herzegovina. In Soudan and Vienna the diplomats are disturbed.

Meantime the Socialists of Servia have held a party congress. There were 128 delegates present. A comrade from Bulgaria was received with great enthusiasm. His message was that the Balkan peoples must unite in a republic. The people, he said, are discontented and their discontent showed itself in the choice of 37 Socialists in the last Bulgarian election. The work of the congress was chiefly directed toward establishing a sound understanding with the working class of other Balkan nations.

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By ROBERT TRESSALL

A novel by a Socialist house-painter, recently discovered after his death.

ROBERT HUNTER SAYS:

"I fear that if I say what I think it may appear extravagant; while if I moderate my words I shall feel that I am doing scant justice to what has seemed to me the most remarkable human document that has appeared in my time.

"It is a masterpiece of realism. The work of a craftsman, it is true, unerring and pitiless in its delineation of men and life. Were Zola and Tolstoi living, I am sure they would look upon this common house-painter with envy, as one whose novice hand had outdone them. I am sure that Gorky and Jack London would confess frankly that the work of Robert Tressall surpasses theirs. Certainly, London's "The Call of the Wild" cannot be as true to life as these ragged philanthropists."

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NEWS AND VIEWS



A BUNCH OF BUTTE MINERS.

Minnesota Socialists, Attention!—Word has just been received that Comrade A. E. Hatcher, Socialist organizer, was assaulted in the city of Ely on June 28.

The city fire department helped break up the meeting, with the aid of the police, who were conspicuous by their absence.

Upon returning to the Exchange Hotel, where Comrade Hatcher had paid \$1.00 for a room, he was attacked and thrown into the street.

The REVIEW sincerely trusts that there is enough red blood in "red card" members in Minnesota to take up this matter by sending Tom Lewis or some other fighter to establish free speech in Ely.

Likes the July Number.—"Waterloo, Iowa. I believe the cartoon and poem on page 4 and 5 of the July REVIEW ought to be plastered on every box car and telephone pole in the country.—Yours for the Revolution, C. E."

From Merrie England.—"Enclosed find one pound, which credit to my REVIEW account and increase the following four orders. I may add that I have had an extraordinary demand for the June issue. All comrades here think it is the best issue yet published.—Beacham."

Let Your Friends See the Review.—"Wichita, Kan., July 7, 1914. Friend handed me a copy of the July INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW. I like it. Enclosed find subscription price; also send me Myer's 'History of the Supreme Court.'—C. W. T., M. D."

Where Reformers No Longer Fourflush.—Socialist Hall, Oxford Terrace, Christchurch, N. Z. "Please find enclosed a money order for four pounds, being a renewal for four dozen REVIEWS monthly for a year. Glad to tell you that the REVIEW is very popular here and is always looked forward to.—Yours for the Revolution, D. W."

What One Live One Is Doing.—"Wyoming. Enclosed find money order for \$12.00. Please send a bundle of 20 copies for one year to Local Union —, U. M. W. A. The Fighting Magazine certainly 'looks good' to the boys out here.—J. S."

You Can Do the Same.—"Lorain, Ohio. I was showing the July number to a friend who became so interested that he wanted a copy of same. Please send him the REVIEW for three months and enclosed find the price. The REVIEW just suits me.—Anna K. Storck."

From One of the "Slaves."—"Kindly send

me the INTERNATIONAL REVIEW for six months. Send me the April, May and June numbers. The farmers are devilish hard up out here this year. I hear the rumble of the Revolution everywhere these days. I think the INTERNATIONAL REVIEW is the grandest old fighter on the map. It has made the tears roll down my cheeks many a time.—James Kissack."

From I. W. W., Spokane, Wash.—"Our bundle of 100 sold out in five days. Send 50 more copies quick.—Don Sheridan, Secretary."

From Oklahoma—"Please find \$1.00 enclosed for my renewal. I do not wish to miss a single number and hope always to be able to raise the dollar for the Fighting Magazine. I keep my REVIEWS on the table where callers may see and read them if they choose.—Mrs. E. E. A."

From the United Shoe Workers of America.—"Enclosed find P. O. order for \$1.00 for which you will please send the REVIEW for one year. I have missed several copies of it lately and, as a consequence, I want it to come regular. It is a magazine that should be in every labor office in the United States—C. P. D., District Organizer, St. Louis, Mo."

From a "Live Wire" in Montana.—Comrade Stone of Montana sends in 14 subscriptions and says: "I am sorry I cannot send in more. There are millions of better rustlers than I am, but if every one only sends in two subscriptions each it will help 'our' REVIEW. It took two extra trips to town (7 miles) to get these."

Trying to Railroad a Rebel.—Fellow



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Worker J. Hill, a well-known song writer who wrote many of the songs in the I. W. W. song book, which have been sung by thousands of strikers all over the country, was convicted of murder in the first degree in Salt Lake City on June 27. The evidence is purely circumstantial and was furnished by the police, who are always in touch with stools and pimps who are willing to swear anything for "protection."

None of the witnesses identified Fellow Worker Hill and steps have already been taken to appeal his case.

The prosecuting attorney sprang all of the old chestnuts about the equality of rich and poor before the law and other orthodox rot.

We all know that a poor man can buy justice if he has the price to get a good lawyer; otherwise he stands about as much chance as a snowball in hell. We trust that every reader of the REVIEW will send in from a dime to a dollar or more to Comrade Geo. Child, treasurer of Hill Defence Fund, 118 W. S. Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah. We have known Comrade Child for a long while and he is absolutely to be trusted.

From the "Live Ones."—The following rebels have sent in ten or more subscriptions to the Fighting Magazine during the past twenty days. This does not include the comrades who secured three hundred yearly subscriptions for the trip to the International Congress in Vienna. After all, the "live ones" are the salt of the Revolutionary movement:

Blackmer, Monowi, Nebr.....	10
Peck, Zephyrhills, Fla.....	10
Hampshire, Ionia, Mich.....	10
Weeks, Church, N. D.....	10
Tolley, Bishop, Tex.....	10
Ruda, Panama, Ill.....	20
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Andzer, Rochester, N. Y.....	10
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Newton, Haskell, Tex.....	13
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Sidwell, Midvale, Ida.....	10
Keil, Fairbanks, Alaska.....	10
Rickr, Marshall, Tex.....	15
Johnson, Columbia City, Ind.....	10
Cleaves, Prince Bay, N. Y.....	10
Snider, Fairmont, W. Va.....	11
Spencer, Belfry, Mont.....	10
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The Bible reviewed in the
light of Modern Science

GOD AND MY NEIGHBOR

By

ROBERT BLATCHFORD

IS THE BIBLE TRUE?

This is the chief subject of debate to-day between Christians and Scientists the world over

Robert Blatchford says: "Is the Bible a holy and inspired book and the Word of God to man, or is it an incongruous and contradictory collection of tribal tradition and ancient fables, written by men of genius and imagination?"

Mr. Blatchford believes RELIGIONS are not REVEALED, they are EVOLVED.

"We cannot accept as the God of Creation," he writes, "this savage idol (Jehovah) of an obscure tribe, and we have renounced him and are ashamed of him, not because of any later divine revelation, but because mankind have become too enlightened to tolerate Jehovah."

"The ethical code of the Old Testament is no longer suitable as the rule of life. The moral and intellectual advance of the human race has left it behind."

CHRISTIANS declare the highest conception of God is the Christian conception of him as a Heavenly Father. "God is love," they say. To which Blatchford replies: "This is a very lofty, poetical and gratifying conception, but it is open to one fatal objection—it is not true!"

Mr. Blatchford does not believe that a divine being would need or ask for PRAYER and PRAISE.

"If you were a human father, would you rather your children praised you and neglected each other, or that brother should stand by brother, and sister cherish sister?"

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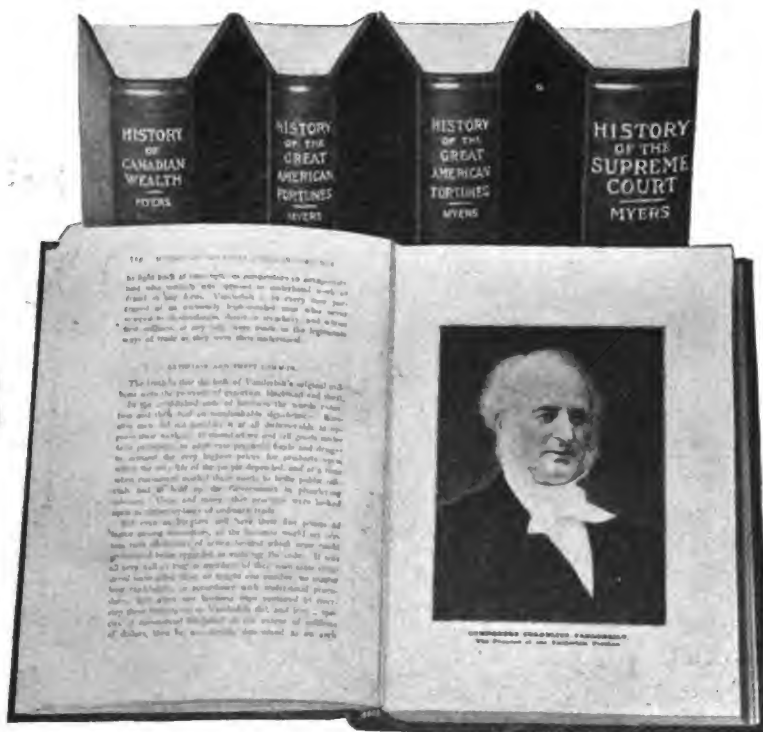
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AUGUST ISSUE

Contains: "Movements of Migratory Unskilled Workers in California," by Austin Lewis; "Direct Primaries," by Isaac A. Hourwich; "I. W. W.—the Great American Scapegoat," by Max Eastman; "Plutocratic Socialism of H. G. Wells," by William E. Walling; "A Feminist Symposium," Emile Vandervelde on "Socialism vs. the State," and the "Socialist Digest."

JULY ISSUE

Contains: "Daniel De Leon," by Louis C. Fraina; "Class Lines in Colorado," by Max Eastman; "New Phase of the Contempt Cult," by Frederick Haller; "Why a Socialist Party," by William E. Walling; "The Drama of Dynamite," by Floyd Dell; "Another Study in Black," by Prof. W. E. B. Du Bois; "Labor in the Roman World," and the "Socialist Digest."

JUNE ISSUE

Contains: "The Key to the Mexican Problem," by Prof. Charles A. Beard; "Why I am For Zapata," by John Kenneth Turner; "Colorado: 1893-1914," by Isaac A. Hourwich; "Gompers Contempt Case," "Walling's Progressivism—and After," by Walter Lippmann; "Socialism and Feminism," by Floyd Dell; "Ernst Haeckel," by Prof. Robert H. Lowie, and "Socialist Digest."

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September

1914

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International Notes

News and Views

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FORWARD—MARCH.



Europe in the Clutch of War

By PHILLIPS RUSSELL

ONLY a few days ago I finished a walking trip through France, Belgium and Holland, where the hazy sun shone on quiet lands and peaceful peoples. Today the same roads which I trod resound to the tramp of armed men, and women and children are shrinking in terror as the spectre of war rattles its sabre with bony hand.

As I write, the streets of London are filled with yelling thousands as the war fever carefully worked up by cunning newspapers, penetrates their veins. Europe has gone mad. Every continental nation is feverishly buckling on its armor and uttering hysterical cries. The first victim of this crazy blood-lust has been laid low—Jaurès, the apostle of peace and good-will toward men—shot down as he laughed with his comrades in a Paris café by a poor devil made insane by the pestilence of patriotism.

Already men are fighting on the French, German, Russian and Belgian frontiers, having been called from their work and bidden to go out and slay other men against whom they have no grievance, for reasons which no sane human being can clearly state.

On a recent visit to France I was amazed at the feverish though secret preparations being made for war and at the open propaganda of hate being worked up against Germany by the newspapers. Before I left Europe it was my intention to write an article for the REVIEW and predict a giant international war within two years unless the workingmen of the nations involved took a resolute stand for peace at once.

And now here is the war before I have

been able to get out of Europe. Governments have caught labor off its guard and plunged several countries in what may prove to be the most terrible war in the history of the world. Protests now are of no avail. In London yesterday trade unionists and Socialists held an open-air demonstration and passed a resolution. But governments do not care either for demonstrations or resolutions, and no concrete measures for nipping the war in the bud were proposed.

This is a business men's war, worked up and encouraged by merchants and manufacturers who lust for more markets, more spheres of trade influence, more land and men to exploit. National differences, racial hostilities, all are mere superficial factors. Germany, "the business bully of Europe," is matched against three other great powers. The map of the world is apt to be changed before it is all over.

* * *

FOR ten days my comrade and I, on our way afoot from Paris to Bruges in Belgium, had walked through long lanes of green, edged with scarlet poppies, in an atmosphere fresh and cool, after several days of rain. Hour after hour, as far as the eye could see, stretched the rolling hills of rural France. They formed a sort of vast carpet pattern of green, brown and yellow. The gravel was white and clean under our feet. Every few hundred feet soared a solitary lark, mounting higher and higher into the air, while he trilled his song, the most joyous sound that bird ever uttered. The hay that we slept on at night was sweet to the nostrils.



BERKLEY TOBEY AND PHILLIPS RUSSELL.

Finally we drew near the Belgian border. Our route map showed the next big town was Heinin-Letard, a name which as yet meant nothing to us. As we trudged on, in the distance we could see a smudge of smoke in the air, and as this became thicker and heavier we at last realized we were approaching the famous coal mines of the Nord.

The green fields became dingier. The scarlet poppies grew pale. The face of the sun became streaked with soot. We turned a wide bend in the road and found ourselves face to face with the Black Plague of France.

Instead of the quaint, low, thatched cottages with which we had become so familiar, stretched a long, monotonous line of "company houses" of dirty red brick—the homes of the miners. Through block after block of them we walked, with the curious faces of haggard women

staring at us from door and window. Swarms of pretty but pale babies paddled in pools of sloppy water. Every few yards was an "estaminet"—saloon—where groups of miners were trying to wash the coal dust from their throats with huge glasses of beer.

Instead of Heinin-Letard, France, we might have been in Pottsville, Pa., Belleville, Ill., or Trinidad, Colo. There were the same grim faces of overworked men, the same tired women, the same pallid children, the same gaunt, black sheds and buildings.

We stopped in one of the thousand little cafes and ordered a "chope" of the bitter, cheap beer sold to the miners. Several of them were present talking busily—I heard the word "capitaliste" several times. They became silent at our entrance, seeing we were foreigners. They looked us over closely, apparently trying to get "a line" on us.

Nearly all were small, undersized men, dressed in baggy overalls and small, sloping top caps.

Finally one of them made bold to address us in rapid French, using "tu" for "you" instead of the "vous," to which we had become accustomed. Had we come to seek work in the mines? No? Then perhaps somewhere beyond? No?

He was puzzled. Our appearance showed him we had walked a long distance and our clothing showed we weren't tourists. Then what were we and what le diable were we doing in Heinin-Letard? He and his companions discussed the subject without arriving at a conclusion.

Finally we explained. We weren't miners, we related, but "cheminauds"—roadsters, foot travelers. We weren't looking for work, but walking through the country for pleasure. We had come from Paris and were going to Belgium.

"Toujours a pied!" they exclaimed.

"Yes," we replied. "On foot all the time."

Name of a name, not to say oh, la, la! They found it incredible. Walking all that distance—for pleasure? It was strange. We were English, perhaps; Spaniards, Italians? No; Americans? A commotion ensued. All had heard of Americans, but few had ever seen any. They fired a volley of questions. We

answered as best we could with our rather faulty French, though they assured us we spoke it "Assez bien."

We began to swap information. Their wages, they said, averaged five to six francs (\$1 to \$1.20) a day, usually of nine hours, though there was a new state law reducing it to eight. They listened intently when we told something of mining conditions in the United States and eagerly exclaimed: "Just like that here."

Explosions they were familiar with. There was a terrible one at Courrieres, a village close by, in 1906, they said, when many, many children were made orphans.

They crowded around eagerly to hear of Colorado and the war on the workers waged by Rockefeller. They could not believe that a machine gun had been used on women and children. To the story of the burning of women and children in

their tents they listened in horrified amazement. France was bad enough, they said, but there had never been anything like that here. There would be a war—a revolution. The people would rise and seek vengeance.

For two hours we sat and talked in a circle of intent faces—of socialism, syndicalism, of work and wages—till it was time for us to resume our march.

They accompanied us to the door amid a chorus of "bon voyages" and sent us off with smiles showing white teeth in a frame of grimy faces.

Another mile of company houses, soot and dirt, and we were in the open fields and the sunlight again, scarred only by the smoke of Heinin-Letard, monument to French capitalism and working-class misery.



A STREET OF THE BETTER GRADE IN HEINEN-LETARD.



"DADDY'S" HOME-COMING IN HEINEN-LETARD, FRANCE.



THE CHRISTIAN NATIONS.

—Chicago Tribune.

MODERN



PRIVATE 872,413.

THE glory and romance of war is dead, and they will be buried beyond all hope of resurrection after the coming great world-war is over. War today will be so destructive, so expensive, so terrible and so enlightening to the workers who wage all wars for the benefit of someone else, that we believe they will never again permit

themselves to be used as gunners or targets.

Today war has become chiefly a matter of cold calculation, a bloody business of long distance slaughter, with no longer any opportunity for dashing and idiotic personal heroism.

Never again can a Napoleon, looking down from a hilltop, direct the movements of his army of 30,000 men as it maneuvers under his eye on the plains below.

The modern general directing a battle line 150 miles long—such as the Japanese had at Mukden—will never even be within sight of his troops. The Japanese chief of staff was fifteen miles to the rear when the great battle was fought.

Never again will a courier, bearing orders from headquarters to division and corps commanders, have two horses shot under him as he dashes across the battle front. Today orders go out from headquarters over the field telephone wires or by wireless and reach every brigade commander, as he, too, sits in safety far back of the line of fire.

Never again will a battery of field guns



WON'T THEY BE EDIFIED!

—Chicago Daily News.

WARFARE

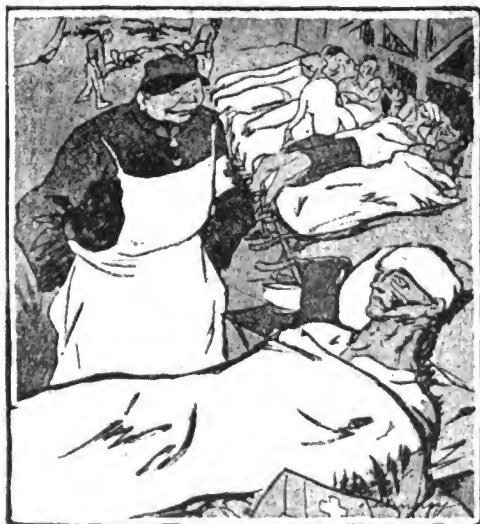
gallop madly into action, with the gunners sitting with crossed arms on the caissons and the infantry cheering their rescuers.

Modern field guns are located out of sight over the shoulder of a hill three miles or five miles or more away. The gunners never even GET A SIGHT OF THE ARMY THEY ARE FIRING AT. In the great European war being waged today they do not even KNOW WHAT THEY ARE FIGHTING FOR. It is to their masters' interest that the working class be sacrificed and the workers go dumbly to their deaths to make it possible for them to grab more lands or mines for exploitation.

And their masters, who exploit them, and their officers who command generally sit in perfect security and amid pomp and splendor while the makers of the world's commodities die by the hundreds of thousands.

Only the working CLASS fights and pays and only the master class reaps the reward!

Today the fire of gunners is guided by calculations carefully made by an expert



WHERE'S THE CHAMPAGNE THAT WAS SENT FOR THE WOUNDED?
OH, THE OFFICERS WERE CELEBRATING THE VICTORY LAST NIGHT!

mathematician, who sits down in a hole in the ground and figures trajectories and curves and makes allowances for wind and pressure. All are miles away from the scene of the murders they are committing.

"Hold your fire until you see the whites

of the enemy's eyes," is a command that will never be given in a modern battle.

Modern infantry dig themselves a nice deep ditch in the ground about two miles away from the first of the enemy's lines. To the present day soldier the spade is almost as important as the gun. He gets down into the ditch so that only his eyes and the top of his head are in sight at all. And he looks across an apparently perfectly empty plain to where in the dim distance he is told the hostile entrenchments lie.

Never in a modern battle picture will a solid column of charging men be shown rallying round their cherished battle flag, which can be seen but dimly through the clouds of black smoke.

There are no battle flags, no smoke and no charging columns on modern battlefields. The presence of a flag on the battle line would instantly reveal its location to the enemy. Smokeless powder has taken the place of the old cloud-belching explosive, and one may look over a modern battlefield with a hundred field guns in action and not be able to locate one of them. As for solid columns of charging men—a modern infantry attack is a far different affair.

It is true the German officers directing



FIRST GENERAL—THIS IS A GLORIOUS DAY FOR OUR GLORIOUS COUNTRY, GENERAL.
SECOND GENERAL—YES, GENERAL; AND FOR US.

the attack on the fortresses of the Belgians were so eager to make a showing that they reverted to the methods of Napoleon in their advance at Liege. Instead of trying to reduce the works with artillery they decided to carry them with a grand assault under cover of a cannonade. The rank and file of the German army fought with great courage and idiocy (for why should they have fought at all?) but their artillery was not heavy enough to make any impression upon the solid defenses of the Belgians. The balls from the siege guns rattled harmlessly off the Belgian works, doing practically no damage.

Despite the futility of the artillery fire, the German infantry and cavalry were commanded to continue their advance, the German generals hurling their men forward time after time under a storm of lead which left long rows of dead and dying. Soon masses of corpses were piled up along the slopes leading to the forts like haystacks. The carnage was appalling. The ground was literally running with blood. The groans and screams of the dying were heard in the fort above the roar of the cannonade. Thousands of torn bodies rolled and pitched in the last torment of death.

But this method of fighting will not become general. Even German army officers, mad with a desire for advancement and for fame, must recognize the fact that file or column formation will not succeed in the face of the modern machine gun. In the old days it was largely the men "in front" who faced and met death. Now the machine gun will annihilate a whole column of soldiers with a single shot.

We suspect that on the modern battlefield the officers of the contending parties will have in their possession maps showing every most minute variation of the ground. On these maps there will be shown 300 yards in advance of the first trench occupied by the infantry, a small brook running through a shallow ditch. The immediate object of the infantry is to move forward and occupy that new cover.

First the field guns—and nowadays a whole regiment of such guns, each of which can fire ten shrapnel shells a minute, is the recognized artillery unit—do



MOTOR ARTILLERY ON A NIGHT MARCH.

Illustrated London News.

their best to smother the enemy's artillery fire and to drown his trenches in a flood of bullets. Each shrapnel shell bursts into from 100 to 200 projectiles. Then, while this fire is at its height, the infantry gets up—a squad or two at a time—and runs, dodging and bent over, to the ditch through which flows the little stream. They take advantage of every little hillock. A rise of a single foot will afford fairly good protection for a man who lies flat on the ground. So, by fits and starts, running and then dropping behind quickly dug and shallow embankments, they advance toward the enemy's lines.

All the time field guns are firing a rain of shrapnel over their heads. It is this delicate task of the gunners to so time their shells that they shall burst when

they reach the enemy's line and not before. Else the bullets may kill their own infantry.

By the time the infantry is within close striking distance of the enemy its field guns may have silenced his artillery.

Wireless telegraphy and aeronautics are destined to prove the most destructive implements in the present European crisis and may entirely do away with the modern battleship if not also the massing together of great armed forces on land. The airship is now in use by all the countries engaged in the great European conflict. The science of aviation has undoubtedly developed the most daring body of men ever engaged in any enterprise.

Great battles in the air will soon be

recorded and such men as Garros, the French aviator, who is reported to have given his life that he might bring to earth a giant Zeppelin dirigible which threatened the French master class will arise.

And what are these working men fighting for? Will life be any harder for them with a German, or a French, or an English flag flying over the capitol than with the flag that flies there today? Certainly not. The war cannot possibly benefit anybody but the capitalist class and the aristocracy. The Kaiser may become Emperor over the greater part of Europe. England or France may gain supremacy. But what difference can it make to the working class?

Does not the German landlord demand his rent the same as the English or the French or Russian landowner? Does not the French or English capitalist demand his six per cent. the same as the German exploiter? Does it make it any harder on the workers to have a new flag over the factory door?

Hervé well says:

"Proletarians have NO COUNTRY.

The differences which exist between the present countries are all superficial differences. The capitalist régime is the same in all countries.

"There is only one war which is worthy of intelligent men; it is civil war, social revolution."

And again:

"Let war break out tomorrow and there will be moaning on BOTH sides of the frontier, there will be damning of the government, there will be shaking of fists, there will be launching of passionate proclamations, but—they will march. They will go reluctantly, but they WILL GO.

"Well, there MUST BE NO GOING."

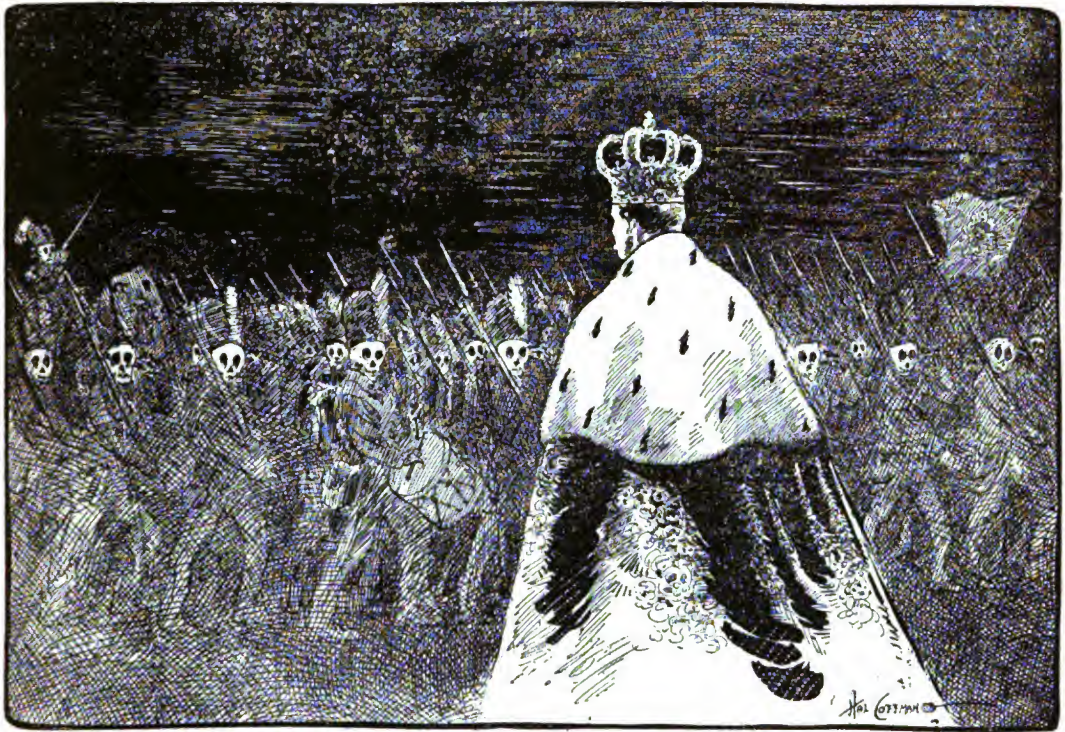
"For us socialists there is no question of nationality. We know but two nations: the nation of the capitalists, the bourgeoisie and the possessing class on one side; and on the other the nation of proletarians, the mass of disinherited, the working class. And we are all—Germans, French, English, Russians, Americans—of that second nation. We are one nation only. The *workers of all countries form ONE nation.*" **LIEBKNECHT.**



—Current Opinion.

THE BLESSINGS OF PEACE.

Hans and Jacques (together): "And I hear there's more to come!"



THE REVIEW.

—Chicago American.

Socialism and the World-War

By G. L. HARDING

IT WAS almost exactly a hundred years ago that Napoleon made his saturnine prediction that Europe in a hundred years must be either all Cossack or all Republican. Like other prophets of genius, Napoleon miscalculated badly as to details and temporalities. The Cossack of today fights side by side with the soldiers of the French republic, and the tune of the great Revolution, sung with savage and exulting mockery by the Russian of 1814, is the marching song of Russian regiments in 1914 on their way to fight the enemies of France. The Tory England, who dealt France her deathblow in 1815, throws in her defence today the navy that drove her from the seas at Trafalgar and the army that broke the Old Guard at Waterloo. A grimmer and less liberal ally upholds this unnatural entente in the Far East. The war is not between Cossack and Re-

publican, but between the Cossack spirit of all nations; not between barbarism and enlightenment, but between interests of the nations on a dead level of barbarism. So far Napoleon was wrong, unless one admits that all Europe has become Cossack.

But Napoleon was right. Across three generations he prophesied the spirit of the conflict that is upon us. For the great war on which we of this generation are going to look is not the war between the Kaiser and the Czar, but the war of the people against war. That is the spirit which Napoleon, in his fresh recollections of the French Revolution, spoke of as republican. It is arising and co-ordinating itself today in every nation in Europe, preparing for the first engagement in its death-grapple with the Cossack spirit which has plunged the brotherhood of nations into the carnage of barbarism.

Its rallying point today is no mere exhilarating philosophizing on the rights of man. It is the rock of solidarity of the International Socialist Movement.

How will the Socialists of Europe meet this, the soberest and most perilous crisis of our cause? First, with relief. The storm which has filled the heavens with clouds for the whole of our generation has burst at last. The great liberal movements of Europe, notably of France and England, who believed their governments were enlightened and civilized enough to keep them from the insanity of this titanic struggle, now have learned their lesson. The same enlightenment has come to those who thought the stakes of capitalism were valuable enough to deter the great trading nations from risking them. They will now see, clearer than by a hundred years of Socialist teaching, on whom the risks of capitalism really fall. This stern disillusionment Socialists cannot but welcome as the unrolling of the terrible scroll of fate they have foretold unheeded for a generation.

And all this ghastly folly of those who builded on the sand is nowhere more sternly evident than in the collapse of the peace movement. Two years ago the Peace Congress at Rome was rudely ejected when that seat of Christendom became the fulcrum of the most shameless war of indefensible aggression our generation has yet seen. This very summer they were to meet—where? By a similar stroke of extreme irony the scene of this ridiculous feast of pretense and hypocrisy was this year laid in Vienna. The opiate words of welcome were to have been pronounced by Count von Berchtold, Austria's truculent foreign minister, the very man whose insolent declaration of war on Serbia has precipitated the Armageddon. Could any profounder futility be imagined? There is a rumor of a gallant decision of the Dutch nation to resist the passage of German armies if necessary by breaking down the dykes and flooding the country. If this desperate measure is carried out, let us hope that the first structure to succumb to the onrush of the waters will be the Palace of Peace at The Hague, that costly and fatuous symbol of the vainest delusion of our age and generation: that war will be stopped by the classes who profit from war.

Socialists must everywhere feel relief that these things, even in the livid light of a huge fratricidal strife, are at last becoming clear. In the ensuing struggle half-loyalties will get their deathblow among the older nations. Liberalism, agrarianism, radicalism, the niceties of Home Rule and local autonomy—all those little issues will be blasted and withered in their own impotence by the storm that is to come. Clearer than ever before in the world's history we shall see the naked issue everywhere between the people and their tyrants, between Socialism, the French Revolution of today, and the Cossack spirit of modern capitalism.

Even if we are cowardly enough to wish it, we cannot avoid the struggle that is before us. Its first breath has struck down the great captain of the Socialist movement in the Latin world in the assassination in a Paris café of brave old Jean Jaurès. At the moment when I write these words, the French movement is sanctifying that martyrdom with the deeds of revolution. It is committed to the general strike by a referendum taken hardly a fortnight before Jaurès' death; and a general strike under martial law means civil war. Today there is literally war against war in France. Who knows where, among a people with the traditions of the French, this insurrection will end? For us Americans, the censorship has shut down on the old world like a long night. But even through the battle-clouds of world-war we can see and grasp this huge, single fact: that the Socialist movement cannot stand still. In this convulsion it must go forward or be lost utterly. The war is against us, and we have no right to risk the issue by fighting solely on the defensive. That is the instinct of the French Socialist movement and it is kindling the first fires of the Social Revolution itself.

We are on the edge of unprecedented and unpredictable history. There have been world-wars since the dawn of time, yet never before was there in every country so formidable and rebellious a body of organized and aggressive public opinion against war. Never before have so many people grasped the principle that war is deliberate class-conspiracy against mass liberty. Whoever shall be victorious, the war spirit cannot have a much longer span on this earth. The ghastly

lesson we are about to learn will be, if not the end, the beginning of the end of scientific carnage as a means of settling the differences between nations.

While we are straining our eyes to see how our European comrades are meeting their crisis abroad, there are measures which we can take here and now to clear our own country of at least one infamy as deep as European militarism. America is ostensibly the one great neutral power left in the world, yet day by day thousands of her sons by adoption are deserting her to help join in the slaughter of the enemies of their fatherland. Reservists in European armies now living in America have a perfect right to return to their slavery, but we should think twice about admitting them again to whatever citizenship of freedom this nation has tried to build up. Residents and citizens of America who go back to fight in Europe in this juncture in any other cause than that of war against war are betraying in the deepest sense that freedom they came to seek.

Their action smirches with shameful dishonor the one real distinction of this country to any place in the world's struggle for freedom: that all nations, whatever their mutual hatred in Europe, could have found here the peace and mutual understanding symbolized in that great Melting Pot out of which the race of the future is to come. That Americans should murder Americans in the struggle of one blood-bespattered European throne against another—that is certainly the most disillusionizing proof we have ever had of the enfeeblement and dilution of the old Amer-

ican idea of liberty as it looks today to our foreign-born citizens. But the Socialist movement should demand that these sycophants of militarism be made to choose between this country and their own. If they choose for labor and liberty their American citizenship should be enough to protect them against the long arm of militaristic oppression from the fatherland they have left. But if they choose to obey their masters' conscription, let them renounce America. If they choose to fight for the Kaiser, let the Kaiser take care of them. If they choose to join this monstrous raid on liberty, let such liberty as we possess at any rate be denied to them till they shall choose whether they shall fight on the side of a Cossack or a republican world.

We of America, for the present at any rate, can only watch this war. But the next struggle may be our own. The lasting significance to us of the crises in Europe is that capitalism has at last thrown down a clear challenge to Socialism. The wave of world-war is meant not for any aggression abroad but to rivet on the chains more securely at home. Unless Socialism resists it will be crushed. That is the plainest and most desperate truth. And to us who are building up the American Socialist movement as a wall against the great test and crisis that is bound to come here in our own life-time, the world-war in Europe is the prelude of a convulsion in America in which we will be challenged as our comrades across the sea are being challenged today.



THE HARVEST FIELDS - 1914



JEAN JAURES

Jaurès and the General Strike Against War

By William D. Haywood

JEAN JAURES, the great peace advocate, is dead. He was assassinated on July 31 by a young student crazed with the war spirit.

I first met Jaurès at the International Socialistic Congress held at Copenhagen in 1910; it was in the foyer of the congress hall. He was surrounded by representatives from all nations. His greetings were in French, a low, quiet voice of tremendous reserve power. He was of medium height, heavy frame, deep chest, massive shoulders, large head set low, broad forehead, furtive, restless dark gray eyes, full beard covering strong jaws and chin, just past the half century mark.

The real character of Jaurès was shown in the congress during the discussion of the resolution committee's report on the resolution on arbitration and disarmament:

"The congress declares that the armaments of the nations have alarmingly increased during recent years in spite of the peace congresses and the protestations of peaceful intention on the part of the governments. Particularly does this apply to the general movement of the governments to increase the naval armament whose latest phase is the construction of "dreadnoughts." This policy leads not only to an insane waste of national resources for unproductive purposes and therefore to the curtailment of means for the realization of necessary social reforms in the interest of the working class, but it also threatens all nations with financial ruin and exhaustion through the insupportable burdens of indirect taxation.

"These armaments have but recently endangered the peace of the world, as they always will. In view of this development which threatens all achievements of civilization, the well being of nations and the very life of the masses, this congress reaffirms the resolutions of the former international congresses, and particularly that of the Stuttgart congress.

"The workers of all countries have no quarrels or difference which could lead to war. Modern wars are the result of capitalism and particularly of rivalries of the capitalist classes of the different countries for the world market, and of the spirit of militarism, which is one of the main instruments of capitalist class rule and of the economic and political subjugation of the working class. Wars will cease completely only with the disappearance of the capitalistic mode of production. The working class, which bears the main burdens of war and suffers most from its effects, had the greatest interest in the prevention of wars. The organized Socialist workers of all countries are, therefore, the only reliable guaranty of universal peace. The congress, therefore, again calls upon the labor organizations of all countries to continue a vigorous propaganda of enlightenment as to the causes of war among all workers, and particularly among the young people, in order to educate them in the spirit of international brotherhood.

"The congress, reiterating the oft-repeated duty of Socialist representatives in the parliaments to combat militarism with all means at their command and to refuse the

means for armaments, requires from its representatives:

"(a) The constant reiteration of the demand that international arbitration be made compulsory in all international disputes.

"(b) Persistent and repeated proposals in the direction of ultimate complete disarmament, and, above all, as a first step, the conclusion of a general treaty limiting naval armaments and abrogating the right of privateering.

"(c) The demand for the abolition of secret diplomacy and the publication of all existing and future agreements between the governments.

"(d) The guaranty of the independence of all nations and their protection from military attacks and violent suppression.

"The International Socialist Bureau will support all Socialist organizations in their fight against militarism by furnishing them with the necessary data and information and will, when the occasion arrives, endeavor to bring about united action. In case of warlike complications this congress reaffirms the resolution of the Stuttgart congress, which reads:

"In case of war being imminent the working classes and their parliamentary representatives in the countries concerned shall be bound, with the assistance of the International Socialist Bureau, to do all they can to prevent the breaking out of the war, using for this purpose the means which appear to them the most efficacious, and which must naturally vary according to the acuteness of the struggle of classes and to the general political conditions.

"In case war should break out, notwithstanding, they shall be bound to intervene for its being brought to a speedy end and to employ all their forces for utilizing the economical and political crisis created by the war, in order to rouse the masses of the people and to hasten the downbreak of the predominance of the capitalist class.

"For the proper execution of these measures the congress directs the bureau, in the event of a war menace, to take immediate steps to bring about an agreement among the labor parties of the countries affected for united action to prevent the threatened war."

SUB-AMENDMENT.

"Among the means to be used in order to prevent and hinder war, the congress

considers as particularly efficacious the general strike, especially in the industries that supply war with its implements (arms and ammunition, transport, etc.), as well as the propaganda and popular action in their most active forms.

"KEIR HARDIE,
"E. VAILLANT."

To be added to this Jaurès proposed the following:

"Among all the means of preventing and stopping war and of compelling governments to resort to arbitration, the congress considers as particularly efficacious the general strike simultaneously and internationally organized in all the countries concerned."

During the animated discussion that took place Jaurès was easily the leader. His eloquent and forceful support of the proposition for the complete general strike, without regard to the mandate as to armament industries, was carried by 1,690 to 1,174.

Again in King's hall during closing hours of the congress, the occasion being a magnificent reception to the foreign delegates, Juarez with others, among them the writer, addressed the gathering. It was the masterful oratory, the magnetic power of Juarez that aroused the crowd to the heights of enthusiasm. He spoke as he had at Stuttgart, of the strength of a united proletariat.

"Capitalism carried war in its womb; the proletariat could make it miscarry. We ought to apply our already formidable force to all social manifestations of capitalist oppression. We would be dishonored if we did not do our utmost to avoid war. The most prudent, as also the noblest, was to perform our duty fearlessly."

When his words ceased to reverberate throughout the big hall the delegates rushed to the platform, throwing their arms around Jaurès. The lifted him to their shoulders and carried him around among the cheering assemblage. No other delegate was given such greeting and ovation as this champion of the complete general strike against war.

I met him again. It was in the office of L'Humanite in Paris during the general strike of the railway men. It was in his office that the syndicalist leaders of the strike were arrested. At this period Jaurès led the forces opposing the renegade Briand, whom then premier was trying to break

the strike by compelling the railwaymen to become reservists.

When Jaurès and Emile Vandervelde of Belgium were en route to London I met them on the deck of a channel steamer. They were going to the World's metropolis to participate in the great anti-war demonstration held in Albert Hall in 1910. Again rang out from the lips of Jaurès the trumpet call of international solidarity for the general strike.

Two days before Jaurès was shot down he spoke at a demonstration in Brussels, predicting the social revolution that will come after the war is over. He said: "I, who have never hesitated to bring upon my head the hatred of our patriots by my desire to bring about a Franco-German understanding, have the right to say that at this time the French government desires peace. But for the supreme masters the ground is mined. In the drunkenness of the first battles they succeed in pulling along the masses. In proportion as typhus completes the work of death and misery these men will turn to the masters of Germany, France, Russia, Austria, Italy, etc., and will demand what reason they can give

for all these corpses. And then the revolution will tell them: "Go and demand grace from God and the men."

The last appeal of Jaurès was for action. He deplored the futility of words. He it was who put life and action in the Copenhagen resolutions. His last editorial published the day following his death concludes:

"The danger is great, but it is not unavoidable if we preserve clearness of mind and a strong will. If we have both heroism of patience and heroism of action, the clear view of our duty will give us the power to accomplish it. What counts now is the continuity of action, the constant awakening of the reason and conscience of the workers. There lies true salvation. There lies the guarantee of the future."

If the diplomats, statesmen and parliamentarians of the Socialist movement could have realized with Jaurès the power of the general strike and joined with Italy in their demonstration to give "not a life, not a penny for war," the terrible carnage would have been averted.

The great advocate of peace is dead. The general strike is a living issue—the only guarantee of peace.



—International News Service.
FRENCH TROOPS BIVOUACKED IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF PARIS.



FOR OURSELVES OR FOR THE ENEMY?

By Charles Edward Russell

THE Parasites that live upon labor and declare great dividends out of labor's poorly paid toil—they do not need to be encouraged to unite. They are firmly united already.

No one needs to suggest to the gentlemen that are riding upon your backs that their interests are identical. They know that anyway.

Nobody ever heard of rival organizations of the exploiters getting in one another's way; it is only the exploited that do that.

The riders are harmonious; it is the ridden that quarrel and are divided.

When the railroads are trying to put over a fraudulent increase of freight rates, notice how absolutely they stand

together. One works for the others and all work for one in a way that is beautiful to behold. Or when they are trying to prevent their employes from getting an increase of wages, what harmony prevails! Or observe how carefully they guard one another's interests in the matter of black-listing. Any man anywhere that is found to be an agitator or active in forming labor unions or prominent in a strike, is quickly known by name to every railroad in the country and cannot get work from any of them.

So late as 1903, for instance, the men that took any prominent or active part in the great railroad strike of 1894 were black-listed and unable to get employment on any railroad in the country. They had worked against the interest of the railroad combination and must be punished and made an example of.

In the same way, any man that attacks organized wealth anywhere is boycotted everywhere. If he offends the banks in Oshkosh he offends them also in Spokane and Baraboo.

Everywhere Greed preserves an unbroken front. It is only Need that stops to quarrel about trifles and while it quarrels Greed picks its other pocket also.

Suppose there was a fort held by five hundred men and five thousand men were trying to capture it. And suppose that every day the besieging army sent fifty men to make a charge against the fort. How long do you suppose the besiegers would be in capturing that position?

If the whole five thousand went in one united body they could take the place without half trying. So long as they think more about bickering among themselves than they think about assaulting the common enemy, the enemy, though few in numbers, will win. So long as the besiegers advance in detachments they might as well give up and go home.

Two or three years ago there was a strike among the shop men of what is called the Harriman system of railroads, the Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, Illinois Central, and some others.

It is certain that the railroad managers expected the strike and welcomed, if they did not secretly instigate, it. They desired a chance to crush union labor and were fully prepared to do so. For weeks

before the strike was actually declared, work trains manned by union men were engaged in hauling lumber for shacks and stockades to house strike-breakers and scabs. Union carpenters were engaged in erecting such shacks and stockades. When the strike was declared union engineers, union firemen, union conductors and union brakemen carried to the shop towns thousands of strike-breakers and union switchmen helped to operate the trains that bore these enemies of theirs. Not willingly, any of them, of course; they knew what was on foot and knew the use that was being made of them to defeat their brother workers. But they were helpless. They belonged to separate unions. Each union had made a separate contract for itself with a separate date of expiration and this contract withheld it from giving to another union any effective support.

If the engineers could have struck with the shopmen, if the firemen could have refused to haul strike-breakers, the strike would have been won in twenty-four hours or less. But because of the division into separate unions, the rest of the army of labor was obliged not merely to stand by and see their brothers beaten but actually to assist in beating them.

In other words, it was the old story of advancing in detachments and being defeated in detail.

The same illustration was repeated in the case of the strike of the pressmen and stereotypers in Chicago in the spring of 1912.

Here was one of the greatest battles that labor ever fought and only prevented from being one of labor's greatest victories by the failure of the compositors to join hands with their fellow workers. With the assistance of the compositors the strikers would have been invincible and could have dictated their own terms. But the compositors were helpless, being tied up with a separate contract made with their separate union and having a long term to run. They were obliged to stand by and help to issue the newspapers that were defeating and defrauding the workers.

Such things have been repeated so often that they are perfectly (and painfully) familiar to every person that has

observed the course of the labor struggle in America. If there is a strike of miners, the engineers in that mine continue to hoist scab miners in and out; the engineers' union has a separate contract. If there is a strike in a factory, the machinists cannot come out; they have a separate contract. When it expires the employers exact some concession, and then if the machinists strike the operatives in that factory cannot join them, because in the meantime they, too, have made a separate contract. The two together could win justice and better conditions; fighting separately they are defeated separately, and with ease.

The employers clearly perceive this situation if the workers do not, and the employers bend every energy to keep the workers from uniting.

An infinite variety of devices are used to this end, some of them exceedingly ingenious. If there is a labor leader anywhere that cannot see the advantages of industrial over craft organization (that is, all railroad men in one union, all men in the printing trade in one union, and so forth) such a leader is singled out for subtle honors and attentions. He may be as honest as the day is long and may never suspect the reason for the distinctions that are heaped upon him, but the flattery will affect him, nevertheless. In spite of all reason and evidence, he will think that he has the kind regard of the employers because of his superior merit and character, and there is no wisdom after that able to keep him from being influenced by the suggestions he hears.

Similarly, any man that stands for a genuine union of the forces of labor must expect nothing but ridicule and every form of misrepresentation from the journals controlled in the interest of the employers. He must also expect that the true origin of this abuse will never be recognized and he will suffer accordingly in the estimation of his own class and his own people.

But to keep the workers divided on the political field is equally important to the employers and brings forth their most adroit schemes. They know perfectly well that the workers constitute the vast majority of the voters and that accordingly if the workers were ever to unite at

the ballot box the present supremacy of the employing class would vanish instantly. The constant object of the employers, therefore, is to keep the workers divided, and to that end they bring out at every election some false issue by which the attention of the workers may be diverted from their own wrongs and be fixed upon something else.

This is the only thing that has kept the old Republican and Democratic parties alive so many years after there has ceased to be any difference between them.

Millions of workingmen vote the Republican ticket every year and other millions vote the Democratic, and they might far better not vote at all. No human being is ingenious enough to mention a single advantage that any workman has had from either the Republican or the Democratic administrations. When workingmen vote the Republican or the Democratic ticket they are voting for the employing class. They might as easily vote for themselves, if they would, but the great majority continue to vote for their employers. The spectacle is one of the strangest and most unreasonable that can be imagined, but every year it is repeated, to the great satisfaction of the employing class and the increase of its profits.

One year it is the tariff question that is relied upon to do this. We have had more than thirty years of tariff discussion and sometimes we have had a high tariff and sometimes a low tariff, but all the time the workers continued to create all the wealth of the country and to get very little of the wealth they created. All the time, too, this great change has gone forward unchecked, under which there is a constant increase in the cost of living but no corresponding increase in wages and salaries; under which, therefore, the workers have continued to grow poorer and poorer and the chances of their children to grow less.

When it seems unlikely that the tariff can arouse the interest necessary to keep the workers from thinking about their plight, there is always something else that will do it. Sometimes it is reform; sometimes it is free silver coinage; sometimes it is a personal contest between two well-known men, when the campaign takes on

the aspect of a prize fight and the sporting instincts of the people are appealed to. One of the most effective men for this purpose is Theodore Roosevelt. He has a good line of spectacular stunts and can be depended upon to get into the lime light every day with some new device. This keeps the people guessing and centers their minds on Roosevelt instead of on themselves, the result being that either the Republicans or the Democrats get control of the government, and so far as the employing class and the exploiters are concerned, one is as good as the other.

No matter which is in power, the old condition continues under which the workers create all the wealth of the country and get very little of what they create and the cost of living continues to increase but there is no corresponding increase of wages and salaries.

Every interest of the working class and of the nation, every interest material, intellectual or any other, demands that this shall be changed and at once. If nothing else were involved but the one great matter of education, even that ought to be sufficient to move the worker as much as it moves every intelligent observer aware of the present appalling facts in regard to our public schools.

In other words, even if the worker would not desire for his own sake to effect a radical change, he ought to think how directly all this comes home to his children.

At the last meeting of the National Educational Association the startling fact was brought out that the children of the masses of this country are practically uneducated and without a chance of securing an education. It is actually true that 75 per cent of the children in our public schools drop out at the close of the elementary courses or before. Fewer than 7 per cent complete the high school grade.

That is to say, in the United States only the children of the rich and the well-to-do are receiving any kind of education worth the name. The children of the poor and of the workers are condemned at the start to a state of ignorance.

Thus, in spite of ourselves, we have already established one aristocracy, the aristocracy of knowledge.

The exploiters, constituting 1 per cent of the population, elect 99 per cent of the national legislators. The workers, constituting 70 per cent of the population, elect nobody at all. What would you naturally expect under such conditions? The legislators naturally work for those that put them into office. A man elected by the exploiting class and chosen from its ranks can no more represent labor or the masses than the King of Siam can represent the state of Iowa.

This was always true, but it is now truer than ever, and infinitely more important, as you will see at once if you will stop to reflect on the great changes that have occurred in the nature of public problems in the last twenty years.

Here is something you never see discussed in your newspaper and yet it is the most significant fact of the times. It is literally true that nine in ten of the topics now debated in Congress are not of the least importance to this nation. Nine-tenths of the time of Congress is frittered away. The eminent legislators might much better be employed in making mud pies or tatting. Nothing is of any real importance to this nation except the one question whether we are longer to continue the process under which the cost of living increases and increases but there is no corresponding increase of wages, and that question you never hear mentioned in Congress.

Yet if that process shall continue much longer, we shall, in effect, have no nation worth bothering about. For two things will have happened. First, the great Groups of capitalists that at present have absorbed the control of almost half of the nation's wealth will have absorbed the rest of it so that all others will be merely the hired men of these, subject to a power the most colossal and irresponsible that ever existed on this earth. Second, the standard of living among the workers, now steadily declining under the present system, will have reached a level that no thoughtful man can contemplate without the gravest alarm.

For the simple fact is that the strength of any nation lies solely in the physical welfare of its producers, the working class. There is not a particle of national strength nor public advantage in the accumulation of much money in the hands

of any individual. Physical, mental and moral strength springs exclusively from the masses and does not exist where the masses are ill-fed and hopeless. For a nation to have enormous wealth in the possession of a few means not one thing that is good and everything that is ruinous.

What is at hand for this nation, therefore, is obvious when we contemplate the fact that just as the masses grow poorer the few that are the beneficiaries of the present system grow richer.

While for the masses the cost of living always increases and there is no corresponding increase in wages, this process is a pump that gathers the wealth of the land into the coffers of the men constituting the Two Groups, already representing by far the greatest private fortunes ever possessed in this world.

Also the greatest power.

It is obviously true, therefore, as I said in the beginning of this chapter, that the life of the nation lies in the hands of the working class, and the workers can solve all these problems and remove all these perils if they will.

The one thing needful is that they should unite and begin to vote for themselves instead of voting for the Parasites.

If the country were in danger from a more obvious foe they would not hesitate. Suppose some other nation to land troops upon our soil and practically the whole working class would rally to the defense

of our country. It would do so instinctively and without counting the cost. Workers in every corner of the country would hasten to the recruiting offices to offer their lives, if need be, for the national defense. They would leave their homes and their families for this exalted purpose and feel that in so doing they were but making a sacrifice absolutely demanded by their duty as citizens. Even if the outcome of the war was from the beginning a certainty and they knew that their country was really in no danger of destruction, they would still be willing to make for it so great a sacrifice.

Every man that observed the rush to enlist at the time of the Spanish-American war knows how true this is.

But here is the country threatened by an enemy far worse than any that could possibly land a hostile force upon our shores. Here is a prospect of destruction far greater than could be wrought with cannon or an enemy's fleet. Not only is the national welfare and safety menaced but the future of the worker and of his children. As in the case of the other kind of war, the one source of defenders is in the working class. The sacrifice required is not of lives but simply and only this, that the workers should lay aside every difference that now divides them and ceasing to vote for the Parasites that exploit them begin to vote for themselves, to organize and act for themselves.

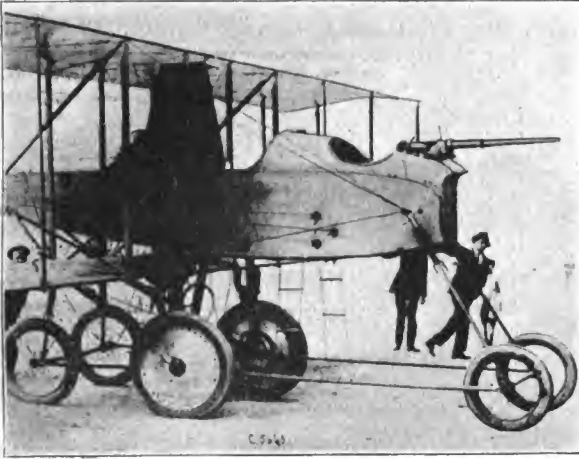
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FRENCH MILITARY AEROPLANE WITH RAPID
FIRE GUN.

WAR IN

BY GEORGE HAW

Photographs
By

WAR in the Air is here. A fleet of aircrafts may change the map of Europe. Dirigibles, biplanes, monoplanes and hydroplanes will probably exterminate thousands of soldiers and thousands of non-combatants, raze scores of cities and devastate miles of fields within the next few months. The winged fighters may turn the balance of power, two or three peoples be assimilated and a handful of monarchs be rudely separated from their dreams of European supremacy.

The airship, the new lord of battle, is the cheapest and most powerful agent of destruction known. Its range is practically unlimited, and it can seldom be successfully attacked except by crafts of its kind.

The airship sees everything and its well tuned wireless apparatus reports the slightest movement of the enemy to the field generals. Not long ago a British army colonel made the statement that one war with airships in the field would end international embroglios. Of course, he was hooted down by his confreres, but gave his reasons.

"The infantry is powerless," he insisted, "if the sky is dotted with aeroplanes. Fifty bombs properly placed can

wreck a fleet, and one dirigible could raze London in twenty-four hours. With the improvement of the flying machine the war lords of Europe will realize the futility of carnage."

War in the Air is on today and it will take only a matter of a few weeks to determine whether the colonel is right or not. If his forecast is correct England, France, Germany and Russia may be forced to agree to cease hostilities to avoid the extinction of their people and the destruction of their commercial life.

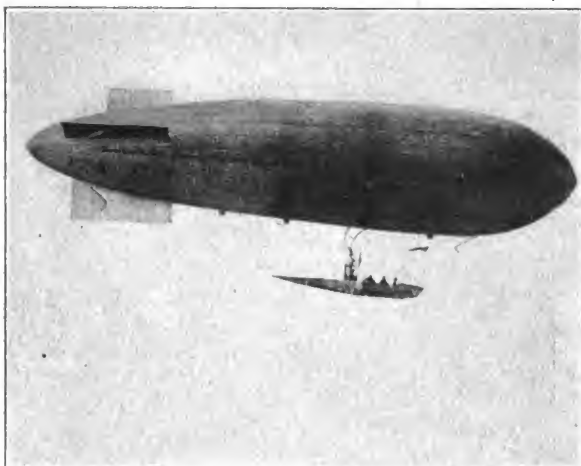
These four countries are the air lords of Europe. France has nearly a thousand military machines. In the fall of 1913 the Republic owned 344 monoplanes and biplanes of the latest type; had a hundred more under construction and had access to 500 of an earlier pattern. Besides these she had 25 dirigibles for army use and 20 more for the navy. But the balloons being non-rigid, are not of the most improved type. France has now several modern dirigibles.

Russia is not far behind France in the mastery of the air although it is generally conceded that England is well equipped. The Czar has always maintained a strict secrecy as to Russia's number and the patterns of her airships. But

THE AIR

BY EMANUEL

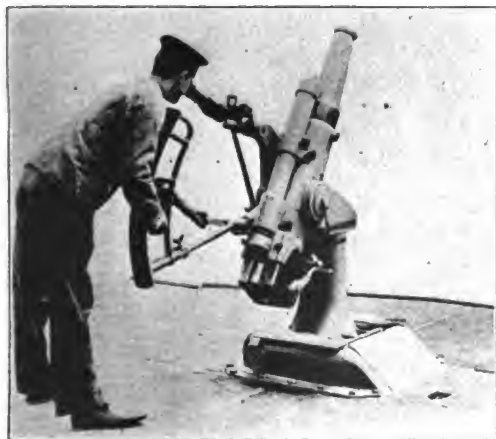
International
News Service.



ENGLISH WAR BALLOON—THE GAMMA.

she is known to possess more than 500 planes and over a dozen dirigibles.

The Kaiser's domain has always been the real home of the lighter than air machine. The government has taken up the work of Count Zeppelin, improved upon and appropriated it for its own use. The Kaiser now has 28 modern rigid dirigibles all capable of carrying from fifteen to thirty passengers and from twenty to thirty tons of nitro-glycerine cartridges capable of destroying London or Paris.



GERMAN DISAPPEARING AEROPLANE GUN
MOUNTED ON SUBMARINE.

They are all equipped with wireless apparatus capable of flashing messages 800 miles. Besides these huge balloons the Kaiser's army has 200 modern heavier than air machines and 270 of older pattern.

Military critics predict that the present international conflict will come at night. A few German dirigibles could hover over Paris in the dark at a height of 700 feet dropping bombs every few minutes and make a poor target for other air crafts unless powerful searchlights were used. At daybreak they could fly for the rural districts and destroy the food supply of the nation. The newest Zeppelins can remain in the air three days without returning for gas.

France would be helpless from attack were it not for her fleet of wonderful monoplanes. Paris might already have been attacked and destroyed if dozens of daring aviators had not constantly protected the city. At the very start of the conflict between France and Germany two mammoth dirigibles made for Paris, but they encountered a fleet of nearly a dozen watchful monoplanes and were promptly driven back to German territory. The pursuit did not continue across the border. Doubtless France did



FRENCH BICYCLE CORPS CO-OPERATING WITH AEROPLANE.

not care to invoke the fire of the airship guns of the Germans, which can be carried from point to point and even fastened to submarines.

In the land of the Tricolor today patriotic citizens are all singing the praises of Roland Garros, the French aviator who sacrificed his life at Cirey-les-Forges, August 2nd, when he rammed his tiny bird-like machine into a ponderous cigar-shaped Zeppelin and exploded the gas bag, sending both crafts crashing to the earth. All of the twenty-six German officers who were in the balloon and Garros, himself, were killed. The little Frenchman must have known that it meant certain death to puncture the gas bag, and for that reason his countrymen hail him as a great hero.

When the conflict is over it may be that this act of Garros will be the beginning of the end of patriotic homicide. Nothing more ghastly can be conceived than a war above the clouds with hundreds of men falling to death to protect property interests or to satisfy the ambitions of a power-crazed monarch.

For the past five years every European power has been preparing for war above ground. Every parliament has been asked to appropriate more and still more money for air craft. Austria now has 20 mono-

planes, six biplanes, four dirigibles and four hydroplanes. Belgium has a few dirigibles and several heavier-than-air crafts. England has 101 air crafts, Bulgaria 15, Holland 12, Servia 10, Japan 21 and Italy over 600.

If the Italian government is drawn into the war whirlpool her aerial fleet may turn the tables. If she remains neutral it is possible that the decisive conflict may take place two or three miles above the solid earth. At the time this article is written, the German army is bombarding Belgium forts and the French troops are hurrying to meet them.

Suppose the great forces meet at Waterloo and that the Russian army is able to cross the German border and is hastening to cut off German retreat and that the Austrian army is coming up from the South to aid her German ally. Suppose each army sends out a fleet of airplanes for scouting purposes.

In such event there would be many skirmishes in the air. If few aviators were killed the infantry, which is the backbone of the fighting force, could be kept sleepless by the menace of the monoplanes. Every move of each company could be flashed to headquarters by wireless; bombs dropped on powder magazines and commissary wagons. Whole



GERMAN WAR SIGNALING BALLOON.

companies of soldiers would be annihilated by deadly gas bombs, and water supplies poisoned.

On the other hand the English would have joined the French and be advancing upon the old historic battlefield. The Kaiser's Zeppelins would seek to observe the manoeuvres of all the united opposing forces and would hover above the armies, dropping poisonous gas bombs into the camps, killing hundreds of men with every explosion. Still higher up and darting at them in deadly attack would be the aeroplanes.

Could anything in ancient warfare equal the destruction of such a battle and such a war!

The poisonous gas bomb is another recent invention of the Krupp death factories. It contains nearly 150 pounds of chemicals guaranteed to kill everyone within a hundred yards.

But to go back to our contenders at Waterloo. By the time the armies met they would be in poor fighting condition because of the harrassment by the air crafts at night. Their ammunition may be destroyed, their food supply depleted and their ranks thinned by bombs. Every movement would be known to the enemy and skill in generalship would be a negligible quantity.

Victory would belong to the side of the largest and best air fleet unless the air craft destroyers prove more effective than is anticipated. But victory surely will be the portion of the side that owns the most modern and powerful death-dealing machines. Perhaps we may look for the great aerial battles described so vividly by Mr. H. G. Wells in his last novel, "The World Set Free," wherein he claims that the stupendous destructive power of modern machine guns and air crafts will ultimately banish war from the face of the earth. We need Mr. Wells to describe the modern Waterloo told of old by Victor Hugo.

In "The World Set Free" Mr. Wells predicts a general European war with the English and French joining forces with the Slavs against the Central Europeans.

The following is quoted from his description of a battle in the air:

"The battle was joined with the swiftness of dreaming. I do not think it can have been five minutes from the moment when I first became aware of the Central European air fleet to the contact of the two forces. I saw it quite plainly in silhouette against the luminous blue of the northern sky. The allied aeroplanes—they were mostly French—came pouring down like a fierce shower upon the middle

of the Central European fleet. They looked exactly like a coarser sort of rain. There was a crackling sound—the first sound I heard—it reminded one of the Aurora Borealis, and I suppose it was an interchange of rifle shots. There were flashes like summer lightning; and then all the sky became a whistling confusion of battle that was still largely noiseless. Some of the Central European aeroplanes were certainly charged and overset; others seemed to collapse and fall and then flare out with so bright a light that it took the edge off one's vision and made the rest of the battle disappear as though it had been snatched back out of sight.

"And then, while I still peered and tried to shade these flames from my eyes with my hand, and while the men about me were beginning to stir, the atomic bombs were thrown at the dykes. They made a mighty thunder in the air, and fell like Lucifer in the picture, leaving a flaring trail in the sky. The night, which has been pellucid and detailed and eventful, seemed to vanish, to be replaced

abruptly by a black background to these tremendous pillars of fire. * * *

"Hard upon the sound of them came a roaring wind, and the sky was filled with flickering lightnings and rushing clouds. * * *

"There was something discontinuous in this impact. At one moment I was a lonely watcher in a sleeping world; the next saw everyone about me afoot, the whole world awake and amazed. * * *

"And then the wind had struck me a buffet, taken my helmet and swept aside the summer house of Vreugde Bij Vrede as a scythe sweeps away grass. I saw the bomb fall, and then watched a great crimson flare leap responsive to each impact, and mountainous masses of red-lit steam and flying fragments clamber up toward the zenith. Against the glare I saw the countryside for miles standing black and clear, churches, trees, chimneys. And suddenly I understood. The Central Europeans had burst the dykes. Those flares meant the bursting of the dykes, and in a little while the sea-water would be upon us. * * *"



COMPANY OF GERMAN UHLANS, FAMOUS DIVISION OF THE GERMAN ARMY, WHICH PLAYED SUCH A PROMINENT PART IN THE SIEGE AGAINST LIEGE.

Organize With the Unemployed

A NEW WAY TO FIGHT

By Mary E. Marcy

WHAT would happen if we awoke tomorrow morning to find there were ten per cent more jobs than there were working men and women? Think of it! One hundred jobs for every ninety men! We would not be going around looking for work at the old wage scale, would we? And we would not need to.

We would see the employers outbidding each other for men, offering shorter hours and higher pay in order to get workers to run the shops and factories, and we would throw back our shoulders and look the jobs over and pretty nearly dictate our terms to the boss.

Now, by *organizing with the men out of work*, we can bring about just this happy state of affairs:

The *employers* of labor are absolutely *dependent* on the *unemployed* to *keep down wages*. If there were no men or women to take our jobs, we could demand shorter hours and higher pay—in fact, we could soon demand so much that there would be no profits left for the bosses. Then nobody would be able to use the mines and the railroads, the shops and the land for the purpose of making big dividends by exploiting the working class.

Today the capitalist, or employing class, owns all the great tools, or machines, by which things are produced. The employing class owns the land, the mills, the mines and the factories. They own the railroads and the shops. They own these things and *want* to own these things—not for the purpose of raising food for people to eat, or building houses for them to live in, or making clothes for them to wear. They own these things for the purpose of robbing the working class—for the sake of *profits*.

There would be no profits for the employer if all the shoe workers in a factory got \$2,000 in wages when they made \$2,000 worth of shoes. If steel mill

workers secured \$10,000 in pay for making ten thousand dollars' worth of steel rails, the steel mill would be unable to send any dividends over to Scotland to Mr. Carnegie. The men who did the work would get the full value of their product and there would be no rake-off for the useless capitalist.

No profit-grabber would care to own a steel mill or a shoe factory under such conditions. They would have to go to work in the mill or factory alongside you and me.

We are today unable to name the price at which we will sell our strength, or our brains, to the boss because there are scores of unemployed men and women who are offering their brains and muscles at just enough to live on. If we demand higher wages or shorter hours, they will undersell us and get the jobs.

This is how the *employers* use the *unemployed* to keep our wages down; and it is by keeping wages down that they are able to draw profits from the shops and mills.

The *employers* need the *unemployed* in order to make profits almost as much as they need workers. It is time we recognized this fact and organized with them *ourselves*. *We need the unemployed* just as vitally as the bosses do. But all these years we have struggled to hold our jobs, to raise or maintain wages, to secure shorter hours, without taking any account of the thousands of "laid-off" workers who need those jobs just as much as we do.

We call these men scabs when hunger drives them to take our jobs at lower wages, and we even beat them up and drive them out of cities and treat them like our bitterest enemies, all because their need is so great that they are driven to take our jobs at lower wages, to keep from starving.

Can you blame a man whose wife is sick and whose children are crying for food when he goes to work on your job

for a dollar a week less than you are getting? You may find yourself in the same fix week after next.

Would you lower the wage scale and take another man's job in order to pay for a doctor when your wife's new baby is coming? Or would you let her lie in some dingy tenement, uncared for and die? What would you do?

This is the position many of our unemployed comrades find themselves in every day in the year and it is this fear of death and starvation and suffering that forces them to take somebody's job at almost any price.

Now, I do not see how we are ever going to materially raise wages or benefit any very large portion of the working class so long as there is an army of desperately hungry men and women willing and anxious to take our jobs for lower pay.

Consider the situation of our craft union friends. Some of them are organized in so close and exclusive a union that they charge foreign applicants for membership \$1,000 for initiation fees, as do the glass blowers. Other unions have closed their books and are refusing all new members. Still others limit the number of apprentices who are permitted to learn their trade—in order to continue a monopoly of laborers in their own particular craft. These policies do not help the working class at all. And these craft unions are even unable to give jobs to their own members. There are *always thousands of members of the most exclusive craft unions* who are out of work.

I know scores of skilled union men who do not have *steady* work six months in the year. And some of them *scab* when there is great need at home.

The point we have to recognize is that the man who was "laid off" yesterday and who is looking for work is precisely the same kind of a human being as you and I.

We workers have been accustomed to regard him as a most undesirable member of society. We have generally shunned him and held on to our jobs more tightly when we saw him come around. But he can always turn to this boss or that boss and, if he is efficient and will work for low enough wages, he can nearly always cut us out of a job.

That is how the boss uses the out-of-works against *us* and against themselves.

Is there any union in the world organized or in the process of organization—for the purpose of co-operating or uniting with, or aiding and finding jobs for the unemployed? If there is I have never heard of it. And until you join with the out-of-works, who *need your jobs today*, you are never going to be able to help yourself or the *working class* to any great extent.

What prevents you from demanding higher wages today? You know and I know it is the men who are *forced* to seek your jobs. The boss can lay you off and put them on at any time.

You are always competing for jobs with the unemployed whether you realize it or not. And you must stop competing with them and begin to realize your need of them and their need of you. We must organize and co-operate with the out-of-works *against* the employing class.

We must stand by the unemployed in order to have them stand by us. When one of the shops closes down, let the men in the other shops unite to share with their out-of-work comrades instead of turning their backs upon them, with the *distinct understanding* that *no one will go to work at less than the prevailing wage scale*.

Isn't it better for a hundred employed men to support ten comrades who are "laid off" than it is to let hunger drive them into your own jobs at lower wages?

Already it is the working class that partially supports the unemployed. But we have not done enough to keep them from being *forced* to take our jobs and to lower the wage scale. Much that we have given has been done grudgingly and half-heartedly. Thousands of unemployed are compelled to sleep in barracks, in jails and in parks. Thousands who apply at the municipal soup kitchens are turned away hungry every night and still others have been driven from cities at the point of guns.

If the men and women *on the jobs* would support their unemployed comrades for one month with the understanding that nobody should go to work for less than the prevailing rate of wages—those on the jobs would be in a position to *dictate* new terms to their employers.

They could demand shorter hours—which would give work to some of those who were unemployed.

Or they could enforce a five-work-day week and force the bosses to employ those who were out of work the other day. The men on the jobs would not long need to share their *wages* with the unemployed. Soon they would be in a position to share their *labors* also.

Remember that as soon as we begin to *control* the *supply* of *workers* or labor power we can shorten hours and raise wages. And the only way we can control the number of applicants for jobs is by *uniting* with the *unemployed*.

Hitherto everybody has despised the *unemployed* except the boss. Now that we realize how much the employers need and use them, perhaps we will be wise enough to rob the enemy of his biggest gun. We need the co-operation of our out-of-work comrades and hereafter we must *organize with them to present a united front against the boss*.

PRIVATE OWNERSHIP.

The employing class desires to own fac-

tories, shops, mills and mines—only because they can force the workers to make profits for them in these shops or mills. The only reason a steel mill brings a big price in Wall Street is because it is a great dividend payer. The moment a railroad stops earning profits it becomes a drug on the market.

When we begin to organize with the unemployed in order to control the supply of the workers' laboring power, we begin to sound the doom of the whole profit system. For as soon as we are partially able to regulate the number of workers for the various jobs, we will begin to gain strength to shorten hours, to raise wages and to put the unemployed to work.

And all this will eat steadily into the profits of the employing class, until the working class shall become strong enough to take the value of its product and the *profit* system, of robbery and of wages, shall come to an end.

Working men *on the job*, unite with your *unemployed* comrades; control your joint labor power, absorb the profits of the boss and the world is yours!

Latest News From South Africa

By TOM MANN

READERS of THE REVIEW may be interested in learning what developments are taking place in South Africa following upon the wholesale imprisonments and the deportations of January last. It will be in the minds of regular readers that in July of 1913 an industrial crisis arose which resulted in favor of the men. Representatives of the Government at that time, particularly Generals Botha and Smutts, entered into undertakings with delegates of the unions which resulted in a stoppage of hostilities. Subsequent events have once more demonstrated the foolishness of relying upon statesmen. Immediately work was resumed, not only did those gentlemen ignore all the apparently sacred promises and pledges they had given, but they immediately proceeded to prepare the military forces at their disposal and to bring others into existence, and as soon as

ready these Cabinet Ministers proceeded to provoke the men to the point of active retaliation.

The railways are state owned, and the railway men were amongst those who had very serious grievances which they desired rectified. Many railway men average about fourteen shillings a day (two dollars), whilst thousands of railway men—white men at that—do not receive more than one dollar a day for full pay, and the purchasing power of money here is less than in the U. S. A.

As a result of the very deliberate maneuvering of the railway departmental administration, it reached the stage when a section of the men determined to resist, and they struck before others could be communicated with. Martial law was declared, shooting, killing, imprisonments and deportings took place.

When I arrived in South Africa at the

end of March I found that the unions had suffered seriously as the result of what they had passed through, for, concurrently with the direction of forces of the government hostile to the workers—particularly the trade unionists—almost every group of employers instructed their managers to institute a policy of victimization. Many hundreds of men were refused work at the mines. Miners, engineers, general workers, whoever had been known to be identified with the unions, were not only refused work, but were blacklisted as well. The railway department issued a list of five hundred and sixty men who are not to be re-employed. This policy, on top of the imprisonment of the most capable of the men, naturally disheartened many, but the militants were more militant still, and are so at this hour, and they are saddled with the heavy work of reorganizing the union forces. The Defense Force, which the political Labor Party had helped to bring into existence, was the chief agency used against the men.

Had real working class solidarity been a fact, neither this force nor any other could have interfered with the success of the men. But real solidarity was not within the mental compass of any but the merest handful, as, for instance, the 15,000 men of all grades and colors in Cape Town. There has never been more than 2,500 organized, and those have never had any organized relationship with other districts except in cases where the union itself covered a larger area. The same is true of Durban in Natal. I have found the greatest contrasts here. Never in my somewhat lengthy experience have I found men more callous and in some instances more cowardly, whilst the militant few are splendidly courageous.

I have had excellent meetings in every district of a public character. It is when I get down to the actual meeting for organizing that I reach bed rock and find obstacles in the way. However, I am glad to say as regards the railway men that there is now a healthy upward tendency for reorganization and in spite of heaps of difficulties there will soon be a powerful body of well organized railway men and harbor workers.

Internationalism has received a fillip. The British and Australian organized railway workers have not only sent messages of good will but have also sent substantial sums of money to enable the railway here to solidify their forces.

It is hoped that in a few weeks the deportees will return on the invitation of the organized workers here who, meantime, are relating themselves with their comrades in Europe to prepare for future action.

Not only is reorganization of the unions receiving special attention, but efforts at co-operation are also being made. Thus in Pretoria and several other places co-operative societies have been started and the organized bakers of Johannesburg are now about to launch a co-operative bakery as a preliminary to a reduction of hours and increase of pay to be demanded by them throughout the trade.

Some of the labor politicians have been somewhat scared by my propagandist efforts. They had been urging the workers to the view that everything could be obtained by the ballot, and some of them had never belonged to a trade union. Finding this was a hindrance to political advance, they are now joining the unions, but their influence on the movement is harmful as they are really worshippers of the "state" and have no conception of the control of industry by the men directly engaged in industry.

I am encouraging the men to rely entirely upon themselves, to build up their industrial organizations so correctly that through them and by them they will themselves decide the conditions under which industry shall be run.

Allowance must be made for the large number of workers not of European origin. In British South Africa there are one and a quarter million of whites, almost the same number of colored, i. e., having some white in them, and nearly six millions of blacks. Still the colored men are showing a disposition and capacity to organize, and with increasing intelligence on the part of the whites, the solidarity on the part of all workers as a class becomes necessary and possible and will be achieved.

The Gunmen and the Miners

By Eugene V. Debs

THE time has come for the United Mine Workers and the Western Federation of Miners to levy a special monthly assessment to create a **GUNMEN DEFENSE FUND**.

This fund should be sufficient to provide each member with the latest high power rifle, the same as used by the corporation gunmen, and 500 rounds of cartridges.

In addition to this every district should purchase and equip and man enough Gatling and machine guns to match the equipment of Rockefeller's private army of assassins.

This suggestion is made advisedly and I hold myself responsible for every word of it.

If the corporations have the right to recruit and maintain private armies of thieves, thugs and ex-convicts to murder striking workingmen, sack their homes, insult their wives, and roast their babes, then labor unions not only have the right but it is their solemn duty to arm themselves to resist these lawless attacks and defend their homes and loved ones.

To the miners especially do these words apply, and to them in particular is this message addressed.

Paint Creek, Calumet and Ludlow are of recent occurrence.

You miners have been forced out on strike, and you have been made the victims of every conceivable method of persecution.

You have been thrown into foul dungeons, you have been robbed, insulted and treated with contempt; you have seen your wives and babes murdered in cold blood before your eyes.

You have been thrown into foul dungeons where you have lain for months for daring to voice your protest against these cruel outrages, and many of you are now cold in death with the gaping bullet wounds in your bodies to bear mute testimony to the efficacy of government by gunmen as set up in the mining camps by the master class during the last few years.

Under government by gunmen you are literally shorn of the last vestige of liberty and you have absolutely no protection under

the law. When you go out on strike, your master has his court issue the injunction that strips you of your power to resist his injustice, and then has his private army of gunmen invade your camp, open fire on your habitations and harass you and your families until the strike is broken and you are starved back into the pits on your master's terms. This has happened over and over again in all the mining states of this union.

Now the private army of gunmen which has been used to break your strikes is an absolutely lawless aggregation.

If you miners were to arm a gang of thugs and assassins with machine guns and repeating rifles and order them to march on the palatial residences of the Rockefellers, riddle them with bullets, and murder the inmates in cold blood, not sparing even the babes, if there happened to be any, how long would it be before your officials would be in jail and your unions throttled and put out of business by the law?

The Rockefellers have not one particle more lawful right to maintain a private army to murder you union men than you union men would have to maintain a private army to murder the Rockefellers.

AND YET THE LAW DOES NOT INTERFERE WITH THE ROCKEFELLERS WHEN THEY SET UP GOVERNMENT BY GUNMEN, AND HAVE THEIR PRIVATE ARMY OF MAN-KILLERS SWEEP DOWN ON A MINING CAMP, TURN LOOSE THEIR MACHINE GUNS, KILL WITHOUT MERCY, AND LEAVE DEATH, AGONY AND DESOLATION IN THEIR WAKE, AND THEREFORE IT BECOMES YOUR SOLEMN DUTY TO ARM YOURSELVES IN DEFENSE OF YOUR HOMES AND IN DRIVING OUT THESE INVADING ASSASSINS, AND PUTTING AN END TO GOVERNMENT BY GUNMEN IN THE UNITED STATES.

In a word, the protection the government owes you and fails to provide, you are morally bound to provide for yourselves.

You have the unquestioned right, under the law, to defend your life and to protect the sanctity of your fireside. Failing in either, you are a coward and a craven and undeserving the name of man.

If a thief or thug attacks you or your wife or child and threatens to take your life, you have a lawful right to defend yourself and your loved ones, even to the extent of slaying the assailant. This right is quite as valid and unimpaired—in fact it is even more inviolate—if the attack is made by a dozen or a hundred, instead of only one.

Rockefeller's gunmen are simply murderers at large, and you have the same right to kill them when they attack you that you have to kill the burglar who breaks into your house at midnight or the highwayman who holds you up at the point of his pistol.

Rockefeller's hired assassins have no lawful right that you miners are bound to respect. They are professional man-killers, the lowest and vilest on earth. They hire out to break your strike, shoot up your home and kill you, and you should have no more compunction in killing them than if they were so many mad-dogs or rattlesnakes that menaced your homes and your community.

Recollect that in arming yourselves, as you are bound to do unless you are willing to be forced into abject slavery, you are safely within the spirit and letter of the law.

The constitution of the United States guarantees to you the right to bear arms, as it does to every other citizen, but there is not a word in this instrument, nor in any United States statute, state law, or city ordinance, that authorizes the existence of a private army for purposes of cold-blooded murder and assassination.

"Mine guard" is simply a master class term for a working class assassin.

Let the United Mine Workers and the Western Federation of Miners take note that a private army of gunmen is simply a gang of outlaws and butchers and that

THEY HAVE NOT A SOLITARY RIGHT AN HONEST WORKINGMAN IS BOUND TO RESPECT!

Let these unions and all other organized bodies of workers that are militant and not subservient to the masters, declare war to

the knife on these lawless and criminal hordes and swear relentless hostility to government by gunmen in the United States.

Murderers are no less murderers because they are hired by capitalists to kill workmen than if they were hired by workmen to kill capitalists.

Mine guards, so-called, are murderers pure and simple, and are to be dealt with accordingly. The fact that they are in uniform, as in Colorado, makes them even more loathsome and repulsive than the common reptilian breed.

A "mine guard" in the uniform of a state militiaman is a copper-head in the skin of a rattlesnake, and possibly only because an even deadlier serpent has wriggled his slimy way into the executive chair of the state.

It remains only to be said that we stand for peace, and that we are unalterably opposed to violence and bloodshed if by any possible means, short of absolute degradation and self-abasement, these can be prevented. We believe in law, the law that applies equally to all and is impartially administered, and we prefer reason infinitely to brute force.

But when the law fails, and in fact, becomes the bulwark of crime and oppression, then an appeal to force is not only morally justified, but becomes a patriotic duty.

The Declaration of Independence proclaims this truth in words that burn with the patriotic fervor the revolutionary fathers must have felt when they rose in revolt against the red-coated gunmen of King George and resolved to shoot king rule out of existence.

Wendell Phillips declared that it was the glory of honest men to trample bad laws under foot with contempt, and it is equally their glory to protect themselves in their lawful rights when those who rule the law fail to give them such protection.

Let the unions, therefore, arm their members against the gunmen of the corporations, the gangs of criminals, cut-throats, woman-ravishers and baby-burners that have absolutely no lawful right to existence!

Let organized labor, from one end of the country to the other, declare war on these privately licensed assassins, and let the slogan of every union man in the land be

DOWN WITH GOVERNMENT BY GUNMEN AND ASSASSINATION IN THE UNITED STATES:

The Advent of the Diesel-Motor

By Barbara Lidy Frankenthal

DAY by day more and more of the work of the world is taken up by machinery. In a bulletin recently issued by the U. S. Government, it is estimated that four and one-half million factory workers of the United States turn out a product equal to the hand labor of forty-five million men.

This means that 90 per cent of the work in the factories is done by machinery, or that one man, with the help of machines, is enabled to produce ten times more than he needs; in other words, to satisfy the want of one man for one day, a factory worker requires only one hour, instead of ten, as he is working now. For whom does he work the remaining nine hours?

The bankers, brokers, merchants, soldiers and the whole gang of parasites do not produce one day's need in their whole lifetime; they make money, but do not create wealth. But, one might say, the capitalists furnishing the machines. But it was the steel mill workers, who did that. The capitalists keep them alive while they are building the machines and then take the machines away from the workers, by power of police, if necessary.

But to come back to the story. A very large part of the machinery, in use, is driven by steam power, which means largely coal power and both the getting and the burning of this coal involves a terrible waste, of human labor.

First the coal is dug from the mines, where one-third of it is lost or left in such shape that it cannot be used. After being brought to daylight, it is shipped by railroads or ships, sometimes thousands of miles, before it comes to the steam engine. Here it is shoveled and burned beneath the boiler to transform the water into steam, my which operation perhaps 90 per cent of the heat escapes unused through the chimneys.

The steam is led into the cylinder to give the piston the to and fro movement through its expansive energy, thereby turning the

power wheel. It so happens that ordinarily not more than five per cent of the stored energy in the coal becomes available for human needs. Even the finest quadruple-expansion engines with all the modern devices for superheated steam, etc., to augment their capacity, do not utilize more than 15 per cent.

By far a greater advance is represented by the gas engines, in which, by first turning the coal into gas and then exploding this in the motors, more than double the amount of energy now becomes available. In the best type of gas engines the yield rises as high as 25 per cent; and in Germany the residual products from turning the coal into gas far more than pay the cost of doing this, so that the gain is clear. But all this is commercially feasible only in the great manufacturing centers and the cities, and, consequently, the gas engine in spite of the great saving it achieves, has yet but a restricted field.

For quite other reasons the same is true of the gasoline, benzine and similar motors such as are used in automobiles. Here the price of petrol is almost prohibitive for commercial purposes and has become increasingly so with the enormous extension in the use of motor cars.

However, we are now on the eve of a new epoch in this line through the invention of Dr. Rudolph Diesel, the German engineer, who so mysteriously disappeared last October on his voyage to England.

It is now 20 years since Dr. Diesel published the first sketch of his remarkable theory and of the motor which was to realize his idea. The motor is simplicity itself. Every school boy knows that if air is compressed very sharply it becomes hot and can be used to explode powder, etc., in a tube. Dr. Diesel's plan was to use the stroke of the piston to compress a considerable volume of air into a very small space, so as to put it under a very high pressure; and at the instant, the pressure reached a maximum, to force into this chamber a jet

of vaporized oil. The compression was to be so high that the air would instantly ignite the oil and burn it under highly favorable conditions. It is a true burning, and not an explosion, as in the ordinary gasoline motor of the automobiles. His idea was taken up by some of the engine works in Germany, but it required fully four years to perfect a commercial device. The superiority of the new motor was evident from the first. Actually it realized a full third of the theoretical heat energy of the oil, and this latter did not need to be gasoline or other expensive essence, but could be ordinary crude oil, such as comes out of the earth. The device is self-igniting, requires no auxiliary system and little or no attention.

It was soon found, however, that the new motor had to be made with exceptional care, and that, therefore, the cost of its development for commercial use was high. The fact that capitalists are not interested in progress as such, but in profit, explains why it is that, in spite of the great economies it achieves, the Diesel motor is only now becoming widely known.

In Germany, at the current price of crude oil, the Diesel motor produces power at from a quarter to a half cent per horse-power-hour. In the United States the cost is rather less. This is far beyond the economy of any other form of engine, and four or five times cheaper than the ordinary steam engine. Its only concurrent is waterpower, and waterpower is not everywhere available, and often requires a heavy outlay that it may be utilized. Crude oil on the other hand may be shipped and stored much more easily than coal, and the supply of it is very large and widely distributed over the earth.

The escaping hot gas from the Diesel motor can be employed for heating, and the by-products which can be obtained from it will, it is estimated, under proper conditions, more than cover the cost of the original fuel, so that the Diesel motor promises to rival the waterfall in future as a producer of the world's power. Like the waterfall, it will, under the most favorable conditions, mean that the expense will be simply the fixed charges of a plant and the cost of maintenance.

It is already evident that the Diesel motor will largely displace steam and this will first make itself felt upon the ships,

not merely because it realizes four or five times the power from the amount or volume of fuel, but it only occupies, together with the motor, about a quarter of the space required for a steam engine and its boilers and coal bunkers. This new motor has already been successfully tried on railroad locomotives and experiments are under way with a view to introduce it for driving automobiles. Most of the leading engine works in Europe have taken up the construction of the Diesel motor in all sizes. A large number of middle sized ships and various municipal power plants are already driven by it. In the United States a powerful company has just been organized for the purpose of constructing these motors and the General Petroleum Company in California is going to erect a plant in San Francisco for the construction of motor ships for the coastwise trade, which, of course, will force the owners of steamers to follow.

Indeed, the development of the crude-oil and coal-tar industry has been so rapid that the running of a Diesel motor may become a source of profit sufficient to cover all charges, and will actually mean power without cost. Consider what this will mean when, at no distant day, nine-tenths of the work of the world will be done by machines operated free of expense!

What the Diesel Motor Means to the Unskilled Laborer

Unskilled labor is synonymous with cheap manual labor. Why is it cheap labor? Because it is worth little? No, quite the contrary; all the brains of the world could not accomplish anything without the manual, executive labor. It is the creative part of work, while brain effort is the directive one. What is the use of a man that has superior brain and excellent ideas, but no arms to bring them into reality?

The low valuation of manual labor has no original basis. The workers, not having free access to either the sources or the means of production of wealth, are compelled to sell their labor power at the market price. The market price of any commodity is determined by the cost of production of that commodity, varying somewhat according to the relation of supply to demand. The market price of labor power is determined by the cost of produc-

tion of that labor power, not by the value of labor's product. Unskilled or manual labor is cheapest everywhere because there are so many who have a chance to do that kind of work, as there is nothing to *learn*. If so many had a chance to become lawyers, the municipal lodging houses would be besieged by lawyers. As to the cheapness of production, the labor power of the Diesel motor leaves everything far behind.

A Chinese laborer in China receives about 10 cents for a day's work, because it does not require more to keep him alive. One horse power of the Diesel motor turns out at least three or four times the amount of the work of the Chinese laborer for sixty minutes every hour and twenty-four hours every day, without grumbling, rest or sleep, and all this for 10 cents. All the "Diesel motor man" requires is a little oil for his stomach and a little bit of oil for his joints; he never strikes, nor does he care for holidays. This machine requires no food when out of work. In short, this is indeed a "willing and loyal" worker for the employer.

To give a vivid idea of the fearful competition of the Diesel motor, one must imagine an invasion of hordes of strong and tireless men from an unknown country that are willing to work incessantly for twenty-four hours every day for about 10 cents. Wherever there is work done by a gang that possibly can be done by machine power, the "Diesel motor *men*" will take it away from the unskilled laborers, those extravagant gentlemen who ask a fair wage for a fair day's work.

To Firemen and Machinists

Fireman? The Diesel motor will fire him. It has no use for firemen, no more than it has for coal-passers. A turn of the valve of the oil-supply pipe is all that is necessary to do away with the drudgerous work of the firemen and coal-passers.

The motor itself is so simple and so well regulated that trained machinists can be dispensed with. While they might be preferred, the number of their jobs will be greatly reduced. So, for instance, in the engine and boiler-rooms of these big modern ocean steamers about 300 to 400 coal-passers, firemen and machinists are now employed. If Diesel motors are installed, thirty or forty machinists and helpers will be amply sufficient to run them.

To Coal Miners and Railroad Men

Without going into details as to what extent the world's output of coal will be affected by the advent of the Diesel motor as a power and heat-producing means, it is safe to say that coal miners will lose their best weapon in the struggle against the oppressing class by it.

When the Diesel motor has supplanted the steam engine of the private and municipal plants, also of railroads and steamships, the necessity of coal will be no more of such an imperative nature as it is today. Coal will then occupy but a secondary position in modern industries.

Therefore, the future strikes of the coal miners will not have the same compelling strength and important consequences as they have at present. No more will it be possible to stop the country's railroads, to shut down factories and to cripple the world's commerce by tying up the steamships as it has been attained lately during the coal miners' strike in Great Britain.

The same is the case with the railroad men. A well organized railroad strike has the same, if not a stronger, effect than a miner's strike; the coal is of no use in front of the mines, the railroad men must first bring it to the place where it is needed. The coal traffic is indeed the chief item of railroad transportation, at least this is so in the United States. Not even a combined strike of the miners and the railroad men will have a reasonable fraction of the fundamental effect that a strike of either has today. The reason for this is that the oil for the Diesel motors undoubtedly will be conveyed to the industrial centers and to the sea coast through pipe lines, as it is largely done nowadays.

To the Small Farmers and Farm Hands

More power is spent through the plow than in all the factories in the world. The toil of turning the cultivated face of the earth once each year by the plow consumes more power than all the railways, street cars and automobiles combined. For every single acre of land, a man with plow and team must traverse a distance of eight miles. In order to run the mechanism of the farms in the United States alone, it requires 20 million horses and mules. According to the U. S. Agricultural Department, a horse needs five acres yearly

for keep, so that it necessitates 100 million acres to produce the motive power to run the farms. This is a larger area than is required for raising the country's crops of wheat, potatoes, rye and rice. On the other hand, the continuous rise in value of farm land does the rest to make a change for another source of motive power absolutely indispensable.

And the change is at hand. It is the tractor that will replace the horses and most of the farm hands and also squeeze out the small farmer. The onmarch of the farm tractor is so sudden and victorious that the U. S. census of 1910 did not bring out any statistical figures about it, while now the yearly output is more than 50 thousand of these machines. They may be considered as having a combined working capacity of about twenty-five horses and ten men, which can be doubled if circumstances call for it.

The uses of the all-round tractor in the field, shop and barn are indeed numberless, and any intelligent farm hand can learn in a few hours to operate them. This tractor can do the plowing right behind the binder when it is too hot for the horses to do it, and, with a headlight, may be operated during the night. The plowing done by the tractor is not only better, but also one dollar cheaper per acre than it can be accomplished with horses. Besides, it can be used for seeding, harvesting, threshing, hay baling, hauling grain to the market, pumping water, road building, and so on. This wonderful adaptability of the tractor can be exploited to its full advantage on big farms only, where there is enough work for it. On the other hand, it is too expensive for the small farmer to buy.

The farm tractor was the missing link in the combination that made it possible to manage agriculture on a big scale and along strictly capitalistic business lines. Therefore, every improvement of the farm tractor will strengthen and hasten the passing of the small farmer. According to the U. S. census of 1910 more than 30 thousand small farms went out of business in the three best middle west states of Indiana, Illinois and Iowa, while the population of their rural districts showed a decrease of 255,002 persons during the time of 1900 to 1910.

Not only the capitalist's tractors do better, cheaper and quicker work, but also they

stand in the barn without any extra expense during the winter or when out of work, while the small farmer's horses are eating their heads off.

All tractors now in use are driven by high priced fuel, such as gasoline, kerosene, etc. The coming of the Diesel tractor, therefore, will further lessen the running expenses of the capitalist farm and thereby contribute to outdistance the small farmer more and more in his struggle for existence.

It is evident that many farm hands will lose their jobs as long as this kind of "progress" is going on.

Conclusions

The foregoing lines give a clear instance of how the master class gains ground from the working class through one single invention. There come every day new inventions that have similar consequences to those of the Diesel motor. Almost every invention in machinery has as its purpose increased production with less human help, and that means a loss to the workers under present conditions.

In order to avoid complete annihilation or to make any headway at all, the working class must completely change its attitude in the class struggle against the masters. Up to the present time the workers have fought only when they were forced to do so. They strike or take similar drastic measures when the cost of living has gone up to such an extent that they cannot live on the prevailing wages, or they cannot endure any longer the shameful working conditions.

In short, the workers have always been on the defensive to recover *lost* ground, so that after the fight they are in the same position as some time before the fight. The spirit of *defense*, however, is "NOT TO LOSE." That is all.

To go toward victory in the industrial revolution that is already in its beginning stage, the workers must imbue their brains with the spirit of *attack*. That means, "TO WIN."

They must continuously *attack* and fight, both industrially and politically, for a steady betterment of their lot and working conditions. There can be no standing still. There is either advance to victory and freedom or retreat to eternal slavery and misery.



JACK LONDON.

THE ENEMY OF ALL THE WORLD

By Jack London

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IT WAS Silas Bannerman who finally ran down that scientific wizard and arch-enemy of mankind, Emil Gluck.

Gluck's confession, before he went to the electric chair, threw much light upon the series of mysterious events, many apparently unrelated, that so perturbed the world between the years 1933 and 1941. It was not until that remarkable document was made public that the world dreamed of there being any connection between the assassination of the King and Queen of Portugal and the murders of the New York City police officers. While the deeds of Emil Gluck were all that

was abominable, we cannot but feel, to a certain extent, pity for the unfortunate, malformed, and maltreated genius. This side of his story has never been told before, and from his confession and from the great mass of evidence and the documents and records of the time we are able to construct a fairly accurate portrait of him, and to discern the factors and pressures that moulded him into the human monster he became and that drove him onward and downward along the fearful path he trod.

Emil Gluck was born in Syracuse, New York, in 1895. His father, Josephus

Gluck, was a special policeman and night watchman, who, in the year 1900, died suddenly of pneumonia. The mother, a pretty, fragile creature, who, before her marriage, had been a milliner, grieved herself to death over the loss of her husband. This sensitiveness of the mother was the heritage that in the boy became morbid and horrible.

In 1901, the boy, Emil, then six years of age, went to live with his aunt, Mrs. Ann Bartell. She was his mother's sister, but in her breast was no kindly feeling for the sensitive, shrinking boy. Ann Bartell was a vain, shallow, and heartless woman. Also, she was cursed with poverty and burdened with a husband who was a lazy, erratic ne'er-do-well. Young Emil Gluck was not wanted, and Ann Bartell could be trusted to impress this fact sufficiently upon him. As an illustration of the treatment he received in that early, formative period, the following instance is given.

When he had been living in the Bartell home a little more than a year, he broke his leg. He sustained the injury through playing on the forbidden roof—as all boys have done and will continue to do to the end of time. The leg was broken in two places between the knee and thigh. Emil, helped by his frightened playmates, managed to drag himself to the front sidewalk, where he fainted. The children of the neighborhood were afraid of the hard-featured shrew who presided over the Bartell house; but, summoning their resolution, they rang the bell and told Ann Bartell of the accident. She did not even look at the little lad who lay stricken on the sidewalk, but slammed the door and went back to her wash-tub. The time passed. A drizzle came on, and Emil Gluck, out of his faint, lay sobbing in the rain. The leg should have been set immediately. As it was, the inflammation rose rapidly and made a nasty case of it. At the end of two hours, the indignant women of the neighborhood protested to Ann Bartell. This time she came out and looked at the lad. Also she kicked him in the side as he lay helpless at her feet, and she hysterically disowned him. He was not her child, she said, and recommended that the ambulance be called to take him to the city receiving hospital. Then she went back into the house.

It was a woman, Elizabeth Shepstone, who came along, learned the situation, and had the boy placed on a shutter. It was she who called the doctor, and who, brushing aside Ann Bartell, had the boy carried into the house. When the doctor arrived, Ann Bartell promptly warned him that she would not pay him for his services. For two months the little Emil lay in bed, the first month on his back without once being turned over; and he lay neglected and alone, save for the occasional visits of the unremunerated and over-worked physician. He had no toys, nothing with which to beguile the long and tedious hours. No kind word was spoken to him, no soothing hand laid upon his brow, no single touch or act of loving tenderness—naught but the reproaches and harshness of Ann Bartell, and the continually reiterated information that he was not wanted. And it can well be understood, in such environment, how there was generated in the lonely, neglected boy much of the bitterness and hostility for his kind that later was to express itself in deeds so frightful as to terrify the world.

It would seem strange that, from the hands of Ann Bartell, Emil Gluck should have received a college education; but the explanation is simple. Her ne'er-do-well husband, deserting her, made a strike in the Nevada gold-fields, and returned to her a many-times millionaire. Ann Bartell hated the boy, and immediately she sent him to the Farristown Academy, a hundred miles away. Shy and sensitive, a lonely and misunderstood little soul, he was more lonely than ever at Farristown. He never came home, at vacation and holidays, as the other boys did. Instead, he wandered about the deserted buildings and grounds, befriended and misunderstood by the servants and gardeners, reading much, it is remembered, spending his days in the fields or before the fireplace with his nose poked always in the pages of some book. It was at this time that he over-used his eyes and was compelled to take up the wearing of glasses, which same were so prominent in the photographs of him published in the newspapers in 1941.

He was a remarkable student. Application such as his would have taken him far; but he did not need application. A glance at a text meant mastery for him.

The result was that he did an immense amount of collateral reading and acquired more in half a year than did the average student in half a dozen years. In 1909, barely fourteen years of age, he was ready—"more than ready," the headmaster of the academy said—to enter Yale or Harvard. His juvenility prevented him from entering those universities, and so, in 1909, we find him a freshman at historic Bowdoin College. In 1913 he graduated with highest honors, and immediately afterward followed Professor Bradlough to Berkeley, California. The one friend that Emil Gluck discovered in all his life was Professor Bradlough. The latter's weak lungs had led him to exchange Maine for California, the removal being facilitated by the offer of a professorship in the State University. Throughout the year 1914, Emil Gluck resided in Berkeley and took special scientific courses. Toward the end of that year two deaths changed his prospects and his relations with life. The death of Professor Bradlough took from him the one friend he was ever to know, and the death of Ann Bartell left him penniless. Hating the unfortunate lad to the last, she cut him off with one hundred dollars.

The following year, at twenty years of age, Emil Gluck was enrolled as an instructor of chemistry in the University of California. Here the years passed quietly; he faithfully performed the drudgery that brought him his salary, and, a student always, he took half a dozen degrees. He was, among other things, a Doctor of Sociology, of Philosophy, and of Science, though he was known to the world, in later days, only as Professor Gluck.

He was twenty-seven years old when he first sprang into prominence in the newspapers through the publication of his book, "Sex and Progress." The book remains today a mile-stone in the history and philosophy of marriage. It is a heavy tome of over seven hundred pages, painfully careful and accurate, and startlingly original. It was a book for scientists; and not one calculated to make a stir. But Gluck, in the last chapter, using barely three lines for it, mentioned the hypothetical desirability of trial marriages. At once the newspapers seized

these three lines, "played them up yellow," as the slang was in those days, and set the whole world laughing at Emil Gluck, the bespectacled young professor of twenty-seven. Photographers snapped him, he was besieged by reporters, women's clubs throughout the land passed resolutions condemning him and his immoral theories; and on the floor of the California Assembly, while discussing the state appropriation to the University, a motion demanding the expulsion of Gluck was made under threat of withholding the appropriation—of course, none of his persecutors had read the book; the twisted newspaper version of only three lines of it was enough for them. Here began Emil Gluck's hatred for newspaper men. By them his serious and intrinsically valuable work of six years had been made a laughing stock and a notoriety. To his dying day, and to their everlasting regret, he never forgave them.

It was the newspapers that were responsible for the next disaster that befell him. For the five years following the publication of his book he had remained silent, and silence for a lonely man is not good. One can conjecture sympathetically the awful solitude of Emil Gluck in that populous university; for he was without friends and without sympathy. His only recourse was books, and he went on reading and studying enormously. But in 1927 he accepted an invitation to appear before the Human Interest Society of Emeryville. He did not trust himself to speak, and as we write we have before us a copy of his learned paper. It is sober, scholarly, and scientific, and, it must also be added, conservative. But in one place he dealt with, and I quote his words, "the industrial and social revolution that is taking place in society." A reporter, present, seized upon the word "revolution," divorced it from the text, and wrote a garbled account that made Emil Gluck appear an anarchist. At once, "Professor Gluck, anarchist," flamed over the wires and was appropriately "featured" in all the newspapers in the land.

He had attempted to reply to the previous newspaper attack, but now he remained silent. Bitterness had already corroded his soul. The University fac-

ulty appealed to him to defend himself, but he sullenly declined, even refusing to enter in defense a copy of his paper to save himself from expulsion. He refused to resign, and was discharged from the University faculty. It must be added that political pressure had been put upon the University Regents and the President.

Persecuted, maligned and misunderstood, the forlorn and lonely man made no attempt at retaliation. All his life he had been sinned against, and all his life he had sinned against no one. But his cup of bitterness was not yet full to overflowing. Having lost his position, and being without any income, he had to find work. His first place was at the Union Iron Works, in San Francisco, where he proved a most able draughtsman. It was here that he obtained his first-hand knowledge of battleships and their construction. But the reporters discovered him and featured him in his new vocation. He immediately resigned and found another place; but after the reporters had driven him away from half a dozen positions, he steeled himself to brazen out the newspaper persecution. This occurred when he started his electro-plating establishment in Oakland, on Telegraph avenue. It was a small shop, employing three men and two boys. Gluck himself worked long hours. Night after night, as Policeman Carew testified on the stand, he did not leave the shop till one and two in the morning. It was during this period that he perfected the improved ignition device for gas engines, the royalties from which ultimately made him wealthy.

He started his electro-plating establishment early in the spring of 1928, and it was in the same year that he formed the disastrous love attachment for Irene Tackley. Now, it is not to be imagined that an extraordinary creature such as Emil Gluck could be any other than an extraordinary lover. In addition to his genius, his loneliness, and his morbidness, it must be taken into consideration that he knew nothing about women. Whatever tides of desire flooded his being, he was unschooled in the conventional expression of them; while his excessive timidity was bound to make his love-making unusual. Irene Tackley was a

rather pretty young woman, but shallow and light-headed. At the time she worked in a small candy store across the street from Gluck's shop. He used to come in and drink ice-cream sodas and lemon-squashes, and stare at her. It seems the girl did not care for him, and merely played with him. He was "queer," she said; and at an other time she called him a crank when describing how he sat at the counter and peered at her through his spectacles, blushing and stammering when she took notice of him and often leaving the shop in precipitate confusion.

Gluck made her the most amazing presents—a silver tea service, a diamond ring, a set of furs, opera glasses, a ponderous "History of the World" in many volumes, and a motorcycle all silver-plated in his own shop. Enters now the girl's lover, putting his foot down, showing great anger, compelling her to return Gluck's strange assortment of presents. This man, William Sherbourne, was a gross and stolid creature, a heavy-jawed man of the working class, who had become a successful building contractor in a small way. Gluck did not understand. He tried to get an explanation, attempting to speak with the girl when she went home from work in the evening. She complained to Sherbourne, and one night he gave Gluck a beating. It was a very severe beating, for it is on the records of the Red Cross Emergency Hospital that Gluck was treated there that night and was unable to leave the hospital for a week.

Still Gluck did not understand. He continued to seek an explanation from the girl. In fear of Sherbourne, he applied to the Chief of Police for permission to carry a revolver, which permission was refused, the newspapers as usual playing it up sensationally. Then came the murder of Irene Tackley, six days before her contemplated marriage with Sherbourne. It was on a Saturday night. She had worked late in the candy store, departing after eleven o'clock with her week's wages in her purse. She rode on a San Pablo avenue surface car to Thirty-fourth street, where she alighted and started to walk the three blocks to her home. That was the last seen of her alive. Next morning she was found, strangled, in a vacant lot.

Emil Gluck was immediately arrested. Nothing that he could do could save him. He was convicted, not merely on circumstantial evidence, but on evidence "cooked up" by the Oakland police. There is no discussion but that a large portion of the evidence was manufactured. The testimony of Captain Shehan was the sheerest perjury, it being proved long afterward that on the night in question he had not only not been in the vicinity of the murder, but that he had been out of the city in a resort on the San Leandro Road. The unfortunate Gluck received life imprisonment in San Quentin, while the newspapers and the public held that it was a miscarriage of justice—that the death penalty should have been visited upon him.

Gluck entered San Quentin prison on April 17, 1929. He was then thirty-four years of age. And for three years and a half, much of the time in solitary confinement, he was left to meditate upon the injustice of man. It was during that period that his bitterness corroded home and he became a hater of all his kind. Three other things he did during the same period; he wrote his famous treatise, "Human Morals," his remarkable brochure, "The Criminal Sane," and he worked out his awful and monstrous scheme of revenge. It was an episode that had occurred in his electro-plating establishment that suggested to him his unique weapon of revenge. As stated in his confession, he worked every detail out theoretically during his imprisonment, and was able, on his release, immediately to embark on his career of vengeance.

His release was sensational. Also it was miserably and criminally delayed by the soulless legal red tape then in vogue. On the night of February 1, 1932, Tim Haswell, a hold-up man, was shot during an attempted robbery by a citizen of Piedmont Heights. Tim Haswell lingered three days, during which time he not only confessed to the murder of Irene Tackley, but furnished conclusive proofs of the same. Bert Danniker, a convict dying of consumption in Pelsom Prison, was implicated as accessory, and his confession followed. It is inconceivable to us of today—the bungling, dilatory processes of justice a generation ago. Emil Gluck was proved in Feb-

ruary to be an innocent man, yet he was not released until the following October. For eight months, a greatly wronged man, he was compelled to undergo his unmerited punishment. This was not conducive to sweetness and light, and we can well imagine how he ate his soul with bitterness during those dreary eight months.

He came back to the world in the fall of 1932, as usual a "feature" topic in all the newspapers. The papers, instead of expressing heartfelt regret, continued their old sensational persecution. One paper did more—the "San Francisco Intelligencer." John Hartwell, its editor, elaborated an ingenious theory that got around the confessions of the two criminals and went to show that Gluck was responsible, after all, for the murder of Irene Tackley. Hartwell died. And Sherbourne died, too, while Policeman Phillips was shot in the leg and discharged from the Oakland police force.

The murder of Hartwell was long a mystery. He was alone in his editorial office at the time. The reports of the revolver were heard by the office boy, who rushed in to find Hartwell expiring in his chair. What puzzled the police was the fact, not merely that he had been shot with his own revolver, but that the revolver had been exploded in the drawer of his desk. The bullets had torn through the front of the drawer and entered his body. The police scouted the theory of suicide, murder was dismissed as absurd, and the blame was thrown upon the Eureka Smokeless Cartridge Company. Spontaneous explosion was the police explanation, and the chemists of the cartridge company were well bullied at the inquest. But what the police did not know was that across the street, in the Mercer Building, Room 633, rented by Emil Gluck, had been occupied by Emil Gluck at the very moment Hartwell's revolver so mysteriously exploded.

At the time, no connection was made between Hartwell's death and the death of William Sherbourne. Sherbourne had continued to live in the home he had built for Irene Tackley, and one morning in January, 1933, he was found dead. Suicide was the verdict of the coroner's inquest, for he had been shot by his own revolver. The curious thing that

happened that night was the shooting of Policeman Phillips on the sidewalk in front of Sherbourne's house. The policeman crawled to a police telephone on the corner and rang up for an ambulance. He claimed that some one had shot him from behind in the leg. The leg in question was so badly shattered by three .38 caliber bullets that amputation was necessary. But when the police discovered that the damage had been done by his own revolver, a great laugh went up, and he was charged with having been drunk. In spite of his denial of having touched a drop, and of his persistent assertion that the revolver had been in his hip pocket and that he had not laid finger to it, he was discharged from the force. Emil Gluck's confession, six years later, cleared the unfortunate policeman of disgrace, and he is alive today and in good health, the recipient of a handsome pension from the city.

Emil Gluck, having disposed of his immediate enemies, now sought a wider field, though his enmity for newspaper men and for the police remained always active. The royalties on his ignition device for gasoline engines had mounted up while he lay in prison, and year by year the earning power of his invention increased. He was independent, able to travel wherever he willed over the earth and to glut his monstrous appetite for revenge. He had become a monomaniac and an anarchist—not a philosophic anarchist, merely, but a violent anarchist. Perhaps the word is misused, and he is better described as a nihilist, or an annihilist. It is known that he affiliated with none of the groups of terrorists. He operated wholly alone, but he created a thousand-fold more terror and achieved a thousand-fold more destruction than all the terrorist groups added together.

He signaled his departure from California by blowing up Fort Mason. In his confession he spoke of it as a little experiment—he was merely trying his hand. For eight years he wandered over the earth, a mysterious terror, destroying property to the tune of hundreds of millions of dollars, and destroying countless lives. One good result of his awful deeds was the destruction he wrought among the terrorists themselves. Every time he did anything the terrorists in the

vicinity were gathered in by the police drag-net and many of them were executed. Seventeen were executed at Rome alone, following the assassination of the Italian King.

Perhaps the most world-amazing achievement of his was the assassination of the King and Queen of Portugal. It was their wedding day. All possible precautions had been taken against the terrorists, and the way from the Cathedral, through Lisbon's streets, was double-banked with troops, while a squad of two hundred mounted troopers surrounded the carriage. Suddenly the amazing thing happened. The automatic rifles of the troopers began to go off, as well as the rifles, in the immediate vicinity, of the double-banked infantry. In the excitement the muzzles of the exploding rifles were turned in all directions. The slaughter was terrible—horses, troops, spectators, and the King and Queen, were riddled with bullets. To complicate the affair, in different parts of the crowd behind the foot-soldiers, two terrorists had bombs explode on their persons. These bombs they had intended to throw if they got the opportunity. But who was to know this? The frightful havoc wrought by the bursting bombs but added to the confusion; it was considered part of the general attack.

One puzzling thing that could not be explained away was the conduct of the troopers with their exploding rifles. It seemed impossible that they should be in the plot, yet there were the hundreds their flying bullets had slain, including the King and Queen. On the other hand, more baffling than ever, was the fact that seventy per cent of the troopers themselves had been killed or wounded. Some explained this on the ground that the loyal foot-soldiers, witnessing the attack on the royal carriage, had opened fire on the traitors. Yet not one bit of evidence to verify this could be drawn from the survivors, though many were put to the torture. They contended stubbornly that they had not discharged their rifles at all, but that their rifles had discharged themselves. They were laughed at by the chemists, who held that, while it was just barely probable that a single cartridge, charged with the new smokeless powder, might spontaneously explode, it

was beyond all probability and possibility for all the cartridges in a given area, so charged, spontaneously to explode. And so, in the end, no explanation of the amazing occurrence was reached. The general opinion of the rest of the world was that the whole affair was a blind panic of the feverish Latins, precipitated, it was true, by the bursting of two terrorist bombs; and in this connection was recalled the laughable encounter of long years before between the Russian fleet and the English fishing boats.

And Emil Gluck chuckled and went his way. He knew. But how was the world to know? He had stumbled upon the secret in his old electro-plating shop on Telegraph Avenue in the city of Oakland. It happened, at that time, that a wireless telegraph station was established by the Thurston Power Company close to his shop. In a short time his electro-plating vat was put out of order. The vat-wiring had many bad joints, and, on investigation, Gluck discovered minute welds at the joints in the wiring. These, by lowering the resistance, had caused an excessive current to pass through the solution, "boiling" it and spoiling the work. But what had caused the welds? was the question in Gluck's mind. His reasoning was simple. Before the establishment of the wireless station, the vat had worked well. Not until after the establishment of the wireless station had the vat been ruined. Therefore the wireless station had been the cause. But how? He quickly answered the question. If an electric discharge was capable of operating a coherer across three thousand miles of ocean, then, certainly, the electric discharges from the wireless station four hundred feet away could produce coherer effects on the bad joints in the vat wiring.

Gluck thought no more about it at the time. He merely re-wired his vat and went on electro-plating. But afterwards, in prison, he remembered the incident, and like a flash there came into his mind the full significance of it. He saw in it the silent, secret weapon with which to revenge himself on the world. His great discovery, which died with him, was control over the direction and scope of the electric discharge. At the time, this was the unsolved problem of wireless tele-

graphy—as it still is today—but Emil Gluck, in his prison cell, mastered it. And, when he was released, he applied it. It was fairly simple, given the directing power that was his, to introduce a spark into the powder-magazines of a fort, a battleship, or a revolver. And not alone could he thus explode powder at a distance, but he could ignite conflagrations. The great Boston fire was started by him—quite by accident, however, as he stated in his confession, adding that it was a pleasing accident and that he had never had any reason to regret it.

It was Emil Gluck that caused the terrible German-American War, with the loss of 800,000 lives and the consumption of almost incalculable treasure. It will be remembered that in 1939, because of the Pickard incident, strained relations existed between the two countries. Germany, though aggrieved, was not anxious for war, and, as a peace token, sent the Crown Prince and seven battleships on a friendly visit to the United States. On the night of February 15 the seven warships lay at anchor in the Hudson opposite New York City. And on that night Emil Gluck, alone, with all his apparatus on board, was out in a launch. This launch, it was afterwards proved, was bought by him from the Ross, Turner Company, while much of the apparatus he used that night had been purchased from the Columbia Electric Works. But this was not known at the time. All that was known was that the seven battleships blew up, one after another, at regular, four-minute intervals. Ninety per cent of the crews and officers, along with the Crown Prince, perished. Many years before, the American battleship *Maine* was blown up in the harbor of Havana, and war with Spain had immediately followed—though there has always existed a reasonable doubt as to whether the explosion was due to conspiracy or accident. But accident could not explain the blowing up of the seven battleships on the Hudson at four-minute intervals. Germany believed that it had been done by a submarine, and immediately declared war. It was six months after Gluck's confession that she returned the Philippines and Hawaii to the United States.

In the meanwhile Emil Gluck, the malevolent wizard and arch-hater, traveled his whirlwind path of destruction. He left no traces. Scientifically thorough, he always cleaned up after himself. His method was to rent a room or a house, and secretly to install his apparatus—which apparatus, by the way, he so perfected and simplified that it occupied little space. After he had accomplished his purpose he carefully removed the apparatus. He bade fair to live out a long life of horrible crime.

The epidemic of shooting of New York City policemen was a remarkable affair. It became one of the horror mysteries of the time. In two short weeks over a hundred policemen were shot in the legs by their own revolvers. Inspector Jones did not solve the mystery, but it was his idea that finally outwitted Gluck. On his recommendation the policemen ceased carrying revolvers, and no more accidental shootings occurred.

It was in the early spring of 1940 that Gluck destroyed the Mare Island navy yard. From a room in Vallejo he sent his electric discharges across the Vallejo Straits to Mare Island. He first played his flashes on the battleship *Maryland*. She lay at the dock of one of the mine magazines. On her forward deck, on a huge temporary platform of timbers, were disposed over a hundred mines. These mines were for the defence of the Golden Gate. Any one of these mines was capable of destroying a dozen battleships, and there were over a hundred mines. The destruction was terrific, but it was only Gluck's overture. He played his flashes down the Mare Island shore, blowing up five torpedo boats, the torpedo station, and the great magazine at the eastern end of the island. Returning westward again, and scooping in occasional isolated magazines on the high ground back from the shore, he blew up three cruisers and the battleships *Oregon*, *Delaware*, *New Hampshire* and *Florida*—the latter had just gone into dry-dock, and the magnificent dry-dock was destroyed along with her.

It was a frightful catastrophe, and a shiver of horror passed through the land. But it was nothing to what was to follow. In the late fall of that year Emil Gluck made a clean sweep of the Atlantic

seaboard from Maine to Florida. Nothing escaped. Forts. mines, coast defences of all sorts, torpedo stations, magazines—everything went up. Three months afterward, in mid-winter, he smote the north shore of the Mediterranean from Gibraltar to Greece in the same stupefying manner. A wail went up from the nations. It was clear that human agency was behind all this destruction, and it was equally clear, what of Emil Gluck's impartiality, that the destruction was not the work of any particular nation. One thing was patent, namely, that whoever was the human behind it all, that human was a menace to the world. No nation was safe. There was no defence against this unknown and all-powerful foe. Warfare was futile—nay, not merely futile but itself the very essence of the peril. For a twelve-month the manufacture of powder ceased, and all soldiers and sailors were withdrawn from all fortifications and war vessels. And even a world disarmament was seriously considered at the Convention of the Powers, held at The Hague at that time.

And then Silas Bannerman, a secret service agent of the United States, leaped into world-fame by arresting Emil Gluck. At first Bannerman was laughed at, but he had prepared his case well, and in a few weeks the most skeptical were convinced of Emil Gluck's guilt. The one thing, however, that Silas Bannerman never succeeded in explaining, even to his own satisfaction, was how first he came to connect Gluck with the atrocious crimes. It is true, Bannerman was in Vallejo, on secret government business, at the time of the destruction of Mare Island; and it is true that on the streets of Vallejo Emil Gluck was pointed out to him as a queer crank; but no impression was made at the time. It was not until afterward, when on a vacation in the Rocky Mountains and when reading the first published reports of the destruction along the Atlantic Coast, that suddenly Bannerman thought of Emil Gluck. And on the instant there flashed into his mind the connection between Gluck and the destruction. It was only an hypothesis, but it was sufficient. The great thing was the conception of the hypothesis. in itself an act of unconscious cerebration—

a thing as unaccountable as the flashing, for instance, into Newton's mind of the principle of gravitation.

The rest was easy. Where was Gluck at the time of the destruction along the Atlantic seaboard? was the question that formed in Bannerman's mind. By his own request he was put upon the case. In no time he ascertained that Gluck had himself been up and down the Atlantic Coast in the late fall of 1940. Also he ascertained that Gluck had been in New York City during the epidemic of the shooting of police officers. Where was Gluck now?—was Bannerman's next query. And, as if in answer, came the wholesale destruction along the Mediterranean. Gluck had sailed for Europe a month before—Bannerman knew that. It was not necessary for Bannerman to go to Europe. By means of cable messages and the co-operation of the European secret services, he traced Gluck's course along the Mediterranean and found that in every instance it coincided with the blowing up of coast defences and ships. Also, he learned that Gluck had just sailed on the Green Star liner *Plutonic* for the United States.

The case was complete in Bannerman's mind, though in the interval of waiting he worked up the details. In this he was ably assisted by George Brown, an operator employed by the Wood's System of Wireless Telegraphy. When the *Plutonic* arrived off Sandy Hook she

was boarded by Bannerman from a Government tug, and Emil Gluck made prisoner. The trial and the confession followed. In the confession Gluck professed regret only for one thing, namely, that he had taken his time. As he said, had he dreamed that he was ever to be discovered he would have worked more rapidly and accomplished a thousand times the destruction he did. His secret died with him, though it is now known that the French Government managed to get access to him and offered him a billion francs for his invention wherewith he was able to direct and closely to confine electric discharges. "What?" was Gluck's reply—"to sell to you that which would enable you to enslave and maltreat suffering humanity?" And though the war departments of the nations have continued to experiment in their secret laboratories, they have so far failed to light upon the slightest trace of the secret. Emil Gluck was executed on December 4, 1941, and so died. at the age of forty-six, one of the world's most unfortunate geniuses, a man of tremendous intellect, but whose mighty powers, instead of making toward good, were so twisted and warped that he became the most amazing of criminals.

—Culled from Mr. A. G. Burnside's "*Eccentricities of Crime*," by kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. Holiday and Whitsund.

The Japanese Manifesto

By S. KATAYAMA

S. KATAYAMA writes that the present Japanese ministry, formed by Premier Count Okuma, received the enthusiastic support of the entire people, because the Count had promised a free press, free speech and the right of assembly.

Heretofore all political and union propaganda has been prohibited. Under the new ministry the Socialists formed a Japanese Labor Party and issued the following Manifesto, which was promptly suppressed by Count Okuma, who had

been so full of kind promises before the election of his own party. We think this document is one that can be read with profit by our own readers.

"TO THE WORKING CLASSES!"

"Mr. Workingman! You work all through the year and, in the sweat of your brow, produce everything in the world.

"Mr. Workingman! You build houses and yet, do you not live in a filthy,

shabby, small, crumbling shed containing only one room about 9 by 12 feet, which affords only a bare protection from rain and dew?

"You have spun, woven and made the clothes for all. And yet are you not always wearing dirty and torn clothes which hardly cover your body?

"Mr. Workingman! You have produced and prepared all the good food. And yet are you not yourself living on the coarsest and most distasteful food that barely gives you enough nourishment?

"Yes, you have made everything in the world. You have built all the railway carriages, steamers and automobiles that are the very pride of the human civilization today, and yet you have never ridden in them comfortably yourself.

"You have made everything in the world and provided for all. And yet have you a house, even 9 by 12 feet, that you could call your own? There are in this country the so-called nobility and the rich who eat and drink freely and enjoy themselves luxuriously all through life, and still their wealth ever increases.

"Why is this, anyway? In a well organized society, one who gets his living at somebody's house gratis is called 'Isoro,' a dependent. Such a person, a good-for-nothing parasite, is looked down on as a low and mean wight. And yet those nobles and millionaires, doing no work, but playing and enjoying themselves in their easy and sumptuous life, continue to get ever more money and wealth. Call you not the lower class mean people and coolies, and put on your own head all the disresponsible titles and epithets; you who are diligently toiling and laboring and making every good thing in the world?

"You ought to think the matter over well and seriously for yourself, somewhat in the following manner: Why am I, the master of this world, the head of the industry and the very pillar of society, compelled to lead such a life?

"Mr. Workingman! Do you never in your miserable life think of it? Have you never thought of your present fate as a

sad one that is even lower than that of some animals?

"Have you never thought of getting rid of such an awful life as soon as possible? And do you not wish to live a life that is worthy of a man, the last and the greatest of all creations, an image of God?

"Mr. Workingman! If you think of the matter as we do, then you ought to organize with other workers; the sooner the better for you and for all, and thus you should get rid of those who live by exploiting you. You might think thus: 'We, who have nothing but a waistcoat, could do nothing, even if we should have organized ourselves.' But, my friends, think of it! Once you, who have nothing but a single waistcoat, should mutually shake hands with your comrades and quietly quit your work together. The gas and electricity that turns night into day shall not give them light and the city will become dark. If you should not work! Think! Would not the train, electric car and automobile stand still? Surely there will be no rice, potatoes, fish, wood or coal brought into the city. Then, though they be haughty and arrogant, how much would they think themselves above the working class? Yet shall they not after all starve, freeze and die of hunger and cold?

"Mr. Workingman! If you realize yourself the very power and influence you could command, you must organize yourselves into a union with your fellow workers. And then, and only then, you shall get rid of your present miserable life, perhaps worse than that of a horse or dog, and then there may come a time when you can call your fellow workers truly my 'Comrades' in the most beautiful society.

"Ah! Mr. Workingman. The fact that you organize or not shall decide the very destiny of the world in either way—prosperity and happiness, or decadence and misery!

"Unite the Workers of the Whole Nation!
Unite the Workers of the Whole
World!!"

EDITORIAL

THE REAL FATHERLAND

WHAT has "your" country ever done for you, Mr. Workingman? Has it been a real fatherland to you? Has it looked after your welfare? Has it given you the opportunity to have a warm home in the winter? Has it seen that you have clothing and food? Has it fed your children and assured them of sunshine and schooltime and playtime to fit them for the real work of life:

Are you a German, Frenchman or Englishman? Are you Russian, Austrian or Italian? Are you an American? It does not matter. This question applies to every workingman in the world. What has "your" country ever done for you?

Surely no one expects you to love a particular geographical district upon the face of the earth just because you happened to be born on it, unless that district has done something for you.

When you were a child, did your country throw protecting arms about you and feed and clothe and shelter you? Or did your working class father and mother have to struggle to give you a place to eat and sleep? Is there one spot in all "your" country where you may rest and live and sleep in peace without the weekly or monthly dig-up to a landlord? And if you have no money to pay rent and no work to earn money to pay rent, does "your" country come to your assistance and give you work or does "your" country send around a sheriff or some other city official to set you out in the snow and another official to drive you from the city with a club, a gun and a "move on"?

When you are unable to secure a job and are driven across country by the police of "your" country or the gendarmes until you find yourself on "foreign" soil, you will find native workers of that "foreign" land in the same predicament as your own. The Frenchman, the German, the Englishman are all driven from pillar to post, from city to city, because they have no jobs and no

money to buy food and clothing and the right to live on the land of "their" country.

Patriotism means the love of the land in which you were born—that and nothing more. And why should you love that land any more than any other?

Mr. Workingman, what has your native land done for you that you should fight for her flag, her glory or her power? No matter how large or powerful she may become, no matter how rich her resources and her natural wealth, you will share in none of these things unless you can find a boss to pay you money to spend. If you are rich, "your" country will open her arms to you and spread out her army, her laws, her police to protect your riches. If you are penniless, she will just as readily drive you from her farthestmost provinces or send you to her vilest prisons.

"Your" country has protection only for the powerful, the rich, the idle; she has no care for those who are hungry, cold and sick. The flag of "your" nation is borne by the troops sent into districts where the hosts of poverty congregate, to drive them from the sight of the wealthy.

"Your" country has no place for you after you have built the railroads, harvested the crops, produced food and clothing for more than your own numbers. For when your work is done your pay ceases. All that you have made, all that you have produced, has been kept by your employers and you are turned out upon the mercies of "your" country in your old age, penniless and homeless, to starve.

Workingmen of the world, the land of your birth has done nothing for you. Conditions in Germany, France, Austria, England, Russia and America are practically the same. Everywhere you will find the workers earning barely enough to live on. Everywhere you will find thousands of men hunting jobs and no jobs. Everywhere you will find the rich protected and the poor driven out.

You have no country! Every national flag in the world today means protection for the employing class, who appropriate the things produced by the workers. It has no message for those who toil.

There is only one flag worth fighting for and that is the red flag, which means universal brotherhood of the workers of the world in their fight to abolish the profit system.

The real fatherland will cherish every one of its children. It will see that all

have equality of opportunity and a chance to produce and procure all the good things of life. The real fatherland means a childhood free from work and worry for us all; useful work for every able-bodied man and woman; it means his product for the worker without profit to any boss; it means leisure and a regular old age income in the winter of life!

This is the real fatherland and this is Socialism!

MARY E. MARCY.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

This War—What For? As these notes are written (August 3) Germany has declared war on Russia and hurriedly pushed troops over the French border. Apparently nothing can prevent the greatest war in fifty years. Thousands of young workingmen will be killed and wounded. Production will stop. Cities will be destroyed. But, worst of all will be the barbarization of people's minds and hearts. The thing has been talked of for years. Now it is here.

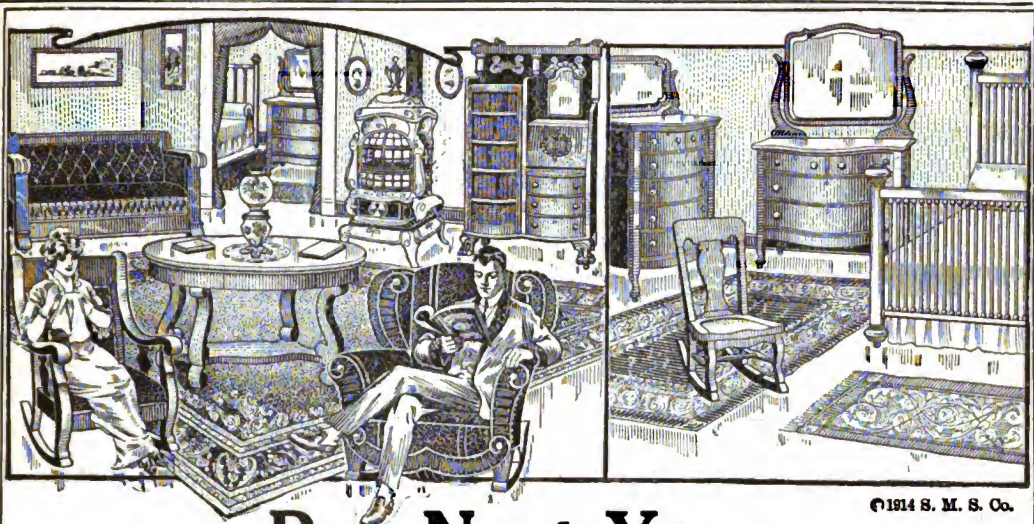
Never was a war more selfish or senseless. Serbia fought her way free from Turkey in 1878. Now she wants to stay free. She needs freedom. Her lands are rich. Her people are industrious. Her young capitalists are beginning to develop industries. But she is bottled up. She has no port. Her exports must be sent by rail through Austria. Austria wants more territory, more power and larger populations to exploit. So Austria has determined to crush the life out of Serbia. This is the beginning of it all. When Franz Joseph and William II. call on their soldiers to be true to God and lick the enemy it is so that Servian capitalists may be kept down and the German capitalists of Austria may have their way in the Balkan peninsula.

The immediate excuse for starting things was furnished by the assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand on June 28. He was shot by a young Servian. Another young Servian threw a bomb at him. These young fellows, only nineteen or twenty years old, were captured. One of them confessed to having formed his

plan in company with four others in Belgrade, the capital of Serbia. How this can be made an excuse for war is rather a long story.

There are about 5,000,000 Serbs in Serbia. There are nearly twice as many in Montenegro, Albania and various provinces of Austria. These latter naturally envy their brothers in Serbia under their own government—Austria has grown more and more tyrannous. According to the treaty of Berlin formed in 1879 Bosnia and Herzegovina were to remain independent. First Austria declared a protectorate and finally, in 1908, she annexed these provinces. The million inhabitants of these provinces, and others in various parts of the empire, have been subjected to every indignity. They have been deprived of citizenship. They have been subject to constant espionage and prosecution. Since the Balkan war of 1912 Austria has not felt the need of independent Slavic states to serve as buffers against Turkey. So her atrocities have increased. She has, apparently, aimed at inciting an uprising. Under the circumstances the Serbs have naturally banded themselves together to work for better conditions. Their organization is called the Pan-Slavic League.

Now, though both of the young captives concerned in the death of the Archduke are natives of Austria, the imperial government makes this event the occasion for crushing out the Pan-Slavic movement. On July 23d a demand was made that the Servian government suppress all societies under its jurisdiction



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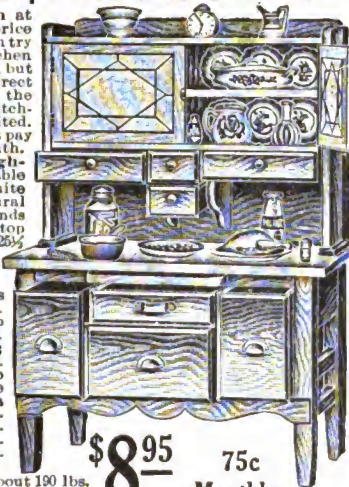
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which have fomented rebellion against Austria, and that it disavow all connection with the murder of Archduke Franz Ferdinand. Of course no government would promise to do either one of these things without being forced to do so. When Austria made these demands she was deliberately making war inevitable.

The government of Austria is a German power. Extending its influence toward the Ægean Sea means giving a field to German capitalists. It means that much less of rich territory for Slavic capitalists. It means, especially, a south-western boundary set for Russia. So Russia began to mobilize her troops. Austria's declaration of war against Serbia came on July 28th. On the same day Russia began to move troops toward the frontier. On the 31st the German government called on Russia to cease operations. On August 2d, without a declaration of war, German troops entered France. At the same time the Russians entered Germany.

Of course Socialists are not interested in the etiquette of war. It makes little difference whether the killing begins

politely or not. The only thing of importance is that the big fight has begun. Italy has declared her neutrality. England may do the same. But Europe is in for a first-class butchery. Thousands will die because German capitalists are determined to extend their power to the south-east and crush the Slavs who stand in their way.

Socialists and War. The International Socialist Congress was to be held at Vienna on August 23d. At first the date was changed to August 8th, and the place to Paris. Then came news that it had been postponed indefinitely.

To the present writer this seems a great mistake. To be sure, it would be impossible to hold a congress in a country actually engaged in war. But there are several neutral nations which would have welcomed the congress. And surely now when the powers of capitalism are most bloodthirsty is the time when the working class needs leadership. It may be that the International Bureau will call a peace conference representative of the nations whose governments have gone to war. Perhaps such a body can act more

"In her efforts to serve God and Mammon, the Church has become cross-eyed."
—*The Call of The Carpenter.*

BOUCK WHITE, author of "THE CALL OF THE CARPENTER", is now in a cell on Blackwell's Island, New York.

He committed the "crime," after the terrible Ludlow Massacre, of attending the Rockefeller church and asking a question.

His publishers have consented to issue a

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powerfully at this time than an International Congress.

But after all the resolving and speech-making, this is the time to act. News comes from London that Keir Hardie addressed a great crowd in Trafalgar Square and advocated calling a general strike if England enters the conflict. We hope for equally energetic words and deeds on the part of our German and French comrades.

Meantime, let us ask it mildly, what has become of the three saintly peace conferences which were to be held in Europe in August?

Industrial Unionism in Germany. The German labor movement is moving. It goes slowly but steadily in the direction of industrial organization. Since January 1st there have been at least a score of articles in *Die Neue Zeit* dealing with the form of organization. Just before the triennial labor congress met recently at Munich Xaver Kamrowski published in this official and orthodox journal a powerful argument for the industrial form.

The reasons for this important development are both industrial and political. The tiny "Sydicalist" movement in Germany has had absolutely nothing to do with it. I cannot learn that it was even mentioned in the papers or on the floor of the congress. The political cause is the absolute stoppage of social reform in Germany. As was brought out at the congress, which was held near the end of June, Germany is no longer the leader in such matters as old-age pensions, accident insurance, control of housing conditions, etc. In fact, conditions as revealed in various detailed reports showed that many classes of workers are in a most pitiable condition. The German workers' faith in the good intentions of the government have finally been shattered. And the labor unions have their backs against the wall in a fight for life. They have recently been classified as political organizations by legal decision. If this decision stands they will be subjected to all the restrictions which apply to political bodies under the new police code. Since the repeal of the Anti-Socialist law in 1890 they have enjoyed freedom. Now the government has taken the offensive against them. It is not merely a question of growing and developing new pow-

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York City, will send his book free on application, to anyone who writes to him mentioning clearly which habit it is desired to conquer and whether the person is desirous of being freed of it or must be treated secretly without his or her knowledge.

ers. To live at all they will have to fight.

The economic cause is the growth of capitalist organizations. The great associations of employers are not limited by any form of governmental interference. They constantly take the initiative. The lock-out and the black-list are constantly employed. Their improved organizations must be met by one equally good.

The question of organization came before the congress in the form of an appeal. The Transport Workers and the Brewery Workers had had a jurisdictional fight over the brewery wagon drivers. A board of arbitration turned the drivers over to the Brewery Workers. That is, their decision was flatly in favor of industrial organization. The Transport Workers appealed to the congress and asked for a reversal. The discussion was long, sometimes bitter, and always characteristically thorough. The arguments were, of course, the ones we are accustomed to in this country, though the discussion as a whole was much the best the present writer has ever read. There was more willingness to listen to the other fellow than is usually evident in this country under similar circumstances. The industrial forces were led by the representatives of the Factory Workers. They acknowledged that in 1892, when the first congress of the present organization met at Halberstadt, the craft system was the natural one to adopt. They even acknowledged that in a few exceptional trades it is still effective. But maintained, on the whole, that the day for it is past. In fact, nearly all the speakers agreed that craft unionism is passing and must pass. The only difference of opinion was in regard to what should be done in the case of individual unions. In general the feeling seemed to be that the development of things should not be forced, that in each industry the trades should be joined as rapidly as the unions become ready for it. The Germans are not going to begin their house at the roof.

In the end the decision of the board of arbitration was confirmed. The drivers are to belong to the Brewery Workers. So the victory is on the side of the "one big union." A court of appeals was then arranged to deal with similar problems in the future.

In addition, the dues to be paid by the

separate unions to the national organization were raised from 4 pfennigs to 5, and a large general commission was formed to act for the organization in times of crises. Both these actions mean that our German comrades feel that they must be ready to fight.

Death of Jean Jaurès. On July 31st Comrade Jean Jaurès was shot to death by a "patriot." He had just attended a meeting of the International Socialist Bureau, which has issued a proclamation against the war, and had delivered a speech against militarism. The murderer said, when captured, "I did it because when M. Jaurès fought the three years' military law he fought France." So Jaurès was the first victim of the war fever.

Jaurès was 55 years old. After graduating from the École Normale Supérieure he became lecturer on philosophy at the University of Toulouse. His oratory made him popular and in 1885 he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies as a Radical. In 1889 he was defeated and returned to the university. There he prepared, as one of the dissertations necessary for the securing of a doctor's degree, a study of "The Origins of German Socialism." Soon after this he turned Socialist and as such he was returned to the chamber in 1893. There, with Millerand and Viviani, he formed the Independent Socialist Party. When Millerand entered the cabinet of Waldeck Rousseau he had the approval and support of Jaurès. In 1904 at the International Congress of Amsterdam, he was the chief defender of this proceeding. He was voted down and has since then loyally submitted to the decision of the party. The same may be said of the relations to the French Socialist Party. When the United Party was formed in 1907 he was by no means allowed to dictate. Though he strongly favored entering into blocs with radical groups, the party from the beginning forbade any such dubious tactics and he has subordinated himself consistently to party discipline.

He was a brilliant orator, a keen writer, a warm and attractive personality. His voice rolled out like thunder against drenching Europe in the blood of the workers, and his own blood was the first to be shed. Let us hope that it was not shed in vain.

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NEWS AND VIEWS

A GROUP OF IDAHO REDS



F. Olson, H. O. Price, I. F. Stewart, C. B. Lentz, C. F. Donicht, J. Z. Standley, A. B. Clark,

The Idaho State Convention.—To the Socialist Party of Idaho belongs the distinction of having adopted what is probably the shortest, yet one of the most complete state platforms ever set forth by any political party.

Reform measures under the name of "Immediate Demands" were completely eliminated, and the platform stands out clear-cut, concise and revolutionary, containing nothing which the old parties will care to steal.

The question of incorporating "Immediate Demands" was brought up at four different stages of the convention in as many different forms, but failed to confuse the delegates. Regardless of the fact that they were as uniformly voted down a persistent effort was made by a few of the delegates to smuggle in some reform measures. This developed, as a last resort, into a frantic attempt to over-ride the convention and force certain reform planks into the platform. This attempt to use a steam roller in a Socialist convention caused much indignation among the delegates. Several lengthy and heated discussions were launched, some of which were tinged with bitter sarcasm and personal remarks, but the clear understanding of the class struggle prevalent among the majority of the delegates in the Idaho state convention remained unchanged.

A. B. Clark of Latah County, with F. Olson of Twin Falls, C. B. Lentz of Bonner, C. F. W. Donicht of Bannock and Herman Barber

of Canyon counties, and others, fought eloquently for the elimination of "Immediate Demands" which, they held, mean only reform measures and are a detriment to the real fundamentals of Socialism. They maintained that such planks in a Socialist platform are superfluous and confusing to the minds of the workers, that should they be obtained, can bring only temporary relief to a specified few and no relief whatever to the working class as a whole, thus retarding rather than advancing the real issue. The old parties, they declared, will offer reform measures galore in a vain hope to pacify and thus retain their grasp upon the working class, and when these reforms have been tried and proven a failure let it not be said that the Socialist Party advocated them. They emphasized the fact that if the Socialist Party stands for anything it is for REVOLUTION and not reform, that while the old parties can adopt the same reform planks or "Immediate Demands" which the Socialist Party might incorporate, they can never touch the vital part of our philosophy. They held that the entire program of Socialism is an immediate demand for the permanent relief of the entire working class, and that we should stand firmly upon the rock foundation of this principle rather than upon the wavering promises of reform.

The platform as adopted is as follows:

"We, the Socialist Party of the State of

Idaho, declare our allegiance to the international program of Socialism.

"Labor alone produces all wealth. We propose that laborers alone shall have all wealth.

"No man has a natural and inherent right to exploit the labor of any other man, therefore we demand that he shall not have a legal right to do so.

"We demand the collective ownership of all things collectively used, the private ownership of things privately used—the abolition of interest, rent and profit.

"We demand the initiative, referendum and recall of all public officials.

"Our candidates when elected shall always and everywhere, until the present capitalistic system of industry is abolished, make this question their guiding rule of conduct: 'Will this legislation or action advance the interests of the WORKING CLASS and aid the WORKERS in their CLASS STRUGGLE?' If it will the elected Socialist is strenuously for it; if it will not he is, and shall be, absolutely opposed to it."—Elda B. Conly, Secretary of Convention.

Bouck White Still in Jail.—Nation-wide protest is now being organized against the continued imprisonment of Bouck White of New York, and has taken the form of a demand upon Governor Glynn of New York for the release of the prisoner. Bouck White's case is unique. After the Ludlow massacre he invited the Rev. Mr. Woelfkin, pastor of the Rockefeller church of New York to publicly debate the question, "Did Jesus teach the immorality of being rich?" He notified Mr. Woelfkin by mail that he would put that question at the Sunday morning services on May 10. When he arose to do so he was quickly seized and pinned down by six "plain clothes men" and detectives, who, as church ushers, were present to defend the sanctity of the brand of religion taught by Messrs. Rockefeller and Woelfkin. His trial was a farce. The Appellate Court adjourned for the season without taking action upon his case. Meanwhile Comrade Bouck White is spending his summer days at the public resort on Blackwell's Island. Here is one more case that emphasizes the absolute necessity of organizing the defense of revolutionists who are accused of crimes they never committed, or, as in the case of Bouck White, thrown into jail without even being accused of a crime.—*From Sol Fieldman, 42 South Washington Sq., New York, N. Y.*

From Connecticut.—Comrade Richard Madler of Hartford writes: "I am glad to send a dollar for ten new readers to the best Socialist magazine on earth."

From California.—"Among all the Socialist books and papers I think the REVIEW takes the lead, especially in arousing the workers to a sense of solidarity. The heart stirring articles from the workers in other lands each month make a reader feel that he is shaking hands with the comrades on the other side."—Kate L. Nevine, Antioch.

List of Hustlers Sending in Ten or More Subs.—Six hundred and seventy-five subs in twenty days. REVIEW rebels are always on the job! The Anti-War Labor Day number of the FIGHTING MAGAZINE will be loaded to the muzzle. We are going to ask every REVIEW reader to get busy during Red Week, which starts on Labor Day, Sept. 7, and round up ten new readers on our SPECIAL OFFER of the REVIEW three months to new readers for ten cents. We want to reach the 100,000 mark. Are you with us?

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Morgan,	Florence,	10
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Goodman,	Eugene,	10

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Good News from Montana.—The REVIEW readers will read with interest the following strike news from Deer Lodge, Montana: "We are now in the sixth week of our strike against the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company, which is trying to electrify its road between Deer Lodge and Avery, Idaho.

"We have 175 miles of the line completely tied up. The men on strike are showing great solidarity, considering the summer weather, and the slave's dream of making his winter's stake during the summer months.

"We must certainly hand it to this bunch of rebels, as there has been no desertion from our ranks and the greatest harmony prevails throughout the camp. We have a constant stream of pickets traveling between the camps and it is a sight worth seeing when the whole bunch are called out when scabs are shipped in.

"The company is chasing up and down the line trying to unload their car of Poles. Everyone seems to be happy but the boss. We are sure playing this game to win.

"The Butte Working Men's Union as well as the Butte and Anaconda Electrical Workers' Unions are coming through with \$100.00 per week to feed the men who are fighting like hell to uphold the Union's principles and gain better conditions."—Publicity Committee, Pat Brennen and James Doyle.

Canada Vote.—The increase in the Socialist vote in Ontario is splendid, considering all the circumstances. In the elections held June 29, 1914, the Socialist vote is 5,185. In the elections held December 5, 1911, the Socialist vote was 3,304. The gain in votes was 1,881 or over 56 per cent.

The old parties, to draw a red herring across the trail of the class struggle, introduced the moral issue. Abolish the bar was the slogan of the Liberals. The churches were used as political weapons. Religion, morality, the good man stunt, were worked for all they were worth, and still the vote increased tremendously. Socialism was more talked about than at any previous time, and Marxian economics was the basis of the Socialist fight.

From Minneapolis.—"We sold 200 copies of the August issue in three days. Send us 100 more."—Peter Johnsen, No. 64 I. W. W."

Control of Child Bearing.—"I have just been reading an article by Caroline Nelson, which appeared in the March issue of the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW. As we are all in need of more of this old world's goods to live on and have more babies to feed, clothe and educate than we are able to care for, this article appeals to me very much. I know her theory is a good one and we need it here in America just as much as any other country. We have thousands of helpless children, who are starving and freezing, going through life without the education they are so much in need of. Oh, if I could only know of the secret this woman speaks of, I would put in the remainder of my time on earth spreading the light to mothers. A poor mother's life is one of dread and misery. It is mother love that loves all her children, let them be few or many, but it breaks mothers' hearts and

blasts' the lives of mother and children when more come than can be properly cared for. She says, "'Think before you bring life into the world' is the Neo-Malthusian motto. And thinking people do not ruin themselves in debauchery, or with poisonous drugs, or use any doubtful methods. But in this case, as in all other cases, a small minority will have to dig and toil to bring the right information to the majority." I am one of many other sister comrades who wants to know this new method.—*An Anxious Mother.*

Anti-War Resolutions.—The following resolutions were adopted by the Socialists of Duluth, Minn., U. S. A., at the meeting of the City Central Committee on July 29, 1914:

A war has been declared by the government of Austria against the government of Serbia.

The governments of Russia, Germany, France, England, Italy, Greece, Bulgaria, Roumania, Turkey and other governments are apt to be drawn into the conflict for the reason that the economic interests of the ruling classes of these various governments are in conflict some with the others.

These various ruling classes, failing in other methods of adjusting their economic quarrels, declare war, and set myriads of workers who have no quarrels with each other at each other's throats.

War, since the discovery of gunpowder, has always been fought by the working class.

Was is promoted by the dominant ruling class of all countries by means of teaching patriotism and religion to the children of the working class in the schools, churches and newspapers, all controlled by the same dominant ruling class, in all countries.

We condemn as hypocritical and evasive the position of the Emperor of Austria in attempting to justify his brutal and inhuman action in declaring war on the ground that such war was "decreed by Providence."

The implements of modern war, the sale of which is fostered by the profit-mongering capitalist class, have reached such a stage of efficiency that in a vast European war whole armies (all of the working class) will be annihilated as if by the pressure of an electric button.

Since the capitalist class of Europe, in the madness of its dying day, has inaugurated this cataclysm of blood, we urge our Socialist comrades of Europe to turn their murderous instruments of death upon the rotting, festering nests of pious "rulers," both monarchical and capitalistic, and rid the earth forever of these monsters, instead of bathing each other in the blood of the working class.

If this is the psychological moment to strike the blow for freedom of the working class in Europe, we American Socialists hope our comrades will not let the opportunity pass.

The historic mission of Socialism is the destruction of the wage system of society by peaceable means, if possible, and the inauguration of the co-operative industrial commonwealth.

In its propaganda the attitude of the Inter-

national Socialism has been against war. We detest war so bitterly that we are ready to go to war to end war.

WORKERS OF THE WORLD, UNITE!

Socialist Local Brainerd—The following resolutions were unanimously adopted and approved by the citizens of Brainerd, in a mass meeting held on Saturday, August 1st, by the Women's Committee of Socialist Local Brainerd and by Socialist Local Brainerd:

To His Excellency, Honorable T. Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, Washington, D. C.

You are credited in newspaper dispatches with appealing to the patriotism of the railroad workers and employees of the western railways to avoid a strike in the face of a European war, and the consequential paralysis of crop moving.

The moving of crops in America to supply the armies of Europe, which have been hurled at each other's throats by the madness of toppling capitalism is the very means of prolonging the wholesale slaughter of the working class.

It will benefit only a small group of human vultures in America and Europe, who are pleased to call themselves "respectable" business men and "patriotic" citizens. We, the socialists of Brainerd, Minnesota, protest against any encouragement of this plan of capitalism, which operates solely for profits. We stand ready to enforce our protest by supporting the railroad men in refusing to haul train loads of wheat to the seaboard, thus bringing to a speedy end the carnival of blood-letting and misery in Europe, the burden and expense of which must fall upon the working class of the world. We feel that your contemplated action in encouraging wheat shipments will prolong the war, the benefit of which will accrue only to a small group of money-mad maniacs whose holy ikon is the dollar mark. The exportation of wheat will create famine and famine prices in America. We protest against this brand of "patriotism" and demand that you use your power to declare an embargo upon the shipment of grain and other foodstuffs to Europe during this war, thus quickly ending the war. We ask this in the name of the working class.

STUDY SOCIALISM

Until you have done this you cannot work for it intelligently. Read these books in the order named, and you will do clearer thinking and more effective talking.

- "Revolution."—Jack London.
- "Introduction to Socialism."—N. A. Richardson.
- "Shop Talks on Economics."—Mary E. Marcy.
- "The Class Struggle."—Karl Kautsky.
- "Socialism, Utopian and Scientific."—Engels.
- "The Communist Manifesto."—Marx and Engels.
- "Value, Price and Profit."—Karl Marx.
- "Industrial Unionism."—Eugene V. Debs.
- "Industrial Socialism."—Haywood and Bohn.
- "The New Socialism."—Robert Rives La Monte.

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Not Troops but Protection.—Mr. Charles Moyer, the president of the Western Federation of Miners, has denied that he asked Governor Stewart for troops. He asserts that he merely asked the governor for protection. The organ of the W. F. of M. protests that Mr. Moyer demanded not troops but protection. The convention of the W. F. of M., after an ex-parte hearing of the Butte troubles, has endorsed Mr. Moyer's statement that not troops but protection is what the valiant president of their organization demanded of the governor of Montana. And it has been given out through the Associated Press that every person present at the interview between Mr. Moyer and Governor Stewart has stated that it was not troops but protection that the president of the W. F. of M. demanded of the governor.

All these statements are supposed to settle the question and to put an end to the statement in this paper that Mr. Moyer asked the governor for troops. This is a very neat but scarcely a convincing evasion.

Suppose it was protection and not troops that Mr. Moyer demanded of the governor, what was the nature of the protection he expected at the hands of the chief executive of this commonwealth?

Did Mr. Moyer expect the governor to accompany him back to Butte and act as his body-guard? Did he, perchance, expect the governor to organize the clerks and stenographers employed at the capitol into a body-guard for the president of the W. F. of M.? Did he expect the governor, perchance, to deputize some ladies' aid society to protect Mr. Moyer from the impolite Butteites who flung orange peelings and bad language at him when he was inside the Miners' Union hall?

What sort of protection would the president of the W. F. of M. demand, after the gunmen at his meeting in Butte on the night of June 23rd had opened fire on a street crowd of men, women and children that had not even flung a stone through the windows? What sort of protection can or does a governor of a state give, if he gives any, under such conditions as prevailed at the time Mr. Moyer made his demand?

Surely not merely moral support. We can scarcely believe that Mr. Moyer demanded anything less than police protection. And the only police at the command of the governor are the state militia.

The fact is that all this evasion by substituting the word "protection" for the word "troops" is an afterthought. It was suggested to Mr. Moyer by a prominent member of organized labor in Montana at the time that distinguished W. F. of M. official made his demand on the governor.

Said this Montana member to Mr. Moyer: "It should be understood, Mr. Moyer, that you do not ask the governor for troops but for protection." In this Mr. Moyer acquiesced. But he had already made his demand. The "protection" was an afterthought.

A Montana labor leader, mindful of the fight organized labor had made against the infamous Donahue militia bill, would naturally balk at asking for troops. Mr. Moyer did not balk, but he took the hint and has made use of the subterfuge. This is how he asked not for "troops" but for "protection."—*Montana Socialist.*

Charged with Murder.—We are in receipt of a letter from J. G. Gavel, Secretary of I. W. W. Local No. 339, Edmonton, Alta., Canada, in which he says: "Last winter a member of the Edmonton Local, I. W. W., named Frank Hiram Johnson took up a homestead in the vicinity of Lac La Biche, some hundred miles or more northeast of here. In May and June he wrote several letters to James Rowan (then secretary of this local) saying that he was in a hostile community and from his letters it would seem that his life was in danger. Rowan with another member of the local, W. E. Barrett, left for Lac La Biche and reached Johnson's shack late Sunday night, July 5th, when they found Johnson dead. It was plainly evident that he had been murdered.

Although there was no incriminating evidence at the inquest, the jury recommended that Rowan and Barrett be held when they reported the crime. Subsequently they were charged with murder, to be tried at the next sessions of the Supreme Court. It is an old trick of the master class to victimize active members of the revolutionary movement. Rowan was a good active member of this local for a year or more. Barrett's life is also in danger. Rally to their aid. Swarm into Edmonton when Rowan and Barrett go to trial on this trumped up charge and show the master class that they have an enemy to reckon with. If you have funds, send them to J. G. Gavel, 47 Frazer avenue, Edmonton, Alta., Canada.

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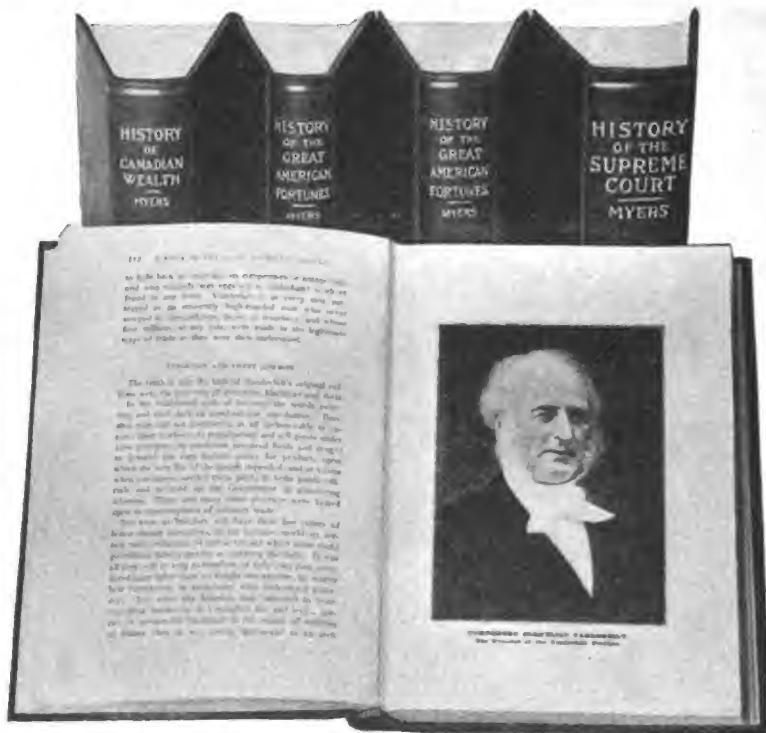


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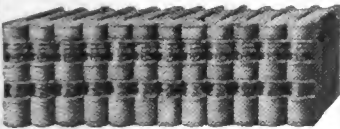
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November

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The
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MALE HELP WANTED?

The Job War in Chicago

BY CHARLES ASHLEIGH

HOISTING oneself by one's own boot-straps is supposed to be the acme of impossibility, but that seems to be precisely what the capitalist system is doing at present. In its efforts to continually enlarge and to intensify its operations it is undermining its own existence by creating the elements which shall contribute to its downfall. That inevitable adjunct to rampant capitalism—the army of the unemployed—is steadily on the increase, and, just

now, with the partial cessation of industry caused by the European blood struggle for markets, the problem is becoming still more acute.

It is interesting to mark how the attendant evils of the industrial system are extending all over the country. Last year, unemployed riots were not confined to the manufacturing East, but also broke out in San Francisco and other points on the Pacific coast. The boasted glory of the busy Middle West is sullied by the

appalling numbers of workless ones in its hub, Chicago.

The Chicago *Tribune*, which is as conservative a journal as could be found, some time ago estimated the number of unemployed in Chicago as over 100,000 and intimated that they were increasing. According to trade union authorities, over 60,000 union men are out of work. These figures, however, certainly fall far short of the total. The United Charities report that they assisted 21,000 families in 1913, as against only 10,000 in 1910, and they maintain that the number is steadily ascending. It should be remembered that only a very small proportion of cases are reported to the charitable institutions and that a still smaller number receive aid.

Every day cases are cited that prove the depths of poverty and suffering in which large numbers of workers and their families are plunged. In the sumptuous automobile of a member of Chicago's gilded minority was found a baby, thin and under-nourished, wrapped in a dirty gray rag, which was deposited in the vehicle while the owner was regaling himself in a cafe. A man was recently sentenced to six months in the Bridewell for stealing food; he had been out of work for several weeks and dependent upon him were his wife and two babies, one of them only one month old. The home of these free citizens of prosperous America consisted of a one-room, windowless shack, with leaky roof, and sanitary conveniences remarkable only by their absence. The conscience of our "altruistic" civilization was satisfied by the railroading of the unfortunate husband. Here the function of government ended and the succoring of the wife and children was left to individual charity, which in this case was attracted by the publicity the incident received. However, there is no complaint here implied; what have the workers ever to hope for from the agents of their industrial task-masters?

The principal question that agitates the mind of the unemployed, homeless worker,—where to sleep,—is becoming more pressing with the advent of the cold weather. Police stations are already full to overflowing, as are also the night shelters. To complicate matters, orders

were issued recently by the police department for the dispersal of night loiterers. The minions of the law sallied forth in force on October 6th and routed out scores of unfortunates who were trying to snatch some broken sleep in freight or lumber yards, vacant lots, empty buildings and wharves. A force of police, with drawn clubs, drove a number of men at bay on the river front, after awakening them by the customary brutal methods. One or two among them had sufficient manhood to resent this treatment and offered some resistance to their persecutors. The police, revolvers and clubs in hand, attacked the defenseless band, rounded them up, and carried off some thirty to jail. The papers next day exploded with indignation, stigmatizing the offenders as "wharf rats," while, on the next page, they were making fervent appeals to "Good Fellows" to come to the aid of this same class.

The large emigrant population of Chicago are especial sufferers. The shutting down,—or partial stopping of production,—of great industrial concerns employing hosts of foreign unskilled laborers has brought untold misery into the Ghetto, Little Italy and other foreign quarters. A case that came to my notice on October 5th is illustrative of this. Mrs. Annie Jarosz a Polish widow, was dependent upon work received from her more fortunate neighbors for her sustenance and that of her baby and two-year-old child. When the general financial tightening came about no jobs were forthcoming. Within a few days the baby was dead of starvation and the widow and her remaining child have been ejected for non-payment of rent. One might waste oceans of "sob-stuff" in describing these incidents, but we will leave that to our well-paid lady journalists of the daily papers; we are not trying to stir the hearts of the affluent, but to induce the worker to at last determine to take the remedying of these conditions into his own hands.

Besides the permanent industrial population of Chicago, casual workers are pouring daily into the town. Every freight train and passenger has its complement of jobless ones. These add to the number of job seekers and still further intensify the terribly keen competi-



NOT READING THE WAR NEWS, BUT THE WANT ADS

tion on the labor market. In the crowded "Loop" district, thousands may be seen every noon awaiting the afternoon papers with their lists of offered jobs. When the newsboys appear they are virtually mobbed by the work-hungry crowds; and then comes a feverish scanning of the advertising sheets, and then a rush to be first applicant. One glance at the number of vacant positions in the paper and then at the size of the crowd will reveal the appalling difference in their respective numbers.

It is not always he of the tattered garments who is the greatest sufferer. A large number of those most unfortunate members of the working class,—the white-collared company of clerks,—may be seen filling the park benches. These have the additional disadvantage of having to maintain some sort of a respectable appearance. I noted one of this type, the other morning, arising from his night's repose on a bench in a secluded arbor of Lincoln Park. A piece of newspaper was placed within his vest to protect his shirt-

front and his collar and tie, carefully wrapped in paper, were beside him. He produced a small whisk broom from his pocket, and a comb, and made his pathetic toilet, not forgetting to polish his leaky shoes with the newspaper. He was not the type that dares to beg for a meal on the street and one could sense somehow that he had not the price of breakfast. I entered into conversation with him and discovered that he had worked in the auditing department of the Illinois Central Railroad. Two months ago he had been discharged on account of a cutting down of the staff and since then had found nothing but one or two odd jobs. I asked him whether he had been to the state free employment office. He said that he had and that once he had been dispatched to a residence to do odd jobs. On arrival there, he had been made to do some painting and other work which falls within the province of skilled labor and for which the current union rate is 65 cents per hour. For this he was offered twenty cents an hour. He was rather an unusual

type of clerk because he refused to do the work; for which I honored this obscure hero of industrial warfare.

On the "Flats," by the lake side, beyond the railroad tracks, may be observed groups of men washing their shirts and underclothing, in the effort to appear respectable and to rid themselves of the vermin with which the cheap lodging houses are infested. The possessor of a razor is also an exceedingly popular person at these gatherings. Looking westward from here, one sees the magnificent buildings of the clubs and hotels which line Michigan avenue where are also displayed the latest Paris costumes and the very cutest things from London in the line of walking canes and cravats.

And the well-dressed and excellently fed ladies and gentlemen, stepping nonchalantly into or out of their automobiles, are very possibly going to attend a meeting tonight in which the poor will be exhorted to recognize the benefits of thrift; and, possibly, the merits of cheese as a substitute for meat will be enthusiastically extolled, this being one of the latest fads of some of Chicago's wealthy reformers.

On West Madison street, the stamping ground for the itinerant worker, the employment offices have all posted the sign "No Shipments" in their windows. The mission halls bear the announcement that lunches will be served free at the conclusion of the services and, most pregnant sign of all, the proprietors of the ten- and fifteen-cent restaurants are complaining bitterly at the slackness of business. The streets are full of men tramping with that wearied, hopeless slouch typical of the discouraged and underfed seeker after work, although usually they do not make their appearance until later in the year. Everything points to the coming of the severest and most extensive unemployed spell that this country has ever experienced.

And, what to do? We know the probable happenings of the approaching winter, if things be not altered. Bread riots, unemployed processions, marches to city halls, meetings in parks and squares and

all the accompanying phenomena of hard, workless winters, characterized by a want of organization and a waste of energy which it is painful to see. And the proud aristocrat of labor, who happens to be holding on to a job, will not concern himself with the homeless one on the bread-line or in the empty garrets of the Ghetto. But, when he is on strike, and some of these yield to the temptation of good food and a bed and take his place, then will he boil over with contemptuous anger.

The working class organizations, sooner or later, will have to realize their identity of interest with the mass of unemployed. They will have to understand that it is essentially to their interest that there be as few men as possible looking for jobs. The revolutionary bodies should bestir themselves without delay to devise some method of not only showing the unemployed how to secure for themselves the necessities of life but also the advantages and absolute imperativeness of the solidarity of workers and workless. For the securing of food and shelter, petitions to governing bodies are worthless. The same amount of time, energy and sacrifice used in monster processions and meetings, with their consequent conflicts with the police, could be much better utilized in the taking by the unemployed of the things which they require. Wm. D. Haywood's recommendations to this effect, at the recent convention of the Industrial Workers of the World, should be taken to heart by all those who do not wish to see the unemployed movement deteriorate into the means for the exhibition of flowery oratory.

It is up to the unemployed themselves to better their conditions; nobody else is going to do it for them. And it is most emphatically up to the man with a job, if only in self-defense, to aid them in every possible way to secure their ends. The unemployed are continually referred to sneeringly as "the mob." Well and good; then the mob can and must be transformed into a coherent and conscious body, knowing well its economic position in society and the cause of it, and determined to go after the goods and to get them by any and all means.



DISCUSSING THEIR LAST JOBS

TACTICS OF THE UNEMPLOYED

WHILE the newspapers and magazines are filled with shrieking headlines about the Great War in Europe and the sufferings of the armies there, the vast Army of Unemployed, a large portion of which has been thrown out of work on account of the cessation of imports to Europe, are facing an equally important problem at our very doors. They are facing the problem that the survivors of the European war are going to face after the war is over.

We have to remember that our friends in the Unemployed Army are in the same boat we may occupy next week or next month. They are the men and women who have produced the houses, the clothing, the railroads, the food in America and who are "laid off" because the employing class does not pay them enough in wages to enable them to BUY or USE the very things they have MADE. The employers say they have no "markets" and are closing down the shops and factories because the shops and mills and factories are FILLED with the NECES-SITIES of LIFE which have been PRO-DUCED by the workers but which these workers have no money to BUY.

And now come these "laid off" men and women demanding that these full granaries be opened to satisfy their needs; that the clothing and shoes on the shelves which they have made be brought forth to shield them from the cold. That the houses, which they have built, and which are now standing empty, be opened to protect them from the winds and snows of winter.

What Shall the Unemployed Do?

At the national convention of the I. W. W. held in Chicago this month, William D. Haywood presented the following practical program for the Unemployed which was adopted by the delegates:

"Vigorous plans must be adopted to ward off the impending suffering (of the unemployed) during the coming winter. Industrial conditions indicate an approaching crisis unparalleled in this country. The workers here cannot escape the backwash of all the horrors of the European war. Already the economic effects are being felt. The capitalists are curtailing production in many different branches. Thousands of men have been discharged in the textile, steel, transportation, min-

ing and lumber industries. These numbers will soon be augmented by the harvest and other migratory workers whose work for the season is over.

"While the Army of the Unemployed is growing by legions, the Masters of Bread are preparing to ship to the murderous hordes of Europe the foodstuff that the workers have produced, and this with the connivance of the United States Government which has under way plans to subsidize ships for that purpose. No single thought is given to the peaceful, industrial Army of Production. Millions are appropriated for the militia, the army of destruction, and not a cent to provide work or care for the wealth producers.

"It is up to the workers to meet with grim determination the situation that presents itself. Food, clothing, shelter, are essential to life. Let the message of the I. W. W. be **GET THEM!** if you have to take pickaxes and crowbars and go to the granaries and warehouses and help yourselves. Rather than congregate around City Halls, Capitols and empty squares, go to the market places and waterfronts where food is abundant. If food is being shipped, confiscate it, if you have the power.

"Where houses are vacant occupy them. If machinery is idle use it, if practical to your purpose.

"Results can only be achieved through organized effort. Banded together and cooperating for mutual welfare the unemployed will get by the hard winter.

"I suggest that some provision be made for the Industrial Workers of the World to organize the unemployed, that a propaganda card be issued to such new members, said cards to be deposited in the industrial union when the person gets work.

"If some such plan can be inaugurated the unemployed, as soon as industries resume operation, will become an integral part of One Big Union and through organization will be in a position to levy tribute on the prosperity that the privileged class is anticipating and the newspapers are promising as a result of the devastation of war."

On the subject of the work of organization in general, Haywood said:

"One I. W. W. on the job is worth two

in the jungle. To know the work in hand is the duty of every member. Efficiency of labor need not be used to increase profits. It can be applied to a counter purpose. But it must be recognized that efficiency and ability are required to operate industry. By learning how to apply labor power in the most scientific way will suggest means of withholding and preserving labor power.

"It should be the ambition of every industrial worker to possess a technical and practical knowledge of industry. At least this knowledge must be concentrated in the group with the conscious organized purpose of using it for all society rather than for a privileged class of idle stockholders. The closer we can establish relations between the workers who produce the raw material and the workers who finish the products, the better will be the understanding of our class interests.

"The \$1.50 and twelve-hour man has a big gap to close. Improvement in the standard of the CLASS is our object. The common laborer at the meanest work is entitled to the same standard of life as the most skilled artisan. The chief work of the I. W. W. is to organize the unskilled and the unorganized. It is upon this great mass of humanity that life depends. The skilled worker is comparatively a small faction and will be forced to join the branch of his industry in One Big Union."

The tendency is for labor organizations to grow conservative as they grow older. Time and again we have seen labor organizers and new unions start out with broad and revolutionary aims, but we have usually found these same organizers and these same unions becoming fixed and conservative or reactionary within a few years.

The last convention of the I. W. W. has proven that this union is an exception to the general rule. As of yore we found our old friends voicing the needs of the dispossessed, the unskilled, unorganized, and even opening its doors to the Unemployed. At last we have found a group of workers who really intend to cooperate and organize with all workers, who are actually urging the workers of

the world to unite, and who are endeavoring to make it practicable for them to do so. They have let down the bars to the unemployed outcast. And we believe that the labor world will ultimately come to realize that they have greatly added to their own **STRENGTH** thereby.

For the first time in the labor movement a union has given free opportunity

for all men to come into their organization. We believe this will prove to be the basis for a future union between the men on the job and the men who are "laid off" that will ultimately control the labor power of the world. It will cement the men on the job to the men "out of work," and make class consciousness a more vital force in the world.



—From the Masses

Why Not "See America First"?

FIGHTING WEAPONS

An Appeal to the Miners

By FRANK BOHN

HERE are two cartridges. One is for use in the new model Springfield rifle, used by the regular army and militia. The other is from some old blunderbus picked up and used by a striker in defense of his home and his family. The regular army record with the Springfield rifle at a distance of one mile from a moving target is ten straight hits. I doubt whether the blunderbus aforementioned, using the ammunition that we see here, would be dangerous at three hundred yards. I am asking you, as a representative of the Socialist party, to vote for the Springfield rifle. Take this weapon from the enemy and place it in your own hands.

The foundations of all government are built upon force. Without force capitalist law is exactly nothing and no more. Today force protects wealth from being enjoyed by those who produce it. Forces seizes the lands of undeveloped peoples and enslaves them to the machines of international capitalism. Capitalist force is now highly organized and centralized. In a conflict of arms today the workers are doomed to defeat.

Of course it is better to die fighting than to live as starving slaves. No one can deny that. A few days ago I heard a Christian preacher in this town say that, had he been a striker at Ludlow, he "would have taken a six-shooter in each hand and never stopped fighting until he was dead." In the bitter conflict which took place in Colorado a few weeks ago, you miners should rejoice in the mighty sentiment of support which you received from the workers everywhere. Never in the history of working-class America has there been such unity. The workers throughout the land, organized and unorganized, Catholics and Protestants, Democrats and Republicans, as well as Socialists, gloried in the fact that you fought back, and regretted only that they could not come, millions strong, to your assistance. It was all so heroic and inspiring because of the spirit it indicated.

But it was so hopeless, too. Any man who has ever carried a gun down the road, under discipline, knows how hopeless it was.

Let us look at the facts. Fifteen years ago the regular army of the United States numbered 25,000. The naval and marine force numbered 12,000. The militia, numbering 112,000, was disorganized, poorly armed and ineffectual. Today the regular army numbers 90,000, the naval and marine force 60,000, and the militia, though its numbers have not been much increased, is today armed, organized and trained much as is the regular army. The government at Washington thus has an available force of 270,000 men.

But this is only the beginning of the story. The ruling class is organized. Our producing class is worse than disorganized. The ruling class controls the technical knowledge of the fighting game. Let us not forget that there is no profession in the world which requires more of science and art, of trained skill, than the profession of arms. The ruling class can enlist men in large numbers. So can we, I hear some one say. But they can arm, feed, clothe and transport men. We cannot. At Ludlow, and elsewhere in the mining districts, when you retreated to the hills, you had no reserve ammunition, no blankets, no food supply and no cooking utensils. Each one of you used up what ever ammunition you happened to have with you and then you stood helpless. Let me repeat what I have already said. You were not permitted to debate upon your course. You were forced to take up arms. You did your duty as best you could. But now that the skirmishes of the past year are over let us not refuse to learn their most obvious lesson. The working class cannot now take up arms and in the long run do anything but commit suicide with them.

The one absolutely unanswerable argument for political action in the class struggle is the physical force argument. The

sheriff of the county of Las Animas has sworn in, since the Colorado strike began, exactly 594 deputies. These included local capitalists and scabs and imported professional gunmen. It was the working men and women of Colorado, you miners included, who placed weapons in their hands and clothed their murderous actions with the sanction of law. Your Democratic, Republican and Progressive votes, cast upon the water, have returned after many days, not as bread, but as bullets.

Were this the first time such an event had happened in Colorado, we Socialists would be more disposed to patience. But the murder of the workers in this state is now an old story. Ten years ago there was a general strike of the coal and metalliferous miners of that state. On that occasion I had the privilege of going to Colorado and talking to you miners there. Surely the message of working class political action, at that time, voiced by scores of speakers, organizers and thousands of local comrades, reached all of you. We blamed the mine owners for the dreadful conditions which prevailed in the mines before the strike and for the heinous crimes perpetrated upon the workers during the strike. Today I cannot repeat that charge. I have been to Colorado again, this time to accuse the enfranchised portion of the working class. You are guilty of the horrors of the past eight months. Again and again, during the ten years since the last great mine strike, you have elected capitalist sheriffs, capitalist legislators, and capitalist judges. You have done this in nearly every state.

Yet Socialist faith in the working class is unbounded. We realize that the lesson concerning the nature of capitalist rule must be taught by experience again and again and again. On behalf of the Socialist party, I once more pledge it to serve you and you alone. If its candidates are defeated you and I are defeated. If its candidates are elected to office you and I are elected to office and succeed to the powers of office. The Socialist party of Colorado or West Virginia or Pennsylvania, if necessary, will place the new model Springfields in your hands. If, in the defense of your homes and your families, the militia must needs be called out, you will ride the horses, wrap yourselves in the good blankets, sleep under the waterproof tents and eat the very good rations which are served to the militia.

Are all these worth while to you? Would they help you in a strike? Are they worth voting for on the second day of next November?

It would seem almost unnecessary for me to add that a working class Socialist administration of Colorado or Montana or Ohio would expel every gunman, protect every striker's home, and win such reasonable demands as you have made, without fixing a bayonet to a rifle or firing a single shot.

One Big Union

Out of the bitter and unequal conflict in Colorado a single fact stands out like a great light in the darkness. I refer to the action of the railroad workers. During the whole strike they have loyally refused to haul scabs and gunmen into the strike districts. These railroad rebels included switchmen, brakemen, conductors, firemen and engineers. A number of them in this town were discharged from their jobs by the railroad company. All their fellow-workmen on the division threatened a strike and the rebels were reinstated. All hail to these railroad workers! They are worthy of the great traditions of the American Railway Union and the battle of 1894.

Two facts which the history of the past two years in the Colorado and West Virginia districts so clearly exhibit are the pillars of our hope for the future. The first is that the working class will fight. The second is that, as a class, it is developing solidarity. This new unity is industrial as well as political. Experience alone can teach the mass of the workers. How long will it be before our education will be sufficient for the work which history has now given our class to perform? When will the railroad workers refuse to haul scab coal out of mines? When will they refuse to move a car in or out of a struck mine camp? When will the workers at the Rockefeller steel mills at Pueblo be ready to quit their machines when the miners lay down their tools? When the coal and metal miners, the metal and machinery workers and the railroad men, regardless of the nature of their work, or the amount of pay they receive, are united in ONE BIG UNION and in possession of political power the time for revolution will be at hand. These six millions of strong men, united as one, will be a greater force for progress than the world has ever known in

any land and in any period of history. This force can destroy American capitalism and establish Socialism, which will be a condition of industrial freedom for all.

Industrial Unionism

It seems so simple. We are all in the same condition of slavery, of semi-starvation, of worry concerning the future. The forces making for perfect unity are so tremendous. Suppose some of you have steady jobs and comparatively high wages. You have children, some of you five or six of them. The "good" jobs are becoming scarcer every day. What is to become of your children? You are sending two or three of them to the high school. Without jobs that will but increase the misery of their poverty. Intelligent skilled workers, understanding these facts, are ready to take their places in ONE BIG UNION, so they will be ready to win more for all. Only fools go on to defeat after defeat in little groups by themselves.

That is the only difference I can see between industrial unionists and craft unionists in this year, 1914—intelligent men and women on the one hand, asses on the other. Take the most aristocratic of all workers, the locomotive engineers. You get in the west from \$150 to \$200 a month. But how many of you can look forward to a peaceful old age and a natural death? Practically all of you will be killed or injured sooner or later. Why? Chiefly because today there are on most railroads less than one-third of the number of section hands absolutely required to keep the road-bed in shape. Because the section hands who are at work don't get food enough to keep themselves in shape. You die because the shopmen don't get a fair chance to repair your engines, because the brakemen have to work twice as long as flesh and blood and nerves should work at the job. And then I am told by some of you that your interests are not the same as those of the working class generally. Let me repeat that the difference between the industrial unionist and a craft or group unionist today is the difference between the intelligent man and the fool—a fool accursed by his ignorance and through that ignorance dangerous to the welfare of his family, of his class and a hindrance to social progress. If you locomotive engineers and all other skilled workers value your lives and care at all

for the future of your children, bring your miserably weak brotherhoods together into ONE BIG UNION and join with the shopmen and the section hands. Do what the miners have done. Then align yourself with the miners, the metal workers, the farm workers, and all the other toilers in the land.

ONE BIG UNION and that union revolutionary; opposed to the wages system; fighting for and securing better conditions today; forcing the parasites off our backs tomorrow, a union with twenty-five millions of members and a vision that reaches to the stars! If you but permit yourselves to experience the inspiration of this ideal your whole life will be changed, deep down at the base of it. You will wish to live long, love your fellows and to grow with the growth of the world.

The Strike and the Ballot

Amidst the scenes of the class war, with the black, stricken field of Ludlow in mind, we see means and end more clearly. Here we must at least set to thinking with perfect confidence in one another's good intentions. There has been in the past, among the American working people, far too much of dissension and bitterness of spirit. Let me express the earnest desire that all of you, for the moment, try to see the matter as we Socialists do. I don't ask all of you to agree with us finally. I do urge you just now to stand beside us, to look in our direction, and see the things we see.

This is the way it looks to me: Five hundred of you live in a mine town up the canyon. You are robbed and cheated. You protest only to find yourselves despised and spat upon. Your lives are always endangered. Often you follow the coffins of relatives and friends murdered in the mine by a greedy, scheming, law-breaking corporation. You're a Catholic and you are taxed a dollar a month to pay for a Protestant parson hired by your boss. What is to be done? To that question there can be but one answer. You must strike. You refuse to go into the mine until your own committee assures you that it is safe. You refuse to pay a dollar a month for a corporation parson to pray you into heaven. You wish instead to pay for your own checkweighmen to prevent the corporation from cheating you out of your pay for the

coal you dig. You strike and the boss locks you out of the mine and drives you out of town.

The strike is the greatest human event in the world today. It is the worker's will to live, expressed in heroic action. It is human history in its inmost heart unfolding itself. It buries your past with its slavery. It gives birth to your future of power and freedom.

The strike is an industrial battle. The ballot and the political power it gives supply the physical force with which to win the battle. We have already shown why these two are inseparable. Do not think that I am maintaining here the sanctity and the virtue of government and of law. Capitalist politicians in legislatures pass laws which are deliberately intended to deceive the workers. For instance, there is already a law on the statute books of Colorado forbidding the importation of strike-breakers from without the state. Such a law, with capitalist politicians in office, is simply nothing. In Cherry, Ill., some years ago, nearly three hundred workers were burned to death in a mine. To accomplish these frightful murders the great corporation which owned the Cherry mine broke exactly five laws which were upon the statute books of the state of Illinois. Had any of those laws been enforced a thousand widows and children would have had their husbands and fathers at the supper table that evening. Mere laws are nothing. When there is a fight, men in the executive offices are what count. Put yourselves in office. Enforce the laws as they are. Disarm and expel the gunmen and enlist the strikers as militia. Don't let a wheel turn or a pound of coal be mined until the corporations are brought to time. Protect every pound and every inch of property from destruction by the corporation detectives. Your strikes will then be won within thirty days.

The union organizes you. Political action protects you. The strike starves out the capitalist. The vote prevents the capitalist from starving you out. The strike takes you out of the mines. The vote keeps you from going into the jails. The strike prevents the capitalist from docking your wages to pay for a parson you don't want. The vote enables you to tax the capitalist to hire a school teacher you do want. The strike enlists millions to fight for us who

can't vote. The vote enlists millions to fight for us who can't strike.

Some say that we cannot trust the men we place in political office. Others say that we dare not trust those we place in the offices of the union. I have not so low an opinion of you and you have not so low an opinion of me. The men and women of the working class everywhere are learning to trust themselves and one another. There never were more loyal fighters anywhere than those we are now enlisting in our cause. A much worse evil than the disloyalty of a few is the ignorance of the many. But the workers everywhere are learning what they want and the means of getting it.

Compare the United Mine Workers with what it was ten years ago. Compare its leading officers, its methods, its demands, and its fighting power with what each of these was ten years ago. That organization is worth infinitely more than it was then. Compare the Socialist party with what it was ten years ago. At that time there were not enough well informed socialists in many states to fill a hall. Next autumn hundreds of thousands of men and women will vote our ticket and know why they are doing so. We have crawled out of our swaddling clothes and put on armor. Our Socialist party propaganda has accomplished more than that of any other organization in bringing the workers to a knowledge of industrial unionism. We have no excuses to offer anybody anywhere. We are proud of what has been accomplished and confident of the future.

Socialism

Some of you say that you still do not understand Socialism. Socialist conversation sounds well but you can't quite "get what we're driving at." Let me request of you to forget for the moment whatever in your mind seems difficult concerning Socialism. In just ten minutes the whole matter will be as simple as ham and eggs for a quarter, over at the corner restaurant.

When you win one strike, for example, you will work eight hours instead of ten. That will be law number one passed by yourselves, for yourselves. You will get a ten per cent increase of wages. That will be law number two. You will have your own checkweighmen. That will be law

number three. The laws which count most for you are the laws of the mine. Get power there and the Kingdom of Heaven will be added unto you here and now. Imagine the hours of work becoming less and less and the percentage of your product you receive becoming more and more. Imagine that, finally, nothing is left for the boss to do but to join the union and to go to work.

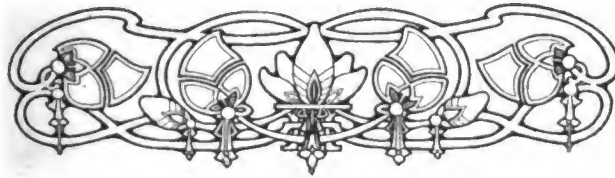
Some of you are troubled in mind when you hear Socialists speak of "The Revolution." Nothing else so simple. When we are fully organized, industrially and politically, we shall beat the whole capitalist class and force its members to accept our terms. That is "The Revolution." The workers of America, being in control, will rule themselves on the job. That will be Socialist government. Conceive of the Congress of the United States being composed of the representatives of the various industries—representatives of the miners, of the metal workers, of the railroad workers and of the farmers. I happen to be a teacher. I wish to see the teachers organized—kindergartners, primary grades, high school teachers, university professors—all in one union. When the teachers have less work, more to eat and more to say about running the schools, we shall have better

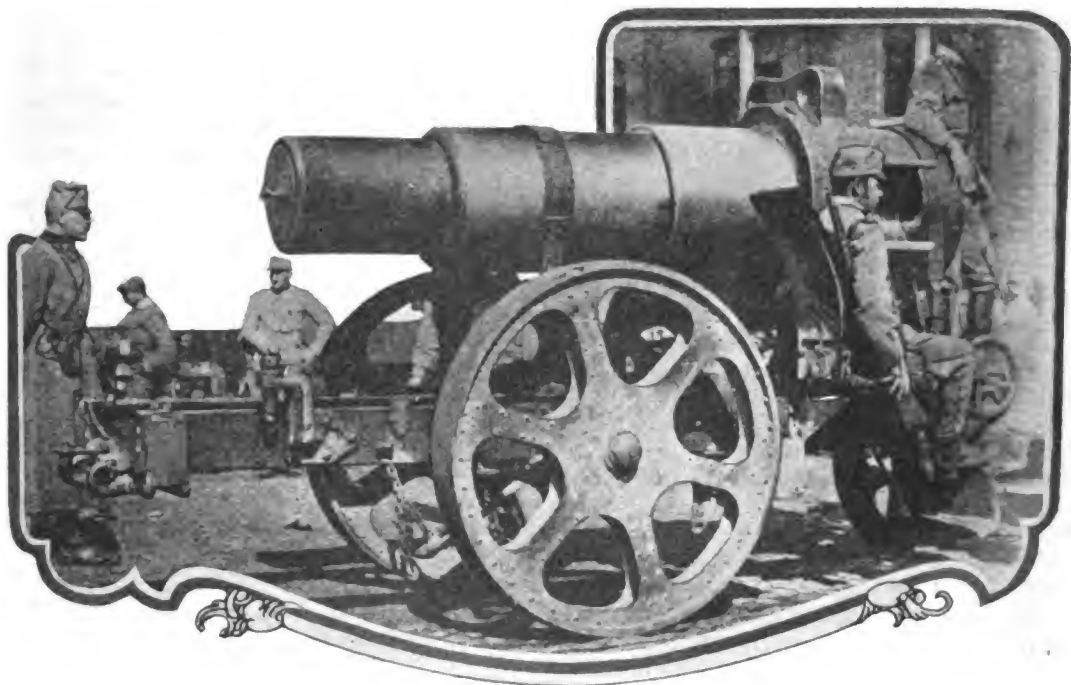
schools. Of course the workers of the whole nation will have the supervising power, the final voice, in determining how much wealth shall be produced, in what form, and how our great institutions of production shall be managed. Socialism will be a condition of industrial liberty under the law of a collective democracy. Socialism will mean life and freedom and civilization and brotherhood for all, realized at last.

As petty struggles fought to secure a few small immediate benefits, the miners' strikes of the past two years with their sacrifice and suffering, their new made graves, would not be worth the cost. But considered as a part of our great world wide conflict, no price, even unto the death of thousands, is too great to pay for industrial freedom. With the memory of the ashes of Ludlow imperishably fixed in our minds may we

"Let dead hearts tarry and trade and marry,
And trembling nurse their dreams of mirth,
While we the living our lives are giving
To bring the bright new world to birth.

"Come, shoulder to shoulder, ere Earth grows
older!
The Cause spreads over land and sea;
Now the world shaketh, and fear awaketh,
And joy at last for thee and me."





AUSTRIAN SIEGE GUN

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WAR NEWS FROM ABROAD

The Workers and the War

National Union of Brewery Workers, England.

E. L. Pratt, general secretary.

IT is almost inevitable that the eyes of many of our members should be turned just at present away from the class war at home to that other horrible and bloody conflict now being fought out on the Continent of Europe. But it would be deplorable, nay, tragical, if the reality of the workers' war on the capitalists were allowed, even for a moment, to be obscured by the artificiality (monstrous crime though it be) of the war that the

workers of the world are now, at their masters' bidding, waging against themselves.

If our eyes are dazzled by the blinding blaze of this lurid abomination may it only be that we shall see better when the fires of race hatred have died down.

Our masters are certainly doing their best to make us see even now. Brewery workers know this to their cost: The employers, not content with being rob-

bers, tyrants and slave-drivers, are now entering the ranks of the recruiting sergeants. At a word from the governing classes (who alone stand to benefit from the war) the brewery owners, along with other parasites, are whipping up their men to seize a gun and march forth to slaughter their own working-class brothers. Everywhere in our breweries a dastardly underhand pressure is being brought to bear on unmarried men to enlist for the war or take the sack. We denounce this as the meanest and most intolerable form of conscription that could be introduced, and we appeal with all the force we can command, to workers thus intimidated to **stop and think** before they allow themselves to be plunged into this insensate struggle, this devilish welter of human blood.

Stop and think as to why wars are made in this age of cut-throat competition. Stop and think as to whose word it was that let loose this carnage of hell. Was it yours? The workers of the world have no quarrel with each other. The capitalists of the world may have—that is the logical outcome of their damnable trade. **But it is not the capitalists who are fighting.** In the old days the feudal lord led his men into battle, and only held his lands on the condition that he was ready to fight for them. But the modern plutocrat, with more at stake, has found a better way of protecting his property. The wage-slaves of Europe are facing each other in the trenches of death and battering their own brothers behind engines of destruction that their own hands have made (more's the pity) in order that the masters of the earth, hiding at home in their palaces, shall wrest yet more toil and tribute out of your tears.

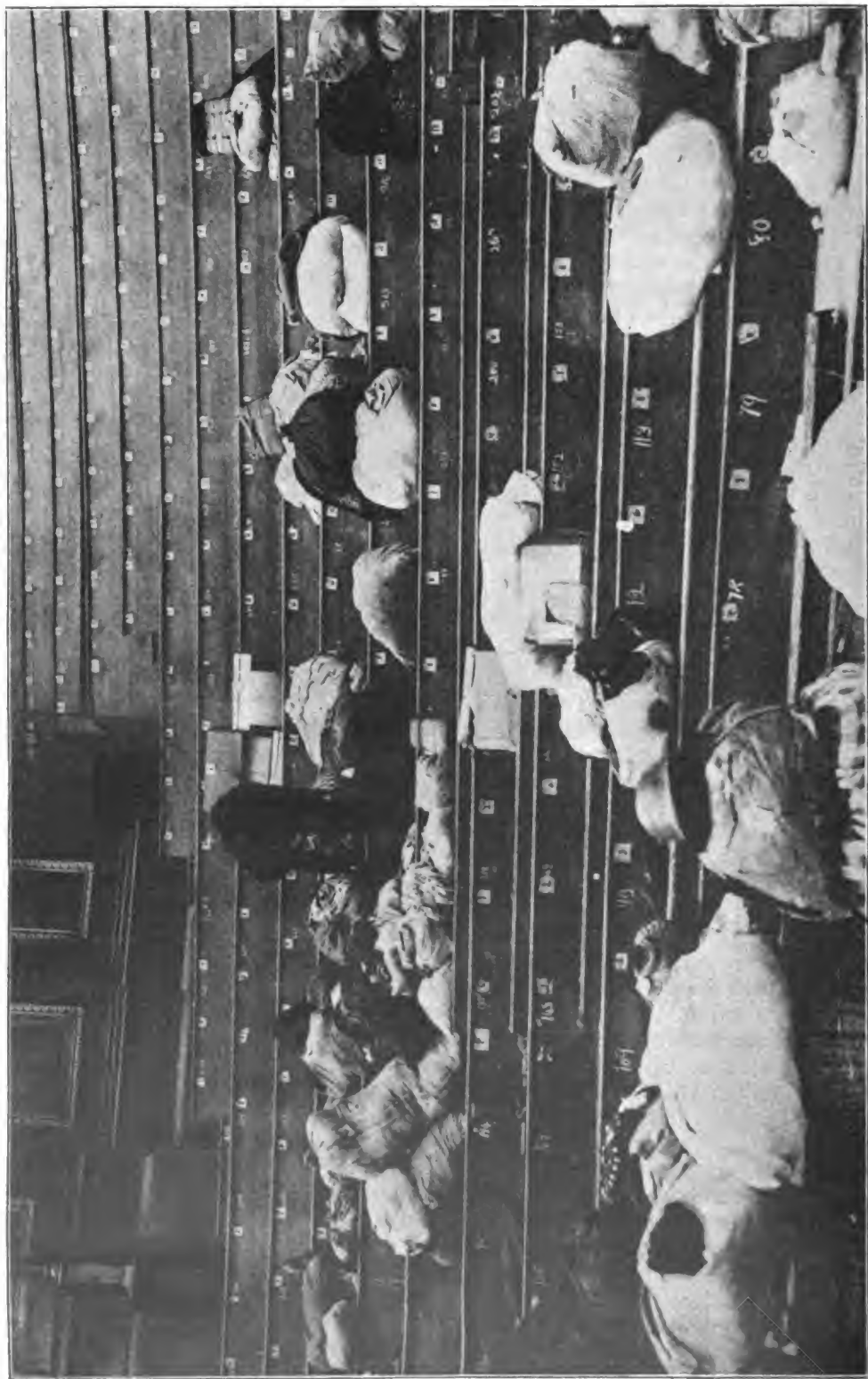
For make quite certain of this: Whatever the result of Armageddon you stand to gain nothing and lose all round. The English may win or the Germans may win, but every war is a catastrophe for the workers. You were told at the start that it was a question of honor and patriotism for which you were asked to sacrifice your lives. But the lie, having served

its purpose of hurling you against your comrades abroad, is now giving place to something nearer the truth. It is a war for trade—that is, profits for the capitalists—and you are only pawns in the game. Already the truth is out. The cry has gone forth: Capture German trade, collar the mercantile routes, seize the enemy's markets. You know what that means. You know how much you stand to gain when the masters are out on the warpath of grab. You remember how much you got out of the South African war; and the result for you will be the same again, only a thousand times worse. Death or mutilation on the battlefield, starvation and unemployment at home, the loss of dear ones, a bleaker winter for the people than the world has ever known—and at the end of it all, your chains riveted on you more strongly than ever.

That is the prospect for which the brewery bosses, with their fiendish cunning, are imploring you, and forcing you to enlist. Be not deceived: There is no reform, or higher wages, or better conditions awaiting you as the result of this job. It would never have been started if the capitalists thought that. Your employers allow you only one change of uniform. It is either the miserable rags of your servitude or the khaki tunic of a yet baser tyranny, the mad tyranny of the soldier fighting his own class for the benefit of money lords.

The workers, properly organized, could have stopped this war. With a word they could have rammed the bloody suggestion of it down the throats of those who made it. But they were not properly organized. That is to come. But even now they can exert their influence to bring the strife to an end sooner than the masters intend.

To the young unmarried men of our breweries we therefore appeal. Unite, organize and resist the damnable pressure that is now being brought to bear on you. Submit **your** ultimatum. Instead of it being: Enlist or go, let it be: Hands off, or we shut up the breweries. Threaten the masters' profits and you will have them dumb in five minutes.



BELGIAN FAMILIES WHO FLED TO ENGLAND LEFT ALL THEIR WORLDLY POSSESSIONS IN NUMBERED BUNDLES AT THE ALEXANDRIA PALACE, LONDON.



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WORKING CLASS MOTHERS AT MELLE, BELGIUM, BEGGING FOR MONEY. THEIR HOMES WERE DESTROYED BY THE GERMAN SOLDIERS

PARIS IN WAR TIME

(The following are extracts from the Paris diary of a worker well known in the Socialist and labor movements in America.)

AUGUST 2nd, 1914. The government issued the first mobilization order and posted it at 4 p. m. on Saturday. They are giving 24 hours for tourists to "beat it" out of France. Many Americans, those having large purses, took advantage of it and got out on time. It was impossible, however, for any one with limited means to do so. The American line put its prices up so high as to make it impossible to leave Cherbourg. For instance, on Friday, 24 hours before anybody knew of the general mobilization, it charged \$350 for first class, \$250 for second class and \$175 for steerage. Bejeweled creatures, used to every comfort, were content to make the trip at any cost and inconvenience.

You should have seen Paris. The death of Jaures passed off without any untoward incident. The morning after his death, the government over the signature of Viviani, promptly came out with a statement which left no doubt that the government had no part in his death. The statement was sincere and complete. Everyone, even Victor Dave, thought it the finest of its kind. A violent demonstration, which might have split France, was averted.

All the syndicalist unions are nearly depleted and have obeyed the mobilization order. Tremendous enthusiasm was shown everywhere. Big crowds of Russians, Italians, English, students and sympathizers, are parading Paris day and night. One mob of at least 20,000, stretching all the way from the Opera to St. Denis, paraded with flags, singing in turn their national hymns. The scene at night almost beggars description. The mobs were almost insanity personified.

Today all the Bon Laitre Maggi stores (the milk stores of the Maggi Company) were completely destroyed all over the city. The fixtures were taken away by the crowds, comprised mostly of women, and used for firewood. This company is organized by German-Swiss capital.

Only a detachment of regular cavalry prevented the German consulate from being destroyed today. It is getting fiercer every hour. Americans, however, seem to be quite safe.

How it will end is impossible to tell, but I hope that as long as the slaves are not ready for the general strike they will go to war and fight it out. This war should be decisive. No interference from the world's money-changers this time; for the moment they have reached the limit of their borrowing capacity. Militarism must be given all the rope it wants to hang itself, and settle the peace of Europe for at least a century to come. All military oligarchies must die with this war. All monarchies and so-called republics must perish. This war may be the prelude of the downfall of capitalism the world over. Let us hope so.

August 6th, 1914. The city is quiet now. Mobilization is going on orderly and enthusiastically. The entire C. G. T. has gone to war. The Bataille Syndicaliste is now a pro-military sheet. Gustave Herve prayed the minister of war do him the honor to allow him to fight for his country. Gustave Herve, the same Herve who wrote that splendid pamphlet on patriotism! How the gods have fallen! France is united to a man. They will burn Paris before they will allow a German soldier to set his foot on it. Underground food stuffs are still normal. He who raises prices gets licked and his stores promptly looted, often in the presence of the gendarmes, who only mildly interfere. All over the city, big and little tradesmen have posted their signs "Prices not augmented." The Frenchman stands for no "monkey-shine." Anybody thinking that property is a sacred institution in France is mistaken. They wrecked every German Maggi Laitre place in the city in one day, which simply goes to show what they could do in times where real social revolutionary principles were at stake.

FROM THE BRINK OF THE EUROPEAN HELL

From Comrade James P. Millar, Masselburgh, Scotland.

HERE in Britain we Socialists stand appalled by the hell-black war cloud that is sweeping down on us threatening to overturn civilization and to damn progress for a hundred years. Nor are we alone. Our comrades in France, in Germany and in Belgium are suffering likewise.

You in America are no doubt watching the European armageddon with tremendous interest but not with the tremor of fear with which we watch it here.

"Our" prime minister, Mr. Asquith, has just embarked on a national campaign to arouse the country and to explain the cause of the war. He pretends that the reason for our taking part in the conflict is because the neutrality of Belgium, which we had guaranteed by treaty, has been violated by Germany. "What account," he says, "would the government and the people have been able to render to the tribunal of the national conscience and sense of honor if, in defiance of our plighted and solemn obligations, we had endured, if we had not done our best, to prevent, aye, and to avenge their intolerable wrongs?"

"For my part, I say that sooner than be a silent witness—which means—in effect—a willing accomplice—to this tragic triumph of brutality over freedom, I would sooner see this country of ours blotted out of the page of history." (Asquith.)

So chanted the old hypocrite. For every thinking person knows and Mr. Asquith knows that it was **not** because the Prussian hosts trampled on the rights of an unoffending people that this country took up arms, but because we are

certain that the defeat of France and Belgium would precede the defeat of Britain.

Admitting the "necessity" of this war, it is well to consider whether the working classes of this country have anything to gain by volunteering to sacrifice their lives. Let us look at this question from the viewpoint of self-interest.

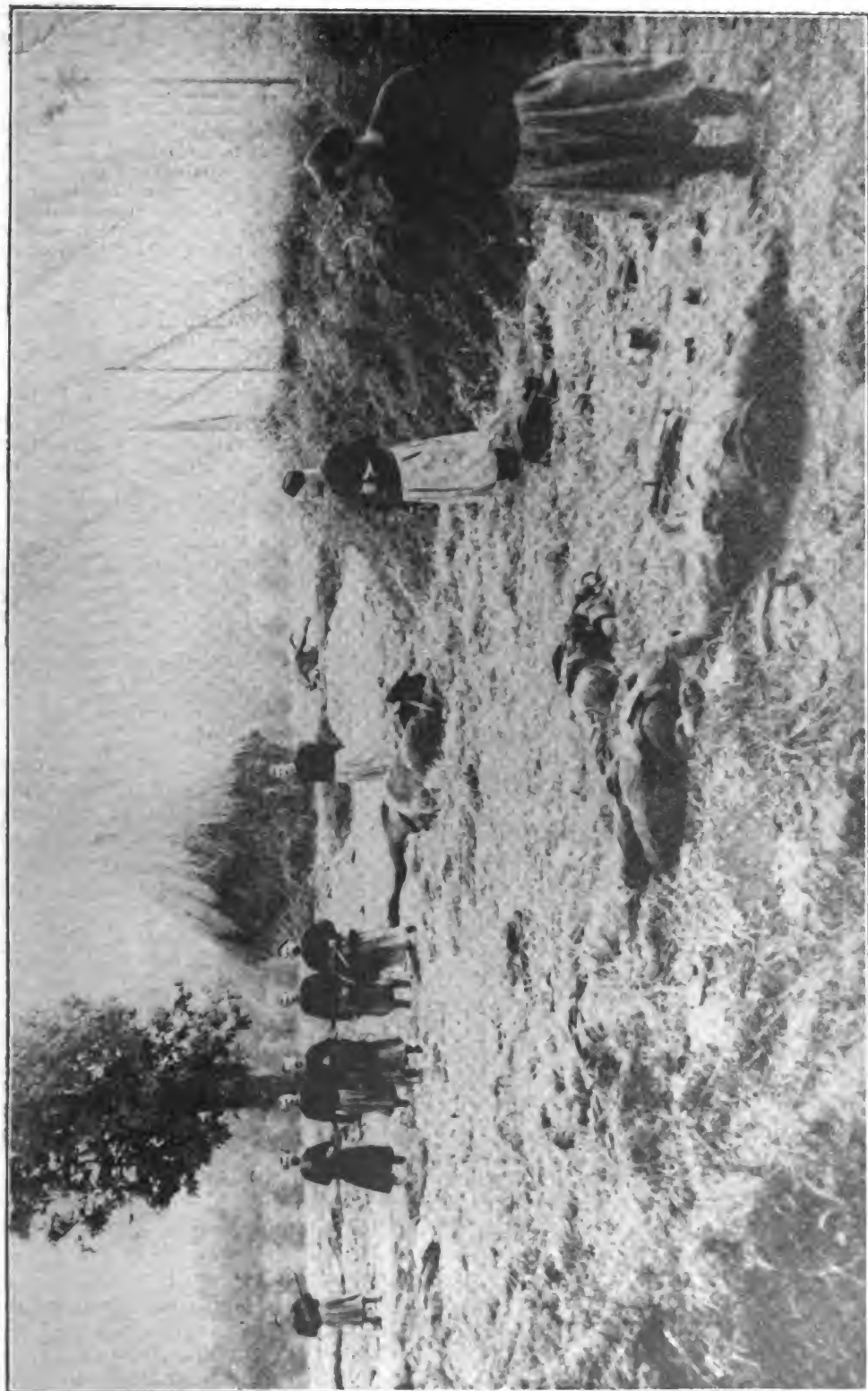
They tell us that if we had refused to fight, Germany would have been able to walk over into England at her leisure. In that case the **rich** would lose a great deal of their riches, but, for **obvious** reasons, such a fate could not befall the working class. And if the Germans looked after **this** country as well as we understand they look after their **own**, there might be fewer slums and less starvation. The working class might stand to **gain**. Undoubtedly we would lose some of our freedom, but sad to say, freedom is only a word to the vast majority of us. But the workers take everything from hearsay with the result that they believe that this is **their** country and **their** country is in danger. And off they go to join in the carnage on behalf of something that is not theirs.

The attitude of the Socialist is different. He knows that this is not **his** country. He reads in the government posters "Your king and country need you," and he shrugs his shoulders saying, "Yes, **now**; but after the war; **no**." He can starve to death for all his king and his country care **then**. He does see, however, that if Britain is beaten both he and his comrades in France and Belgium are almost sure to lose a considerable amount of freedom which is very dear to him and to them.



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BELGIAN REFUGEES FLEEING BEFORE THE GERMAN ARMY.



FRENCH ZOUAVES BURYING DEAD GERMANS AFTER THE BATTLE OF MARNE.
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IMPERIALISM AND THE WAR

By Karl Kautsky

(Note. The first duty of Socialists in relation to the war is to understand it. The fact that we have a key to the riddle which puzzles the national intelligence gives us a great advantage in the present political campaign. The following article is an application of Socialist principles to the fundamental problem which demands solution. It gains authority from the fact that, excepting the last paragraphs, it was written several weeks before the outbreak of hostilities. It was published in *Die Neue Zeit* on September 11th.)

INDUSTRIAL production receives a strong impetus from the development of the wage system, the substitution of capitalist production for simple production.

The capitalist—as capitalist—does not labor in the concern from which he draws his profits. The independent small producer, laboring with his own hands, has motives for shortening the hours of labor. These motives do not exist for the capitalist. It should be borne in mind, of course, that reference is here made to the craftsman of the time when independent labor was at its height, before it was reduced to a state of frantic misery by the competition of capitalists.

The capitalist has his men working for him. Their discomfort is nothing to him. The longer their hours the greater his profits.

But the individual capitalist must find some other means of increasing production. Development in this direction has definite physical limitations. But no such limitation exists in regard to the number of workers who may be employed. Whether he employs 10 or 100 or 1,000 depends entirely on the extent of his capital. And every additional employe means an increase in profits.

With increased investment of capital and larger number of workers there come, naturally, improved machinery, greater division of labor, improved methods of securing raw materials and marketing the product. Therefore, no matter how rapidly the number of workers in any industry has increased, the amount of capital invested per worker has grown much more rapidly. And in proportion as the profits of the individual capitalist have grown there has grown also the sum which he is unable to consume.

This accumulation must be constantly reinvested if the capitalist process is to be continued.

At this point there appears a tremendous difference between agriculture and industry. The possibilities of investment in the one are immensely greater than in the other. This does not mean that a landowner carrying on agriculture in a capitalistic manner has less opportunity to accumulate profits than an industrial capitalist. But it does mean that in any given district the possibilities of investing capital in agriculture are more limited than the possibilities of investing it in industry. The causes of this difference are to be found in various technical and social considerations.

Agriculture has to do with the production and reproduction of living organisms. This process cannot be arbitrarily facilitated or extended through the increase in the number of laborers devoted to it. Industry, on the contrary, can be developed indefinitely as long as the supply of labor and raw material holds out.

On the other hand, industry is much less dependent on land than is agriculture. If an industrial capitalist has money enough he will have little difficulty in raising the number of his employes from 10 to 100. He can almost always secure the land which is necessary to the enlargement of his buildings. The agricultural capitalist is in a different position. If he wants to hire ten times as many men as hitherto, he must have ten times as much land. But the land beyond his borders is the private property of his competitors. Even if he is able to secure land from these, he will merely take over their laborers and thus the number of workers employed in the district will not be increased. In a set-

tled country an increase in the number of agricultural laborers is out of the question unless there is a change in the methods of production. In industry, however, there can be in one country or region an increase in the number of concerns, in their average size, and in the total number of workers employed even without any change in the methods of production.

And technical improvements in production affect industry and agriculture differently. In both, to be sure, they tend to decrease the number of workers in proportion to the amount of capital invested and the product turned out. In industry, however, this decrease has been only a relative one, never an absolute one. Instead of a decrease in the number of workers there has been a rapid increase in the capital invested and the amount of the product. In agriculture, on the other hand, the decrease in the number of workers has often been not only relative but absolute.

This difference is increased by another circumstance. When industry is cut off from agriculture, agriculture remains the basis of society. Without the constant appearance of new agricultural products we should not be able to exist. In the cities we could hardly subsist for a day without new supplies of flour, milk, meat and vegetables. But we could wear our old coats and hats a little longer and thus get on without new ones. So the manufacturer of cotton goods could not get on without new importations of cotton, but if his spinning machines are old he can make them do for another year.

But this is not all.

The products of agriculture are less varied than those of industry and their value is more stable. Grain and milk, meat and potatoes are everywhere the chief means of sustenance; they are not subject to varying fashions. But if you wish a new coat, how many materials are at your disposal? And how rapidly do their fashions change! And the spinner who needs a new machine has the choice among many designs, and the progress in his industry constantly demands new and better ones.

All this results in the fact that there is to be found in capitalist industry a powerful factor which hardly appears

in agriculture even when it is carried on capitalistically. This factor is competition, the struggle of various concerns for the market. The industrial capitalist must cultivate his market far more carefully than does the landowner. The difficulties of the agriculturist in relation to his market are brought about by the middleman rather than by competitors.

And the situation changes constantly to the disadvantage of industry. Industrial capital is constantly increasing and agriculture trails farther and farther in the rear. The industrial population grows steadily and demands increased quantities of farm products for sustenance and raw material. And during this time, naturally, the agricultural population is growing relatively, if not absolutely, smaller and its demand for the products of industry is constantly falling off.

In the struggle of competition the larger and better equipped concern has an advantage over others. The more bitter competition becomes, the greater is the necessity of each concern to enlarge its plant and improve its equipment.

Thus far we have viewed the accumulation of capital only from the point of view of the convenience of the individual capitalist. We must now look at it from a different point of view. It is more than a convenience; it is a necessity. The growth of his industry becomes for the capitalist a necessary condition of life. He cannot wait until there is a greater demand for his products. He must increase his production, and if the demand does not increase naturally it must be artificially nurtured.

The intensity of competition is a result of the fact of the impetus toward the accumulation of capital and the increase of production is far greater in industry than in agriculture. This fact, which is in the first place a result of the difference between industry and agriculture, becomes a cause for the increase in this difference.

This situation presents an important problem.

Industry must develop rapidly under capitalist conditions or society will be plunged into misery. Agriculture is constantly turning off workers. Even where the number of agricultural workers re-

mains stationary the increase in population is sent to the cities. Industry is constantly attracting increased numbers. Unemployment results instantly if industry does not develop with sufficient rapidity. On the other hand, the fiercer competition becomes, the more capitalists are forced to expand. If the market does not keep abreast of this expansion the capitalist stares bankruptcy in the face.

But if industry is to expand agriculture must keep pace with it. It must furnish increased quantities of raw materials and means of life; and it must, also, consume the products of industry with which those of agriculture are purchased.

How is this possible if the accumulation of capital goes on much more rapidly in industry than in agriculture?

Malthus saw that population increases geometrically, that is, as the progression 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, etc., while the means of life increase arithmetically, that is, as the progression 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, etc. He viewed this as the law of population. In reality, however, it turns out to be a law of capitalist accumulation. As such it is less terrible than Malthus conceived it to be. For in accordance with it the industrial population of a region increases in proportion to the series 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, while the agricultural population remains stationary or decreases. And at the same time the total product of an industrial worker increases much more rapidly than that of an agricultural worker. The industry of any district would find it impossible to carry on the accumulation necessary to its continued existence if it were limited to the markets of that district. Capitalist accumulation in industry can proceed freely only when the agricultural region which supplies its raw material and consumes its products is constantly being enlarged.

Since agrarian production has a two-fold relation to industry a rupture between them may manifest itself in two ways. At one time the market for the products of industry in the agricultural districts will not increase as rapidly as production; then we have what is called overproduction. At another time agriculture will fail to produce a sufficient quantity of raw material and food, and then we have the increased cost of living.

So far as these phenomena are not the results of other considerations which lie outside the boundaries of the present discussion they are closely related. Either one of them may quickly lead to the other. The rise of prices leads to a panic, which is merely another name for overproduction, and the panic leads to a fall of prices.

On the other hand, the constant effort of industry to increase the agricultural region through relations with which it carries on its activity may take on the most varied forms. It is true that this effort is necessary to the continued existence of capitalism, but this does not mean that the capitalist is compelled to resort to any particular methods of expansion.

One form of effort in this direction is called imperialism. This was preceded by another known as free trade. Half a century ago this latter was regarded as the last word of capitalism just as imperialism is today.

Free trade became a controlling principle through the predominance of the capitalist industry of England. Great Britain was to be the workshop of the world and the world was to be one mighty agrarian region for the exploitation of England, to take England's products and furnish England the necessary raw materials and means of sustenance.

But this beautiful dream came quickly to an end. * * * Agrarian states constantly tend to build up their own industry. At first it was the countries of Western Europe and the Eastern states of America which went through this phase and became competitors against England. They opposed English free trade with their tariff systems. Their idea was to divide the advantages of trade with the agrarian regions of the world among the great industrial powers. England had to defend herself against this movement, and this was the beginning of imperialism.

Imperialism was especially fostered by the system of investing capital in agrarian countries. Railroads were built to develop the resources of thinly populated regions. To protect these and insure their operation it was necessary to have governments which could and would look after the interests of the capitalists. The home governments of the

capitalists naturally served these purposes most efficiently. These remarks apply also to extensive investments looking to the development of mines or any other source of wealth.

So there developed with the tendency to export capital to agrarian lands the effort to reduce these lands to a state of political dependence.

Another element in the situation operated in the same direction. It has already been noted that there is a tendency in every agrarian region to develop independent industry. In case a country in which foreign capital has been invested is able to develop its own industry and maintain its political independence the benefit of the foreign capitalists is only temporary, as in the United States and Russia. Instead of furnishing raw materials and a market for finished products such a land soon becomes a competitor. This fact becomes a strong motive tending to force the capitalists to attempt to make the new lands dependent, either as colonies or as parts of a sphere of influence. Through the impeding of industry by means of unfavorable legislation they hope to keep them agrarian.

These are the chief roots of imperialism.

We have seen that imperialism replaced free trade as a means of capitalist expansion. This brings us face to face with an important problem: Is imperialism the final form of capitalist world politics, or are we to look for still another? In other words, is imperialism the only means of maintaining the necessary relation between industry and agriculture within the limits of the capitalist system?

There is no doubt as to the answer. The construction of railways, the exploitation of mines, the increased production of raw materials and means of life have become necessary to the continued existence of capitalism. The capitalist class will not commit suicide; no capitalist party will be willing to surrender with regard to these things. The effort to conquer agrarian regions, to reduce their populations to slavery, is too vital to the very life of capitalism to render possible the serious opposition of any

capitalist group. The subjection of these lands will cease only when their populations or the working class of the great industrial countries becomes strong enough to call a halt.

This phase of imperialism is only to be conquered by Socialism.

But imperialism has another phase. The effort to subdue and hold agrarian regions has given rise to serious conflicts between the great capitalist powers. These conflicts brought about the tremendous competition in armaments which has finally resulted in the long-prophesied world-war. Is this phase of imperialism necessary to the continued existence of capitalism? Will it disappear only with capitalism itself?

There is no economic necessity for the continuation of the great competition in the production of armaments after the close of the present war. At best such a continuation would serve the interests of only a few capitalist groups.

On the contrary capitalist industry is threatened by the conflicts between the various governments. Every far-sighted capitalist must call out to his associates: Capitalists of all lands unite!

In the first place we have to consider the growing opposition of the more developed agricultural regions, which threatens not only one or the other of the capitalist governments, but all of them together. This refers both to the awakening of eastern Asia and India and to the pan-Islamite movement of Asia Minor and northern Africa.

In the same category is the increasing opposition of the proletariat of industrial nations to additional taxes.

To all this was added after the close of the Balkan war the fact that the cost of armaments and colonial expansion reached such a point that the accumulation of capital was threatened, and so the very basis of imperialism was placed in danger.

Industrial accumulation in the interior did still go on, thanks to technical development of industry. But capital was no longer pushing itself into foreign fields. This is proved by the fact that European governments had difficulty in floating their loans. The rate of interest was constantly rising.

Here are figures showing prices paid during ten years:

	Three per cent Imperial Loan	Three per cent French Bonds
1905	89	99
1910	85	97
1912	80	92
1914	77	83

This will grow worse rather than better after the war if the increase in armaments continues to make its demands on the money market. Imperialism is digging its own grave. Instead of developing capitalism it has become a means of hindering it.

But this is not equivalent to saying that capitalism is at the end of its tether. So long as it is possible for the capitalism of the old countries to provide a sufficient expansion of agricultural domain it can go on developing. It may, to be sure, be shattered by an uprising of the working-class. But until it has exhausted the resources of the agricultural regions which it can make subsidiary to its activities it will not necessarily perish in an economic cataclysm.

Such economic bankruptcy would be hastened by a continuation of the present imperialist policy. This policy cannot be carried on much longer.

If imperialism were necessary to the continued existence of the capitalist method of production these arguments against it would make little impression on the capitalist mind. But they will make a deep impression if imperialism is only one among several means of achieving this object.

We can say of imperialism what Marx said of capitalism: Monopoly creates competition and competition creates monopoly.

The violent competition of great concerns led to the formation of trusts and the destruction of small concerns. Just so there may develop in the present war a combination of the stronger nations which will put an end to the competitive building of armaments.

From a purely economic point of view, therefore, it is not impossible that capitalism is now to enter upon a new phase, a phase marked by the transfer of trust

methods to international politics, a sort of super-imperialism. The working-class would be forced to fight this new form of capitalism as it did the old, but the danger from it would lie in a new direction.

This analysis was completed before Austria surprised us with her ultimatum to Servia. The conflict between these two nations did not result from imperialistic tendencies alone. In eastern Europe nationalism still plays a role as a revolutionary force and the present conflict has a nationalist as well as an imperialist cause. Austria attempted to carry out an imperialist policy; she annexed Bosnia and appeared to be on the point of bringing Albania within her sphere of influence. Through these activities she roused the nationalist spirit of Servia, which felt itself threatened by Austria and thus became a danger to the Austrian government.

The world-war was brought on, not because imperialism was necessary to Austria, but because Austria, on account of the peculiarity of its organization, endangered itself through following an imperialist policy. Such a policy can be successfully followed only by a state which is internally united and which has for its field of operations a region far behind it in civilization. But in this case a state divided against itself, a state half Slavic in population, attempted to carry out an imperialist policy at the expense of a Slavic neighbor state which is quite the equal in civilization of the adjacent parts of its imperialistic enemy.

Such a policy could bring down upon us such terrible results only through the conflicts of interest between other great powers which had been fostered by imperialism. Not all the consequences of the present struggle are yet apparent. It may lead to an increase of armaments. In this case the peace which will follow will be only in the nature of truce. But from a purely economic point of view there is nothing to hinder its resulting in a Holy Alliance of imperialists. The longer the war lasts, the more it exhausts all participants, the nearer we shall approach the latter solution, no matter how improbable it may appear at present.

(Translated by William E. Bohn)

THE WAR AND THE JAPANESE

By S. Katayama

JAPAN is in the hands of the jingoistic party headed by the president of the Japan Peace Society, Premier Count Okuma. The supporters of the Bureaucratic party have demanded an increase in the army to recover their lost influence and have declared war on Germany.

The Japanese navy is only too glad of an opportunity to fight with anybody in order to wipe out the stains of the recent navy scandals. Thus Japan is again dragged into a meaningless war although she has not yet recovered from the Russo-Jap war.

The best elements of the Japanese people are opposed to the war. The *Oriental Economist*, a thrice-monthly economic and political paper, widely read in Japan, has flatly opposed the war and declared those advocating it as enemies to the best interests of Japan. It said the true mission of Japan was to keep peace in the far east at this time.

The parliament has voted 50,000,000 yen since war was declared (\$25,000,000). But it will cost many more millions. The press, as might be expected, is declaring that war was inevitable because of Japan's defensive and offensive alliance with England. They also claim that Japan must avenge the move of Germany at the close of the Chino-Jap war twenty years ago, when Russia, France and Germany compelled Nippon to return the Lio Yang peninsula to China.

It was really Russia that compelled this move. But today Japanese military authorities have nothing to say of the part played then by France or Russia.

The truth of the matter is that our old bureaucrats want to increase the army and navy to give them a firmer grip on the necks of the Japanese people.

It is reported that the high military authorities intend to experiment in this

war with many new arms and new tactics of war so that both soldiers and, sometimes, our officers, are to be used just like so many live mice, rabbits and dogs at the Rockefeller Institute.

"Don't kill a soldier in capturing Kiao Chow" has become one of the demands of the Japanese people. We have an old saying, "Don't whip a dog that is lying down." In Japan's military operations against Germany today the people regard the war in much the same light. They do not think it is courageous or even moral to attack a weaker party which has little chance for success. It is a national trait to see the Japanese backing a war against a stronger or even a much bigger nation than we are.

Of course Japan is suffering in many ways because of the wars. Some of our industries shut down because of lack of European supplies while others closed up because of lack of business. Of course thousands of people are out of work. The price of silk has fallen 50 and 60 per cent. The prices of cocoons went so low that many small farmers could not pay the cost of mulberry leaves to feed the worms.

During the Russo-Jap war the Socialists in Japan accomplished some very good anti-war propaganda, but we are permitted to do nothing this time. A big fight is coming later on appropriations for the army and navy. If the bureaucratic party wins, the Japanese Socialists will be still further oppressed; while if the opposition is victorious, they may enjoy a few more liberties. By M. S. Katayama. (Comrade Katayama left Japan a short time ago to attend the International Socialist Congress in Vienna. He is now working among the Japanese in California.)



FRENCH SOLDIERS IN THE TRENCHES NEAR SOISSON.

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MILITARISM AND SOCIALISM

An Analysis of the Factors That Led European Socialists to Support the War

By HARRY USWALD

As a speaker for the party organization, I have addressed many meetings in the last few weeks,—the subject-matter of my talk relating mainly to the war in Europe.

I have tried to show that the cause of the murderous conflict was not the desire to preserve civilization, to oppose militarism or uphold national honor; that the bloody battles were being fought not on account of religious or racial hatreds or national antagonisms.

Using the commonly accepted theories of Socialism as a basis for the argument, I explained that all modern wars were caused by commerce—by the desire of rival capitalist groups to dominate the foreign markets of the world; that this insatiable greed for dividends and profits results in bitter competition between the merchants and manufacturers of the different nations, and that their intense commercial clashes develop ultimately into armed conflicts, and finally into universal war.

I demonstrated how the ruling classes of Europe, in order to protect their vast economic interests, had built up tremendous military machines and naval armaments. I pointed out how the labor unions and the Socialist parties had constantly fought militarism and the crushing burdens of war preparations. Socialism, I asserted, stood for peace and protection; capitalism, for war, disaster and death!

Invariably after I had concluded my speech, and opened the meeting to questions, I was asked: Why don't the Socialists practice what they preach?

Why do they say that they are opposed to the spirit of nationalism when their actions in Europe prove the contrary?

Why do they assert they do not believe in patriotism when their leaders are now calling upon the people to join the army and fight for their country?

Why, instead of murdering their fellow-workingmen, don't they revolt, para-

lyze the government and stop the war?

Why do the European Socialists denounce militarism, and then urge every one into the battle lines?

If the capitalists are responsible for the war, and it is true the fight is being waged solely for the sake of profit, why do the working class leaders call upon the masses to take up arms in behalf of their masters?

If the European Socialists are right in the stand they have taken, then you, here, must uphold and advocate patriotism, nationalism, robbery and murder. Why don't you do it?

If the attitude of the European Socialists is wrong, why don't you denounce them? Why don't you take steps to make them adhere to internationalism and solidarity?

These are a few of the questions that have been asked. They show that the people have begun to think. Unanimously they are opposed to the war, but they are surprised—many of them are horrified—that the Socialists, who have always posed as the chief upholders of the propaganda of peace,—who for so many years preached a wonderful doctrine of brotherly love, now at a crisis, relinquish all their theories and principles, and aid the capitalists in their terrible, blood-thirsty carnival of patriotism and slaughter!

I have tried to answer the questions to the satisfaction of the audience.

Temporarily, the principles of international Socialism were vindicated, and possible converts and sympathetic citizens went away feeling that Socialism still stood for peace, and capitalism for murder.

But while my listeners were satisfied, I was not.

For weeks past a heavy cloud of doubt has hung over my head. I have been thinking. I have been considering the sneering and cynical questions hurled forth from the depths of the crowd.

I have looked at every side of the matter and have reached certain definite conclusions. I have excluded prejudices, and formulated my ideas; and I desire to know if the majority of the comrades agree or disagree with me.

I want to know what I can consistently and conscientiously tell my audiences. I hate hypocrisy. I despise double dealing. I admire frankness. When I am asked: Are the Socialists of Europe right or wrong, what shall I answer?

The speakers of the party are bound to uphold the ideas of the organization. They are pledged to advocate the principles enunciated in its platform. They are required to answer all questions concerning the interests of the working class. In the absence of a special and definite declaration by the party; in the absence of any official or authoritative action by the majority, the speakers of the party are forced to state its attitude on all questions of public moment.

Temporarily, the speakers become the party. Their ideas become, to the people, the ideas of the organization. The political aggregate is responsible for their individual utterances.

It is urgently essential, then, that the speakers do not contradict one another. It is absolutely necessary that their explanations be alike. Otherwise confusion will arise in the public mind, and our propaganda will be made ridiculous by its glaring inconsistencies.

Uncontrolled by party decision, one speaker may justify a petty and criminal nationalism. One may advocate a broad spirit of international brotherhood. A third may denounce only such military policies as are aggressive. Another may plead the necessity of strong defensive measures. Prejudices will arise. Racial and national antagonisms will be vented as doctrines of the party. Hence the danger! Hence the reason of this article.

I shall express my views. I want the comrades to express theirs. I desire the party to take action!

Internationalism

Do we believe in the solidarity of the workers of the world?

Do we look forward to the brotherhood of humanity?

Do we desire the elimination of all barriers—national, religious and racial?

These questions can all be answered in the affirmative,—but only in a theoretical sense.

Considered practically,—and using the actions and tactics of our European comrades as a basis for judgment, we are sorrowfully and reluctantly forced to admit, that while we may *believe* in the idea of internationalism, the thought proves to be only a utopian *unreality* when we are tested. Then we *support* nationalism.

For years it had been our proudest boast that Socialism would make war impossible. In innumerable leaflets, in countless pamphlets, in our party press, from our street platforms, we have laughed at the capitalists and political rulers of Europe.

We congratulated ourselves upon our strength and our spirit of solidarity. We looked upon the increasing forces of Socialism. We saw the labor unions grow stronger and stronger every year. With delighted eyes we read the election returns, showing the tremendous increases in the Socialist vote.

The parliaments of Europe were invaded. The Socialist representation doubled and tripled. Reform measures were forced from unwilling governments. The general condition of the working masses was gradually improved.

With smug self-satisfaction we counted 4,500,000 Socialist voters in Germany, 1,500,000 in Austria, 1,600,000 in France, 900,000 in Italy, 500,000 in England, and countless hundreds of thousands in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, Serbia, Bulgaria, Roumania and Russia.

We gloried in our numbers. We boasted of our power. We jeered at the capitalists, the bankers, the land owners and the rulers.

We held international congresses. We exchanged fraternal greetings. We aided one another in times of strike—in times of hunger.

When the English miners laid down their picks, and the transport toilers left their work, we sent food, clothing and

money to help them win their fight. Every unionist in Europe aided them in the struggle.

When the German workers went on strike, every worker on the continent rallied to their support. Loyally they assisted in feeding the hungry, clothing the ragged, and sheltering the homeless, until the battle was over.

When the Swedish workers were engaged in a titanic conflict with their employers and the general strike was proclaimed,—they were financially supported by every labor union and Socialist party organization of Europe. To a man, the working class of every nation responded to the relief of the embattled toilers.

We looked upon these glorious evidences of our international solidarity, and we smiled contentedly.

Time after time when the criminal publicity organs of the capitalists were urging and discussing a war between England and Germany, the Socialists of both countries exchanged fraternal greetings, and jeered at the murderous machinations of the merchants and politicians . . . and there was no war!

When the storm clouds hung over Germany and France on account of the Morocco question, the Socialists of those countries exchanged telegrams regarding the situation, formulated a policy and hindered the military preparations . . . and there was no war!

The Socialists were elated. The capitalists could not plunge the nations into blood and disaster. The diplomacy of labor had won the day. The international solidarity of the working class had again been maintained.

In the palaces the capitalists and the rulers heard our shouts of victory. They saw our marching hosts, and parades symbolic of brotherhood and friendship.

In the libraries they read our grandiloquent pamphlets. They perused our fiery and enthusiastic orations. They lingered over our outbursts of sentimental bombast . . . and they roared with laughter.

He who laughs last, laughs best. They remembered the proverb. They remembered that *they*, and not the workers, were the masters of the earth. They re-

membered that *they*, and not the workers, could maintain peace or declare war.

They knew they had force on their side. They had ignorance to aid them, religion to support them, patriotism to justify them, and above all—the *political policies of the Socialists to assist them in the destruction of the rising power of the masses!*

They waited their time.

The Cause of the War

The storm broke. The volcano burst forth . . . Europe was in the throes of the bloodiest disaster ever recorded in human history.

For years previous the capitalists had been preparing for the conflict.

With the development of the industries of the different nations came a tremendous increase of production.

The wages of the workers of Europe were unable to buy back the enormous amount of commodities they had produced.

Unable to sell their goods in their own countries, the capitalists were forced to seek foreign markets. These markets were chiefly nations that were not industrially developed.

Each of the larger European countries had a huge export trade. Their merchants fought to sell their wares. Competition arose. They underbid one another. They cut into each other's profits. They waged a relentless war of economic extermination.

The Japanese manufacturers struggled with the Russian manufacturers; the English and the French with the German traders. Now the English would extend their sphere of influence, and reap fabulous profits out of the conflict; now the Japanese would succeed; now the Germans.

The capitalists of each nation appealed to their governments for support,—for military and naval assistance in dominating the market.

The Russian-Japanese war is an illustration of the results of commercial rivalry.

In Europe the kings, czars, emperors and presidents, controlled by the financial interests, were arming for the inevitable fight.

German trade was the largest. Its capitalists had the most at stake; hence the enormous expenditures for military and naval purposes.

The governments of Russia, Austria, France and Italy kept pace with these preparations. And England spent more than all—particularly upon its maritime armament.

The archduke of Austria, heir to the throne, was assassinated. The spark was lit,—the flame ignited. The excuse had been furnished.

The Austrian bureaucracy accused the Servian government of instigating the murder. The Servian authorities denied the accusation.

The reply was not satisfactory. Austria declared war on Servia.

Russia immediately began mobilizing and massing its troops on the Austrian and German frontiers.

Germany demanded an explanation. The replies were evasive. Germany declared war on Russia.

The capitalist-controlled government of liberal France, bound by bloody diplomatic ties to despotic Russia, began preparation to assist its ally.

Germany declared war on France and hurried its battalions through Belgium. The Belgians resisted and called upon England for help; and the capitalists of that country, who had eagerly awaited the request, responded immediately. War was declared on Germany.

All Europe rocked in the roar of conflict.

The Position of the Socialists

Where were the Socialists? What were they saying? What were they doing? Where was their vaunted strength,—their solidarity? Where was internationalism? Where was the lauded general strike? Where was revolution?

When the war clouds hovered over Austria and Servia our comrades were intensely active.

Huge mass meetings were held protesting against the impending war. The people paraded thro' the streets denouncing militarism. Our newspapers warned the blood maddened rulers. They threatened them with the anger of the aroused workers.

Our representatives in the various par-

liaments did their utmost to induce their governments to stay out of the general conflict.

They talked and they shouted. They protested and they demanded. They paraded with revolutionary banners. They sang the "Internationale," and—that was all!

When war was declared, and their governments ordered them to mobilize, they mobilized!

When they were commanded to march, they marched!

When they were told to shoot, they shot!

In a moment, ten million intelligent, peace-loving workingmen had become ten million brutal, savage murderers!

In an instant ten million men who were opposed to patriotism, opposed to nationalism, opposed to capitalism, had become ten million men eager to fight for national honor, eager to defend *their* country's integrity,—eager to assist their treacherous masters in shedding the blood of their fellow workingmen!

How could such a horrible change occur so suddenly? What made possible this terrible phenomenon of inconsistency?

How could these educated and organized workingmen so soon forget their sacred bonds,—their blood-sealed pledges of international solidarity?

There is only one explanation. And I give it despite the storm of opposition it will arouse, and despite the denunciations of those who hate to see the truth exposed.

I assert that the responsibility for the fact that millions of Socialists have forsaken the principles of internationalism and are now butchering one another like blood-thirsty cannibals, rests not so much on the political and industrial masters of Europe as it does upon the political policies and tactics pursued by the Socialist parties of Europe!

I assert that the participation of the Socialists in the conflict followed as a natural and logical result of the political measures they were constantly advocating. Let me present my evidence.

Reform and Compromise

The Socialists of Europe early realized that it was impossible to overthrow capi-

talism suddenly. They knew it could not be accomplished by a single blow.

Revolution, to their minds, was impractical. The lines of evolution, however, could be easily followed.

Reforms could be urged and insisted upon. Measures to relieve the poverty and wretchedness of the working masses were advocated and fought for, until granted.

In fact, most of the issues upon which the Socialists waged their battles were purely reformistic, and not revolutionary, in character. They were framed *not to overthrow the capitalist system, but to maintain it*; to lessen its horrors, to decrease its evil effects upon the people, but, still, in the ultimate, to *prolong it!*

So urgently and persistently was this struggle for political, industrial and social reforms fought that quite often the ultimate object of Socialism was lost sight of.

The attention of the masses was fastened upon reform instead of revolution, and the people were quite often led to believe that issues of trifling moment were matters of the utmost importance.

The doctrine that if a whole loaf could not be secured, a half, or a quarter, or even an eighth of a loaf, was good, under the circumstances, was constantly poured into the ears of the protesting slaves, until they were thoroughly hypnotized and accepted it as a permanent policy.

Compromise became the rule in all our political organizations.

Alliances were formed with capitalist parties of radical tendencies. Bargains were made whereby believers in capitalism voted for believers in Socialism, and believers in Socialism voted for believers in capitalism!

The people were led to believe that occasionally they *could join their opponents* on certain issues.

Their minds were trained to accept the idea that while capitalism was evil, certain sections of the capitalist class were not as bad as reported.

Our Attitude Toward Armaments

Eliminating from our present consideration the various reforms—social, political and economic—which were repeatedly urged by the Socialist Parties of Europe,

and considering only their attitude concerning militarism, the subject under discussion, we find that *most of our organizations did not advocate the abolition of the armies and navies of their countries; they did not demand the entire elimination of military expenditures.*

They evidently thought that this was too strong and too revolutionary a demand.

They believed it was impossible of attainment. Instead they preached reform.

In place of *compulsory service*, they urged *voluntary enlistment*.

In place of a *huge standing army*, they pleaded for a *citizen militia*.

In other words, they argued that instead of having a tremendous war machine that crushed the workers with the burden of its support, they desired a citizen soldiery.

This would be practically an inexpensive body. The load of taxes would be "lifted from the toiling masses."

Summed up, then, their position implied that instead of a *huge and costly militarism*, they wanted a *weak and less expensive militarism!*

But let this fact be noted, that whether they urged a small army instead of a large one, a cheap army instead of a costly one, voluntary service, instead of compulsory service, they stood, by that very action and demand, irrevocably committed to a military system, and eventually, to war!

When the debate regarding the granting of money for military purposes arose in the Reichstag recently, the Socialists *did not vote against* the measure. They were only opposed to placing the additional burdens upon the backs of the workers. When the wily politicians of capitalism shifted the load upon the pockets of the landowners and merchants, then *the Socialists voted for the bill—voted for the continuation of militarism!*

When a few months ago the question of increasing the length of compulsory service from two to three years came up in the French Chamber of Deputies, our comrades, instead of *urging the abolition of compulsory service, voted for the two-year term*, as the lesser of the choice of evils. In other words, *they voted for the maintenance of militarism!*

Well might the rulers of Europe laugh at the simplicity and naive hypocrisy of the Socialists!

Well might they relish the success of their crafty diplomacy!

Here were millions of men who imagined they were battling *against* militarism, and the capitalists had hypnotized their representatives into voting for militarism!

It mattered not to the ruling class that the Socialists had voted for a weaker and less expensive form of militarism, the main point was that they *had supported it!*

So long as the heads of the masses were still filled with militaristic ideas; so long as they thought that *three years' service was bad, but two years' service good; that a huge standing army was evil, but a strong citizen soldiery essential*, the rulers were satisfied.

They, themselves, could not have trained the minds of the people any better. The workers' state of psychological delusion fitted well with the murderous plans of the masters.

Patriotism

Repeatedly accused by their political opponents of being anti-patriotic, and enemies of their own country; taunted with being traitors that desired their nation to be crushed by its commercial rivals, the Socialists indignantly replied that *they were not the foes of their country, and that if it were threatened by a foreign power, they would rush to its defense—nay, they would shed their very life blood to preserve it!*

In flaming editorials, in brilliant orations, the Socialist leaders constantly reaffirmed their position. We are opposed to aggressive military preparations. *We are opposed to attacking other powers for the sake of the profits of the capitalist class. We are, however, in favor of self-protection. We uphold all measures tending to national defense, and if our nation is threatened we will be the first to protect it from danger!*

"If our country is attacked," shouted our representatives in the various parliaments, "we will be the first to shoulder our guns and save it."

Such was the military policy of the

Socialists in practically every country of Europe.

They opposed aggressive preparations. They favored defensive measures.

The prominent leaders of our movement trained the masses to accept this view. In other words, *they inoculated the people with the horrible and poisonous virus of patriotism—of national defense!*

Such was the training, such was the education, such were the feelings and tactics of the Socialists. They would not go to war *except for national defense.*

"For national defense!" What music to the ears of the money-maddened capitalists! It was not a phrase—it was a power! The power to hurl the working class at one another's throats—in the interests of the profit-takers!

National Defense

War was declared. The Austrian bureaucracy shouted: The Servians, aided by Russia, are undermining our nation. They have assassinated our rulers. They have attacked our country. We are in danger. We must defend ourselves!

The Servian authorities proclaimed the fact that Austria was seeking to destroy the nation. They called upon every man to rise and defend his native land!

The Russian government asserted Austria was bent on dealing it a crushing blow. The country was in danger. The people must rise in self-defense.

The German militarists roared: Our homes are threatened. Our trade is menaced. Our civilization is endangered. We will be butchered by the Russian barbarians. To arms! Let us defend the fatherland. "Deutschland, Deutschland, ueber alles!"

The Belgian authorities shrieked: The Germans are beginning to march through our territory. Our liberties are assailed. Our homes are violated. Our national integrity is threatened. We must rise and defend ourselves!

The ruling murderers of France also shouted: Germany is marching upon us. Our cities will be crushed. Our people will be slaughtered. Our freedom will disappear. Autocracy will rule. To arms! In self-defense! *La patrie est en danger!*

And the brutal beasts that control the English government joined in the blood-thirsty chorus: We will be overwhelmed by a military despotism, they shrieked. The Germans intend to strike their heaviest blows at us. They intend to destroy our trade and take our lives. This is not a war in which we are the aggressors. It is a war in which we must protect our very homes. We must defend our nation and our liberties. We must fight in self-defense!

Self-defense became the battle cry. The masters called upon their slaves, and their slaves responded. In a day millions of workers had been turned into soldiers, eager to maim and murder their fellow-beings.

Patriotism had triumphed. Nationalism had conquered. International solidarity was crushed—and slaughter became the policy of those who were supposedly opposed to slaughter!

It was the logical and inevitable result!

The policy of compromise had justified war as long as the ruling class could give the hypocritical excuse of self-defense.

Have the Workers Any Country?

Could the Socialists have prevented the war? They could!

Why were they so willing to fight and die for *their* country? Did they not know that *the workers, no matter where they were born, had no country?*

How often had our philosophers, our statisticians, our writers and our orators proven that the workers—those who produced all the wealth of the nation—had no share in its ownership except their wages. They did not own the land where they were born and dwell. They did not own the mills, the mines, and the factories where they worked.

Germany was not in possession of *all* the German people. It belongs to a *few* of the German people—to the landlords, the merchants, the bankers, the manufacturers, and the aristocracy.

The workers owned nothing but their bodies, their muscles, their rags, their furniture—that was all!

Why, then, did not the German workers realize that not they, but their masters, were the owners of the fatherland?

And, if they would not lay down their

lives for their brutal rulers in time of peace, what horrible, diabolical spirit urged them to sacrifice themselves like sheep as soon as their criminal masters shouted: War!

Did not the workers of France know that the land of France did not belong to them, but to the capitalists? Did they not realize they were taking up arms, not in defense of their possessions, but in defense of their masters' property?

Similar questions could be asked of the Belgian, English, Russian and Austrian workers.

If they were Socialists, as they professed to be, they knew they were exploited, disinherited and propertyless. . . . That they had no flag, no country, no rights!

Preserving Civilization

The German Socialists say they were justified in taking up arms against the Russians. They wanted to preserve *their culture, their civilization* against the barbarism of the Slav. They wanted to *protect their wonderful institutions and democratic government from the political despotism of the savage Russians.*

The French Socialists pleaded that their reason for murdering their working class brothers was their passionate and undying desire *to save their liberal institutions from the autocratic militarism of the Teuton!*

The Belgians offered the same excuse; and the English Socialists not to be outdone in hypocrisy, proclaim that the reason they favored the war was their *earnest desire to defend democracy from the baneful domination of German bureaucracy!*

If we are to judge according to nationalistic prejudices, and, for the moment, accept the views advanced by our German comrades, then the English, French, Belgian and Russian Socialists must be horribly wrong; and must be engaged in a criminal and unholy war against the best that human civilization has yet produced.

If the declarations of the English, French, Belgian and Russian comrades are true, then the Socialists of Germany and Austria are, in a great measure, responsible for the most terrible butchery ever recorded in human history!

Who is right? Who is wrong?

What wonderful institutions, what remarkable civilization had the Germans to fight for?

Was it for the three-class system of voting? Was it for the state controlled railroads and mines? Or for the capitalist controlled lands, factories and mills? For the tenements they slept in? For the galling poverty that lay heavy upon them? For the raggedness, wretchedness and starvation they suffered? For the periods of unemployment that threw them like dogs into the streets? Were they fighting for that? Was it this murderous, degrading civilization they were trying to preserve?

And the French, why were they shooting and bayonetting? . . . To preserve freedom? Freedom! The freedom to slave? The freedom to be hungry? The freedom to be maimed in industrial accidents? The freedom to send tiny children into the fields and the factories? The freedom to permit their daughters to sell their bodies for bread? Were those the glorious and liberal institutions they were trying to maintain? Is that why they were murdering the Germans?

Were the people of France, with all their art, their science, their culture, their music, and their political liberalism, any happier, any healthier, any more prosperous than their brothers of Germany, who lived under the rule of a crushing autocracy?

Did they eat more? Did they wear finer clothing? Did they live in better homes?

Liberty is a wonderful word, but a word can not fill a stomach, neither can bureaucracy empty it! *Under capitalism, both must give the workers enough to enable them to toil and make profits for their masters!*

The Belgian Socialists said they did not want military domination by Germany. *Did they prefer the slimy hypocrisy of clerical domination?* The priests controlled the government of their country. Were the Socialists fighting to preserve their rule?

And the English comrades shouted: We are fighting to preserve our democracy—our civilization!

Nowhere in the world is there as much biting poverty, as much abject misery, as much raggedness, hunger and unem-

ployment as in that land of alleged democratic rule. Was that the civilization the English Socialists advised the workers to lay down their lives for?

It makes no difference what country the wage workers live in. They are slaves in all. To them, one nation is no better than another.

Nowhere in the world is there as much alleged liberty as in the United States. Here we are supposed to be free and equal. Here there is *opportunity for all*, and the *rights of life, liberty and happiness are guaranteed to all citizens.*

Here we have religious, social and political freedom. Here we have *unparalleled democracy*, . . . and who can doubt our *marvelous civilization?*

Yet, of what value are all those high-sounding sentences to us of the working class?

Do we not know that we have no political liberties? Do we not realize that there is *no opportunity?* Do we not see that there is *no social equality?* Do we not know that *we are industrial chattels?* Do we not work long hours and get low wages? Aren't we wounded and killed in the factories and mines? Aren't our children taken from us by the millions and forced into industry? Aren't our women obliged to sell their bodies in order to exist? Aren't we robbed of the greater part of our product? Aren't we jailed or shot down whenever we protest? Aren't we always poor—just like our fellow slaves of Europe?

What difference would it make to the workers of Belgium if the German government dominated them, instead of the Belgian authorities?

What difference would it make to the Germans if the British controlled their nation?

Was the condition of the factory and field slaves of Alsace-Lorraine any worse under German rule than under French rule? Was it any better?

Would the condition of the laboring masses of the United States be any less horrible if the nation were governed as a colony of Great Britain?

Are we happier and better off when American criminals rule and rob us?

The truth is, that conditions are on the average just as bad and oppressive in one country as in another.

It makes no difference what grand, eloquent phrases are used to befuddle us, the fact remains that in *all* nations, whether monarchies, republics or despotisms, the working class is deprived of the greater share of its product—and is enslaved to the capitalist class!

Our enemy is not this country or that country. Our enemy is not this form of government or that form. Our implacable enemy is capitalism. It is that power we must fight, not alone in time of peace, but also in time of war!

Revolution

Could the Socialists have acted otherwise than they did? Could they have prevented the war? A careful analysis of the facts proves that they could. It lay within their power.

There was just one course they could have adopted. It was desperate. It was bloody, but it could have saved millions of lives. It was the only weapon that could have beaten down the murderous clash of militarism. *It was revolution!*

The working masses were organized. They were educated. We had trained and developed ten million class-conscious workers to overthrow capitalism. The same tremendous horde could have been mobilized and ordered to crush militarism!

Impossible! Impracticable! cry the apologists of cowardice. The rulers would have laughed at our threats!

We would have been crushed in a bloody massacre! shout the upholders of hypocrisy.

Any violent attempt at overthrowing the master class would have ended in horrible disaster! scream the blinded adherents of treacherous patriotism.

Instead of being a wild and impractical scheme, it was the *only sane and practical plan* our comrades could have followed. Not only that, but the *brilliant results achieved by the Italian Socialist party, prove that revolution—or the menace of revolution—could be used successfully as a weapon for the benefit of the working class!*

The Italian Socialists, impulsive, emotional, hot-headed, and loosely organized, made use of their power. They threatened a revolution. They organized their forces. They prepared for action.

They demanded that their government

stay out of the conflict. They said they were opposed to war. And they meant every word!

The political and industrial masters of Italy listened to the ominous protests of the people. They saw the flash of anger in their eyes. They saw the nervous, impatient hands that held the scythes and the picks and the hammers. They saw that the workers were ready to lose their lives not *for* war, but *against* war! And they capitulated!

The government of Italy announced its neutrality. Despite its treaties with Germany and Austria—despite all its previous promises and obligations, the monarchy was forced to stand for peace.

Had it decided to aid its allies, there would have been no government left to order the mobilization of the troops.

The Italian Socialists determined to oppose war . . . and there was no war!

Why could not the other Socialist parties of Europe do likewise? Their forces were better organized, better educated, better trained.

In Germany one-third of the soldiery and one-half of the citizenship were Socialists. They had the power. They had the opportunity. They could have saved the working class of the continent from butchery and death.

Instead of expressing their manhood, instead of expressing their courage, instead of expressing their education, instead of expressing their hatred of capitalism, like millions of sheep, they followed the tinkling, deluding bells of their insane leaders, and flocked into the armies, to slaughter and be slaughtered!

It was not even necessary to have an armed revolution. A passive revolt would have been sufficient to paralyze the military machine and prevent war.

Suppose, when the rulers commanded the workers to mobilize, they disobeyed. Suppose they did not take up arms, but simply remained in their homes.

What would have happened?

They would have been rounded up, court-martialed and shot. Granted! But how many would be killed? 2,000? 5,000? 10,000? 20,000? 30,000? 50,000? Agreed! We will not dispute it. . . . But the military murderers could not have gone on indefinitely slaughtering

their own people. The capitalists could not continue butchering the rebels, while other capitalists, with their hordes, threatened their property and their profits. Their organization would become demoralized. Their government would break down and be powerless. They would have to stop slaughtering. They would be forced to conclude terms of peace with their commercial rivals. . . . And the lives of the masses would be preserved. There would be no weeping widows and no fatherless children; at least the number of such would be infinitely reduced.

Thousands of the workers would have perished, nobly and heroically, but millions would have been saved!

Some will deny this accusation hotly. Some will deride the idea of a people revolting and winning. Some will say that the thought is abominable—that the sacrifice would have been horrible and useless, and the plan impractical, nay, the very height of folly!

Then let us ask, What is practical? Joining the army and fighting for the interests of the master-class? Shouting brotherhood and assassinating solidarity? Upholding patriotism and annihilating internationalism? Shooting hot lead into the throbbing bodies of your fellow-workers? Burning and destroying farms, homes and villages? Rushing like sheep into the shambles to butcher and be butchered? . . . Is that practical?

According to figures furnished by military statisticians, *one out of every four men engaged in battle is either killed or wounded*. Before this war is ended, every available worker will have been on the firing lines. It follows, then, that of the 4,500,000 Socialists in Germany, over a million will be maimed or butchered before peace is concluded. Four hundred thousand will be disabled or lose their lives in France. Four hundred thousand will be sacrificed in Austria, and countless hundreds of thousands throughout Russia and the lesser states of Europe.

Enormous armies of men will be riddled with bullets, stabbed with bayonets and mowed down with cannon. And the Socialists, the alleged saviors of humanity, will have aided in accomplishing this horrible result.

Not only have their representatives in

the various parliaments voted the war budgets and agreed to the orders for mobilization, but they have issued repeated appeals to the workers to be patriotic, to fight for *their* country, and repel the barbarous invaders.

Vandervelde's explanation of the attitude of the different Socialist parties proves this assertion.

The parliamentary leaders of England, with a few notable exceptions, including Hardie and Macdonald, have aligned themselves with the criminal capitalists, and have called upon the duped masses to help the ruling class get control of Germany's commerce.

In France, the most violent anti-militarists, the most prominent scholars, deputies, editors and orators, have lined up with the thieves who own and control the nation, and are calling upon the people to butcher their fellow-workers of Germany, and in that unhappy country the greatest and most powerful preachers of the social revolution, the staunchest defenders of peace and humanity, not satisfied with urging their own blinded masses into the slaughter, are also trying to force other nations that desire to remain neutral into the bloody conflict.

Political Expediency

There are some in our ranks who excuse and defend the actions of our European comrades on the ground of political expediency.

They assert that it would have been fatal to the continued existence of our political organizations if they had opposed the war to the extent of revolution.

It is impossible, shout these smooth-tongued apologists of political trickery, to stem the current of an excited public opinion.

When war is declared and the entire mass is swayed by its harried emotions, when it is torn between fear, anger, danger and death; when the newspapers, controlled by the government, are calling upon the people to defend themselves and their homes; when the horrors of the impending disaster are greatly exaggerated, creating a public sentiment favoring war as a method of self-protection, at such a time, they allege, it is extremely unwise to oppose the general feeling. It is then

the height of folly to attack the nationalistic spirit that has been aroused. It means the political extinction of that party which stands against patriotism and war. Hence, argue these shallow sophists, the Socialists were forced into war to save the integrity of their political organizations.

If this statement is true, then is the anarchistic contention also true, that all political parties (no matter how radical or opposed to existing governments) can be depended upon, at a crisis, to help protect and maintain the thieving, murderous rule of capitalism?

If at a supreme moment, political action for the masses resolves itself into political action for the masters, it is about time Socialists gave up the idea of ushering in the co-operative commonwealth by means of political parties.

But the explanation is not true, and the contention not logical. The prompt and radical action of the Italian Socialist Party disproves it.

If capitalism is to be overthrown politically, it must be done by political parties that use ballots as long as feasible, and bullets whenever necessary.

• The End of Capitalism

There are some Socialists who profess to believe that the present gigantic conflict marks the end of the capitalist system of production and distribution. They imagine that Socialism is about to sweep over the earth and take its place.

They will be bitterly mistaken.

Capitalism is not dead yet. The war will merely determine which group of the ruling class will control the trade of the world and reap the huge profits therefrom.

The war will not end militarism; it will only increase the pernicious effects of the system.

The successful nation, or nations, will be forced to still further increase the size and strength of their armaments, in order to maintain the advantages they have secured.

The beaten nation, or rather their capitalists, will also be forced, as a matter of self-protection, to enlarge their standing armies and increase the number of their battleships, so that they may not be obliterated as commercial factors.

They will simply be preparing for the next world conflict, which will most likely include the United States.

Little can be expected from the Socialist parties of Europe in their present state of patriotic hypnosis. Socialists here should be very careful in making predictions as to what the comrades of the Continent will do after the war is over.

For they will do, and can do, absolutely nothing!

They will have no arguments to advance against their respective governments, because they have justified and supported the actions of their rulers.

They cannot say that their own political and industrial masses caused the war, and urge the people to overthrow them, because they, themselves, have proclaimed the fact that not *their* governments, but the political and industrial masses of *other* nations were the causing factors of the conflict.

Our Lesson

While the European Socialists are butchering one another for the benefit of the capitalists; while they are violating our cherished principles of solidarity and brotherhood, it is time that we here in the United States examine ourselves, consider our ideas and see where we stand.

If war is declared between Japan and the United States, as it will be declared some day on account of trade rivalries, what will our attitude be?

Will we become patriotic? Will we call upon the workers to defend *their* country? Will we urge them to lay down their lives for the profit of their masters? Will we, on account of political expediency, or through fear of losing votes, line up with our murderous government?

Will we compromise principles and sacrifice our ideals? Will we permit military law to remain on our statute books? Will we allow ourselves to be forced into the army, and shoot our fellow-workers when ordered?

These questions are necessary. A decision must be made. There are a large number of Socialists here who would act exactly as the European comrades have

done, if the circumstances were the same. Is their attitude the attitude of the Socialist Party of the United States? I would like to know. If it is, then all of us who believe in international solidarity must separate from all those who advocate nationalism and murder!

If the Socialist party is not to betray the workers *it must always stand opposed to capitalism and its governments*. There can be no compromise or there will be disaster.

Anti-patriotism, anti-militarism and anti-nationalism must become cardinal points in our propaganda for peace. We

must work for the abolition of the army, the navy and the militia.

We must not be cowards. We must prepare. We must take action!

An armed citizenship is a free citizenship. We must be armed with knowledge. We must be armed with union. We must be armed with votes—and, when necessary, with guns! We must not wait until the capitalists plunge us into the horrors of hell. We must organize the membership. We must strengthen our hearts with the spirit of international solidarity. We must stand ready. And when capitalism declares war, we must declare the revolution!

Neo-Malthusianism in America

By CAROLINE NELSON

DOZENS of letters have come to me since I wrote the letter in the March number of the REVIEW inquiring about the preventives. When I wrote the letter I was in Europe and unfamiliar with Uncle Sam's laws on that subject. So I waited until I arrived in the United States in answering any of the letters. On reaching New York I found that a Dr. Elliot was in the penitentiary for answering two decoy letters on the very same subject. He got ten years, and a heavy fine for his goodness in answering a supposed poor woman that begged helplessly for the information. I had no means of knowing how many decoy letters were among my letters. I picked out a few of those that addressed me as "Comrade" and asked them to identify themselves either by their red cards or some other way, but none of them did so. I suspect that a great many detectives used the name "comrade" to catch me, which the real comrades had to suffer for, as they did not get an answer. I had no desire to go to the "pen" to give a few people the information.

In the mean time Margaret Sanger of New York was in Europe at the same time, being a good rebel she looked up everything of interest to the workers, including Neo-Malthusianism. She hurried back to her native country, bound to inform the workers on this subject,

and accordingly started the *Woman Rebel*, through which she began to educate the women. She hoped to get up a strong sentiment in the favor of birth control among the workers throughout the nation, so that this foolish law, which no other civilized country has, would become obsolete, to enable the circulation of this knowledge.

But the state and federal officers, while they are careless on many other lines about the enforcing of the laws, and often stand by the rich law-breakers to smite the workers, they are ever watchful when it comes to the real interest of the ruling class. And it is certainly of vital importance for the employing class to have plenty of workers—plenty to stand outside the factory door to beg for jobs. This is the most efficient club to keep down the workers that work and to keep them from organizing. Hence, here the state and federal laws must be rigidly enforced, while they don't care what happens to them in Colorado in the mines, where the Rockefeller interests can violate the laws every day. And the state and federal forces protect them, while they are doing it, when the miners strike to have the laws enforced that are passed in their interest. It all depends on who is who in the eye of the law.

The United States could hardly show

its class favoritism any stronger than in this law passed for the suppression of this information, about eight years ago. The upper class women in the United States are notorious race suiciders, and have been for years. But when the upper class heard that the French working class had become as well informed on the subject, as the upper classes, and that France suffered correspondingly for lack of child-workers and women workers in the factories, the American governmental machinery was immediately set in motion to come forth with laws that were rushed through by the vested tools that sit in congress.

And the ever faithful and virtuous Roosevelt sailed out as an anti-race suicider. It suddenly became honorable to have large families, while the upper classes had openly jeered and pointed to the workers with large families as people—that breed like animals. Useless to say that the upper classes have refused the honor of bringing large families into

the world. They are still race-suiciders, and get the information on preventive means through their doctors, nurses and druggists. Secretly they laugh at the law and the foolish workers, while the abortionists by hundreds ply their trade throughout the land, and incidentally fill the hospitals with their victims.

All this while detectives followed Margaret Sanger about in New York and the court indicted her on three counts for the crime of trying to inform people about the danger of abortion, and the crime of large families among the workers, etc. Now, Mrs. Sanger, who by the way has three lusty children of her own, is apt to get a year's sentence on each count. What have the workers to say to this? They ought to show their interest at least by subscribing for Mrs. Sanger's paper—*The Woman Rebel*, \$1.00 per year, and by getting up Neo-Malthusian clubs and lectures. Margaret Sanger is a pioneer in a great cause. Address No. 34 Post ave., New York City.

FEWER AND BETTER CHILDREN

By James Morton

ONE has only to walk down in the Lower East Side in New York, or down Halsted street in Chicago, or in the congested working districts in any large city to be filled with wonder that no organization has seriously undertaken the propaganda of Fewer and Better Children for America.

I am reminded of my friend, a painter, who married a lovely girl in the middle west and moved into a cozy cottage in the suburbs of a thriving city. Two years later he removed his wife and their year-old son to a flat "nearer the Loop." The next time I met him, I found he had stepped down another rung on the ladder of comfort and was dwelling, with his wife, his son and his baby daughter, in a tiny flat close to the west side factory district.

And so it went. With the advent of each new baby my old friend moved his growing brood into smaller and dingier quarters, until when I last visited him,

he and his wife and their seven children were existing in three small rooms, half of a six-room flat, which they shared with an equally impecunious member of the Building Trades, the demands of whose offspring had long since exceeded the elasticity of his weekly wage.

Here are two glaring examples of the crime of having too many children. In both instances the weekly wage of the fathers was sufficient to bring up a family of one or two children in a modicum of comfort. The parents would have been able to send them to school, to live in tolerably healthful surroundings, to provide them with the simple necessities and comforts of life. In both cases the first two children born to these working class parents were normal and healthy. The third and fourth babies were born before they had recovered from the strain of the first two.

The fathers of these families were slightly in debt to doctors and nurses,

were anxious and worn with helping to care for the first children. The mothers were weak and anemic from nursing and child-bearing. The prospect of Baby Number Three was a most unwelcome one from the financial, hygienic and parental point of view. Instead of moving to a home with better air, and sunshine, and more room, these two trade workers were compelled to rent smaller, less healthful and sanitary quarters. They were able to pay **less** rent as their families grew. They were forced to buy cheaper food, poorer clothing. Grim necessity prevented the purchase of the special infant's food the babies required.

None of the babies that were born into these two working class families thereafter were either normal or healthy. All were below normal in size, weight and powers of resistance to disease. Three died. After the birth of her third baby, the wife of my friend never actually recovered to normal health and was never able to afford the medical care she needed for herself and her children.

Actual want forced the parents in both families to take their eldest children from school and start them to work before they were twelve or thirteen years of age. Love, hope and all the things that go to make "home life" a beautiful thing were lost in the stern fight against pain and privation. Making-ends-meet sapped the last ounce of energy from fathers and mothers. Family courtesies and amenities require a leisure, a poise and peace that nobody possessed or could possess in a year-long effort to make one dollar do the work of two.

One man took to drink; one of the mothers died at the age of thirty-six in child-birth. All of the children are entering the battle of life with handicaps they will never be able to overcome in the struggle for existence.

It seems to me that nobody can deny that the revolutionary labor movement undoubtedly lost three or four confessed rebels through the short-sightedness and ignorance of these young couples.

We know, positively, that one young mother was lost at an early age in giving birth to her seventh child; that six children were thereby left without a mother's care; that the father endeavored to

pay for their support in a public institution but finally succumbed to despair through lack of steady employment, and disappeared.

Here was one family disrupted, broken up beyond all hope of mending through the old evil of Poverty. But even with the handicap of a seasonal occupation and intermittent idleness, it might still have maintained its integrity, have raised one or two children to become useful, militant soldiers in the revolution, if it had not been crushed beneath the weight of rearing too many children.

Thousands of volumes have been written setting forth the rights of the children. We think it is high time somebody began to speak of the rights of the parents. Men and women are human beings too. Somebody has suffered to bring them into the world. Some one has struggled to feed and clothe and raise them to man and womanhood. There is ample work for each and every working-man and woman to do to support themselves and to continue the work of Socialism. We do not think it a work of social expediency or of social efficiency to produce children in large numbers when we have no assurance of what their future might be.

Is it not time that we decided to cherish the revolutionary material we have ready to hand today in men and women rather than to sacrifice it to the production of uncertain material in the future?

Let us have fewer children, healthful children, children who shall at least start in life free from disease and with a gambling chance to grow up into strong and intelligent men and women.

Society in America guarantees absolutely nothing whatsoever to the children of the working class. To the children of the rich it is true we make iron-clad guarantee. We point with pride (?) to the army and navy, the police, the laws and the courts by way of assuring rich men and women that their property shall be protected and preserved for the benefit of their children. The children of the parents who work are promised neither food, clothing nor shelter. They are not even promised jobs and a chance to **earn** a living. Their parents are not even guaranteed steady work to enable them

to earn money for food, for clothing and for homes.

Almost every social institution aids in the guarantee of property rights to the rich. Nothing is offered to would-be parents in the working class.

And what becomes of the children of those who possess no property and are therefore forced to labor in order to live?

A large percentage of them die in infancy through lack of hygienic surroundings, through lack of proper nourishment, fresh air and healthful homes, because of lack of proper care or medical attention. Many struggle downward to man and womanhood, diseased, anemic, crippled, uneducated because of poverty.

And what do these children become? Many thousands in America are annually forced into crime through lack of employment. Still others are forced into the army, navy or into the police force. Hundreds of thousands of girls are forced into the ranks of prostitution every year. From whence come the recruits for the underworld? Do we find the wayward sons of the Astors or the Goulds or the Vanderbilts climbing porches or picking pockets to get enough money to buy food? Do we find them selling their bodies on the streets or becoming food for cannon in the army? Everybody knows that we do not. They don't have to climb porches for money, or join the army in order to secure food. The law permits them to withhold a portion of the value which people who work for them produce; the police and the army stand ready to help defeat the children of the working class who dare to demand higher wages, a larger portion of the wealth they have created.

The press, the pulpit, the laws, the army and navy, the courts and the colleges stand as a unit in maintaining the privileges of the **owning** class, for the children of the property owners. They stand as a protecting barricade about the wealth of the rich, against the appeals and claims of the toilers of the earth.

What does the United States government offer to the young married people who are bringing children into the world? Evidently it believes that the bearing and rearing of children are a social blessing for it has littered the

statutes with laws declaring it to be illegal for a man or a woman to impart knowledge that shall teach parents how to avoid having children.

It seeks to make unrestricted child-bearing a necessity but it offers as a reward only the heaviest possible handicap to the poor who are unable to escape this necessity. It commands you to multiply and yet it drives the men and women who are out of work from one city to another in a mad desire to evade the burden of their support.

"More children!" it cries while it permits whole families to perish from sheer wanton starvation. "More children!" it urges when hundreds of thousands of men and women face the coming of the winter nights without a place to sleep.

Any reputable physician could tell you how to avoid having children. Nearly all physicians, of any standing among the medical profession, do so advise their rich clients. This advice is ready to hand for those who have the money to purchase it. Society has taken care to provide a way for the rich to avoid the pain and trouble of child-bearing. Yet it is the rich alone who are in a position today to surround their children with healthful surroundings. It is the rich only who can protect the human young against all the diseases and disasters that are the heritage of the children of the poor.

It is time we refused to feed, clothe, house the world and **populate** it too. It is time we refused to bear the impossible handicap of more children than we can feed. It is about time we took stock of ourselves and declined to produce diseased children. In other words, it would be a mighty good idea for us all to take a day off and do a little **thinking**.

Let us set our faces against this utterly planless system of forcing helpless babies into an unfriendly world, and burdens upon the backs of the overburdened working class. Now is the time to force the light of publicity upon this question. It must be discussed. We must have healthy parents, healthy babies and healthful surroundings for all.

Discussion and publicity and the interest of the working class is all we need. It is up to you and me to bring these questions to their attention.

Cogs In the German State Machine

BY EMIL BECKMEYER

SOME Germans insist that Germany is the best regulated nation in the world. It was only after I had spent many years in the countries outside her borders that I discovered that she was perhaps the MOST regulated land on the globe.

To those of us who are raised within her territory, Governmental regulations are doubtless less irksome than they are to peoples of other nations who encounter them only after they have grown accustomed to a degree of individual initiative and liberty unknown in the fatherland.

To begin with, no Western country has nearly so many class distinctions as Germany. Everybody who IS anybody in Germany has a handle to his name. Only the manual laborer is deprived of a title of some kind. And the label he bears, or the labels the German wives and mothers bear, are a regular ballyhoo or verbal poster of their standing in the community. Any man can tell just where to place them as soon as he learns how people address them.

The German laws require that every traveler who enters a hotel or a lodging house shall give his home address, his name, and standing as well as his occupation.

Wives lay full claim to the titles of their husbands and Mrs. "Upper Director of the X" is infinitely above Mrs. "Second Director of the X." In every country we find distinctions in the army, navy and in the civil service. But in Germany a wealthy factory owner may be known as a "royal, privy, commercial, councillor or appliance, factory proprietor."

But nobody in all Germany ranks so high as the army officer. He occupies the first social position in the Empire. From their babyhood, ambitious fathers and mothers scrimp and save in order to marry off their daughters when they are of age to army officers. It is the highest point of distinction to which they may hope to attain in Germany. But it requires a good sized dowry to capture such a prize in the matrimonial market. Parents will pay off any number of debts of an army officer to enable their daughter to win him.

The people of Germany are mere cogs in the German State Machine. Their lives

are laid out for them by the Government to an extent not dreamed of in any other country.

Education is compulsory between the ages of six and fourteen. Most children are sent to kindergartens at the age of four. If they are not in school at six, the Government demands to know the reason why. At first the study hours are divided with eleven for German, four for arithmetic, one for singing and four for religion. Later six hours are spent in science and five in religion and four hours for mathematics. Without any doubt Germany possesses the finest technical schools in the world.

Every German is brought up and educated for a specific work in life that is chosen for him. He has no choice in the matter and all things are subsidized and diverted to attain that end. Nobody rises from chimney sweep or office boy to head of an establishment. Each child has a career of some kind chosen for him and when he is a man he is fitted for no other. There is no "working up" as there is in America. To get there one must have been prepared for, all through the early period of one's life.

I fancy German state discipline would prove most onerous to the people in America, particularly to the working class, so many of whose activities are so restricted in Germany as to leave them no choice in regard to either their work, their homes or the disposal of their lives.

The German government has its eye on you literally from the cradle to the grave. They have records of your birth, of your days spent in school, of what you are being fitted to become, of where and for whom and at what price, you have worked. Whether you are married or single. Whether you have paid all your bills, your landlord, etc., etc.

No domestic servant can get any kind of a position except through the police. Each and all are required to make formal application at the office of certain municipal officials. She must possess a little book which sets forth her name, where she was born, her age and a description of the individual as to color of hair, eyes, stature, and other

physical qualifications. Also this little book must tell when the person first went out to work with name and residence of employer, amount of wage, with the reason for leaving each household written by the mistress thereof—every statement authenticated by the police and the official stamp.

When a maid servant is hired the mistress must register the fact with the term of employment. The book is then taken to the police and the new employment written in it. On each Monday the mistress must pay a five cent insurance stamp for the future of the servant. It assures her that if she lives to be over seventy years of age, has proved a good, obedient, humble, industrious and satisfactory servant she may hope to receive a pension of from \$3.00 to \$5.00 a month so that she may live in ease and affluence in her old age.

An American traveler who was tramping through Europe with a German workingman was stopped in the fatherland by the police. His companion was requested to produce his little book-of-good-conduct. The official looked it over, referred to his own dictionary-of-working-folks, found the German worker had a good record (from the state and boss's standpoint) and permitted him to pass onward.

You can't change your name (unless you are a woman and marry) and get a new job when you decide to dispense with the oppression of your old employer in Germany; you can't move and elude the watchful eye of the German landlord by moving into the next county because you have to have an authenticated record of your whole past to show at the border, and to your next landlord and your next employer. If you are out of work for six months and try to run away from your debts, you find the German government greeting you face to face no matter where you go in the fatherland, with its everlasting record of your treachery to blast your future until the bills have been paid.

In Germany you dare not water your flowers except before four or five o'clock in the morning. Bedding may not be aired from front windows; bathing at night is prohibited, singing, whistling and shouting in the streets is forbidden. No humble walker is allowed to obstruct an automobile or a vehicle. You may play a piano only within restricted periods. You may not get a job, hire a servant, take a cab, or a street car or even change your address without

the advice and permission and instructions of the police. The police tell you which car and cab you may take and where you may dwell.

Obviously the working class cannot be taxed for war measures in any country no matter what all the foolish economists and reformers may say on this subject. The workers produce the war machines, feed the armies (by the fruits of their labor) and give their lives in war time. But they DO NOT pay the money taxes of war. Anybody who understands Marx knows this.

All the working class receives in any country is a bare living. If high war taxes are piled upon the backs of the workers (who are receiving only enough to live on) it is plain to be seen that the only way they can pay this tax is by getting higher wages from their employers. So that socialists should never be concerned about who is SUPPOSED to pay the war tax. They should only oppose ALL war tax, as they should oppose all war.

And yet doubtless one of the reasons why there is less unemployment in Germany is owing to the militarism of the Kaiser. Perhaps ten per cent of the working population are always occupied in serving time in the army or in feeding, clothing, housing these men and in manufacturing the munitions of war.

German workingmen and women have fewer amusements, less money to spend in pleasure and entertainment and far less leisure than the workers in any other country. It is a common thing for men to be at work at seven in the morning and to remain on the job until eight or nine o'clock at night.

We used to boast over our thrifty ways in Germany. We could make a mark go farther than almost any other people on earth; we could get more nourishment out of a pfennig than our neighbors over the borders. And so we worked long hours and reduced the cost of living until we were able to work for wages that would enable the German capitalist class to compete with capitalists all over the world.

With its iron rule and its ever watchful eye, the Government has established compulsory savings banks. Married men are compelled to deposit five per cent of their wages and unmarried ones ten per cent, until they have saved the sum of \$500. The

government pays 6 per cent on these deposits. The worker may not withdraw this \$500 unless he is paying that sum on purchasing a home or furnishing one.

And all these meddling or guiding fingers of the government tend to make of the German a model workingman, industrious, saving, economical, faithful, obedient. Perhaps when we consider how bound about he is with restrictions, with discipline, with

precedents, when we consider how supervised, superintended he is, how he is subsidized to the day of his death to the German State Machine, the wonder is that we have had any spirit of revolt in Germany at all.

Perhaps we should ask not "why has the German socialist done so little?" but "how has he been able to accomplish ANYTHING at all?"

The Land, the Machine and the Worker

By D. LOPEZ

MANY years ago the process of farming was one that required real, hard, back-breaking toil. Then the horse was found useful; soon men began making small implements and finally the large machines gradually but surely began to take the place of men and simple tools, until at last one machine run by two men will produce the results of fifty working in the old way.

But we workers still find ourselves in a worse condition than we were in those old days when every man worked for himself and not for someone else. He realized that after a few years of toil he would have a home of his own, but the worker of today—does he have any hope of a home, a little home to call his own; and any future prospects? No; the man who works on the farm today is shifted about from pillar to post, when working; his home consists of a barn and a heap of hay, and when the season is over he is shifted back to the city. Then he may be able to sleep in a chair in a saloon, when he is broke. His "family"? No, he can't afford to marry. What would a man do with a wife and family out in the wheat fields during the harvesting seasons?

In some of these places the men are paid from four to ten dollars a day, but what do they have left when their board is paid and the season is over? Where are they to go? Many large pieces of land are owned and controlled by private concerns, and as much as 10,000 acres planted with apple and peach trees alone. We know that it would be impossible for the owner to consume all of the fruit. The only logical reason for own-

ing the land is profits; profit made off the labor and right over the head of the worker who produced it and should have the benefit instead of a paltry pittance while working and no place to lay his head the rest of the year.

How many little homes could be made of 10,000 acres of land! How many happy families could have plenty under such a condition! If they only had an acre apiece it would mean 10,000 less starving on the bread line.

We hear a great deal about our beautiful farming countries, the wealth of the land, of its great prosperity and wonderful possibilities, but this does not mean the workers; it means prosperity for the owning class, who have all, and less for the workers who produce all and have nothing.

Instead of boasting of its prosperity and wealth, the nations far and wide should be ashamed of the poverty and conditions of the workers.

Poverty is not a necessary evil. There is plenty in the world for all. It is true that America is a wonderful country, but what good is there in tearing up Mother Earth and reaping from her soil a wealth of product if it is not used for the benefit of mankind instead of being stored away for profits?

I am merely voicing the sentiments of thousands of workers. The knowledge of these facts is running like wildfire through the brains of the proletariat.

The workers are beginning to see that the owning or capitalist class is grinding them down into an abyss of poverty, misery and wretchedness and that unless they join their comrades in a fight for emancipation there is no hope for them.

EDITORIAL

The Russian Peril.—Even some of those who see in Prussian militarism a great obstacle to peace, have a lingering dread of a Russian Peril to freedom and democracy in case the German war machine is crushed. And in support of their fears they point to the fact that the Czar and his bureaucrats rule unhindered today over nearly two hundred million Russians. Marx's economic determinism teaches us that these fears are groundless. There is a clear economic reason for the supremacy of the Czar. The *mode of production* by which nine-tenths of the Russians live today is that under which their ancestors lived two hundred years ago. Each farm village supplies its simple wants with simple tools in the simple fashion of the middle ages. Of the outside world the Russian peasant knows only what he is told by the officials and the priests of the czar. Small wonder that he obeys the czar unquestioningly. In the Russian cities it is different. The wage-workers in the budding machine industry are sturdy and fearless rebels, who are controlled with increasing difficulty. But as yet their numbers are few. For this fact there is a definite historical reason. Russia is shut off from the world market by rival nations. Her Baltic ports are frozen nearly half the year. Her Black Sea ports can be made useless at any moment by the Turkish guns at Constantinople. The Russians had practically conquered the Turks in 1878, and had made a treaty providing for the free use of the straits, but threats of the other European nations, especially England and Austria, resulted in the Treaty of Berlin, which left the straits under Turkish control. A Russian victory today will doubtless mean a free outlet for Russian trade through the Black sea and the Dardanelles. And this in turn will mean the swift development of Russia into an industrial, capitalist nation like the United States.

Give the Russian Wage-worker a

Chance. For the last thirty years he has been the most heroic figure on the map of the world. Now, unless we are greatly mistaken, the most important effect of the Great War will be to bring him into his own. Russian industry can not stand still. With all its vast area, European Russia is becoming over-crowded; its peasants are hard put to it to make a living from the land by medieval methods; modern methods will come with a rush when the smoke of battle clears away. And once they start, good-night for Czarism. The Russian wage-workers love liberty enough to die for it. Thus far their struggles have been fruitless because they themselves were so few in number as to be easily crushed by the multitude of the czar's ignorant dupes. But modern machines can not be run by idiots. Economic necessity will quickly force the bureaucrats of Russia to educate and train an industrial proletariat, which will surely prove the greatest revolutionary force of the near future.

Too Much Discipline. We all run to extremes except a few mild philosophers who see too many truths at once to be able to argue powerfully for any one of them. The Germans, as Julius Caesar knew them, cared a great deal more for liberty than for discipline. This attitude they maintained steadfastly for hundreds of years, during which they developed magnificent qualities in nearly every field of endeavor except war, where they suffered century after century at the hands of nations more disciplined than themselves. Finally Prussia, an almost absolute military monarchy, conquered one little German state after another, and finally through the Austrian war of 1866 and the French war of 1871 made its king the kaiser of the German Empire. Since then discipline has been the watchword of the Germans. To it they have sacrificed nearly all the individual freedom they ever had. On the surface, the results obtained seem dazzling to many

minds. The average man is thereby relieved of the need of thinking; he obeys his superior unquestioningly, and the superior is held responsible for results by some man higher up. At the top of the pyramid stands the kaiser, "und Gott." It is the absolutism of the dark ages carried over into the twentieth century. It has produced a war machine almost but we trust not quite strong enough to conquer the world. But in so doing it has made the army officer supreme over the enlisted man and the wage-worker alike. It is a terrible degeneracy, a reversion to the dominant type of the year 1,000.

Discipline and the Revolution. Even those who call themselves revolutionists are infected by the discipline germ, both

in Germany and among those Socialists of other countries who are fascinated by the seeming successes of the German movement. It is easy to follow "leaders;" it is pleasant to be a "leader." At first leaders and followers alike think they are pressing forward toward the Social Revolution. But presently the Party Machine, growing from day to day, becomes to the leaders an end in itself instead of a step toward the revolution. Anxiety for the immediate future of the Socialist Machine hushed the voices of the Socialists in the Reichstag when the issue was peace or war. Discipline held the rest of the German Socialists in line. That is why our enemies are laughing and we—are explaining.



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INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

The War, the Socialists, and the Future

THE war is now in its third month. We have had time to review the forces which have brought it about. We have had news from all the countries concerned in it. We can now estimate the motives and actions of the various groups. As Socialists and representatives of the working class we are chiefly interested in possible effects on our movement. Everywhere our comrades are asking questions. How will the labor movements of the various countries come out of it? What about the party organizations? And, above all, to what extent is the international movement injured?

Even now we must, of course, be careful not to let our hopes or fears run away with our judgment. The thing to be guarded against in all such discussion is national prejudice or a bent in favor of some particular form of tactics. Already there has appeared in the discussions on this side of the water too much of a tendency to view this greatest event of the century from individual or narrow group points of view. If there was ever a time when it was necessary to look at men and things from the vantage ground of the sweep of history and the struggle of classes and nations round the world, this is such a time.

But, after all necessary reservations are made, we must do our best to arrive at a clear understanding of the situation which now confronts us. First, what of the war and the social theories which we have been busily spreading over the world? Does this great cataclysm prove that we were wrong? In general we maintained that the very nature of capitalist production demands commercial and industrial expansion. This, we have held, forced what is called imperialism upon the governments of the great powers. And imperialism, we said,

forces these powers to maintain great armaments. We constantly pointed out that the opposing interests of the great powers, heightened by the maintenance of armaments, threatened the world with a war of unprecedented horror. Then the war came. It was brought about by imperialism. To be specific, it was started at this time because Austria tried to secure control of agricultural regions to the southwest. All the statements from German sources go to prove that Germany entered the struggle because her industry demands wider fields for exploitation. There is absolutely no doubt about the main outlines of this phase of the subject.

Are we, then, forced to revise our theory? On the contrary, this thing that has happened is exactly what we have been prophesying for more than twenty years.

In some quarters the Socialists are said to have failed in this great emergency. Even Socialists have said this. In one sense it is true. The Socialists did not stop the war. But no one had a right to expect them to do so. In all countries the Socialists are in the minority. In all countries except Germany they constitute a rather small minority. To be

sure, the relation between **The Socialist "Failure"** Socialists and the labor movement places them in a different position from that occupied by the Quakers and the ordinary pacivists. The sting in the charge is due to the fact that we are growing and had some hope of doing more than we did. The simple fact is that we achieved rather less than we expected to. But, as a working class comrade put it to me the other day, the one to blame for this are those who have not become Socialists. And now what is there to do about it? The fact that we fell somewhat below expectations merely shows that expectations were too high.

We are like those western cities which are always overestimating their population before the census is taken. They never blame seventy-five thousand people for not being a hundred thousand. We are growing. The war shows us we are not yet ready to beat the forces of capitalism. The only thing to do is to keep on growing till we are. The whole matter is so simple that the wonder is that anyone should get excited over it.

The really sore spot is the part played by the German Socialists. When the time came to vote on the war budget the Socialist group in the Reichstag went wrong. Of the 112 members of the group

80 attended the caucus at which this action was determined upon. A strong minority was opposed to it.

In various reports the size of this minority has been given as 12, as 17, and as 38. I suspect that the smallest of these numbers is nearer the truth than the largest. But Karl Liebknecht belonged to the minority, and Karl Kautsky, who was present, supported him. There is said to have been some very plain speaking on this occasion. The majority decided to support the budget and the group voted as a unit. The address which was made by the Socialist spokesman offered no adequate reason for this action. The world as a whole has taken it as an evidence of treason to Socialist principles.

I wish I had an answer to make to the charge preferred against these German comrades. I have eagerly scanned *Vorwaerts*, *Neue Zeit* and *Sozialistische Monatshefte* in the hope of finding one. It is not to be found. The writers in these organs say frankly and with all possible emphasis that it was more important to defend Germany against Russia than to stand for the working class against capitalism. One writer says that the class struggle is suspended for the time being. Another says that Germany is the originator and representative of Socialism and that therefore fighting for Germany is fighting for Socialism. The worst of it all is that these do not even represent themselves as having been forced into this terrible struggle against their French and Russian comrades.

They glory in their march to the front.

What we have to say about this matter, then, must be addressed to German Socialists rather than to the outside world. We must say to them, calmly but quite firmly and clearly, that they have failed us; that for the present they are not acting as Socialists; that essentially the majority of them are not Socialists. I recognize the fact that they were ill-informed and misinformed at the time they made their terrible decision. But this was in part their own fault. They went to the Prime Minister for information and believed what he told them. Of course, this apparent simple-mindedness was not due to any lack of intelligence. These men were simply not enough different from bourgeois people in their ways of thinking to act in accordance with the interests of the working class of the world during this time of tremendous stress. All that we American Socialists can say about this is that we are sorry. But all that the war has done in this quarter is to reveal to us a state of affairs which has existed for some time past. The discovery is perfectly clear. All that we have to do in relation to the things discovered is to guard against their continuation. The encouraging feature of the case is that Germans in this country have exhibited magnificent courage and intelligence in the difficult position in which they have been placed. The editorials in the *Volkszeitung* and the *Arbeiter Zeitung* are clear and strong against the position taken by the Socialist members of the Reichstag.

The Socialists of Austria have acted exactly as did the Germans. But when we turn to other countries we see a different sight. Our French and Belgian comrades opposed the war and still oppose it. But their countries were attacked and they rushed to the defense. From neither a theoretical nor tactical point of view is this action open to ad-

verse criticism. The Italian Socialists and labor unionists have vigorously and effectively opposed the participation of their nation in the great slaughter. The Russians, too, have done nobly. The tiny group in the Douma is always exposed to arrest. Its

**Socialists
of Other
Nations**

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members constantly face death and exile. Under these circumstances their stand on the war was heroic. When the budget was to be voted on they made a simple and dignified declaration of the reasons for their opposition, and withdrew from the chamber. Their deed is among those which will never be forgotten by the working class of the world.

And the position taken by the Socialist parties of England is just as clear and just as fine. The Labor Party has in part been pulled into the current of nationalist sentiment. But the Labor Party never was Socialist and never pretended to be. The Socialists of England are not represented by it. As little are they represented by those curiously erratic English men of letters who have sometimes posed as Socialist leaders. English Socialism speaks through the Independent Labor Party and the British Socialist Party. It speaks through *Justice* and the *Labor Leader*. And it speaks in tones

No Treason calculated to fire with new faith and hope the heart of every internationalist. Space forbids many quotations or long ones. But I cannot resist the desire to mention in particular the manifesto of the Independent Labor Party. It is a classic of its kind. It possesses the beauty of form which men can give to their speech only when they think clearly and under the stress of great emotion. After explaining the causes of the war and laying a rightful share of blame on the government of England, this manifesto continues:

"We are told that international Socialism is dead, that all our hopes and ideals are wrecked by the fire and pestilence of European war. It is not true.

"Out of the darkness and the depth we hail our working-class comrades of every land. Across the roar of guns we send sympathy and greeting to the German Socialists. They have labored unceasingly to promote good relations with

Britain, as we have with Germany. They are no enemies of ours, but faithful friends.

"In forcing this appalling crime upon the nations, it is the rulers, the diplomats, the militarists who have sealed their doom. In tears and blood and bitterness the greater Democracy will be born. With steadfast faith we greet the future; our cause is holy and imperishable, and the labor of our hands has not been in vain.

"Long live freedom and fraternity!
Long live International Socialism!"

In all the countries involved except England the labor movement has met the same fate as all other social enterprises. Under the terrific conditions brought on by modern warfare it is impossible to keep even the form of organization. When peace comes the process of rebuilding will be long and hard. This applies, also, to the Socialist parties of several countries. But the representatives of the Independent Labor Party

The Future spoke sober truth when they said the International has not been shattered.

When the next international congress meets it will bear the heaviest burden of duty ever borne by any Socialist body. But it will be equal to its task. The events of the past three months have cleared our vision. Action in the future can be more definite, more certain, than it has been in the past. There may be changes in the form of organization. There may be a shifting of leadership from certain groups to certain others. We may be sure, for example, that the representatives of England, America, Italy, and Russia will have more influence than in the past. Changes, of course, mean manifold difficulties and dangers. But we shall have to guide us all that we have seen with such appalling clearness in the lurid light of recent events.



BOOKS RECEIVED

Reducing the Cost of Living, by Scott Nearing, Ph.D., and **Why the Dollar Is Shrinking**, by Irving Fisher, Professor of Political Economy of Yale University. Published by Macmillan Company, New York. Both \$1.25 net.

It is of great interest to be able to review two volumes on the shrinking dollar at the same time by two such notable professional authorities treated, as are these, in such a diverse way. Dr. Nearing starts at the foundation of economics with the premise that the value of commodities is determined by the necessary social labor contained in them. Prof. Fisher works from the superstructure of finance and monetary systems, declaring (page 5) that "the value of any given amount of wealth is simply its price multiplied by its quantity." Readers of the Review will readily understand what a comfortable theory Dr. Fisher therefore offers to the capitalist class, and what uncomfortable problems he brings to the attention of the real student of economics. Having a true understanding of the value of commodities, Dr. Nearing renders a clear analysis of the causes of rising prices. The commodity gold, he says, has decreased in value owing to new methods of production that require less labor power to produce it. Therefore, since its value has decreased, it exchanges for fewer commodities in those fields where old methods of production still prevail. Dr. Nearing points out that the prices of farm products have risen more than commodities in many other fields and agrees with Marx that in any industry where primitive methods predominate commodities tend to exchange a little BELOW their value, while in industries where the most modern machinery is used, commodities tend to exchange a little ABOVE their value, although the monetary prices of the commodities in these widely separated fields may be what we call "high" and "low." Improved farm production, the utilization of waste land and modern machine methods, Dr. Nearing believes, will reduce both the value and the prices of farm products and food. This is one of the reformistic planks of his economic platform; but he rounds out his very interesting volume by declaring that when the working class receive "what they EARN" the problem of "high prices" will have been solved. A clear, logical, and helpful book, full of valuable statistics and scientific conclusions.

Prof. Fisher, on the other hand, maintains that the price level depends on (1) the QUANTITY of money in circulation; (2) its velocity of circulation and (3) the volume of trade bought by money. For example (pages 39-40) he says "a doubling in the velocity of circulation of money will double the price

level." And an increase in the production of gold (according to his theory) will decrease prices. Nowhere does he get down to fundamentals far enough to present a practical working economic basis. Value is price and price is value, according to him. An increase in commodities decreases their price and their value. He makes no mention of the labor involved or the machine method used in their production. Thus he runs around in futile circles and gets nowhere. But it is impossible for anybody to explain the economics of capitalist society by stumbling about in the superstructure of finance and monetary systems. The further you read in Dr. Fisher's volume the more at sea will you both find yourselves. Avoid *Why the Dollar Is Shrinking* and buy *Reducing the Cost of Living* by Scott Nearing instead.

The Elements of Socialism. By John Spargo and George Louis Arner, Ph. D., Instructor of Economics at Dartmouth College. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50 net.

This joint work of Spargo and Dr. Arner would much better have been done by one or the other of them, since it contains two salient trends of thought wholly incompatible one with the other. Very evidently it is to Dr. Arner that we owe the lucid interpretation of the Marx theory of value, the acceptance of which utterly precludes the possibility of those reformistic tactics elsewhere eulogized in the work. Here we have the amazing spectacle of one author simply and with scientific accuracy setting forth the theories of Marx and another author summing up the achievements of the Socialist parties of the various countries and labeling those "Marxian" which are, perhaps, farthest from the tactics of the great revolutionist.

No man who has assimilated Marx's statement that under capitalist society labor power is merely a commodity bought and sold on the open market, can have any hope in the efficacy of co-operative purchasing societies. He must know that to reduce prices and the cost of living for any considerable portion of the working class must necessarily mean a corresponding slump in the price (or wage) of labor power.

If we wanted to hazard a guess, we would say that we here have Dr. Arner advocating revolutionary Marxian theories and Spargo endorsing reformistic tactics and calling them "Marxian," as he has often done in the past. Taken as a whole, the *Elements of Socialism* would have been a more satisfying piece of work if at least one of the authors, or perhaps both of them, had assimilated Marx's theories laid down therein, and applied them more logically when dealing with practical tactics.

NEWS AND VIEWS

Over 1,500 New Readers—The REVIEW Reds rounded up a good big bunch of new readers to the FIGHTING MAGAZINE during the past 30 days. This does not include the straight yearly subscriptions nor subscriptions received with combination book offers, which run up to nearly another thousand.

Bundle orders are continuing heavy, many locals and comrades sending in orders for second and third bundles and it now looks as if the entire October edition will be sold out before the November number is off the press.

For 15 years the REVIEW has been on the job and it has always stood for Revolutionary Socialism and for the past six years it has uncompromisingly stood for Industrial Unionism. If you stand for what the REVIEW stands for, we want your support on the circulation end. The following list of rebels have "shown" us that they are on the job and we want you to wake up and get busy on your end of the line by getting some new readers for the only working class magazine in this country. Come on and show us what you can do.

During the next 60 days we will continue to send the Review three months to ten wage slaves for \$1.00 and there is not a slave you know of who cannot afford to dig up a dime for three copies of the REVIEW. Show us your Red Streak by sending in a list of at least ten, as this offer will positively be withdrawn at that time.

Johnston, Dinuba, Calif.....	2
Miller, Jerome, Ariz.....	41
Pitman, Courtland, Ariz.....	10
Latshaw, Brinsmade, N. D.....	10
Maurer, N. Yakima, Wash.....	10
Nunes, Denver, Colo.....	10
Allen, Waterloo, Iowa.....	10
Benson, Stroud, Okla.....	19
Davidson, Kansas City, Mo.....	32
Foster, Spokane, Wash.....	23
Uren, Butte, Mont.....	21
Baker, Fulton, Ill.....	11
Sather, Clear Lake, Wis.....	10
Merrill, Tacoma, Wash.....	17
Ambuhl, Spirit Lake, Idaho.....	20
Strasdin, Minneapolis, Minn.....	10
Lavinder, Hansford, W. Va.....	14
Bottorff, Westgate, Calif.....	10
Greenberg, The Dalles, Ore.....	24
Cederquist, Everett, Wash.....	10
Smith, McAlester, Okla.....	10
Goree, Knox City, Texas.....	10
Feinsod, Springfield, Mass.....	10
Curtis, Riverside, Calif.....	10
Moser, Nevis, Minn.....	10
Nussbaum, Bucyrus, Ohio.....	10
Millikin, Lawrence, Mass.....	10
Longerich, Indianapolis, Ind.....	10
Schwartz, Louisville, Ky.....	10
Jackson, Endicott, N. Y.....	10

Beebe, Los Angeles, Calif.....	10
Chapman, Portland, Me.....	10
Hanshaw, San Dimas, Calif.....	21
Oftedahl, Spokane, Wash.....	20
Lietdke, New York, N. Y.....	10
Whitmas, Portland, Ore.....	11
Jespersion, Arlington, Wash.....	14
Landrum, Pacific Grove, Cal.....	12
Martin, Troy, Mont.....	10
Kelber, Ludlow, S. D.....	18
Olson, Seattle, Wash.....	10
Gerber, Webb City, Mo.....	14
Herman, Seattle, Wash.....	10
Malaguti, E. Bridgewater, Mass.....	11
Swartz, McKeesport, Pa.....	10
Marston, Neah Bay, Wash.....	10
Stipeck, Joplin, Mont.....	11
Green, Los Gatos, Calif.....	10
Strohmeier, Aberdeen, S. D.....	10
Hastings, Davenport, Ia.....	22
McNett, Toledo, Ohio.....	10
Kronholm, Bryant, Wash.....	12
Ellis, Whitmore, Calif.....	12
Turano, Reno, Nev.....	3
Farris, Deer Park, Wash.....	18
Petree, Rochester, N. Y.....	11
Mortenson, Rockford, Ill.....	10
Clifford, Northville, Mich.....	10
Logan, Akron, Ohio.....	10
Pearson, Rochester, N. Y.....	10
Long, Pearl, Ill.....	10
Looney, Ennis, Texas.....	10
Rock, New Paris, Ind.....	11
Fisher, Parsons, Kans.....	15
Sentz, Pittsburgh, Pa.....	16
Erickson, Marion, Ohio.....	10
Harris, Eveleth, Minn.....	28
Kajka, Freeport, Ill.....	12
Connery, Kewanee, Ill.....	10
Olson, Twin Falls, Idaho.....	15
May, Springfield, Ill.....	10
Ploeger, Pittsburgh, Pa.....	17
Jones, Longmeadow, Mass.....	19
Tymcio, San Francisco, Calif.....	19
Gentle, Hoboken, N. J.....	10
Sidwell, Midvale, Idaho.....	10
Greenberg, Devils Lake, N. D.....	5
Melville, Pt. Richmond, Calif.....	32
Kidwell, Jackson, Mich.....	19
Sulem, Rialto, Calif.....	19
Harting, Tiger, Wash.....	10
Paul, Dayton, Ohio.....	12
Shoeggl, Winlok, Wash.....	15
Sybert, Fredell, Pa.....	15
Godman, Eugene, Ore.....	10
Anderson, Minneapolis, Minn.....	10
Dresch, Grove City, Pa.....	10
Nelson, Cleveland, Ohio.....	10
Robboy, Cleveland, Ohio.....	5
Larson, San Francisco, Calif.....	6
Mikko, Laurium, Mich.....	3
The Rebel, Hallettsville, Tex.....	4

Johnson, Hamilton, Ohio.....	13
Marler, Hinestone, La.....	10
Thomas, Plymouth, Pa.....	10
Schicher, Burnett, Wash.....	10
Shulz, Foxcroft, Me.....	10
Paxton, Sawtelle, Calif.....	11
Hurd, Simpson, Nev.....	10
McKagney, Wilmington, Del.....	10
McClure, Graford, Tex.....	10
Scheifler, Marion, Ohio.....	10
Hilleary, Ruby, Alaska.....	10
Trapp, Hemet, Calif.....	10
Sager, Anacortes, Wash.....	15
Keil, Fairbanks, Alaska.....	8
Evers, New York City.....	10
Southard, Jacksonville, Ohio.....	12
Hackleman, Indianapolis, Ind.....	10
Thierry, Roanoke, Va.....	17
Olsen, Boyds, Wash.....	10
Pierce, St. Marys, Ohio.....	10
Uetz, Des Moines, Ia.....	13
Yale, Memphis, Tenn.....	10
Adams, De Queene, Ark.....	10
Brady, Bellingham, Wash.....	11
Wilson, Minneapolis, Minn.....	10
Malaguti, East Bridgewater, Mass.....	10
Mailman, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	8
Hedlund, Nevis, Minn.....	22
Miller, Painesville, Ohio.....	44
Clinton, Cushing, Okla.....	10

Total1,516

From Elk Lake, Canada.—"Enclosed find money order for a bundle of October REVIEWS. September number received and it is just the ammunition we want. Put us down for a regular monthly bundle order of 12 copies to start with.

"Times are very bad up here. Timber companies are paying from eighteen to twenty-six dollars a month in the camps, while the average wage in the mines, which have closed, was \$3.00 a day.—Sec., Local 338, S. D. P. of C."

From Shamokin, Pa.—"We had 40 copies of the September number to sell at three meetings held September 5th, 6th and 7th by Comrade Mrs. Guy H. Lockwood of Kalamazoo, Mich. At the first meeting Comrade Lockwood demonstrated to the comrades how easy it was to sell the REVIEW by selling 33 copies herself. She then called me a Henry Dubb for not ordering 100 instead of 40. She was right."—C. H. C.

Successful Meetings.—Word comes from Canada that Comrade Grace Silver is holding splendid propaganda meetings throughout Ontario. One hundred and twenty-two October REVIEWS were sold at one street meeting in Berlin, which makes 500 REVIEWS the Canadian comrades have sold at her first eleven meetings in Ontario.

Comrade Silver always delivers clean cut, class struggle talks with no reform frills. She expects to work in Canada until December 15, after which time she will go to New England for two weeks, returning through Manitoba and Saskatchewan in January.

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A Socialist College.—The Work Peoples' College, located at Smithville, Minnesota, begins its eighth year on October 5th with prospects for an increased enrollment. This college has a unique place in the Socialist movement, being the only institution of its kind owned and managed by Socialists. It has grown rapidly in number of students and in financial strength until its property is valued at \$60,000. There are two large four-story buildings and a gymnasium, large assembly hall, offices for the management and the instructors, library and reading room, with a commodious kitchen and dining room in the basement.

Comrade T. E. Latimer, for the past three years state secretary of Minnesota, has resigned to take charge of the English department.

This year a number of new courses are being added and the prospectus which has just been issued announces courses as follows: Three Courses in English Language; Composition and Rhetoric; Literature; Public Speaking; Economic Theory and Socialism; Modern Labor Movement; Economic History of Europe; Economic History of the United States, and Modern Government and Politics.

The school term is eight months in length, divided into two terms of four months each. The tuition is six dollars per month. Anyone interested in such a school should write to the college for a prospectus.

From Comrade Cline.—We are in receipt of a letter from Comrade Chas. Cline, who is now in the county jail at San Antonio, Tex., and whose case will come up for trial very shortly. Comrade Cline advises us that he is doing some good reading on the inside and asks us to thank our readers and all those who have helped in the Rangel-Cline defense. We hope by the time this is printed that our comrades will be at liberty again.

Pancner Still in the Pen.—John Pancner, who was railroaded to the pen in August, is still behind the stone walls, and the defense committee is on the job raising funds to secure an appeal.

He is a national organizer for the I. W. W., and was convicted by a jury in Tonopah, Nevada, for the crime of assault with a deadly weapon with intent to kill, and was sentenced to no less than one year or more than 18 months. He was convicted on the flimsiest kind of contradictory testimony.

The facts are that a gang of scabs entered the union hall for the purpose of wrecking it. It was also on their program to beat Pancher up and run him out of town. He protected himself by shooting one scab in the leg. The rest of the gang beat it. For this crime he has been railroaded to the pen.

We trust REVIEW readers will co-operate with the defense committee by sending their spare dimes, quarters and dollars to Comrade Minnie Abbott, Box 876, Tonopah, Nevada, who is treasurer of the Defense committee. It is our duty as revolutionists to stand by every fellow worker who is on the firing line.

\$300 in 30 Days!



Made by one Robinson salesman. You—yourself—can positively make \$60 and expenses every week. I want men like you, hustling, energetic, ambitious fellows, anxious to make money, who are willing to work with me. Not for me, but *with* me. I want you to advertise, sell and appoint local agents for the *biggest, most sensational seller in 50 years*—the ROBINSON FOLDING BATH TUB. Here's an absolutely new invention that has taken the entire country by storm. Nothing else like it. Gives every home a modern, up-to-date bathroom in any part of the house. No plumbing, no waterworks needed. Folds in small roll, handy as an umbrella. Self-emptying and positively unbreakable. Absolutely guaranteed for 5 years. Hustlers, east, north, west, south,—coining money. Orders, orders, everywhere. Badly wanted, eagerly bought, for remember, *fully 70% of homes have no bathrooms*. Immense profits for you. Two sales a day mean \$300 a month. Here's proof—real proof. Breeze, of Idaho, made \$400 profit in 30 days. A. Bernider, Kansas, made \$30 in four hours. Hamilton of Wyo., made \$60 first two days. Hundreds like that. Pleasant, permanent, fascinating work. This is not idle talk. Make me prove it. Write a postcard. Let me write you a long letter. Then decide. No experience needed, no capital. Your credit is good if you mean business. But you *must* be ambitious, you must want to make money. That's all. Write a postcard now. I want to pay you sixty dollars every week.

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Carl Person Freed.—REVIEW readers will be glad to learn that the attempt of the Illinois Central R. R. to hang Carl Person has failed. The jury, after being out a few hours, returned a verdict of not guilty. His offense consisting of shooting one of the company's thugs in self-defense. He has been indicted on other charges, and the REVIEW will keep its readers posted on the cases as they come up.

Liked Mary Marcy's Article.—"Permit me to thank you for your Comrade Marcy's in the REVIEW, 'Organize With the Unemployed!' It is the best one that has appeared in the REVIEW for a long time. I read the article by Eugene V. Debs; I cannot agree with such advice. The article I refer to is, 'The Gunmen and the Miners.' My opinion is, that if Mr. Debs had been hunted in the hills of Colorado like a wild animal, he would have another answer to give to his fellow workers. Instead of guns he would have advised solidarity of the working class. If the workers in England, by the power of solidarity, can bring the government down on its knees, there is no reason why the miners in this or any other country could not do the same. Mary Marcy's article will do more good than all the dope the wind peddlers have scooped out in the years gone by. If the Germans had spent their time and energy on educating and organizing themselves in one big revolutionary labor union, they could, today, have had the power to stop the wholesale murder now going on in Europe."—J. Hall, Oregon.

Eden Texas on War.—The following resolution has been passed by the Socialist Local and sent us by Ernest Savage, editor of the *Eden Echo*, a lively Socialist paper published at that point: Resolved, that we, as Socialists, believe the present war in Europe uncalled for and an everlasting detriment to the world, and hereby enter our protest to its continuance and to that end submit the following resolutions:

Resolved, that we are opposed to wars and will ever use our influence to prevent them if possible. That this war is depopulating the countries in which strife is going on of the bone and sinew of the races concerned, many of whom are Socialists and forced to participate through the prevailing powers.

Resolved, that we urge all Socialists in this country to petition those in authority to bring the war to a close without unnecessary delay.

Resolved, that we send a request to President Wilson asking him to place an embargo on all food products for European countries with a view to ending the war by depriving the combatants of sustenance so far as the United States are concerned.—(Signed) G. L. Smith, secretary.

What is the Revolutionists' attitude towards LOVE AND MARRIAGE?

Here is one man's answer to this question sincerely and eloquently expressed—

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Love's Freedom and Fulfillment " " 10 Cents
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Can't Get Along Without It.—Comrade Jennie McGehe of Ft. Collins, Colorado, writes: "Enclosed find stamps to pay for the last three numbers of the REVIEW. I have been buying it each month at the news stand here, but have been away and unable to obtain them. I can't get along without the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW—the best Socialist magazine published."

Michigan for Solidarity.—The following is the new platform of the S. P. of Michigan. We take pleasure in congratulating the comrades for the working class character of their demands and principles:

We, the Socialist party of the state of Michigan, in convention assembled at Lansing on September 28, 1914, declare our allegiance to the international program of Socialism.

We declare that the capitalist system has outgrown its historical function, and has become utterly incapable of meeting the problems now confronting society.

In spite of the multiplication of labor-saving machinery and improved methods of industry which cheapen the cost of production, the share of the producers grows ever proportionately less as the prices of necessities of life steadily increase. The boasted prosperity of this nation is for the owners of the tools of production and distribution. To the rest it means greater hardship and misery. Wage-workers have seen the purchasing power of their wages decrease until life has become a desperate battle for mere existence.

It is the capitalist system that is responsible for the increasing burden of armaments, wars, poverty, slums, child labor, crime, much of the insanity, disease, and all commercialized prostitution.

The working class, which includes all those who work for a living, whether by hand or brain, in shop, mine or on the soil, vastly outnumber the capitalist class. Lacking effective organization and class solidarity, this class is unable to force its will. With class solidarity on the economic and political fields, exemplified by one big industrial union and one big political party, the workers will have the power to make all laws and control all industry for their own welfare.

The Socialist party appreciates the full significance of class organization and urges the wage earners, the working farmers, and all other useful workers to organize for economic and political action and unite with us on the following one-plank platform:

We demand the socialization and democratic management of the means of production and distribution.

Missed the Review.—Comrade Erickson of Ft. Dodge, Iowa, writes: "Please find \$1.00 enclosed for another year, as I found myself so lonesome without the REVIEW I had to dig up."

For Fifteen Years.—"Enclosed find \$1.00 for one year's subscription. We have been subscribers since the first sample copies reached us *fifteen years or so ago* and this is the first time we let it lapse. Yours as ever for the cause.—Anna L. Ogden."

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M. R. STOKES

MOHAWK, FLORIDA

From David Goldstein.—The following post card was received at this office from David Goldstein, the famous Catholic speaker, against Socialism. "The Communists are reproached with desiring to abolish countries and nationalities. The working men have no country." (From the Communist Manifesto.) And then he adds: "I see the 'comrades' of France and Germany are killing each other. What for?"

Tailors' Industrial Union.—(International.) We are glad to see the announcement that the Journeymen Tailors' Union of America has changed its name to the Tailors' Industrial Union (International) by referendum vote. We have word from the general executive board that this organization, realizing that in isolation lies weakness has decided to admit to membership all workers, male or female, working in all branches of the tailoring industry. The comrades say that the new union does not seek to claim jurisdiction over other unions but means to persistently advocate and work for the amalgamation of the clothing workers' unions into one big, powerful organization. While this work is going on they will admit all who may desire to join such an organization as theirs.

Industrial changes, concentration of industry, overlapping of jurisdiction and organized scabbery has forced the issue which culminated in this effort on the part of the tailors. In the circular sent out they say, "We, the working class, must combine our efforts and forces in one organization. We must have a fighting organization. We ask that you demand our label everywhere. Organize a branch of our international union in your community." The new union is affiliated with the A. F. of L. Judging from the splendid work these comrades have been doing in the past few years, we believe they are destined to big things. The name of comrade E. J. Brais as general secretary at the end of this announcement will still further inspire confidence among the tailoring industry.

Free Speech Victory.—The Socialists of Lincoln, Neb., and Comrade Charles Devlin, known as the one-legged globe cyclist from Waco, Texas, have won a big free speech victory against the reactionary politicians in Lincoln. Dare Devil started on his tour around the world on foot two years ago and is now on the last lap of his journey. Comrade Devlin has been arrested several times at different places for speaking on street corners. The Lincoln Socialists declared they would make a test case of the Devlin case and would back him up in any fight until the streets were open to Socialist speakers. Devlin's meeting was broken up by the police and he was arrested on a charge of blockading the streets. Five citizens swore the streets were not blocked and five policemen swore they were blocked, so the judge gave Devlin a \$1.00 fine and costs. The Socialists appealed the case. Then a great mass meeting was held demanding the right to hold meetings and the city politicians found they were becoming most unpopular. The Commissioners decided to permit any Socialist or I. W. W.

speakers to speak on the streets thereafter. They even went so far as to tell them they could speak from the steps of the City Hall. We congratulate the boys in Lincoln. They called the bluff and now have the privilege of educating the workers from every corner in the city.

Statement of the Ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of August 24, 1912, of The International Socialist Review, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1914. Editor, Charles H. Kerr, 118 W. Kinzie street, Chicago; managing editor, Mary E. Marcy, 118 W. Kinzie street, Chicago; business manager, Leslie H. Marcy, 118 W. Kinzie street, Chicago; publisher, Charles H. Kerr & Company, Incorporated, 118 W. Kinzie street, Chicago. Owners: (If a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not a corporation, give names and addresses of individual owners.) Charles H. Kerr. (All others own less than 1 per cent each.) Known bondholders, mortgages and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: None.

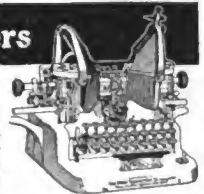
CHARLES H. KERR, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this thirtieth day of September, 1914.

(Seal) Michael J. O'Malley, Notary Public.
(My commission expires March 8, 1916.)

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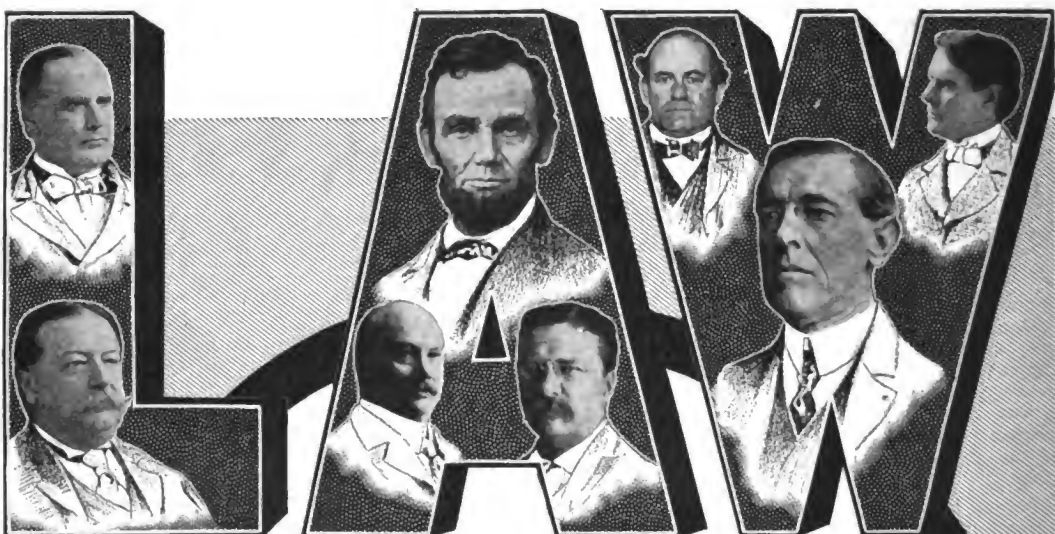
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January

1915

The
**INTERNATIONAL
SOCIALIST REVIEW**

Vol. XV

Edited by Charles H. Kerr

No. 7

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The INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

VOL. XV

JANUARY, 1915

No. 7

NEWS FROM EUROPE

By WILLIAM E. BOHN

German Socialists.—When, on August 4th, the Socialist group in the Reichstag voted for the first German war loan many

Liebknecht, a tries set to work to defend them. In spite of
Socialist their eagerness—perhaps
Independent because of it—their defense sounded hollow. Somehow, it was hard to believe that their heart was in it.

On December 2nd came news of a different sort. On that day a new loan of \$1,250,000,000 was voted by the Reichstag. And one Socialist, Karl Liebknecht, a true son of his father and of the old German movement, voted against it. The news went round the world like an electric shock. There was a sigh of relief, a cry of joy, a spontaneous recognition of a true deed. Even the timid ones, those who felt obliged to defend the action of August 4th, greeted Liebknecht's act as right. Obviously, they were glad to hear that the German parliamentarians had done something that needed no apology. There is nothing like courage to reveal cowardice. A right deed is recognized on the instant. It needs no encyclopedia of defense.

There is no confirmation of the story that Liebknecht has been disciplined. In fact this tale followed so close on the

Other Germans
Whose Socialism
Survives the War

heels of the news of his independent stand that it was obviously manufactured. And although he was the

only member of the Reichstag who had the nerve to rebel against party discipline, he does not stand alone. Before his anti-war vote was recorded there appeared

in the press a statement signed by him, Rosa Luxemburg, Franz Mehring, and Clara Zetkin. This declaration had to be worded in such a way that it could get past the censor's office. Nevertheless, it is sufficiently clear to show what is going on in the Social-Democracy. Here it is: "In the Socialist press of the neutral countries of Sweden, Italy and Switzerland, Comrades Dr. Südekum and Richard Fischer have attempted to por-



KARL LIEBKNECHT.



ROSA LUXEMBURG

RECENTLY SENTENCED TO ONE YEAR IN PRISON BY THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT BECAUSE SHE ADVISED THE SOLDIERS TO REBEL AGAINST THEIR OFFICERS.

tray the attitude of the German Social Democrats toward the war in the light of their own ideas. We feel ourselves forced by this to explain in the same place that we, and certainly many other German Social Democrats, look on the war, its causes and character, as well as on the role of Social Democrats at the present time, from a standpoint which in no way corresponds to that of Dr. Südecum and Herr Fischer."

Franz Mehring has never been regarded as especially radical. If he is true to the International there can be no doubt of the fact that many of the rank and file have also remained true. And our women comrades have a right to feel proud of Clara Zetkin and Rosa Luxem-

burg. The Imperial Foreign Office has evidently not been able to fool all the women of the German working class.

It is not by any means too early to be thinking about the reorganization of the international movement. A good deal of

The Germans and the International opposition has developed against the proposal of our own Executive Committee

to hold an international conference in the immediate future. The French are making determined opposition to the move. They maintain that this is no time to talk of peace. The proposal of the Swiss Socialists to reopen the International Bureau in a neutral country is also opposed by the French. Their opposition is based

on the notion that it is unfair to remove the Bureau from Belgium at the present time. Vorwaerts answers, very sensibly, that it is impossible to carry on the work of the Bureau in a country which is occupied by one of the warring forces. But at any rate the reorganization of the International is being postponed much longer than necessary.

But the reorganization must come. And it is important that we should be clarifying our thought with regard to it. The obvious question relates to what the Germans will do or what is to be done with them. If we have a right to rejoice at the revolutionary courage and insight shown by some of our German comrades, it becomes more evident day by day that some Germans who have heretofore been regarded as Socialists have no right in the International movement. The attempt of some, for example, to persuade the Italian party that it should use its influence in favor of involving Italy in the war was nothing short of treason to the workingclass of the world. A man who would do a thing like that would do anything. If he is a Socialist the word has lost its meaning.

Another enlightening incident is now going the rounds of the press. The Chemnitzer Volkstimme, a party paper, has, apparently, become a jingo of the jingoes. Here is a paragraph from one of its editorials: "The affair of our brothers in the field of war is our affair. We must not write one line even which makes their hard and bloody work harder or longer. We must deliver to them the press and the organization undamaged and as strong as possible. When they return from the battlefields they will have again to fight for bread and freedom in civil clothes. In order that we may be able to live in safety they sacrifice themselves. The one who does not scrutinize each article and each line he writes so that he can stand before our comrades on the fields of battle does not understand his duty during war. From this leading principle our acceptance of the Burgfrieden (inter-class harmony in time of danger) directly follows. Any internal strife gives new hope to our enemies. We irrevocably support that which Scheide-mann wrote to America, 'In the present war the whole German nation is a unit.'

The Party has no right to deviate from this general policy."

There is no telling at the present time how large a number of German party members are represented by this astounding paragraph. But no matter how many of them there are, they have no right to call themselves Socialists. And there is no doubt of the fact that their apostasy will be formally recognized when the International reorganizes. Even Eduard Bernstein has disowned them.

Before this editorial was published Belfort Bax wrote in London Justice: "What the 'Party' is that is unified, what its aims and aspirations are, is apparently quite a secondary consideration. For the 'Revisionists' certainly the 'Party' is everything, its principles nothing. And it must not be forgotten that the canker of Revisionism has eaten far into the vitals of the 'Party.' Has not Dr. Frank, one of the Revisionist leaders, declared to a Daily Mail correspondent that 'the great idea of the overwhelming bulk of German Socialists is the establishment of a genuinely constitutional monarchy and parliamentary government on English lines?' Dr. Südekum, and certain other Revisionists, we understand, defend the Prussian government in the present war. The 'Party,' I suppose, for fear of breaking up its precious 'unity,' will retain the Franks, the Südekums and the Schippels in its midst, and what is more, will expect consistent Social-Democrats to sit together with such men at International Congresses. As for us, we say 'Damn unity,' at such a price!"

Some of Belfort Bax's surplus of heat may be due to the fact that he is an Englishman. And he is wrong in supposing that the present division is between Revisionists and Revolutionists. The war has proved that that division was either imaginary or purely theoretical. In Germany, as in England, some of those whom we have called Revisionists have fought bravely and energetically for Socialism and against the war. And some whom we have called Revolutionists have gone mad as the maddest in their revilings of those whom they regard as national enemies. The division is now not between Revisionists and Revolutionists, but between Socialists and non-Socialists.

But in general the position of Belfort Bax is correct. About internationalism the Socialist movement has heretofore been agreed. The movement as a whole has not changed its mind because three or four government cabinets, pushed on by various influences behind them, have plunged a good part of the world into war. Not to mention the Socialists of neutral countries, who have not been tried in the fire, many of those immediately involved have been true to their faith. The Italians, the Russians, the majority of the English have been true beyond the shadow of a doubt. To force them back into a party which includes, let us say, the editor of the Chemnitzer Volkstimme, would be merely to perpetuate an organization without unity, without purpose, without meaning. The thing cannot be done.

Russian Socialists.—Some time ago Emile Vandervelde sent a letter to the comrades in Russia. He had learned that they were opposing the war. He wanted to persuade them to give up their opposition. He told them that the cause of the allies is the cause of civilization, that the great thing is to beat the Kaiser and German militarism.

Mr. Emile Vandervelde got out of Russia an answer that must have made him sit up. Russian civilization may not be up to the mark of western Europe. But Russian Socialists are above par. It is more than ever clear that the great eastern autocracy will be taken care of by its own rebels.

Here is part of the answer that came out of Russia: "We Russian Social Democrats do not overlook the anti-democratic character of the Prussian government, but we cannot forget that other enemy of the workingclass and of all democracy, the Russian absolutism. This absolutism remains unchanged as to its internal policies. In Russia we still have the same old despotism and exploitation. Even now, in the midst of the war, when we might have expected it to be more cautious and magnanimous, our absolutist government has remained true to its nature; it persecutes our various subject nationalities and the entire workingclass now as it always has. All So-

cialist papers are suppressed; all workingclass organizations have been broken up; arrests and banishments without investigation or judicial procedure are still taking place. And if the war should result in a complete victory for Russia, without a democratization of political power, this government would continue to pursue its anti-proletarian policies inside as well as outside of its own boundaries. Under these circumstances Russia might become the world leader in the work of reaction.

"On this account the Russian Social Democracy cannot under any circumstances consider the conclusion of even a temporary truce with the Russian government. Among us there can be no question of a betrayal of our faith. On the contrary, we regard it as our duty to carry on against the Russian government an unrelenting warfare on the basis of the demands made by the Russian proletariat during the revolutionary movement of 1905 and renewed since the revival of the movement during the past two years.

"Our task during this war is to utilize the present crisis to develop the organizations of the working class and the democracy and to enlighten the whole people to the end that our demands of 1905 may be the more easily secured. * * *

"After the close of the war there will come a time when it will be necessary to develop the forces of democracy with great rapidity. If, then, the reactionary power of Russia stands victorious in our path, with increased power and reputation, it will constitute the greatest imaginable obstacle to democratic development. We regard it as our duty, therefore, to oppose the Russian government in the interest of Russian freedom. In doing this we feel that we are serving the democracy of the world; for we are concerned for the world movement, as are all the members of the working class International."

This document is signed by the Executive Committee of the Social Democratic Party, the so-called Majority Group.

War and Labor.—War kills people and demolishes cathedrals. It also smashes wage schedules and standards of living. Our prophets are busy telling what a glorious new world is to be ushered in

by the activity of howitzers and submarines. It may come. But the new world which has already evolved is far from glorious. Social achievements which have taken fifty years in the making have disappeared in less than fifty days.

Getting behind and beneath the war news is like getting a glimpse of hell. We, on the safe side of our three thousand miles of salt water, talk a good deal about the unifying impulse of a great national effort, about the moral elation that goes with sacrifice for the fatherland, etc., etc. Listen to such talk for five minutes and then read the following article from the Berlin *Vorwaerts*. It appeared on November 4th:

"The terrible poverty which has resulted from the war has forced into the background the natural opposition between employers and employees. In a large number of industries employers' associations and labor unions have concluded agreements with the purpose of guaranteeing the continuation of the industry and the enforcement of conditions agreed upon. The common activities undertaken with the latter end in view are especially noteworthy; they bear testimony to the importance which both sides attach to wage schedules. The maintenance of union wages is also important to society as a whole, and this fact has been fully recognized by the military authorities. They have recently made energetic opposition to unjustifiable attempts to reduce wages.

"All the more remarkable, therefore, appears the fact that the German Employers' Journal regards the present time as a suitable one for breaking a lance in favor of a wage reduction. A writer in this journal argues that since wages rose when the industrial situation improved it is 'economically unintelligible' that an attempt should be made to keep wages up during the present industrial depression. If an attempt is made to maintain wages at their former level it appears to the Employers' Journal questionable 'whether this policy is justifiable from the point of view of the general public.'

"The author of this article is looking to the future. He expects the 'adaptation of wages to the existing conditions' to result in a renewal of industrial enterprise. After the restoration of peace industry will not immediately regain the position from which it fell with the opening of hostilities. Moreover millions of 'hands' will be thrown upon the labor market. Work must be found for them. 'Finally there will be a return to normal conditions and the entrance into a new era in the development of world industry. It is to be doubted whether it will be at all possible under these circumstances to maintain wages at their former level. But a general reduction after the war might result in very serious internal conflicts.'

"The Employers' Journal forgets that the labor unions will still be in existence and will resist to the uttermost such a reduction of wages. For the preservation of industrial life it is necessary to keep money in circulation. But this can be kept up only by the employment of the largest possible number of workers at regular rates of wages. In industries which have suffered most from the war employers and employees have agreed to a greatly shortened work-day. This means a decided diminution of income for the workers, even without any reduction in the wage rate. The proposal to reduce wages still further in spite of the advanced cost of living is not to be thought of."

The remarks of the Employers' Journal are vastly more interesting than the answer made by the editor of *Vorwaerts*. The capitalist scribe evidently foresees the possibility of a revolutionary uprising after the war. His suggestion of a possible means of heading off such an event shows real political foresight. He says, in effect, "Reduce the workers to such a state of poverty during the war that they will stand anything in time of peace." Evidently he is not at all deceived by the eloquent talk about the unity of classes in face of a great national danger. No matter how the fatherland is threatened he goes on attending to the business of keeping the working class in its place.



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IMITATING THEIR FATHERS—JAPANESE BOYS PLAYING SOLDIERS.

BABES BRED FOR WAR

By MARY FIELD

From the November Number of Everyman.

ALL military governments, that is, all Christian governments, depend for their perpetuation and extension upon fruitful and obedient women. Given millions of docile women to breed armies, given cunning priests to extol fruitfulness, and kaisers and kings and Krupps will flourish forever.

Said Prince Bismarck with a shrug of his shoulder to a comment on the great number of men killed in one of the Franco-Prussian battles, "Oh well, we will have another crop in twenty years!"

It is crops of men that governments depend upon. At the outbreak of the war, the military nations of Europe took immediate steps to provide for the next crop of soldiers. Before the ranks mobilized the seed

of warriors was sown. In Germany all soldiers were urged to marry before leaving for the front, a brief furlough even being granted in order that there might be time for impregnation. In many churches hundreds of couples were married simultaneously that no time might be lost. One of the emperor's own sons set the example which thousands of marriageable men immediately followed. In some villages "holy matrimony" was recognized as the equivalent of an engagement. Everywhere throughout the fatherland distinctions between legitimate and illegitimate have become indistinct. An illegitimate son receives the support of the government. To bear children for the fatherland is of greater virtue than that they shall be born



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GERMAN BOYS BEING TAUGHT THE MANLY ART OF WAR.

of wedlock, for thrones are greater than altars and exigencies greater than ceremonies.

In England, marriage fees were cut in half, and later all fees were removed in order that there might not be a half crown's reason for delaying the crop. Clergymen married soldiers in depots, in open lots, anywhere, anyhow that the crop of human beings might not fail, that soldiers might not be lacking twenty years hence.

This wholesale breeding the military governments of Europe deliberately encouraged with the full knowledge that for years to come the spectres of pestilence, of starvation, of cold, of despair, of insanity and disease would haunt the steps of these babes from their cradles to the training camps. In twenty years if another war breaks out, one-fifth and more of the seeds which these governments now sow, will be murdered. And thus today in the wombs of hundreds of English brides are the embryos that in twenty years, as state-owned warriors, will march forth to disembowel the German youths that now sleep in the quiet darkness under their mother's hearts. Babes bred for

murder, bred by a state that prohibits and punishes murder!

Bred, what for? Bred that the colonies of England may be held for English commerce. Bred that Germany may expand her trade, stamp with the word "German" the products of the world; bred that Russia "may sit in the sun."

Empires need soldiers and soldiers must come through the bodies of women. Thus it is that in every country dedicated to commercialism, maintained by Christian teaching and the sword, all forms of murder except that legalized by the state and called "war" are punished. And especially must women be held accountable for the life which it is their duty to bring into the world. In times of peace the kings of industry need men for the factories, mines, mills and fields. In times of war, kings need men for the defense or the extension of their power. For kings and commercial lords and aristocrats women must breed, and no mother may say unto her own body "thou shalt not increase," nor say unto the unconscious life within her, "thou shalt not live." It mat-

ters not that she sees the unborn child shadowed by disease, driven by hunger, lashed by fear through his entire life. Only the king shall kill! Only the kaiser shall have power over the fruit of her body! She belongs to the state.

In all Christian countries the law is that abortion and even the spreading of the knowledge of means of prevention is punished with severity. The law means that no child can be killed until he is twenty-one—and even then, the state alone, the state which punishes the mother for a remotely similar crime, may take his life.

It is not because of the preciousness of life that there are laws against abortion, against the spreading of knowledge of controlling birth. Nothing but commerce is precious to the state. It is in time of war that the real reason for laws against abortion flash forth with vivid clearness. In the red glare of the camp fires women read the meaning of the law. In letters of blood women see the real meaning of their lives to the state, read that they are but breeding-machines for soldiers, that their bodies and their children belong no more to themselves than do the pigs in the stockyards.

Will this war make women think? Will it make them act? What if after this war, and yet another and still another, there were to come to women a great awakening? What if silently and secretly there were to take place in the minds and bodies of women a tremendous revolution so fundamental that it would rock thrones and decide the orbit of nations? What if women were to refuse to marry soldiers, to procreate soldiers, were to demand, that inasmuch as the state finally killed their offspring, they too, had the right to take life before it knew consciousness? What if they demanded that they and not kings be the arbiters of the fate of their children, they who gave them birth?

The birth force, the sex force is a tremendous power. It pulses through every atom of the universe. In our solar system are tremendous forces which man gradually learns to isolate and command. For thousands, yes millions of years, electricity flashed its presence across the sky before man's uncomprehending eyes. For eons of time the hills spoke no word to shivering mankind of the stores of coal which lay deep below the surface. Earth and air and water yet hold forces undiscovered. Much

of life is still written in cryptic forms. And greatest of unexplored forces is the mind of man and of woman. Woman, especially, still covers her eyes with her hands before the burning face of Science.

But all things change—shape and form and content and direction—and the minds of women. Thus in the dim centuries to come women may learn to control the life force, demanding that it be their right to swing back the gates of life, deciding that it is even more heroic to strike at the unborn child than years later to plunge a bayonet through his quivering breast.

And meanwhile? The war has raised the question in the minds of thinking women, what is this man-made state that fixes the laws of abortion and prevention? By what right does society make divorce well nigh impossible, and compel women to breed whether they will or no? Why do kaisers decide these matters and not nature? Do you say that were the mother to decide and not Law, the race would not continue. Look to Nature, you of little faith. Look in the hearts of women, you blind men, who believe in force. The love of children is the very tissue of woman's mind. There is not a woman in all the wide world, married or unmarried, who would take the life of the germ-child that was conceived in love, born to sure protection and loving support, born to a heritage of health and opportunity.

The difference between the act of the state and that of the mother is just this: The state when it kills has only its own aggrandizement in view; its motive is selfish; its object, financial gain, territory, power; whereas the motive of the mother in denying life is love of the child, unwillingness that it shall suffer. Perhaps poverty, shame, disease, struggle wait like ugly grey hags at the gates of birth for the unwelcome child. None of these things matters to the state. From these the mother would save her child. It is the inhumanity of man, the beastly inhumanity of war, that has commanded fruitfulness, fruitfulness not of quality but of quantity, vast numbers that ranks and divisions and companies and regiments and trenches and coffers may be filled.

Well may women question the laws which deny them the right to give or seek information on the subject of prevention, that deny the right to abort. In the light of the bargain-sale marriages in England, of the wholesale marriages of Germany and Aus-

tria and Russia, of the bonuses and premiums and bribes for the illegitimate, well may women say to their military governments—give us first peace, give us food, give us opportunity, give us the land, give us strong bodies before you punish us for destroying life. You insist that life shall live, at least until it is twenty-one, then give us the conditions that make for life, under which we best can breed and continue the human race. But until these conditions are granted we will continue to question your man-made law, we will continue to disobey your soldier-breeding mandates, disobey in secret as we have done for ages, your kaisers and priests, until we have the courage of our emotions and shall openly and brazenly, and for the love of humanity, defy the laws

of the land, stupid laws which forbid us to take life in order that life may be taken by the state.

When you say abortion is a crime let us look at Europe. "Hell in the field, rape in the towns and villages, plunder in the cities, blood and tears and sorrow everywhere, and around its edges a panic of terror." Life is sacred! Murder roars from a million guns, murder and rivers of blood, fields soaked with the blood of women's sons! Abortion a crime! Women who hate war should demand it as a right, as a blessing. Abortion a crime! That law makes gargoyles grin. And that law is going to make women think—slowly think, whose shall be the right to take human life.



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FRENCH PEASANT BURYING DEAD CAVALRYMAN.



KEEP THE ISSUE CLEAR

By ROSCOE A. FILLMORE

TODAY the Socialist movement as a result of recent events finds itself in a peculiar position. With the exception of a few countries as yet not directly concerned in the present war, there is no remaining Socialist organization worthy of the name. And even in those countries efforts are being made by so-called Socialists to persuade the movement to jump into the present trouble as a bourgeois ethical society and save the day for capital.

The cause of this peculiar situation should be sought diligently and when discovered eradicated even though in so doing we cut down the movement numerically. And as proof that though charges of mistaken and even in many cases dishonest bourgeois tactics resorted to in several countries have injured the movement to an incalculable extent, allow me to point out the sort of movement that has been built up in Canada in the past few years by hewing to the line of the class struggle. The writer is a member of the S. P. of C., and was for some time a credentialed organizer. Bear in mind that Canada is at war, has sent an army to the field and is even now scouring the country for out-of-works, and the like sufficiently desperate to enlist for the second batch of cannon fodder.

Yet S. P. of C. is intact. Its organizers are still on the road in season and out of season, preaching the class struggle. Its campaigns are fought on that issue. Campaign speeches of organizers and candidates are not in advocacy of reforms but on the robbery of the slave at the point of production. The literature used is "Value,

Price and Profit." Socialism, Utopia to Science, a party organ and manifesto second to none in the English language. In short clear cut scientific line of books and pamphlets are handled. Absolutely no attempt is made to show "why physicians should be Socialists" or "why John D. Rockefeller should join the Socialist party." Its appeal is to the slaves. Any attempt to "swap" the movement for the sake of the votes of reformers, single taxers, Orangemen, Christadelphians or vegetarians, is put down with an iron hand. Result—a small movement it is true, but a movement solid as reinforced concrete. A steel organization for the workers to rally around when "the day" dawns.

When slavery came into being in the dawn of history, there also came into being as a direct result of it, the germ of law and government—the modern state in embryo.

At that date it was frankly and brutally an instrument of oppression and repression. Many centuries later, after society had passed successively through the various stages of chattel slavery and feudalism and modern industry was rising, the capitalist class found it necessary in its political fight with the then strong land-holding feudal aristocracy to pose as labor's friend and even enfranchised a large portion of the slaves in several countries. This led to confusion.

Capitalism had grown up within, and in course of time had overwhelmed feudalism. In the same manner once modern industry had gotten properly established, a new revolution became manifest. Intelligent revolt

on the part of the slaves became ever more inevitable. All the forces of the state and of society were and are to this day enlisted in the effort to confuse the slaves and therefore preclude the possibility of that revolt.

That vulture, the church, the prostituted intellects of countless cowards of the press, public platform, university and school—in short, any and every means at the disposal of the masters, has been used, and successfully so far, in the effort to kill all revolt in the slaves. Today the whole system of education is false. The curriculum of the public school and university is a mass of lies. History as taught is false as hell. Only the scientific materialist and Socialist can understand and therefore teach the history of man and his struggles through the ages.

As said above, the capitalist class enfranchised the workers to a certain extent. Gradually in various ways the workers have increased their alleged share in the government of many countries. But by diverse and devious ways the masters have managed to stultify what little political power the slaves wielded. The state did not lose any of its prerogatives. Rather its power, delegated to it by the masters, grew. State authority, cloaked and gloved in respectability and religion, could deal very gently with offenders when such a course seemed expedient. But whenever and wherever sleek looks and unctuous phrases failed to quiet the spirit of revolt, then the mailed fist and "Iron Heel" of oppression was made manifest. The beast showed his cloven hoof.

In ancient times the slave revolts were ruthlessly crushed without any hypocritical slobber and the rebels wiped out in tens of thousands. There could be no doubt in the minds of those slaves as to the function of the state. It was the slave driver, the agency by which the masters held their slaves and perpetuated slavery. It was the slave's deadly enemy.

Today in spite of the part the slave is supposed to play in the government we find when other methods fail that the state can be as ruthless as of old. The workers are shot down, imprisoned and tortured. The state performs its function as slave driver whether it be in pseudo democracies as England, United States and France, where capital is rampant and the only

power, or Russia and Germany, where a military aristocracy and powerful capitalist class divide the power. But even then the rising capitalist class is growing ever more powerful and holds the purse strings and the military dances only when those strings are loosed. "He who pays the piper may call the tune."

Today it matters not where we may turn international capital pays the piper and insists upon its prerogative.

As to the economic causes for the present war, they have been explained so frequently that it is but useless repetition to go into them. Suffice it to say that surplus value has played its full share in the matter. Surplus value in search of a foreign market is the root cause for this deplorable split in the "happy family" of international capital.

The foregoing is, I hope and trust, clear to most Socialists. Nevertheless I think it necessary that in view of the present situation, the apparent breaking up of the Socialist movement as constituted for the past years, the apparent abandonment by the workers in many lands of every pretense of class-consciousness—I repeat I believe it necessary that we who are still unmoved by the exigencies of capitalist commerce and consequent world war should get back to first principles and endeavor to found our next international upon the solid rock of the class war and a thorough understanding of society as at present constituted. In order that we may understand we must think as proletarians, not as pro-German or pro-British bourgeoisie.

Let us now, as class conscious slaves, examine the affair in Europe and not only in Europe, but the world over; for with a few notable exceptions we find the Socialists, and among them most of the "prominents" of the movement in all countries, jumping into prominence in an attempt to justify either Germany or the Allies. Capitalism hasn't sufficient apologists, the Socialists needs must take a hand!

In the *New Review*, issue of November, we have among other apologists one who has in the past made valuable contributions to the literature of the movements spoiling several pages to find justification for the Allies and weeping over Belgium. The article would be fine if written by Rev. Soundingboard, D. D., and published in the *Sunday School Times* or the *Wesleyan*. But

it possesses a peculiar significance coming from a Socialist.

He admits, "my emotional sympathies are very strongly with France." We commend his frankness. But why spend so much time and energy in attempting to whitewash English and French capitalism and the attitude of Belgian, French and English Socialists? We commend his frankness, but commiserate his lack of consistency as a Socialist.

He is under the impression that a feudalistic aristocracy holds complete and "awful" power in Germany, the land of modern industry, and cheap commodities and warns the world of the dire results of a victory for this class. Europe and finally the Americas are to relapse into feudalism, and a return of the Dark Ages, presumably! It is true the outer shell has a feudalistic appearance, but it looks like a safe bet that Germany, the land of cheap, market compelling commodities, will quickly throw that shell into the garbage can whenever a more "democratic" governmental system seems desirable to the master class.

Let us forget for the moment that we have passed far beyond Caesar's day. Let us suppose it is still possible for a comparatively small race to physically and politically absorb the world. Germany captures and digests Europe, then America. We have in such case a central government wielding all state authority centered in Berlin. There would then be, in the course of time a labor movement—a revolutionary movement—organized *not on national lines* as in the past *but a real international*. The workers whether of France, Italy, Belgium or Germany would have but one enemy—the capitalist state, centered in Berlin. Nationalism would have disappeared. The issue would be clear. There would be no possibility of beclouding it by war of conquest or the springing of another world war. There would be but the one fight—that of the workers versus the shirkers as typified by the state.

Somebody objects that this would take a long time. Most certainly it would—but these our "leaders," the intellectual giants of the movement, the politicians and prominent are prepared only to prophesy vaguely a "Socialist Government"—whatever that may be—for the far distant future, provided we allow ourselves to be easily "led" to that goal. They are vaguely annoyed

when we of the pick and shovel brigade threaten to become "rude" and accomplish the revolution without them.

But to return—"the world has not erred in holding the Kaiser responsible for this war and more to this effect. The Kaiser a physical and mental shrimp possessing the mentality of a cave man, and the body of an inmate of a cripple's home, is credited with being the force that set such powers in motion! Verily our comrade and ex-scientific Socialist has been eating Carlyle or mayhap some of the popular school histories treating of the manner in which His Majesty, this, or his Royal Highness, that, *made* history. I had understood since devoting spare moments for some eleven years to the study of Socialism that its "hero" explanation of great historical events had been exploded and that the misconception was merely perpetuated nowadays that the slaves might stand in awe of the "self made" men, who pose before us as "great" because they have succeeded in enslaving us.

However, we live to learn! Comrade La Monte has imbibed along with Carlyle, a large sized dose of capitalist ethics. His tears over the violation of Belgian neutrality compare very favorably with the utterances of sundry English and Canadian "statesmen" on the same subject. As for the attitude of European Socialists let us see.

It is a matter of history that in 1870 Bebel and Liebknecht, representatives of Socialism in the German parliament, stood alone and unalterably opposed to war. No compromise or capitalist "patriotism" for them. Today 111 deputies with a few notable exceptions favored war. And even those few who opposed voted for the war credits because forsooth! the party constitution did not allow of a split vote in the house. And that when the party was performing an act which automatically made their party bourgeois and belied Socialism. The German Socialist movement insofar as its leaders are concerned at any rate, have played traitor to the workers. The party was in the hands of bourgeois radicals and reformers and had ceased to function as a Socialist party some time ago. All principally because the class struggle had been dropped and forgotten for the sake of "practical and constructive Socialism," and the votes it would muster to the so-called Social Democracy.

But what about the French Socialists and

the ultra anti-militarists of the Confederation of Labor. Jaures, we know, and a few others opposed war, but Guesde, who of all others should understand the function of the French state, Herve, who has again and again been imprisoned by that state, and many others, have gone over to the enemy. And the "Unified" Socialists send out a manifesto—not opposing war—but justifying its stand in allowing Guesde and Sembat to enter a capitalist war cabinet. The movement is no longer propagating *Socialism*—its votes we want and we'll do anything to get them:

As for Belgium, it is a matter of fact, a fact attested by Vandervelde many times, that capitalism has attained more nearly to perfection in that country than perhaps any other. In other words, the bondage of the Belgian slaves is, if possible, even more acute than that of the rest of us. Yet we find him taking a strictly bourgeois stand over the present war. Even as this is written, he is in Montreal, bearing a letter written by the Belgian queen attesting his good reputation, high moral character and general excellence. So far as known he has not visited Socialist headquarters in Montreal, but is "wining and dining" with the elite at various society functions and suffrage associations.

Had Belgium allowed Germany a right of way, the fighting would have taken place in northern France, and Belgium have been comparatively intact. But the Belgian ruling class, like all others, had an axe to grind, and jumped to the side of the fence they had reason to believe would probably win. Vandervelde and his colleagues have played right into the hands of this class and now are members of the government, responsible for the plight of Belgium.

We are told the Belgian and French Socialists are to be commended in fighting for "their" country. Why? Do the Belgian slaves own Belgium, or do their brother slaves in France own that country? In both countries as here they have the loan of a job while their employment is profitable. At other times they may be thrown in the "cooler" as vags, or stood up for cannon food.

An invasion by the German master class while awkward for certain interests, could not make an iota of difference in the ultimate condition of either the Belgian or

French workers. The conclusion is obvious—they were just as inconsistent and just as easily bluffed and fooled as the German slaves and the actions of their leaders just as reprehensible from the viewpoint of a Socialist. Why—why this state of affairs in the movement? As in Germany, so in France and Belgium—the *capture of the movement by the respectable, radical, reform element*. The class struggle forgotten—the whole energy of the movement directed towards the building of a gigantic political machine that a "Socialist government" may be ushered in and capitalism of a more centralized type take the place of the present "every fellow for himself and devil take the hindmost" system.

As for the workers they have been kept in ignorance of the essentials—"theirs not to reason why," but to follow those to whom God in his infinite wisdom has bequeathed the giant intellects necessary to leadership. The movement is a large property holder in Europe—hence at least a part of its respectability and "constructive" program. The class struggle—the war between the "haves" and the "have nots" is not respectable, hence it must be kept in the background. It might even scare away votes and we need them all!

Let us reason—history will one day verify that which many of us today believe, but find it hard to prove absolutely. For the past several years European diplomacy has had but one goal before it—the isolation of the German empire. And why? Because Germany had, even without any very valuable colonies, threatened to beat the capitalist world at its own game. Germany, prior to the present war had captured the world market for a number of very necessary commodities. Her cheap products allowed of no competition. There is the true inwardness of this and all similar affairs. For years the English and colonial press has thundered that "Germany will get you if you don't watch out." More—we find that before the public got an inkling of the coming trouble England's navy was mobilized and ready for action. Why again? Because this hell's broth has been brewing for ages, it is the true spawn of capitalism—of human slavery. Had the Kaiser been still-born it would have been precipitated and similar affairs will be staged so long as the workers consent to produce surplus value for the masters.

As a comrade said the other day "a quarrel is on, a private quarrel, and it would be bad form for us to butt in." We slaves, so long as we have sense enough to keep out of it, have everything to gain and nothing to lose. Let the masters quarrel. When their henchmen and fighting slaves are worn out we will be fresh and in good form to strike a blow for our freedom from capital!

To return. In England as on the continent most of the labor and Socialist leaders are out as sort of glorified assistant recruiting sergeants. There are a few exceptions. Courageous old John Burns, who has been loaded with contumely by the emasculated parliamentary Labor Party for the past ten or more years, threw up his \$25,000 per year job because he could not endorse the war. And that stalwart of labor, J. Ramsay MacDonald, who for a few days opposed the war, experienced a remarkable change of heart and started to recruit cannon food. Of course, we do not know whether the vacancy caused by the resignation of Burns had anything to do with his patriotic outburst or not, but we may all harbor an opinion. Hyndman, ultra scientific exponent of Marx and Blatchford, his very antithesis, now occupy the same virtuous couch and in chorus implore that Germany receive a good whipping. Scores of others might be mentioned.

Again why this state of affairs? And again the reply—lack of clarity. In such a confused state is the English movement—and it might be noted that confusion has marked it since its birth—that the average Englishman, who comes over, even though claiming to be a Socialist, knows no more of Socialism than a new born babe. There are Socialist and labor parties and societies and associations galore. And a labor delegation of approximately 50 in the House of Commons that steadily becomes more a nonentity every day. Votes are what we are after. There are £200 per year in it for us if elected! We are in favor of any old thing that will ensure a victory at the polls! The class struggle is too old fashioned and besides it will drive away votes! There is the situation and a disgusting mess it is the world over. For not alone is this true of the particular countries mentioned; it holds good in many and divers places, and the state of affairs bears a moral for us.

Scores of those whom we have in the past deferred to as men who knew more of

Socialism than we, are now, through ignorance, we fear and a desire to be popular for a day, discredited as exponents of Socialism. Many have done good work in the past. Their work will live. But the movement is too big and of too vast moment to allow those who have trimmed or gone back to the "flesh pots of Egypt" to become a drag upon it. As for those who came in for a meal ticket and have deserted now that the chances are better elsewhere, they are beneath contempt.

When war threatened, in order to have been consistent, the European Socialists should have opposed it even to the point of organized armed revolt. Had all Socialist representatives in European parliaments taken the courageous stand of our Russian comrades in the shadow of the knout, the gallows or the Siberian convict mines, the result would have been far different.

They did not. Their leaders at any rate insofar as we can tell what occurred, betrayed the movement. This has happened many times. Indeed it is not by any means the slaves only, who in the past have played the coward. Again and yet again have the leaders pottered about and by cowardly hesitation become stuck fast in the quagmire of capitalist politics and diplomacy. In July and August, 1914, they put the same trick over. But—never again!

For mark ye, leaders of labor, we are getting wise. We *want* the Revolution you have *talked* so learnedly about. Like the Irish peasant of the story we "are longing for the day av judgment." We know that the state is the ruthless slave driver, the power used by our masters to keep us in subjection. It does not materially affect us whether the figurehead of that state be president, king, emperor, kaiser or czar: whether he be English, American, German, Hottentot or Sioux Indian. It remains in any event the instrument through and by means of which our bondage is legalized and perpetuated. We must capture that power and put an end to slavery.

The workers international will again be organized. It will be reborn of the blood and tears and miseries of an hitherto duped working class. We of the pick and shovel brigade, who are primarily the builders of this huge fabric of society—we who own no country, but have built up all countries—we will organize the new international. It is to us that Socialism, the end of human

slavery, makes its most potent appeal. We are learning that it will never be handed us on a silver salver by the masters, nor yet by our leaders so despite the "hurt" looks and feelings of the aforementioned leaders we are going after it ourselves this time.

We, the workers, produce all the good things of life—yet we want. We need all these good things. They are here in abundance. When enough of us understand the issue we will be powerful enough to take

them and wise enough to enjoy. Long live Socialism—not of the variety that compromises and seeks justification for capitalist wars, but the Socialism of the class war. As Gribble says in *Rhymes of Revolt*:

"We know no country, but the mass of those who toil,

Our only enemy—the class of those who spoil.

We own no bonds of kindred, race—no boundaries, but those of space."



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"FOR KING AND FATHERLAND."

A GRAVE PLOT OF MEMBERS OF THE GERMAN LAND-STRUM ON FRENCH SOIL.



JEAN JAURES.

ARE WE READY?

By W. H. LEFFINGWELL

WHEN I joined the throng on Boulevard Poissonnière the evening of July 29, 1914, I felt proud that I was a socialist and could count these thousands of Parisian workers as my brothers.

"See," I said to a friend, "these men are all-powerful. They do not wish war. There will be no war."

Those many thousands of workers really seemed to *mean* what they said when they shouted "*à bas la guerre*." (Down with war!) The *garde republicaine*, armed with rifles and bayonets, charged the mob many times with bayonets fixed, but it made little difference. I felt for the first time in my life the sensation of being charged upon by soldiers. We all ran before them but we came back many times.

The next day Jaurès was assassinated! So much did the French government agree with me that the socialists were a mighty power and might demand reprisals in their fury, that within twelve hours of the event they had placarded Paris with a proclamation that the government mourned with the socialists the loss of the great leader and would see that the assassin was dealt with summarily.

* * * * *

The next day *La Guerre Sociale*, Hervé's paper, came out with a great leading article entitled: "They have assassinated Jaurès, we will not assassinate France," in which he advised all socialists and revolutionists to rally to the defense of the nation.

* * * * *

Was ever so much history crammed into

three short days? May I never live through so much in the rest of my life—yet I fear that more and worse events are to confront us very soon.

Of the misery, the terror and the devastation of war I saw during the next few weeks more than I could describe in a book, yet I was never nearer than twenty miles to a battlefield. I saw hundreds, yes, thousands, of home ties sundered. I saw weeping men and weeping women by the thousands. I saw industry completely crushed and thousands of men and women idly walking the streets. I saw hundreds of Belgian refugees entering Paris with all their worldly possessions in their handkerchiefs. I heard their sorrowful tales. Soldiers, cannon, mitrailleuses, ammunition wagons, supplies, horses, etc., passed my home in a steady procession six hours a day for two weeks, yet this could only have been a small portion of the actual army.

In traveling from Paris to Dieppe I passed through the rear of the French army and the sight of the soldiers digging trenches, the wounded lying upon straw beside the tracks, a train load of soldiers packed tightly in box cars, a company of artillery climbing a hill and other warlike preparations will never fade from my memory. Neither will the fact that in that whole trip did I see not one single factory chimney smoking.

I left France for England and in my short stay there learned that although the war would not have *quite* such a terrible effect upon that country, yet had not parliament stepped in and established a sort of state capitalism it certainly would have ruined England. As it is, frightful misery is bound to come there a little later when the maimed and mangled heroes return and are thrust upon the labor market.

I returned to America and found the people of the United States looking upon the whole war as a sort of a football match and idly speculating as to the winner. Even the socialists seem content to scold their European comrades for their unsocialistic actions. Not one in a dozen of those I have met seem to realize that this war has a meaning to socialists of America other

than mere propaganda, that perhaps we here in this country may be called upon to play some part other than calling attention to the horrors of war.

Suppose the leaders of the German socialist movement have made mistakes—and I believe they have. Suppose even that the whole five million voters there are weak-kneed cowards, does that alter the fact that there is upon us now a cataclysm such as the world has never witnessed? Can we afford to merely take the attitude of carping critics? Is it not our duty to play *our* part carefully, thoughtfully and bravely?

My pen is weak, it will not bring forth words of sufficient power, but, comrades of the revolution, I beseech you, you who believe in a better day, you who really are in earnest, who desire freedom as much as you desire life—prepare your house for the day is come. Be you socialists, social democrats, syndicalists or direct actionists, remember that first of all you are social revolutionists. Drop all petty differences as to means and methods and begin to think and plan seriously. No longer need we deal in hypotheses—perhaps the methods of all of us are wrong—certainly few of us have made startling successes.

Let us clear the decks for action.

To those of you who are afraid, I beg of you to go your way while there is yet time to retire gracefully, for in the times that are coming we will have little use and less respect for cowards.

Never before in all the history of revolutions has there been a tenth of the cause or justification that there is now. We of the United States will surely have to play our part. Are we ready?

We must be neither Germans, French nor English; we must be social revolutionists.

We will need great *statesmen*, not politicians. Have we got them ready?

We will need great fighters, not quibbling quarrellers. Are they at hand?

We will need brave men and women ready to die for freedom.

We will need money—and sacrifice.

“Arise, ye workers, for the day is near.”



Courtesy Haynes Automobile Co., Kokomo, Ind.

REVERSIBLE MOTOR BLOCKS TURN PARTS OF CHASSIS BOTTOM SIDE UP AND FACILITATE ASSEMBLING.

AUTO CAR MAKING

By MARY E. MARCY

IN 1903 Henry Ford, after much experimenting and inventing and building for several years, incorporated his now famous automobile plant in Detroit, Mich. Other auto manufacturers with small plants sprung up every month for the next few years. Each concern had some special ideas and designs it tried to work out and individual manufacturers vied with each other to produce machines which should force their less successful competitors to the wall and establish their own reputations as makers of the best car.

In not one single department was there the slightest effort made toward standardization in the early days. In fact there was always simple machinery required for each part of the hundreds of different makes of auto vehicle. Repairs could only be rightly made in that particular plant

where the damaged part had originally been produced. The accessories of machines, the various parts to be assembled into the chassis, or "working part" of the car, were all different, and, since they could be made on only a small scale, highly expensive. Modern manufacturing machinery only pays when it is used for production on a large scale.

These scores of early small automobile factories had all their corps of highly trained and specialized experts, mechanics, inventors and engineers. The machinery for making automobiles was comparatively simple and all the skill in car-building was in the working force. Naturally wages were very high and the manufacturing cost of automobiles from two to four hundred per cent more than it is today.

But price and efficiency alone can stand

the test of use and time among the buying public. Twenty-two makers of inferior machines, or inadequate capital, who had started plants in Detroit in 1904 and 1905, were either absorbed or sent to the wall inside of a few years.

New companies arose to win success or failure in the auto manufacturers' struggle for existence, according to their weakness or their strength, their good fortune or their misfortune. And in the weeding out process of early competition, the wise manufacturers yielded to the demands of the public and the need for cheaper production and began to standardize.

And in this race Henry Ford, the inventor and manufacturer, was always ahead of all his competitors. He was the first to realize that standardization and specialization meant cheaper manufacturing cost and that cheaper manufacturing cost meant bigger business and more profits, which would enable him to install still more wonderful machinery, that would automatically and almost miraculously, perform the work of the highest paid experts. And in every step made by Ford in modernizing his machinery of production and eliminating skill in his working force, other automobile manufacturers followed as fast as their growing capital would permit.

Being first in this field Ford was able to secure the best possible men, young men, of quickness and efficiency, to run his machines at the remarkable and unheard price of \$5.00 a day, whereas some of the work had formerly been performed by skilled mechanics at from seven to twelve dollars a day, or by experts at a still higher figure. Today many of the Ford employees receive as low as \$2.34 a day *when they are at work*.

Mr. Ford also discovered that his men could produce more cars in less time and with greater efficiency in an eight-hour than in a nine-hour day. "The Automobile" announced recently that the Ford plant in Detroit ran three eight-hour shifts, so that the vast machines of production are never idle and every man works to the utmost limit of his speed—or is replaced by younger and more efficient men, who can keep up the incredible pace. But more of the Ford plant later.

The changes that have taken place in the auto vehicle industry during the past few years are summed up admirably in the

January 8th, 1914, number of "The Automobile." We have learned, it says:

To discard the car which cannot be built without the faithful and expert co-operation of fifty trained mechanical specialists, and which in the long run cannot be kept in good order without much assistance from the same class, to discard as useless and misleading the working-pride involved in the daily efforts of these fifty, and to learn to look upon that car as the ideal, instead, which once it has been built and tested laboriously by five super-workmen, of mental and manual skill superlative, can be reproduced in large number through almost *automatic mechanical machine operations*—this change in attitude could not be accomplished easily; for it did not mainly mean the old story of buying more machinery to take the place of handwork, but first of all a thorough and predetermined subordination of the design to the production possibilities, and, secondly, the overcoming of the enormous and stubborn resistance by which skilled workmen will meet a general lowering in the grade of work assigned to them.

One of our friends who has been for years a specialized worker in the automobile industry declares there has never been the rapid growth in the production of any commodity that we see in auto vehicle manufacturing. According to his report the modern industry is less than twenty years of age and a car that was made a decade ago would be a curiosity upon the streets if seen today.

It was as late as 1896 (November) that it became legal to run automobiles on the roads in the United Kingdom. Yet the pioneer vehicles belong in the museum of today.

Earliest inventions were generally of steam or electric power. Prior to these men had experimented on cars propelled by springs. The oldest relic of English manufacture existing today was made by Col. Crompton. He began work on his machine while still an engineering apprentice in 1861; and completed his car in 1869. It ran for several years.

The first successful car built in France was made by Panhard & Levassor, in 1891.

Herr Gottlieb Daimler and Herr Carl Benz are the undoubted pioneers of the modern automobile. They worked within a relatively few miles of each other, un-

known to each other, in Germany. Their work was exemplified by a Canstatt-Daimler in 1894-5. This early vehicle bears no resemblance whatever to the modern Mercedes which emanates from the same factory and which attained a speed of 133 miles an hour at Ostend, Belgium.

Another pioneer English car was a kerosene propelled Knight which made its appearance in 1895. The first motor-driven vehicle patented in America was the Selden, the makers of which received royalties from other manufacturers of internal combustion vehicles for several years. The first American car completed for the market was made by Elwood Haynes in 1893. Today the United States produces more, and perhaps better, motor cars than all the rest of the world combined.

The Ford plant at Detroit alone manufactures more cars in one year than France, Canada, Germany, England and Belgium.

Specialization and Standardization
It is largely owing to their standardization methods as well as to the excellence of their machines that has placed American manufacturers in the lead in auto making. One has only to compare the trade journals of today and of a few years ago to recognize the immense strides they have made.



Courtesy Hupp Motor Car Co., Detroit.

THIS MACHINE DRILLS 200 FLYWHEELS A DAY; EIGHTEEN ARE DRILLED AT ONE TIME WHERE ONLY ONE WAS DRILLED.

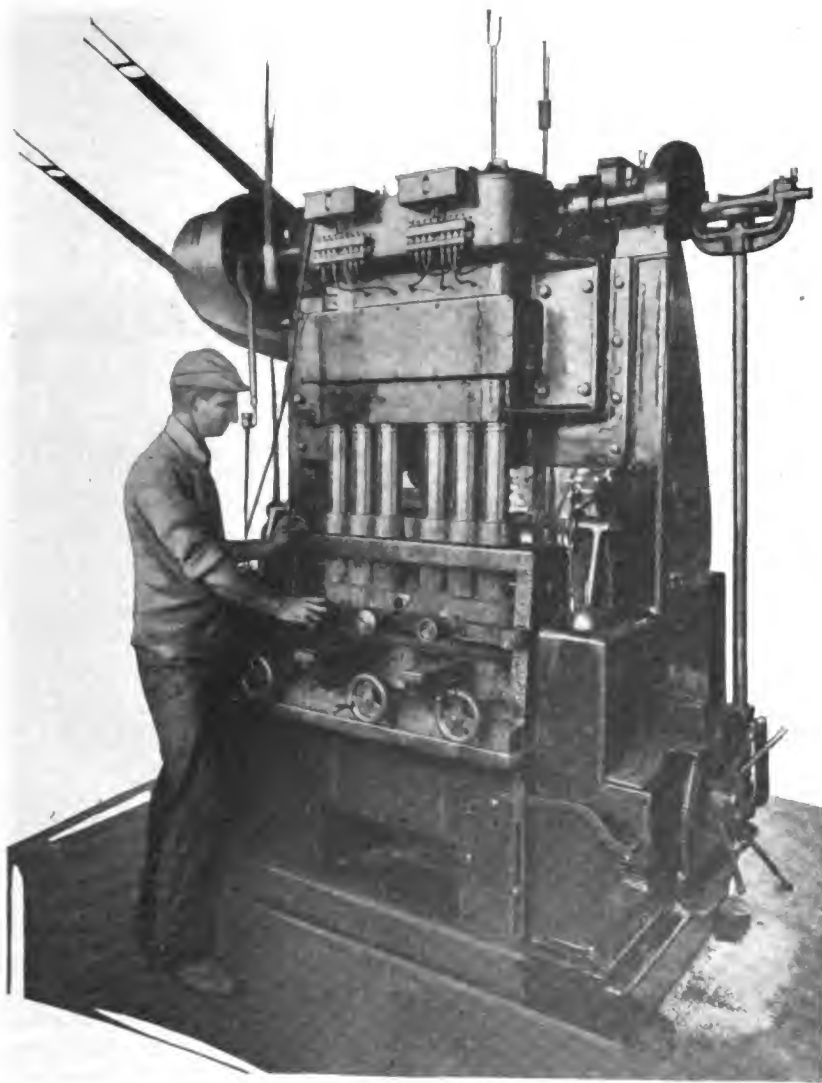
Hundreds of subsidiary manufacturing plants have been established most of which supply one single standardized part of the automobile to one or more manufacturers. There are manufacturers of automobile bodies, of tops, gearboxes, radiators and axles. One plant turns out over 20,000 bodies in one year; another produces 14,000 porcelains a week. Holley Bros. put out 1,000 carburetors every day. The Disco Company alone will turn out 30,000 electric starting devices this year. Another company produces over 2,000,000 of a special kind of bearings annually.

In a eulogistic article in one of the trade journals, an expert says in writing of the plant of the Champion Company, "While the writer was at the plant today, between the hours of 9 a. m. and 5 p. m. exactly 23,072 spark plugs were manufactured and packed for shipment to all parts of the world. Before the end of the day 2,000 to 3,000 more had joined the day's output."

"Specialization has come along with better machinery, modern factory buildings and scientific factory management. It has revolutionized the manufacturing world. It has brought order out of chaos and left behind that manufacturer who DIVIDES HIS EFFORTS AMONG SEVERAL LINES OF GOODS. Take any of the great industrial successes of today and a brief analysis will show them to depend upon SPECIALIZATION for their enormous earnings and size. In the automobile industry there are many examples of specialization, both in cars and in parts. Ford cars are made in only one type. Each parts maker is a specialist; axles, steering gears, wheels, springs, bodies, issue in large quantities from plants of enormous size which MAKE NO OTHER PART."

The machinery used in automobile manufacture has developed marvelously. Perhaps nine-tenths of the work formerly performed by many men in many operations is now done by one great machine in a single operation.

Auto manufacturing work calls for many drilling operations. This is especially true of the frame members, which have to take the connections binding the frame together, besides all the members of the car itself which are carried and supported by the frame. The multiple spindle drill is the largest machine drill in the world. This machine is capable of drilling seventy-two



Courtesy Haynes Automobile Co.

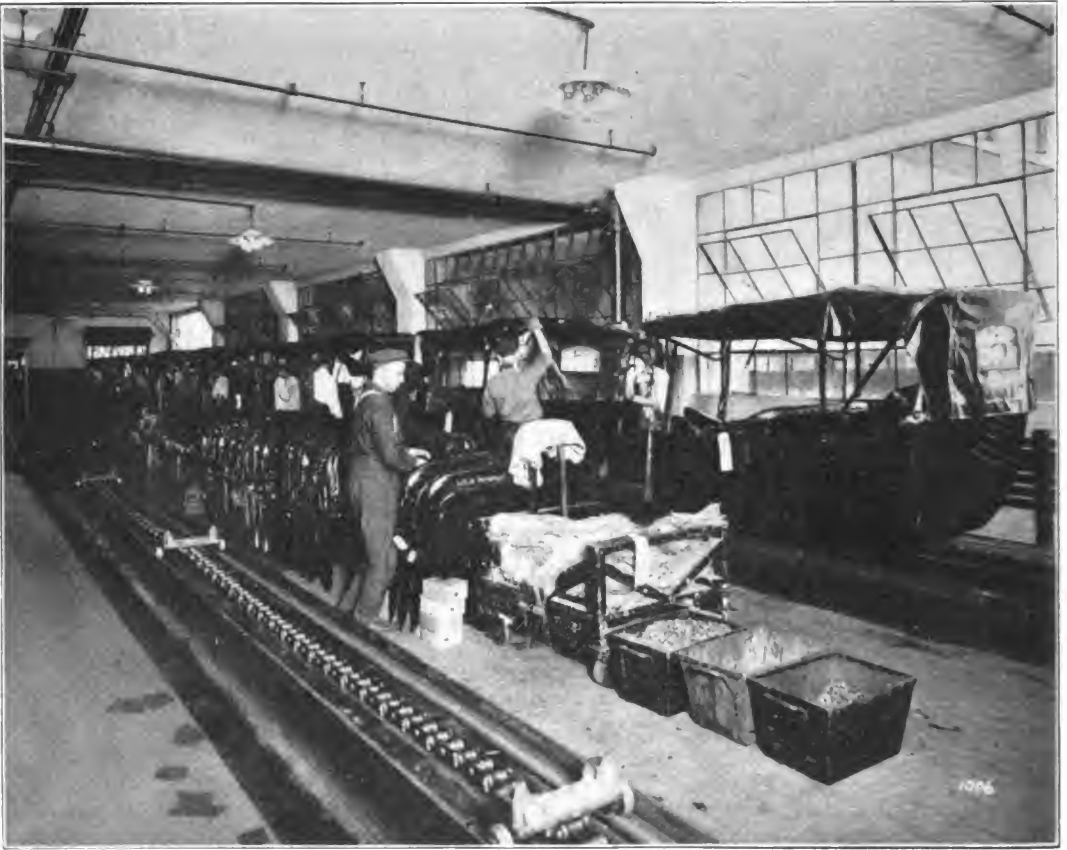
BORING SIX CYLINDERS WITH ONE OPERATION.

holes at a single operation and is used exclusively for drilling holes in the side bars of the frame. Two men working on this machine will drill all the holes in a frame side bar in 30 seconds. This is just thirty-six times as fast as would be accomplished by former methods—a gain of 3,600 per cent of time.

The new multiple broach machine cuts eight keyways in one minute. The Foot-Burt cylinder boring mill bores all four or six cylinders of the block casting at once. The new battery of gear hobbing machines

cut gears for twenty machines a day. The machine cutting the gears for the Haynes motor performs three of the former operations at one time.

The 2,500,000 entire hides used in upholstering the automobile are measured and cut by machinery which performs the work in half the time required by hand labor. The National Motor Vehicle Company at Indianapolis have an automatic machine for making pistons. This machine simultaneously turns the rings and piston skirt and machines the head and base. It turns out



Courtesy Ford Automobile Co., Detroit.

FORD PROGRESSIVE ASSEMBLY SYSTEM. THE CHASSIS STARTS ITS ASSEMBLY AT ONE END OF THE TRACK AND COMES OFF A COMPLETE CAR MINUS A BODY IN 53 SECONDS.

eighty-five pistons a day. A special machine for pressing ball bearings on a Lozier crankshaft has been devised that is a great time and labor saver.

53 Seconds to put the Chassis of an auto TOGETHER

The chassis is called the WORKING parts of an automobile, without its body. The Ford progressive chassis assembly system is one of the most interesting in the motor car world.

"It may best be described as a railroad track system, because in the factory has been built what looks like a railroad track, 800 feet long, with the rails nearly two feet from the floor and not so far apart as in a railroad or trolley line.

"Eighty workmen line this railroad track from end to end, approximately forty on one side and as many on the other. The chassis starts its assembly (or putting to-

gether) at one end of this track and is driven off by the tester at the other end. It takes a chassis less than thirty minutes to make the trip from end to end—starting in as NOTHING (but the *parts* of a car) and coming off A COMPLETE CAR, MINUS THE BODY.

"Between the rails of this assembly (or putting-together) track is an endless moving chain, traveling much slower than a slow walk. This chain has large catches or hooks on it that catch on the differential housing and keep the chassis constantly moving until it is assembled, not a single stop, to put in the motor, to attach the dash, the gasoline tank or any other parts.

"It is a pace-setting scheme; the workman must do his job in so many seconds or he loses out. The moving chain will not wait for him, for other workmen have their work to do.

"A half hour study of this railroad assembly showed that a completed car (minus the body) was coming off the tracks every 53 seconds, just as regularly as the second hand of the watch made its circuit of the dial. It was not once in 53 seconds, not twice in 53 seconds, but every time in 53 seconds; sometimes a few seconds less.

"There are three of these progressive assembly systems side by side in the main factory, but these three do not represent the assembly capacity of the great Ford organization as the company has fifteen assembly factories in different parts of the country and a dozen more in process of construction."—(The Automobile, May 14, 1914.)

Last week we received a letter from two of our friends who had been earning \$7.50 and \$8.50 a day painting the bodies of automobiles. One of them said:

"We are out for good, I guess, as these people have installed an automatic painting plant. Before two months are over the other manufacturers will have them, so we may as well be looking for jobs elsewhere.

"A score of cars are run into as many stalls under the new system; given a shower bath of paint and run out into a drying room—all in almost less time than it takes to write about."

The race in motor car making has, perhaps, only well begun. Each week sees some new method employed for cutting down the cost and machinery installed that will eliminate the skilled worker. One of the technical journals announces that it has been discovered that one man can successfully operate two of the new machines at the same time: One is the four spindle Moline drill press, used in machining connecting rods, and the other, a two spindle machine whose locating points bring the rod into perfect alignment for the reaming operation, and centers the rods. One man takes entire charge of these two machines, both of which are performing several operations at the same time.

Without doubt the good old days for the skilled worker and the mechanical expert are over in the automobile industry. Standardization and specialization has eliminated them. Today the skill is in the new and



Courtesy Haynes Automobile Co.

BODIES BEING UPHOLSTERED IN HAYNES FACTORY. TWO AND ONE-HALF MILLION HIDES ARE USED ANNUALLY FOR BODIES ALONE.

modern machine which will perform, at less cost and at greater speed, the most difficult tasks almost automatically. And highly skilled men are not required to operate these machines.

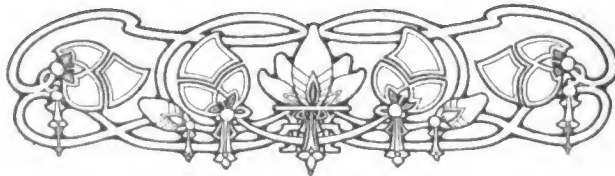
Fixed capital, or the capital invested in improved methods of production, in modern machinery, has greatly increased and the wage scale, compared to the growth in output, has greatly diminished. The cost of auto vehicle manufacture has been wonderfully reduced in the more modern establishments and the profits to the manufacturers have risen to enormous size. Last year the sale of automobiles in Detroit amounted to more than the total wealth of that city.

The skilled trades will find it impossible to secure a hold in the motor car plants because the skilled trades are becoming unnecessary to the success of these plants. The unskilled worker has at last come into his own so far as getting the jobs is concerned. And it is the unskilled workers who must be reached and organized into One Big Industrial Union. It is up to every rebel in the automobile industry to distribute the propaganda literature of Socialism and Industrial Unionism. The right sentiment is there and it needs only to be crystalized. Let some of the books of Kerr and Company do your work!



Courtesy Hupp Motor Car Co.

DROP FORGINGS ARE NOW EXTENSIVELY USED.



"NO CHARITY HERE!"

By BRUCE ROGERS

RETURNING over the hump from North Yakima my seat companion was a weather-tanned but neatly dressed man of twenty-eight or thirty. Hard muscles moved handsomely under the skin of his face and neck and his clear eyes told of sobriety and exceeding good health. When he joined me at Ellensburg I took him for a traveling salesman with a fad for the open air and physical culture. With casual smoking car democracy he proffered his tobacco and wheat straw papers. I was on the point of asking him what line he sold when, removing his gloves, which, I observed, would not fasten about his huge wrists, I saw the knotted callous-lined palms and split nails that come only from hard manual labor. He told me his story.

"Work was slow in Tacoma, so I beat it over to the harvest to lay by something for the wife and kiddies for the hard winter ahead. I fell off at Ellensburg, took down the track and struck the first rancher I met for a job. I didn't like the wages but he said there were lots of other guys coming who couldn't make it at their trades, so I peeled off and went to it. Now I had always thought that farmers were a decent friendly class about their houses and would treat you like one of the family. We worked till dark at a pretty stiff clip.

He quit the chores enough ahead of me so that he had eaten with his family and when I came in I sat down to some cold grub and warmed over coffee and not so much as an excuse made about it. I waited around to be told where to sleep and finally I asks him.

"Sleep, hell," he says; "*there's three hundred acres here. You ought to be able to find room enough to sleep in.*"

Believe me, I was that sore I coulda quit right then, but I didn't know how far it was to the next place nor how I would fare if I found it, so I crawled in the hay as far as I could get from over the horses. It was just like that all down the valley. I

got used to it, in a way, and I got a few dollars to show for it. The wife worked some in Tacoma, but I guess it's worse there now than when I left, so I don't know yet whether we will get by or not."

And then reflectively, "I got connections and I'm no bo, but, believe me, if I was, I would burn every barn and wheat stack in the Yakima Valley before I would let them make a dog outa me."

I couldn't see how that would get him anywhere, though I agreed that it might challenge attention, but he failed to hear. Pursuing his own feelings, he added:

"There's one thing about it. When I get in to Tacoma, believe me, I'll not shoot off my lip about the I. W. W. like I did last winter and I'm a good mind to put in with them."

So there you are. The quality of abuse and contumely to be heaped upon a worker is measured only by the quantity which he will endure before making himself dangerous. That there is an increasing number who are willing to be walked upon, spat upon and fed with the dogs is sufficiently evident to remove all economic or practical reasons for active concern on the part of employers over the worker's undelightful pastime of starving to death. He morbidly enjoys the situation at the point where he encounters it, that of reading the reports of the Associated Charities, whose gilded certificate of membership hangs in his outer office, and he merely adds this pleasure-of-reading to his favorite indoor sports. There is a note of danger, however, in a new temper of a few of the unemployed—too wretchedly few. "If you don't give us work at standard pay we'll take food wherever we find it."

There is no celerity like that of the capitalist brain to turn any situation to advantage, as we shall presently see. At least a month earlier than usual the Seattle Chief of Police reported that the number applying nightly for the cement hospitality of the city jail had reached all he could accom-

moderate. Petty thieving was on the increase, burglaries had begun on a winter scale ahead of time, citizens were being held up, the city jail and both the city and county stockades were full, and still they came on every boat and train, and now in mid-winter they are still coming. "Why don't they stay in the country?" is an innocent question; but in truth it is harder to winter there. There are no ten-cent lodgings and no cheap restaurants in country towns, and these men will not be wanted on the farm until the harvest. The logging camps will not open until spring. A new name for the charities gag is "The Central Council of Social Agencies." Securing a large building, they established a barracks where indigent but "worthy" single men might sleep on the floor and eat potatoes wetted down with coffee-tinctured water. This building took the natural name of "Hotel de Gink," which was an offense to the ears who officially styled it "Hotel Liberty" and put a salaried host in charge of it.

Enter now the bright idea with one Henry Pauly, disciple of Jeff Davis, and a typical padrone. He suggested the coinage of wretchedness into profits. Why not "clear" (meaning to put in a state of cultivation), the logged-off lands at a rate so low as to be attractive to the landholders? The men would work for just a little more than their board and sleep in floorless tents. At least the *deserving* ones would, he reasoned.

He was put in charge of Hotel Liberty with full power to select the worthy and drive the unworthy away. What a name for such a place! Now it must be known that with us logged-off lands are in reality waste areas, no matter how rich the soil may be admitted to be. The price at which the lands are held, added to the usual cost of clearing, makes a principal sum which, if invested at ordinary interest rates, would yield an income more than sufficient to buy the products of the reclaimed lands perpetually. Notwithstanding the land boosters, there is no way to think of them except as desert, marsh or waste lands, but subject to reclamation.

You will fall short in your appreciation of Mr. Pauly's genius if you do not understand that the unemployed problem so-called is a permanent one with periods of recurring intensity. If he could solve it by getting labor to reclaim the lands for

nothing it would tend toward a permanent condition of labor—working for nothing. Could anything be more ideal from the viewpoint of the employers? They have been quick to see it, and Mr. G. N. Skinner, a most appropriately-named labor-fiater and President of the Employers' Association, became an enthusiastic patron of the plan. The papers lauded the scheme and began extolling the virtues of the deserving workingman who will work for poor wages when he can't get good, and who will work for nothing rather than be idle. The plan, of course, is well financed, but somehow it isn't working out and the papers are having more to say about the "won't works." At least, one Local of the Socialist Party cared sufficiently little for the approval of the middle class that they openly denounced the peonage plan, and, marvel of wonders, the Central Labor Council awoke from its somnolent security long enough to pass a tactful resolution denouncing any exploitation of the unemployed at lower rate of pay than current wages, but naming no amount.

The Executive Secretary of the Charities Organization, Miss Virginia McMechen, is a somewhat disillusioned type of uplifter and an Expert in Social Service. She marvelled that her committee of employers and business men could not reckon upon any phase of unemployment save that of the itinerant worker and could not get attention to the condition of resident unemployed heads of families. The writer was able to show her that the "home-guard" was less inclined to make a public problem of himself, constituted no threat against property, and would hold on as long as possible to a respectable status and the good opinion of his neighbors, but that she would not need to wait long, for even he would lose his moorings.

Presently a committee of family men presented themselves before the City Council requesting work at anything and received most bountiful sympathy sweetened with assurances that nothing could be done for them. One of their number made a little speech in which he said he had been a voter in Seattle for ten years, had never been up in court, that his family was near want and that he proposed to feed them, laws or no laws. Forthwith the papers discovered that there is much local distress and began a Christmas campaign for relief. Many schemes have been set under way such as

cleaning up vacant lots, assembling wayward garbage, etc.

By far the most talked-of manifestation of the unemployed crisis in Seattle, and as reported in other Pacific Coast cities, is the habit some workers are developing of no longer begging the restaurants but of entering and seating themselves in dignified fashion, eating dollar meals and then telling the proprietor to "charge it to the Mayor," to Sweet Charity, or "tab it on the ice."

Haled into court they sing a more or less epicurean tune of "pie in the sky by and by," and one with a lilt of ribaldry and good cheer, "Halleluia, I'm a Bum, Halleluia, Bum Again," etc., on their glad way to the steam heat of the stockade. Twenty-nine such offenders were sent up in one day and continue in large numbers in the daily grist, of "offenses against property."

UNEMPLOYED DETACHED WOMEN

Our civilization is not a nice one and I yield to no desire to discuss it in a nice way. Unemployed working women and girls find their situation aggravated in that prostitution, ceasing to be profitable, women of that ancient profession turn to seek work. A stage-hand friend of mine who is somewhat of a rounder recently told me there were no less than five hundred girl hoboos in the neighborhood of Pike street alone who might be had for a "feed" or a bed. "You don't take them for 'boes because they must keep dolled up to the last." Working women make room for them as best they can. No one else will. A number of them are reported to be sleeping under sidewalks. A hundred or more unemployed women workers in November challenged the Christian bluff in great form by marching upon the palatial club rooms of the Young Women's Christian Association, holding a meeting outside and demanding shelter. They were referred to the

Charities Society, but something had to be done for the sake of the newspapers, and so a few cots were arranged in the building which kindly act was afforded due publicity. Another challenge of Christianity was made in a far different quarter when a score or more of unemployed men entered a Salvation Army storeroom, fitted themselves with castoff coats and walked away without paying.

PACIFIC COAST UNEMPLOYED LEAGUE

Growing weary of the gorgeous bunk and red tape of the charities societies, the unemployed themselves have formed The Pacific Coast Unemployed League, of which Seattle is Local Number One. They have no salaried officials or bureaus, choose their managers from among their own numbers, and have taken a firm stand against the Pauly peonage land-reclamation plan. They called the unemployed together in the largest meetings that have been held, chose a committee and began the publication of a paper styled the *Unemployed News* from sales of which many of their numbers support themselves. They have made a most effective answer to the cheap lie that they "won't work" by securing a large delivery wagon, making harness for themselves and hauling it about town in teams of thirty or forty as if they were work horses.

They are succeeding too well with this and at this writing, early in December, it is doubted if the authorities will permit the use of the wagon much longer. They have opened a commissary for the distribution of clothing and food and have opened a kitchen in true communal fashion. They make no classification of the phases of the "problem," but their movement is for the whole body of the unemployed. On the walls of their old store building hang many stinging "No Charity" legends. "We can do nothing for you. Join us and we'll do something all together."





HOME OF HERMAN D. SUHR, WHO WAS RAILROADED TO THE CALIFORNIA STATE PENITENTIARY FOR LIFE. HIS CRIME CONSISTED IN HELPING THE STRIKING HOP PICKERS.

A MOTHER'S APPEAL

By MATILDA SUHR

WRITING as I am from the home provided by my husband Herman D. Suhr, I wonder what sort of law sent him to the penitentiary for life. Herman gave me and his two children this home out of his earnings as a laborer. I look around and am reminded of his gentleness and care. I know that Herman would not harm anything living. He left me and the children in the last week of July, 1913, to provide means to pay* for this home. He went to Wheatland and was one of three thousand who found condition such that human nature could not bear. There was a strike. Every official who examined into the facts says that words could not describe the filth and misery on the Durst ranch in August, 1913. While the strike was at its height there was a charge into the strikers' meeting by drunken, armed

deputies. Two of them shot. My husband was wounded in the arm by a load of buck-shot. At no time during the strike did anybody state that my husband had used violence or even had taken a prominent part in the meetings. None of all the state witnesses recognized him. He did, however, sign a telegram to the San Francisco Bulletin to send a photographer and a reporter to write up the strike. Was this that he might be pictured killing somebody? He signed some other telegrams asking that men and money be sent to the help of the strikers and on this he is convicted of murder.

Yes, there is something else. My husband was arrested. He was kept sleepless for two weeks. He was beaten, tortured, threatened. Herman went insane as he tells me. He was at the limit of human endur-

ance. He signed a paper, and when he had one hour's blessed sleep he denied its contents.

Then they took my husband in this shape to Sutter County jail, in Yuba City. Seven men kept him in charge. Two by two, acting under a chief, these seven men sat on his bed at night, ate with him, talked to this broken man, hammered into his head for more than two months that he had taken a gun and shot somebody. This was all brought out at the Marysville trial. Two men whom Herman had never seen before and who talked with him, according to their own story about five minutes, testified that Herman said, voluntarily, mind you, to men he had never before seen, that he "grabbed a gun from an old man and blazed away," during the riot on the Durst ranch. Remember, my husband had a load of buck-shot in his arm. Then they brought into court a deputy sheriff who testified that Herman had confessed to him that he took part in murder. This confession was made in less than half a minute, while Herman and the deputy were "hurrying" a distance of one hundred steps. The confession covers pages of typewriting and Herman is said to have blurted all this out in the course of a run of one hundred steps. Yet on testimony such as this, learned judges, of the lower and upper courts, say my husband is guilty of murder. I have told the story fairly and correctly. Will the working class allow my husband to remain in prison for life?

In her appeal, Mrs. Ford says that you may write to the governor of the state if

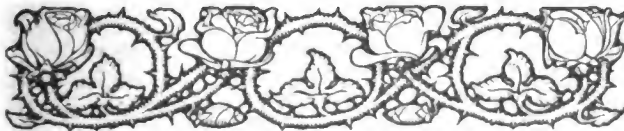
you wish, but above all remember her husband—*on the job*. I beg the mothers of the state and nation to do anything to get my husband free.

Look at the little home, which I and his two children are working to keep. I go out washing to keep the children in school. When they come home they work through their play time, that we may keep this house Herman slaved so hard to buy.

Think of it, mothers! To brand such a man as a murderer and on such testimony, after my husband was driven insane by torture.

At fifteen years of age, back in Nebraska my husband took the place of his dead father. He kept the farm until his brothers grew old enough to run it. I knew Herman from childhood. We got married. My health failed and then we came out to California, where my husband proved that he worked two years in one place, a year in another and spent all his life for his family and his kind. This home is his best proof that he is not a murderer. This man, who worked from fifteen until thirty-eight years of age at useful toil is placed in the penitentiary for life. What of the law so blind as to do this?

Help us, mothers, sisters, daughters of the land to get Herman back to his once happy home. He and Dick Ford have been singled out for punishment because through their cases the conditions on the California ranches for laborers were exposed. That is their only crime. Help bring him back to usefulness.



The Defense of the German Socialists

By WILLIAM ENGLISH WALLING

A FEW days after the outbreak of the war an event occurred, that to most thoughtful people still remains to be explained. The leading section of the greatest international organization in the world, the leading anti-military force in Germany and the most powerful anti-military movement in the world endorsed the cause of militarism. The German Social Democracy voted in the Reichstag in favor of a war loan of five billion marks, thus giving their valuable support to the Kaiser's credit, and their moral approval to the war. It was impossible for them to have done more.

At first it was stated that their action was unanimous. It now seems that this is not a fact. The vote of the Party is always cast as a unit, and so the one hundred and ten Socialist votes were given for the war credits, but there was violent opposition in the caucus, and a vote that indicates that at least several hundred thousand Party members, representing perhaps a million Socialist voters, were against the action taken. Nevertheless, it seems probable that a majority of the members of the German Socialist Party and an overwhelming majority of the Socialist voters abandoned their life-long warfare against militarism the moment the war began.

Since the Socialists voted the war credits on August 4th, Socialists, democrats, and pacifists the world over have been busy trying to understand and explain their action. At first we were without any definite statements from the Socialists themselves. Had they been kept in ignorance of the true course of German diplomacy? Were they unaware of the attack on Luxemburg and Belgium? The "leaders" of the Party had been invited to a consultation with von Bethman-Hollweg on August 3rd. Possibly they were persuaded by him that the sword had indeed been "forced into the Kaiser's hands" and that Russia was the aggressor. But this supposition must be dismissed, for *Vorwaerts* on that very day took the view that Austria was the aggressor and gave its reasons. And

von Bethman-Hollweg himself announced the attack on Luxemburg and Belgium more than an hour before Haase delivered the Socialist statement in the Reichstag—an hour's recess intervening in which the Socialist majority could have changed its mind if it had been ignorant of these facts.

Was it coercion? No, for Socialists who voted with the Kaiser have since journeyed to Italy, Switzerland, Holland, sent by the Party, in vain effort to justify their action before the Socialists of those countries.

Nor was the action due to a sudden "hysterical fear of the Slavs." For years the Party press has attacked the "Russian peril" bogey and the attack was continued up to the very day of the declaration of war. It had declared that Austria was the aggressor, that Russian mobilization did not justify war, that the Russian nation, as a whole, is not reactionary nor a danger to German progress, since the revolutionary forces in that country are almost as strong as the government itself. All these positions were taken by *Vorwaerts*, the Party organ, both before the war and since. Some of the more radical papers have gone further. The Leipzig *Volkszeitung* and the Bremen *Bürgerzeitung* have both declared that in a war between Russia and Germany, it is Germany which would stand for the reactionary or anti-democratic side. They have pointed out that the most reactionary court party in Russia has favored and still favors Germany, and that the German Emperor has on every occasion done all in his power to aid the Czar and Russian autocracy against the Russian people. According to these papers, it is not merely that this is no war for the liberation of the oppressed Russian nationalities, as the Kaiser and some Socialists claim, but that it is a war directed against Russian democracy and German victory would reinforce Russian despotism.

But now for two months we have been receiving almost daily the official statements of the German Party and of the leaders of its majority faction, which is responsible for the voting of the war credits.

On August 21st, three weeks after the declaration of war, Scheidemann, formerly Vice-President of the Reichstag, who had visited this country last year, addressed a declaration to the Socialists of America which contains a careful and lengthy defense of the German Party's action—and an unconscious betrayal of the state of mind that lies behind it.

Scheidemann asks us to believe that "nobody wanted the war in Germany," and underlines the word "nobody." He then says:

"Though France, Republican France, has allied herself with the Russian absolutism for the purpose of murder and destruction, it is still difficult to conceive that England, parliamentary England, democratic England, is fighting side by side with Russia for 'freedom and culture.' That is truly a gigantic, shameless piece of hypocrisy." He goes on to claim that the sole motive of England is "envy of the economic development" of Germany; and he endorses without reservation the German Chancellor's defense of the invasion of Belgium, namely, that it was "necessary."

The best hope he can see for the world is that the Kaiser should completely conquer France at the earliest possible moment and so force peace; he expresses the belief that German victory is absolutely certain; and he even goes so far as to ask that the German Socialists be given full credit for the victorious carrying out of the war, recalling Bebel's statement to the government in the Reichstag in 1904: "Gentlemen, you cannot carry on any victorious war henceforth without our aid."

Scheidemann's unbounded patriotism even leads him to an inexcusable misstatement of the truth. He says that the whole German people are united for the war and that the Socialists in the Reichstag unanimously voted the war credits, and suppresses the fact that a strong minority stood against this action within the Socialist group in the Reichstag, and that it was bound by party rules to vote with the majority.

The position of Scheidemann and his faction would seem from this letter to be the same as that of the ordinary non-Socialist German "patriot." And it cannot be denied that the leaders of the Socialist majority have come to adopt practically the whole of the Kaiser's argument. But an examination of the development by which

they have reached this position will show beyond question that it is due not so much to envy of the peoples of other countries or hostility toward them, as to a preoccupation with the immediate welfare of the German working people so complete as to exclude all real interest in those of other countries or in international affairs, which, as we see, may involve all peoples in a common ruin.

Recently the Party has issued an official statement which contains a somewhat more plausible explanation of the support it is giving to the war. If the Russian Czarism is beaten, then the only menace to Germany that is recognized as such by the mass of the people, will be removed. The chief pretext for militarism will then be gone, and the Party can hope to make a more successful fight against it.

The *New York Evening Post* rightly laughs at this argument; as if the militarism of the German Junkers would be weakened by the most glorious victory that any military party ever gained. And it must be added that no people in the world are better aware than the German Socialists of the fact that a military party can be crushed only by defeat and never by victory. This is such a commonplace among German Socialists that it is safe to say that it has been both spoken and written about millions of times. And it is also safe to say that the chief hope of the overwhelming majority of Party members for years has been that the governing caste of Germany would become so mad as to hurl her into a war which would bring about defeat and revolution.

From several reliable sources, including a Reichstag member of the majority faction itself, another explanation has recently reached us. According to this the Socialist Party decided that their opportunity for the Socialist propaganda during the war as well as their chance for having something to say about peace and the reorganization of the government after the war would be so greatly improved by voting the loan, that this action would be justified. And it is notorious that the Socialists never had such opportunities in Germany as they enjoyed in the first two months of the war. But as soon as the radicals, who were in control of *Vorwaerts*, attempted to use this opportunity for Socialist purposes, they were immediately removed from their posi-

tion and replaced by conservatives, the government demanding that "the class war" should not even be referred to. Together with numerous other prosecutions of Socialist editors, this indicates that the opportunity for propaganda during the war will not amount to much. Undoubtedly the Socialists will be able to continue their effective struggle for humanitarianism, for justice to the enemy, and against the vicious attacks on the *peoples and cultures* of other countries in which not only the military caste but the intellectuals of Germany are now indulging themselves. Also they will be able to moderate the demands of the German militarists when the time for peace draws near. But it may be doubted if any pacifist outside of Germany, or any Socialist outside of the German majority, will consider this gain as sufficient justification for the voting of the war loan. Socialists, according to their own oft-declared principles, might at least have abstained from voting, as Bebel and Liebknecht did in 1870.

The truth is that none of these explanations explain. But nevertheless the action of the Socialist majority is no mystery. It was brought about neither by such afterthoughts as the "Russian peril," nor by the political advantages to be gained by having an alliance with the Kaiser during war time.

The explanations of Scheidemann, Suedekum, Fischer and other leaders show that they were governed by more far-reaching and significant motives—the hope that Germany and the German working people might gain by the war (necessarily at the expense of the working people of other nations) and the belief or knowledge that those voters who hold the balance of power in their constituencies demanded, as in 1913, that they support the Kaiser. I refer now to the bulk of the majority that favored voting the war-loan, and not to the more extreme opportunists. These have openly declared their program: "Socialism depends upon the growth of the industrial working-class, the industrial working-class depends upon the growth of industry, the growth of industry depends upon foreign trade and colonies, and these depend upon larger armaments." This view—from Bernstein's *Sozialistische Monatshefte*—spells imperialism and war.

The bulk of the majority considers the German workers exclusively but it does

not go quite this far. Their motives are as follows: While the Party is approximately equally divided between radicals and conservatives, the majority of the Socialist voters, as is well known, are by no means radical. They are composed not only of the anti-militarist laboring masses, but also of the aristocracy of labor, clerks, small officials, and to a large extent also, of small professional people, shop-keepers and peasants and other more militaristic classes. The majority of the German Socialists owed their election to these voters and respond to their views more readily than to those of the Party itself, which includes little more than a fourth of the Socialist voters.

But besides this irresistible political pressure, the Party was also governed by a principle more in accord with Socialism than mere negative yielding to outside political force. The faction which supports the war is that of the so-called "opportunists." That is, they belong to that school of Socialists who, in order to secure immediate results, are ready to compromise with the powers that be. In France this opportunism means merely a compromise with such progressives as Briand and Millerand, in England with such radicals as Lloyd George. In Germany it means deliberate and purposive compromise with the Kaiser; for the ruling power in Germany, the foundation of the whole social system, is militarism, and the Kaiser is its political expression and embodiment.

The so-called opportunists are ardent social reformers. In a military country like Germany the best hope of securing immediate social reforms is to yield to the very popular cause of militarism. The adoption of this policy, which occurred for the first time last year, can have but one meaning; the German Socialist Party, or its majority faction, has ceased to be international, and has become a purely nationalistic party. In order to secure the maximum of social reforms for the German working people at the earliest possible moment, the Socialists are ready first to vote the government the money necessary to build up a large army (which they did last year) and then to vote the government the money needed for actually carrying on war. Certainly the world can show no more ardent social reformers or more sincere representatives of a nation's laboring classes than these.

They are ready to sacrifice everything for immediate gains for the German working class—even to the lives of the working people of any and all foreign countries with which the Kaiser is pleased to go to war.

The support given the Kaiser by the German Party, or, at least, by its controlling faction, has left the Socialist world aghast ever since the news of it first got abroad—about the middle of August. At first it was not believed. The Socialist press of neutral countries, headed by the paper that first published the news, *Het Volk*, of Amsterdam, the official organ of the Dutch party (which is intimately related to that of Germany) could find only one word to characterize this astounding action. It was simply “incredible.” And “incredible” was the only adequate word found by the leading representative of German Socialism in the new world, the daily *Volkszeitung*, of New York. The *Volkszeitung*, an ably edited organ, which has both the knowledge and responsibility that give authority, declared it to be simply unbelievable that “the bogey of Russian despotism” was the real cause of the action taken.

“It is simply unbelievable that our comrades suffered themselves to be driven into their incomprehensible position through fear of the bugaboo of Russian despotism. We were fully aware how skillfully the present German government has always understood the proper manipulation of its scarecrows in order to seduce the stupid people into nationalistic enthusiasm. A war against France or England would have been highly unpopular and, therefore, the adoption of this roundabout course by way of Russia.

“The position of the Social Democrats, however, could not have been in any way determined by the fact that Russia stood in the field against Germany, as there was no evidence that the former was the attacking party, the inciter of war.

“Austria made its insolent ultimatum to Serbia after she had assured herself of the help of Germany; just as Russia and France would never have begun without the help of England. Germany had it in her hands to maintain peace on both sides if she had really wished to do so.

“Under these conditions, the German Social Democracy had no ground whatsoever according to our opinion for altering its fundamental point of view.”

The Belgian and French Socialists, as is known, at first opposed the war. Until the invasion of Belgium the “Internationale” drowned out the “Marseillaise” on the streets of Paris. The day Belgium was invaded both the Belgian and the French

parties and even the “anti-patriot” syndicalists, declared with practical unanimity for war. Vandervelde, chairman of the International Socialist Bureau, at once entered into the Belgian Cabinet; Sembat, successor to Jaurès in the leadership of the moderate Socialists of France, did the same thing in that country. But most convincing of all was the action of Jules Guesde, the world’s leading Marxist since the death of Bebel, the opponent of the moderate Jaurès, and the deadly enemy of all relations with “bourgeoise” governments.

“I go into the Cabinet as an envoy of my party, not to govern, but to fight,” he explained. “If I were younger, I should have shouldered a gun. But as my age does not permit this, I will, nevertheless, face the enemy and defend the cause of humanity.

“As the solidarity of workmen does not shut out their right to defend themselves against a traitor workmen, so international solidarity does not exclude the right of one nation to defend itself against a government traitor to the peace of Europe.”

The *Volkszeitung* says that Guesde and Sembat, in entering the Cabinet, did no more than what their duty to Socialism required, since France is engaged in a defensive war.

It is true that the Socialists of all the neutral countries are now engaged in an effort to obtain an early peace. This would seem to mean that they are willing that all the old conditions which existed before the war should be restored and that no indemnities—for example, no indemnity for the invasion of Belgium—should be demanded—the same position as is taken by a number of friends of the German government. But the Socialist Parties take this attitude purely on grounds of nationalistic selfishness. The neutral countries are being greatly injured by the war, and the propaganda of their Socialist Parties and the hope of social reform are made exceedingly difficult. Without any special consideration of the French or Belgians or of German militarism, they are apparently ready for peace, perhaps not at any price, but at almost any price. While pacifist and anti-militarist, their attitude is such as would leave militarism in the saddle. They do not favor a League of Peace, in which Germany might be left out until it is democratized, for they know that such a demand might delay peace considerably. Without exception they de-

mand either a concert of Europe to include *all* the nations or an International Police involving *general* disarmament. Which means they are ready to wait until the Kaiser is ready for peace.

But while the weakness of the Socialist Party in the neutral countries, the fear that they have of being dragged into war, makes them retrogress to the point of abandoning the demand even for political democracy, and of being willing that the militarist nations should be left with the same *relative* strength as before—without any payment for their wrong to an innocent people and their destruction of a century's progress towards civilized warfare; it does not follow that these parties or their leaders are blind to the real situation. On the contrary, the Socialist leaders of Italy, Switzerland, Holland, Sweden, Denmark, and part of those of this country have expressed the same horror at the actions of the German government in this war as is felt by the other citizens of these countries. Their anti-militarism and internationalism cannot be questioned. But their pacificism is so strong and deeply rooted, that they cannot bring themselves to take advantage of war or to favor its prolongation for the purpose of securing a permanent peace. Also the

political Socialists of these small countries are largely opportunists. Those of Denmark and Holland were on the point of forming coalition governments with the bourgeois radicals only last year. If the war continues it will knock these little plans on the head.

Now that the war is on there is only one position for revolutionary Socialists. *Let the war go on until the people of Russia, Germany and Austria are driven to revolt—and until the governments are so disorganized and unpopular that this revolt may succeed.*

All the Socialists of the world should at this moment be conducting a lively agitation to aid the European revolution—a revolution which, if it comes, will put the great French Revolution in the shade and shape the world's history for half a century. Democratic republics *established by revolution* are worth almost any sacrifice—especially when, as today, they are bound to make concessions to the industrial proletariat, *i. e.*, to Socialism.

With a revolution in Europe, we may hope to establish Socialism in all the more advanced countries *within ten or fifteen years*—as Engels predicted in 1892.





STUDIES OF MOVEMENTS IN THE PARIS AKADEMIA.

RESCUING EPIRUS

By ARISTIDES PRATELLE

(A synopsis of Raymond Duncan's beautiful work and apostolate in Europe, in two years.)

HAVING deeply felt that modern war such as the savage struggle in which the Balkan states engaged themselves recently, is indeed a horrible thing, and a curse for harmony among the simple, primitive people of those countries as well as among humanity as a whole, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Duncan, in May, 1913, started in London a movement for the immediate relief and repatriation of the famine-stricken and homeless populations of Epirus and Macedonia, who had been ruined by the Balkan war.

Shortly afterwards, Mr. Duncan and his family fixed their headquarters at Corfu, where they found 4,000 Turkish prisoners, among which 750 Moribunds in the Corfu hospital and only 30 beds for them! Neither food, nor clothing, nor blankets! Immediately the Duncans threw themselves into the work. The rate of mortality which had been of twelve persons every day in the beginning had fallen to five after a fortnight, and to one only every week. After a month's time at the same time with

the medical care, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan had given moral courage to the diseased prisoners, and it is well known that courage is a powerful remedy for many evils! . . . Let us add that, owing to his energetic attitude Raymond Duncan succeeded in helping hundreds of soldiers who had been dumped down and left stranded on the seashore, lacking means of transport to return to their homes.

Knowing full well that hunger and harmony have been at all times in open disagreement, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Duncan, with but little support from the Occident, with only strength and skill or their own hands to help, but with unending devotion and generosity to save these suffering people, have indeed succeeded in starting a wonderful work in Epirus, conveying shipments of flour, rice, beans, etc., to Orchismos, building up bakeries and stores, selling the food at cost price, erecting hastily provisional shelters for the refugees and replacing them afterwards by stone homes adapted from the Orchismos ruins!

Knowing full well that lack of education and harmony cannot go together, Raymond Duncan, having saved from starvation the women and children whose villages had been burnt before the retreat of the Turks, built up schoolhouses for the children, giving thus for the first time since long ages to the young Epirotes "the comfort of cosy beds, proper food and facilities for cleanliness." The refugee children, amounting at times to 120, have been given help gratuitously, fed, housed and instructed free of charge in Mr. Duncan's school at Orchismos. They have been given a most valuable practical culture, while all the adults able to work have been given remunerative work.

Thus, knowing full well that lack of good work has always been a most dreaded obstacle to harmony, Mr. Duncan has re-established in Epirus the lost household industries, distributing to the villagers the wool for spinning and weaving, and selling the products from the fabrics (home-spun yarn and hand-woven rugs of the finest quality) to Athens, London and Paris.

Having well realized that true harmony can only take place on this planet through the efforts of the masses and result from their desire of justice and their constant endeavor to uplift themselves, Raymond Duncan opened two years ago, here in Paris, a model "Akademia" for the workers, in which those who are tired of being ruled by employers can begin to indulge in useful, remunerative, really artistic work, and improve their skill in the various lines of the arts and crafts.

Having been deeply moved by the famine and misery of the war-stricken population of Epirus, Raymond Duncan recently, together with the movement for hellenism, which is becoming already a most interesting and promising one, launched another movement in order to save the Epirotes from their oppressors and prevent once for all the European governments from continuing there their mischievous work as agents of disorder and strife among these naturally pacific populations.

By this short synopsis, we may see already that in these past few years Raymond Duncan has been one of the best and most typical illustrations of the results which can be achieved by a man when he is rich in will, in intelligence, in generosity, and in initiative. It may be said without exaggeration that up to this day his work in Epirus has saved more than 4,000 persons who would have certainly died, had he not come in due time to save them.

Speaking recently to an audience in Paris about music and harmony, Raymond Duncan said the following words, appealing for help to the generous, free-minded people of all countries: "True politics is the finest of all arts. Political harmony is the greatest harmony of all. If you are really artists, or if you are only really human beings, come with us to Epirus to help us upbuild a small ideal home, a wonderful little frame of villagers and art workers, of shepherds, of flocks of sheep and goats, among the most magnificent scenery to be dreamed of."



RAYMOND DUNCAN AND SON.

Make an Ally of Your Enemy

SOMETIMES I wonder what people will say about us a hundred years from now. They will write books about us and dig up our skulls to find out if they were ivory clear through. They will read the records of what we said and did and how we lived and sweated to make beautiful and useful things—for somebody else to enjoy. And I expect they will finally give up the problem and decide that our poor heads just never developed any gray matter.

Then some wise old owl professor of biology will probably come forward and say we couldn't have had all the natural instincts, either, because even the lowest forms of animal life have enough sense to eat when there is food. Nobody ever heard of a monkey picking cocoanuts and going hungry. Perhaps some of our poor skulls will wind up in a museum devoted to the relics of the days when workingmen and women fed the whole world and starved themselves, and built houses and slept in lumber yards. This is going to be our fate unless we wake up and show a glimmering of intelligence occasionally.

It is easy to see what the trouble is even if we are not yet strong enough to stop it.

We know why we are working for ten, twelve, eighteen and twenty dollars a week and permitting the boss to keep the coal we dig, the clothes we make, the food we raise, the houses we build.

We know why the idle capitalist is BOSS of the factory and is able to take all the profits. We know why we slave long hours at starvation wages.

It is not because the capitalist OWNS the mill or mine, but because he BOSSES it. Nobody would care if he treasured his little old ownership papers till the crack of doom, provided that WE, who do the work, could GOVERN the plant, provided we could RUN the factory; in fact, if we could control the conditions under which we work, could keep our products and BOSS THE JOB.

If there were not a hundred men at the factory gates, at the mill, mine or shop every

morning TRYING TO GET OUR JOBS, we COULD RUN the shop.

We saw a traction gang at work last week. About every five minutes, in full view of the crew, an out-of-work would file up to the foreman and apply for a job. Every time the gang saw these job-seekers, they humped over a little farther and quickened their pace in order to show the boss they were accomplishing more than the half-starved applicants could do. And when the foreman's back was turned and these "unfortunates" happened to pass near the gang, the men glared and swore at them. And one or two kicked out viciously to speed the departing failures.

And the out-of-works had accomplished something *for the boss*. At the end of the day the foreman gave the crew their choice between being thrown into the ranks of the unemployed and accepting lower wages. Most of them took the lower pay and went away cursing "that scab lot" who had wrought the cut.

And that is precisely how your boss keeps you down. The fellows out of work don't get any help from you and they are compelled to beg; or scab, to steal, or starve.

And when it comes right down to going without three meals a day and carrying the banner indefinitely, most of us would work for a meal ticket and room rent—if not for ourselves, for a wife and kiddies.

We can't blame the man who is out of work and hungry. We have to blame *ourselves*. If we exerted our reasoning powers at all, we would join forces with the unemployed to fight the capitalist or employing class. We would make the unemployed our ALLIES and not our enemies.

We can't expect a man or woman to jump into a river or go off quietly to some secluded corner and starve to death just for our sake. If they are not to take our jobs or lower our wages we must expect to *give them* something in exchange for their help and co-operation. The employing class are their enemy just as they are yours and mine.

In this connection we want to remember

that the bosses cannot reduce wages or lengthen hours at their own sweet will. It is the needs of the unemployed that do this. Wages and hours are determined by the number of unemployed who are after a job. When men are scarce, the men on the job are able to raise wages and shorten their hours. When men are plentiful and there are *more* men than jobs, the competition for work among the working class forces wages ever lower, forces hours that are ever longer.

Now the boss cannot run the factory or the shop or mill without human labor power—men and women who will operate the machines and produce commodities to sell. It is to *our* interests to *control* the *supply* of *labor power*. We will act like the commission merchants who threw several cargoes of bananas into the lake in order to raise the price of bananas. We will WITH-HOLD some of the laborers from the market and *raise* the *price* of the labor power of those on the job. We will then be able to shorten hours and thus *put* some of the *unemployed* to *work*. And this is only for a beginning.

Nobody imagines there are more than ten per cent of the available workers unemployed in America today. Probably the number is much less, but, at any rate, it is up to US, who HAVE work, to feed, house and clothe every single person out of a job *who* will *refuse* to *work* unless he gets HIGHER wages and SHORTER hours than we are getting.

We will not have to SHARE our WAGES long. As soon as the bosses fail to find scores of desperate people begging for a chance to work every day, they will HAVE to give us shorter hours. And this will put some of the unemployed to work at once.

It is true your boss may refuse to grant you shorter hours, but you can all quit at 4 o'clock and go home. And what will the boss be able to do about it if he has nobody else to put in your place? In this way we can institute NEW shop LAWS. We shall have begun to practically control our labor power and the shop or plant in which we work.

We shall be able to refuse a cut in wages when we get the shorter work day for the same reason that we were able to shorten hours—the boss will be unable to get anybody else to take our jobs.

And when we are strong enough (well enough organized with our unemployed friends) to cut down our working day two hours, we shall be able to put every man and woman to work. Shorter hours means more jobs.

MAKE YOUR EMPLOYERS PAY

Our good friend, Joe Hill, asked last month in an article in the REVIEW, who was going to pay the big bill for taking care of the unemployed. Why the employers, of course!

You and I and the other folks on the job, may have to share up for a few weeks, but as soon as we are organized with our friends who are "laid off" so that they insist on *demanding higher wages* and *shorter hours* than we have before they will accept a job, we can force the bosses to put more and more of them to work.

NOT ENOUGH JOBS?

Somebody said the other day, "Well, but my goodness gracious! There are not enough JOBS for EVERYBODY!" He was wrong. We will cut the ten-hour day of the steel mill worker in HALF, if necessary, and MAKE TWO GOOD JOBS at good pay where there was only ONE ROT-TEN JOB BEFORE!

And then when we have learned to regulate the supply of labor power (working-men and women) we can begin to put on the screws. We won't have to BUY the capitalist out, or build competing railroads. We will just be so strong in the shop, on the railroad, in the mines and mills that we will KEEP the value of our own products and eliminate the profits or rake-off of the capitalist class. Then ownership papers will not bring thirty cents on the stock exchange.

* * * * *

Now, of course, a few of us can't do all this alone. Our wages would not buy breakfast for half the jobless men we meet every morning on Clark street. But we CAN buy breakfast or dinner for one or two. And chiefly we can spread the propaganda for organization *with* the unemployed instead of organization AGAINST *them* and the *employing* class.

It is true it will not do *much* good to try to help and co-operate with the unemployed in a *single* city, for the unemployed go from town to town and from country to country in search of work. We must start organizing with the unemployed every-

where as fast as possible. The alliance between men on the jobs and the men who are "laid off" cannot work out perfectly in an isolated point. But it will *improve conditions wherever it is inaugurated*. And every time it is tried the idea will grow a hundred fold. The movement will be stronger.

We can each and all help the unemployed today and we can tell *why* and *how* we need their help. We can all give one jobless man a meal every day. We can help to find shelter for them. We can force all unions to come to their assistance, we can turn over the socialist party headquarters and union headquarters into soup kitchens, propaganda meeting places, organization head-

quarters, and lodging rooms for the out-of-works.

And tell every workingman everywhere you go to ORGANIZE WITH THE UNEMPLOYED AND FIGHT THE BOSS-ES! Tell them to share with their friends who are out of work until the men on the jobs can shorten hours and MAKE JOBS for them. *You can boss the boss* if he can't get a man to take your place when you strike for shorter hours and higher pay.

Organize with the UNEMPLOYED and you can put all men and women to work; you can control the shop and mill and mine and some day you can keep the value of your products and abolish the profit system!

SOCIALISM IN OKLAHOMA

By O. M. MORRIS

THE steady growth of Socialism in Oklahoma since its admission into the Union in 1907 is attracting the attention of both the Socialists and anti-Socialists of the country. The official vote of the Socialist party since 1900 is as follows:

1900	815
1902	1,963
1904	4,443
1906	4,042
1908	21,779
1910	24,707
1912	42,262
1914	52,570

In the recent election about 250,000 votes were cast, which gives one Socialist vote in every five. The socialists are working people, and many of them have to leave home in order to get work. A conservative estimate is that half as many Socialists are disfranchised in Oklahoma as there are who vote. These are unable to leave their work to go home on election day. The voters of the other parties are permanent residents, being bankers, professional men, merchants, etc., and are not so large a wage-earning class.

The conditions in Oklahoma are, doubtless, different from any other state in the Union from a political standpoint. About 1809 some Cherokee Indians in the south-

eastern states asked President Jefferson to remove their hunting grounds west of the Mississippi. At first they located in Arkansas, but later in Oklahoma. Still later the Choctaws and Chickasaws negotiated treaties and located in the southern part of the state, and then came the Seminoles and Creeks to negotiate treaties in the north central part of the Territory.

Many of these Indians brought their slaves with them and this gave us a class of people called freedmen.

During 1889 President Harrison issued a proclamation stating that about two million acres of lands purchased from the Creeks and Seminoles would be opened for homesteading at noon on April 22. About 20,000 people were on the border and when the signal was given, a most remarkable and spectacular race ensued for homes. These were some of our pioneer citizens.

The Chickasaws, Choctaws, Cherokees, Seminoles and Creeks were known as the five civilized tribes, and treaties were made with them by which they were allowed to make their own laws, so long as they preserved their tribal relations. After the Civil war, many whites mingled with these Indians, gained control of their government for their own selfish ends. The coun-

try become a refuge for fugitives from justice. The Dawes commission was appointed in 1893 to induce the tribes to accept individual allotments, as well as a government administered from Washington. In 1898 the Curtis Act was passed making such allotments and establishing a territorial government. As allotments were nearly all made by 1906, Congress authorized Oklahoma and Indian Territories to qualify for admission to the Union, and the State of Oklahoma was admitted on November 16th, 1907.

The majority of the people in Oklahoma have come from Texas and Arkansas families. Others came from Kansas, Iowa and Nebraska. But people from every state and practically from nearly every nation can be found here in Oklahoma.

This mixture of the people from all over the world with different opinions freely exchanged, has given Oklahoma a population far above the average state in intelligence, but along with the working folks came the professional class of machine politicians who gained control of the state government. Perhaps Oklahoma has had the most corrupt government of any state in the Union. County and municipal control fell into the hands of politicians, trained in all the arts of corrupt ward politics. Happy is the town or county that has escaped the professional politician.

Shell-game men from Sells Bros. and Forepaugh's Circus were appointed to state offices having control of millions of dollars of public funds. The State Treasury is used to being looted.

The charge of Miss Kate Barnard, Commissioner of Charities of Oklahoma, in the Literary Digest of November 28, 1914, that there is a conspiracy to rob the Indians of Oklahoma of over 200 million dollars' worth of land, is in line with the work of our political grafters. Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Cato Sells, says that Miss Barnard's charges are true in the main. Miss Barnard shows that this conspiracy reaches back to the fourth legislature, of which the writer was a member, and the writer is of the opinion that Miss Barnard is correct. Nearly every department of state government has suffered in proportion to the Indians.

The political machine of Oklahoma began in the Constitutional Convention, when the delegates divided the offices as did the

members of the Illinois legislature when they cut up the Lorimer slush fund melon. If there were not sufficient offices for the delegates, then offices were created to suit the demand. Oklahoma has the reputation of having more offices and useless officers than any state in the Union.

Politics has dominated every state school, the state banking department, the state board of agriculture, the eleemosynary institutions, and even the orphans, under state control, have suffered from the politician.

The President of the University of Indiana writes the Governor of Oklahoma that a member of his faculty has investigated the state school system in Oklahoma and finds "the trouble is politics."

The Saturday Evening Post says that the trouble with the guaranty fund of the Oklahoma State Banking Department "is politics."

The legislature of Oklahoma since statehood has cost the people nearly one million dollars, and the farmers have no road law, and no roads, a school book law that costs the school patrons millions of dollars by the change in text books. Judge Robberson, of the Supreme Court Commission, says that Oklahoma has the most barbarous and unjust tax law of any civilized nation on earth, and that the primary law ought to be amended in twenty-five different places.

The farmers of Oklahoma realized that the politicians around the county-seat towns have made the slates for the candidates, and they are beginning to vote the Socialist ticket to break the interlocked political combine consisting of the newspaper owners, county officials and the political hangers-on. About four-fifths of the Socialist vote of Oklahoma consists of farmers.

In the recent general election, the Socialists carried six counties, elected one state senator, five members of the lower house, and county officials and commissioners all over the state.

The Democratic politicians, seeing their constant gains, realize that the Socialist party will elect a full ticket in Oklahoma in 1916, and are now trying to combine with the Republicans to defeat the Socialists.

Two conditions give rise to the constant gain of the Socialist vote in Oklahoma. The first is the intelligence of the Oklahoma farmer, who reads a great deal, and

the constant political agitation in Oklahoma, giving him an opportunity to hear the political situation discussed. He has discovered that he is not getting a square deal. Another reason for the gain of the Socialist vote and the loss of the Democratic vote in Oklahoma is the revolt against the corrupt conditions in Oklahoma politics. However, the first is the main cause, and the Oklahoma farmer can see that the workingman, who produces all the wealth, only receives from 17 per cent to 40 per cent of what he produces, and that 60 per cent to 83 per cent goes into the pocket of the middleman, banker, stockholders, etc., a majority of which is useless.

The lawyer, banker, real estate agents combine. In collusion with the probate courts, they have taken about all of the Indian lands of the less than half breeds, in many instances borrowing more money on the lands than they are sold for, until the day of the Red Man in Oklahoma has just about passed.

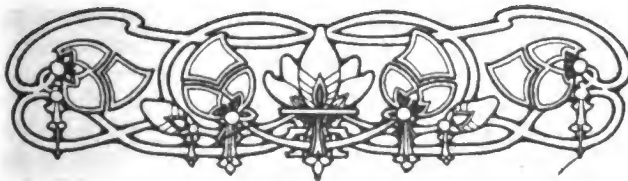
About 90 per cent of the farms in Oklahoma are mortgaged for all they will sell for, and the crops and live stock are mortgaged for more than they will bring at the prevailing prices. The Oklahoma farmer has *possession* of his farm and that is all.

If the farmer buys a farm on deferred payments, by paying \$1,000 on a \$3,000 farm, under our tax laws, he must pay taxes on \$3,000, although he only owns \$1,000 in the farm. He must pay interest on \$2,000 at 9 to 10 per cent, and then if he needs money he must pay the local bank from 25 to 100 per cent per annum. So the Oklahoma farmer realizes that the legislature has been a detriment to him and he is turning to the Socialist party. He sees he cannot exist under the present million-dollar Democratic legislature.

The Oklahoma farmer has found out that the politician has made the laws to benefit the banker, the lawyer, the newspapermen, etc., but nothing has been done for the farmer.

The agitator has always been the most unpopular and the most useful man in the history of the world. Reforms must be agitated, although anyone demanding a change in the established customs is looked upon with suspicion. Without the agitator, few changes would ever take place.

Oklahoma has a good supply of agitators and Oklahoma will be in the Socialist column in 1916 as the first state in the Union to adopt the platform of the workingman's party.



MARX'S AND ENGELS' FORTY YEARS' CORRESPONDENCE

By GUSTAV BANG

Translated by Caroline Nelson

THE first part of the correspondence throws a light on the modern labor movement in its swaddling clothes, before it was distinct from the revolutionary psychology of the bourgeois revolutions before 1848. In this period the chief work for the later Socialistic movement was,—“The Communist Manifesto.”

Around 1840 there was all over Western Europe a strong, rising intellectual fermentation. People had a sort of a prophetic idea of the revolutionary overthrow that was about to take place. The capitalist method of production had undermined the foundation of society which was built upon forms inherited from older times, and a terrible clash showed itself more and more to be unavoidable.

It was the bourgeoisie, as it naturally had to be, that at that time entertained the revolutionary views, because conditions were at war with their economic interests, and because they were historically to create a free play for capitalist productive evolution. But it went here as it has gone in all other similar events, viz., the movement spread downward to the working class, and here got its special color, in agreement with their economic and social demands, which in the revolutionary circles were strongest in the foreground.

“Communism” was the name under which this first labor movement sprouted among the western European workers—a word that has no other meaning than the words—Scientific Socialism—that later took its place.

For the first time then do we find in continental Europe a Socialist movement, not alone in small scattered groups, but as a mass movement. This movement was yet extremely muddled in its conception, and in most instances only half conscious of its purpose. It was also strongly impregnated with many petty bourgeois notions, and to a certain extent with all kinds of Utopian

dreamings. Nevertheless, it showed that the working class was on the point of awakening to a consciousness of its position in society and to drawing conclusions from it.

It was very natural that in the most industrially developed countries in Europe, where a new working class had formed, which was very different from the old, it should be there that communism found its first foothold. This was in France, Belgium, Switzerland and Western Germany, not to mention England, where capitalist development was far ahead of any on the continent. Everywhere could be found not only workers, but small bourgeoisie, academicians and officials who were followers of communism; and the membership increased from year to year.

The organizations in the large cities were very active instruments in spreading the communistic ideas over the world. Their membership was for the most part German political exiles and wandering journeymen, and their program all over was communistic. Here the most intelligent workers became acquainted with the thoughts that were foremost in their time and spread them further.

The first letters in the group were from Engels in 1844-1845 and they were written in western Germany. They give a general view of the communistic movement as it developed there. He tells how he meets comrades everywhere, and that he is constantly surprised to find people who, apparently without any special influence, have formed communistic clubs. So that the ideas that scarcely a year before were not known are now subjects for lively discussions in books and articles, in newspapers and magazines. The first agitation had to be carried on quietly from man to man, but very soon public meetings were held that caused great attention. Engels writes in a letter in February, 1845:

"We held a meeting yesterday in the city's finest hall, in the finest hotel, which was our third communistic meeting. Forty people came to our first meeting, and to the second we had 130, and at the third there were at least 200. The whole of Eberfeld and Barmen, from the money aristocrat to the small merchant, was represented, but the workers remained away. We talk about nothing but communism and each day brings us new followers."

This letter gives away the weakness that the communist movement in western Europe at that time suffered from lack of proletarian backbone. It consisted of academicians, officials and small merchants, at least they formed the majority among the communists, even in the places where capitalist industry was most developed. The workers for the greater part remained out of the movement. Engels did not like this situation, and in the very first letter in the collection he says:

"It is already many years since the working class has reached the last steps of the old civilization. The awful increase in the number of crimes, robbery and murder is their protest against the old social organization. The streets are unsafe at nights; the bourgeois get thrashed and sometimes stabbed in the back and robbed, and if the proletariat here develop after the same law as in England, it will become plain that it is useless to protest by violence as individuals against the social order, and they will protest as human beings showing their solidarity through communism. If only we could get to show them the way! But that seems impossible."

The second weak point in communism was that it was not then clear. It sought to create a Socialist order in society, but regarding the means that should be used to bring this about, there was the greatest confusion. All kinds of imaginary ideas bobbed up and found followers. A theoretical education was imperative. Engels requests Marx to send out a pamphlet on National economy. He writes:

"Even if there is much that you, yourself, are not satisfied with, minds are ripe, and we must strike while the irons are hot."

At this time Engels wrote his famous book "The Condition of the English Workers." He wondered what influence it would have on the German workers as a means to

awaken their sleeping class consciousness. Regarding it he writes:

"It is natural that when I here hammer away that I really mean to strike the—ass, viz., the German bourgeoisie, whom I plainly make understand that they are just as bad as the English, except for the fact that they have less courage and initiative in their attempt to flay the workers."

The same muddled ideas greet Engels after he has moved to Paris in 1846, where he constantly associates with the German political exiles. There were hair-splitting debates about all sorts of hazy notions, and endless discussions about human rights and the real worth of material things, etc. The communist's meetings were so dull that the audiences could not keep awake. Engels sought in lectures and debates to make an account of the aims of communism, and the means that should bring it about. He succeeded in some degree, but the object was well nigh impossible.

About this time Proudhon stepped upon the scene with his ideas which attracted great attention, not only among the French workers, but also among the foreign workers in Paris. The idea was that the workers should use their savings to start factories, in which they at the same time should be both shareholders and workers, and this kind of production should so develop that little by little it would be able to displace capitalist production and establish the Socialist order.

Engels called this a fanatical idea and thought that it was necessary to carry on a critical agitation against it. He writes:

"The German workers are really stupid enough to believe in it, although they cannot keep twenty-five cents in their pockets to pay for their meeting places. They, nevertheless, believe that with their savings they can buy out the whole of beautiful France. The craziest phraseology has to them more worth than the simplest fact and a proven knowledge of economics. That we really have to fight such barbaric nonsense is disgusting."

Marx now wrote a book against Proudhonism in 1847 under the title of "The Poverty of Philosophy," and unveiled its impossibility. Engels' letter from Paris shows that all this was necessary to make room for the idea of modern Socialism among the working class.

Of much greater importance for the

future was, of course, "The Communist Manifesto," which was written by Marx and Engels in co-operation at the end of 1847. The communists had requested them to write out a program with a short account of the communistic objects and purposes. It was to be ratified in a congress to be held in London in December, 1847, where Engels was to be present. From one of Engels' letters it seems that it was he who planned this world-wide famous, little sketch, while Marx only took part in its editing. Engels wrote:

"I believe that we do best in leaving the catechismic form and calling it, The Communist Manifesto, as we must tell a great deal of history in it. That form we first thought of is not suitable. I bring with me what I have outlined. It is simple telling, but poor editing. I begin with—What is Communism? Right after that I show how the proletariat arose, and its difference from the past working class, and then I go on to the development of the opposing interests of the proletariat and the bourgeoisie; then I show the economic crises and their results. In this I mix all sorts of side interests and finish with the communist party politics as far as it concerns the public."

The reaction that followed the revolution of 1848 brought communism to a disorganized and weakened state. The organizations that were saved split up into inner cliques that were often very sectarian. Marx and Engels drew out of all connection with them. They felt that there was important work to be done in establishing

a theoretical basis, for the movement which should form the sure foundation for the coming, real revolutionary labor movement. They isolated themselves, and it was well for them to slip from the whole system of compromising, half-baked ideas, which occupied the groups at that time. They purposely severed themselves from all official positions in the small revolutionary committees and cliques. Engels wrote somewhat bitterly:

"We are really more revolutionary than the phrase mongers, because we have learned something which they have not; and we know what we want which they do not."

Marx several years later gives vent to the following remarks:

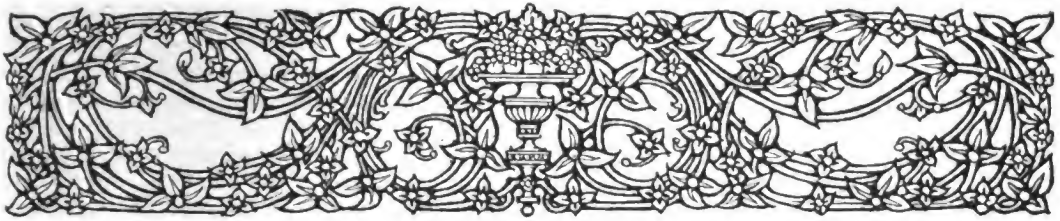
"Our position as representatives of the proletarian party we owe to our own efforts, and what establishes it is the general hate that all the groups in the old world and in the old parties have for us."

It was with great joy that they saw here and there small organizations spring up with the Communist Manifesto as a program. But they understood that a long time must pass before the next great proletarian uprising could take place.

But this awful time,—“this awful peace period,” as Marx calls it, was not wasted. During this time took place not only a slow growth of class consciousness among the working class in Europe, but also the writing of the principle work “Capital” that laid the theoretical foundation for the whole of the modern labor movement.

(To be continued)





EDITORIAL

The War Through Socialist Lenses

THE most basic of Socialist theories is economic determinism. By this we mean that the mass actions of people, the religious or political ideas which they agree in accepting, the customs and laws which they make for themselves—all these are the direct result of the changing *methods of production*, through which people supply themselves with food, clothing and shelter. Primitive men supposed that malignant demons or angry gods were responsible for cyclones, lightning and earthquakes. Nearly all civilized men now explain these in terms of natural law, but a vast majority still explain human actions as “good” or “bad,” as either the product of “free will” or influenced by a good god or a bad devil.

We Socialists owe to Marx and Engels a knowledge that the most important acts of human beings may be explained in terms of natural law, and that these actions are as necessary and inevitable as the movements of winds and waters, plants and animals.

Rightly applied, this law of determinism will give us a clearer insight into passing events, a more steadfast optimism in the face of apparent misfortunes, and a broader sympathy for all workers, no matter how misguided they seem. In shaping the course of events, people’s resemblances to each other are vastly more important than their apparent differences.

One of the greatest obstacles to a clear understanding of the law of economic determinism is a faulty statement of the law

sometimes made by Socialists who ought to know better. According to them, it means that individuals nearly always act according to their own material interests. Now, this is not what Marx and Engels said, and it is very far from the truth.

There are a few fundamental desires found in every normal man and woman—desires which must be gratified if the individual or the race is to survive, such as the desires for food, clothing and shelter, for union with the opposite sex, and for avoidance of danger to self or offspring. When these desires are gratified with extreme difficulty, they make up the greater portion of an individual’s experience, but whenever they are gratified easily, other and more complex desires come to the surface, and it is precisely the mode of social production, together with the position of any given individual in the social order to which he belongs that determine what those complex desires are to be, and how powerfully each will affect each individual.

Prof. J. Howard Moore, in his new book entitled “The Law of Biogenesis,” shows that each individual in his own development, both physical and mental, repeats the long-past history of his race. Thus men’s actions are shaped not only by the mode of production which they themselves use, but also by the mode of production that their grandfathers used.

Ghosts of the past lay invisible hands on the brains of Europeans today; these are warlike ghosts, born in the days when war was the only “honorable” business. Millions of European workingmen,

nearly half of them Socialists, are now engaged in slaughtering each other, under the leadership of officers from the exploiting classes. They are not traitors to the working class, but the ghosts of the past are too strong for them and they obey. Let us not condemn our European comrades too hastily or too severely, until we have taken account of our own American ghosts.

These ghosts are a survival from the first half of the nineteenth century, when free land was plentiful, and when there was really some local justification for the popular belief that if a man failed to support his family in comfort it was because he was lazy or incompetent. These

American ghosts still whisper to each American workingman that by industry and loyalty to his employer he has a chance to become wealthy, provided he frowns on the agitators who try to stir up class strife. The ghosts are lying, but most Americans still believe them. So let us be sparing in our condemnation of the wage-workers in Europe.

They are learning in a hard school. So are our fellow workers in America. Fortunately, while these ghosts live longer than people, they do not live forever. The Machine Process is now in the very act of making war too expensive for even the most devoted patriots. It will attend to the Profit System next.



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NATIONAL OFFICE SOCIALIST PARTY,

801 W. Madison St.,

Chicago, Ill.

LABOR NEWS

Dry Rot Clinches Hold on the A. F. of L.

By a Spectator

THE recent convention of the American Federation of Labor in Philadelphia was about as inspiring as a coroner's inquest over an Egyptian mummy of the third century before Christ.

The faithful old official machine flattened out all opposition as effectually as ever and the occasion lacked even the temporary excitement that the convention has become accustomed to in the last few days of its sessions when the Socialists come up for their annual trimming in the presidency contest.

Radical measures and attempts at industrial unity and reform met with the most dispiriting lack of support. Even the promised fight over the proposal of the progressive garment workers to clean house in their unions failed to materialize. The revolting element of the United Garment Workers met complete defeat and the old officialdom against which many members have brought repeated accusations was reinstated with honor, while the offenders were warned to behave.

Even Duncan McDonald of the United Mine Workers, who seldom overlooks an opportunity to prod Gompers and his lieutenants, was silent on the floor, though he made his feelings plain at a meeting held by the Socialist Party for Jim Larkin as the convention was about to close. The Socialists decided not to risk further loss of prestige by putting up a hopeless fight against Gompers.

That gentleman, by the way, was as supreme as ever and handled himself with his usual ability as a tactician and floor general. He made one exceptionally clever move, which

later probably had its bearing on the fact that his salary was raised from \$5,000 to \$7,000 a year in order to meet the ever advancing cost of living.

Walter George Smith, a lawyer, who looked as if he had never worn a shirt costing less than \$4.50 in his life, got leave to address the convention on behalf of the Catholic fraternal delegates. He called upon the American workingman to be a good boy, be content with beans for Sunday dinner, regard all agitators with virtuous scorn, and look up to his employer as one whom God in his infinite wisdom, etc., etc.

Gompers was in a quandary. He feared to offend the Catholic representation in the convention, but he knew from the entire absence of cheers that greeted Brother Walter George's remarks that it was up to him to say something in reply. So he girded up his loins, and finding that the convention was with him, warmed up to his subject and sunk a good-sized harpoon in the fraternal spokesman. His speech, in effect, warned Brother Smith and his kind to attend to their own knitting while workingmen with vicious employers to face attended to theirs. Father Peter Deitz meanwhile stood back of the scenes using the most unpriestly language. The speech was timely and effective and did much to bolster up Gompers' stock.

Philadelphia greeted the convention with white archways, many electric lights, and a court of honor. It has used a different kind of court on members of the A. F. of L. in the past, but then times do change.

Letter From a Butte Miner

I HAVE not seen Butte so dead during a period of almost twenty years. Union activity is at a standstill all along the line. The industrial conditions are positively the worst that Butte has ever experienced. Not one-third of the usual quota of men are employed. Business failures are the order of the day. Suffering and want among the poor are great. The soldiers left a month ago and things have drifted back into the old rut.

The county attorney, whose term expires on January 1, 1915, is making strenuous efforts to bring all the "kidnaping" cases on trial before he retires. There is a well-laid plan to have all the trials take place outside this county, as they feel sure of convictions, something that they could not bank on should they be held here. All citizens of Butte are familiar

with the tactics pursued by the old Miners' Union, and a conviction for the same offense would be much more difficult here than elsewhere. As you are aware, McDonald and Bradley were convicted in a neighboring county and sentenced to three years and five years respectively in the penitentiary. To those acquainted with the facts it looks like a case of railroading, as they harmed no one, neither did they hold anyone for ransom. They only did in a more spectacular manner the things that have been done here for thirty years. The new union is now raising a defense fund to fight the other cases and to make appeals to the higher courts if necessary.

Members of the new union, with the assistance of some others, have established a "soup kitchen," where over 200 people are fed daily.

You Owe Your Face a Good, Clear Skin

**And Stuart's Calcium Wafers in a Very Short Time Will Clear
Up Your Complexion Naturally**

Just in a few days one may clear the skin of all manner of blemishes such as pimples, blotches, liver spots, etc., if one will use Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

Don't use pasty lotions and creams to fill up the pores when they are working constantly with the blood to throw off the impurities of your system.



"Before I rid my face of pimples I was not thought to be pretty. But all the change I made was to clean my blood and skin."

Many a face is made with beautiful contour and artistically lined, but when the skin is discolored one cannot see the beauty of the face lines. One notices only the skin blemishes.

It's because pimples and eruptions come from the inside—from impure blood—and you can't cure them by rubbing stuff on the outside of the face. Purify the blood and the blemishes will disappear.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers will often clear the complexion in a few days' time. That's the wonderful part of it—they act right off—in a hurry. That's because they're made of just the ingredients needed to drive all poisons and impurities from the blood. That's why doctors prescribe them so constantly.

You will speedily enjoy a beautiful complexion if you use these wonderful little Wafers. Your face will become as clear and pure as a rose. Nobody likes to have pimply-faced people around. With Stuart's Calcium Wafers you don't have to wait for months before getting results. Even boils have been cured in a few days' time with these remarkably effective blood cleansers. Your whole system will feel better in a marvelously short time, and my, what a difference in your looks!

You can get Stuart's Calcium Wafers of any druggist at 50 cents a box. A small sample package mailed free by addressing F. A. Stuart Company, 175 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

The unemployed army was never so large, and its presence, of course, is a menace to any improvement contemplated by those who are employed.

A number of shift bosses and others around the mines, who refused to be deputized, have been discharged. This in itself is a hopeful sign.

The Socialist Party succeeded in electing

from this county two men to the State Legislature out of a possible thirteen. This is looked upon as a fair showing when it is considered that the panic drove hundreds of working class voters from the city. Victory in the city election next April will depend very much on the straightening out of the factional differences that exist and the return to normal industrial conditions.

The Miners of Arkansas

Freda Hogan

READERS of THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW no doubt know more or less of the non-union trouble in Arkansas and in connection with which between two and three hundred United States soldiers, as many horses and two machine guns have been stationed near the mines where open shop operations were attempted.

Early in the spring Franklin Bache broke his contract with the miners' union and announced that he would immediately begin to operate one of his several mines with non-union labor, and extend the operations to the others as the success of his plan was demonstrated.

Through gross misrepresentations and the hostility of the federal judge to unions, Bache succeeded in securing an injunction restraining anyone from interfering with his operations. He was unsuccessful in his attempt to secure United States guards to enforce the terms of the injunction, so imported private guards—dregs of our so-called civilization. These men insulted the wives and daughters of the miners, shot into their homes and pregnant women were compelled to flee in the night for protection.

The men arose in revolt. They organized and completely destroyed the Bache properties, driving the gunmen from the country. All that was left of Bache's boast to break the union was the smoking ruins of his tipples and shafts.

The Federal court next declared the companies, of which Bache was president, bankrupt, and he was appointed receiver. It is believed that Bache, himself, is responsible for the more recent raids, since they were made to furnish justification for sending the troops to protect him. The union men at that time had nothing to fight about.

The soldiers and their war paraphernalia have been here a little over a week and there has been absolutely no disturbance. Numerous newspaper writers are on the ground and are making brave attempts to furnish copy. But the best they have been able to do is report 'possum hunts by the soldiers, their attendance at dances, where they are supposed to have completely "beaten the time" of the miner boys. But this is stubbornly denied by the girls of the valley, whose unionism has been tested and not found wanting.

If the President is willing to use the troops to protect this scab-herder he can make good. But even then the Bache companies are among

the smallest in Arkansas, Oklahoma and Texas. There is no serious, immediate menace in the success of Bache, alone.

What is feared is that he is being supported by the larger and more powerful companies; that he is working under their direction—for them. When Bache did business with the union he had no money. He couldn't pay his debts, couldn't get credit, couldn't borrow money. But since attempting to operate his mines with scab labor—although not a ton of coal has been dug and shipped and his expenses have been enormous—he has had plenty of money.

We are not sure what to expect. We can only wait and see. But whatever the future holds in store, the men and women of the valley are to be counted upon. They are not union men in an empty sense. They mean it. The U. M. W. of A., into which they are organized, cannot be said to have reached a plane of perfection. But life means infinitely more to the miners, their wives and babies, to everyone in this section, because of it. We all remember the dark days before the union—the "pluck-me" stores, 2,500 pounds for a ton and multitudinous injustices practiced. There will be no going back to that day in this valley.

Not the least effect of the trouble is the awakening it has worked among the men. Perhaps nowhere has the absolute sameness of the old parties, so far as working class rights are concerned, been more clearly illustrated.

It was in 1900 that the miners were engaged in the struggle to form their organization. A democrat, appointed by Cleveland, but serving under McKinley, was federal judge of this district. In 1914 a republican, appointed by Taft, but serving under Wilson graces the judge's bench. Politically, the reversal is complete. But the injunction issued by the democrat is identical with that issued by the republican.

We had beaten Bache. The solid front and courage of the coal diggers was more powerful than his dastardly ingenuity. But Uncle Sam, with his soldiers and machine guns, is bigger than we are. We cannot cope with him. This is not an admission of cowardice. It is the acknowledgment of a stubborn, irrefutable fact.

The only way is to get control of these implements of working class subjugation and use them in our behalf instead of against us. To fight with one arm—our industrial organiza-

tion—is well; but could the most ardent socialist propagandist ask for a better example of the importance of using the other arm—the class conscious ballot—as well?

It doesn't take us long to decide what would have happened had 'Gene Debs been in Woodrow Wilson's place and a class conscious working man on the Federal judge's bench.

What is meant by "class character of the courts," phrase of the wild and woolly socialists, is coming to be understood in working class ranks of Western Arkansas.

At the time of making requisition for the U. S. troops, Federal Judge F. A. Joumans empanelled a special grand jury for the ostensible purpose of probing the trouble. In the selection of the jury he displayed the same fine discrimination, which all along has branded him the willing tool of Bache, the scab herder and violator of contracts.

The foreman of the jury was a stockholder in the Bache companies—there is no record to indicate that he, at any time, transferred his holdings. A warm personal friend of Bache, he is also president of the hardware company which supplied the guns for Bache's army of private gunmen. He is Bache's largest creditor—the heaviest loser in case of the failure of this financial schemer.

On the 25th the jury completed its work, returning thirty-five indictments. Of the thirty-five indicted, the names of nine have so far been kept secret.

Here are some of the charges: Three of the men cut open a sack of feed; two threw rocks at some of the non-union employees. One man was indicted simply because, when a passenger on a train, he expressed himself in favor of organization. Were it not for the seriousness of the situation—the enormous expense in which the miners' union is involved and the probable jail sentences awaiting some of the members—it would be ridiculous. The majority of the indicted men have made bond, many having voluntarily surrendered themselves, and are at liberty, awaiting trial in January of next year.

Preparation for the operation of the Bache mines proper has not begun. Between thirty and forty non-unionists are at work in two pigeon holes and it is reported that five or six cars of coal have been dug. Figures compiled show that it costs the government \$220.80 per day to keep the troops here—to protect a scab herder in the production of less than a hundred tons of coal! Happy echo of your last democratic vote, brother union man!

From West Virginia to Michigan, to Colorado, to Ohio, to Arkansas, the scene shifts, but the play doesn't change. The question at stake is the same—the right of the workers to organize; their right to bargain collectively for the sale of all they have to sell—labor power.

This is the right which the federal judge of this district failed or refused to see. They see and think only in terms of the divine right of property and nefarious money-making schemes. Of the divine rights of men and women and children they know and care nothing.

An Unlimited Income



Can be made by Robinson Salesmen. I want men like you, hustling, energetic, ambitious fellows, anxious to make money who are willing to work with me. Not for me, but *with* me. I want you to advertise, sell and appoint local agents for the ROBINSON FOLDING BATH TUB. Here's an absolutely new invention that has taken the entire country by storm. Nothing else like it. Gives every home a modern, up-to-date bathroom in any part of the house. No plumbing, no waterworks needed. Folds in small roll, handy as an umbrella. Self-emptying and positively unbreakable. Absolutely guaranteed for 5 years. Hustlers, east, north, west, south—coining money. Orders, orders, everywhere. Badly wanted, eagerly bought, for remember, *fully 70% of homes have no bathrooms.* Immense profits for you. Pleasant, permanent, fascinating work.

This is not idle talk. Make me prove it. Write a postcard. Let me write you a long letter. Then decide. No experience needed, no capital. Your credit is good if you mean business. But you *must* be ambitious, you must want to *make* money. That's all. Write a postcard now.

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Eyesight Can Be Strengthened, and Most Forms of Diseased Eyes Successfully Treated Without Cutting or Drugging.

That the eyes can be strengthened so that eye-glasses can be dispensed with in many cases has been proven beyond a doubt by the testimony of hundreds of people who publicly claim that their eyesight has been restored by that wonderful little instrument called



"Actina." "Actina" also relieves Sore and Granulated Lids, Iritis, Cataracts, etc., without cutting or drugging. Over 100,000 "Actinas" have been sold; therefore the Actina treatment is not an experiment, but is reliable. The following letters are but samples of hundreds we receive:

Mr. David Sutte, Glen Ellyn, Ill., writes: "I sent for your 'Actina,' and when it came I told my wife I would throw my glasses away and give the 'Actina' a fair show. I did so, following directions, and soon felt my eyes were getting in normal condition again and now I can say my eyesight is as good as ever, and my headaches practically vanished."

Mr. Emery E. Deitrick, 7124 Idlewild Street, E. E., Pittsburg, Pa., writes: "My eyes were very weak and my vision was so bad that I could recognize people only at short distances. Since using 'Actina' I have discarded my glasses, my headaches are gone, and my vision, I believe, is as good as ever it was."

Mr. J. H. Frankensfield, 522 E. 20th Street, Cheyenne, Wyo., writes: "Regarding what the 'Actina' has done for me, I am proud to say that I am not wearing my glasses at all. As for my catarrh, it is almost gone and I have been troubled with it for more than sixteen years."

"A great number of my railroad friends are buying 'Actina,' as you know by the orders you have received."

"Actina" can be used with perfect safety by every member of the family for any affliction of the eye, ear, throat or head. A Free trial of the "Actina" is given in every case.

Send for our FREE TRIAL offer and valuable FREE BOOK. Address Actina Appliance Co., Dept. 312-N 811 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

And it will never be any better until we earnestly set to work to make of the government of this country a working class structure. So long as we vote the ticket of our masters, follow in the footsteps of so-called "good men"—who are our greatest enemies—just that long may we expect to be crushed by the courts and soldiers of the master class.

A Traitor Train Crew

SOME of the railroad boys have been in the office this past month with some interesting points on the evolution of railroading. One of the comrades from Hammond, Indiana, brought news of the new "hog freight car," a huge, moving barn railway conveyance with two and a half times the capacity of the box cars in use in the world at this time. To render the use of the barn box cars practical, the railroads are planning to adopt an auxiliary six-foot standard roadbed. They claim that the mammoth box car will save handling, switching and hauling. Smaller cars may be coupled up in the trains with the large ones. The six-foot track will be obtained by laying an extra rail one foot four inches outside the present rails.

Our attention was called to a write-up in the (railroad) Employees' Magazine, wherein a Labor (?) Journal boasts of the record day's work performed by one train crew in one night. It says: "This crew went to work at Covington, Ky., at 6:00 p. m. with engine 441 and handled 50 loads from Covington to Riverside, returning from Riverside with five loads and 45 empties, picked up 35 empties at Covington and went to Silver Grove with 85 cars. Left there same night with 45 loads for Ivorydale and returned with 45 empties, turning in at Covington at 7:20 a. m., having handled 225 cars during the night." The Employees' Magazine (which should be called the EMPLOYERS' Magazine), continues: "This is the best day's work ever performed by a transfer engine on the Cincinnati Terminals and is greatly appreciated by the railroad company."

It OUGHT to be appreciated because work like this will enable the railroads to lay off thousands of men permanently and will tend to reduce wages because there will be just so many more railroad boys out of a job. If this crack COMPANY train crew had an ounce of brains in their heads they would LOAF ON THE JOB, do as little work as possible and help make work for MORE of the railroad boys instead of helping the company to cut down its force and to ultimately cut their own throats.

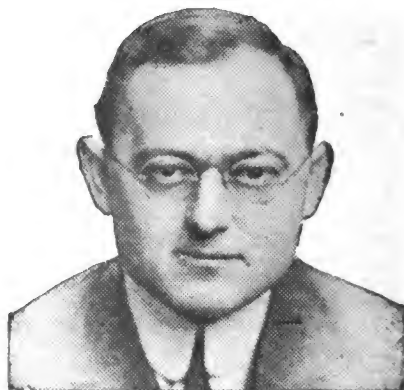
The idiot worker, who is zealous to work overtime, to do more work in a specified time, to look out always for the company interests, is the greatest menace to the working class today. He is aiding the exploiting companies to crush labor, to eliminate workers from their force. It is only a question of time till intelligent workers will realize this and will regard as bitterest enemies all train crews who OVER-work in the interests of the BOSS. Not MORE work for each man but LESS

HOW I CURED MY CATARRH TOLD IN A SIMPLE WAY

Without Apparatus, Inhalers, Salves, Lotions,
Harmful Drugs, Smoke or Electricity.

Heals Day and Night

It is a new way. It is absolutely different. No lotions, sprays or sickly smelling salves or creams. No atomizer, or any apparatus of any kind. Nothing to smoke or inhale. No steaming or rubbing or injections. No electricity or vibration or massage. No powder; no plasters; no keeping in the house. Nothing of that kind at all. Something new and



different, something delightful and healthful, something instantly successful. You do not have to wait, and linger and pay out a lot of money. You can stop it over night—and I will gladly tell you how—FREE. I am not a doctor and this is not a so-called doctor's prescription—but I am cured and my friends are cured, and you can be cured. Your suffering will stop at once like magic.

I Am Free—You Can Be Free

My catarrh was filthy and loathsome. It made me ill. It dulled my mind. It undermined my health and was weakening my will. The hawking, coughing, spitting made me obnoxious to all, and my foul breath and disgusting habits made even my loved ones avoid me secretly. My delight in life was dulled and my faculties impaired. I knew that in time it would bring me to an untimely grave, because every moment of the day and night it was slowly yet surely sapping my vitality.

But I found a cure, and I am ready to tell you about it FREE. Write me promptly.

RISK JUST ONE CENT

Send no money. Just your name and address on a postal card. Say: "Dear Sam Katz: Please tell me how you cured your catarrh and how I can cure mine." That's all you need to say. I will understand, and I will write to you with complete information, FREE, at once. Do not delay. Send postal card or write me a letter today. Don't think of turning this page until you have asked for this wonderful treatment that can do for you what it has done for me.

SAM KATZ, Suite A1627

1325 Michigan Ave.,

Chicago, Ill.

work per man and more jobs is what we want.

Think this over and show it to the boys in the round house or in the yards.

Just as we go to press we received the following letter from one of the class conscious trainmen at Hammond. He says: "On Nov. 21st, fifty cars loaded with horses from the Chicago Stock Yards were shipped over the C. & O. Railway to be used as cannon fodder in the European war. I understand fifty cars are also to go over the Erie.

The railroad boys are handling export goods to keep the big war going, when they could just as well help STOP the war. They have a wonderful power if they only realized it. If they only organized to FIGHT they could not only refuse to furnish fuel to continue the war in Europe, but they could PREVENT the United States from ever going to war; they could make it impossible to manufacture widows and orphans and dead soldiers in this and many other countries. They might even make an end of an army of unemployed and they could at least prove an almost invincible group in the fight to end poverty.

The railroad boys have more power than the men in any other industry. In twenty-four hours they could bring to their knees the masters who are riding on the backs of all the workers. Fellow railroadmen, if you have a spark of manhood left, SHOW IT. Let us get together and organize NOW to put an end to the system that is murdering our comrades

in Europe. Sooner or later the United States will be drawn into a "world's war." Are we going to remain silent until war is declared and we are forced to shoot each other for the pleasure and profit of the master class, just as we are now so badly prepared and organized that we are forced to help along the murder in Europe?

In times of peace we MUST PREPARE TO KEEP THE WORKING CLASS FROM GOING TO WAR!

Tobacco Habit Easily Conquered

A New Yorker of wide experience, has written a book telling how the tobacco or snuff habit may be easily and completely banished in three days with delightful benefit. The author, Edward J. Woods, 242E, Station E, New York City, will mail his book free on request.

The health improves wonderfully after the nicotine poison is out of the system. Calmness, tranquil sleep, clear eyes, normal appetite, good digestion, manly vigor, strong memory and a general gain in efficiency are among the many benefits reported. Get rid of that nervous feeling; no more need of pipe, cigar, cigarette, snuff or chewing tobacco to pacify morbid desire.

ARTICLES OFFERED MAGAZINES, BUT WERE RETURNED Polyandry, Divorce, White Slavery, Christian Science, The Suicide, Spiritualism, One Composite Race, Civil Marriage, Fear, Woman and the Land, Conscience. 50 cents for all—5 cts. each. All good and strong. Uncle Sam keeps 'em out of his library in Washington. Ralph Brandt, Trenton, N. J.

The Trial of Antichrist : 9 A History of the Holy Roman Catholic Church from 606 to 1800

This book is beyond question, the best ever written on the misdeeds of the Roman Church. It is written in the form of a state trial, with the Pope as defendant. The witnesses are those persons who have at various times suffered at his hands, such as Arnold, Lollard, Wickliff, Sawtre, Huss, Savonarola, Luther, and many others who were burned at the stake and otherwise murdered for daring to question the authority of the Pope. The whole work is remarkable for its adherence to facts, and references are freely given to add additional proof. There are 200 pages, all replete with *undisputable facts, printed in large, clear type, on good paper*, and substantially bound in cloth, and gold stamped on cover and back.

Postpaid to any address upon receipt of One Dollar.

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Big and Quick Money Can Be Made

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NEWS AND VIEWS



Minneapolis to the Front.—The Socialists of Minneapolis elected Dr. Charles F. Dight from the 12th ward as alderman of that city. Comrade Dight defeated his opponent by several hundred majority. He was formerly professor in the Hamline Medical School, and before that he was associated with the Michigan State University. Dr. Dight has built himself a unique home in Minneapolis. As the land he owned was swampy, he constructed a little bungalow on stilts, which we reproduce here

From a Sour Dough.—Comrade Mrs. Keil of Fairbanks, Alaska, sends us one of the most inspiring letters we received this month. She is enthusiastic in her praise of Mary Marcy's article on "Organize with the Unemployed" and reports that one of the old Sour Doughs said when he read it "That woman has a man's head." When we can please the Sour Doughs and the Blanket Stiffs and the men and women in the factories and mines we know we are on the right track. All we are here for is to SERVE the working class. Mrs. Keil concludes her interesting letter with "I sometimes wonder if the people who accuse us Socialists of BREAKING UP the homes ever dream of the sacrifices some of us make to keep the fire burning inside four walls." Every time we get a letter from our friends in Alaska it makes us resolve that we will do better work and give better service in the great fight we are all waging for the abolition of the profit system.

Birth Prevention vs. War.—Not long ago the Kaiser of Germany praised a German father for begetting a large family of boys, and told him to "continue the good work." Several of those boys are in the German

army and perhaps some of them are busy stopping bullets on the battle fields of France or are lying mangled beneath the wheels of the rushing artillery.

One of the reasons for this horrible war is said to be the need of more territory for the increasing population of Germany.

The Kaiser and others of the ruling class are opposed to married people of the working class taking steps to prevent conception. The churches also denounce it as a method of "robbing God of His children." If one could see the frightful scenes of wholesale murder being enacted on the war-crazed battlefields of Europe he would be inclined to think it a method of robbing hell of its demons. There are thousands and thousands of mangled, bleeding wretches writhing in agony in the hospitals and on the battle fields, longing for death and wishing they had never been born into a world cursed by poverty, war and a worse than brutal struggle for existence.

Think, men and women of the working class, before you put life in the world. Heed not the flattery of Kaisers and Roosevelts or the "robbing God" idiocy of the churches. Be your own God and rob this devilish capitalist system of scabs and cannon fodder.—John McDonough, Edgewood, Iowa.

English Socialism.—Comrade Editor: Re. "International Notes" printed under the name of Comrade Wm. E. Bohn in the November issue of the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW; we wish to take exception to the following, quoted from above article: "And the position taken by the Socialist parties of England is just as clear and just as fine. The labour party has in part been pulled into the current of nationalist sentiment. But the labour party never was Socialist, and never pretended to be. The Socialists of England are not represented by it. As little are they represented by those curiously erratic English men of letters, who have sometimes posed as Socialist leaders. English Socialism speaks through the Independent Labour Party, and the British Socialist Party. It speaks through *Justice* and the *Labour Leader*. And it speaks in tones calculated to fire with new faith and hope the heart of every internationalist."

As a point of information, we would like to call Comrade Bohn's attention to the fact that the British Socialist Party never has, under any circumstances, voiced the sentiments of the revolutionary working class, and we challenge contradiction. Therefore we assert that the B. S. P. is unworthy a moment's consideration from the proletarian viewpoint.

We should also like to call the said comrade's attention to the fact that the Independent Labour party has at no time during its career posed as a Socialist organization until the advent of the present European conflict;

and right now there exists a diversity of opinion among its members as to the attitude of the revolutionary proletariat on the question of the war.

We enclose for Comrade Bohn's perusal a copy of the *Socialist Standard*, the official organ of the SOCIALIST Party of Great Britain, and we would especially urge him to give a moment's study to the "platform" contained therein and draw his comparisons with the platform of the B. S. P. We feel sure that the conclusions he will draw therefrom will be quite in accord with our assertions, that there is but one SOCIALIST PARTY active in Great Britain voicing at all times the interest of the working class, its slogan being "NO COMPROMISE, NO POLITICAL TRADING" and its demand nothing short of the complete overthrow of the wages system and the emancipation of enslaved labour. That party is the SOCIALIST Party of Great Britain, and not the British Socialist Party, or any other alleged Socialist organizations.

The function of any SOCIALIST PARTY should be at all times that of an educational force, ever pointing out to the workers that society as at present constituted is based upon the exploitation of labour, and the subsequent enslavement of the working class.

That the only means by which the workers can set themselves free from capitalist domination is by gaining control of the governmental forces through the conquest of political power, which is but an instrument held by the ruling class to aid them, first, to hold their slaves in subjection, and secondly in the conquest of new markets to dispose of the stolen product of labour. The B. S. Party has failed to do this, and can therefore be placed alongside the other reactionary elements of bourgeois society.

Trusting that you will find space to insert this letter in your magazine, we are, yours in revolt, The Hardy Bay Economic Club, Per John Lawson, Secty.-Treas.

The Vancouver Island Strike.—A comrade from South Wellington, B. C., writes: "I'd like to take advantage of your offers, but owing to the war, the sun spots and Halley's comet and the disastrous termination of the Vancouver Island strike, I cannot add to my library now. The mines here are working only two or three days a week, and the scabs are getting what they came for. The majority of the strikers here are unemployed and they are up against it. We are managing to organize some of the strike breakers. At the present time I am living with my family in a tent, and it rains eight days a week. Isn't it a glorious thing to live under the Union Jack? And some of the gold-tongued prostitutes of this rotten system say that I ought to go and fight for MY country.' The Germans can take 'MY' country any time and welcome to all they will get. They couldn't make a worse job of things than this government has done. There is one mighty good thing to say for this part of the country; when you consider how hungry some of us are, it is encouraging: They have not yet caught any of us to make cannon fodder, and the parson makes a poor showing, so WE ARE progressing."—From Comrade H.

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Need an International Language.—Comrade Charles Parker of New Zealand writes that after the war we will need—first of all—a study of Esperanto by the comrades in the various national Socialist groups in order to enable us to speak direct to each other, to communicate our thoughts in our program to eliminate future wars. He can supply books on Esperanto and all those interested may buy some of the little books that will enable them to write directly to our Chinese, Japanese and other comrades. The idea is an important one and we hope at least a score of our readers will take this matter up and study Esperanto. Comrade Charles Parker may be addressed at 118 Newton Road, Auckland, New Zealand.

Everything Good.—Comrade Jorgensen of Washington writes: "Everything in the REVIEW is good from the frontispiece to the News and Views. It catches me just right. The December number is the best yet. There never was a time when the Anti-War Propaganda was more needed."

English Industrial Unions.—We are indebted to Comrade J. C. Wills for a weekly news letter that is keeping us informed on the splendid work some of the boys are putting up to make the English Building Trades into a real industrial union. Their new Building Workers' Industrial Union "stands for: One Industry, One Union, One Card," and has already grown so strong that the old labor reactionaries don't know whether to get in the current and try to reap some of the benefits or to keep on misrepresenting the new union and fighting it. Letters are being sent out to the societies already established in the building trades asking for suggestion and co-operation in fighting the new CLASS union. Wasn't it Old King Chanute who sat on the sands by the sea shore and commanded the tide to roll back? Some of the old sectional union advocates better read their histories a little. Perhaps they will understand then how futile have been the efforts of reactionaries these many, many years, in turning back the tide of evolution—industrial or economic. The boys in the new union say: "There can be no unity while the unions are split up into so many warring factions with their hands around one another's throats. There is only one way to unity and that is ONE UNION."

From Two "Live Ones."—Comrades Rehm of Springfield, Ohio, and Brandon of Carthage, Missouri, head the list of REVIEW hustlers during the past month by sending in 52 and 42 subscriptions respectively. We have some great plans for the future of the FIGHTING MAGAZINE during the coming year, which can be carried out with the co-operation of our readers. Let's all work together during the coming year even more effectively than in the past for revolutionary socialism and industrial unionism.

Must Have the Review.—A Michigan comrade in sending in his renewal added an interesting postscript as follows: "Your comrade is 67 years old, a bread winner for a little family of grandchildren, a Red Card member, and you can bet it is hard for me to save a cent from the capitalistic suction pump, but I must have the REVIEW."

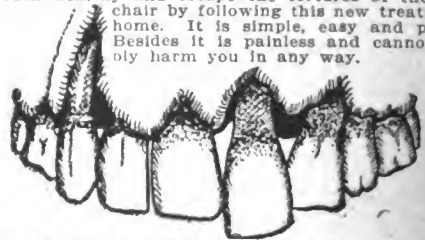
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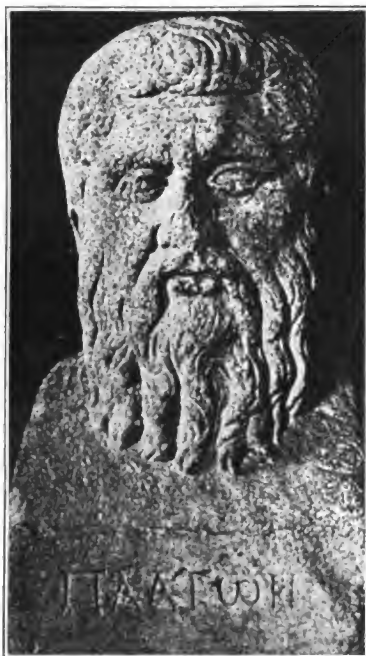
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The Republic of Plato

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Marx has proved, the necessary outcome of economic conditions. But the *literary* and *historical* value of this great work can hardly be overestimated. Competent critics agree that the present translator has preserved both the exact meaning and the literary charm of the original better than any of his predecessors. Our translation is published in eight separate books, as follows:

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This dialogue, Plato's masterpiece, was probably written late in the first quarter of the fourth century, B. C. The conversation in the first book aims at a true definition of justice.

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III

Music and gymnastics must be simple—The office of both in the education of the guardians—The best myths of the poets to be employed in the education of the youth.

IV

Justice, not wealth, the means of happiness in the State—Socrates, after a long and diligent quest, discovers where justice is to be found, and what it is.

V

Equality of the sexes—Men and women entitled to the same education, to equal rights and equal suffrage—The children to be wards of the State, to be early trained for war.

VI

Genuine and sham philosophers—The Ship of State—The unskilled and drunken pilot—The mutinous crew—Symbol of the twice bisected line.

VII

The allegory of the cave, a picture of human life—It shall be the duty of the genuine philosopher to bring men out of darkness into light, to help them turn from shadows to unchanging realities.

VIII

The forms of government vividly sketched by Plato are five in number—The ruling body of the perfect State after suffering four transformations in the end lapses into tyranny.

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From South Brisbane, Australia.—Comrade Kunze writes: "The war is making itself felt here and unemployment is rapidly becoming the general condition of the working class. Will it lead or drive them to the overthrow of the capitalist system? At present nationalism is rampant, thanks to the influence of the capitalist press." Comrade Kunze renewed his standing bundle order of 60 REVIEWS per month and also ordered a good big bunch of socialist books.

Organizing the Unemployed.—A rebel in Portland, Oregon, writes as follows: "We have undertaken the big job of organizing the unemployed men and women. The union was born last Sunday afternoon, and to date has a membership of about 900. There are no initiation fees or dues; it is a temporary affair."

"The city and county authorities have suggested through the daily papers that they will offer jobs to the unemployed at the magnificent wage of 25 cents per day and board, clearing land, working on roads and other work. If the slaves refuse to accept the proffered employment, why then they will drive them out of town. We have set about organizing the unemployed so as to offset the schemes of the city politicians. So far we have the upper hand and are trying desperately to get the co-operation of all other labor organizations, and I think we will be successful."

From a Colorado Miner.—"Myself and wife are readers of the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW and the more revolutionary it gets, the better we like it. We are in the strike zone and have been on strike for nearly fifteen months, and during this industrial struggle and the violent struggles we have been thrown into, I have lost one eye entirely and the sight of the other is so badly affected that I will not be able to sell my labor power on the market hereafter. I thought by writing you you could give me a list of class conscious books that I might be able to do some canvassing for among the workers and thus be able to support my wife, four little ones and self."—J. S.

The Anti-Socialist Union of Great Britain sends in its renewal for the REVIEW another year. The letter head bears the motto, "For King and Country." Funny, ain't it?

From New Jersey.—Comrade Whiteside orders additional copies of the December number and adds, "It is an excellent number, well proportioned and more to my liking. It seems to take well."

A Washington Comrade Writes.—"The only fault I can find with the FIGHTING MAGAZINE of the Working Class is that the time between issues is too long." Cheer up, comrade; one of these days we will have a revolutionary socialist weekly.

From an Old Timer.—"I am 73 years old, but must have the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW to help keep me alive."—Edwin Graves, Knoxville, Tenn.

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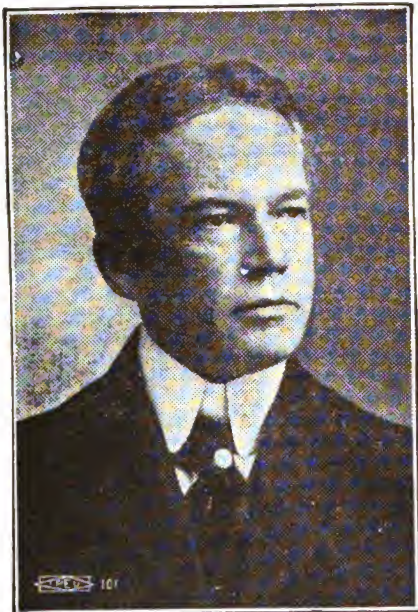
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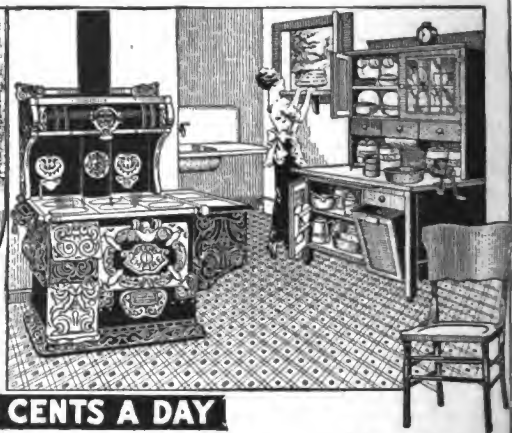
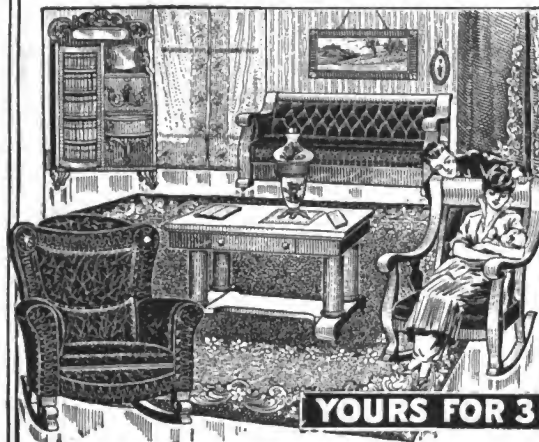
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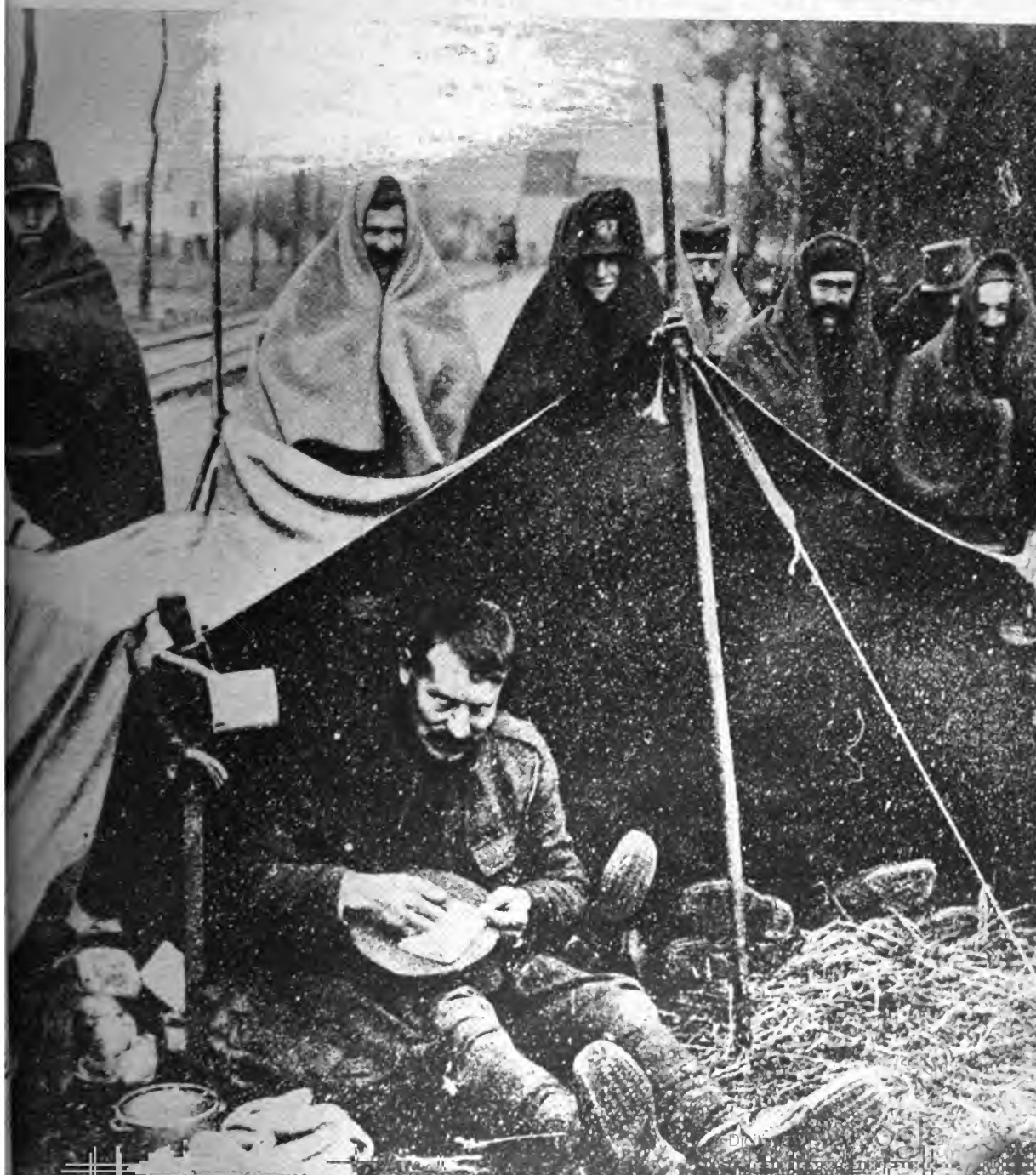
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THE DOUBTING ATLAS.

When he who feeds and clothes and houses the world makes up his mind.....?

The INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

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FEBRUARY, 1915

No. 8



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FRENCH WORKERS IN VINEYARDS NEAR EPERNAY, FRANCE. NOTE THE INDIFFERENCE OF THE WORKERS TO THE PASSING FRENCH SOLDIERS.

GERMAN SOCIALISM IN THE WAR

By ANTON PANNEKOEK

A TERRIBLE breakdown of the German social democracy—and of the Socialist movement in the other countries—came when the European war broke out. Before that German socialism seemed full size and full strength, admired by the Socialists of the world as an example no other country had been able to equal; those who knew how things were on the inside, however, were aware that not everything was as good and strong as it seemed. Now all socialism seems suddenly to have disappeared; now it is commonly believed in foreign countries that the entire party, filled with enthusiasm for the kaiser, has fallen into the worst kind of chauvinism.

But appearances are deceptive in this case also. Socialism is not completely dead, and it has already been made clear more than once, by bringing together evidence from the newspapers and other periodicals, that a part of the party still stands by the old flag. It is of the greatest importance for the American comrades to find out and to understand what is going on in the German Socialist movement in wartime.

German socialism was not in a position to hinder the war by energetic action; in the mood prevailing at the time, the leaders never thought of doing so for a moment. The party consequently might have made a declaration like this: "We are opposed to

all wars; it was our wish to keep the war from breaking out, but we are too weak, and every effort is useless. With a heavy heart our workingmen bend to the inevitable; gritting their teeth they march away to the war, vowing in their hearts to take up the struggle for socialism again as soon as the position of the government seems to be shattered." Such a confession of their own weakness would have been a come-down, of course, from their proud declarations of other days, but the courage of its sincerity no one could have called in question. But no such declaration was made. The group in the Reichstag voted the war-credit unanimously. This especially is what the comrades in other countries did not understand, for the party by this act sided with the war, assumed responsibility for the war, declared its solidarity with the government, placed itself in the service of German imperialism, and tore to pieces the International of the proletariat.

To understand this act, it is necessary to have a clear insight into the different tendencies that stood side by side in the German party. As regards the reformists, who in recent years controlled about a third of the party, held about half of its seats in the Reichstag, and included about all the officials of the trade-unions, this attitude is at once comprehensible: they always tried to change the class struggle into a struggle for minor improvements, in which they joined forces with a part of the bourgeoisie; they would hear nothing of revolution; they had a nationalist and middle-class mentality. Of the radicals the greater half were neither hot nor cold; under the leadership of Kautsky and the executive committee of the party, they clung fast to the "old, tried tactics," would hear nothing of aggressive, revolutionary movements, and so, as a matter of course, they fell into opportunism practically, though still retaining the old phrases; to this group belongs the majority of the party bureaucrats. They stood confused in the face of the threatening war, without strength and also without enthusiasm, and looked for a middle course that would not bring the party into opposition with the national current. The rest of the radicals, generally referred to as the "extreme left," who often stood for revolutionary tactics, wanted the party to protest against the war, and to refuse to vote the war-credit. This faction, which mustered

about a third of the votes at the last national convention of the party, is still, as a matter of fact, far from being uniform and clear in its aims, but there are in it some men well informed on imperialism and some advocates of aggressive tactics. However, in the caucus of the Socialist element in the Reichstag, in which this matter was to be settled, only about seventeen men stood by their proposal to vote against the measure. The overpowering majority of reformists and old radicals were for voting in favor of it. So the Socialist group in the public session of the Reichstag voted the war-credit. Could not the seventeen opponents have voted "No" also in the public session? It is an old custom for the Socialist group in the Reichstag to stand as a compact, uniform body, whose members give their votes not according to their personal judgment but according to the decision of the party. In this custom lies a mighty force; not chance opinions of single individuals but the decisions of the workingmen who make up the party decide the attitude of the party in parliament. The reformists have often opposed this custom, because they would like to have a free field of activity for their personal shrewdness and for political deals with capitalistic parties. But then the force of the distinctive class struggle against the whole capitalist world would be broken, consequently these efforts were always discouraged. It is true, a formal resolution was never drawn up, declaring that Socialist legislators should follow the majority of the party group unconditionally and mechanically; the discipline was nothing but generally recognized normal rules. Because of these rules of discipline it did not occur to the opposition to take a stand against the majority in the open session. Besides, it demanded extraordinary courage and a great deal of it, in the face of the dignified enthusiasm of public sentiment, to take a stand in opposition; and what arguments could they have offered, since the government had arranged everything so neatly that no one doubted that Germany was the victim of a malicious aggression, and wanted to do nothing but defend its national existence and its civilization?

Four months of the war passed by, and the effects of the war inside the country were seen. They were such as could have been expected. No opposition had arisen on August 4th. Consequently the military

government was able to manage things to its own liking. Military censorship was established over the entire press. That dangerous war news about movements of troops should be carefully looked after and suppressed when necessary, goes without saying, but the censorship went further. It looked upon it as its duty to see that "the splendid harmony that our people show in war time" should not be disturbed by preachers of discontent; that is to say, the military censorship became a means for the suppression of socialism. It is true, the prohibitive regulations against the social democracy were done away with, and its press was admitted to the army—the military authorities were wise enough to make friends with the Socialist press, which could preach no class struggle, however, because of the censorship. In the Red Cross and food supply commissions delegates from the trade-unions and the party were given places along with the capitalist members, for the latter were unable to handle all the work. This outward recognition of equality, which contrasted so sharply with the former exclusion and contemptuous disqualification, had completely turned the heads of a good many party members; it seemed to them that this marked the beginning of a time of liberty and equality. But at the same time an open word of criticism, of struggle against the bourgeoisie, of socialism, was hindered as far as possible by the military censorship. "*Vorwaerts*" had to make a promise to publish nothing further about the class struggle; otherwise it would not have been permitted to appear again. And in Thuringia the military commander simply suspended the paragraphs of the constitution which grant every citizen the right of free speech and of association and assembly. Only a few papers which before had sought for Socialist strength above all in thorough enlightenment and not merely in sharp words were able to maintain a Socialist standpoint even under these circumstances. The most of them were reduced to colorless labor papers.

And against this condition of affairs the party had no strength for resistance. It is true, there were everywhere larger or smaller groups of radical workingmen who held fast to the class struggle, who understood the nature of the war, exasperated at nationalism—but the apparent unity of the group in the Reichstag robbed them of all

confidence in themselves. If the representatives of the extreme left had spoken their "No" in public, they would have become the leaders around whom all Socialists could rally, who at that time or later were willing to take a stand against the war; in this way the opposition would have become a well defined force. As it is, the silence of the minority group means also to them, "Say nothing and submit." So they were weak and powerless against the prevailing current.

On the other hand, the reformists were in ecstasy; they had reached the goal of their wishes, suspension of the class struggle, recognition of the social democracy as a respectable party with equal rights with other parties, fraternal relations with the bourgeoisie. A good many of their papers outdid the capitalist press in chauvinism, and stirred up bad feeling against foreign countries—so that even the more moderate elements got disgusted with it. One of their most important organs (the Chemnitz paper), expressed the opinion that anyone who wrote as he should write would not need to feel that the censorship was hindering him. In a trade-union paper appeared the statement that the comrades who did not like the new turn of affairs and wanted to criticize would have to be thrown out of the party. The active, radical workingmen of Stuttgart, who in long years of struggle had shaken off the yoke of the reformist leadership of the party in Wuerttemberg, and had got control over the party paper in Stuttgart, saw themselves robbed again of their paper by an act of violence. In short, the reformists feel they are masters of the party, and are trying to take advantage of the situation to serve their ends. They make a great deal of the tactics followed as a victory for socialism: First, because the government recognizes them; second, because the government often has to take forcible possession of private property on account of the war, and for war supplies has to undertake a good deal of industrial organization—all this so many steps in the direction of socialism, say the reformists.

In reality the industrial measures of the government are nearly all undertaken as means of caring for capital. The war loan of five billions was a fine deal for capital, which looked forward in advance to sure gain from it. Millions were made by furnishers of war supplies. But the working masses suffered severely. The outbreak of

the war brought on a terrible derangement of the industrial life of all countries, a crisis of great consequence even in America. In Germany the percentage of people out of work, in spite of the large number of soldiers in the field, rose in August to 25 per cent; it sank to 15 per cent only in the following months, as industrial life gradually accommodated itself to the situation, and people went to work on all hands in providing war supplies.

What did the government do to help those in want? Nothing. The unemployed were left to be cared for by private charity. However, a capitalist paper in the middle of November had the following to say: "Private charity has shown itself wholly insufficient; so far only three million marks have been collected, and less and less is coming in all the time; the government must take up the matter." But why should the government take action? A possessing class does something only when it feels itself threatened by the suffering of those in want, but the masses made no movement and found no leadership in an opposition party that would take a strong stand in their favor against the government. When the leaders of the working people lull the masses to sleep with the song of the fatherland in danger, the government needs to take no thought then as to how the masses are to be cared for.

And then came the rise in prices in addition to all this. The war cut off the importation of grain; it was explained, of course, that Germany had of its own harvest nearly enough for a whole year, but wild speculation drove prices continually higher and higher. The government had secured the right to fix maximum prices, but it looked on without taking action till the speculators had gathered in their profit; then in November it set maximum prices that were far too high. Not only for the unemployed but also for the families of the soldiers, who received an extra allowance from the empire, this meant extreme poverty.

In the meantime the true character of the war had come into a better light. Under the appearance of a defensive war, it is in reality a war for world-power, for a stronger position in the world. That is given out without any attempt at concealment in a recently published work of the imperialistic writer, Paul Rohrbach. And the most influential capitalist circles have been demanding the annexation of conquered Belgium, the

extension of Germany to the Atlantic coast, the partition of Russia, the degradation of England, an increase in the number of colonies and the lion's share in the opening-up of the Asiatic and Oriental world, without any disavowal whatever coming from the government. So it becomes evident even in Germany that the workingmen had allowed themselves to be deceived early in August.

Under these circumstances the Reichstag assembled again on December 2 to approve another war loan of five billions for the government. Must not the social democracy vote this time different from August 4? In the press it was insisted upon, especially by Bernstein, that a different attitude should be assumed this time, seeing that the war has changed its character, as we are told; in August a war against barbaric Russia was promised us, and now it is a war against democratic France, against innocent Belgium, against free England. Of course, all this argumentation is nonsense; the war is in December what it was in August—a war for world-power. But it was also not to be expected that the social democratic group in the Reichstag would say, "We walked into a trap that time, but no more of that for us." The reformists were entirely satisfied and patriotic; the old radicals were befogged as usual.

But what was not to be expected from the entire group might now have been expected from the minority of the extreme left. This time they could have given their votes in the open session of the Reichstag against the war credit. They had had plenty of time to see the bad effects of the tactics previously followed; how the radical workingmen had lost their bearings; how the impudence of the reformists in the party and the impudence of the military government from above, which worked hand in hand to keep down the opposition, kept growing all the time. They could now point out the true imperialistic character of the war.

But they kept silent. Only one had the courage to say "No." This one was *Karl Liebknecht*, alone among 397 members of the Reichstag; alone among 110 Socialists; alone among more than a dozen revolutionary Socialists.

Among the members of the left there is more than one better informed on imperialism and who can make finer speeches on the subject than Liebknecht. But in such times as the present it is not so much a case of

information as it is of *courage*; not so much a matter of fine, ringing words as of *fearless action*.

Courage is no rare quality. Millions of soldiers risk their lives because they believe they are fighting for the safety of their country. Thousands of Socialists have made extreme sacrifices for their great cause. In every group of persons with common interests the individual must sacrifice himself for the good of the whole body; the approval, the praise, the admiration, the respect of their comrades is the reward for which they endure stout-hearted all the trials and suffering. But very uncommon is the *moral courage* to turn against a person's own comrades when it seems they are going the wrong way, and then to bear quietly their reproaches, their slander, their hatred. The better the group is organized for the struggle on the outside, the firmer consequently is the discipline, the greater is the moral courage necessary to disregard it. In the German social democracy this discipline was so highly developed because the movement was always in great danger from a powerful enemy and constantly under at-

tack. Now when this discipline has become a reactionary force, since it serves to break up all opposition to fraternal relations with the bourgeoisie, the effect of the old custom and sentiment is still the same. It was unfortunately still so strong that it was able to keep down the opposition of the extreme left. It is consequently to be considered all the more praiseworthy that one was able to free himself from it.

The executive committee of the party has already sent out a threatening warning regarding this "breach of discipline." But thousands of Socialists in all countries will greet his act as an act of obedience to Socialist principle, as the proof that in Germany also a small beginning is being made in opposition to the imperialistic war. Thousands of workingmen will side with Liebknecht; will gather round him, and so form the nucleus of the army which, when the old, the worn-out, the strengthless, has gone down in the whirlpool of the world-war, will again take up the revolutionary struggle against imperialism.

(Translated by Alfred D. Schoch).



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DEAD AUSTRIANS IN THE STREETS OF BELGRADE.



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RUSSIAN SOLDIERS CAPTURED BY THE GERMANS RESTING ALONG THE ROADSIDE. THEY ARE BEING TAKEN TO THE CONCENTRATION CAMP AT LONICZYCA.

THE RUSSIAN MENACE

By AUSTIN LEWIS

THE Russian menace is the German apology for the war. It is the backbone of the Teutonic case.

The Social Democrats justify their repudiation of internationalism and the tenets of Socialism, by the threat of Russian aggression, and see themselves as heroes, battling against Slavic hordes which would otherwise overwhelm Europe in a flood of Oriental savagery.

They crush the life out of Belgium; they devastate Northern France; they exchange the doctrines of Marx for those of Von Bernhardi, but to defend themselves against invasion from Russia. They burn the library at Louvain as a protest against degrading doctrines of the Orthodox church and they batter down the cathedral at Rheims to show their contempt for the Kremlin.

To all charges of cowardice and lack of good faith, the official social democrats reply with the single word—Russia. It is their motive, their excuse, even their justification.

It was a groundless and stupid government-manufactured terror which swept the German social democrats off their feet and caused them to sacrifice their place in the international movement. It was justifiable in terms neither of fact nor of theory. The terror of Russian invasion was carefully cultivated by the German military staff, under whose inspiration the Russian government acted in its worst moments, for it is fairly well agreed among all who have studied the question, from the point of view of the proletarian movement, that the Petrograd government was encouraged in its worst excesses from Potsdam and that

the Prussian ministry was more afraid of the progress of the Russian revolutionary movement than of any schemes of territorial aggrandizement which might temporarily engage the attention of the Tsar's advisers. This fact has been recognized indeed by Russian democrats of all shades and they hail the war as a deliverance from maleficent Prussian influence.

As between the economic and industrial development of the two countries there can, of course, be no question of German superiority. As regards revolutionary potentiality, however, no such positive statement can be made. This is a matter on which there may be some latitude of opinion. Thus we find Geo. D. Herron stating "Russia is completely invaded by a true and always growing revolutionary spirit. Russia today is immeasurably nearer to liberty than Germany and its best representatives have a greater and more spiritual culture than the Germans."

But without taking any such advanced views and without laying stress upon those qualities of "spiritual culture," which are at the best somewhat elusive, the threat to the advance of the working class implied in a Russian victory is not nearly so great as the speakers and writers of the military group in Germany would have us believe. The German social democrats appear to have been too easily misled in this matter.

Kautsky has recently, with highly commendable courage, called attention to this. In a recent number of "Neue Zeit" he points out that the war cannot last long without the Tsar being obliged to make notable concessions and grants of popular liberty, which, once being given, cannot be again taken back. He regards the modernization of the "Russian Colossus" by means of the war as unavoidable, and declares that when once this tendency becomes apparent, Russia would cease to be an obstacle in the path of European democracy and would become hostile to the military powers.

From any angle, of course, the downfall of Tsarism is overwhelmingly important, sufficiently so indeed to justify almost any sacrifice. One is driven to agreement with William English Walling, who states that the sacrifice of a million French and English lives is not too great a price to pay for such a result.

But the downfall of Tsarism is in-

volved not in German victory but in that of the Allies. Victorious Potsdam would not destroy Tsarism; on the contrary, it would sustain and encourage it. Autocracy is the very last thing that the German military party would willingly injure; it would much prefer to devote itself to the crippling of democracy.

It is true that Kautsky does not so regard the matter. He considers that the triumph of the Allies might still further increase the power of the Tsar. This does not, however, agree with his other contention that the development of the war must itself necessitate the spread of liberalism in Russia.

Plechanoff, the Great Russian Marxist, puts the matter more satisfactorily from the Socialist standpoint. He says, "Germany would impose upon Russia such onerous conditions as would render her further economic evolution exceedingly difficult. But as economic evolution is the basis of social and political evolution, Russia would lose all or nearly all the chances of bringing Tsarism to an end."

This evidently rests upon the very sound Marxian hypothesis which predicates political progress upon economic progress. It seems to meet the situation and agrees with the conclusions of Kropotkin, who, not being a Marxist, must have arrived at his results by a different route. Kropotkin says, "The Russian autocracy will never more be established in the forms which it had before 1905. The warlike spirit would be absolutely incompatible with the Federation Russia is bound to become in the very near future."

In fact, the Russian autocracy is a decaying institution and cannot find any means of maintaining itself. It rests upon no sound economic foundation and has not the support of any solid economic class. The peasantry which might naturally be supposed to be its adherent, as in this stage of social development elsewhere in Europe, is not so. On the contrary, much revolutionary activity has proceeded from the rural population. The squires, who have been such an obstacle in the path of social progress in England and Germany, have no real influence in Russia. The state of mind of the rural population is chaotic, the old ideas being shattered and nothing definite having succeeded. Hence the very fact of the war

with its gathering of agriculturists and industrialists from all parts of the Russian empire is a revolutionary factor of no small significance.

The industrial development which Russia must experience at the close of the war is in itself the best guarantee of her future democratization. Moreover, the addition of the new Slavic peoples which will follow from the victory of the Allies is another factor tending to the destruction of the autocracy. The Slav is by no means essentially Russian, in any limited sense; quite the contrary. The autocracy is the one thing which stands in the way of the successful welding of the Slavic peoples into a great federation and, in face of the overwhelming tendency towards union, the autocracy must go. The one possibility for the continued maintenance of the Russian autocracy lies in German victory, for, then, the force of the triumphant German war party would be devoted to the maintenance of the autocracy and the destruction of popular democratic movements in Russia.

Let the industrial process develop in Russia, as it necessarily must, if victory rests with the arms of the Allies, and the Russian autocracy, with all that it implies, will disappear, and Russia will take her place among the industrial people of the West. This is all that can be expected, even under the best circumstances, for Russia cannot avoid that process of economic development which is an essential preliminary of the revolutionary state of mind.

To place her where this development can proceed effectively and where industrial evolution may advance with the least possible friction is the necessary and useful function of this war. To build up a class whose economic interests are in antagonism to the rule of the autocracy and which will necessitate the growth of the modern industrialist and syndicalistic movement, is the most that we can hope for Russia, as, indeed, it is the most that we can desire for any country at this time. And such a consummation can only be speedily and effectively attained by the victory of the Allies.

Keeping these essentials of Marxism in mind, it is not so difficult to understand statements of Herron and others which otherwise might appear to be exaggerated, with reference to the revolutionary poten-

tialities of Russia. Even Kautsky, by virtue of his essentially robust Marxism, regards Russia as a potential liberator rather than as an eternal menace.

Recent facts in connection with this war tend to confirm faith in the revolutionary fighting qualities of the Russian people. The stand of certain members of the Duma at this crisis, in spite of tremendous personal risks, has been admirable. It is in brilliant contrast to that the German social democrats, whose awful surrender will be for many years a hissing and a by-word in the revolutionary movement. The industrial strikes of 1905 left very little to be desired from a people so recently introduced to modern industrial life.

The remarkable development of literature steeped in the best modern revolutionary thought is in startlingly violent contrast to the achievements of the German nation during the later years while Germany has lain supine under the spell of the military clique, which has, as Nietzsche so remarkably prophesied, strangled the intellectual life of the nation, weakened its imagination and compelled it to a fetish worship of big siege guns and Zeppelins. Russia, backward and ignorant as are her people, has intellectuals who are not content to lean upon a fatalistic worship of mere material power but who have a fervent and almost childlike faith in the efficacy of revolution and the potentiality of the great idea.

The Slav is not essentially military. Of the wars in recent times the Russo-Turkish involving as it did things vital to the Russian nation was popular, as is the present war, for much the same reason. But the war with Japan, which was purely a military enterprise, was decidedly unpopular and provoked the distinct hostility of the masses. The present war, moreover, besides being generally popular, has the support of the radicals of Russia.

The German military system, which has invaded every department of German life, has also permeated the Socialist movement. Thus, the social democratic party was so involved in the red tape of officialdom that when the war came it was strangled in the meshes of its own ultra-efficiency.

Apart, however, from the purely revolutionary aspect of the matter, the victory of the Allies is fraught with potentiality for future development of the proletarian move-

ment, owing to the inevitable political and geographical changes, since the Allies are bound to the doctrine of the small nationality based on racial lines. Finland, Poland, the Southern Slavs, Alsace Lorraine are all likely to be the beneficiaries of the victory of the Allies. The treatment of the Poles by the Germans has provoked the liveliest antagonism among them against Germany. The Poles look consequently to Russia as a deliverer. The same state of feeling predominates in Galicia, the inhabitants of which district would prefer Russian rule to the continuance of Teutonic domination. It has been the misfortune of the German government that by its very rigidity and efficiency it has failed to win the adherence of the non-Teutonic peoples which have come under its control. In all the more recently acquired Teutonic possessions, European and colonial, we find the same conditions. Even the Boers, who were possible friends, became so disgusted with the German official system in the Herero war that the chance of a Boer revolt against England and in favor of Germany was doomed to failure from the start.

A release of these minor national groups from the government which they detest cannot but tend in the direction of greater democracy and a fair field for the social revolution. An Ireland united against an oppressive England cannot develop real revolutionary force. The tyranny of its foreign oppressor outweighs the tyranny of the local industrialist. Political freedom, at least to the extent of local self-government, seems to be an essential preliminary to social and political movements. Russia, on the question of local autonomy,

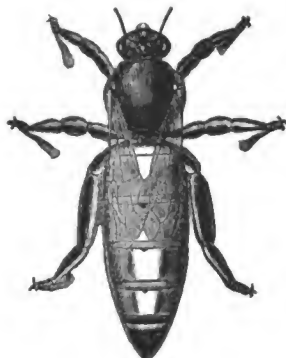
seems to be committed to the policy laid down by the Allies, at least in all of their declarations since the war began. The break-up of the Turkish power which will now follow directly upon the heels of the victory of the Allies, should that occur, will of itself set Europe free from the constant menace which the maintenance of Turkish rule in Europe has always laid upon the European communities. This will in turn still further liberate small local communities which must in time attain self-government and render them open to capitalistic exploitation and hence to industrial evolution.

In all of these ways the power of Russia as an aggressive and threatening factor in the future of Europe is limited so that the empire of the Muscovite no longer looms as the terrifying danger which it formerly did. A Russia purged of absolutism and safely embarked upon the road to industrial development, a Russia whose real genius will have at last its opportunity of self-expression, will not be the least of the blessings following the smashing of the Prussian war machine.

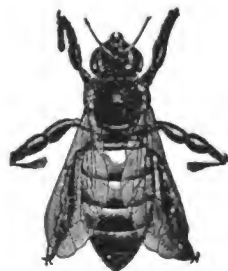
Even some of the greatest of the German social democrats are now contemplating this possibility of a regenerated and progressive Russia as a result of the war. The scare of a Russian barbaric invasion having served its purpose in hoodwinking and misleading the social democrats, we shall hear no more of it. On the other hand, if Germany wins, the backwardness of Russia will be used as an excuse for the employment of that petty militaristic tyranny with which Zabern was associated before the war.



DRONE.



QUEEN.



WORKER.

"OVER-TIME" FOR THE BUSY BEE

By FRANK BOHN

I DON'T know how many billion bees there are at work in America, but the census of 1910 shows that their total product in America in 1909 amounted to fifty-five millions of pounds valued at nearly six millions of dollars. Perhaps you expect me to describe how terribly these proverbially busy workers are being exploited. But for once the readers of the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW are going to be disappointed. Here is a tale of industrial revolution and typically modern methods without a sob in it anywhere—at least none that I can find.

The Machine on the Job

In the A. I. Root factory at Medina, Ohio, where most of our bee-keeping supplies are made, I stood and watched a wonderful mechanic device. It was not a machine which makes honey—no machine can do that. But this machine does the next thing to it. It makes the "foundation" for honey; that is, it presses bees-wax into forms, which, placed inside the hive, save the bees half their labor. Thus it doubles the product. A colony, or a hive of bees, which would ordinarily turn out twenty pounds of honey will turn out fifty pounds where this "foundation" is used. A thin sheet of wax runs over a cylindrical steel form and comes out with the peculiar tri-

angular impressions which is the beginning of the first row of hexagonal cells with which the bees start the honey comb. In all America there is just one machine for making the metal cylinders for use in the machines which turn out the "foundation." I went in and saw it work. Two men could carry it upstairs—this 200 pounds of slow-moving cog-wheels and sharp-edged knives, which doubles the honey yield. From it I went straight to its off-spring, a machine which turns out the "foundation." Regularly, about twice a second, it discharges its curiously wrought strip of wax which is equivalent in labor to six pounds of honey and which would probably require six weeks of painstaking labor on the part of the wax-producing bees for duplication.

There is an odd story about a bee-keeper who mated fire-flies with honey-bees in order that they might work nights. Numerous devices which have been practiced strongly remind one of this joke. Mr. Root, by careful breeding, produced a queen bee with a tongue three-sixteenths of an inch long. So the working organs of her daughters (working bees are all females) reached considerably farther into the roses and honey-suckle blossoms than those of any other bees.

How much more these bees could gather than bees with ordinary tongues I do not know. Unfortunately, the valuable Queen Mother, for which a German bee-keeper offered hundreds of dollars, was killed at an early age by poison brought from a sprayed fruit tree.

Then another fortunate idea, fulfilling the second part of the fire-fly story, occurred to one of the Messrs. Root. In the late autumn, when frost had killed the last goldenrod and aster in Ohio, the Root Company shipped two hundred colonies of bees south. These, set to work in the vicinity of the luxurious vegetation of southern swamps, gave a double meaning to the old song of the "busy bee," which is supposed to point so valuable a moral to idle children.

The First Great Change

At first honey-loving people who kept bees simply appropriated what sweets they found wild. Bees were tracked home to a cleft in the rocks or a hollow tree. Even today country boys in some sections of the country find "wild honey" in the woods. The bees when smoked out of their homes either perish or starve the following winter.

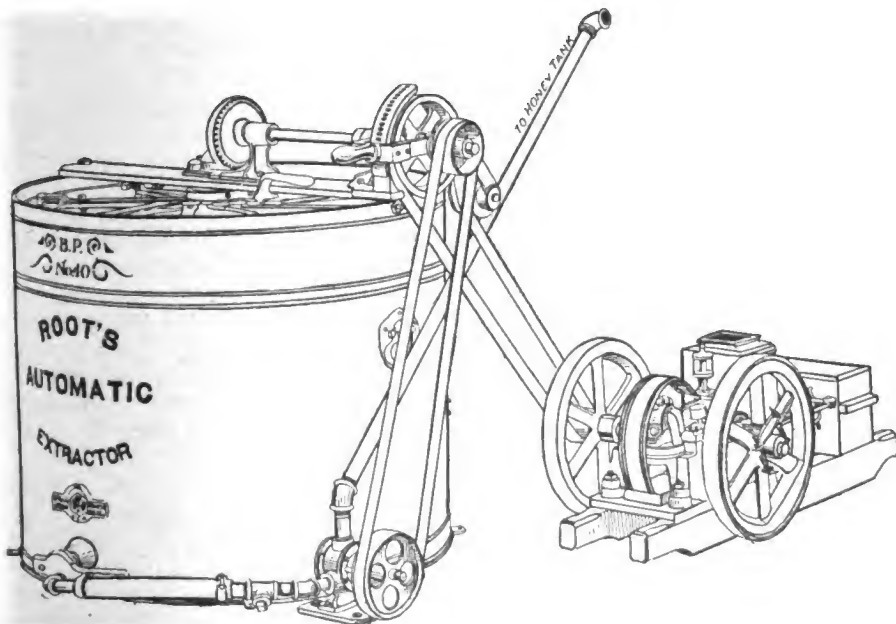
The first bee-keepers in modern times used the skep. This tightly wrought form of straw, which looked much like an inverted bowl, housed a colony of bees for

one season only. They deposited the honey comb on the inside of the skep and at the end of the honey season the bee-keeper destroyed the bees by burning brimstone underneath. The skep was then turned over and the honey taken out with a spoon.

It was about 1840 when a man named Langstroth invented the movable hive. This permitted a colony to work year after year and in reality created bee-keeping as an industry.

As in other industries, the past twenty years witnessed the marvelous mechanical changes we have already described. Bee-keeping has become industrialized. It is conducted for profits by bee-keepers who often devote themselves exclusively to this industry. At the Root plant in Medina, honey is received in the comb from Missouri, California, Maine and the West Indies. From there it is distributed nation wide. Perhaps thirty per cent is consumed in the comb. The remaining seventy per cent is extracted and put in omnipresent tin can or glass bottle. The honey-bee has been organized. Its work is but part of a process. But the profit-producer inside knows as little what has happened as the average human worker in the great hive of the nation's machine industry.

A generation ago the keeping of bees





HANDLING BEES IS AN ART.

was pursued as a pastime or side issue by a few eccentric ladies or gentlemen. Today it is studied as scientifically as dairying and fruit raising. In no industry is the exact knowledge more necessary for success. The habits of the very sentient bees who do the work must be carefully understood. For in this the bees differ from human slaves. The latter conform readily to the requirements of the wage market. The bees have never in the least degree altered their habits to suit him who robs the hive. They must be guarded against cold and disease. The product must be harvested according to fixed rules.

The Honey Extractor

Imagine the honeycomb not in the form of a small pound box, but in pieces of from ten to twenty pounds. The capings of wax which the bees have so carefully placed over the cells are carefully pared off. The comb is then placed in the rotary extractor with the open cells turned outward. This machine is either turned by hand or driven by a gas engine. Centrifugal force throws the honey out of the comb against the side of the press. Two minutes of rapid turning and the work is done. The inner forms are then reversed, the other side of the comb is capped and the process repeated. After the comb is free from honey it is either melted, compressed and sold as beeswax or replaced

in the hives to receive a new deposit of honey.

The Basswood Tree

In one of his most delightful essays, entitled "Locusts and Wild Honey," John Burroughs discusses that process of country life whereby the blossom of the buckwheat loses its sweetness to the honey-bee in the summer time and then in winter meets its own again in the form of buckwheat pan-cakes and honey. The basswood tree can tell much the same story. Of all the varieties of honey, for there are as many as there are different species of flowers in the fields and woods, that from the basswood blossom is usually considered the most delectable, and it is from the trunk of the basswood tree that the boxes for the pound combs are manufactured. Basswood makes the only cheap lumber which can be cut into the thin strips and then into the square forms without tacking or pasting. Last year the A. I. Root Company turned out twenty-three millions of these forms. Automatic machinery has reduced their hives to half a cent apiece.

In this factory over one hundred mechanical inventions have been perfected for the manufacture of bee-keepers' supplies. Separators are placed between the boxes and the hives in order that all the combs may be made the same size. A



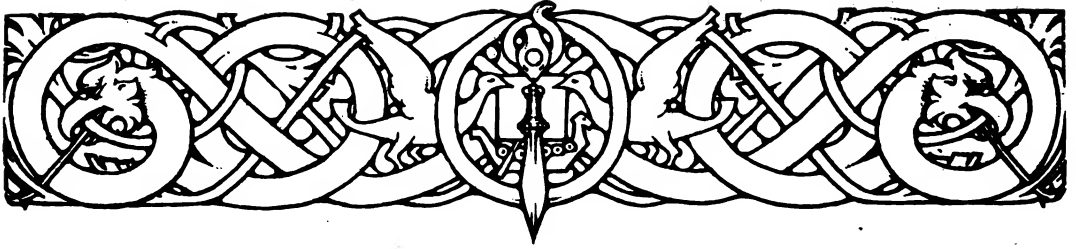
SLIDING A DANZENBAKER FRAME DOWN BETWEEN TWO OTHERS.

thin metal sheet is punched full of holes just large enough to permit the working bees to get out on the job while the queen bee is kept a prisoner in a very small apartment. There is a theory that the honey-bee, through long periods of time, has developed an instinct which guides her in the way of making the most of her time and opportunity. This is not true. Nature is a very lazy as well as a very wasteful worker and performs mighty few tasks so well that human scientific processes cannot improve upon them. Honey-making is no exception. Observed and studied until her inmost secrets are laid bare, imprisoned and hedged about a hundred devices of wood and metal, "the busy little bee," whose habits man is told to study for his moral improvement, has now been fitted into a mechanical system without which bee-

keeping as a profitable industry would be impossible.

The Future of Bee-Keeping

Here is an industry limited only by the number of persons who are moved to enter it. For every pound of honey which is gathered and deposited in the little wax cells, there are tons which "waste their sweetness on the desert air." And the more bees are kept the more flowers will grow, because, biologically, the honey is produced by the flowers for the purpose of attracting the pollen-carrying insects. Orchards will produce more fruit if visited by bees. If Americans should perchance desire to eat a billion pounds of honey a year instead of fifty millions, that amount could easily be produced. All that is required is a present rise in price. It bids fair, with rising prices of food-stuffs, to become a really great industry.



KARL KAUTSKY ON THE WAR

[Translated From Die Neue Zeit]



KARL KAUTSKY.

AT the outbreak of a war not only did both parties appeal to the same God for the protection of their great cause but the populations of both sides, in a similar way, considered themselves attacked.

This experience caused me in Essen (1907) to oppose the Bebel point of view—one of the few cases in which we differed from one another.

Bebel said at that time:

"I have been asked, and Kautsky too has harped on this same string—what is a war of offense? Well, it would be right sad if today, when large circles of the people interest themselves in politics more and more day by day, we

still could not judge in particular cases whether we were confronting a war of offense or not."

Now experience shows that there are cases in which the greatest political schooling is not sufficient to say forthwith, at the outbreak of a war, and without possibility of disagreement, who is the aggressor. And for this reason, that there are situations in which all the powers engaged run into a blind alley out of which none of them can come without considerable losses in strength and prestige, in which a surrender without struggle would mean a defeat for everyone of them. It often depends upon chance or upon the most various degrees of diplomatic cleverness who delivers the first blow and who appears as the first aggressor.

This time the decision was especially difficult on account of the suddenness with which events broke over our heads and on account of the complications of the policy of alliances which increased from day to day.

Through these complications even that guide which I offered against Bebel's 'aggressive war' criterion in Essen, lost its definition. I said at that time:

"The German government may one day inform the German proletarians that it is attacked, the French government may do the same for the French proletarians, and we would then have a war in which the German and French proletarians would follow their governments with equal enthusiasm and mutually murder one another and cut one another's throats. That must be avoided and can be avoided if we do not adopt the criterion of aggressive war but that of proletarian interests."

This criterion, too, was considered at the outbreak of the present war on both sides, but, just as with the criterion of aggressive war, it led Germans and French to an opposite standpoint.

Our French comrades issued a manifesto, together with the Belgians, in which they declared they must stand behind their government because on the German side the attack had been willed and because they were defending freedom and justice against German monarchism. * * *

They, therefore, felt themselves obligated to fight as republicans against the Empire, but the

German Social-Democrats for the most part felt the same obligation to fight, for the war appeared to them as a war of a realm with universal and equal suffrage, the right of organization, and freedom of the press against the despotism of the Czarism. The Germans fought simultaneously against the Czar and the Republic. The French simultaneously against German monarchism and for Russian Absolutism. Where does the proletarian and democratic interest lie?

But each time we find that the opposition between German and French Socialists does not lie in the criterion nor in the fundamental point of view but in varying conceptions of the situations, which in turn results from the difference of geographical situation. So that this opposition can scarcely be overcome as long as the war continues. However, it is no opposition of principle but arises from a particular situation which I need not outline.

Naturally, the prevailing view of the German Social-Democracy is not to be confused with that simple popular view, still strong in Germany, which sees in all Russia nothing but Cossacks, Bashkirs, and Kalmucks, servile tools of the Czarism. The colossal transformation through which the Russian people has passed in the last generation is well understood and appreciated in our party, since it made a powerful impression in the Revolution of 1905. We know that democracy is on the march in Russia and that it created a strong movement among the proletarian masses and also in the bourgeoisie before the war. We no longer take the point of view that war against Russia is necessary in order to break the power of the Czar or to protect that of the democracy of Western Europe. On the contrary, the war between Germany and Russia today may—though this result will not necessarily follow—create obstacles for the democracy of both realms, whoever conquers. The view that the war against Russia is just as great a misfortune as any other war, however, does not contradict the conviction that after the war has once broken out the victory of the Czar would be the greatest misfortune of all the misfortunes it might bring.

However, if neither the criterion of aggressive war nor that of the proletarian interest produces in the present situation an equally clear and binding point of view for the comrades of all countries, there nevertheless remains a third criterion. One may dispute who is the attacker and who is the attacked, or which threatens Europe more—a victory of Germany over France or a victory of Russia over Germany; one thing is clear: every people, and the proletariat of every people, has a pressing interest in this: to prevent the enemy of the country from coming over the frontier, as it is this way that the terror and devastation of war reach their most frightful form: that of a hostile invasion. And in every national state the proletariat too must use all its energy to see that the independence and integrity of the national territory is maintained. That is an essential part of democracy, which is a necessary basis for the struggle and the victory of the proletariat. * * *

However, is there not a risk for Socialist thought if one makes one's attitude toward the war depend exclusively on the answer to the question: who is the attacker? Especially if the situation is doubtful and one does not investigate the problem whether the war came out of great historical conflicts which had their roots in economic struggle independent of the motives of individuals. If one further refuses to investigate what will be the political effect of the outcome of the war, but reduces the investigation to a judicial inquiry in order to judge the guilty, who had frivolously produced the monstrous crime of conjuring up a world war for a peace-loving world and forced others to defend themselves against it. In such a view all guilt, all injustice lies on the one side and all justice and right on the other. * * *

The Marxist conception works in quite a different way, for it strives, not to judge, but to understand. In a given case, it may come to the conclusion that the same tendencies prevail among the various Powers and bring them into hostility with one another, that in this relation none has anything of which to accuse the other. If in spite of all efforts of the Social Democracy along this line, a war breaks out, then every nation must protect its skin as well as it can. From this it follows that the Social-Democrats of all nations have the same right or the same duty to take part in this defense; none can attack the other on this ground.

But from this follows also the further duty of the Social Democracy of every country to regard the war exclusively as a defensive war, to set up as its goal only protection from the enemy, not his "punishment" or diminishment. Since this view seeks the cause of war not in the personal badness or the inferiority of the enemy but in objective relations, it will regard the assurance which peace is to bring not to be the discouragement or maiming of the enemy, which would only furnish a new cause of war for the future, but the abolition of conditions which brought about the war. At the present time, that is, imperialistic antagonisms and world armament. * * *

Whether the war is conducted defensively or offensively is a purely military question which has nothing to do with the question whether it is undertaken as a defensive war or as an aggressive war. And every defensive war must finally turn into an offensive war if the campaign is effectively conducted.

At the same time, although the military and political aggressive are to be sharply separated, the military aggressive, as soon as it is carried on with great success, is not without a reaction on foreign politics, and easily colours the latter with its own aggressive character. Thus the character of the war of 1870 was changed. At the beginning it was on the whole an aggressive war of Napoleon, but during its course it took on more and more the character of a defensive war of the French, not only in a military, but also in a political sense. Through such a transformation during the war, the attitude of the Social-Democracy of a country may also change.

KARL KAUTSKY—NATIONALIST

By William English Walling

KAUTSKY says in the above article, that we Socialists cannot be indifferent as to who wins during the war. But according to what principle are we to take sides? He says, expressly, that we are *not* to judge by "the proletarian interests of the world," the principle by which he and all other Socialists have hitherto judged everything and why? Because the Socialists of the various countries do not agree as to where this principle leads during the present war. In other words, because Scheidemann, Suedekum, Fischer, David, Legien and the other German opportunists, craft-unionists, and nationalists, are opposed to Karl Liebknecht, Franz Mehring, Rosa Luxemburg, and Clara Zetkin, and pretend to believe that "the proletarian interests of the world" require Germany to win the war, we are to lower this Socialist banner and put another in its place!

We must have a standard that satisfies nationalistic Socialists! And this banner he finds in the principle that the proletarians of all countries must support their governments because there is a possibility of invasion!

Kautsky's article is nationalistic in nearly every paragraph. Thus, in comparing France and Germany, he tells us what the French are fighting *against* and what they are fighting *for*, namely, against Prussian militarism, and for French republicanism and democracy and the Czar. But he only tells us what the Germans are fighting *against*: i. e., Czarism on the one side and republicanism on the other; he does not say what they are fighting *for*, namely, *Prussian militarism*—though he concedes that this is what the Germans are fighting for in another place in his article, when he is not making any comparison between the two countries!

He gives a list of the advantages of German civilization over that of Russian, but he does not give any corresponding list of the advantages of French civilization over German, namely, that they have no semi-absolute monarch, no House of Lords, no subjection of civil to military authority (as we saw in the Zabern affair), no possibility of officers torturing soldiers, without the right of civil trial—except in the penal battalions of Algeria. Rosa Luxemburg's lawyers had

accumulated last spring 32,000 *recent* cases of such cruelties in the German army and over 1,000 Socialists had the courage to volunteer as witnesses.

Kautsky says that we may conclude that "the same tendencies" prevail in all the great nations, and that the Socialists everywhere have the same "duty" to defend their governments. Yet he makes an exception for Russia. The Russian government represents capitalism and imperialism, but it also represents Czarism, and Kautsky admits that the Russian Socialists only do their duty in refusing their support to the Czar in the present war.

The government of Russia is much worse than the government of Prussia; but the government of Prussia, we must remind Kautsky, is just as much inferior to the government of France, which is quite similar to the governments of Great Britain and the United States. These latter governments, *all Socialists have always agreed are thoroughly capitalistic; but they are not reactionary*. They represent the twentieth century and not the eighteenth—and there is some difference. On the other hand, *all Socialists have always agreed that the governments of Russia, Prussia, Austria, and Hungary are reactionary*, that they represent capitalism *plus* a feudalistic caste system, a landlord nobility, eighteenth century monarchism and militarism. It is too late, simply because the war has broken out, for the Socialists of the last named countries to ask us to forget, what they themselves have a million times declared, that their governments are by far the worst in the world—and that it would be worth an enormous sacrifice for them—even a revolution—merely to establish in their unfortunate countries modern capitalistic governments like those of America, England and France.

Then Kautsky classes Austria as a country of many nationalities and Germany as a national country, which therefore should lose no territory. Yet before the war, even the German Socialists demanded autonomy for Alsace and Lorraine. Why should not the people of Alsace-Lorraine, Schleswig-Holstein and Prussian Poland *themselves* vote the kind of government they want. And if they voted themselves out of Germany,

would Kautsky oppose them? According to the statement just mentioned he would.

Kautsky suggests that the German Socialists may cease to support the Kaiser if it becomes a war of conquest *in the future!* How about the conquest of 95 per cent of Belgium? How about the special efforts of the Kaiser to hold Belgium? If the German Socialist majority does not concede that as a war of conquest, would they ever concede anything as a war of conquest? This statement of Kautsky's, which he has repeated several times, is by far the most radical he has made since the war. That is, on the surface. In view of the *facts* it is a *farce*, a bitter mockery of the Belgian Socialists.

If Kautsky is not a nationalist today there never was one. In a later article he lets the cat out of the bag. There is a conflict between the *immediate* material interests of

the proletarians of Germany and those of other nations [like the conflict of *immediate* interests between craftsmen that we know so well]. The German workers are fighting, says Kautsky, for fear that "the present material basis of their existence may be considerably narrowed" by the defeat of the Kaiser. That is, they are engaged in an economic conflict with the workers of other nations.

If this is not nationalism, then what is?

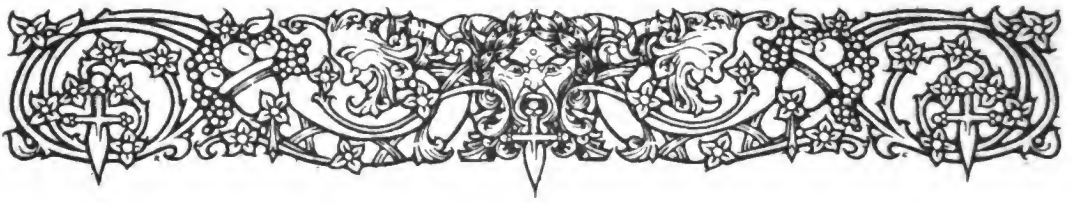
In fact Kautsky declares himself to be a nationalist. For he favors the internationalism only when it is not in conflict with nationalism; when "*it does not aim at a surrender of national interests.*"

This is like a person that says he stands for the working-class, *except when there is a conflict of interest between the working-class and the capitalist class.*



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ON THE FIRING LINE IN WESTERN FRANCE. THE ALLIES HAVE DUG HUNDREDS OF MILES OF TRENCHES ALONG THE BATTLE FRONT.



PARLIAMENTARISM AND ECONOMIC ACTION

PARLIAMENTARISM showed itself utterly futile in the European crisis. The supreme utility attached to parliamentarism was a strong factor in destroying the morale and taming the fighting energy of the German Socialist movement. Marx bitterly satirized those who consider parliamentarism creative and dynamic. Even had the German Socialists had the will to oppose the war, what effective means could they have adopted? Parliament had no control over events; all the Socialist parliamentarians could have done was to vote against the war credits, which would not have averted war. The unions had no initiative, the political movement having always played the dominant rôle. A general Strike? But a General Strike implies virile economic organization, conscious of its power and aware of its decisive utility, accustomed to playing a leading part and not acting in obedience to a parliamentary-mad bureaucracy. The German Social Democracy has always denied the unions any vital function, conceiving them as an auxiliary of minor importance with no revolutionary mission to perform.

Parliament—political government—is essentially a bourgeois institution, developed by the bourgeois in their fight against feudalism, and expressing bourgeois requirements of supremacy. Socialism, of course, cannot ignore political government; it is an expression of class war in capitalist society, and political action becomes a necessary form of action. But the proletariat must develop its own fighting expression, its own organ of government—the revolutionary union. Socialism seeks not control of the State, but the destruction of the State.

The revolutionary union alone is capable of dynamic, creative action.

Economic action assumes dominance in our tactics as the Socialist movement becomes more definite and aggressive; political action becomes an auxiliary. Revolutionary unionism develops the initiative and virility of the proletariat, unites the proletariat as a fighting force. It organizes the proletariat not alone for every-day struggles but for the final struggle against Capitalism. Revolutionary unionism prepares the workers for their historic mission of ending political government and establishing an industrial government—the “administration of things.” Revolutionary Unionism, finally, can secure for the workers all necessary immediate reforms through their own efforts, without the action of the State. In this process Revolutionary Unionism develops itself as the means for the overthrow of State Socialism.

These are the larger outlines visible in the future of Socialism. The Great War will simply produce new conditions for new Socialist action—not the Revolution. Socialists have believed that a universal war such as that now in progress would end in Revolution. In a letter I received recently Lucien Sanial says: “The present European War is pregnant with a mighty revolution.” Engels prophesied revolution as a consequence of the Great War which “must either bring the immediate victory of Socialism, or it must upset the old order of things from head to foot and leave such heaps of ruins behind that the old capitalistic society will be more impossible than ever and the social revolution though put off until ten or fifteen years later, would surely conquer after that time all the

more rapidly, and all the more thoroughly." But it is now clear that the Great War does not mean Revolution; all it will do is provide the necessary

factors for new Socialist action productive of ultimate revolution. Let us direct our efforts accordingly.—Louis Fraina, *New Review*.

TO THE SOCIALIST PUBLIC

THE Socialist International is now in process of being re-organized.

It must be reorganized. That conclusion is apparently unanimous, whatever disagreement may exist as to the basis of re-organization.

Upon an adequate re-organization largely depends the rapidity of Socialist progress after the Great War.

The discussion of the basis of re-organization, accordingly, assumes an immediate and vital importance.

The organized and un-organized Socialist sentiment of the world must seriously discuss the problem, arrive at some measure of unanimity, and assert itself insistently in the re-organizing movement.

Before you can answer the query, "Upon what basis shall the International be re-organized?" you must answer another query, "What caused the collapse of the International?"

The answer to that is obvious, and unanimous. Dismissing details, and without emphasizing the guilt of any particular Party or the compelling exigency of any particular situation—the *International disintegrated because Na-*

tionalism assumed supremacy in the councils of the Socialist movement.

It is now clear that the Socialist International consists in large measure of parties and groups strongly nationalistic.

The nationalistic elements are now a majority in the International. Having overcome the genuine internationalists, the "Nationalistic Socialists" directed the international movement to disaster by assuming responsibility for national interests.

This being the situation, the New Review submits three questions for the consideration of the Socialist Public:

1. Are Nationalism and Socialism mutually exclusive?

2. Should a test of Socialist Internationalism consist in relentless opposition to militarism, and the steadfast refusal of Socialist legislators to vote military appropriations, whatever the pretext may be?

3. Should the International be re-organized to include International Socialists alone, with "Nationalistic Socialists" rigidly denied admission?

Let us hear from you!—From the *New Review*.

BUTTE BETTER

By WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD

BUTTE is recovering from her spasm of martial law, the soldiers have folded their tents, taken their cannon from the court house steps, pulled the flag down and departed. No more does the blatant blare of bugles mingle with the whistles on the hill.

The camp is safe again, although it is said a locality is never the same where soldiers' feet have trod. There is some sort

of a pollution that taints the atmosphere like iodoform in a sick room.

Times were lively in Butte during the reign of Major Donahue and his soldier boys. The writ of habeas corpus was suspended. The press was censored, one paper, the "Montana Socialist," was closed down. Public speaking was forbidden. Instances were recorded where members of the I. W. W. were sentenced to 18 months

in jail, one for speaking on the street corner, the other for singing a song. Many men were arrested and thrown into a prison that had been condemned by the authorities on account of its vile and unsanitary condition. Others were unceremoniously deported from town. A *Vigilance Committee* was formed, *principally of business men*. Impeachment proceedings were brought against Mayor Duncan, Socialist, and Sheriff Driscoll, Democrat. The hearing of these cases took place in the civil court, the charge being neglect and inefficiency in discharging the duties of office during the stormy period last June. These men were found guilty and ousted from office.

As a climax came the arrest of Muckie McDonald, president; Joseph Bradley, vice-president, and Joseph Shannon, member of the executive committee, of the Butte Mine Workers Union. The perfunctory charge against these men was kidnaping, the real charge their activity in forming the new union and the official positions they held in that organization. Their trials took place in Boulder, Jefferson county. Judge W. A. Clark, presiding. Here the law as it is "writ" was supposed to be enforced, but the findings in the case of Bradley and McDonald would lead one to believe that martial law still obtained. The men were found guilty.

Bradley when asked if he had anything to say before sentence was passed upon him replied: "Go to it, it won't make any difference what I say." The judge sentenced him to five years in the penitentiary, remarking that in his opinion Bradley was the brains of the movement and was the man who influenced McDonald and others. He then delivered a sentence of three years upon McDonald, Joseph Shannon having been acquitted by the jury. These things have tended to strengthen the members of the new union. Those who had been conservative or held aloof from the organization now realize that the courts are not for their support and that the laws of Montana can be dictated by the Amalgamated Copper Company.

In the meantime the Butte Miners Union No. 1 has been having its troubles with the Western Federation of Miners. Guy Miller, a member of the executive board, has appeared on the grounds and demanded the resignation of the officers and that prop-

erty be turned over to him. To this the officials have replied in a letter to the press:

"TO THE PRESS: GENTLEMEN:

"Butte Miners' Union No. 1, W. F. of M., desires to correct an erroneous statement that appeared in the public press of this date, December 9, 1914, namely:

"That Butte Miners' Union No. 1, W. F. of M., has called for the resignation of Charles H. Moyer, John C. Lowney and Guy E. Miller, when the resolution adopted by the Miners' Union was in compliance with the requirements of section 15, article 3, of the constitution and by-laws of the Western Federation of Miners, which provides for the recall of officers.

"The motion reading as follows: Resolved, that we, Butte Miners' Union No. 1, W. F. of M., petition all locals of the Western Federation of Miners to recall Charles H. Moyer, John C. Lowney and Guy E. Miller, for the benefit of the organization.

"We further beg to advise the press that the motion carried unanimously."

To which Miller replied in a lengthy statement as follows:

"Butte, Mont., Dec. 10, 1914.

"To the Officers and Members of Local Unions of the Western Federation of Miners:

"Dear Sirs and Brothers: While endeavoring to introduce order and efficiency into the conduct of the affairs of Butte Miners' Union No. 1, Western Federation of Miners, the officials of that organization broke into print, making false and malicious charges against officials of the federation. A statement of facts is herewith submitted for your consideration.

"The president and executive board of the federation have been without power to correct abuses in the conduct of the affairs of a local union, until the constitution was amended as follows:

"The president shall have power on petition of 10 per cent of the members in good standing in their respective locals, making charges in writing against their local officers, to take complete charge of the local's affairs, and, if the charges are proved, he shall call a special election within 30 days and place the local's affairs on a business basis before relinquishing to local officials."

"In the referendum vote on this amendment, but one vote was cast against it by No. 1.

"Acting under this amendment, written charges signed by many more than the constitutional number were read at the meeting on Dec. 8, followed by a demand that conduct of the local's affairs be turned over to me, Guy E. Miller, the delegated agent of President Moyer. The demand was refused by the officers and backed up by a meeting packed to prevent the passage of amendments reducing the number of officers on salary to one and re-establishing sick benefits. They had previously suffered a similar fate through the use of Tammany methods. The following charges were submitted:

"1. Violation of the constitution by packing the meeting with men in arrears, some of whose names were not on the books of the union, giving them a voice and vote in matters of great importance.

"2. Refusal of secretary-treasurer, aided and abetted by the president, to submit books and accounts for examination.

"3. Failure of walking delegates to render any report to the union or put forth reasonable effort to increase the membership of this union.

"4. Stamps on members' cards without entry in books of receipt.

"5. Wilful waste in the disbursing of funds, especially the sick relief, the constitutional notice to secretary not being complied with.

"6. That indifference to the welfare of the organization is clearly manifested by the failure of various officials and trustees to keep in good standing.

"The latter charge is still in evidence in spite of the false entries and the mutilation of the books. From June 30 until Aug. 26, \$11,075 was paid out in sick benefits; expenditures from June 30 to Oct. 27 totaled \$25,712.24. It required four men on salary to collect in that period \$709.50; every attempt to reduce the number of officials was met by a gang. In the face of the figures submitted, is there not reason for every union man demanding an investigation and a meeting where only legitimate members will have a voice and vote? A few months more of such rule and even the bricks of the dismantled hall would disappear.

"Since the drawing up of the charges, further investigations have added overwhelming evidence of the charges made and laid the basis for new ones. It is with extreme regret that I uncover the shame of officials, who, stopped by constitutional provisions in a career of loot, seek to divert attention from their infamy by charging federation officials with attempting to disrupt No. 1. The men who have packed meetings and allowed fraudulent bills over protest have left but little to do in that respect.

"The membership of the federation will find the grant of increased power to the president a wise one. Had it been granted years ago, organized labor would be intact in Butte.

"Trusting that you will give this statement your thoughtful consideration and place the blame where it belongs, I remain.

"Yours for a better Butte No. 1,

"GUY E. MILLER,

"Exec. Board Member Western Federation of Miners."

After making these serious charges, Guy Miller, as attorney in fact for one President Moyer, of the W. F. of M., asks for resignation of the officers. He also applies to the court for a temporary injunction. The charges and the complaint made against

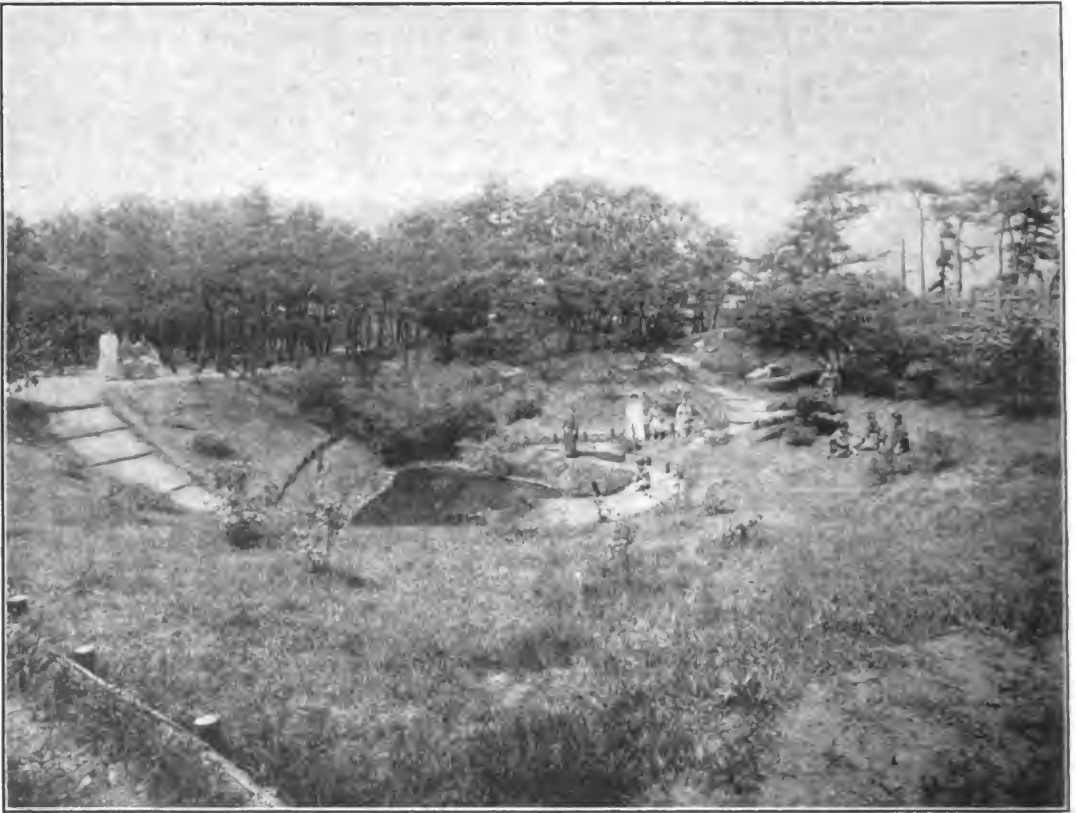
the defendants are lavish, improvident and unauthorized expenditure of the union funds; failure to properly account for money handled; allowing persons not members of the union to vote on questions of government of the corporation; spending money unnecessarily; payment of unnecessary and exorbitant salaries and the almost complete depletion of the sick relief fund.

This action was brought by Chas. H. Moyer, Guy E. Miller and Ed. O'Byrne in the district court against Martin Scahill, Patrick Lee, Patrick O'Neill, Mike A. Sullivan, James Ryan, James Walsh and Patrick Quigley. The court is asked to issue a temporary restraining order to prevent the defendants or their agents, attorneys and employes or any one acting in their behalf, or under their direction from interfering in any way with the plaintiffs in the possession or control of the property of the Butte Miners Union No. 1, or interfering with the prosecution of the business of the union.

It is strange that the W. F. of M. officials could not recognize that the same conditions existed in Butte No. 1 for many years past.

It was for these reasons and others that the great mass of its members broke away and organized the Butte Mine Workers Union. But they did not sue out an injunction, it was through main strength and awkwardness—direct action—they obtained their relief; money or property was not the things they sought, it was an organization where the voice of the membership could be heard. They got it—militia, courts and the powers of the Amalgamated could not prevent it.

Certainly the members of Butte Mine Workers look with surprise and disgust at the elements that are fighting over their leavings. The money and property that the W. F. of M. and Butte No. 1 are squabbling over belongs in fact to the members of the new organization, Butte Mine Workers Union. But they passed it up like a white chip; let the sweepers get it.



RECREATION SPOT AND PLAYGROUND.

OUT-FORDING MR. FORD IN JAPAN

By MARION WRIGHT

Before the entrance of Japan into the present world conflict her people shared with those of Italy the distinction of being the most heavily taxed of all the world. With an active army and navy to support and prospects of troublesome times to come for many years the burden of taxation has increased. In addition to taxes and war the people of Japan have also to deal with floods, famine and earthquakes on a scale unprecedented in other countries.

Formerly an almost exclusively agricultural country, Japan has, within the

last three decades, become a great manufacturing center providing employment for a great many of the "floating" workers who fed the famines of old. And in founding these industries their founders had the foresight to consider carefully the problem of the laboring man, which they solved on this basis:

"In order to do good work the worker must be well cared for and be contented." This does not mean that they proposed to pay him sufficient wages to care for himself. Not at all. That was never considered. But they proposed to care for

the worker as they did for the machine—to personally keep him in order.

Thus the great manufacturing industries of Japan have arrived at the "Benevolent Feudal System" to which this country is rapidly drifting. The Japanese plan would not work at all in this country—yet. Our workingmen who lack the sand and unity of purpose to take over the industries for themselves still mouth their empty boasts about being "free and independent" and refuse to accept anything from the boss in the way of a benefit except higher wages with any show of enthusiasm. In the old days it was an iron collar about the neck. Now, in many great cities the employes of certain big corporations wear a distinctive button or uniform and they live up to the company rules even when off duty. In the due course of time if they continue to lack backbone and to scorn unity they will all herd together in great barracks or tene-

ments owned by the company and erected for its particular slaves. Just like the yokels of old were gathered inside the gates of My Lord's castle at night.

My Lord's have already learned that an increase in wages does not necessarily improve the social or physical condition of the wage slave. Indeed the obstinate fellow is more apt to spend his ten per cent increase for more beer and tobacco than he is to purchase faithful reproductions of the "old Masters" for his bed-room wall. So the masters have begun to give the worker things which THEY think he should have in the way of social and physical improvement.

In Japan, where the common people never heard of freedom or independence this benevolence of the Barons works like a charm. There, even more so than in this country, the "unattached" workingman is in a sorry plight indeed. While he may be able to keep soul and body to-



INTERIOR OF INFIRMARY.

gether in America by industrious pan-handling, in Japan, he may starve or freeze to death and there is little noise made over him. This grim reality, coupled with the fact that nobody has ever told him that he is, "and of right ought to be," free and independent, makes him a very docile subject for the philanthropic experiments of his masters.

And with the patience and thoroughness that runs through all things Japanese, let it be said to the credit of their industrial Barons that they are setting a fine example for Western "civilization" in their care of wage slaves. The shrewdest owner of old time slaves never looked after his people with more attention than that shown by the great manufacturing establishments of Japan.

Take for illustration one of the greatest factories in Japan, the Kanegafuchi Spinning Company of Tokyo. This company has worked out a system of co-operative relief and co-efficiency on a most elaborate scale. More than 26,000 men and women are employed by this company and these are organized into an army of thirty regiments which is run on a strictly military basis. In addition to thoroughly sanitary and comfortable houses for all the company runs schools, both for technical and general education, provides playgrounds, theaters, libraries, hospitals and kindergartens, all free to its employes. And the company care extends to disability and old age when a pension is paid to the faithful slave.

This system has been perfected so that when a man is employed by the company he and his family are cared for by the company, even to the minutest details. He has absolutely no choice or will of his own but is only required to do his work and accept what is provided for him. This company makes no mention of the wages paid but merely emphasizes the fact that it CARES for its workers. And it does, just as the owner of a profitable

stable keeps his horses sleek, fat and contented.

The following statement, recently issued by the company mentioned reads like an effusion by our own Henry Ford, faker:

"Suggestions for the improvement of machines and methods, for the decreasing of factory and office expenses and for general improvements are asked of all operatives and employes. Boxes for suggestions are scattered throughout the mills. Prizes and medals are awarded to those making valuable suggestions.

"It is the constant effort, on the part of the company, to promote the interests and happiness of the employes, for the purpose of which no expense or effort is too much to be spared. Under these liberal arrangements, the employes and operatives are in a position to enjoy recreation after the day's toil, and they are also protected from misfortunes, such as disease and accident, and when they get old and are no longer capable of work, they will be enabled to spend the rest of their life on a liberal pension.

"Therefore it is quite natural that these sympathetic and family-like arrangements provided for them cannot fail to deeply appeal to their conscience, bringing their devotion towards the company to something above the ordinary pecuniary relations, and their gratification manifests itself in the strenuous and faithful work with which they strive to serve the company. It is a source of satisfaction to the management that we have been enabled to accomplish something approaching the ideal of capital and labor meeting on common ground, where they may work together, in harmony for their common good."

From the standpoint of creature comforts the employes of the great industrial concerns of Japan are immeasurably better off than our own "free and independent" workers. But will they develop any revolutionary spirit?



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IN THE BELGIAN TRENCHES.

CANADA AND THE WAR

By GRACE V. SILVER

TO realize the way the Canadian is affected by the war one must realize first of all that Canada is not yet an industrial country, as we understand the term. It is still the land of the pioneer, a place of alleged opportunities waiting at every man's door.

An ambitious man may, with the aid of the never-to-be-paid-for labor of his wife and growing children, take up a quarter section of frozen Saskatchewan or an equal amount of Ontario stump land and create a home that a capitalist wouldn't keep a dog in—not if he paid for the dog. Wherefore the Canadian has cherished his freedom to work, freeze and starve, clung to established laws as a matter of course, and has scarcely realized that such a thing as Socialism existed.

That was before the war. The political upheaval in Europe caused a similar mental explosion in the minds of the Ca-

nadian workers. They began to think. They discovered, too, that both the Socialist Party and the Social Democratic Party were actively opposing the war. Furthermore, in spite of the bold jingoism of certain government officials and many newspapers, the war was never a popular thing with the masses. Neither was it unpopular.

So far as Canadian industrial life is concerned, victory or defeat mean about the same. Some industries run night and day and others are entirely closed on account of the war. Armament costs much money, which means taxes for the home owner and petty capitalist. In consequence, Socialist anti-war meetings have been largely attended, audiences are intensely interested and very easily convinced when the Socialist analysis of war has been presented. The Canadian is not "patriotic."

In the beginning things looked very

much the other way. The government asked for twenty-two thousand volunteers for the First Contingent. They got thirty thousand and were overjoyed. They called for thirty thousand for the Second Contingent; when the men were herded together at the expiration of the time limit there were only sixteen thousand recruits. That, too, in spite of the fact that soldiers' wages are good across the line (\$1.10 per day and board for killing people—\$4.00 per day for stabbing hogs).

But at the outbreak of the war the Canadian, like most of us, treated it as a joke; and most of the recruits for the First Contingent were Englishmen, stranded, who joined the volunteers in order to get a ticket back to old England—very few ever expected to see actual warfare. When recruits were called for again the situation had changed and men did not come forward.

Some cities offered a thousand dollar life insurance policy to each volunteer. Others gave from five to fifteen dollars as a sort of cash bounty to each man. Unemployment increased; many enlisted in the hope that "if we have to sleep out in Europe it won't be so cold as it is here." And yet most of the regiments had only from six to eleven per cent Canadians enrolled, the balance being mostly recent arrivals from England and Scotland. The natives could neither be starved nor frozen into being patriotic. Many fear conscription will be resorted to if a Third Contingent is required.

The so-called Patriotic Fund furnished the principal outlet for local patriotism

—for a time. Immense collections were taken up (\$350,000 in Toronto in one day), and the alleged object of the fund was to provide adequate support for the wives and children of men at the front. The money was collected all right; administrators were appointed to investigate worthy cases and dole it out. A Toronto woman with a three-year-old child was given one dollar a week with which to feed (?) herself and child, and assured by the women in charge that the amount was plenty. Another woman, with six children, was advised to give up her four-room shack, take *one* room and go out scrubbing to help make expenses while her breadwinner was away fighting for *his* country. The enthusiasm for the Patriotic Fund began to languish.

Probably the war is a good thing for Canada, after all. It has caused thousands of men with strong, healthy bodies and no brains to be sent out of the country. Few will return; most of them will make first-class fertilizer. The war has precipitated the greatest panic Canada ever knew; it has turned countless contented slaves into grumbling knockers; it has given the Socialist movement an impetus which our active, trained comrades across the line will know how to take advantage of.

Even the would-be capitalist, who was afraid Socialism would take his stump patch away, knows there's something wrong somewhere. In other words, the Canadian workers have begun to think; and a thinking working class is a dangerous class—from the capitalist viewpoint.





COMRADES OF FINNISH SOCIALIST LOCAL, NEGAUNEE, MICHIGAN, WHO HAVE BEEN EXPELLED FROM THE SOCIALIST PARTY.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE RULE

By T. E. LATIMER

IT is probable that most readers of the "Review" have heard something of the "Finnish Controversy," but like many others, you have passed it by as simply a factional fight similar to those which have embroiled different groups of the Socialist Party in the past. This controversy, which began as a struggle between individuals and groups of individuals for control, has divided the Finnish Federation into radicals and conservatives, developed Committee rule in the Federation, and, with the entrance of the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party into the controversy, has brought the Party organization to the parting of the ways. The problems which have arisen out of this conflict must be faced by the entire membership, and they are so serious as to require careful consideration.

History of the Controversy.

Before the present situation is considered it may be well to review briefly the more important events which led up to the

recent decision of the National Executive Committee. The Finnish Federation, organized in 1904, had grown to a membership of about 15,000 by the beginning of 1914, although at the present time there are probably less than 10,000 members. For purposes of propaganda the organization is divided into three districts, each under the control of a District Executive Committee, and each had a daily paper owned by a stock company. The papers representing the Eastern and the Middle Districts had many tilts over questions of tactics, each representing very largely the sentiment of its district, the Eastern being the more conservative and the Middle District more radical. Until 1913 these differences were almost entirely fought out in the field of academic discussion.

In that year, however, a determined effort was made to extend the influence of those dominant in the Eastern into the Middle District. This latter district had a larger membership than either of the

others and its paper was the most influential, having a larger circulation than any Finnish paper in America. The contest began in Local Negaunee, Michigan, where Frank Aaltonen and Wm. Risto had each attempted to control the Local and Risto finally secured a majority of the 200 members. It was then that Aaltonen called upon the State Executive Board to expel this Local, which demand was obeyed on March, 16, 1913, on the ground that the Local Secretary had failed to send in eight ballots on a state referendum, the secretary's excuse being that the ballots reached him too late. A new Local of Aaltonen's friends was given a charter at once, and four days later Aaltonen and four others appeared before the Circuit Court of Marquette County and asked for an injunction against the members of the old Local on the ground given above as a reason for expulsion and on the further ground "That the said defendants are believers in, and advocates of, sabotage. This implies that the said defendants advocated and taught among other things, the destruction of property and the disregard of personal and property rights and personal violence, and that said defendants believed and taught that employees should take and use unlawfully measures extending from sulking and neglecting their work to the destruction of property owned by their employers, and among other things, the said defendants believed in and advocated the nonpayment of bills owing by them and others and generally advocated and believed in the overthrow of existing systems and governments by revolution and violence; that such beliefs and teachings were contrary to the principles of the Socialist Party and were contrary to the law of the land." He asked that the hall, \$2,000 worth of personal property, and \$7,000 worth of stock, be turned over to the new Local; also that the members of the old Local be forbidden from holding any meetings in their hall, from even entering the hall, and from inspecting the books of the Local. If the old Local was to be broken up its property must be secured, but this resort to the capitalist courts aroused a storm of protest from Finnish Locals all over the country, and the National Executive Committee of the Federation and the Middle District Executive Committee each sent

committees to Negaunee to investigate. The report of the investigators caused the action of Aaltonen (known among the Finnish comrades as "Injunction Frank") and his friends to be condemned and the new Local was refused admission to the Federation. This action was also condemned by "Tyomies," the paper of the Middle District.

Later, these men, who had maligned their comrades in injunction proceedings, entered into an agreement whereby all those who were members of the Local at the time it was expelled should be permitted to become members of the new Local. Such an agreement being an admission that there was either no truth in the injunction charges or that they were willing to condone violation of party tactics to secure a few thousand dollars' worth of property. The fact that Tyomies had opposed these high-handed methods caused Aaltonen to look about for means to control the paper. Later a vacancy occurred and S. Alanne, a member of the State Committee of Michigan, was chosen editor and the paper then admitted that an injunction was all right under certain circumstances when the rank and file became unruly.

Wm. Risto, one of the active members of the majority faction of Local Negaunee, was sent to the Eastern District as a representative of the Working People's College, and the Executive Committee of that district decreed that the locals should not permit him to speak in their halls. They expelled six Locals for disobeying this order. These Locals appealed to the National Executive Committee of the Federation, which reversed the action of the District Committee, but the Locals were not reinstated.

More Committee Rule.

The newspapers and District Committees conducted an active campaign for the control of the National Executive Committee of the Federation for 1914, this being especially true of the Eastern organ. The new Committee admitted the new Negaunee Local and upheld the expulsion of the eastern Locals. The conservative element had also secured control of all three papers and the Eastern and Western District Committees, while the radicals still remained in control of the Middle District Committee and the Workers' Col-

lege. The conservatives now centered their efforts to secure control of the Middle District.

This district held its convention at Duluth, Minn., February 21-29, 1914, and among other things refused to seat the new Negaunee Local, instructed changes in the editorial policy of "Tyomies" to conform to the sentiment of the majority of the Middle District, and proposed an investigation of the business management of the paper. Refusal to comply with the decisions of this convention caused a demand to be made by the majority faction in that district for a meeting of the stockholders of the Tyomies Publishing Company. Moses Hahl, spokesman for the conservatives, says that they feared that the radicals might have a majority of the stock, so the conservatives made a deal with Raivaaja Publishing Company, a concern which has no property except the subscription list of the paper which it publishes, the plant being owned by another company, by which \$20,000 worth of stock in Tyomies Publishing Company should be transferred to Raivaaja in exchange for a note for that amount due in five years. The radicals withdrew when they found the conservatives in control. Later a stock company was formed in Duluth, Minn., by representatives of radical Locals for the purpose of publishing a Finnish Socialist daily. They began the publication of "The Socialist," about June 10, and at the June meeting of the National Executive Committee of the Federation a decree was issued informing the members that any member or Local supporting "The Socialist" would be expelled. Later this Committee expelled twenty Locals and members in about twenty others, because they had supported this paper.

After the expulsions these Locals and others in sympathy with them began to pay dues direct to the State organizations, and the Finnish Federation requested the various State Executive Boards to support the Federation, not on any ground of right but only of fraternal spirit. In fact Comrade Hahl, who prepared a statement for the Federation says, "Formally the Finnish organization has no right to revoke charters of any Locals affiliated with it. This right is vested solely with the respective state organizations."

Comrade Lanfersiek, Executive Secretary, was asked for a ruling and he replied that members and Locals could not be expelled for supporting a Socialist paper. The expelled Locals appealed to the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party and this question was taken up at the September meeting and it was decided that "we offer it as the opinion of this Committee that the expelled Locals still remain Locals of the Socialist Party until such time as the expulsion is concurred in by the state organization." At this meeting Comrades Berger, Germer and Maurer were elected to attend the Finnish convention.

Last November the conservative faction held a convention in Chicago, the principal decisions being to reaffirm the expulsion of locals and members, the boycott of the Workers' College, and to incorporate the Executive Committee of the Federation so that it might have the legal ownership of all the property of the various Locals belonging to the Federation. They called upon the American Socialist Party to refuse to permit members and Locals to join the state organizations direct. Here would be another opportunity to use the courts to get possession of the property of all the Locals which might disagree with the Committee.

When the representatives of these factions appeared before the members of the National Executive Committee the latter were not to be found, but in their places were Comrades Lanfersiek and Ameringer. During the past year the National Executive Committee has spent \$1,700 holding meetings, at which they have accomplished practically nothing, and when a question affecting the rights of some five thousand members of the Socialist Party comes before them, they shift the responsibility upon others and are too busy to attend. It is declared by some of those present at the convention that the chairman announced that it had been already decided by those in charge of the American Socialist movement that the radical members would be expelled from the party, and the conservative Finnish papers stated that Comrade Ameringer had declared the radical faction to be anarchists. A comrade has remarked that "such claims of partiality and collusion

made by those papers and officials tend to minimize the esteem for the investigators and the fairness of this trial in the eyes of the membership."

Sub-Committee Report.

The findings of those who took the place of the members of the National Executive Committee on the Investigating Committee are a rehash of the statements made by the conservative faction, containing the arguments and excuses offered by that faction. Some of the excuses offered by Comrades Ameringer and Lanfersiek are illuminating; for instance, the excuse for the stock juggling on Tyomies Publishing Company, that it was one of the "numerous measures taken by both sides to secure control." Other excuses are "their language is altogether different from any other European language." "This is not a pink tea affair, therefore the Finnish Federation should be upheld." This Committee concludes that the Federation "has not violated the constitution or platform; it has done no injustice, and **NOTHING COULD BE DONE IN THIS CASE IF IT HAD.**" It is to be hoped that the members of the Socialist Party will let this statement soak in.

At the meeting of the National Executive Committee, on December 13, resolutions were adopted upholding the acts of the Executive Committee of the Federation, the findings of its sub-committee, and then, forgetting that the Socialist Party had a Constitution, declared "that the decision of the Finnish Federation as to expulsion of locals or members **SHALL** be accepted by state, county and local organizations as final."

On December 15, the State Executive Committee of Michigan expelled two Locals and members from others under the decision stated above, although the official notice of this decision was not sent out for at least a week later. The State Secretary of Michigan in the December Bulletin states that these expulsions took place upon the order of National Committeeman Aaltonen as that would eliminate candidates opposed to him.

This in brief is a statement of the more important events which are either admitted by both parties to the controversy or are proven by documents. Care has been taken to eliminate references to occurrences over which there are conflicting

reports and there are no other means of getting the facts. The important fact which stands out above all others is that **members and Locals have been expelled for supporting a Socialist paper, and the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party has ordered the state organizations to accept this action as binding on them.**

It is stated in the decision that it was given only after "the most careful and painstaking investigation," yet Comrade Duncan, in a letter to the Executive Secretary dated September 16, 1914, states that "it is my opinion that national, state, and local organizations should be guided by the recommendation of the Finnish organization and that no Finnish Local be recognized that is not in good standing with the Federation." This letter was written some three months before the "careful and painstaking investigation" above referred to.

Many Socialist Parties.

This decision has the effect of making of each language, federation and independent organization responsible only to the N. E. C. In states having Locals belonging to each of the Federations, there will be eleven Socialist parties, each working under its own constitution, but only the English-speaking members will be subject to the will of the state membership, while they in turn will have no authority that the foreign-speaking locals will need to respect. The result of such a condition will be chaos. By this decision the N. E. C. has taken to itself the power to determine who shall and who shall not remain members of the Socialist Party.

If this decision stands, a precedent has been established of giving power to national officers to place any Socialist paper under the ban, even to the extent of expelling those who should give such papers their support. It may be urged that this could not happen, yet not many months ago an attempt was made to prevent certain Socialist papers from advertising in the party paper since those papers were not in harmony with the N. E. C.

It appears that the National Executive Committee has not only ordered the expulsion of some 5,000 party members, but has done what it could to obstruct the work of the Woman's National Commit-

tee as is shown by the following extracts from a communication from the Woman's National Committee: "while the present National Executive Committee has blocked every effort of the Woman's Committee, it has made no woman's propaganda on its own account." "Virtually, every motion which we have submitted providing for activity in the ranks of the women, has been rejected by the National Executive Committee." "We have made our protest to the N. E. C. They have replied by adopting a motion which might well have proceeded from a standard bourgeois body addressing its natural inferiors."

The answer referred to by the Woman's Committee was an expression of regret at their inability to do anything and an assurance that no discourtesy was intended.

The N. E. C. has already admitted that it made a mistake when it caused the locals to be circularized on behalf of "The Leader." Is it not about time that it admits the other mistakes it has made in blocking propaganda work and expelling members, so that it can at least say that it did not stand as a stumbling block to the progress of the movement, even though it cannot point to much constructive work?

1914 ELECTION FIGURES

SEE TABLE ON NEXT PAGE

The figures in the 1914 column have been carefully compared with the data on file in the National Office as well as the Chicago Daily News Almanac for 1915, and the New York Times which, in its edition of January 17, claims to present the official returns.

The straight vote is given in all states excepting Louisiana, Mississippi, Texas, Virginia and Wyoming, in which states the high vote is shown.

Assuming that the Party ticket in Florida and Georgia polled as many votes in 1914 as in 1912, the total Socialist vote for 1914 amounts to 601,215. A loss of 300,000 votes when compared with 1912, and about an even break with the 1910 vote. Four states show a gain, 42 a loss.

Comparing the Socialist vote by states with the 1914 returns, we find that Colorado cast more votes in 1906, when Haywood headed the Socialist ticket for Governor. Illinois also cast a larger vote in 1906. Wisconsin, Utah and Nebraska polled a larger vote in 1904. Both Maine and South Dakota cast a larger vote in 1902, while in the state of Massachusetts there were more votes cast in the year 1900 A. D.

Comparing the 1910 column with the 1908 column, we find that there was an increase of over 180,000 votes, 33 states showing a gain and 13 a loss.

Commenting on the Socialist vote in the state of California, which is repre-

sented on the National Executive Committee by the Rev. J. Stitt Wilson, the Western Comrade says: "The vote for N. A. Richardson, Socialist candidate for Governor should have reached the 120,000 mark. Tens of thousands of registered Socialists stampeded to the polls and voted for Hiram Johnson."

"Los Angeles county Socialists nominated Thomas Lee Woolwine, a Democrat, for district attorney, and they spattered all over the ticket, even casting 451 votes for Joseph W. Ford, who was running as a Los Angeles Times candidate, on his record as a labor hater in the office of district attorney."

"These voters, registered as Socialists, with 2,609 votes, nominated Gavin Craig as presiding justice of the court of appeals, and gave Job Harriman 91. They cast 2,742 votes for Paul Wedderin, Socialist, for sheriff, and 3,349 for others, and gave a large vote to a reactionary office holder. They actually nominated Walter Bordwell, a reactionary Republican, for chief justice of the supreme court of California by giving him 2,037 votes." Several other cases are cited showing up the rotten political conditions.

An interesting article might be written about Socialism and Votes. In the meantime we hope every REVIEW reader will again peruse the little pamphlet written by Comrade Charles Edward Russell entitled, "Playing the Game."

THE VOTE FOR SOCIALIST PARTY TICKET IN THE UNITED STATES

State	1900	1902	1904	1906	1908	1910	1912	1914
Alabama.....	928	2,312	853	389	1,399	1,633	3,029	1,159 (3)
Arizona.....	510	1,304	1,995	1,912	3,163	2,973 (1)
Arkansas.....	27	1,816	2,164	5,942	9,196	8,153	10,434 (1)
California.....	7,572	9,592	29,533	17,515	28,659	47,819	79,201	50,716 (1)
Colorado.....	684	7,177	4,304	16,938	7,974	9,603	16,418	13,943 (3)
Connecticut.....	1,029	2,804	4,543	3,005	5,113	12,179	10,056	5,890 (3)
Delaware.....	57	146	149	240	556	556	463 (2)
Florida.....	603	2,337	2,530	3,747	10,204	4,806
Georgia.....	197	98	584	224	1,028
Idaho.....	1,567	4,954	5,011	6,400	5,791	11,960	7,888 (3)
Illinois.....	9,687	20,167	69,225	42,005	34,711	49,896	81,249	39,889 (3)
Indiana.....	2,374	7,111	12,013	7,824	13,476	19,632	36,931	21,719 (3)
Iowa.....	2,742	6,360	14,847	8,901	8,287	9,685	16,967	8,462 (3)
Kansas.....	1,605	4,078	15,494	8,796	12,420	16,994	26,779	20,360 (1)
Kentucky.....	770	1,683	3,602	1,819	4,185	5,239	11,647	4,890 (3)
Louisiana.....	995	603	2,538	706	5,249	1,344 (4)
Maine.....	878	1,973	2,106	1,553	1,758	1,641	2,541	1,872 (1)
Maryland.....	908	499	2,247	3,106	2,323	3,924	3,996	3,255 (3)
Massachusetts.....	9,716	33,629	13,604	20,699	10,781	14,444	12,662	9,520 (1)
Michigan.....	2,826	4,271	8,941	5,994	11,586	10,608	23,211	11,056 (1)
Minnesota.....	3,065	5,143	11,692	14,445	14,527	18,363	27,505	17,225 (1)
Mississippi.....	393	173	978	23	2,061	1,125 (4)
Missouri.....	6,128	5,335	13,009	11,528	15,431	19,957	28,466	16,853 (3)
Montana.....	708	3,131	5,676	4,638	5,855	5,412	10,885	9,430 (2)
Nebraska.....	823	3,157	7,412	3,763	3,524	6,721	10,185	5,718 (1)
Nevada.....	925	1,251	2,103	3,637	3,313	5,426 (3)
New Hampshire.....	790	1,057	1,090	1,011	1,299	1,072	1,980	1,089 (3)
New Jersey.....	4,609	4,541	9,587	7,766	10,249	10,134	15,928	14,581 (2)
New Mexico.....	162	211	1,056	2,859	1,101 (2)
New York.....	12,869	23,400	36,883	25,947	38,451	48,982	63,381	37,793 (1)
North Carolina.....	123	345	437	1,025	425 (3)
North Carolinaia.....	124	1,689	2,421	5,114	6,966	6,231 (3)
Ohio.....	4,847	14,270	36,260	18,432	33,795	62,356	89,930	51,441 (3)
Oklahoma.....	815	1,963	4,443	4,040	21,779	24,707	42,262	52,049 (1)
Oregon.....	1,495	3,771	7,651	7,033	7,339	19,475	13,343	10,666 (3)
Pennsylvania.....	4,831	21,910	21,863	18,736	33,913	59,630	83,614	40,115 (1)
Rhode Island.....	956	416	1,365	529	2,049	1,691 (1)
South Carolina.....	22	32	100	70	164	89 ..
South Dakota.....	169	2,738	3,138	2,542	2,846	1,675	4,662	2,674 (3)
Tennessee.....	410	1,354	1,637	1,870	4,571	3,504	1,671 (1)
Texas.....	1,846	3,615	2,791	3,065	7,870	11,538	24,896	24,276 (4)
Utah.....	717	3,069	5,767	3,010	4,895	4,889	9,023	5,257 (3)
Vermont.....	371	844	512	547	1,067	928	899 (1)
Virginia.....	145	155	218	255	987	820	1,812 (4)
Washington.....	2,006	4,739	10,023	8,717	14,177	15,994	40,134	30,234 (3)
West Virginia.....	268	1,572	2,611	3,679	8,152	15,336	11,944 ..
Wisconsin.....	7,095	15,970	28,220	24,916	28,164	40,053	33,481	25,917 (1)
Wyoming.....	552	1,077	1,827	1,715	2,155	2,760	1,816 (4)
Totals.....	96,931	223,494	408,230	331,043	424,488	607,674	901,062	595,381

- (1) Vote for Governor.
- (2) Vote for Representative in Congress.
- (3) Vote for U. S. Senator.
- (4) High Vote.

MARX'S AND ENGELS' FORTY YEARS' CORRESPONDENCE

By GUSTAV BANG

Translated by Caroline Nelson

MARX lived a third of a century in London as an exile, until his death in 1883, and during that time he spent his chief energy on Capital. The first volume was published in 1867; the two following volumes Marx did not succeed in finishing. Engels later completed them on the foundation of the manuscripts that he had left. The first chapters of Capital are the most difficult of understanding. They contain the famous theory of surplus value, and necessarily forms a basis for the understanding of the whole Marxian economic theory.

The correspondence brings us into the work-shop of Marx and Engels and shows us the method that they followed in building up the great work, and the difficulties that they had to overcome before their data could be hammered into shape for their literary undertaking, in order that it might be presented in the finished form in which we now have it. Capital presents a closely built theoretical system that enlightens all sides of capitalistic society, and leaves no important question open for doubt.

We have already seen some of the sufferings and sorrows that Marx had to contend with, and the mass of information that had to be gathered; but that was not all. Marx in his work possessed personally great drawbacks. He worked with difficulty and with dragging effort. As quick as he was in his thoughts and just as surely as he could "strike the nail on the head" with lightning rapidity, just so slow was he when he came to the point of drawing an absolute scientific conclusion. It was against his nature to be satisfied with a surface understanding that might shine for the moment, but on closer study might prove to be false. He thus had to sound every question to the very bottom, until every possibility was tried and all doubts removed. We see

that he could occupy himself for years with the same problems. If he reached conclusions that did not seem to him perfectly satisfying and absolutely unassailable, he put them aside for a time, to take them up later for solution. When at last the problems had been solved, then Marx could work at full speed to unfold the theoretical conclusions which he had drawn. He wrote in one of his letters:

"I work like a madman through the nights to embody my economic studies. I work rapidly until four o'clock in the morning generally."

Engels hurried him on. The absolute correctness of the work played a less important role to him than the agitating influence that it could be used for. He writes in a letter already in 1851:

"You'll not begin to write as long as there is a single book on the subject that you have not read," and in 1860, when the pamphlet on "Criticism of Political Economy" was published, and Marx prepared to continue it, he wrote: "You must surely be a little less conscientious in your work; it is much too good for the public. That the book gets written and published is the main thing. The weak points which you can see, the 'asses' will never discover, and when there come unsettled times, and history comes to a standstill, what use will it be if you are not ready with Capital? The main cause of this delay lies in your awful conscientiousness, but in the last analysis it is better to get the book out than it is on this account not to get it out at all."

Marx had first decided to publish his work in a series of pamphlets, but in the early sixties he changed his plan, and decided to give out his economic studies in gathered form. He did not like to let the first volume come to light before it was perfectly clear to him what material

should compose the rest of the volumes. The first volume of *Capital* was, on the whole, ready long before it was published, but there was yet material that was to go into the second and third volume, which was not fully worked out. And before that was done he could not let the first volume be published, because the whole theory in *Capital* form a connected system, an organic whole, where the divisions are integral parts. Each proves the correctness of the others.

There is a long letter from Marx in 1862 that tells how, in the main, he is perfectly clear on the theory of the division of exploitation, which he presents in *Capital*, and which turned all the inherited economic theories upside down, and placed the capitalist production in the right light. In a letter in 1868, a year after the publishing of the first volume of *Capital*, he gives a simple sketch of the contents of the third volume that corresponds perfectly to the work that many years after saw the light.

But while the Marxian economic theory was early formed in its general outline in his mind and partly worked out in manuscript, there were, nevertheless, all the minute details to be worked out to deepen and broaden it. Here it was that Engels' business experiences and insight came to good use in the work. We find in the letters that time after time Marx directs questions to Engels regarding practical business conditions. He wants to know the general wage of the spinners of different kinds of cloth; how much cotton they can spin in a day, and what price there is on raw cotton and cotton thread, and about the division of labor in the cotton industry, and how the wear and tear of machinery and working material is taken stock of, and how the capitalists take account of that part of the profit that is used in householding, etc.?

"The theoretical law regarding these questions," he writes, "is very simple and self-evident, but it is well to have an inkling of how they present themselves in practice."

Under other circumstances, where the questions for theoretical purposes are superfluous, but have an actual bearing on the conditions as they exist, we find

Marx never shrank from any trouble to acquire a perfect knowledge of his subject. We find that Marx took a course of study to secure an understanding of the development of practical mechanics. He writes regarding this:

"It is with me in mechanics as it is in languages, I understand the theoretical laws, but the simplest technical reality that demands ideas, causes me the greatest trouble."

Those who are familiar with the Marxian economic system, and who have formed their idea of society on its foundation, have naturally a great interest in learning that it was worked out through long intellectual labors. The most interesting part, perhaps, is the theory of land value, which is developed in the third volume of *Capital*. We find in the correspondence how wrong the idea is that Marx in the development of his system dealt only with the factory system, without giving the special conditions in agriculture sufficient notice. On the contrary, the developing tendencies in agriculture interested him in a high degree and occupied his mind constantly. The special laws that here came into play are continually objects of the most thorough study. There was first and foremost the theory of land value to solve, as to whether it issued directly from its use or indirectly from investment. In 1857 Marx had discovered the main fault in the land-value theory of Ricardo, which Ricardo had presented a generation before, and which had universally been accepted as correct in national economy. Marx realized that it was not alone the different natural quality of the soil that decided its high or low productiveness, but also the more or less developed technique in agriculture. Through long and hard study he built up his own special theory on land value that finally solved the question. This theory did not rest on mere abstractions; far from it. He continually sought to learn from practice. He studied the agricultural development, not only in England and Western Europe, but in Russia, Western Asia and India as well. He also sought to be familiar with the latest technical agricultural development, and this problem was the subject of many and very interesting examinations by Marx and Engels.

V.

In the long period that the correspondence covers, whole series of historical events took place that turned the then ruling power in Europe upside down. The cause of this was undoubtedly the onward sweep of the capitalist method of production into wider and wider fields.

In 1854-55 war took place between France and England on one side and Russia on the other; in 1859 there was the Italian war that laid the basis for the Italian political organization; in 1864 there was war with Denmark on one side and Prussia and Austria on the other; in 1866 there was the Prussia-Austrian war that led to the foundation of the German Empire as a united country, and lastly we have in 1870-71 the German-Franco war, that ended in the overthrow of the French monarchy and establishment of the republic, and the short-lived Paris Commune. All this formed the basis for the so-called "Armed Peace," a craze that has inflicted the whole of the world with its constantly growing militarism. There were also other events of far-reaching importance that issued from the revolutions that the capitalist mode of production brought about. In 1861 the bondage of the Russian peasantry was abolished, which became the first step in the Russian social change, with a tendency toward capitalism. In 1861-65 the great American war was fought to a finish between the Southern and Northern states, that ended in the abolition of Negro slavery, and thereby created a free run for the overwhelming development of the American business life on a gigantic capitalist basis.

It was a period of great movements and adventures, a time full of anxiety and expectations; one big political crisis was scarcely over before another stood before the door. All these strenuous events were continually objects of discussion between Marx and Engels in their correspondence. If we did not already know beforehand how deeply they studied their times, we would know it from the study of these letters. The reading of these letters gives one the same impression as a series of moving pictures, where twenty years of European national life unfolds itself in a steady, changing panorama, in

logical sequences; where one situation gives birth to another; causes and effects follow each other very closely here. It unravels that peculiar chapter in European history where the star of France sets and Germany's star rises; Bismarck relieved Napoleon III as leader of European international politics, and the central power of Europe shifts. It shows how the state-forms gradually shape themselves in accordance with the interests of capitalistic society. This correspondence between Marx and Engels is therefore also a rich source of information regarding these historical events. And this is not so much because it contains anything beyond that which is already known to the historians, but because it throws a new light on events.

It is easy to see afterward that Marx and Engels often made hasty judgments, formed wrong interpretations, but it is beyond all human possibility to be able to correctly judge events when we are in the midst of them. We are, on the other hand, often surprised by the wonderful keenness, especially of Engels, in interpreting political situations and seeing the results they would have in the long run. Foremost stand their judgment of Napoleon III and his government. It is clear to them from the very first that he is a miserable character. He has a shallow, gambling nature, whose power could only rest on the hollowest and most irresponsible foundation, which sooner or later would come down with a crash. Then demoralization would eat itself into all public life in France and undermine its political position that would create a catastrophe that would remove the central political power of Europe eastward to Germany. When at last this comes about in 1870, when the French army was demolished and the monarchy had fallen, Marx had good reason to write to Engels:

"I believe that you and I are the only two men who, from the very beginning, understood Napoleon in all his common war marshalings and who were never deceived or put off on the wrong track by his momentary success."

Marx and Engels saw everything through the view-point of the revolutionary proletarian, and their judgments were never haphazard in their expression, and always turned around the possibility of

the working-class struggle for freedom. That is the psychology that permeates the letters where European conditions are discussed. These thoughts become stronger and stronger as time passes and the socialist labor movement changes from a possibility for the future to an actual reality of the present.

Already in 1859 this revolutionary viewpoint is in the foreground. Engels writes: "Looked at from our point of view, I mean, in a revolutionary light, it does not matter if Austria meets with defeat. . . . On the whole, it is such that no matter who makes mistakes they must fall to our advantage."

Under Prussian-Austrian war in 1866 this revolutionary viewpoint becomes still stronger. No matter how strongly they both disliked Bismarck and his politics, they understood fully that the victory of Prussia and the formation of Germany into a united nation under the Prussian leadership, was a historical necessity for a future German labor movement of a very different order and size than that which had been a possibility before. Engels here writes:

"The situation has the advantage that it clears the field for a revolutionary movement, because it makes an end to the fights in the small capitols, and at any rate makes for development. In the last analysis, is a German Reichstag very different from a Prussian Lantag? The movement swept away all the small state nonsensical talk, and the worst influence, which considered only local conditions, has ceased. Parties at last have become national instead of merely local."

The letters are especially interesting from the summer of 1870, shortly after the breaking out of the German-Franco war. Here the superior intelligence of the two men plainly shows itself. There were two reasons for wishing the defeat of France; one was on account of the chauvinism that ruled the French middle class. A great part of the working class would thereby disappear; the other was that the German national organization necessarily had to be settled before there could be any talk of a strong and far-reaching labor movement there.

In a letter of the 15th of August, 1870, Engels gives his view of the situation as he sees it from a socialist standpoint:

"The condition, according to my understanding, is this: Germany is driven into a war with Napoleon, where the national existence is at stake. If Germany is defeated by Napoleon, Bonapartism is then established for many years to come, and Germany may be bankrupt for a generation. It will then be useless to talk about an independent German labor movement, for the struggle for national existence will then consume all energy, and at best the German workers will drag on behind the French. On the other hand, if Germany wins, then Bonapartism is, at any rate, finished, and the everlasting talk about the union of Germany will come to an end, as it will be accomplished.

"The German workers can then organize themselves on a much more rational basis than they could before; and no matter what kind of government France gets, the French workers will, at any rate, get more freedom than under Bonapartism. . . . Napoleon could not have made this war except for the chauvinism that rules the great mass of the French people, including the workers, especially those occupied in the building trades in the great cities that have come under the influence of Bonaparte. Until this chauvinism gets a sound ducking, peace between Germany and France is impossible. We could have expected that a proletarian revolution would have undertaken this work; but now that we have the war, the Germans will have to do it, and that as quickly as possible.

"That it is Bismarck and his followers who undertake this affair is positively obnoxious, but there is nothing to do about that, and to make a fight against Bismarck on that account would be foolish. Bismarck is here, just as he was in 1866, doing a good work that is an advantage to us. It gets done, though he does it in his own way and against his own will. He brushes the tables cleaner for us than they were before. The German workers therefore ought, in the interest of their movement, confine their tactics to the following: First, join the national movement as far as it tends only to defend Germany; second, sound the difference between the German national interest and the Prussian dynasty; third, oppose the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine;

fourth, work for an honorable peace as soon as a republican and not a chauvinistic government is in power in France; and lastly, always point out the common interest of the German and French workers, and the fact that the working class does not counsel war and the fighting of each other."

The Communard uprising in Paris took place shortly after this, and for a short time established the Paris Commune. But alas! here is a gap in the letters. So that they throw no light on how Marx and Engels judged this episode of the revolutionary movement. We only see that they opposed it with all their power.

ECONOMIC DETERMINISM

Proletarian Vs. "Intellectual" Conception

By E. L. DEWAR

TO the professional classes the labor movement presents a problem that can only be "solved" by the trained mind of the intellectual. For this reason they believe that much depends upon the character of its leaders and their ability to think and reason correctly.

We industrialists or socialists explain all social phenomena by economic or teluric change. That is, by a change that alters the way food, clothing and shelter are produced, or by geographic or geologic changes such as a change in the surface of the earth and the appearance or disappearance of certain islands, etc., etc., due to natural forces. Industrial changes are the basis of human ideas and human conduct. Therefore, to know the human mind and its many social expressions through various movements is chiefly to know the history of industry. As Frederick Engels in *Socialism, Utopian and Scientific*, says:

"We no longer explain man's being by his KNOWING, but, instead, his KNOWING by his BEING."

It naturally follows from the industrialist premise, that the higher we go in the intellectual scale for a solution or explanation of society's constant expressions of change—such as wars, etc., etc., the farther we get from the facts, for the more importance is laid upon the MIND (the lesser factor). It is the more difficult for "great minds" to understand social phenomena, because they do not know where ideas spring from.

Now, the dividing line between the industrialist and the idealist—between the high-brow and the worker—is right here: The former—the worker—by reason of his position at the point of production, in the factory, mine or mill, acts in the final analysis, in obedience to the law of necessity, or the conditions imposed upon him by industrial evolution. Thus he expresses the highest and most advanced type of human intelligence in action, though he may not completely understand the natural laws that cause him so to act. While the latter—the "intellectual"—by virtue of his separation or indirect connection with industry, seeks to depend entirely upon his mind for guidance. Even when he may not seem to represent special class interests, he cannot properly comprehend the revolutionary movement of labor and is, therefore, unfitted to take part in its councils.

The proletariat, or working class, at the opposite pole of industrial society, actuated by the law of economic necessity, will be the only aggressive factor in the revolution. Their needs, which are born in industry, must determine and will determine their form of organization and tactics; not a declaration of principles or a program submitted to paper by some aspirant to intellectual honors, or recognition in history. The only workable program is the one that springs from and responds to the economic NEEDS of the working class.

No group of men outside of industry

can evolve, through pure reason, a plan of action adapted to the every-day needs of the working class.

Even those men who met a few years ago to organize themselves into the Industrial Workers of the World could only ACT for their own particular group. The I. W. W. declares the futility of any individual or group of individuals imposing a program of their own upon the workers. Perhaps the men and women who formed the nucleus of the I. W. W. were among the most experienced, the most advanced students in the labor movement. By this, I mean that they more certainly recognized the determining power of INDUSTRY in shaping human institutions than any of their predecessors.

Nevertheless the workers have failed to respond to any appreciable extent to adopt the means or program of the I. W. W. In the light of these facts we are forced to conclude that something more powerful is necessary to bring about the kind of action that will result in a concrete demonstration of the industrial solidarity in the ranks of labor. The IDEA is not sufficient stimuli in the majority of cases to induce ACTION. The solidarity of labor evidently does not depend altogether upon a conscious understanding of some great principle or idea thought out and handed to us in speech or pamphlet. Instead it may more largely result from a recognition in ACTION and PRACTICE of the laws of industrial change. In my opinion, the working class does not need FIRST to understand the laws underlying historical development in order to act toward the control of industry. The working class and the capitalist class in the every-day acts of their lives are living and expressing the principles of historical materialism by conducting themselves according to the dictates of the machine process of production.

And this, not through some superior intelligence upon the part of the master class, for they, too, are subject to the laws of industrial development, as is proven by their constant demands for legislation to facilitate production and exchange.

There are no supermen possessed with great ideas for the enslavement of the

working class. All human beings tend to act in accord with the historical conditions imposed upon them—to satisfy their desires, to seek pleasure and avoid pain. We do not act in obedience to law or laws invented by supermen.

The ruling class and their mouthpieces are prevented from giving expression to the highest intelligence because of their special class interests. This remains to the working class to be demonstrated IN ACTION, IN INDUSTRY. Being tied to industry, the worker must need represent finally the only possible class tactic, consistent with his status in the life of society. He performs the POSSIBLE act, the NECESSARY act. In his struggles it is HE who discovers new ways of fighting—new methods by which to attain the satisfaction of his needs.

"When people speak of ideas that revolutionize society, they do but express the fact that within the old society the elements of a new one have been created, and that the dissolution of the old ideas keeps even pace with the dissolution of the old conditions of existence."—Karl Marx, Communist Manifesto.

This is equivalent to saying that the human mind bears the same relation to social institutions and their changes that the mercury in the thermometer does to the weather.

So much for the ability of the intellectual in the capitalist class or any other class in society to change conditions by beautifully postulated theories or eloquent outbursts of oratory. In spite of allusions of our speakers and writers to the materialist conception of history, it is evident that we have failed to grasp the significance of this theory in its application to the MIND and IDEAS.

If the history of society were determined by the ability of the spokesmen of the ruling class to impose false and erroneous ideas into print, there would be little hope for the wage workers. Fortunately, the workers read little along these lines; otherwise we might be more confused than we are now.

We do not improve or change the condition of the weather by hanging out a thermometer. We register it. Things would be pretty much where they are today if Marx and Engels had never written one word. The law of gravita-

tion did not spring into existence because Newton discovered it; neither did Galileo's hypothesis make possible the circumnavigation of the earth, but stern and stubborn industrial requirements. If IDEAS were the principal and guiding force in human activities, not one move would be made, not one move COULD be made until some great mind had pre-conceived it (out of nothing) to point the way.

Observing, intelligent workers are in a position to explain the labor movement, but not to change it even when we most clearly understand it. The growth and extension of the capitalist system of production into every land on the globe will force the workers of the world to ACT in accordance with the theories of the materialistic conception of history. The theorists will be vindicated. The workers who have been wrenched from their lives of routine, their habits and customs by changing industrial conditions will SEE demonstrated and *help* to demonstrate these theories by the *living facts* in their daily lives. The workers will learn by facing FACTS.

The rapid development of industry is not due to some special intelligence inherent in our economic masters but has its origin and growth in the capitalist method of production itself, which drives the individual capitalist to extend his plant, to install new machinery, to employ new methods of production, to cut his wage scale, to employ women and children instead of men, to enable him to compete with his competitors and avoid extinction in the business game. The interests of the exploiting class call into existence institutions such as the state, the military, the church, etc., etc., and others best fitted to function in maintaining the supremacy of the capitalist class.

The professional classes thus find their interests bound up in and with the interests of the capitalist class and develop a psychology in perfect harmony with the interests of the masters they serve. To quote Marx again:

"What else does the history of ideas prove than that intellectual production changes in character in proportion as ma-

terial production is changed? The ruling ideas of each age have ever been the ideas of its ruling class."

The fact is that the ruling class acts as it sees best to conserve its own interests, but it is incapable of correctly interpreting the laws of historical development. The truths of history cannot emanate from such a source. It remains for the machinery of production to create a condition that will compel man to know and feel the facts of history through industrial or economic change, and not the superior intelligence of the ruling class.

One of the stock lies that is taught us from the cradle to the grave is that the interests of our masters, who employ and exploit us, and our own interests are identical. But this lie is refuted in the shop and mill by the daily events in the lives of the workers and are being proven by strikes, lockouts and open rebellion wherever capitalism exists. Conditions surrounding the old order of industry are gradually being undermined by the new processes of production, and these new processes are bringing new understanding to the working class based upon experience and necessity. Come then struggles for more of the product of their labor and more control in the shop, mine or mill. The minds of the workers have not been changed by the plans or methods advised in books but by their needs.

This is Historical Materialism as we, the uncultured and unlettered rebels of the revolutionary movement, know it from our actual experience in shop and factory.

As Marx and Engels so well understood, it is not enlightening the *mind* that will set the workers free or cause them to ACTION, but industrial change and development and plain, physical NEEDS. The general ideas prevailing during the period of private property in the tools of production correspond to the historical conditions prevailing at a given time. It is the ideas born IN INDUSTRY that will aid the working class. Marx and Engels well knew it was only the workers themselves who could carry the revolution on to victory.

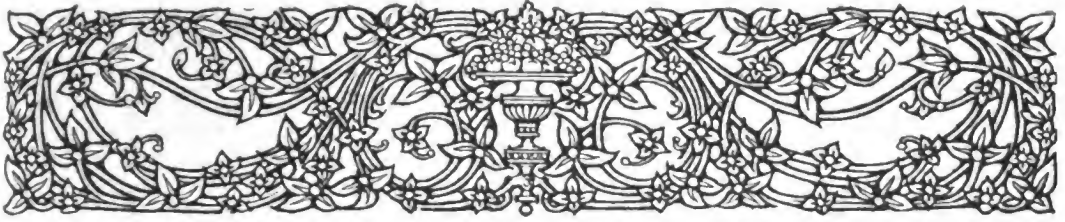
"Workers of the world, unite!"

LABOR NEWS

WHEN WILL IT BE TIME TO CHANGE YOUR TACTICS?

The Colorado coal miners have returned to work, fighting against the calling off of the strike. They recognize that if the workers themselves had been the ruling power in their union, instead of a bunch of highly-paid capitalistic-minded officials, they could have had some results at the end of their five-year battle; as it is, they go back, beaten and crushed, not by any extraordinary brilliancy on the part of their opponents, but by the antiquated and useless tactics their leaders insisted in forcing upon them. That the miners of Colorado realize this is one of the few hopeful signs to be seen in the reports now coming from that field. They are declaring that when strikes are called there should be no district boundary lines in their industry; they have learned that capitalism is not divided into districts, and that to strike against a few square miles of coal octopus territory, while their brothers over in the next district start to working an extra shift for the same octopus, in order to make up for the loss of production caused by the strike, is not only futile, but damned ignorance. Yet these are the tactics the "leaders" of the U. M. W. of A. have pursued in their battles for the past ten years. That they have lost every one of the strikes carried on in that time does not seem to have impressed them in the least with the fact that they are trying to fit nineteenth century tactics to twentieth century conditions. Following the massacre of Ludlow, the rank and file of the U. M. W. of A., the country over, demanded and pleaded with their officials that they call a nation-wide strike of coal miners in order that the American public might be forced to realize that the miners of Colorado had a grievance that deserved their attention. The National Executive Board of the organization met to discuss the proposition

of putting the matter to a referendum vote of the rank and file. They discussed it several days, and then issued a statement to the effect that, in their judgment, "it was NOT YET time for such action." The Colorado miners were driven, at the point of the bayonet, back into the mines, and it is "NOT YET time" for the National Executive Committee to act. The Ohio miners, another district, if you please, are being slowly forced to bow their heroic heads in defeat, and still "it is NOT YET time" for action by the National Executive Committee of their organization. The once powerful and great organization has been beaten on every industrial battlefield of the last decade, and still "it is NOT YET time" for them to change the tactics which have proven so useless before present day conditions. The anthracite struggle in Pennsylvania—lost; the bitter fight in Alabama—lost; the West Virginia war—lost; the British Columbia conflict—lost; the Colorado struggle—lost; the Ohio famine, practically lost, and then the gentlemanly, well-paid, expense-account-padding leeches who live from the dues checked-off the sorry remnants of the once grand army of labor whimper THAT IT IS NOT YET TIME TO ACT FOR THE MEN THEY ARE SUPPOSED TO REPRESENT! When will it "be time," you rear guard of a forlorn hope? Will it be time to act when every coal miner in America is chained in the pits, and a company of State Cossacks is quartered in every camp? Is it any wonder that the defeated, yet still hopeful, Colorado miners are deserting your standards and flocking into the Industrial Workers of the World? It at least has higher ideals than a "check-off," and does not teach the miserable philosophy of bartering men's lives and liberties for worthless "District contracts."—From *Labor Argus*.



EDITORIAL

BETTER ANY KIND OF ACTION THAN INERT THEORY!

WHEN the war in Europe first broke out, some of us believed that it was only some overwhelming elemental instinct that could cause men to leave the security of their homes to face death and disease at the front. We attributed their swift advances to the hunting instinct or to social stampede, or to mob psychology. We could not believe that anything short of primal instinct or "original tendency" could so sweep men off their feet and carry them into the horrors of war.

But, as a matter of fact, we find that the women were not caught in the whirl and borne to the front, and instinct is not a respecter of persons. The girl baby inherits the hunting and fighting tendencies of her father as does the boy. On what basis would we explain the fact that the primitive emotion passes her by and infects the male only?

At the very onset we find that acquired habits played a very important rôle in the conduct of the people of Europe. The women refrained from going to war because it was their HABIT or custom to abstain from war.

And when we look closely we find almost an utter lack of enthusiasm, an amazing lack of emotion among the soldiers. They went toward France like men going to work in a factory; they discharged their guns like "hands" running a machine in a steel mill.

All the movements for improving the condition of the working class, all movements for the emancipation of the proletariat are

based on the premise that the human animal seeks pleasure and avoids pain. He HAS sought pleasure and avoided pain, or he would not have lived to reproduce himself.

When we realize how persistently and under what adverse circumstances men cling to life at normal times, one would imagine that only universal and fundamental causes could force them to go to war.

It is doubtless true that few men expect to be killed when they are mobilized. Every soldier believes in the invincibility of the army of which he forms a part. But when hundreds of thousands of soldiers are suffering the hardships of cold, hunger, wounds and death in the trenches, human instinct, or the "original tendencies of man" would lead us to expect them to right-about-face and homeward march.

Perhaps most of the readers of the REVIEW agree with Dr. Jacques Loeb that men are unwilling to sacrifice their lives for an *idea*, the histories of the lofty (?) claims of the men themselves notwithstanding. It is incomprehensible to us that men should die for patriotism or justice or religion or any other abstract IDEA.

To us it seems that it has been an ACQUIRED characteristic — namely the *HABIT of taking orders, of obedience*, imposed by discipline, that has sent 5,000,000 Germans to the battle front, the HABIT of mental inhibition—inactivity. The same may hold good of Russia and Belgium and of France to a large extent.

In other words it would seem that HABIT, engendered by discipline, is the

cause of the war becoming a FACT. Without this habit of mental inertia, of doing what one is told to do, of following a leader, of obeying a command, the desires of the capitalist class for new conquests would have remained fruitless.

If we wish to avoid the German result, we must avoid the German CAUSE. The German Social Democracy was cut from the same piece of cloth as the German military system and the German government. The rank and file were fostered in Party *inaction*, were taught and compelled to trust to the leaders who have drawn them into the pitfalls of war. Party discipline, obedience to majority rule, mean obedience to political compromisers. It means the crushing out of all healthful activity not in line with the advancement of political office seekers.

Discipline and leadership mean mental and physical *INACTION* on the part of the working class; mean men that lack initiative and may be led astray, that *WILL* be led astray.

No labor movement is a healthy movement when it has become wholly harmonious. Absolute freedom of expression and activity are necessary to healthy growth. Better a thousand premature or futile strikes every year than a rank and file that moves only in obedience to the word of command from leaders.

The workers develop initiative in *ACTION* and initiative renders one and all capable of thinking and acting as real factors in the revolution.

Down with discipline! And away with *habits* of obedience to both Kaiser and labor leader. Absolutism is as fatal in the labor movement as it is in the scientific world. All that encourages men to break the routine of their lives, every machine that replaces men and women in the factories, everything that jars them loose from the ruts of existence, that wrenches them away from their accustomed grind is a thought stimulator, a stimulator to action, a blessing in disguise. The *economic jolt* is the greatest of all teachers!

It was not any one *IDEA* that made the war a fact. It will not be any one *IDEA* that will free the working class. But rather the common human needs of the workers,

made acute by the breaking of old time habits of life and thought. It is this breaking of old ties and old *HABITS* that creates revolutionary *INITIATIVE*. The more flux the revolutionary movement is allowed to become (so long as it retains its distinctly working-class character) the more vital will it become. The oftener every member *FUNCTIONS* in an organization (we do not here refer to the mere paying of dues) the oftener will he *desire* to function or take part. Every movement gains *MOMENTUM THROUGH ACTION*.

We should encourage rebellious activity on the part of the workers everywhere and at all times. *ACTIVITY* always adds to the strength of the movement, brings new workers into the ranks. We do not learn inaction through activity but how *best* to act in order to win. Action tested in the fires of experience, finds the best tactic.

The war itself may prove an aid to the revolutionary movement by destroying old habits of life and thought. When the factory worker finds his job destroyed, his old associates gone, he will evolve new ideas and a new line of conduct in harmony with the new conditions. Torn from his old moorings, he may develop into a real revolutionist, provided he does not again permit himself to be drawn into the old hard and fast organization that demands unquestioned obedience from its members. Questioning and rebellion in *ANY* organization is a sign of life. Unless some one rebelled or disagreed the sons would know even less than their fathers, and progress would mean a word only. Let us greet the rebels, the hot-heads with more patience. The hope of the working class lies in those who are eager to do and dare.

Let us remember that *discipline* and party *obedience* mean *unpreparedness* and inaction and that rebellion means *initiative* to think and to *ACT*. And above all we must remember that the revolutionary movement gains strength, experience, equipment and *MOMENTUM TO ATTACK AND RESIST THROUGH ACTION ALONE*.

Better any kind of *ACTION* than *INERT THEORY*!

MARY E. MARCY.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

Second Thoughts on the War

Border towns are being taken and re-taken. A few yards of trenches are fought over till they are covered with dead again and again. First the Russians drive westward and then the Germans drive eastward. Hundreds of thousands fall and nothing is gained for either side.

But this not what a Socialist has his eye on. What we are watching for now is the reaction against war. And it is coming faster than victory for either side.

The last line of defense is made up of those who are doing the work at home. No

Those in the Last Line of Defense hymns are written to them, but they bear the brunt of work and woe. In Paris women are working for a franc a day. Children are

exploited as they have not been for fifty years. In France the government seems to be doing less than elsewhere to keep conditions tolerable. Their soldiers are sent to do work for which civilians would receive real wages. But everywhere men and women are unemployed in tremendous numbers. In London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna and Lodz the tale is the same. And everywhere wages are being forced down. The Germans, as usual, show superior power of organization. German employers' associations have shown wonderful efficiency in the ease and speed with which they have changed their methods and products to suit the war conditions. They are doing all that can be done to keep industry going and insure the continuation of their profits. But the cost of living is going up and wages are going down.

There is a story going the rounds of an Irish regiment that went on strike because pay was withheld and food was not up to the requirements. And a German union man writes home that a good many of his Socialist comrades are with him. They are carrying on a ceaseless propaganda, he says, and many new Socialists will come out of the war.

In Vienna and Budapest there have been anti-war riots. These are merely extreme manifestations of a change of tone which is discoverable even in "Patriotism" the most conservative **Morning After** journals. No one now is talking much of possible glorious victories. In Germany, in fact, one hears again and again of "ending the war with honor." The general attitude is one of grim forbearance. A correspondent of *Vorwaerts* journeyed through the country making notes on conversations with working people. They told of sons and husbands and fathers fallen. They voiced a fatalistic belief in the inevitability of the thing. "Of course, it had to come," was the way several put it. But many of them said, "But after this never another war." Somehow the center of gravity has shifted in their minds since August 4th.

Outside of Germany there have been no important developments with regard to the attitude of Socialists. In Russia the Socialist members of the Duma have been imprisoned because of their clear and heroic stand. In Italy and Roumania our comrades see no reason to lessen their hostility

Socialists in the Warring Countries to any move looking to the participation of these countries. In England many labor unions are assisting the government to gain recruits, but the Independent Labor Party continues to agitate against the war. More and more it is gaining the support of outside advocates of peace. In general the English peace party is gaining in weight. There is very little news from France. What little there is indicates that the Socialists have seen no reason to change their attitude. They still regard the present government, not as an organ of the employing class, but as a defense committee of the whole population. Late in November and early in December there went the rounds of the papers an interview of the distinguished Italian Syndicalist, De Ambris,

with Jules Guesde. Guesde insisted that it is the duty of Italian Socialists to advocate joining the Allies. He based this contention on two notions. If Italy joins, he said, the war will be the sooner ended, and this is surely an object to be desired by members of the working class. Furthermore, he said, the more democratic countries there are joined on the victorious side the less will be the influence of Russia in the day of peace. Of course De Ambris had no difficulty in meeting these curiously disingenuous arguments, but Jules Guesde, old Marxist though he is, remained unconvinced of his error.

Among German Socialists, however, there is the beginning of a real awakening.

German Socialists Finding Out

It becomes more and more evident that their action on August 4th was the result of misinformation. They debated the whole matter and composed their declaration to the Reichstag without knowing that Belgium was to be invaded. To be sure, one would not expect such experienced opponents of capitalist government to be so easily deceived by their former enemies. And one might expect them to recognize their error immediately upon securing real information. But we are not interested in what might have been.

Finally the various blue and yellow and white books have been reprinted in Germany. With the general sobering influence of the terrible struggle the information thus put in circulation is having a decided effect. Just before the second session of the Reichstag since the famous one in August, Eduard Bernstein asked in an article whether "the conditions under which the Socialists voted in favor of the war credits on August 4th still existed." This question he answered in the negative. His argument is that in the course of four months the character of the war has changed. In the beginning it was, for Germans a war against the Slavs; it has become a war against western Europe. Therefore the original reason for voting a war budget, fear of Russia, cannot now be the chief reason for repeating this action. If there is any reason for doing it, this reason must be a new one. So the whole matter must be discussed over again and, presumably, our decision may be different from what it was.

As all the world knows, the majority of Socialist parliamentarians were not of this mind. Comrade Liebknecht was the only one who refused to vote for the budget presented on December 2nd. But the fact that a considerable group of German Socialists agitated against this action shows that there has been a great change.

A correspondent of the New York *Volkszeitung*, writing from Hamburg toward the end of December, said: "I recently conferred with a Socialist deputy, a thoroughly trustworthy comrade. He stated as his opinion that the group had erred in voting for the war credits on August 4th. Acknowledging his own mistake, he stated: 'I could reconcile myself with the way we voted the credit if their purpose had remained as we understood it. Unfortunately this is not the case. Many things had not been foreseen by us.'"

Of all those who have right to be heard on the war Karl Liebknecht is the foremost. In the midst of confusion and deception he saw straight and acted straight. Writing to the English *Labor Leader* on January 2nd, he said in part: "I am pleased to be

able to write a message of brotherhood to the British Socialists at a time when the ruling classes of Germany and Great Britain are trying by all the means in their power to incite bloodthirsty hatred between the two peoples.

"But it is painful to write at a time when the radiant hope of previous days, the Socialist International, lies smashed with its thousand expectations, when even many Socialists of the belligerent countries in this most rapacious of all wars of robbery willingly put on the yoke of imperialism, just when the evils of capitalism were becoming more apparent than ever. The British Independent Labor party, with their Russian and Servian comrades, saved the honor of Socialism against the madness of national slaughter.

"Confusion reigns in the rank and file of the Socialist army. Many Socialists blame our principles for our present failure. It is not our principles which have failed, but the representatives of those principles. . . .

"Nowhere have the masses desired this war. Why should they, then, murder one another to finish it? It would be a sign

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of weakness; it is said, for any one people to demand peace. Well, let all the people suggest it together. The nation which speaks first will not show weakness, but strength, and will win glory and the gratitude of posterity.

"Already among German workers there is far greater opposition to the war than is generally supposed, and the louder the echo of the cry for peace in other countries the more energetically will they work for peace here."

Since October we have been hearing of the plans for an International Socialist Peace Conference. It was to be held at Copenhagen on January 15-16. But one

No International Congress

national party after another has refused to send delegates until the meeting, if it is held at all, will have no more significance than two or three which have already been held. The belligerent nations were ruled out. The Italians held that the time for such a congress has not yet arrived. Comrade Morris Hilquit, who was to represent the American Party, published a letter in which he explained, very sensibly, that since the congress was not to be truly representative it would be unwise for us to expend our party funds to send a delegate across the water.

Playing Politics in Sweden.—In the December REVIEW was recorded the fact that in Sweden the Socialists are now the strongest party in the lower house of parliament. They have 87 votes, the Conservatives have 86, and the Liberals have 45. The situation is a tempting one for the party leaders. The new cabinet must be made up either of Socialists or Conservatives. By combining with the Liberals the Socialists can have the naming of the chief ministers and a chief part in drawing up a government program. The leading men in the Swedish party have always been reformist in their tendencies. It was to be expected that they would yield to this exceptional temptation. And they have done so.

The party congress met at Stockholm during the last days of November. There were two important matters up for discussion, militarism and participation in the

government. Action on both matters went the same way.

With regard to militarism the action taken indicates a definite backsliding. The

A Good Imitation of the Germans

party program demanded a progressive reduction of expenditures for army and navy to the point of disarmament. It was charged that the Socialist deputies had not lived up to the requirements of this program. They had, it is true, insisted on certain economies in military expenditures, but they had countenanced an experimental mobilization and voted appropriations for the navy and for war aeroplanes. When these facts were brought out by critics of the parliamentary group the conventional answer was given. We cannot disarm, it was said in effect, before disarmament is brought about by international agreement. This position was approved by a vote of 70 to 61.

With regard to participation in the government there was a sharp discussion. The minority was well represented. But the party executive committee, represented by Branting, carried the day for "practical" politics. Branting argued that if it is possible to agree with the Liberals on a "minimum program" of reforms it is the duty of the party to its supporters at the polls to

enter into a coalition. These voters, he said, have a right to expect definite results. If we have results to show they will support us again. If we are able to agree with the Liberals on a "minimum program," we may, of course, be thwarted by the king. That will throw the responsibility on the supporters of the royal power and we can go into the next campaign with a good case. The only definite suggestion made as to the possible nature of the proposed program had to do with the inclusion of an agreement to do away with plural voting in municipal elections!

The opposition was ably represented by Comrade Höglund. If one can judge from the slight reports which have come to hand, he made an excellent statement of the real Socialist position. "The Socialist Democracy strives," he said, "for political domination. But this depends not only on the number of parliamentary seats which we

control, but also on the power of our organization and the class consciousness of our members. Our power at present is only apparent and is not based on real, internal strength. Only one-fifth of our voters are party members, our labor unions have great difficulties to overcome and our co-operative movement is largely bourgeois. A real, organized and industrial basis of a Socialist government is still lacking. Under these circumstances the proposed experiment is foredoomed to failure."

The proposal of the Executive Committee represented by Branting was accepted by a vote of 90 to 58. In accordance with this proposal the Socialist deputies are first to meet the Liberals and attempt to draw up a common program. If they succeed in doing this they will be at liberty to form a cabinet made up of representatives of the two parties.

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Pearson's is the only big magazine in America in which the *Socialists* get an

NEWS AND VIEWS

Annual Stockholders' Meeting. The annual stockholders' meeting of Charles H. Kerr & Company was held at 118 West Kinzie street, Chicago, Jan. 15, 1915, at 3 p. m. Present, Charles H. Kerr, holding personally 1,245 shares of stock and the stamped proxy of Pansy Deese (one share), Walter Lanfersiek, National Secretary, holding a number of unstamped proxies, and the following stockholders owning one share each: L. H. Marcy, Ralph H. Chaplin, Marcus Hitch, F. W. Millar, J. M. Woodcock, Dr. J. H. Greer, Mary E. Marcy and R. B. Tobias. Total number of shares legally represented, 1,254.

Many hundreds of proxies were received by Charles H. Kerr and other comrades present to be used at the meeting, but we were informed only two hours before the meeting that these proxies were not legal unless each and every one bore the new U. S. revenue 10-cent stamp. Consequently only one proxy was voted at the meeting, but all comrades present were invited to take part. Charles H. Kerr presided and Mary E. Marcy acted as secretary. President Kerr read the following:

Annual Report

During the first half of the year 1914 our ordinary receipts covered all expenses, with a surplus of \$651.67. Then the European war began, the demand for Socialist literature was cut in two, while expenses kept right on. We close the year with a deficit of \$1,112.84, and we rejoice that things are no worse with us.

This deficit does not mean that our assets are less than a year ago, nor that our debt has grown. We have during the year sold treasury stock to the amount of \$2,130.00, and part of the money received from the sale of this stock has gone to make up the year's losses. The exact figures for the year are as follows:

Receipts for 1914 (Exclusive of Stock Sold)	
Book sales	\$22,468.50
Review subscriptions and sales.....	12,809.21
Review advertising	1,571.62
Increased value of books on hand...	935.90
Deficit for year.....	1,112.84

Total \$38,898.07

Expenditures for 1914

Manufacture of books.....	\$ 8,201.25
Manufacture of Review.....	7,723.38
Wages	9,972.90
Postage and expressage.....	5,904.07
Advertising	567.80
Review circulation expense.....	878.85
Review articles and photographs....	846.45
Authors of books.....	619.89
Books purchased	1,293.01
Rent	1,200.00
Insurance	110.25
Taxes	183.08
Miscellaneous expense	966.14
Interest	61.04
Depreciation on furniture.....	111.20
Depreciation on electrotype plates..	258.76

\$38,898.07

Assets Dec. 31, 1914.

Cash on hand.....	\$ 72.43
Books, bound and unbound.....	12,923.59
Electrotype plates	14,000.00
Copyrights	8,752.74
International Socialist Review.....	5,000.00
Office furniture and fixtures.....	500.00
Accounts receivable	656.18
Real estate	450.00
Bills receivable	1,001.25
Deficit	1,112.84

Total \$44,469.03

Liabilities Dec. 31, 1914.

Paid-up capital stock.....	\$39,830.00
Co-operative publishing bonds.....	620.00
Accounts payable	24.86
Loans from stockholders.....	3,994.17

Total \$44,469.03

We may as well face the fact that the outlook for the next few months shows no prospect of any quick improvement in the demand for Socialist literature. Unemployment in the United States is worse than at any time since 1894, and one consequence is that many of our friends who usually buy our literature are unable to do so. Again, the failure of European Socialists to unite in effective opposition to the war has been disastrous to the Socialist movement here as well as in Europe, or rather had revealed a weakness in it which had scarcely been suspected either by friends or enemies. The working class still remains the most important of all classes, and it must and will in the near future find new methods of carrying on its fight against capitalism, but for the moment every one seems to be awaiting the outcome of the war.

In view of all this we must expect a small deficit during 1915, and the question is how to meet it. Here I have a definite proposition to make. I am willing to contribute out of my salary and what little savings I have the sum of one thousand dollars to the publishing house, provided our other stockholders and friends will make up an equal amount. Two thousand dollars will just about make up the deficit for 1914 and the probable deficit for 1915. If more is contributed, it will be used to pay off loans. A dollar from each stockholder would be more than enough, but many are unable to pay anything, so we hope for more in proportion from those who have the coin.

The lease of our present quarters expires the last of April, 1915. We expect at that time to move to new quarters that will be more convenient and somewhat less expensive, but the cost of moving will at best be considerable and we need the co-operation of all our friends in disposing of as much literature as possible before we move.

CHARLES H. KERR.

Dr. Greer moved the report be accepted; seconded by R. B. Tobias and carried.

Comrade Marcus Hitch made the motion,

Hillquit-Gompers Debate

For many years Socialists have tried to get Samuel Gompers to debate with some prominent Socialist. At last the unexpected has happened. Morris Hillquit and Samuel Gompers locked horns in a debate before the Commission on Industrial Relations at New York City. Not only were both permitted to refute each other's arguments, but they were allowed to cross-question each other. The Socialists are not ashamed of the result. The debate bristles with wit and repartee. You will read it with interest and pleasure.

Single copies, 25 cents prepaid; 12 copies, \$2.00 express collect; 25 copies, \$4.00 express collect; 100 copies, \$15.00 express collect.

THE 1914 CAMPAIGN BOOK

A fifty-cent book of which 6,000 copies can be sold in about three months must have considerable merit. The 1914 Campaign Book is admitted to be the best and most complete reference book on Socialism ever compiled on this continent. We have received orders for this book from congressmen, well-known lawyers and university professors, as well as from a host of working men. It will give you information on almost any subject that has the slightest connection with Socialism.

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THE THREE WINNERS

Three pamphlets of especial merit published by the national office of the Socialist party are:

THE PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF RAILWAYS

By Carl D. Thompson

Shows the absurdity of allowing private corporations to own our transportation facilities as it has never been shown before.

ARE THERE CLASSES IN AMERICA?

By Ralph Korngold.

Forever silences the crude and foolish argument that all are equal in the United States, and that this government is a government for all the people.

WHERE YOU GET OFF

By John M. Work.

A simple and concise argument for Socialism such as only Work is able to give.

These pamphlets all sell at 10 cents per copy; 75 cents per dozen; \$5.00 per hundred express prepaid. You can get all three for 25 cents by merely asking for "The Three Winners."

Still better, send us ONE DOLLAR, ask for the "Review Combination," and we will send you a copy of all the books and pamphlets mentioned above and in addition a copy of Ryan Walker's Famous Cartoon Book—THE ADVENTURES OF HENRY DUBB.

NATIONAL OFFICE SOCIALIST PARTY,

801 W. Madison St.,

Chicago, Ill.

which was seconded by Comrade Millar, that all the old members of the board of directors, except J. O. Bentall, who is at present residing outside Chicago, be re-elected for the coming year.

Amended by L. H. Marcy that R. H. Chaplin be included in the list of directors for 1915. Both motion and amendment carried.

After an informal discussion of the work of the publishing house, the stockholders' meeting adjourned.

The newly elected board of directors then met and re-elected the officers for the ensuing year, Charles H. Kerr, president; Leslie H. Marcy, vice-president, and Mary E. Marcy, secretary.

National Union of Railwaymen.—Bristol, England. Comrade G. W. Brown, organizing secretary, writes us an interesting letter under date of December 27 in which he says: "I have been a reader of the Review for about eight years and should not like to miss it. I desire to take advantage of your bundle offer so you will kindly forward me five copies and repeat the process for the following three months, as I want to push its sale."

From a Railroad.—Comrade Mann of Ohio, in remitting for a share of stock, says: "Business is as 'rotten' as ever on the road, with 75 engineers back firing and 150 firemen laid off. Engineers and firemen in service are working on half or two-thirds time so as not to lay off more."

Attention, Review Readers.—We have received several letters from comrades who are railroad men suggesting the importance of a closer organization among railroad workers who are Socialists. The Review will be only too glad to co-operate towards this end and therefore requests its readers to send in the names and addresses of all Red Card men whom they know. We will then compile the names received and furnish them to our railroad comrades. We sincerely trust that the Review will receive your hearty co-operation in putting these comrades in touch with each other so that they can do more effective propaganda work.

Twin Falls, Idaho.—Comrade Olson writes: "I think the Review is the best Socialist magazine in the market. It shows actual conditions as well as giving the clearest idea of what Socialism stands for." He also forwards ten new readers for the FIGHTING MAGAZINE.

Sounds Good to Us.—Comrade Larson of South Dakota writes: "The Review is the only magazine that lets me know anything about the class struggle and I certainly do not want to miss a copy."

From a Socialist Doctor.—I have read every issue of the Review for the last year and herewith inclose my subscription for 1915.

I hope you will never publish another article that is not Revolutionary. The pure, political socialists of this country do not seem to have learned anything from the German and other political socialists of Europe. Can they not see that if they sail the same sea over the same course it will land them in the same port? Voting for politicians did not prevent war in Europe, neither will it do so in this country.

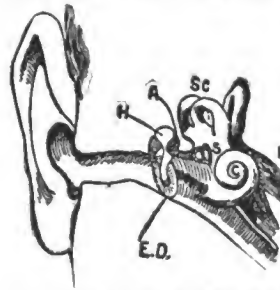
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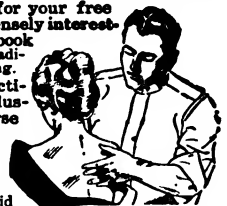
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American University, Dept. 223 162 N. Dearborn St. Chicago

Capitalism is the same hydra-headed monster here as there. If would seem that the average socialist has as vague notions regarding what Socialism really is as the average Republican or Democrat has of the meaning of these terms.

One solid class conscious union of the workers on the industrial field (as that is where the worker is robbed) is the only thing that can successfully cope with capitalism. Keep the issue clear.

From Far Off Australia.—Comrade Will Andrade writes: "Owing to your interesting articles on the war, we are glad to report a further demand for the International Socialist Review. Please increase our order by 15 copies monthly, making a total of 270."

From a Review Reader.—"You comrades on the Review must get terribly tired and disgusted with all of us cranks. I bet sometimes you cannot even laugh, but you have the reward of knowing you are helping to pay the price for a better future.

"Every time I get a Review I feel that I am cheating you. If we Socialists paid you what it is really worth, instead of what you ask, we should all have starved to death months ago. An inspiration is worth more than ten cents. I was particularly moved by Frank Bohn's article, 'The Fallen Mighty,' not so much because he would be brave enough to die for the cause, but because he had courage to say so."—C. R. C., Santa Ana, Cal.

From One of the Unemployed.—"I have been unemployed for two months, yet I dig up these \$2.00 as I would go without a meal rather than go without the Review, which I consider the most fearless and best fighting magazine of the working class."—O. Barton.

The Intercollegiate Socialist Society held its annual meeting in New York City from December 29 to the 31st. The convention as a whole was the most successful ever held. Many colleges too far away to send delegates sent in interesting reports. At the most important sessions over 500 graduates and undergraduates were present.

Return greetings were sent to the British University Socialist Federation, which sent the following letter:

"The University Socialist Federation conveys to your annual convention the heartiest greetings of the University Socialists of Great Britain. It is with mixed feelings of satisfaction and envy that we watch the normal proceeding of your business—satisfaction that somewhere at least in the civilized world the work of Socialists continues unhampered, envy that it cannot do so here in Europe.

"Most cordial relations have been established during the last few years between our two organizations, and have been immeasurably strengthened by our recent opportunities for personal acquaintance—opportunities which we hope may be renewed at some near and happier future. It is a source of gratification to us that these cordial relations are in no way shaken by the European catastrophe, and that

there exists between us no reason for suspicion or distrust, and no need for reconciliation or explanation.

"Indeed the war itself is a contributory reason why we look to you and your organization with even more hope and admiration than usual. When the shattered International comes to be rebuilt, a difficult task for reconstruction will fall very largely on the shoulders of Socialists in neutral countries. Amongst these the Socialists of the U. S. A. will surely be the foremost, and we know what an essential part among the Socialists of the U. S. A. the Intercollegiate Socialist Society has played and is destined to play.

"Please convey to your convention our most sincere greetings and our very best wishes for highly successful deliberations.

"THEODORE CHAUNDY,
"Chairman U. S. F."

The work of the I. S. S. is conducted from 41 Union Square. The society will be pleased to receive names of any collegians who might be interested in its work.

From a Colorado Coal Miner.—"Dear Comrades: Enclosed find 50 cents for ten January Reviews. The strike is over after long suffering in the struggle for little better conditions and more bread and butter for miners' families. The strike is lost, the capitalists won. Perhaps you can imagine how we and our families suffered in tents with the thermometer registering 30 and 40 below zero. The strikers cannot get work. In the Oak Creek district only 12 strikers out of 300 have found work."

From Independent Labor Party.—Secretary J. G. Clapham of the Manchester Central Branch enclosed one pound six shillings for 15 Reviews for six months and writes: "I think your articles on the war are about the best and most illuminating of any I have read. There is a great opportunity ahead for the world-wide Socialist movement. The price is great, but let's make the triumph worth it."

Local Lorain Endorses Karl Liebknecht.—Local Lorain, Ohio, in a ringing resolution that was passed upon hearing that Karl Liebknecht refused to follow the edict of the party leaders in Germany and vote further war credits, says: "Dr. Liebknecht was the only Socialist member who voted against said war credit and the other Socialist members of the Reichstag have issued a statement which says Liebknecht acted again PARTY DISCIPLINE, whereas.

"It is the historic mission of the International Socialist movement to abolish capitalist governments and establish Industrial Democracy, inexorably forcing the war between the working class and the capitalist class in each and all countries, which is the ONLY war worthy of the powers of the working class, be it resolved, that we in meeting assembled heartily commend Karl Liebknecht for voting against the war credit and extend to him our sincere appreciation for upholding the spirit of Socialism against such tremendous odds." From E. P. Pierce, chairman, and Anna Storck, secretary.



The Partition of Poland was one of the greatest tragedies in History. It was accomplished by the three monarchies, Russia, Austria and Prussia, represented in this illustration by the three crowned eagles. Poland is shown by the fallen soldier, the flag of his country trailing in the dust. The Goddess of Liberty is defending the soldier, trying to beat back the crowned powers. The burning fire brands, the battered walls, the broken cannon, the burning cities in the distance, all serve to illustrate this event. This illustration from Ridpath's History is only one of 2,000 in the complete work and illustrates but one event of all the thousands in the world-famed publication,

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From a Pennsylvania Miner.—"The best Christmas present I received was a copy of the International Socialist Review. I wish I could subscribe for a year at least but I cannot because of awful industrial depression which we have had for more than a year. Therefore, I will ask you to accept ten cents for a start as three months' subscription. There are three little boys and two girls dependent on me and wife and myself, and no work at all. Rent and grocer bills unpaid and there are hundreds of thousands of wage slaves in the same or worse condition in prosperous America. We are receiving starvation in return for our loyalty from our masters. I am a miner. Our contract expired on May 1st, 1914, and we were getting ready for battle for run-mine basis while Colorado and Ohio strikes were in progress and we have received orders from our officials to remain at work. Don't you think we were scabbing on our brothers in Ohio and Colorado? In my opinion I think we did. That is craft unionism, and after we have helped our masters to crush the Colorado strike and beat strikers in submission, what reward have we received? We have to suffer hunger as well as the miners in Colorado and Ohio. Our leaders betray us politely. One of our leaders has been supporting Boyse Penrose, candidate for U. S. Senator for Pennsylvania, and he was strongly criticized by one of our brothers at a meeting for doing such a dirty work in the name of our local union, which counts about 400 men; but he denied that he was supporting anybody and 15 minutes after the meeting him and another organizer, by name Wm. Feeney, he went to Republican headquarters and spoke to a crowd of about thirty or forty men and said that miners are in favor of the Republican party, and Penrose, who had voted against every bill that would possibly benefit the working class, was there, and he is a head of the Republican political machine. Advocate the industrial union as you have been doing in the past. We need it and need it bad.

"In case you publish this, which you can if you see fit, don't publish my name. I am already black-listed by Pittsburgh Steel Company through this way. I can't get a job in any mill around here and no doubt I would be black-listed by mining companies as well.

Progress in Mexico.—We are in receipt of a letter from Comrade Zierold stating the situation in Mexico is much improved. Peace will be the result of the convention. It will clear the way for Socialism. The last revolution is doing wonders. Villa and Zapata, the two most important men to attend the convention, are more than half Socialists.

Gets a Library Free.—Comrade Finnegan of Brooklyn, N. Y., has remitted \$11.00 for 11 yearly Review subscription cards and selected a fine lot of Socialist books for his library. A library of Socialist books is the best investment any comrade can make as one intelligent Socialist is worth a thousand boneheads.

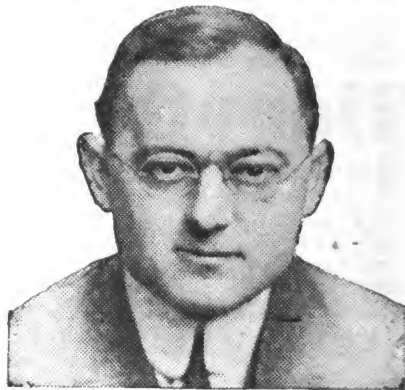
From Illinois.—Comrade Larson writes: "Please send me the Review for another year as I think it produces the right kind of propaganda."

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My catarrh was filthy and loathsome. It made me ill. It dulled my mind. It undermined my health and was weakening my will. The hawking, coughing, spitting made me obnoxious to all, and my foul breath and disgusting habits made even my loved ones avoid me secretly. My delight in life was dulled and my faculties impaired. I knew that in time it would bring me to an untimely grave, because every moment of the day and night it was slowly yet surely sapping my vitality.

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From Pennsylvania—Comrade Sunderland writes: "Enclosed find money order for \$1.00 for the Review until January, 1916. Money is scarce, but I cannot do without the Review."

From Natal, South Africa—Comrade Good-enough, in renewing his subscription, writes: "Very hard up but cannot do without the FIGHTING MAGAZINE."

From Michigan—Comrade Clifford sends in two yearly subscriptions and adds: "I hope to see more articles by Comrade Uswald in the Review. If we must fight, let's fight for the interests of the working class alone. I have also enjoyed the good stuff the Paint Creek miner puts out. Keep up the good work."

Esperanto—Those wishing information regarding the study of Esperanto can secure same free by addressing the Esperanto Association of North America, Newton Centre, Mass.

The Revolution—In Song and Story is a new booklet selling at 15 cents, published and composed by J. A. Williams, of Sawtelle, Cal. This booklet will be a welcome addition to many of the young people's Socialist societies. Rates can doubtless be secured for getting the book in quantities.

Enlist Your News Dealer—Comrade L. T. Rush of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, has a fine idea about getting the news dealers to handle the Review. He orders a small bundle every month and puts them on the news stands, charging the agents six cents a copy, and if there are any left he keeps these. If all our friends would tell their news dealer or the cigar dealer that they would patronize him with the understanding that he keep the Review in sight, also that they would buy their copy from him and would take one or two unsold copies, we believe we could double our circulation inside of six months. Several of our friends are doing this now. Won't you be the next?

From Pennsylvania—"I work seven days a week, twelve hours a day, but cannot get along without the REVIEW. Have been taking it for four years and always pass my copies along to wage slaves after I have read it from cover to cover."—E. W. S.

On the Desert of Nevada—"Have been buying the REVIEW from news stands and have

read it quite a lot. I like its fighting qualities and wish we had some more of the same kind. Enclosed find \$1.00 for subscription."—D. B.

From an Internationalist—Comrade Edwards of Ashland, Kentucky, writes: "Comrade Bohn's article of criticism on the conduct of

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the German Socialists has the hearty endorsement of myself and friends. The leading strings which held us so firmly to the millstone (German Socialism) have, we hope, been severed. Perhaps now the American Socialists will be free to talk and fight without asking permission from Herr this or Von that. Working class struggles have shown that the Germans were not the fittest to take the role of leadership."

Local Dubuque Against Nationalism.—

Whereas, in view of the fact that the Socialist parties of Germany, France, Belgium and England failed to represent the interests of the working class in the present crisis;

Whereas, it is obvious that in playing the political game the class struggle was lost sight of, and that the fear of injuring the organization resulted in the failure of making any concrete plan of action in case of a declaration of war;

Therefore, Be It Resolved, that it is the sense of the Local Dubuque that the Socialist party of the United States should be a party strictly in opposition to capitalism and confine its efforts chiefly to the capturing of administrative power to the end that the club of the policeman may be kept off the head, and the bayonet of the soldier from the breast of the striker; that it is the enforcement of existent laws by class conscious working men in the interests of their own class that is needed as much as the enactment of more laws.

Be It Further Resolved, that Local Dubuque stands uncompromisingly opposed to any Socialist holding a legislative office to vote for the maintenance of any kind of militia, army or navy for any purpose whatever, including national defense.

Bet It Further Resolved, that Local Dubuque declare for the General Strike on a declaration of war, and that it is the duty of the Socialist party of all countries to organize, in a definite and certain way, the working class of the world to resist all wars, except the class war, that the working class will be in a position to declare the revolution when the capitalist class declares war.

It is recommended the secretary be instructed to send copies to the American Socialist, the Masses, the International Socialist Review and the Dubuque papers. Submitted by Ray Perrin.

Letter From Alaska.—A comrade writes, "The Socialists are very strong at Ruby, where I found several comrades who were very well read in the standard Socialist books. In Tanana I found the same to be true. In Fairbanks the party is split. On Christmas day all hands, including the cooks, were howling drunk, fighting and yelling all over the town. Booze is much more popular than books.

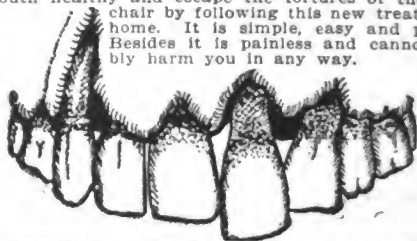
"Many men are out of work and holdups and robberies are almost as common as in the more highly civilized cities, such as Chicago for instance.

"Night schools would be a boon to Juneau, where there are five thousand men working in and about the city. From your comrade."—E. M.

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If you are suffering with Pyorrhea or Riggs Disease, gingivitis, receding gums, elongated or loose teeth; soft, discolored or spongy gums; if your breath is foul; if your teeth pain while eating; if you are subject to bad tastes—then, for your own sake, send for Dr. Willard's book and learn how easy his method is—how painless and speedy—how this simple remedy quickly and permanently gives sound, healthy teeth.

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From the Live Ones.—The following comrades have sent in ten or more subscriptions during the past twenty days. We want every one of our readers to feel that the REVIEW is their magazine. We are doing our best on the production end, but it is up to you readers to handle the circulation end. You are on the ground and we want you to get on the job. You read the REVIEW and know what it stands for.

Drop us a postal card and we will send you ten sample REVIEWS, free of charge; also subscription blanks. You will be surprised at the number of people you meet who will be glad to receive a free copy of the REVIEW. You will find fellows in your boarding house and where you work who will read the REVIEW with interest and will be glad to dig up the coin for a three months subscription if you will give them a chance.

We want to make the REVIEW the forty-two centimeter gun of the working class and if you have the nerve to be a soldier in the revolution, you will do your share in the work of "wising" up the wage slaves. Let us hear from you.

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How the Roman State deceived and destroyed the labor unions.
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Yet, in his long life of ceaseless activities, he debated for no crown, argued for no fees, strove for no reward, sought no place nor any fame, cared for no achievement for its own sake, and used his unequalled gifts only for some cause of justice or freedom in which he could earn nothing but obloquy, hatred and isolation.

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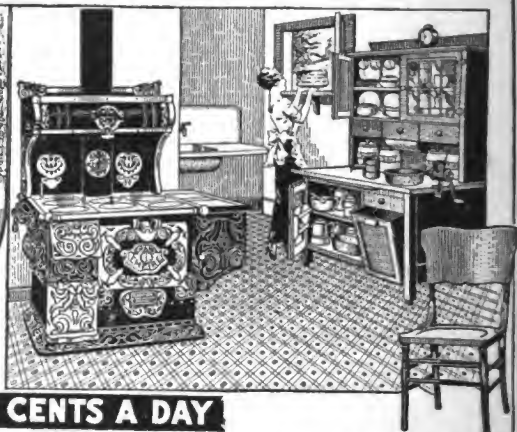
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NIGHT SCENE IN CHICAGO—HANDING OUT DIMES TO THE UNEMPLOYED, ALONG WITH COFFEE AND—

The INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

VOL. XV

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No. 9



A HUNGER "RIOT" IN CHICAGO

By RALPH H. CHAPLIN

SUNDAY, January 17, witnessed an heroic attempt on the part of the notorious Chicago police force to solve the "unemployment problem." Strange as it may seem, the police are the only ones who have a clear and forcible answer to the question "what is to be done with the unemployed?" Their answer is unmistakably clear—and forcible. "Society" was too busy at the auto-show or the wheat pit to have time to bother with such trifles as unemployment and hunger. The preachers were too busy praying, the politicians grafting, the reformers talking; and most of the radicals were too busy settling the war or devising ingenious formulas for future class fights, to have time to listen to the clamoring of jobless crowds of homeless, hungry men.

So the unemployed themselves decided to get together and command a little attention. This they did; and they got attention—from the police. You see the

police force in Chicago is "in bad" with the "respectable" element of the city. It seems that instead of protecting "property" they have been surreptitiously sabotaging the same, and dividing the spoils amongst themselves. Consequently they were more than anxious to prove to the tax-paying community the inestimable value of the police system to the existing order of things. And thereby hangs a tale.

From what has occurred it is very evident that these uniformed bruisers of the master class desired and planned to start a "riot" and then get the credit for crushing it. In other words the "riot" would be merely the means to an end—a glorious victory for the lawful slug-shot and club and pistol. And then . . . some big-jawed, gorilla-framed troglodyte in uniform could have posed as a heroic defender of "Law and Order." And the prostituted "Truth rapers" of the newspapers, eager to do with their scribbling

pencils any dirty work left undone by the cossack's club, would have convinced the world with their unholy chorus of acclamation. But this dainty bit of mediaeval conspiracy was too "raw" to be "put over" even in Chicago.

Sunday the 17th was one of Chicago's typical winter days—a heavy, grey sky and a biting wind that went ravaging through the dismal streets and around the tall buildings and the bleak and deserted factories. Bowen hall, at the Hull House, was the objective point, and from all the byways and alleys of the labor ghettos came the crowds of hungry and jobless to the unemployed meeting. Through the bitter cold they came—men of all descriptions and all nations—all but the "barrel-house stiffs," and these were too busy hugging the comforts of the big stove and the saw-dust box to trouble about such a needless and disagreeable thing as work. Through the icy streets they came in hundreds, and past them hurried smug Respectability, cuddled into its overcoat or motoring carelessly along in the plush-padded, rose-scented luxury of the Limousine. It was a polyglot crowd that crammed the big hall, and one really representative of Chicago's unemployed; Slavic and Latin laborers, wintering migratories and white-collared "stiffs," still proud and dreading the plunge into the yawning depths beneath them. Here and there too, were the red, beefy faces of the "gum-shoe" thugs, watching the jobless crowd with cat-like care, and waiting uneasily for the signal to spring the plot that was to cover them with "glory"—the plot that was to punish men for the crime of being hungry.

The meeting was orderly—even apathetic. The audience seemed pitifully glad to find a little warmth for their blue faces and stiff fingers. Back of the speakers' platform was a big black banner with the word HUNGER on it in white letters. Throughout the hall were pasteboard placards bearing such inscriptions as: "We want WORK; not Charity," "Why starve in the midst of plenty," "Hunger knows no law," etc. The speeches were made almost without exception by members of the unemployed—many of them by men from the audience. The general drift of these "speeches" was a denunciation of the crummy "flop-houses," bread-

lines, soup kitchens, Mission "dog kennels" and the like. It was asserted that organized charity in Chicago is admittedly inadequate, and that, even if this were not the case, soup is no substitute for employment and the right to earn a decent living. The most radical speaker was Mrs. Parsons and the most radical thing she said was this: "The only property working men possess is their own bodies, and they should guard and protect these bodies at least as jealously as the master-class guards and protects their possessions." She also said that "as long as the capitalists can throw their cast-off rags and a few crusts of bread at the working-class in the name of 'Charity,' just so long will they have an easy and cheap solution for the problem of unemployment." As a whole the speaking was far from fiery, and the audience was anything but boisterous.

A young Russian by name of Barron, after stating that Kansas had produced grain enough for the United States, closed the meeting with the pointed remark, "I am a baker and I am expected to starve because I cannot get work baking the bread you people need and cannot buy." He then went on to ask the crowd if they were content to slink out of sight and suffer privation and hunger without a protest and to accept charity rags for their backs and charity soup for their bellies deluding themselves all the while with the idea that such things were the equivalent of labor and the right to live like men. A short time after this the audience voted unanimously to parade and to show to the smug and respectable the rags and suffering they never care to see or think about.

And so they streamed from the hall down into the cold street again, with the black Hunger banner in the lead. But the invisible minions of the "law" had passed their signals. The sluggers were already clutching their "billies," the squads of detectives and mounted police were in their places, and the ambulance was waiting around the corner for the finish of the work the strong-arm degenerates of Capitalism were about to do!

Down the street started the parade with a few men and valiant girls and women grouped about the black banner in the lead. There was no shouting, no cheering or undue excitement,—nothing

that even remotely resembled the starting of a riot. Just pinched faces—blue with the cold, tightly buttoned rags and, if anything, indifference—they might just as well parade as not, having nothing else to do. And that parade would have been quiet and undemonstrative to the end. That crowd hardly had the spirit to protest—let alone fight! They went forward into the police trap like lambs to the slaughter.

The procession had scarcely turned the corner onto the main street when, without a word of warning, a gang of plain-clothes thugs set upon them with leaden "billies," smashing blindly—right and left, through the crowd. The purpose of the attack by these murderous gutter-rats seemed to be to cut the parade in two—to cut off the head, so to speak. These were followed by other burly red-faced, well-dressed brutes, who rushed everyone in sight, sprawling the hungry men in all directions with their fists. Still others followed, with drawn revolvers, firing over the heads of the crowd in order to drive it back into the street from which it was emerging. And that sight I shall never forget; the bestial faces of those low-browed sluggers—distorted with the blood lust, the smashing of fists into faces blue and pinched with cold, and the sickening crash of dripping slugshots on the heads of defenseless men, the spurt of blood over hands and clothing and pavement stones. Is this the only answer, I wondered, of the Powers that be to workingmen who question why they should go jobless and cold and hungry in the midst of plenty?

But even this unexpected attack from the cowardly ex-second story men of the plain clothes force did not stop the parade. It swelled up around them and over them leaving them somewhat the worse for wear. And the determined paraders rejoined the tattered hunger-banner at the head of the procession and marched for almost a mile, many of them singing all the way in spite of torn clothing and bloody faces. Finally a goodly reinforcement of uniformed police met, manhandled and pinched as many as possible, and the mounted Cossacks clattered down the streets and sidewalks driving the paraders pell-mell before them. Soon

the affair was all over save for the lying in the newspapers.

Two weeks later, after attorney Cuneane had proved to Judge Gimmel of the criminal court that police interference in an orderly parade was unconstitutional, another unemployed parade was attempted—successfully. This time a procession over a mile long and with a Hunger banner in the lead, wended through the cold and drizzle and slush for about five miles under the towering sky-scrapers, past the swell hotels and theaters in the heart of the city and through the streets and boulevards, returning at length to the hall from whence they had started. And the paid skull-crackers of the police force, who had predicted 'riot' were chagrined and disappointed—nothing happened to give them a chance to exercise their talents—nothing but the singing of revolutionary songs; and coppers are not usually talented vocally. Besides, they could not have sung had they so desired; it's against the regulations to do anything as harmless as singing while on "duty."

As it is up to the working class to solve the 'problem' of unemployment, any efforts along that line are deserving of encouragement. No intelligent person claims that parading is a panacea for unemployment. But the instinct of solidarity that actuates a body of workers to go after something they want and *get it* is a good thing—even if they only get the right to parade the streets and startle respectability from its indifference and smug complacency. The solidarity of the protest parade is apt to be a foretaste of the solidarity of the shop. Thousands of unemployed have been made rebels for life by the lessons this one bitter winter has taught them. They will be rebels on the job, too, when they find jobs. The parade is a good thing when nothing BETTER can be done. When masterless slaves decide to get together and show their condition to the public—when they meet together, discuss their miseries together, march together and sing together, they are tasting solidarity. And such action may help to jolt their brothers on the job into some kind of mass action in behalf of the working class as a whole. Solidarity spells emancipation. "Better any kind of action than inert theory."



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LINE OF UNEMPLOYED EXTENDING COMPLETELY AROUND MADISON SQUARE PARK IN NEW YORK CITY, PATIENTLY WAITING THEIR TURN TO RECEIVE THE BUNDLES OF CLOTHING BEING DISTRIBUTED BY THE BUNDLE DAY COMMITTEE. MANY WAITED IN LINE FOR OVER TWELVE HOURS.

THE RIGHT TO STARVE

FOR centuries the Ruling Classes have never denied this right to their slaves. Whether under the Constitution of free Athens, or of the United States of America; whether ruled by Prince, Pope or President, the workers have always been guaranteed the inalienable right to starve—whenever they were without work. And governments cannot guarantee them work because the Ruling Classes own the jobs and incidentally the governments.

Millions of workers slave along from day to day at starvation wages, while hundreds of thousands without work are going hungry. Press, Pulpit and Government agree that something ought to be done. Editors are writing about our inalienable right to work. Preachers are orating on the dignity of labor. Politicians are introducing bills which will make good campaign material. Meanwhile, the Problem Solvers from Uncle Sam, with his host of titanic statesmen, down to the Village Constable with his

tin star, are going after the unemployed. The following flashes from across the country will give REVIEW readers a moving picture impression of the show now going on.

Uncle Sam at Work

"Washington, Jan. 27.—The federal employment bureau today completed its organization and was ready to bring together the 'manless job and the jobless man.' Secretary of Labor Wilson sent circular letters and application blanks throughout the country. No fee will be charged."

Two Kinds of Unemployed

"New York, Feb. 15.—Broadway's money spenders saw how it feels to be desperately hungry Saturday. Past the side door of the Hotel Knickerbocker, one of the 'swellest' of New York's hotels, filed a line of 1,500 ragged, famished creatures. They had stood in line for two hours in near-zero weather to get a free cup of coffee and a sandwich.

"For three hours it was the biggest show on Broadway—a drama of striking contrasts. Under the eyes of richly-gowned women, protected from the cold by expensive furs, and men swathed to the neck in heavy overcoats, the procession of thinly clad women and men surged slowly toward the door where white-capped waiters passed out steaming hot food.

"Next in line was a gray-haired old woman, then a slender, white-faced girl with two little children tugging at her skirts. She passed sandwiches and coffee first to the children and then devoured her own portion in three rapid gulps.

"A limousine rolled along close to the curb. From the window a carmine-cheeked woman stared curiously at the crowd munching sandwiches in the cold.

"'I'd work all day for what she spends for gasoline,' volunteered the white-faced girl."

Bullets Instead of Bread

"Los Angeles labor men are aroused over the request of Chief of Police Sebastian for 25,000 rounds of ammunition weekly for target practice for the local police force.

"Prominent labor officials state that the recent purchase of 1,000 sawed-off shotguns by the local police and this request looks as though there was an intention to convert this city into an armed camp.

"All the local manufacturers and merchants, and others who are fighting organized labor, are backing up the chief's request.

"Socialist Councilman Wheeler is vigorously opposing the scheme.

"As a preventive against the threatened wave of crime by the 20,000 unemployed now in the city, who are growing desperate as their numbers increase, the chief of police personally took charge of a squad of 100 detectives who will search



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DISHING OUT THE "GRUB" TO THE UNEMPLOYED IN THE HOTEL DE GINK, NEW YORK CITY.

every man suspected of carrying a concealed weapon."

Getting Busy

"New York, Feb. 2.—Elbert H. Gary announced at a meeting of the executive committee of the mayor's committee on unemployment that \$115,000 had been raised to establish emergency workshops for the unemployed. There now are in operation thirty-four emergency shops, which offer relief to 3,500 men and women. Vincent Astor, William M. Childs, Averill Harriman and Mortimer L. Schiff have been added to the committee."

What Mr. Gary's Slaves Are Doing Out West

"When E. D. Jones, a new telegraph operator at the Chesapeake & Ohio railroad yards glanced out of an east window of his box-car-without-wheels office and saw three 40-ton coal cars loaded to capacity being left by an Erie switch engine on the spur that runs to the Standard Steel Car works south of East Hammond, he knew what was coming.

"Jones had only been at his new employment a few weeks, but it does not take long to awake to conditions out there.

"Fifty-two foreigners (by actual count) were aboard the three cars ten minutes after the switch engine had gone. They sprang from every direction and brought every sort of conveyance except regulation coal wagons with them.

"They broke all records in heaving off coal preparatory to carting it away. Their agility was marvelous.

"Special Agent F. S. Stewart charged the raiders. They opened a bombardment of lumps of coal and the scene was like the siege of Przemyśl. The special agent beat a retreat for reinforcements after emptying his revolver.

"When the coal thieves were driven away there were less than three tons of coal in the three cars. It took a squad of police to save those three tons.

"The Chesapeake & Ohio railroad has lost thousands of dollars at its Hammond yards. A car load of merchandise needs an armed guard, for great quantities of sugar, canned goods, dry goods and grain have been taken in the past month. The raiders, who appear to come from East Hammond, can't eat grain, but their goats

can. As there is a goat for every household the demand for grain is great."

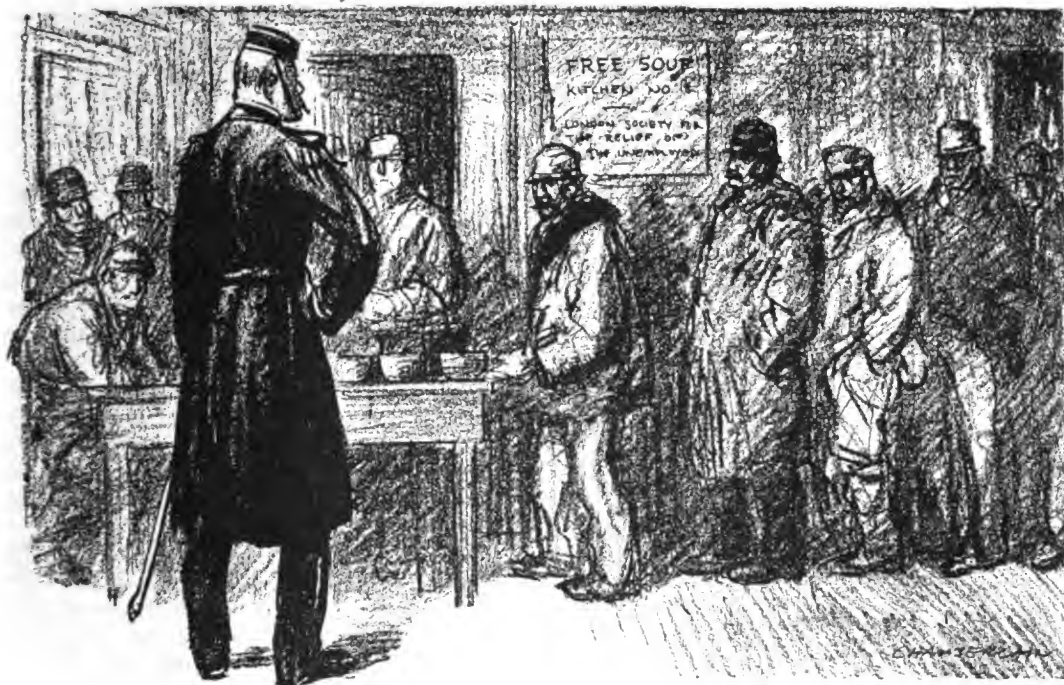
Solving the Problem

"Organizers have raised the necessary sixty-five men and three officers and Hammond is now assured a company of infantry of the Indiana National Guard. This is the good news that was made public by Dr. E. L. Salisbury today, who at a meeting Tuesday evening of this week was unanimously elected to act as temporary captain. Next Monday Mr. Salisbury will leave for Indianapolis, where he will confer with Adjutant General F. L. Bridges, who promised Hammond an armory and militia if the necessary amount of signatures were secured. As soon as the Hammond company receive their commission from the state, steps will be taken immediately to secure suitable quarters for an armory. The former Hammond Athletic association building is probably the most suitable quarters in the city.

The Blue Ticket

"If you are unemployed and seeking a job in Chicago, you must have a 'Blue Ticket.' This is the decree that the masters have handed down. Big corporations like Sears, Roebuck & Co., Metropolitan Elevated Co., Seigel, Cooper & Co., and others, have agreed not to hire anyone who is unable to show his or her blue ticket.

"The Blue Ticket supposedly is to show that you are a resident of Chicago, and not just a 'casual migratory worker' who has come to our fair city to share our prosperity. The Chamber of Commerce dispenses these precious Blue Tickets. Underneath the surface, however, it requires more than a residence in Chicago to get a Blue Ticket. References from your former employers must be given, your name must be on the voting list, and Chief of Police Gleason has kindly loaned police to the Chamber of Commerce to investigate these references. If it transpires that you have not been a willing and docile slave your chance for a blue ticket is nil. If you have been too active in militant circles you are out of luck. The Blue Ticket is proof to the employer that the holder of it has a good strong back and a weak head, and the employer acts accordingly."



From the Masses.

Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.

RECRUITING OFFICER: "I AM LOOKING FOR MR. THOMAS ATKINS, VETERAN OF THREE WARS. THE TIME HAS COME WHEN HIS COUNTRY CAN USE HIM AGAIN."

REVOLUTIONARY UNIONISM AND WAR

By JAMES CONNOLLY, Dublin, Ireland

SINCE the war broke out in Europe, and since the Socialist forces in the various countries failed so signally to prevent, or even delay the outbreak, I have been reading everything in American socialist papers or magazines that came to hand, to see if that failure and the reasons therefor, were properly understood among my old comrades in the states.

But either I have not seen the proper publications or else the dramatic side of the military campaigns have taken too firm a hold upon the imagination of Socialist writers to allow them to properly estimate the inner meaning of that debacle

of political socialism witnessed in Europe when the bugles of war rang out upon our ears.

I am going then to try, in all calmness, to relate the matter as it appears to us who believe that the SIGNAL OF WAR OUGHT ALSO TO HAVE BEEN THE SIGNAL FOR REBELLION, that when the bugles sounded the first note for actual war, their notes should have been taken as the tocsin for social revolution. And I am going to try to explain why such results did not follow such actions. My explanation may not be palpable to some; I hope it will be at least interesting to all.

In the first place let me be perfectly frank with my readers as to my own position now that that possibility has receded out of sight. As the reader will have gathered from my opening remarks, I believe that the Socialist proletariat of Europe in ALL the belligerent countries ought to have refused to march against their brothers across the frontiers, and that such refusal would have prevented the war and all its horrors, even though it might have led to civil war. Such a civil war would not, could not possibly have resulted in such a loss of Socialist life as this international war has entailed, and each Socialist who fell in such a civil war would have fallen knowing that he was battling for the cause he had worked for in days of peace, and that there was no possibility of the bullet or shell that laid him low having been sent on its murderous way by one to whom he had pledged the "life-long love of comrades" in the International Army of Labor.

But seeing that the Socialist movement did not so put the faith of its adherents to the test, seeing that the nations are now locked in this death grapple, and the issue is knit, I do not wish to disguise from any one my belief that there is no hope of peaceful development for the industrial nations of continental Europe whilst England holds the dominance of the sea. The British fleet is a knife held permanently at the throat of Europe; should any nation evince an ability to emerge from the position of a mere customer for British products, and to become a successful competitor of England in the markets of the world, that knife is set in operation to cut that throat.

By days and by nights the British Government watches and works to isolate its competitor from the comity of nations, to ring it around with hostile foes. When the time is propitious, the blow is struck, the allies of England encompass its rival by land, and the fleet of Britain swoops upon its commerce by sea. In one short month the commerce-raiding fleet of Great Britain destroys a trade built up in forty years of slow, peaceful industry, as it has just done in the case of Germany.

Examining the history of the foreign relations of Great Britain since the rise of the capitalist class to power in that country, the continuity of this policy be-

comes obvious and as marvelous as it is obvious.

Neither religion, nor race affinity nor diversity of political or social institutions availed to save a competitor of England. The list of commercial rivals, or would-be rivals is fairly large and gives the economic key to the reasons for the great wars of England. In that list we find Spain, Holland, France, Denmark and now Germany. England must rule the waves and when the continental nations wish to make at The Hague a law forbidding the capture of merchant vessels during war England refused her assent. Naturally! It is her power to capture merchant ships during war that enables England to cut the throat of a commercial rival at her own sweet will.

If she had not that power she would need to depend upon her superiority in technical equipment and efficiency, and the uprise in other countries of industrial enterprises able to challenge and defeat her in this world market has amply demonstrated that she has not that superiority any longer.

The United States and Germany lead in crowding England industrially; the former cannot be made a target for the guns of militarist continental Europe, therefore escapes for the time being, as England never fights a white power single-handed. But Germany is caught within the net and has to suffer for her industrial achievements.

The right to capture merchant ships for which England stood out against the public opinion of all Europe is thus seen to be the trump card of England against the industrial development of the world outside her shores,—against that complete freedom of the seas by which alone the nations of the world can develop that industrial status which Socialists maintain to be an indispensable condition of Socialist triumph.

I have been thus frank with my readers in order that they may perfectly understand my position and the reasons therefor, and thus to anticipate some of the insinuations that are sure to be levelled against me as one who sympathizes neither with the anti-German hysteria of such comrades as Professor Herron, nor with the suddenly developed

belief in the good faith of czars shown by Prince Kropotkin.

I believe that the war could have been prevented by the Socialists; as it was not prevented and the issues are knit, I want to see England beaten so thoroughly that the commerce of the seas will henceforth be free to all nations—to the smallest equally with the greatest.

But how **COULD THIS WAR HAVE BEEN PREVENTED**, which is another way of saying how and why did the Social movement fail to prevent it?

The full answer to that question can only be grasped by those who are familiar with the propaganda that from 1905 onwards has been known as "Industrialist" in the United States and, though not so accurately, has been called "syndicalist" in Europe.

The essence of that propaganda lay in two principles. To take them in the order of their immediate effectiveness these were: First, that Labor could only enforce its wishes by organizing its strength at the point of production, i. e., the farms, factories, workshops, railways, docks, ships—where the work of the world is carried on the effectiveness of the political vote depending primarily upon the economic power of the workers organized behind it. Secondly, that the process of organizing that economic power would also build the industrial fabric of the Socialist Republic, build the new society within the old.

It is upon the first of these two principles I wish my readers to concentrate their attention in order to find the answer to the question we are asking.

In all the belligerent countries of western and central Europe the Socialist vote was very large; in none of these belligerent countries was there an organized revolutionary industrial organization directing the Socialist vote, nor a socialist political party directing a revolutionary industrial organization.

The Socialist voters having cast their ballots were helpless as voters until the next election; as workers they were indeed in control of the forces of production and distribution, and by exercising that control over the transport service could have made the war impossible. But the idea of thus co-ordinating their two spheres of activity had not gained suffi-

cient lodgment to be effective in the emergency.

No Socialist party in Europe could say that rather than go to war it would call out the entire transport service of the country and thus prevent mobilization. No Socialist party could say so, because no Socialist party could have the slightest reasonable prospect of having such a call obeyed.

The Executive Committee of the Socialist movement was not in control of the labor-force of the men who voted for Socialist representatives in the legislative chambers of Europe, nor were the men in control of the supply of labor-force in control of the Socialist representatives. In either case there would have been an organized power immediately available against war. Lacking either, the Socialist parties of Europe when they protested against war, had also **FIRE THEIR LAST SHOT** against militarism, and were left "like children crying in the night."

Had the Socialist party of France been able to declare that rather than be dragged into war to save the Russian czar from the revolutionary consequences which would have followed his certain defeat by Germany, they would declare a railway strike, there would have been no war between France and Germany, as the latter country, saved from the dread of an attack in the West whilst defending itself in the East could not have coerced its Socialist population into consenting to take the offensive against France.

But the French Government knows, the German Government knows, all cool observers in Europe know, that the Socialist and syndicalist organizations of France could not have carried out such a threat even had they made it. Both politically and industrially the revolutionary organization of France are mere skeleton frameworks, not solid bodies.

Politically large numbers roll together at elections around the faithful few who keep the machinery of the party together; industrially, more or less, large numbers roll together during strikes or lockouts. But the numbers of either are shifting, uncertain and of shadowy allegiance. From such no revolutionary action of value in face of modern conditions of war-

fare and state organization could be expected. And none came.

Hence the pathetic failure of French Socialism—the Socialist battalion occupying the position of the most tactical importance on the European battlefield. For neither Russia nor Britain could have fought had France held aloof; Russia, because of the fear of internal convulsions; Britain, because Britain never fights unless the odds against her foe are overwhelming. And Britain needed the aid of the French fleet.

To sum up then, the failure of European Socialism to avert the war is primarily due to the divorce between the industrial and political movements of Labor. The Socialist voter, as such, is helpless between elections. He requires to organize power to enforce the mandate of the elections, and the *only power he can so organize is economic power*—the power to stop the wheels of commerce, to control the heart that sends the life blood pulsating through the social organisms.



By K. H. Chamberlain.
From the Masses.

REST INDEED.

YES, BUT HOW ABOUT THE WAR AT HOME?

By PHILLIPS RUSSELL

Killed: 35,000.

Wounded: 2,000,000.

These are figures not from the latest

European casualty list, but from our own.

They are the findings of the United

States Bureau of Labor in regard to the losses suffered by the army of labor in this country annually. Everyone knows a government bureau is a very conservative finder.

Isn't this European war terrible? Isn't it dreadful to think of the thousands of splendid young men, the flower of the race, marching to certain death, returning to their homes maimed and crippled, or wasting away in some hospital in the grip of a scorching fever? Yes; I know, I know.

But why is it, you pro-British, pro-French, pro-German arguer, you can't, can't keep your attention on *these* figures?

You think it is horrible that these virile, up-standing, two-fisted men—so urgently needed to carry on a vigorous race and produce a healthy generation, should be chewed up as cannon-fodder, while the weak, the unfit and the defective are left at home to reproduce their kind.

But if you are going to compare a man to a stud-horse, why is it you take so little interest in that clothing worker there, healthy enough now, but doomed to become a pale and yellow consumptive; that big miner whose back is going to be broken by a ton of falling coal; that foundryman whose eyes are going to be put out by a splash of molten steel? What about *their* children?

It's too bad about the future generation in Europe. I heard an English lecturer moaning about the subject in London after the war started and she almost made me believe the next crop of babies in the countries at war would be born with one eye missing or carry a limp in the left leg.

We should worry. My own observation in regard to the sort of men who have lots of beef and no brains is that they produce offspring, of which those who don't become policemen, mine guards, strong-arm thugs, or Burns de-

tectives, go to a law school and become judges.

As to babies, less quantity and more quality might make a good platform.

To return to our figures: Since you have ceased to speak to your wife because she sympathizes with the Germans, and since you and your best friend have parted company because he maintains Great Britain started the war, the Massachusetts Industrial Accident Board has given the following figures on the number of accidents per 1,000 in that state for the year ending last June:

Automobile factories	271
Foundries and metal works.....	257
Packing houses	178
Electrical supplies	164
Rubber factories	153
Box makers	125
Tanneries	116
Car and railroad shops.....	99
Woolen and worsted mills.....	65

That means that out of every 1,000 men who enter an automobile plant this March 271 will emerge from the plant next March either dead or injured.

The Massachusetts official figures for the year put the total number of working people injured at 96,571. Of these accidents 608 were fatal.

If the United States engaged in war and Massachusetts put 1,500,000 men in the field who suffered a loss of 96,571 in the first year, what an outcry would arise! What sackcloth and ashes! And yet Massachusetts can see 96,571 of her workers put out of business physically every year and not say a damned word.

It is a mad world, and maddest of all are those who can sit by the hour and argue endlessly as to which army now embroiled is suffering the greatest losses, while around them the useful ones of the earth are being struck down by thousands, and thousands more survive only to perpetuate the disease and degeneracy that peace under capitalist industrialism entails.

THE VALUE OF IMMORALITY

By MARY E. MARCY

THE working class is kept in a condition of wage slavery through its **HABITS** of **MORALITY**. If, from childhood, in the home and in the school, in the shop or in the factory, we had not been restrained from following out our natural instincts, if we had not been steadfastly repressed and the morality of the master class carefully drilled into us and **FORCED** upon us in our daily **CONDUCT** as something desirable, we would today shake off the bonds that hold us in subjection and overthrow the profit system. It is our **HABITS** that keep us from revolting today—our **MORAL HABITS**.

Today Poverty cries to the high heavens the need of a new social order. All that stands between us and the things **WE** have **PRODUCED**, the houses we have built and do not occupy, the clothing we have made, the food we have produced, which we may not eat—all that separates us from these things, that belong to us, is our habits of inertia, **IN-ACTION**, our *habit* of thinking and **ACTING** according to the morality that the employing class wants and teaches. And this moral conduct makes those who **MAKE** things the slaves of those who **TAKE** things.

If the whole working class had stepped out into society from a page in the life of our primitive ancestors, the very first thing they would do would be to satisfy their natural appetites for food, clothing, shelter and leisure. They would **TAKE** what they needed and the idle would be powerless to prevent them.

Of course, it is equally true that these savages would not have attained the class consciousness so necessary to their permanent control of industry, and which comes only from actual experience in modern industry, to make such a supremacy *lasting*.

It is the **HABITS** of morality, the **HABIT** of acting in the way the employing class calls "good" that keeps hungry men and women today from acting just as savages would act.

The need for working class control of industry is here. We have only to develop a new working class **HABIT OF ACTION**, a working class ethic, to make an end of a system that means unemployment, starvation and poverty to the workers of the world.

Consider the morals that are taught us from the cradle to the grave; the morals that are sung in the home and Sunday School, that we copy at school, that ring from press and pulpit, that the rich and respectable are always mouthing. All are in praise of **ACTION** or conduct that means safety and power and property to the rich and respectable because these actions, this kind of conduct makes unresisting slaves of the working class.

Now, morals have to do with "good" actions and "bad" actions; "good" conduct and "bad" conduct. And we have been carefully driven, coaxed and coerced into acting for what is "good" for the master class and is "bad" for **US**. We are so moral that we crawl under the sidewalks to freeze or starve to death before empty flats or bursting groceries; we are so courageous and "patriotic" that we die on the battlefields so that our employers may have newer and bigger markets; we are so industrious that we work overtime and put our brothers out of a job; we are so economical that we produce \$4,000 worth of value for the boss a year and manage to raise families on \$800.

Isn't it about time that we found a new line of **CONDUCT**, a new way of **ACTING** and **LIVING** that is more in harmony with **OUR OWN INTERESTS**?

Man's instincts still rule the world. The majority of us will **ACT**, will break all the moral and legal laws in order to preserve life in spite of any false *ideas* of "right" and "wrong." On this human instinct-to-live do we base our faith in the final triumph of the working class. It does not so much matter what a man **THINKS**, so long as his stomach, his needs and his **ACTIONS** are with us? What is really of importance in the class struggle is **CONDUCT**, how we **ACT**.

Remember that it is OLD HABITS that keep us from revolting today. Men's ideas soon change when they ACT with us for our mutual interests.

Here is what the Wisconsin head of the State Militia, Gen. Charles King, has to say about the working class boys in his plea for a bigger army:

"Discipline Takes Time.

"They say we can train our men in a short time if necessary. It took the union men but a few weeks to learn to drill at the time of the civil war and yet it was two years before they could learn discipline. Now it would probably take as long to teach the men to remain calm and obey orders under the fire of shrapnel and modern guns."

Gen. King deplored the lack of home training which the *American boys* are receiving. He said the idea that this is a free and independent country where one man is as good as another breeds a spirit of lawlessness and thoughtlessness among the *American youngsters*.

"The discipline of the National guard is the thing which will be of the most benefit to these growing boys," he said. "Discipline is the most important thing to be taught.

"Every company should be instructed to leap to obey orders. There should be an instantaneous obedience of every command. This will teach the men confidence, respect and pride."

Every boss will tell you that obedience is a great virtue. It is a virtue in slaves only. The man who is thoroughly disciplined into HABITS of obedience is the man who starves to death in the very city where he has made ten thousand loaves of bread.

Drug habits are "bad" for all men, but they are not half so fatal to working class emancipation as the moral slave HABIT of OBEDIENCE.

In your daily actions, remember that the boss wants his slaves to possess habits of discipline and obedience, national spirit and courage (to die for HIS interests).

The Revolution wants men and women

with *habits* of INITIATIVE, men of international class solidarity, of courage to fight the class that robs us.

On January 25th the Supreme Court decided that the statutes in the states which make it a misdemeanor for an employer to require an employe to sign an agreement not to join a labor union during his employment, are unlawful, unconstitutional. They said it was not coercing the workers into remaining outside the unions, as the Kansas law declares. So that henceforth the workers are to be asked about their union affiliation by an "unbiased employer."

Now an HONEST worker will tell the truth, spill the beans, and get his name on the Black List, while the revolutionary worker will get the job even if he has to indulge in a few prevarications. He feels himself amply justified in deceiving the Enemy.

More Undesirable Morality

The boss loves a humble worker who is economical and saves his money against a period of unemployment. The worker who respects authority, is contented and loyal (to the interests of the boss) will never become an active rebel. He is sure to work longer hours at a low wage scale.

If temperate he can live on lower wages. He is the logical lick-spittle, stool pigeon and scab. And the preachers assure him that he is "laying up treasures" for himself in Heaven, "where moth and rust do not corrupt nor thieves break through and steal."

Beware of the man whom the boss calls a model worker. His moral conduct, his virtuous activities will prevent his ever becoming a real factor in the working class revolution.

What we need is MORE REBELLION, new habits of fighting the capitalist system, independence and initiative in organizing the workers.

The only morality, the only kind of ACTION with which the revolutionary movement is concerned is LOYALTY TO THE INTERESTS OF THE WORKING CLASS!



Photo from National Child Labor Committee.

YOUNG DOFFERS IN ELK COTTON MILLS.

MACHINES THAT HAVE MADE HISTORY

By M. E. M. AND M. G. R.

JUST about one hundred and forty years ago, the English farmers who were unable to raise their rents by the products from their farms, earned the balance by spinning and weaving cotton cloth at home. A little later farming became for them a by-product and their principal earnings came from spinning and weaving.

One of the first lines of specialization among laborers was the severing of these connections and the gathering of the weavers in the hamlets and towns of England, when, in order to prosper in the making of finer fabrics, weavers were

forced to perfect themselves by close application. Some were journeymen in small domestic shops while others worked by the piece. This latter class was swept away as the industry grew.

Hand-loom factories were on the increase and the product of their labor grew so greatly in demand that a spirit of revolt began to make itself manifest among the workers, when John Watt's steam engine became commercially practicable and revolutionized the whole industry by forcing the would-be-successful manufacturer to run his machines by steam instead of by human power.



Photo from National Child Labor Committee.

THIS LITTLE GIRL, LIKE MANY OTHERS, IS SO SMALL THAT SHE HAS TO STAND ON A BOX TO REACH HER MACHINE. SHE IS REGULARLY EMPLOYED AS A KNITTER IN THE LOUDIN HOSIERY MILL, LOUDIN, TENN. SAID SHE DID NOT KNOW HOW LONG SHE HAD WORKED THERE.

The "mule" and spinning jenny, which had been steadily improved since their invention were now run largely by steam power. Then came the fly-shuttle, greatly increasing the output of the single weaver.

But power looms won their way very gradually, fought every inch of their progress by the hand-loom weavers, who hated factory life, and by the manufacturers of small capital, who could not afford to install steam power plants. But the ease with which the art of weaving could be acquired by the new process helps to explain the wretched straits into which the hand-loom weavers were driven in their battle against the new machine.

But month by month one by one went down to defeat—small employer and skilled weaver—just as all manufacturers and all skilled workers must eventually succumb before the superior machine, the superior motive power and larger capital. The application of steam power to the new machines so lowered the cost of cot-

ton cloth that Lancashire, England, became the cotton factory of the world.

How the Cotton Gin Formed the "South."

Arkwright's spinning-machine gave England a monopoly on the manufacture of cotton cloth, because England kept the design of this machine a profound secret from America. It was only a few years after the Declaration of Independence that the Assistant Secretary of the United States Treasury caused to be secretly circulated in England, the following paragraph: "A reward of \$500 in gold will be paid to any one who will make and smuggle out of England an accurate model of Richard Arkwright's cotton spinning machine. Every protection guaranteed and the strictest secrecy assured."

Arkwright, who was an English barber, had invented the machine that did away with the laborious spinning of cotton by hand. For years it had been his chief pleasure in life to experiment with dif-

ferent sorts of machines and to attempt the making of new ones. His wife complained bitterly that he was always neglecting his real duties in life and playing with foolish machinery when "he ought to be shaving customers." She finally became so disgusted with his "shiftlessness" that she left him. Her relatives approved this step and utterly disavowed all connection with the "lazy, dreamer" Arkwright.

But this is life. The people who follow undeviatingly in the paths laid out for them by their predecessors never are heard of. They are so deeply immersed in the ruts worn deep by their ancestors that they cannot see outside. All they have ever accomplished is to wear the rut still deeper. It is only the people who avoid the beaten path of established habits and customs who have ever done anything at all for society. Later, Arkwright was made Sir John, and must have greatly shaken the faith of his ex-relatives-in-law in their prophetic powers.

England jealousy guarded the secret of the Arkwright machine and passed rigorous laws prohibiting the taking of the machine or models thereof out of the country. In spite of England's refusal to sell, the young United States were determined to have that spinning machine.

There was as yet no cotton industry in America. Cotton was not even a portion of the Southern farm crop. The very little that was raised was spun by hand by the women, but there were no cotton mills.

In response to the United States' offer for \$500 for a model, an English machinist made brass models of the Arkwright machine to be shipped to America. But he was discovered and his models confiscated. Later a young man in one of the Arkwright mills heard of the American offer and embarked for the United States after some months with only his head filled with plans of the machine he hoped to duplicate in the new land. He soon went to work for a firm which was trying to pattern after the Arkwright method. Here he worked a year before perfecting the new spinning machines.

At this time the cotton that was woven into cloth in America was imported from the East Indies. Cotton raised in America was of low commercial value owing to

the difficulty of separating the staple from the seed. This operation was performed laboriously by hand. The foreign cotton, with its looser seed, did not thrive in American soil.

Here then was a great need for cotton cloth and yarn, machines at hand for spinning and weaving it into cloth, but no practicable home cotton supply, because it was cheaper to purchase raw cotton abroad than to pick the seeds from the cotton raised at home.

The Cotton Gin.

It was about this time that Eli Whitney, a young Massachusetts nailmaker, turned his attention to the study of law. A prospective job teaching, having failed him in the South, he spent some months visiting a friend who was then experimenting with a small cotton crop. Whitney was amazed to learn that it took a whole day to separate one pound of cotton from the seed.

"I believe I can make a machine that can remove those seeds," he said. The eagerness with which this possibility was greeted encouraged Whitney to set to work upon his cotton gin. In 1793, his first practical machine was perfected. Though very crude, it performed the difficult work of separation.

This invention gave the much-needed stimulus to cotton growing in America.

England refused to purchase any cotton that had been ginned by the Whitney machine, and, altogether, the inventor received very small reward for his work on the machine that revolutionized American agriculture.

Capitalists took up the invention and made vast fortunes from it and Samuel Slater, who had duplicated the English spinning jenny, became one of America's pioneer cotton manufacturing millionaires.

The cotton gin multiplied the productive power of the workers from ten to an hundred fold and enabled the cotton planters to increase their product from 18,000,000 to 93,000,000 pounds without any decrease in price during the years 1801 to 1810.

Following the age of machinery in the cotton industry came transportation by water and on land. By 1835 the railroads had penetrated the south and the south-



Photo from National Child Labor Committee.

THE TWO SMALLEST SLAVES IN THE GROUP ARE FLOSSIE BRITT, 6 YEARS OLD, AND LONNIE BRITT, 7 YEARS OLD. THEY WERE EMPLOYED BY THE LUMBERTON, N. C., COTTON MILLS AS SPINNERS AND ARE PAID FROM 30 TO 40 CENTS PER DAY. TINY, FRAIL, ANAEMIC, LINT-COVERED AND STUPEFIED, THEY WORK EARLY AND LATE.

ern states of America found themselves producing most of the world's supply of cotton by chattel slave labor. Today they have practically a monopoly of the supply of raw cotton. Our annual crop would outweigh 50,000 persons.

By-products.

Dr. Benjamin Waring, grist mill owner, first extracted oil from cotton seed, but not for commercial purposes. Forty years later a small capitalist began to successfully produce cotton seed oil. Other small oil mills sprung up and, in 1890, one of the big American packers visited one of these mills, tasted the oil and sent samples to his northern chemists. Then came a new epoch in food production.

The French government found that cotton seed oil made the base for a fine substitute for butter in the army. This was the origin of butterine. The planters found themselves with a valuable cotton by-product that had formerly been a

white elephant on their hands.

Cotton seed oil is really a nourishing and wholesome food product. It is the basis for "hogless lard," salad oil and one of the best grades, bleached, appears in nearly all the "ice cream" purchased from confectioners—in lieu of milk and cream.

\$25,000,000 worth of cotton seed oil goes into substitute lard products annually; 20,000,000 gallons are consumed yearly for culinary purposes, salads, etc. Of the mass of seed shells, after the extraction of the oil has taken place, \$4,000,000 worth of hulls are used in making trunks, sample cases, washers, valves and gear wheels. The hull bran makes paper and fertilizer.

The cotton seed kernals are crushed and pressed and the remaining mass is ground into meal for stock feed. Over \$40,000,000 worth is now used in stock raising every year.

When we remember the development



Photo from National Child Labor Committee.

"BABY DOFFER" IN AN ALABAMA MILL.

of chattel slavery in the south attendant upon the raising of cotton, when we recall the-titanic battle that ensued between the capitalists employing wage labor and the chattel slave owners, we begin to understand what a tremendous factor machine invention has been in the history of the United States.

The Cotton Mill Workers.

In a recent article on the Southern Cotton Mills (printed in *solidarity*), by M. G. R., she says:

"The cotton mill industry has revolutionized the south. It has taken a new place, and a big place in the American industries. There are now 800 cotton mills in the southern cotton belt where a quarter of a million workers produce an annual output valued at \$268,000,000. Modern mills containing the most modern machinery are used and the owners get the greatest results for the lowest possible pay. The southern mill workers receive annually \$27,000,000 in wages and produce nearly ten times this amount in value. Northern mills producing \$270,000,000 worth of cloth a year, pay \$65,-

000,000 in wages, more than double the wage paid in the South.

In the South labor is cheap everywhere. It is the cheapest commodity on the market; a commodity that can be obtained at any time, any place to be used until worthless to the buyer and then discarded for a fresh supply. The life of the worker counts for nought.

Nowhere in this country is the life and labor of the workers so cheap and so degrading as in a southern cotton mill. The textile mill worker of the North has, through his many struggles, won for himself some concessions and has, in a measure destroyed some of the feudalism which can be seen in the South in all its hideousness. The northern worker has wrested for himself the right to live where he can; to buy from whichever store his meagre wage will permit; to send his children to a public school.

The worker in the southern cotton mill is as true a vassal as ever labored under a feudal lord. He lives in the company house, buys his fuel from the company and usually trades at the company "grab-all" or store. When not snatched up by the mills, his children attend company schools, instructed by teachers paid by the company. The church itself belongs to the company and the salary of the preacher is usually supplemented by the company. The labor offender is arrested by a company paid constable and tried by a company official, who is a magistrate. And this—in "free" America.



Photo from National Child Labor Committee.

A TYPICAL COTTON WORKER'S SHACK IN THE SUNNY SOUTH. THEY ARE GENERALLY COMPANY OWNED. IN ROME, GA., BY THE ROME HOSIERY MILLS.

The southern mill worker is a foreigner to the townspeople. They don't know him and have no desire to know him. When he comes to town it is usually to buy something—on credit—or to attend a moving picture show. More often he just drifts about the streets of the town on Saturday night, wan, ragged, unrelated, a monstrous abortion of industrial tyranny.

The mill worker of the south shifts from mill to mill and from village to village with great frequency. Having little difficulty in obtaining a job, the work being practically the same in all mills, he leaves one mill, vacates a company house and goes to another. The scanty furniture and the children are packed on a dray and he moves. Often I have been to a mill workers' "home" one week, and coming back the next, found a new family occupying the house and no trace of the old tenant. He changes house, school, store—everything along with the new job.

The same conditions obtain throughout the entire cotton industry in the South. A type of worker has been produced far more proletarian than our brothers of the North. Skill-less, propertyless, unorganized—the South has a real proletariat without the dignity and class consciousness of rebel against his terrible lot.

Organization.

It is out of this material that the industrial union of the South must be built. The greatest obstacle is the apathy of the



Photo from National Child Labor Committee.

A YOUNG DOFFER.

workers themselves. To teach these workers the first principle of direct action is a Herculean task. We must have a patient, unending campaign—the work of pioneers in this industrial wilderness. It may be possible, by a great deal of agitation, to arouse the textile workers of the South, but unless a permanent organization is effected and a continuous educational propaganda carried on for industrial unionism, the results cannot be far-reaching. To effectively combat the master class an organization must be drilled and trained constantly in the use of its weapons in industrial warfare.

The conditions in the textile industry preclude any form of organization, but industrial unionism. The principal reason, no doubt, why the A. F. of L. has made no attempt to organize the textile workers is that craft organization is not, and never was, possible in the cotton industry. A quarter of a million workers, entirely unskilled, unable to pay big initiation fees or dues, nor to be aroused



Photo from National Child Labor Committee.

BREEDING COTTON MILL SLAVES IN THE SOUTH. ONLY SIX IN THIS FAMILY. OLDEST GIRL COTTON MILL WORKER.

by the slogan or "a fair day's work for a fair day's pay," are not the "cream of labor" that appeals to the aristocratic tastes of the A. F. of L.

The I. W. W. will have to do the work in the South. And it is a big job; of that make no mistake. The work has

been started, some ground turned and some seed scattered. But the big work is ahead of it. To succeed it must be brave, patient and determined to carry the message of revolutionary industrial unionism into the hearts and heads of the cotton mill workers."

PARASITIC POWER OF PROPERTY

By SCOTT NEARING

ALL historic civilizations have developed a propertied class, which enjoyed leisure and luxury. To provide this leisure and luxury, the great body of citizens, serfs, and slaves labored, suffered, fought, and died. The Western World has produced the most effective means ever devised (transferable income yielding titles to property) for enabling one group in the community to live upon the work done by the others.

Perhaps the most menacing of all American institutions is the perfected organization which enables the few to live at the expense of the many. In three centuries the United States, in company with Western civilization, has produced, or at least tolerated, a system which automatically takes from the values created in the industrial processes a certain proportion, and places it in the hands of any person or any association which at that particular time happens to hold the key which unlocks the Golden Flood—the key of property ownership.

This income is not paid as a reward for virtue; people receive it who are vicious. It is not paid in return for meritorious social service; some of those who receive it are notoriously anti-social in all of their dealings. It is not paid for abstinence; many of the recipients of property income never knew what it was to abstain. It is not paid for saving; there are people with vast incomes who during their entire lives have never done anything except spend. It is not paid for productive effort; children, disabled persons, idlers, and wastrels are among its

recipients. There is one thing and one thing only for which property income is paid, and that is that the ownership of a piece of property which is so scarce and so desired by another that he is willing to give a return for it. Today the ownership of property gives to the owner a royalty privilege. He may always invest it and receive five per cent on it. It is virtual power to tax, exercised by an individual owner of property against the productive activities of the community, and exercised because the owner now owns a piece of property.

Society does not ask of property owners the question: "Where did you get it, gentlemen?" The social mechanism which pays a bonus for property ownership knows no morals and no language. It proceeds on the one principle, "To him that hath shall be given," by virtue of which the owners of property are royally rewarded.

The time has come when the facts must be faced honestly. Those who talk so glibly about the drunkenness and riotous living among workingmen, who are convinced that the workers get all they earn, and that even if they did get more, they would squander it anyway; those who defend property interests and property income are not interested in widows and in orphans, are not interested in bringing about an adjustment which will conform to the demands of human decency and social justice. They do not wish to know whether there is income enough to go around, but rather whether there is income enough to pay the producers what they demand, and then, or even before then, to pay to the owners

of property a share of the products of industry in return for their property ownership. The question as it is asked by the long-headed defenders of vested power is simply this, "Is there enough income to pay interest on the bonds of the country (some 34 billions of them) and thus keep business stable; to pay wages and salaries to the producers of wealth, and keep the world going; and to return a dividend to the owners of stocks, and where separately held, to the owners of land—to the first because of an investment of capital; to the second as a recompense for holding as his own a part of the earth's surface?" That is the real question as it is really asked. Thus far the answer has been steadily affirmative. There have been suggestions and protests, but the question has generally met with favorable consideration.

What will be the answer to the demand of vested incomes in the future? What new note will sound in response to their proposition? What will be their proposition?

As the country grows in numbers, in wealth, and in producing power, the proposition advanced by the owners of vested interests must of necessity take on a different form. Instead of asking whether there is enough wealth created in the productive processes to pay interest, dividends and rent, they must ask, "Will the producers of wealth shoulder a constantly increasing burden?" These land values are rising; the amount of capital in the country per productive worker and per capita of the population is growing constantly greater. As producers, will they carry the increased load? As consumers will they pay the increased tax on their prices?

Were the tax demanded by property a

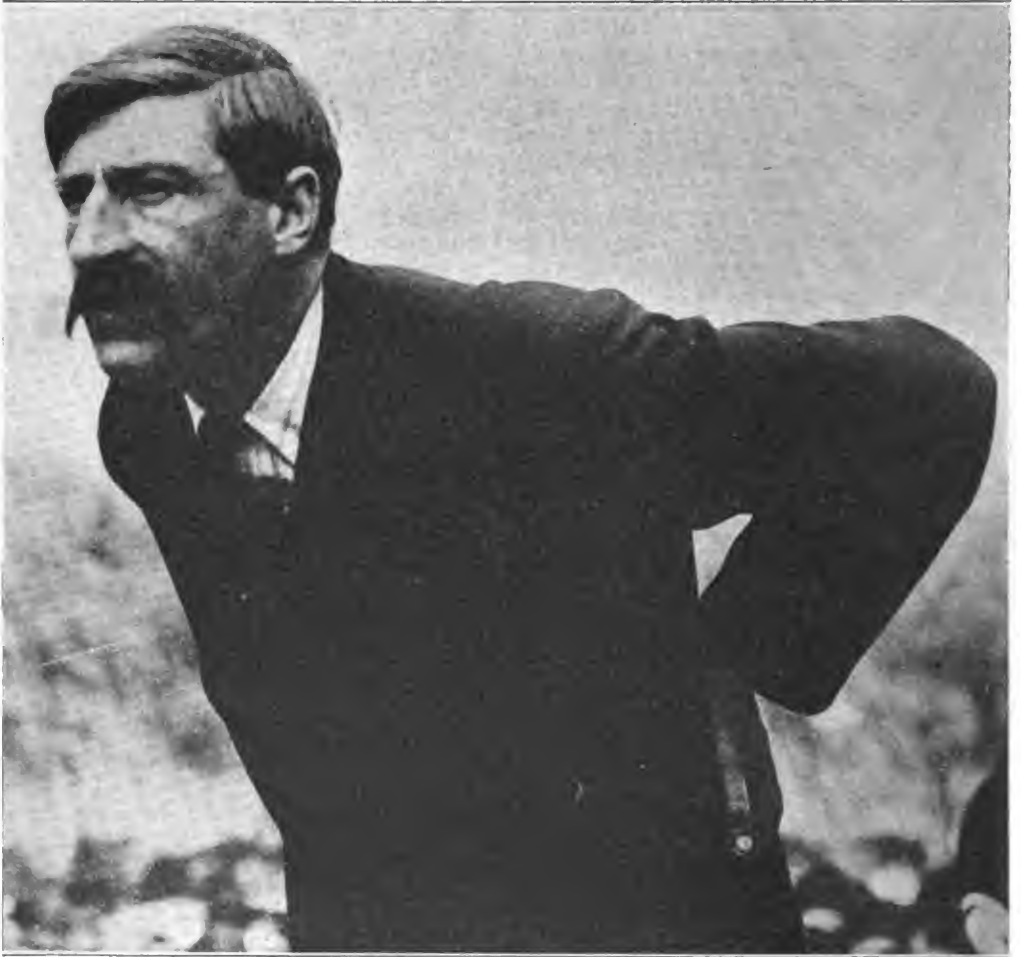
fixed one, the question might be settled once and for all, but the tax is increasing, actually and proportionately, hence the new aspect which the issue assumes.

There is income enough to go around. If all of those who participate in the production of wealth received an equal share of the wealth produced, the whole of American society would be able to live on a standard of splendid comfort. If even the present proportions were maintained between wages and salaries, if some were high paid and some low paid for their share in productive activity, there is income enough created to provide for every family in the United States a decent living (concretely, in industrial centers, \$750 per year in moderate-sized towns, and \$900 to \$1,000 a year in great cities), and to pay many more families than now receive it a standard of comfort and even of luxury.

Is there income enough to go around? Indeed there is! The immediate trouble lies in the fact, not that there is not enough to go around, but that it is not made to go around.

Instead of going around, a large percentage of the values created in industry go straight into the coffers of property holders who are, almost universally the well-to-do. These values never even start around, but they are directed by the self-acting system of property control to those who own property.

Income is measured in terms of power and not in terms of worth. The masses of mankind, whose only power lies in their numbers and the organization into effective working bodies, would do well to ponder the difference and to understand the necessity for transferring power from the few who have to the many who need.



JIM LARKIN, WHO HAS FEW PEERS AS AN ORATOR.

THE UNDERMAN

BY JIM LARKIN

FROM the days of Solon down to the era of Syndicalism the wise and unwise have given speech, written learned tomes, sung in undying numbers of the Underman. Some have been more than generous enough to name him the Bottom Dog. Admitting that there has been something doglike in his slavishness, namely, his meekness under the lash of and his fidelity to and trust in the Master Class, yet, again and again, has the divine spark of discontent burst

into flame and the Underman given good proof of his quality.

In every epoch of the world's history he has given the exploiting class cause to remember his resentment. "Not for nothing" died Spartacus and his fellow worker rebels, and the age-long struggle of the Plebs proved they, too, realized within themselves what their place in the Roman polity should have been.

And so along down the weary years the monotony and degradation of their

lives have been illumined by the glorious if somewhat unsuccessful attempts of the slave class to break their fetters. If they failed to achieve all they aimed at there is some satisfaction in knowing that though the shackles still bind their limbs, they have arisen from their knees and now stand erect. That position has been reached not by trusting to redeemers, leaders or intellectuals. Every advance won, every advantage gained, every measure of improvement enjoyed has been gotten by mass action.

The redeemers, so-called, have advised on all occasions respect for constituted authority. Leader after leader has used the work-weary, degraded bodies of his class as a ladder whereby he might ascend to and become one with the oppressing, dominant class of Overmen. The self-styled intellectuals have used our moans, miseries and movements as subject matter for their mental gymnastics and to their own social and economic aggrandizement. I don't care to be unfair, but it is too true that all down the ages the redeemers and intellectuals, under the guise of altruism, ethics, brotherhood, but in reality for egotistical reasons and with malice aforethought, have deliberately obscured the vision of the Underman with their word-spinning, phrase-mongering, laws of logic, political economy, and heaven-when-you-die philosophies.

Many of these would-be saviors of mankind warned us in terrifying tones that the realization of our hopes of material and social betterment would destroy our character, our love of home, respect for our betters, "loranorder," the constitution and unfit us for our "station in life." The immutable laws had decreed our place in the cosmic scheme—obedience and willingness to serve, prayer, abstinence (and plenty of it) was our portion, our sole concern—individual salvation. They told us to take and pause; that our idea for a class movement, for a collective uplift, was subversive of authority and tended to disrupt society. They hesitated not to insult our intelligence by telling us that we were designed to be a necessary evil, but a useful class, our duty to slave and breed, breed and slave, to the end that a useless and unnecessary class should live in idleness and luxury on our labor.

Our leaders, with few exceptions, appointed or elected to articulate our grievances, desires and demands, have abused our confidence and their tendency to compromise with the Overman has assisted in, consciously or unconsciously, welding more firmly the shackles that sear our limbs. Right down the ages this cursed game of compromise has been to our detriment. In this day we have our leaders advocating state control of labor, arbitration boards, wages boards, conciliation schemes, health and unemployment insurance, to scientifically explain the cause of industrial unrest and why the many are poor. It is enough to make Marx and his predecessors turn over in their graves.

The workers in the industrial and economic field should get the full social value of the product of their labor and such a result can only be brought about by the obliteration of the present capitalist system and the taking over by the workers of the machinery of production and means of distribution. Thus control of the job would carry with it control of all the forces in the social organism. Such a simple solution is characterized as blasphemy, heresy, revolution.

Then we have the spectacle of the intellectuals rushing to the rescue of the leaders. These mental prostitutes, owing to their position in society, are the most dangerous of all the Undermen. Their viewpoint of the problems of life is determined, like all other sections and classes in society, by their economic status. They have always in the past, are now in the present, and, if allowed, will be in the future, the most subtle foe to the advance of the Underman. Well might the Overmen—the Carnegies, Rockefellers, Morgans and Sages—take control of the thought-forming sources of the community through subsidized foundations. Full well they know that the control of those who are privileged in training the minds of the people means an extended lease of power for them (the exploiters) over the slave class.

We cannot afford to halt to join battle with the intellectuals in their own sphere. When we assume complete control of the economic basis of society we will in that hour free all classes, and the educated intellect of the future will be free and in return for services rendered to them they

will give of their best to the advancement of humanity. Our duty, therefore, is to be true and loyal to our own class, waste no time on those respectable busybodies who are always deploring and condemning our insistence on class conflict. Be not led astray by praise or prayer, press or party. The fundamental line of advance is industrial organization. All other activities are of secondary importance, and you have to remember that the Underman is the main factor in the problem. Without his labor the work of the world comes to a stop.

Unskilled Workers in Ireland.

And now may I, as one of the Undermen, recount briefly what has been accomplished by what Wolfe Tone, one of the leaders in the Irish revolutionary movement of the eighteenth century, termed "That large but respectable body of citizens—the men of no property." Within the last seven years in Ireland, not by political effort or under the guidance of redeemers, leaders or by the instruction and teaching of the intellectuals, but of themselves and by themselves. I do so because I believe their achievements will be of service in guiding and stimulating the great uprising of the Underman, particularly that section which is termed in derision the unskilled worker, which I venture to predict will take place throughout this continent within the year.

Previous to the year 1907 in Ireland the unskilled workers of that country had time and again risen in revolt, but all their efforts proved in vain because of their method of organization. They, like the unskilled workers of this country, had been bossed by leaders who used them as a means to gain political power for themselves.

Each section, of course, docker, teamster, factory worker, builders' laborer, shipyard laborer, farm laborer, railway worker, etc., was enrolled in separate unions. When one section went out on strike the other sections scabbed on them. They had high initiation fees, some unions charging as high as five dollars, or one pound in English money. Their officials as a rule when not advocating political action were always advising their members not to strike, but to petition or submit their claims to arbitration or conciliation boards and were ever ac-

tive in telling their dupes of the "dignity of labor" and the identity of interest between the master class and the wage slave! One of these so-called unions set forth in the preamble to its constitution the following noble sentiments:

"The General Laborers' Union is organized for the glory of God, the support of the king by divine right and his heirs and the royal family; loyalty to the constitution and to establish a brotherly understanding between our employers and the members of said union, etc., etc."

Their motto: "Organized to defend, not to attack."

It reads like a report of some of the sectional unions of this "Home of the free and land of the brave."

The founders of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union, vulgar persons, determined within themselves that that kind of organized scabbery should cease, and so we started an Industrial Union for all workers, not interfering, of course, with the aristocrat of labor—the skilled worker. We knew from our experience in the struggle that when we had the unskilled workers properly organized, especially the men who matter, the transport workers, we could make the skilled workers fall in line. That opinion has been verified. Today in Ireland and in Great Britain the skilled worker realizes, aye, even the great, enlightened, humanitarian British government realizes that Kitchener and his merry men are at the mercy of the men engaged in transporting commodities.

Within seven short years these few common, vulgar coalporters, dockers, teamsters, factory hands taught the Federated Employers of Ireland **who** controlled industry. And it is to be remembered that we did not allow our organization to be exploited by any and every philosophical freak who wanted a platform to air his or her views about "killing God," limitation of families, eugenics, sex license or twilight sleep. Obliterating the scab, limiting the power of the boss to rob US at the point of production, insisting upon decent homes, good grub, good clothing, a chance to live, absorbed our energies. Wherever a woman or child of our class was degraded or oppressed we rallied to her assistance. Our motto was and will be to the end of

time: "An injury to one is the concern of all."

We make no apologies to or agreement with the boss. As soon as we succeed in organizing 60 per cent of the workers in any industrial undertaking the others must join or get out. He who is not with us is against us, and although every branch of our union has full autonomy, we make it plain to them that they cannot jeopardize the whole army for the benefit of a section; that the class uplift and not the betterment of the individual is our concern. We have our own union halls, which are not used only for dues-paying purposes. Our whole life functions around our union.

All forms of social relaxation, dancing, instrumental and vocal music, billiards, roulette; all forms of athletic effort are encouraged, boxing, swimming, etc. Educational facilities of all kinds are provided. We teach the Gaelic, French and German languages. We have our dramatic and choral societies. Our dramatic company, composed of members of the Irish Women Workers' Union and the Transport Workers' Union, toured England last year for four months and brought back, in addition to paying all expenses, \$3,500, which was used in setting up a production co-operation factory wherein members of our Women Workers' Union who are discharged for their activity in organizing their fellow slaves are employed in making up underclothing, etc., which is sold to the union members. We are also shareholders in the Industrial Co-operation Distributing Society, from which we buy practically all our foodstuffs. Our women run a co-operative restaurant.

In Dublin, which is the headquarters of our union, we have our own park of sixteen acres whereon we hold sports and gatherings every week-end. We have a co-operative hotel or guest house, where our members or friends can rent for nominal charge for week-ends. On Saturdays and Sundays we foregather there. We have three and a half acres of gardens. Any member on application will be allotted a portion of the garden that he or she may learn something under skilled tuition of the beauty and bounty of mother earth. We make a special feature of looking to the benefit of our kid-

dies. We have swing boats, hobby horses and sand gardens. We have hammocks swung from the trees so that the tired mother slave may hand over her baby to the volunteer girl nurses, who will look after baby while the mother can go and trip the "light fantastic" with her husband. We have tents for camping out, and in the summer months our army camps there every night after their work. All their drill is carried on there.

The citizen army is not confined to our own union, but is open to any union man, the conditions of membership are that each applicant engages not to join any army controlled by the government and undertakes at all cost to defend his class and to assist if needs be in establishing a co-operative commonwealth.

With all these many activities proceeding apace, we never forget our principal work—to gain control of the job, keen and ever ready to take advantage of any opportunity that presents itself to demand a greater share of the results of our labor. Needless to say, the employing class does not allow us to rest. Ever and always he is on the attack. During 1913 and 1914 they made concerted attack. They locked us out for eight months. The condition they laid down was that no member of the Irish Transport Union would be permitted to work in or about Dublin city and county. Thanks to our comrades of the rank and file in Great Britain and Australia, we beat off their attack and we are now concerting our forces to resume the attack.

From this brief and hurried account you will at least appreciate the spirit of our movement. Now, if such a work can be accomplished in the most backward and oppressed country in western Europe, what might be accomplished in this great continent if the harassed wage slaves would combine, stop wasting their time in theoretical discussion and get to work. Some authorities have stated that there are some 35,000,000 wage slaves in the United States, but let us reduce that figure by 10,000,000. I suggest that with only 3,000,000 workers organized out of 25,000,000 there is something radically wrong with your present form of organization. It does not reach the people. I am including in my computation all forms of industrial organization—those in and

out of the American Federation of Labor.

The idea of a federation of labor in these days of the trustification of industry connotes that the leaders or controllers of the trade union machine have been rustivating in the Garden of Eden. It is full time they climbed the tree and took a bite of the apple. And when we find the prominent leaders associated with the most unscrupulous of the capitalist thugs in civic federations and other recreation institutions, it gives one pause. And I am credibly informed that what is considered the most advanced union in America, the United Mine Workers, has suffered thirteen consecutive defeats, sections of their union being practically annihilated.

The Railway Workers are organized in thirteen different unions, each of them charged with having scabbed on the other, and when one is humiliated as a worker by being compelled to listen to a gentlemen named Brandies boasting that a union spent \$1,000,000 in assisting a

shoe manufacturer to break a strike. When we remember the Ludlow massacre, the murder of wage slaves at Calumet, the latest manifestation of the golden rule in industry at Chrome in New Jersey, one is forced to the conclusion that the workers in this country are unworthy of their class. As the skilled workers seem too utterly selfish and unresponsive to any appeal to their class instincts, would it not be possible through the medium of the REVIEW and those papers which take the same position to make an appeal to the Underman or unskilled section of the workers to take up the responsibility of the class and set an example to the skilled worker. An attempt is being made to solidify those unions with the A. F. of L. The secretary of this movement is Mr. Ryder, 34 Park Row, New York. I would like to return to the question of the unskilled in the next issue.

WHY SHOULD I BE A SOCIALIST?

By JACK MORTON

THIS is the question an Illinois coal miner asked us recently. "Why should I be a Socialist?" he said "Will socialism GET ME ANYTHING?"

And it was an intelligent question. Why should you be interested in blue sky mining stock? Why should you be interested in the Republican Party? In the Progressives or in the Democratic Party? Will SOCIALISM GET YOU ANYTHING?

Socialism appeals to the economic interest, furthers the bread-and-butter interest of the working class. There IS something in it for YOU and ME. There is everything in it for those who work.

If the workers were class conscious and experienced in *fighting AS a CLASS*, they would be able to abolish the present wages system today. But they are NOT organized and they are NOT accustomed to fighting AS A CLASS.

What we need before we can accom-

plish much that will benefit the workers, is experience in fighting AS a class—in other words, education and organization.

You understand perfectly well that you cannot fight the boss alone. You know that if you are to strike you need the co-operation of your fellow-workers to win any concessions from the man who employs you. And you know that the more men you have in your union, the more who strike with you, the more chance there is of your winning a victory.

But what happens when you start to organize the men in any industry as you did in West Virginia? What has kept the miners in Colorado and in Calumet from organizing themselves into a union?

All the recent strikes of the American miners are so fresh in our minds that we have not forgotten that it was a PROGRESSIVE Governor in West Virginia who arrested Mother Jones, who declared martial law, permitted hired thugs

to murder the strikers and their wives and children. We have seen REPUBLICAN and PROGRESSIVE protecting the mine owners while they incarcerated strike breakers, forcing them to work in the mines and preventing their escape with search lights and machine guns.

In Colorado we have seen the great Democrat, Ammons, permit the actual hired murderers of the Rockefeller interests to be sworn in to the state militia so that they should have the protection of the uniform in their cowardly murders.

It was PROGRESSIVE Governor Johnson of California who sent his soldiers to Sacramento, armed with guns, to help drive members of your class and MY class out of that city because they were unable to secure work.

Many of us have wanted *Something NOW* so much that we have elected these men to office. And we have got *SOMETHING NOW*, but it was not what we *wanted*.

As long as the master class, the owning class, the class composed of the employers of labor, is able to control the COURTS, THE POLICE FORCE, the ARMY AND THE NAVY, just so long will they be able to break up our attempts at organization on the industrial field.

Start into an industrial center and try to organize the men working in the shops or mills. You will find that the shop and factory and mill bosses OWN the judges, the lawyers, the police force. They can send a hundred organizers to jail on any trumped-up charge they choose. They can discharge the union men and have all the protection they want for their imported gun-men and strike breakers, while the militia or police (who *protect* their scabs and thugs) will force you to submission.

The entire forces of the law belong to your boss if he chooses to invoke them. The Republicans and Democrats proved this long ago and the Progressives have come along and showed themselves just as willing to serve the OWNING class and to harm the working class as the two old parties.

The only man you can be sure of in ANY office is the man whose interests are bound up with YOUR interests. You

can always trust YOURSELF. Therefore put your trust in yourself and your comrades whose interests are identical with your own.

This is why Socialism means something to you *RIGHT NOW*. There is very little use in going out on a strike for higher wages today unless you have all the men and women in your shop or your industry striking with you. This means a large measure of organization. And your boss will prevent such organization and will defeat your strike just as long as he has the power to use the courts, the police and the militia against you.

This is why you must seize these powers and use them in your own interests. You must elect socialists from your own class and you must make these elected officials the *servants of those who work*. You must direct them and tell them what you and your working class comrades want done in every event.

No matter how good any man is, he won't know what YOU want so well as YOU do. So make your elected socialist officials YOUR representatives to carry out YOUR wishes.

A socialist Mayor in Ohio was called upon to preserve the "peace" by the owners of a factory who had a strike in their shops. He promptly hired the strikers at \$3.00 a day "to see that order was maintained."

When the silk strikers at Paterson were denied the use of the streets, it was the socialist mayor in Haledon who invited them to come to that city to hold meetings. In a time of strike the right of free speech, the right to organize, the right to educate are absolutely vital. And Haledon was able to extend these favors to her comrades who were refused these privileges in Paterson.

It is true that the Mayor of Haledon could not, of his own initiative, raise the wages of all the factory workers in Haledon, while the wages system lasts. But he *could* guarantee them the right to hold meetings, to organize, to carry on their work of propaganda. He could PROTECT them from the hired thugs of the bosses. He could arrest these thugs.

The miners of Colorado fought to *enforce* some of the statutes that are al-

ready on the law books of the state. But the Colorado Governor was a tool of the Rockefeller Interests and would not enforce any laws these Interests chose to disregard. In fact, he sent Rockefeller's own gun employees, garbed in the suits of militiamen, to shoot the miners who were fighting to *enforce* these laws.

So you see that the law and those who either *enforce* or BREAK the law are of vast import in your fight for SOMETHING now. It is the duty of the elected socialists to MAKE the law, to interpret the law—IN THE INTERESTS of the WORKING CLASS, under the *direction* of the working class.

This is why you need all the socialists in office you can elect today. When you elect a socialist, he signs his resignation papers before he accepts office so that at the moment you feel he is not serving the interests of the working CLASS, you

and your comrades can withdraw him. But the man who is elected from the working class and whose success or failure is determined by the confidence of his comrades, will serve your interests nine times out of ten, because in this way he will be serving his OWN interests.

We have had years of sad experience with the Republican Party and the Democratic Party. The Progressives have shown us where they stand in unmistakable terms during the past four years. It is time we began to elect our own comrades, OURSELVES to serve our own class. Think this over and write us if you find any good reason why every working man should not be a socialist.

And do not forget that the Socialist Party is the only Party that demands the *value* of his product *for the worker*.

OUR RODBERTIAN N. E. C.

By HENRY L. SLOBODIN

NO one demands of an executive committee the knowledge of Socialist economics. An administrative committee should attend to the administration of affairs. And if the shoemaker stuck to his last all would be well.

But the National Executive Committee of the Socialist party is an ambitious body. No one could really claim knowledge of the "fundamental causes" of the war until the N. E. C. was heard from. So, striking the appropriate pose, with the right hand on the chest inserted behind the first and second button and the left hand on the small of the back, our N. E. C. proceeds thusly to unburden ~~itself~~ for the benefit of mankind:

"Every capitalistic nation on earth exploits its people. The wages received by the workers are always less than the market value of the goods which they produce. Consequently when the workers enter the market they cannot buy back an amount of wealth equal to that which their labor created and put into the mar-

ket. A surplus accumulates. The capitalist class cannot consume it all or profitably invest it in a nation suffering from capitalistic exploitation. Thus sooner or later each capitalistic nation is suffocated with the surplus products resulting from its own exploitation. Having exhausted its home market, unwilling and unable to readjust its processes so as to eliminate exploitation, every capitalist nation is compelled to enter the struggle for foreign markets."

Firstly, it is obvious that exporting does not offer a relief for surplus product for the simple reason that every great industrial nation imports foreign products in about the same degree as it exports domestic products. He who runs can perceive it. Only an N. E. C. cannot see it.

Secondly, the statement of the N. E. C. contains a theory of crises very current among American Socialist editors and lecturers. It is so "simple." The worker gets less than he produces. He cannot buy back his product. A surplus accumu-

There was once upon a time a man by the name Karl Marx. He has written a work by the name "Capital," published in three volumes. The second volume contains a profound elaboration of the theory of crises in eight different places (pp. 60, 87, 118, 123, 211, 363, 475, 476 and 545 of the English translation published by Charles H. Kerr & Company). On pages 475, 476, Marx deals with the theory advocated now by our N. E. C. in a way, lucid and sledge-hammer, peculiar to himself. Just read it:

own product, and the evil would be remedied by giving them a larger share of it, or raising their wages, we should reply that crises are precisely always preceded by a period in which wages rise generally and the working class actually get a larger share of the annual product intended for consumption. From the point of view of the advocates of 'simple' (?) common sense, such a period should rather remove a crisis. It seems, then, that capitalist production comprises certain conditions which are independent of good or bad will and permit the working class to enjoy that relative prosperity only momentarily, and at that always as a harbinger of a coming crisis."

"Advocates of the theory of crises of Rodbertus are requested to make a note of this."

Certainly, Marx may have been wrong, and our N. E. C. may be right, but I cannot get rid of the suspicion that the N. E. C. intended its theory of crises as pure water Marxism. As for Rodbertus? I can see the poor N. E. C. scattering to their book shelves, to be convinced, each for himself, that Rodbertus really existed and is not a malicious invention of some evil-minded "syndicalist" or "I. W. W." etc.



AFTER THE WAR

SAVAGE SURVIVALS IN HIGHER PEOPLES

By PROF. J. HOWARD MOORE

I. ORIGIN OF DOMESTICATED ANIMALS.

1. Domesticated and Wild Animals.

All domesticated animals have come from wild animals. Man was once a wild animal himself—before he had invented houses, and farms, and clothes, and vehicles, and art and science, and before he had acquired the enterprise to domesticate other animals.

In many cases it is possible to put our finger on the particular wild species from which each domesticated variety has come. In other cases this is impossible. This may be due to the fact that the changes in the domesticated race have been so great that it is no longer possible to identify the ancestral species; or it may be because the wild part of the species has been exterminated since domestication began and the species exists now only in the captive state. This last is true of the camels. There are no wild camels. All the camels there are in the world are associated with men.

“Wild” is an adjective which is applied to those races of beings which are not associated with man. Wild animals are sometimes thought of as being in an unnatural state. This is not true. It is the surroundings of the domesticated animals and of man that are artificial.

Animals are domesticated for various purposes—the sheep for its hair, the horse for its strength and speed, the cow for her muscles and milk, the pig for its “bacon,” fowls for their eggs and feathers, the dog for hunting and companionship, the bee for its sweets, the canary for its song, and the gold fish for its grace and beauty.

Most domesticated animals have been greatly changed, both in body and mind, during the period of their domestication. These changes have been made in order to fit the animals more perfectly to human needs. And these changes are destined to continue to go on through the ages to come. The masses of animated fat which we see waddling about human barnyards have come from the thin, active, belligerent wild boar, just as the mammoth apple and potato have come from wild ancestors so

small and tasteless that our luxurious palates would today regard them with disdain. We wouldn't likely eat the wild potato in the condition it was in when the Indians began to cultivate it. We have too many other things that are better. But the Indians ate it because their sources of nourishment at that time were very few.

The great changes in domesticated animals (and plants) have been brought about by *selection*, that is, by the long and incessant choosing of the more suitable for breeding purposes. Farmers select the best corn and the largest potatoes to be used for planting. And in the same way they select for breeding purposes the sheep with the longest and finest wool, and the best-laying hens. The domestic chicken is a bird; and in the wild state it lays a nestful of eggs in the spring and hatches them, and then lays no more till the next spring, like other birds. But by selecting for breeding purposes those hens that had a tendency to lay more eggs man has developed breeds that now lay eggs the year round.

In the same way cows have been developed to give milk for a year or two after the birth of a calf, although originally in the wild cows milk is produced for only a short time after the calf is born and serves as food for the calf until it is able to get its own food. By repeated emphasis of any peculiarity, either of mind or body, it can be developed in time to an extent almost without limit. It has been by this simple method of selection that “green roses” have in these later times been produced, and the spineless cactus, and seedless grapes, apples, oranges, bananas, pineapples, and potatoes. This process is called *Artificial Selection*, because it is carried on by man.

Science teaches us that it has been through a similar process of selection carried on by *nature* and extending through millions of years that all of the different species of animals and plants existing on earth have originated. The first animals were the lowest, and from these, through

Natural Selection, operating throughout immeasurable periods of time, have arisen all the higher animals, including man.

2. The Dog.

The dog is probably the oldest of human associates. It was domesticated by man at a very remote time, long before history, probably before England was an island, and when the long-haired elephants, called *mammoths*, still roamed the plains of Europe.

The dog was probably domesticated first as a pet, and later developed into kinds suitable for use in hunting, herding, burden-bearing and the like. All savages have dogs. The dog was the chief domesticated animal of the American Indians. Pictures of the greyhound are found on some of the pyramids of Egypt, showing that this particular breed of dogs had been already developed even in that far off time.

The dog is a civilized wolf. Darwin thinks that dogs have come from several species of wolves domesticated at different times in different parts of the world.

There are at least 175 different varieties of the domesticated dog. There are as great differences in intelligence and civilization among the different races of dogs as there are among the different races of men. The collies (sheep-dogs) and St. Bernards are among the most advanced of the canine races. The Eskimo dogs, on the other hand, are little more than wolves in harness. They look like wolves, they have the wild nature of wolves, their ears stand up straight like those of wolves, and their vocal utterances are more like those of wolves than like the bark of ordinary dogs. Wild dogs generally howl when they have anything to say, while the domesticated dogs bark.

The Scotch highlands would be useless for sheep-raising if it were not for the collie. The collie is a Scotch dog, and is used very extensively in Scotland to help in handling the sheep, because it is cheaper than men. A dog will work for its board, but a man won't.

The St. Bernards are large, beautiful dogs, with wonderful eyes and faces. They belong chiefly to the monks of Alpine monasteries. They are famous for their service in saving human life. One of these dogs died some years ago wearing a medal for having saved 22 human lives. All St.

Bernard dogs were once destroyed by an avalanche, except three.

The bulldog is noted for its massive jaws and great will. It was probably developed in early times to aid in handling cattle, especially the less ruly bulls. Man must have had a pretty hard time before he invented fences in handling his cattle, which were then much wilder and much harder to manage than now. And he probably developed this breed of dogs with big strong bodies, powerful jaws and will, and fearless natures, to help him manage his half-wild herds. The fact that the bulldog, when it has anything to do with cattle, goes to their head and tries to get hold of their nose and pull them down, seems to bear out this theory. The collie tends to go to the rear and drive, rather than in front to head off. The bulldog is passing away, because its purpose has been served.

The bull-terrier is a degenerate of the bulldog. Its use as a household pet and companion is not a compliment to human taste. It is not to be compared with the fox-terrier in sprightliness, beauty, or intelligence.

The turn-spit has short legs and a small body, and was common in kitchens before the introduction of modern machinery. It was the motor of the tread-mill. Man was pretty short on power before he hitched up steam and electricity, and so he developed the turn-spit to do odd jobs for him in the kitchen, just as he developed the hound to catch things for him that were too fleet-footed for him to catch.

Pointers and setters have been developed in the last 150 or 200 years. The pointing practice is probably the exaggerated pause of the dog before springing. When a dog comes upon anything suddenly, it always pauses a moment for inspection before going on. By selecting for breeding purposes those dogs that paused the longest, a kind of dog has been developed that doesn't go on at all, but stands perfectly still when it finds something and looks steadily in the direction of what it has found. We call it the *pointer*.

The Dog Family is a group of flesh-eating animals. It includes the wolves, foxes, jackals, and domesticated dogs. They all feed on the flesh and blood of other animals.

The wild dogs, that is, the wolves, foxes, and jackals, are by nature fierce, suspicious

and treacherous. And, whether the domesticated dog has been derived from one species of wolf or from several, or from the jackal, or from some species of wild dog now extinct, its nature must have been originally that of the Dog Family in general, that is, fierce, suspicious and treacherous.

The dog has been completely revolutionized in its nature since its domestication. It is now the most devoted, affectionate, and trustful being in the world. It has been said that the dog is the only being that loves you more than he loves himself. The collie watches after and protects and loves the very beings which its ancestors fed upon. No finer instance of devotion has ever been known in this world than that of Grey Friar's Bobby, a dog which slept on its master's grave for twelve years, until he died. A memorial has been erected to this remarkable animal in the city of Edinburgh, where he lived.

It is probably not saying too much that the dog, since its domestication back somewhere in the distant centuries, has made greater progress in intelligence and civilization than any other animal on earth, not even excepting man.

3. The Cat.

The domesticated cat has come from the wild cat—not the American wild cat, however, for the cat was domesticated long before America was discovered by the white people.

Some wild cats have long tails and some have bob-tails. The domesticated cat is, of course, from some long-tailed species, probably the wild cat of northern Africa.

The cat has not been domesticated so long as the dog, and it has not been selected so much for its devotion and intelligence. Its business through the ages has been to destroy certain small invaders of human homes, such as mice, and incidentally to warm the human heart by its musical purr. Notwithstanding its unimproved nature, it is generally regarded as a desirable ornament of the human fireside.

The cat and dog are the only flesh-eating animals domesticated by man. The cheetah, a kind of leopard, is sometimes used in hunting, but not very successfully. The Romans domesticated the weasel.

All other domesticated animals, besides

the dog and cat, are either hoofed animals, birds, fishes, or insects.

4. The Horse.

In the long and arduous journey from savagery to civilization, the horse has borne a noble and indispensable part of the labor of this world. Whether in war or in peace, the horse has always been an unfailing aid and friend of man. The warriors of Cortez, on their mail-clad horses, struck terror to the Indians, who had never before seen such splendid beings. The Indians thought that each man was a part of the horse on which he rode, that is, that horse and man were one animal.

It is commonly supposed that there were horses in America when the Europeans came here. But this is a mistake. The Indians had no horses, not even ponies. The pack animals of the Indians were the women. The llama was used a little in South America as a burden-bearer. The so-called "wild horses," which were rather common some years ago in parts of western North America, were domesticated horses which had lapsed into a semi-wild state.

The horse was probably domesticated in central or southern Asia. There are wild horses still found in some of the more inaccessible regions of central Asia. Wild horses live in small herds and feed on the grasses of the plains. They "run away" when frightened, that is, they stampede in a wild way.

The horse has been traced back in the rocks to an ancestor about the size of the fox with four toes on each front foot, and three behind.

The horse walks on the last segment of its big finger—on the *noil* of its big finger. The hoof of the horse is the best contrivance of its kind yet produced by nature. It is a modified nail, or claw. The horse-shoe was invented by the Greeks or Romans about 400 A. D.

Shetland ponies are natives of the Shetland Islands. They are probably degenerates, owing to the unfavorable conditions on these small, rocky, storm-swept islands. The forelock of the horse is modern. Wild horses do not have it, and no prehistoric picture of the horse shows a forelock, while every type of existing horse has one. It is a new feature which has been developed

during domestication, like the bark of the dog.

5. The Donkey and the Mule.

The donkey is a cousin of the horse. It belongs to the Horse Family. The close relationship of the donkey and the horse is shown by their ability to interbreed.

The donkey is a very unplastic animal. It changes little. The domesticated donkey is not very different from its wild ancestors, which still roam the desert-like plains of Central Asia.

The donkey is today out-of-date in most parts of the civilized world. But a few centuries ago it was common. It is now used chiefly in places where wheels cannot go. It is enduring, patient, and sure-footed, but slow. It is a "back number," and will in time probably join the buffalo and the American Indian.

The *mule* is a cross produced by the interbreeding of the horse and donkey. It is infertile.

The mule combines in a remarkable manner the good qualities of both of its parents—the patience, endurance, and sure-footedness of the donkey, and the power, size, and activity of the horse.

The mule is especially adapted to service in which the hardships are too great for the horse, and in regions of great heat. It is used little in England and Northern Europe and northern United States. It is a common burden-bearer in Spain, Southern United States, France, and South America. It was introduced on southern plantations by Washington.

The mule is the offspring of the male donkey and the female horse. It has the voice of its father. It brays like the donkey.

The offspring of the female donkey and the male horse is a very different animal from the mule. It is called the *Jinny* or *Jennet*. It neighs like the horse, never brays like the donkey or mule, and is more like the horse in general build. It is smaller than the mule. It is found to some extent in Spain and elsewhere.

6. Cattle.

There are four principal species of wild cattle in the world, inhabiting respectively North America, Europe, Southern Africa, and Southern Asia. They all belong to the genus *Bos*.

The American wild cattle were called buffaloes, or bison. They once lived in vast herds from Maine to the Rocky Mountains, but now exist only in park preserves or in the domesticated state.

The European bison (*aurochs*) was once plentiful, but only a few survive at the present time in Russian preserves.

The Asiatic species of wild cattle has long been domesticated in India. It is the "water buffalo" of the Philippines. It is still found wild in the jungle.

The African or Cape buffalo has never been domesticated. It is a savage animal—large, powerful, and fearless. It has horns like bayonets. It is more feared by the natives than the lion.

The ancestor of the domesticated ox is not well known. But it is generally believed to be the European bison (*aurochs*). It is probable that man hunted cattle as wild animals for a long time before he domesticated them.

The American bison loves the grassy plains; the European, the forest; while the Asiatic and African species haunt the swamps and waters. The domesticated ox, therefore, was originally a forest animal; and it is still rather fond of roaming in the woods.

The ox was formerly used extensively as a draft animal. But at the present time cattle are domesticated chiefly for their milk and flesh. The horse might be developed into a milk-producing animal, if the time should come when man should cease to be a flesh-eating animal.

Mulies are a hornless breed of cattle that have been developed by man. Wild cattle need horns. Horns are their weapons of defense. But weapons of defense are useless in human pastures and barns, where no enemies exist.

7. Sheep and Goats.

Sheep and goats are mountaineers. They are found in most continents, usually in high, inaccessible mountain regions. They are inhabitants of the sky. They have been driven up into these regions of the sky by the murderous mouths of the wolves and bears. Up in this world of crags and cold they can leap from rock to rock and live where the wolf and bear cannot come.

The wild ancestors of domesticated sheep and goats were not Americans, but Asiatics. Asia was the cradle of man and of human

civilization. It was in Asia that man first acquired the intelligence to domesticate his fellow beings. And this fact accounts for the long line of domesticated animals hailing from Asia. In Asia, man for a long time carried on exclusively the domesticating business.

Most breeds of domesticated sheep have been developed during the last few hundred years.

The goat is an animal which has been developed in the hard conditions of high mountains. That is where it was manufactured. Its ancestors lived on almost anything they could pick up. This fact accounts for the ability of the domesticated goat to subsist on nearly anything it can find. The goat is a product of the barren peaks.

Sheep and goats have never been selected for their intelligence, but for their hair and milk. Hence they have remained at a low stage of mentality. While domesticated sheep have finer fleeces, they probably have poorer brains than their wild ancestors.

8. Swine.

The domesticated pig is a descendant of the wild boar of Europe, Asia Minor and North Africa. It readily returns to the wild state. So-called "wild pigs" are found in many lands and on many of the islands of the world. They are pigs that have escaped from domestication.

Wild hogs live in small droves and are very loyal to each other. You might think to see hogs eat that they have very little regard for each other—they are so indelicate and selfish and self-centered. But you let one of them get into trouble and send out the alarm-squeal, and the whole pack will fly to its defense with bristles up and uttering the most terrifying war-whoops. They will risk their very lives to help each other in distress. Wild hogs live largely on roots, which they dig with their short, powerful nose, or snout.

The domesticated swine of China and the East have probably been derived from the wild boar of India, a different species from the European wild boar.

The ears of wild hogs stand up, like the ears of all other wild animals, except the elephant. The wilted ear is a product of domestication.

9. The Reindeer.

The word *reindeer* is not formed from

the English words *rein* and *deer*. "Reindeer" means "pasture deer." The word is derived from the word *deer* and the word *rein*, a Lapp word meaning "pasturage."

The reindeer inhabits all three of the continents of the northern hemisphere. The American reindeer, which differs slightly from the reindeer of the eastern hemisphere, is known as the caribou.

The reindeer is domesticated by the Siberians and Laplanders, to whom it gives milk, flesh, hide, and draft service. A prosperous herd of reindeer has of late years been brought over by the United States government and established in Alaska. The reindeer can attain a speed of 10 miles an hour, 100 miles a day, hitched to a sledge.

In summer the reindeer lives on the twigs of trees, especially of the birch and willow. In winter it feeds on the so-called "reindeer moss," a lichen growing plentifully in arctic and sub-arctic regions.

10. The Camel.

The camel is a desert animal. It lives in the vast wastes of northern Africa and central and western Asia. It is no longer found wild. It is the chief burden-bearer of the deserts of Africa and Asia.

There are two chief kinds of camels—the one-humped, or Arabian camel, and the two-humped or Bactrian camel. The one-humped camel is often called the dromedary, and is used largely for riding. It is found in Northern Africa and Arabia. The two-humped camel is an Asiatic, ranging from the Black sea eastward through Siberia, Thibet and China. There are, in fact, almost as many kinds of camels as there are of horses—some of them adapted to the burning sands of the tropics, others to the snows of Siberia. There is a breed of racing camels that is very fleet of foot.

The camel is a wonderful being. It is highly adapted to its desert world. No other living animal could take its place.

Its toes are padded to keep it from sinking into the sea of sand over which it moves. That is one adaptation.

It has four stomachs, one of which is modified into folds, or "bottles," for storing water. That is another adaptation.

The hump on its back is a store of fat—a sort of commissary department, or pantry, from which it obtains its nourishment during its enforced fasts while on its marches across the burning plains. Many people

believe that the camel's backbone is curved upward in the middle. This is not true. The backbone of the camel is straight, like that of the cow or horse. The "hump" is merely a store of fat which it carries on its back to give it sustenance when it can't get food to eat. This "hump" shrivels or enlarges according to the scarcity or plentifulness of food. There are certain kinds of sheep that store their extra fat in their tails.

The camel has great endurance. It can amble over the yielding sands with 200 pounds on its back at a rate of 5 or 6 miles an hour for 15 hours out of the 24. It can keep this up for a week without water, and without anything to eat but thorns and cactuses and a ball of barley meal once a day. The camel can get along without eating and drinking because it carries its food and drink in one of its stomachs. The camel is not pretty, but very wonderful.

The camel is like the donkey, it never changes. It has been used from time immemorial, but is still only partially domesticated. It has the peculiar habit of expressing anger or disgust by "spitting" at its offender. The camel kneels to receive its load. And while the load is being put on its back it does a good deal of groaning and complaining. If the load is too heavy, it will refuse to rise.

The llama is a South American sheep-camel that is used as a pack animal to some extent. It exists only in the domesticated state.

The alpaca is a cousin of the llama. Its hair is made into the well-known alpaca of commerce. It was domesticated by the Indians. Alpaca cloth has been found in the tombs of the ancient Peruvians. The alpaca lives in herds in a half-wild state in the high Andes.

11. The Elephant.

There are two species of elephants—*Elephas africanus* of Africa and *Elephas indicus* of Asia.

The African elephant has never been domesticated, except by the ancient Carthaginians. It has large ears, tusks in both sexes, a convex forehead, and a fierce disposition.

Elephas indicus has long been domesticated. It has a concave forehead, moderate sized ears, and tusks in the male only.

The elephant has always been a favorite

of captains and princes and other vain beings who desired to add to their own appearance the magnificence of this splendid colossus.

The elephant very seldom breeds in captivity, and recruits must be obtained by fresh captures from the jungle. They are taken by the use of tame elephants. They are driven into a stockade and fastened and kept there till hunger and fatigue overcome them.

The elephant is used in India to handle timbers. It uses its proboscis, or trunk, which is an exaggerated nose. The proboscis is a wonderfully adaptive organ. It can be used to handle saw-logs or to pick up a pin.

There is no animal domesticated by man that is in its natural disposition so well adapted for domestication as the elephant. It has taken thousands of years to make the dog what it is. But the elephant can be taken right out of the jungle and in a few months it will undergo all the changes necessary to make it an obedient, intelligent, and affectionate servant. Elephants are intelligent animals, with good memories and strong feelings of affection and revenge. They remember kindness and injuries a long time.

Elephants were formerly found in every continent, except Australia. The mammoth was the European elephant, and the mastodon lived in both North and South America. These animals disappeared from the earth about the time of the appearance of the human species.

The earliest elephants so far known lived in Egypt in the Eocene age of geology. They had no trunk, but a long, prehensile nose. Their tusks were short, like boar's tusks. They were about the size of ponies.

12. Domesticated Birds.

The scientific name for the common domesticated fowl, or chicken, is *Gallus domesticus*. The name means the "domesticated fowl." The chicken was first domesticated in the Indian region of Asia, where man first came to domesticating consciousness. Its ancestor is believed to be the *jungle-fowl*, still wild in the jungles of India.

The jungle-fowl is dark-red in color, roosts in low trees, and nests on the ground. The males are great fighters, and sing to the sunrise as their descendants do the

world over today. The game cock, with its reddish color, slim, wiry body, and fighting nature, resembles more closely the wild ancestral form than any other domesticated variety, that is, it is more nearly in the "savage" state than other varieties.

The *peafowl* is also from southern Asia, where it is still found wild. The tame bird is not very different from the wild. The peafowl is domesticated for its splendid tail feathers. It is a bird of little sympathy, and likes to be alone.

The *guinea hen* is from Africa. It is not thoroughly domesticated and insists on leading a half-wild life yet. It is not found in domestication much, except in the southern United States.

The *turkey* is an American bird. It was hunted by the Indians with their bows and arrows. It was easily domesticated because of its feeble flight and its instinct to live in the same locality. The turkey was domesticated by the Indians. It was called the *turkey* by the English, because when it was first taken to England it was mistakenly supposed to have come from Turkey.

The *ostrich* is from Africa. It is a desert bird. It has only recently been domesticated. It is domesticated for its unrivaled plumes. These plumes are the tail and wing feathers. They are much more beautiful and humane articles of decoration than the feathers of song birds. The plumes of the ostrich are plucked out or clipped. There are extensive ostrich farms in South Africa and southern California. The ostrich is the only domesticated bird that does not fly in the wild state.

The *goose* is a descendant of the Canada wild goose, a bird found in all parts of the northern hemisphere. It is a grey bird. It haunts the swamps and water sides, living and rearing its young among the reeds and grasses. The tame goose retains much of its wild nature and many of its wild ways of acting. It is domesticated primarily for its feathers.

The domesticated *duck* is a Mallard. The wild duck has a strong and peculiarly beautiful flight. It summers in Greenland, Iceland, Lapland, and Siberia, and winters in India, Egypt and the Isthmian regions of America.

The common domesticated *swan* is from the mute swan of eastern Europe and western Asia. It is spotless white, with a red

bill and a black knob on the end of the bill.

The whistling swan inhabits Iceland, Lapland, and northern Russia. It has a coiled windpipe, and produces whistling or trumpeting tones. It goes to the tropics in winter.

The swans of the northern hemisphere are all white, while those of the southern hemisphere are more or less black, the Australian swan being jet black. The black swan for a long time existed only in rumor and vague report, and was generally supposed to be an impossibility. It is now almost exterminated in the wild state, but is extensively domesticated in Australia.

The *canary bird* is from the Canary Islands, where it is found wild. It is a common house-bird all over the world. The gold-finch and summer warbler are often by ignorant people called "wild canaries." There are no wild canaries outside of their native islands.

Pigeons have been domesticated three or four thousand years. There are now perhaps 200 different varieties of the domesticated pigeon—carriers, tumblers, trumpeters, pouters, fantails, etc. All varieties of the domesticated pigeon have come from the rock-dove of Europe. Pigeons mate for life. They are the only monogamous domesticated bird. They feed their young on "pigeon's milk," a liquid made from half-digested grain in the parental crop. The rock-dove is bluish in color, with two black bars on its wings. It is called the "rock-dove" because it makes its home among rocks.

13. Domesticated Insects.

There are over a half-million species of insects already known to science. The insects form the big branch of the animal kingdom. Only three or four species out of this enormous array have been domesticated by man. Insects are too small and weak for burden-bearers, and they are not, as a rule, palatable to man.

The *honey bee* was probably the first domesticated insect. Its home is in the Old World. It was not found originally in America. The wild bees of America are the swarms of domesticated bees that have escaped to the wild state. The honey bee is now found domesticated in all lands where flowers bloom and where the honey-making season is long enough to enable it to store

sufficient sweets to last through the winter.

Bees live on "bread" and honey. The honey is the nectar which flowers secrete and present to the bee as compensation for the bee's services in bringing about cross-fertilization. The honey is sucked up and swallowed by the bee and carried home in its crop, and afterwards regurgitated into the honey cells. The "bread" of the bee is the pollen, which it gathers and carries home in the hairy baskets of its hind legs. Some flowers, as the rose, do not produce nectar at all, only pollen. The fragrance of such flowers is in the petals or leaves. In the (sweet) eglantine the leaves are more fragrant than the flowers. Wild bees make their homes in hollow trees and rock cavities.

Bees do not store honey in the tropics much, because of the abundance of flowers the year round.

The social organization of the honey bee is of a very high order, higher than that of any vertebrate animal, not even excepting man.

The "silk-worm" is not a worm at all, but a *baby moth*.

The *silk-moth* has long been domesticated. It is a native of the highlands of China. And the Chinese domesticated it first. It is domesticated for the silk spun by the larva (caterpillar) when it passes into the pupa stage of development. The silk is the couch or cradle for the insect during its pupal sleep.

The silk is a liquid in the glands of the caterpillar, and hardens on exposure to the air, like the silk of the spider. The glands open by a common duct near the mouth of the larva.

China, Japan, and France are the great silk-producing countries of the earth. As many as ten million human beings are engaged in the silk industry.

The domesticated silk-moth has been in captivity so long that it has become flightless, like the domesticated birds. The larva, or caterpillar, of the silk-moth, feeds on the leaves of the mulberry.

The *cochineal insect* is a little red bug inhabiting Mexico. It lives naturally on the cactus. The dye (cochineal) is made from the brilliant bodies of these insects. The bodies are dried and ground up. Cochineal was used by the Indians as a dye before the coming of the Spaniards. It was long

supposed by Europeans to be a seed. The bug has been transplanted to Spain and the Canaries and a large part of the world's supply of cochineal now comes from these lands.

14. Summary and Conclusion.

Sponges and oysters are now "farmed" in many parts of the world much as horses and wheat are farmed in other parts, and may in a sense be regarded as domesticated animals. The sponge and oyster "farms" are on the sea-floors.

Leaving out sponges and oysters and the three insects which have just been mentioned, all of the animals that man has associated with himself as domesticated animals belong to the back-boned crowd, that is, are *vertebrates*. And if the goldfish and turtle are omitted, only the *warm-blooded birds and mammals* are represented among human domestics. By far the greatest number and most important of these belong to the order of *hoofed animals*, or *ungulates*. Excepting the cat and dog all are primarily *vegetable feeders*. All of the great burden-bearing races are strict vegetarians.

By far the largest number of domesticated animals are of Asiatic origin; the horse, donkey, dog, mule, water-buffalo, sheep, goat, camel, elephant, honey-bee, silk-moth, chicken, pea-fowl, goose, duck, swan, and gold-fish. The ox, pigeon, reindeer, and pig are from Europe. America furnished the turkey, alpaca, llama, guinea-pig, and cochineal bug; while the cat, canary, and guinea-hen are from Africa. The exceedingly large contribution from Asia is not due to the large size of this continent nor to the greater variety of animal life there, but to the fact that Asia was man's native continent, the continent on which the human species probably originated; the continent, at any rate, on which mankind first arrived at the domesticating stage of development.

There are something like 100 species of animals and 1,000 species of plants today represented in human commerce.

These races of being which man has associated with himself are *living beings*. They eat and drink and breathe, they suffer and enjoy, reproduce their kind and love their young, much as human beings do. They have been taken from their natural surroundings and forced to adopt ways of living that are often cruel, or even horrible.

There is nothing much more certain than that men and women of the far future will recognize their kinship with these races, and will treat them in an entirely different way from what we do. As Darwin says, "sympathy for the lower animals is one of the noblest virtues with which man is endowed."

This lesson on the "Origin of Domesticated Animals" is intended to be a preparation for lessons two and three. And lessons one, two, and three, together with lesson four, are intended to prepare for lessons five and six on "Savage Survivals in

Higher Peoples." The first four lessons of this series are, therefore, not directly ethical, only indirectly so. They are intended to make plain lessons five and six, which are ethical. We study first the survivals of wild life in domesticated animals, and then the survivals in man. But before we can study the wild survivals in domesticated animals, we must learn first that domesticated animals were once wild animals and learn something about the kind of lives they lived.

(To be continued.)



COMRADE RICHARDSON AND ONE OF THE SOCIALIST OWNED AUTOMOBILES USED BY THE SOCIALIST PARTY ORGANIZERS IN NORTH DAKOTA.

SCIENTIFIC ORGANIZING AND THE FARMER

By HENRY P. RICHARDSON, Minot, No. Dak.

SOCIALIST propaganda in the United States is passing through its kindergarten stage of development.

The time has come when plans must be laid for the scientific organization of the exploited classes who are already within our reach and for effectively extending our propaganda to more advanced goals by methods heretofore unused.

One of the fundamental principles of

scientific socialism is the theory of Social Evolution. Methods of propaganda are subject to the same law. In a nation whose growth and development have, until a generation ago rested upon the individual conception of life, by reason partly of vast areas of land to be had for the asking, it is quite clear that difficulties arise when we face the farmers, who still hold some of these old individualistic ideas,

The wage slaves in the industrial centers are more easily reached with our old form of propaganda. A large percentage of them have heard the message of Socialism. A very large per cent of those who DO really understand and desire Socialism are denied the ballot as a means to economic freedom, a fact to which a large number of our Socialist "leaders" give little thought. It is a vital and significant fact. Improved machinery and overstocked markets spew over the face of the land an ever increasing stream of disfranchised, migratory workers to whom our frantic "leaders" shout that emancipation can only be obtained through the ballot. When exhortations fail, they set to work writing prohibitions—things that these disfranchised workers MUST NOT do.

The "can't votes" and the "won't scabs" may be counted upon to do their share in ridding the world of parasitism in their own way, dictated by the very fact that, though forced to wander over the face of the country in search of work, they are DENIED a vote. They are politically powerless. When these slaves refuse to work for their board and refuse to permit the scissorbill patriot to do so, our statesmen, like Capitalist overlords, plan to bring over a million or two war-blasted Belgians to "develop" the country, when literally millions of our own wage slaves are already migratory wanderers, wholly, or, more often, only partially, employed at beggarly wages.

What have we to offer these disfranchised wage slaves, native and European?

Naturally, the Socialist movement in the United States has developed first in the industrial centers, its propaganda carried on largely by comrades forced out of Europe and known as "damned foreigners." And gradually there arose among our propagandists the vision of "captured Socialist Cities." It did not occur to them that wage workers are forced to everlastingly CHANGE cities in their hunt for jobs, thus losing their chance to vote for municipal toilets and red water plugs. They forget that the problems of governing a city deal largely with EFFECTS instead of with CAUSES. They did not consider the vast population of robbed and exploited slaves who live outside the cities.

They did not even realize that they were scabbing on the respectable bourgeois reformers whose life work is "inaugurating reforms and relieving the poor." And so we have had our fling at "Municipal Socialism," most of the "immediate demands" of which are already engrafted on the programs of every Non-Partisan and "Independent" municipal platform in the cities of America.

What have we, as Socialists, to do with the quarrels between different groups of franchise grabbing capitalists on one hand and an expiring, money-grubbing group of shopkeepers on the other? The street car motorman and the girl slave in the department store are robbed just as much at the Pay Window, whether car fares are 3 cents or 5 cents. Lower prices reduce their wages.

Now, as to the farmer and the relation that Socialism bears to his economic struggle. Our movement has become, for the most part, bound up in solving the city problems of those who rob us. We seem to have forgotten the needs of the several millions of farmers whom we can serve now.

Heretofore our propagandists have spent their time telling them of the atrocities in Calumet, the roasting of women and children in Colorado and the pumping of lead into the grime-smeared bodies of the West Virginia miners. We have distinguished "leaders" and erstwhile "statesmen" galloping over the vast expanse of the mortgage-ridden West boasting about "what we did in Milwaukee," what we "would have done in Schenectady if the sympathetic vote had not failed us," etc., etc. Until very recently our Socialist press has been filled with inconsequential matters of no value to the Socialistic movement as a whole and of no value to the farmer in particular.

There are just three kinds of farmers, from Maine, North Dakota, Texas to California:

1. The farmer who does nothing but *farm the farm*.
2. The "farmer" who has successfully speculated in farm land and owns more land than his family can farm. He rents part of his land to *real* farmers.

3. The "farmer" who farms the *farmer* and the *farm*; the "farmer" who does no farming himself.

The first is on every farm, whether he owns or rents it. There are millions of these farmers in America. The second kind, who farms the farmer, is of that class that has had good luck in escaping the forms of parasitism from which the farmers suffer. Besides actually having farmed his farm, he has usually exploited a brood of children and his wife. Frequently, on the side, he "deals in lands," thus developing into an embryonic capitalist. Real estate speculating is NOT farming. Often when asking one of these boasting successes a few questions, we find that this "farmer" has made his money in land speculation, through the constantly rising price in land, using the proceeds to deal in mortgages and foreclosures precisely as does the third class in this farmer triumvirate. He may deal in cattle and live stock "on the side." In other words, he is in *trade*. Sometimes he wears Colonel in front of his name and serves as an auctioneer. We have no criticism to make on these men and their activities in a capitalist society, but we must bear in mind that we are trying to ANALYZE the FARMER class in America.

The third class, the farmer who farms the *farmer* and the *farm*, is a hydra-headed creature indulging in many activities. He is at one and the same time a pawn-broker (although he calls himself a banker), an owner of local elevators, terminal elevators, flour mills, railroads, steamships, slaughter-houses, storage and warehouses, through or over which the products of the first and second class of farmers must pass in their process of transformation from raw products into forms of food.

This "gentleman" farmer is a wise wag. It is he who employs lawyers to frame ordinances, laws and constitutions for his benefit. In North Dakota alone he employs 350 soiled doves of the press to emit daily, weekly and monthly "news" papers, "farm" papers and magazines loaded with the most effectual doses of anesthetic that a properly organized laboratory can produce. These printed messages find their way, day after day,

week after week, into the rural mail boxes of farmers No. 1 and No. 2.

Special articles constantly remind them of the "Empire Builder," Jim Hill; Jim Hill's speeches at County Fairs appear, warning the farmers to FARM better and to keep out of politics. And then they find a picture of one of the blooded bulls that Jim Hill has shipped from Europe and placed in different parts of the state where they will do the most good.

This capitalist farmer is a miracle worker. In the state of North Dakota, 90 per cent of whose population is engaged exclusively in farming and 75 per cent of whom live in the country, he causes the farmers to send a solid delegation of LAWYERS and BANKERS to represent their interests in Washington, and an overwhelming delegation of the same parasitical class to legislate FOR THEM, at the State Capitol.

These are genuine miracles!

Capitalist Farmer No. 3 supplements his journalistic anesthetic by sending Evangelists around the communities to hold "revivals" among the wretched farmers. At such times the farmers are cautioned against Socialism, advised to bear their burdens with patience and look to a future life for happiness.

At the very moment of these outpourings of his hired men, our rich "farmer" is counting up the 7 per cent or 12 per cent interest which he is wringing from these deluded farm slaves in the same townships. A glance into the books of any registrar of deeds in any farming district of the United States will reward one with a sickening and startling proof of the exploitation of millions of the farmers who farm the FARM. "Farmers" in classes 2 and 3 will be found to "own" vast areas of land that formerly belonged to the farmers who FARM the FARM, snatched from them by foreclosure.

It is often claimed in justification that this condition exists because the farming farmers drink, or do not practice scientific management on the farm, or are not good business managers. Suppose all these indictments were true; and they are untrue. These are not the reasons for the loss of the small farms to the rich farm owners.

Bear this fact in mind. The farmer

who raises wheat or live stock or any other commodity that requires the process of manufacture to render it consumable for food—has not finished the process of production when he takes his product to market. He asks, with the spirit of a rabbit, "How much will you pay in today for wheat?" In most cases he takes what is offered because he HAS to, and right there the process of his robbery begins: in elevator charges, transportation charges, based on stock immersed in vast seas of water, terminal and elevator charges at the terminal market, milling of wheat and transportation charges including transportation to the farmer as a consumer, himself.

With wheat at \$1.00 a bushel, it is estimated that in the chain of transportation of wheat alone, the robbery after deducting a fair rate for each process, is 41 cents per bushel, from the farmers of North Dakota.

In the meantime, "farmers" in classes 2 and 3 are drawing from 7 to 12 per cent (average for 1913 over 9 per cent) on the mortgage indebtedness of this state only twenty-five years old.

Production of the product of the farmers who FARM lies several points beyond where he loses control of his commodity, and here is where Socialism will stop the robbery of this class of farmers.

A North Dakota state owned terminal elevator at Duluth and at Minneapolis, a state owned dam across the Missouri river near the center of the state of North Dakota, state owned flour and feed mills and terminal elevators at that dam; likewise a state owned stock yards at the dam, would extend the farmer's control of his own product to the actual point of production and would dispense with several phases of his exploitation. True social production would ultimately mean that the workers, either on the farm or in the mill or on the railroad, would receive their portion of the value of their joint product.

Here we have a practical program for the farmers of North Dakota or any other state where the farmers are class conscious enough to act together. The abolition of the usury practiced by highly respectable parasites could also be enforced.

Less than 10 per cent of the farmers of

North Dakota have become Socialists, but this is one of the most class-conscious and intelligent groups to be found in the United States. They know what Socialism means to the farmer who works the farm. They are political actionists themselves and they don't care a rap what tactics may be used by those who cannot vote. They are political actionists for the same reason that those who have no vote must be direct actionists, because they are bound hand and foot to their manure pile and the vote is their handiest weapon.

Farmer No. 1 is the least migratory of the Western workers. When he moves it is because spurred by the business end of a foreclosure or when the mortgage plasters on his back are so thick that they fall off, carrying the skin with them. The sharks like a "stayer," because it costs a few dollars to transfer a mortgage. No wonder the Belgians will be welcomed by them.

The farmers in Class 1 realize that as soon as they have carried the message of Socialism to their brothers, they will be able to send men (and, they hope, women) of their OWN class to Bismarck to repeal most of the laws now existing and make a very few NEW ones in their own interests.

The farmers in North Dakota are becoming interested in Socialism, but not by reading booklets on "Municipal Problems" or such literature as has befuddled thousands of interested inquirers in the past. It is not being done by speakers, who don't know a hill of beans from a hay stack, and who presume to tell the farmers who DO know all about it.

In North Dakota, the farmer who FARMS is ready for Socialism, while the "farmer" who made his killing in lands or stock or mortgages, is opposed to Socialism. These real farmers are impatient of propaganda from their neighbors. They believe they "know just as much as the next man."

Experience is teaching us that here BOOKS are the most potent of all methods of propaganda. Here, when the elements mercifully stay the toiling hand, the farmer has time to READ. If left to get his ideas from the junk usually left in his mail box, he will continue to hope to become a capitalist or to have faith in

having "pie in the sky, by and by." And this is just the time the Socialist organizations should be most busy.

The farmers are getting together and they are going to win North Dakota for Socialism. Watch us work!

RUNNING THEIR OWN BUSINESS

By BRUCE ROGERS

THE argument of the Employers' Association and their insistence upon the "open shop" is upon the obviously plausible basis that being the absolute owners they have the right to run their shops exactly as pleases them. They own them and there is nothing more to say.

As a matter of fact, so complex have our social relations become, no man owns anything in the absolute sense that he may do with it exactly as he pleases. He may not wantonly kill or mistreat his horse, and there are a great many ways in which a man may not do exactly as he wills with his house and lot. Waiving to one side these and other considerations of a public nature let us inquire into who are the real investors in these enterprises which employers call their very own.

Take a team owning or transfer business and suppose physical valuation comprised of teams, vehicles, harness, barns, etc., amounts to \$50,000.00. And here again we may pass aside the inquiry that this capital itself may have originated in the wrongful retention of wages of labor previously engaged. Suppose it to be rightfully the property of the team owners and now that they employ 100 teamsters at \$3.00 a day. This \$3.00 per day amounts to 8 per cent income on an investment of approximately \$12,500.00 for each worker, or a total investment by the one hundred teamsters of \$125,000, or two and one-half times the investment of the nominal owners. Now the teamsters, through their union do not insist upon a proportionate control of the business, but are content, through the closed shop, to bargain their services collectively to the team-owners. It so happens that this is just what occurs to the nominal owners or employers in other important directions but in which they make no objection whatever. For example, the bank

supplying the employer with cash, in its dealings with him, represents merely the collective bargaining of a number of stockholders and depositors. If the bank why not the union. Moreover the bank will emphatically insist on exercising a control over the business of the employers in those particulars of it wherein it is interested; that the teaming business shall be conducted along certain standardized business lines, that the credit it extends and the obligations it undertakes shall be limited, etc.

Certainly no team-owner fails to realize that he is far from being the boss of his own business in those particulars where the insurance company is interested, and by the way this is a superior instance likewise of the "closed" shop and collective bargaining. Neither the team-owner, his employees or customers may do certain things about the premises and there are regulations for the constantly daily observance of the "owners," terms of which are set forth in a policy or contract which is all the union seeks to do through the closed or union shop.

Neither the bank or insurance company care to conduct the teaming business and both of them realize that there is a limit beyond which they cannot go in exactions upon the owners without destroying the business which is exactly the thing they do not wish to do. Now the union teamsters are in the same boat and know very well to carry the demands beyond certain limits would be to destroy the particular business and so terminate the one thing they are interested in, employment, under conditions which permit them to live decently. Unions everywhere seek to enter into contract relations with employers which not only permit but guarantee the stable and responsible conduct of the particular business. The Typographical Union, for

suicidal for them to take such a course with, say, any daily newspaper as would result in the discontinuance of the plant.

If the banks and insurance companies with either inferior investments or none

example, know quite well that it would be at all, why not labor with its actual investment of bone and sinew, hearts and hopes and lives, and superior by coldly comparative calculation over all.

DIVORCE BY MUTUAL CONSENT

The Mexican Revolution Has Decreed the Dissolution of the Matrimonial Bond

I VENUSTIANO CARRANZA, first chief of the revolution, and in charge of the executive power of the United States of Mexico, in view of the power with which I am invested and considering that the essential aim of matrimony is the procreation of the species, the education of the children and the mutual assistance of the contracting parties to bear the burdens of life; that, as such it is always contracted as a lasting union, because the man and woman, in so uniting, expect to attain by this means the fulfillment of their most sacred ideals; that unfortunately the aims of matrimony are not always realized, and however exceptional these cases may be, the laws must in all justice provide for their relief and repair the mischief as far as possible, by relieving the contracting parties of the obligation of remaining united the rest of their lives, in a condition contrary to nature and the human needs.

That what up to the present time has been called divorce by our legislation—that is, the simple separation of the consorts, but without dissolving the tie, which is all that the law of December 14, 1874, permitted—is far from satisfying the social requirements of reducing to a minimum the consequences which it tries to avoid, because it promotes discord in the home, affecting the relationship between parents and children and making this demoralization extensive to society.

That this simple separation of the consorts creates, moreover, an anomalous situation of undetermined duration, which is contrary to nature and to the rights that every man has of pursuing his well-being and satisfying his necessities, as it condemns the separated consorts to perpetual inability to fulfill the highest aims of life.

That experience and the example of civilized nations show that divorce which dissolves the bond is the only rational means of repairing as far as possible the error of unions which cannot, and should not, exist.

That as regards unions which through an insurmountable incompatibility of characters have to be ruptured by the mutual consent of both parties, it is only necessary to ascertain the final decision of both consorts to be divorced and the absolute impossibility of settling their disputes (which can be proved by allowing a reasonable time to elapse after the celebration of the marriage until the separation is permitted) to prove thereby that the moral disunion of the consorts is irreparable.

That on the other hand, divorce by mutual consent is a prudent manner of covering up the possible guilt of one or the other of the consorts, through their willingness to be divorced, thus making it unnecessary to stain the reputations of their families or to leave the children with a stigma upon their name.

That it being well known that matrimony among the poorer classes in this country is an exception and not the rule, most of the unions of both sexes being effected by living together and very seldom being made legal, even in the course of time, whether due to poverty of the parties concerned or to an instinctive fear of contracting an obligation of irreparable consequences; under these circumstances it is evident that the institution of divorce which dissolves the bond is the most effective and direct means of reducing to a minimum the number of illegitimate unions so common among the lower classes, which form the immense majority of the Mexican nation, and thus diminish as a natural consequence the number of children of illegitimate birth.

That it is a fact proved beyond all doubt that in the middle classes of Mexico, due to peculiar circumstances of their education and customs, the woman is incapacitated for success in the economic struggle for life, from which results that the woman whose marriage turns out to be a failure becomes necessarily a victim of her husband and finds herself in a condition of bondage from which she cannot extricate herself unless the law emancipate her by freeing her from her husband; that in the middle classes the husband is almost always to blame for the separation and that it is generally the woman to whom it becomes a necessity; without up to now having been able to obtain anything but temporary separation from her husband, but without remedying in any way the economic and social conditions resulting thereby, and that is why the institution of divorce would without doubt tend, especially in the middle classes, to elevate the woman and give her possibilities of emancipating herself from the condition of slavery which she occupies at present.

That, moreover, the institution of divorce would find no serious objections on the part of the educated higher classes, since those of other countries where divorce is established look upon it as a perfectly natural thing.

That experience of civilized countries, such as England, France and the United States of North America, has proved beyond all doubt that divorce is a powerful factor to morality, be-

cause, facilitating the forming of new legitimate unions decreases concubinage and consequently the pernicious influence which it exercises over public morals; it gives more stability to affections and conjugal relations, insures the happiness of a greater number of families and does away with the grievous drawback of obliging those who through error or thoughtlessness made an unsatisfactory marriage to expiate their error by a life-long subjection.

In consideration of the above I have decreed the following:

Article 1. To reform the ninth clause of article 23 of the law of December 14, 1874, regulating the conditions and reforms of the federal constitution, decreed on December 25, 1873, as follows:

Clause IX. The bond of matrimony can be dissolved by the free and mutual consent of the consorts, when the marriage has been celebrated

longer than three years, or at any time, if there exists causes which make the realization of the aim of matrimony impossible, or improper, or due to serious offenses on the part of either of the consorts, which make the breach irreparable. Once matrimony dissolved, the consorts may contract new unions legitimately.

Article 2. Until constitutional order has been re-established in the republic the governors of the states are hereby authorized to make, in the civil codes, the necessary modifications to put this law in effect.

Temporary: This law shall be published by edict and proclamation and shall commence to be effective from this day on.

Constitution and reforms, Vera Cruz, December 29, 1914.

V. CARRANZA.

To Lic. Rafael Zubaran,
Secretary of the Interior, Present.

TREASON!

STATE OF OHIO }
BELMONT COUNTY } ss:

Before Henry M. Davies, a Justice of the
Peace in and for Richland Twp.,
Belmont County, Ohio.

John Iddings, being duly affirmed, upon his affirmation says, that one J. J. Ettor, late of said County, on the 19th day of January, A. D. 1915, at the County of Belmont aforesaid, then and there being under the protection of the laws of the State of Ohio, and then and there owing allegiance to the said State of Ohio, on the day and year aforesaid, in said County of Belmont and State of Ohio, unlawfully, maliciously, and traitorously did compass, imagine and intend to raise and levy war, insurrection and rebellion against the State of Ohio, and to carry into effect said malicious, traitorous, rebellious and revolutionary intent, did on the said 19th day of January, A. D. 1915, at said County, with a great number of divers persons whose names are to this affiant unknown; they, the said unknown persons, then and there being persons owing allegiance to the State of Ohio, to-wit, to the number of one hundred and upward, armed and arrayed in a warlike manner, that is to say, with guns and swords and other warlike weapons, as well offensive as defensive, and then and there unlawfully, maliciously, and traitorously, and in a warlike and hostile manner, attempt to subvert the Government of the State

of Ohio, as by law established, by then and there distributing and causing to be distributed a certain inflammatory, revolutionary and traitorous document, in the words and figures following, to-wit:

"Mass meeting at Bellaire:

"Fellow Workmen: Under the auspices of a group of revolutionists on the 19th of January, 1915, at City Hall, at 7:00 o'clock p. m., the well known agitator, J. J. Ettor, of New York, will give a lecture on the subject, 'Against war, for the class-war against all capitalists by workmen of all states.' Do not fail to come to hear this lecture of the noted agitator, especially at this time while the great European conflict is on. Anybody will be given the floor after the lecture.

"COMMITTEE."

And by then and there gathering together in the number aforesaid, at and near the time and place aforesaid, with intent aforesaid.

(Signed) JOHN C. IDDIGS.

Affirmed to before me by said John Iddings and by him subscribed in my presence, this 19th day of January, A. D. 1915.

Henry M. Davies,
Justice of the Peace.



EDITORIAL

WHERE WE STAND ON WAR

Every intelligent workingman and woman is opposed to all capitalist wars. We vote against ALL war appropriations. We are opposed to ALL armies and navies. We object to having one workingman sacrificed to the interests of the capitalist class.

Even the capitalist has no patriotism in the shop, mill or factory. He talks patriotism and the flag when he wants to use you to fight his battles against other capitalists. But he hires the man who will work for the lowest wages, be he German, French, English, Japanese or American.

He exploits you, discharges you, permits you to starve regardless of your nationality. In every land he makes new laws, or evades old ones to bring foreign workingmen into that land when the foreign worker will work for lower wages.

He only emphasizes your nationality when he needs you to fight wars against other workingmen, who are also fighting for new markets for the employing class of the foreign land.

Workingmen of all countries have no fight against each other. Their interests are common. Their only enemy is the capitalist who exploits them.

The employing class is at present making all the rules in the game and every one of these rules is to further their interests at the expense of those who work.

We are opposed to ALL armies and ALL navies because they always have

been, and always will be, the weapons of the ruling class to keep us in wage slavery. The army and navy have never been used in the interests of the working class.

Just remember, when the politicians are considering appropriations for national armaments, that these will one day be used AGAINST us and never FOR us, that every army and navy means that some workingmen will be forced to kill other workers in the interests of those who exploit you.

We want NO army, NO navy, not one cent expended in the implements of warfare, because these will not only be used against us today but will successfully crush any rebellion or revolution on the part of your class and my class in future.

The only foreigner we know is the boss who exploits us, whether he be German, English, French or American. All workers are our countrymen. The capitalist is our enemy.

The only war worth fighting is the class war, the war of the workers against the robber class. The abolition of the profit and wages system is the only fight that will benefit US.

Better to lose a thousand men in your OWN fight than lose one workingman in the war for the bosses who rob you!

Not one cent for armies, navies or the munitions of war!

And a general strike to prevent war!
MARY E. MARCY.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

New Thoughts on Socialist Theory.

The war has proved a violent but effective schoolmaster. We had gone on for forty or fifty years building up a system of thought. In various countries this system had various backgrounds of political and economic facts. In Germany it was given its impulse largely by the revolutionary movement of 1848. In France it was until recently largely colored by the spirit of the Commune. In England it was given its character chiefly by the great labor struggles of the past thirty years. In this country it was largely determined by the gradual change from an agricultural democracy to an industrial plutocracy. Unity was given to the whole as international fabric by the development of capitalism as a world power. This tremendous development was a new thing under the sun. The Socialists had a theory which explained it. Therefore they felt certain that matters would develop pretty certainly according to their notions. To be sure certain groups tended to modify the theory, especially if they got a taste of power and had a chance to put theories into practice. But as a whole the system of thought perfected by Marx and Engels has been kept intact and the general conceptions of it held in the various countries have varied but little for thirty or forty years past.

Then came the war. In the first place, it furnished no reason for a general change in theory. In fact its occurrence was definitely in accord with the socialist analysis of society. Socialists had long been prophesying its outbreak. But the fact that the majority of German Socialists threw their mighty structure of Socialist theory overboard inside of twenty-four hours showed that there was something wrong somewhere. And the fact that their French comrades rushed to the defense of their nation with unexampled fervor seemed to point in the same general direction.

Under these circumstances some Socialists, or near-Socialists, or renegade

Socialists, began to shriek loudly that the International movement was wrecked forever. A few others, the blind and deaf said there was nothing wrong. To be sure there was slight misunderstanding between the German and French "Comrades," but that could all be fixed up very nicely when they had stopped bayonetting one another.

The International has not been destroyed, but there is something wrong. There is something wrong with us and there is something wrong with our theories. Not to go over the ground and make readjustments in the face of the change that has come over the world would be to prove ourselves but miserable survivals of a movement that has come to an end.

At the present time Socialist thought is responding with bewildering rapidity to the impetus given by the world catastrophe. From month to month it is possible for me to give in the foreign department of the REVIEW only the slightest indication of what is taking place. For the present I shall have to content myself with brief resumés of two lines of thought which are constantly appearing in Socialist journals of Europe at the present time.

The first has to do with our attitude toward nationalism. By this I mean, not precisely patriotism, but the feeling of national differences, the consciousness of national identity.

In *Die Neue Zeit* for January 8, Gustav Eckstein remarks incidentally while discussing another topic: "The undeniable outburst of nationalistic thought and feeling among our party members at the beginning of the war was a terrible surprise to many of our truest comrades. They saw in this development treason to the principles of Socialism, and the sorrow which they experienced at their disillusionment led them to view the parties of other countries in a more favorable light than that of their own."

Victor Fisher takes up this matter in an article published in London Justice.

"The first readjustment Socialism must make," he says, "is on the problem of internationalism and nationalism. The leaders of Socialist thought in the last few decades of the nineteenth century were, in many cases, exiles, essentially cosmopolitan in experiences and outlook. Many were Jews without any strong attachment to European nationality, but rather, for claimant reasons, disgusted with the narrower and baser forms of the nationalist spirit. The doctrine of the class war, the basic community of interest between

the workers of the world, the growth of the vast financial cosmopolitanism with the evolution of modern capitalism—all these factors contributed to impress on the Socialist movement a collaterally cosmopolitan character and tended to conceal from its disciples the enduring and indestructible quality of European nationality. Suddenly, at the blare of the bugle and the roll of the drum, the workers of England, of France, of Belgium, of Russia, of Germany, of Austria-Hungary rush to arms at the common appeal of 'the country in danger.' The International, put to the test, shatters itself against the age-old spirit of nationality.

IN THE MARCH "MASSES"

IS THE TRUTH OBSCENE?

A discussion of the case of Margaret Sanger, who was arrested for teaching the means of preventing conception to working-women. By MAX EASTMAN.

THE WORST THING IN EUROPE

How the war has been taken advantage of by the enemies of liberty in Europe. By JOHN REED.

AT THE INDUSTRIAL HEARINGS

Personal impressions of the "giants of capitalism," as they testified before the Industrial Relations Commission. By INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE.

PHILANTHROPY: A COMIC OPERA

As performed by the leading uplift agencies. By SEYMOUR BARNARD.

Cover design by George Bellows. Pictures and Cartoons by Art Young, Cornelia Barns, Glenn O. Coleman, K. R. Chamberlain, John Sloan, Stuart Davis, John Barber, Morris Becker.

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"We shall remain essentially unscientific if we fail to recognize, or strive to ignore, this essential and enduring factor in humanity. Have we Socialists, like the men of the Manchester school, created a monster of our own imagining—the economic man, a creature that does not exist, and never has existed? We cannot weigh human nature exclusively in terms of material profit and loss.

"Our Internationalism, then, must be based on Nationality. As we are Socialists because we believe in the rights of man, not because we believe in a superstate, so we must be internationalists because we believe in nationality."

The remaining paragraphs of the article deal with practical applications of this idea. No doubt Comrade Fisher has taken into account the fact that a large part of the common chauvinism is the artificial product of an interested press. But underneath all the manufactured fury of patriotic love and hatred there is no doubt a stratum of natural human feeling which must be reckoned with during the entire period to which our theory and tactics may be supposed to have any practical application. Socialism is not for the millenium; it must take people as they are now and as they will be during the present century.

The other line of thought inspired by the war has to do with our estimate of maturity of the capitalist system of industry. In this country we are in the habit of saying that capitalism is ripe for revolution. Is it? Or has it further stages of development to complete before it has outlived its usefulness and, according to natural law, may be expected to break down? In an article published in the REVIEW some months ago Comrade Anton Pannekoek made some interesting observations on this point. The war has opened up new vistas of capitalist development and set others to thinking about it. In the Christmas number of *Vorwaerts* it is taken up editorially. After a quotation from Engels the writer goes on to say:

"Engels acknowledges that in the early fifties he and Marx overestimated the stage reached in economic development and held that capitalist production was ready to be replaced by another form. And at the present time, so complicated are conditions in various countries, so different are the nations in the fitness for self-government, that it is impossible to give a final judgment on the development of capitalism. But even if the hour of Socialist victory does not strike in the im-

mediate future, if a new era of capitalist development appears on the horizon, an era of imperialist expansion, an era of great international coalitions for the conquest of industrial power, and this era brings with it the evolution of capitalism to another stage in its development—even then we shall have no reason for resignation and feeble discouragement. Even then Socialist thought and the labor movement will not melt away and be absorbed in the capitalist superstate.

"To expect this would be to misread the whole history of capitalism. The growth of industrial power, the increase of the weight bearing upon the masses, the multiplication of economic distinctions between the capitalists and the workers—these will go on in the future as they have in the past. With the growth of imperialistic capitalism Socialism will grow also. Possibly the struggle will be carried on in new forms, for an alteration in economic conditions necessitates an alteration in tactics. But for the immediate future even more than for the past we must stick to our watchword: Forward to final victory!"

Much more important from every point of view are the conclusions reached by Heinrich Laufenberg and Fritz Wolffheim in their pamphlet, *Imperialism and Democracy*, recently published in Hamburg. This is the most important contribution to Socialist thought about the war which has appeared thus far. In a thorough-going analysis of the circumstances which led up to the declaration of hostilities, the authors show that war came at this particular time because, largely on account of the changed position of affairs in Persia and the Balkans, the moment had come for a forward movement in the development of the plans of Russia and England in the east. That is, the present conflict, far from being contrary to the interests of the imperialists, is part of a far-reaching plan to usher in a new imperialism with Russia and England, freed from the influence of Germany in Turkey, definitely in control of Eastern Europe and practically the whole of Asia. This gigantic conflict, then, instead of heralding the downfall of capitalism, surely presages its further development on a new scale.

But what of the organization in which the workers of the world faced this gigantic combination of capitalist powers? "The International" say our authors in their last chapter, "was the expression of the theoretic understanding of its own common interests as opposed to the world-bourgeoisie; it was a clearing-house

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for the exchange of experiences of Socialist parties in the various countries, a means of keeping the parties of these various countries in line with Socialist theory. It was never a closely knit organization definitely devoted to common action on the part of the proletarians of all lands."

They then go on to show how Socialism has gained influence in the various countries. The theory has been that the workers of each nation would usher in the co-operative commonwealth by overcoming the capitalism of that particular nation. In each nation the number of party members has grown. In each one reforms have been gained. In each, too, there has appeared a reformist wing with its tactics and its theories. More and more the notion has gained ground in each individual nation that gradually to gain control of the government, the separate, national, individual government, would mean the beginning of Socialism. The Socialist fight was thus on nationalist lines.

To quote again: "The expectation of the peaceful, gradual conquest of political power, of the gradual development into 'the state of the future,' lost its basis. For capitalism in its newest forms altered the functions and character of the state, and imperialism dictated conditions upon which all bourgeois parties united against Socialism. . . . Imperialism subjected the internal policies of the individual governments to its own international requirements. . . .

"The imperialistic era transformed the conditions in accordance with which the proletarian struggle had been carried on. From this time forth governmental policies were determined, not by the development of national institutions, but by the necessity of acquiring foreign regions useful to industry in the process of its continued evolution. The problems to be solved no longer fitted within the framework of national political institutions; they had to do with international relations.

"Thus the working class faced the necessity of recasting its policies on a new basis. . . . If the various national industries had amalgamated the governments, if the workers were opposed, not by individual states, but by the great alliances of world politics, then Socialism was under the necessity of recasting its form of organization. The building up of great international capitalistic units should have been accompanied by a corresponding form of working-class organization.

"Before the Socialist parties of the various nations thoroughly understood the situation, before they had adapted themselves to it, just on the eve of the international congress which

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might have made a beginning in the direction of the necessary change, the war broke out.

"Since, then, the war came while the Socialist parties were still organized on the old lines, there followed just what was to be expected. The International broke down. . . . When will the proletarians of the world, especially some of their so-called 'leaders,' learn to look historic facts in the face?"

"The International is not dead any more than the working class is dead. Socialism is alive just as imperialism is alive. And after the war, no matter how it turns out, the more imperialism develops, the more will Socialism develop in opposition to it. The general directions of the coming development have been suggested; the outlining of a definite policy must be the task of a later time."

Though the policy is not definitely outlined, it is easy to guess the main idea in the minds of our authors. They are evidently thinking of a real international party which will fight the imperialists on their own ground on the international issues. Such an organization we have never had. To secure it the workingclass much reach a new stage in intelligence and discipline and power of co-operation. To reach this new stage means a long hard fight, the longest and hardest in our history. Of all times since our movement began this is the one in which we need all our forces working loyally together.

SOCIALIST EVENTS IN GERMANY.

Comrade Georg Ledebour, who, after the death of Wilhelm Liebknecht, was elected to represent the sixth division of Berlin in the German Reichstag, has retired from the Parteivorstand because of his opposition to the parliamentary policy of the Social-Democratic Reichstag section.

Two months ago we mentioned the division that had taken place in the ranks of the Social-Democrats at Stuttgart, when the critics of the action of the majority of the Reichstag section were put out, and the "Schwäbischer Tagwacht" was placed under the editorship of Keil, the Social-Democratic deputy for the city. The division is now complete. There are two parties, with two offices and separate funds.

The military authorities have suppressed the following Socialist newspapers on account of an article which they reproduced from the capitalist press. The

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IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE

Our First Year	- - - - -	The Editor
Poems:	} Bright Sunlight } Ely Cathedral	- - - - - Amy Lowell
Heaven's Jester	- - - - -	Mrs. Havelock Ellis
The Green Symphony	- - - - -	John Gould Fletcher
The Case of French Poetry	- - - - -	Richard Aldington
The Last Woman	- - - - -	George Soule
The Liberties of the People	- - - - -	William L. Cheney
Much and Music	- - - - -	Alfred Knopf
A Hymn to Nature (an Unpublished Goethe Poem).		
My Friend, the Incurable!	- - - - -	John Cowper Powys
On the Vice of Simplicity	- - - - -	Maxwell Bodenheim
While Hearing a Little Song	- - - - -	George Burman Foster
A Hard Bed	- - - - -	Clayton Hamilton
George Middleton's One Act-Plays	- - - - -	George Soule
New York Letter	- - - - -	The Reader Critic
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article was entitled, "Workers' Fatherland."

The *Voksblatt* at Gotha, suppressed indefinitely. The *Weimarsche Volkzeitung* in Weimar suppressed for seven days as was also the *Eisenacher Volkzeitung* in Eisenach.

The military authorities have granted Rosa Luxembourg until the thirty-first of March to present herself for her sentence. At the present writing she is ill and is being taken care of in a Berlin hospital.

ITALY.

The executive committee of the Italian Socialist party, at its meeting in Florence on January 19, adopted a resolution in favor of the continuance of the neutrality of Italy, and decided to organize a series of propaganda meetings to be held on February 21 in order to ratify the resolution.—From *Justice*, London, Eng.

RELEASE ALL BLACK SEA PRISONERS

DEAR comrades, I wish to draw your attention to a question of grave importance to Russian seafaring workers. On October 28 last the criminal court of Odessa sentenced fifty-three trade unionist Russian seamen of the Black Sea to outrageously long terms of various forms of fortress confinement and imprisonment with hard labor and life banishment to Siberia. These fifty-three class-conscious toilers of the sea were arrested and had to remain in prison for eighteen months before being tried.

Sixty-seven seamen of the Black Sea had to stand trial. Of these only sixty-four could be found and they had been in prison eighteen months awaiting trial. Eleven of them were found "not guilty" and the other fifty-three of our members were summarily sentenced to eighteen years of hard labor, thirty-one years of various forms of fortress confinement, fifteen punishments of life banishment to Siberia.

Why were they so severely punished? These were the sole reasons: The publication of a trade unionist paper, "Moriak" ("The Seaman"), the organization of seafaring men into a trade union, and trade unionist action. This was all their offense; this was all their crime! The criminal court was cruel enough to indict them for offenses against paragraph 102 of the Russian criminal code, which is directed not against trade unionism, but against revolutionary political parties.

The trial took place at a time when the roar of cannon deafened the ears of Europe and the international situation has enabled the Russian government to maneuver the whole affair *in camera* and to conceal from the democracies of Europe its outrageous crime.

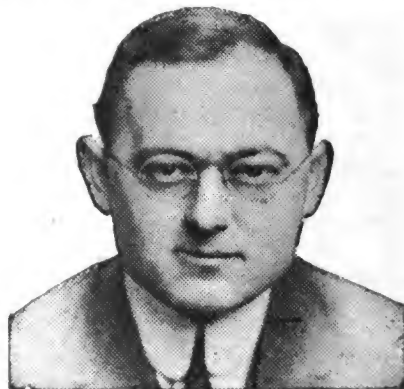
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My catarrh was filthy and loathsome. It made me ill. It dulled my mind. It undermined my health and was weakening my will. The hawking, coughing, spitting made me obnoxious to all, and my foul breath and disgusting habits made even my loved ones avoid me secretly. My delight in life was dulled and my faculties impaired. I knew that in time it would bring me to an untimely grave, because every moment of the day and night it was slowly yet surely sapping my vitality.

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**SAM KATZ, Suite C1027
1325 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

the International Transport Workers' Federation, held in London last year (1913), a resolution was unanimously carried protesting against the extradition and imprisonment of Comrade Michael Adamovitch (K. Arles) and demanding a fair trial for him. Comrade Adamovitch was editor of the "Moriak" ("The Seaman") and a delegate from the Russian Seamen's Union to this congress. After his arrest the organization entrusted me with his mandate. By joining the international we undertook to comply with its decisions, not only the present ones, but also those passed at previous congresses, and by this we confirmed our trade union policy. This policy should have proved even to the Russian authorities that we were a trade union and not a political organization. But these considerations did not weigh with the court, which had to safeguard the interests of the Russian Trades & Shipping Company, the chief shareholders of which are members of the Tsar's family. It was for their benefit that our comrades were sacrificed, our comrades whose only demand was that all trades, without exception, should come within the scope of the law of March 4, 1906, which law expressly deprived the seamen and the railway workers of the right to combine. The Russian government was afraid to legalize the seamen's trade union, but even then there were moments when our seamen, after great efforts, forced the government to recognize, though only temporarily, the seamen's organization in a legal form. But again and again the seamen's organization was crushed by the same authorities which had previously recognized it.

For instance, we established in 1905 and 1906 legal organizations of seamen in the Black Sea, "The Registration of Unemployed Seamen," and in the Caspian Sea, "The Seamen's Trade Union." At the same time we obtained after the most severe efforts a legal agreement between the shipping association and our seamen. In the Black Sea we even obtained the institution of discharge and wages books. The governor-general, Karan-gasoff, in Odessa, and the chief of the corps of gendarmes, Baron Taube, in the Caspian Sea, themselves signed the above agreements on behalf of the Russian government.

The legality of the Russian seamen's organization was again recognized by the Russian government when it invited representatives of our union and of the Shipping & Trades Association to Petrograd to confer with the ministry of trades and industries. Why did the government prosecute and declare illegal the same organization which it had recognized as legal previously? Why did it ignore what it had itself signed? The government paid not the slightest attention to these "scraps of paper," and our young but flourishing organization was ruthlessly torn to pieces.

After the breaking up of our organization the center of the union was shifted, first to Constantinople and thence to Alexandria, Egypt, and in those places we tried to keep the flag of Russian trades unionism flying. Our newspaper was published in Alexandria and our comrade, Adamovitch (K. Arles) was still editor. Adamovitch was really the founder of "The Registration of Seamen," and was its president. Unfortunately, our existence in Egypt was of short duration. The Russian government started a

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campaign against our comrades in Russia who were left behind to look after our interests, with the result that Alexander Takovleff and many other seamen were arrested. Further, the Russian government demanded under the Turkish capitulations the extradition of Adamovitch from Egypt, in which they were successful.

Now, under the capitulations the different embassies retain the sole right to look after the interests of their respective nationalities and to try them, but how far was this right really exerciseable in the past? In the time of the old Turkish regime the young Turks had often to flee from the tyranny of their government and they went to Egypt. All attempts to turn the capitulations against them failed, thanks to the resistance of freedom-loving Britain. The same course was taken in the case of the Hungarian patriot, Kossuth, when the Hungarian government tried to make use of the capitulations.

Why, then, did the British government play into the hands of the Russian government by handing over our leader and comrade, Adamovitch, who has now been condemned *in camera* to life banishment to Siberia? By transferring the center of our organization to Alexandria we entrusted our fate to the democratic English nation, knowing that in the past England always spreads its wings to protect those of other nationalities who were struggling to be free.

Since 1907 there has existed a sort of alliance between Great Britain and Russia. Does this alliance only hold good in matters of military importance and leave out all questions of humanity, justice and the well-being of the people of the two empires? Why did the love of justice on the part of Britain cease to exist when an agreement was come to between the two governments?

I appeal to all workers and especially to transport workers (particularly seamen) to give us their assistance. The Russian seamen are out for a hard fight to better their economic position and to secure their legal rights, and if they are free to combine, there is no power in the world that can keep them back. They are no longer willing to be regarded by the shipowners as cheap labor and by their fellow trade unionists as prospective blacklegs. There are many thousands of Russian seamen who have stepped from Russian ships to English shores; there are many ships engaging Russian crews from English ports. Help us to organize them all! Above all, we hope that you will raise your voice in protest against the brutal violation of the elementary rights of trade unionism as revealed in the sentences against our comrades and we ask you to join in our demand: "Release for all Black Sea prisoners!"

With fraternal greetings from the Russian seamen,

DMITRI ANITCHKINE,
Secretary Russian Seamen's Union Abroad.
Delegate to I. T. W. F. Congress, London,
August, 1913.

15 Wells street; cable st. E., East London.



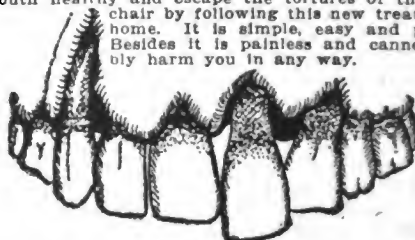
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Just sit down NOW and write us for this free book. A few minutes will convince you that Dr. Willard's common-sense, simple Home Remedy is what you are looking for. Don't wait. There is no pain connected with it. We have received scores of letters from people saying they would have given hundreds of dollars had they known of Dr. Willard's Home Treatment in time. Address Dr. F. W. WILLARD, C522, Powers Bldg., Chicago.

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BROTHER accidentally discovered root cures to-bacco habit and indigestion. Gladly send particulars. Mr. Stokes, Mohawk, Florida.

NEWS AND VIEWS

Jack Whyte Dead.—Jack Whyte of San Diego died at McNutt's hospital, San Francisco, Feb. 2nd, 1915, of gun shot received in Tonopah, Nev., Dec. 22, 1914. This is the culmination of organization and free speech fight in Tonopah starting in June. The propagating of industrial unionism by flying squadron was followed by intense bitterness and hatred by citizens alliance and mine owners; first John Paucuer, organizer, was railroaded to the penitentiary for protecting himself against hired thugs; next came the restriction of free speech on streets, when the boys were so brutally beaten and abused the officers refused to arrest them. It was at this time Jack Whyte came into Tonopah, at once going to work with the boys for this constitutional right. He got permission from the county commissioners to hold street meetings. It was now time for the masters to pull off something and a big fire which burned the opera house and thirteen dwellings furnished the excuse. By the use of a Thiel stool working on a Russian boy by name Boris Thomasen, they succeeded in getting a confession for the fire, and then arrested "Whyte" and McGuckin as accomplices. At the preliminary hearing Whyte was turned loose, McGuckin being held to the grand jury on some evidence. Thomasen was sentenced to 21 years. The grand jury turned McGuckin loose after 30 days. On Jan. 19th Jack Whyte and McGuckin secured tickets and were leaving for California the following morning. They were having supper at Mrs. Minnie Abbott's house, she having been secretary of defense funds and very active in the movement. This gambler, R. H. Stegall, broke into the door with gun in hand and shot Whyte in the back. Whyte was taken to the county hospital and on being visited by justice of the peace and the district attorney for his deposition maintained the same attitude toward the capitalists' law that he did in San Diego, saying: "To hell with your law; I'll prosecute no one. I have been working to dissolve the state 20 years. Why should I prosecute any one. I have neither seen nor heard of justice in Tonopah." McGuckin was held on \$2,500 bonds on suspicion of arson. The gambler was released on \$500 cash bonds for killing. Do you wonder at Whyte's contempt for this kind of law?

A Rebel.

"It Can't Be Done."—The above sentence is the byword of a pessimist, and sometimes the phrase is used by revolutionists when trying to accomplish some mission in behalf of the social revolution. In the same breath it is used when a Socialist is asked to assist in pushing the circulation of the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW, especially those who are out of work and looking for a master. The writer was in the above "Can't Be Done Class" when he came to Chicago masterless, chasing a job until he thought himself of selling the REVIEW from door to door and business houses as well. We started selling 20 copies a day. Now we

can dispose of 50 a day and make \$4.00 by five hours' work without an effort. Any comrade out of work can do the same and assist in boosting the REVIEW circulation as well. Address the writer and he will send you a "Taylor Efficiency Talk" that will get results.—M. C. W., care of the REVIEW.

The Review in South Africa.—The following interesting letter comes from Comrade Chas. B. Mussard of Johannesburg under date of December 1: "Received 100 October REVIEWS safely and they are almost sold out. The Review is spreading the light into queer places. Strangers to the cause read the pictures which must convince any one that the Review is out for the straight issue of the working class emancipation. Quite a strong section of the movement here has formed a war on war league, but the opportunists, professional vote catchers are inoculated with jingoism. I would be glad to write more along this line, but, as you know, all letters to oversea countries are censored."

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn—Lecture tour begins April 4th.

Would the workers of your city like to hear this very able speaker?

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13. Violence and the Labor Movement.

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From Philadelphia.—"If the working class of Germany, France and England had a fighting magazine like the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW explaining how and where the workers are robbed of the value of their products, its members would not now be murdering each other in mass action for the profit of the capitalist class of these countries.

"Why does not the REVIEW organize the many groups of working class revolutionary socialists that are scattered throughout the United States in an association to actively and effectively circumvent the nationalists of all stripes who are misleading the workers to support and continue the capitalist system with pleas for higher culture of fatherlands and democracy versus militarism?

"Help us to get rid of capitalism, both root and branch.

"The Revolutionary Laborers' Club of Philadelphia asks to be the first on your roll and

we enlist until the war of the classes is over. The club holds open meeting every Thursday evening and Sunday afternoon in Tyler's hall. Everybody invited; discussion.

"Enclosed find \$1.00 for twenty copies of the February REVIEW."—Rhoda Stuart.

From a Boiler Maker.—Comrade Rush of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, remits \$4.00 for REVIEW and writes: "I put the February REVIEWS on sale Saturday afternoon at five different places and sold 19 copies along the way." If the REVIEW had 1,000 hustlers in the United States with the backbone and brains of this boiler maker, there would not be so many boneheads in the bread lines today. Wake up, you stiff, and get on the job!

Jim Larkin's Paper Suppressed.—Word comes from across the water to the effect that the Irish Worker, which was formerly printed by Mr. James Larkin, and which since the opening of the war has been unwavering in its hostile attitude towards recruiting, has been suppressed. A body of military and police entered the offices and took possession of the premises. All the copies of the paper were seized and possession taken of the type forms. The machinery was dismantled and was removed by the military to Dublin Castle. Copies of the paper were also seized at the premises of news agents.

"Thus far this makes four papers which have been suppressed in Ireland within a fortnight; *Irish Freedom*, *Sinn Fein*, *Irish Volunteer* and *Irish Worker*. Who says that England stands for freedom of the press?

From a Sailor.—One of our sailor comrades writes: "Enclosed find two dollars for the REVIEW two years. I have little time in port, but I can't do without the REVIEW."

National Socialist Sunday Schools.—Local Rochester, N. Y., has evolved a plan for a National Organization of Socialist Sunday Schools. Lack of space prevents our reporting all the comrades in Rochester have undertaken, but we feel sure all the locals will want to co-operate and get in the new movement. Address Rochester Socialist Sunday School, 580 St. Paul St., Rochester, N. Y., for full particulars.

For Larkin Dates.—Any union or Socialist Party Local desiring to engage Jim Larkin, the most beloved and feared labor organizer in Europe, he who organized the unskilled workers of Ireland into an armed group to protect themselves from the brutalities of the police, can reach his routing bureau by addressing Ben Legere at 75 Hildale Ave., Jamaica, L. I., N. Y. Comrades from the east are writing us that Jim has "them on their feet most of the time" and that those who go to criticise remain to boost. If you want somebody to wake up your district, if you want to have new heart put into the organization, get Jim Larkin for a date.

The Pennsylvania Miner.—If the comrade who sent us the letter on page 508 of the February REVIEW about the mining conditions in Pennsylvania will send us his name and address (which we have mislaid) we will forward a communication received for him here,

with two sub. cards sent by one of the western comrades.

From England.—Comrade S. E. Hadden of London, England, writes regarding the socialists and the war:

"The whole moral of the war appears to be that if socialists in future identify themselves with the NATION and are prepared to fight in a "DEFENSIVE WAR," then hope of avoiding the next "world slaughter" disappears. For in my opinion, if anything is certain it is that in any future attempt at war, it will be made to appear, just as it has been made to appear in this war, that "our opponents are the aggressors," and on both sides the moral and intellectual forces of the nation will present an unanswerable case for this. After all, therefore, the old but nevertheless true Marxian dogma that the workers have no country, translated into action, appears to be our only saviour. It is essential, however, to translate this dogma into an organization which can ACT, for goodwill of itself, can accomplish nothing."

The Lodestar.—Covington Hall and a few of the Southern Rebels have started a small magazine called the *Lodestar*, published at 520 Poydras St., New Orleans, La., for \$1.00 a year. All of you who have read Comrade Hall's poems and editorials, who know how he is able to reflect the thick of the class war will want this new magazine. Get your friends to club a few subscriptions; send \$2.00 for four six months subscriptions. Ten cents will bring you a sample copy.

What Does International Mean?—Comrade Marlatt sends us a copy of *The Railroad Trainmen*, from which we quote a portion of a letter from a Canadian soldier, who is such a kind, unselfish cus that he proclaims himself willing to DIE for the big business of England. He says: "We are hard at work drilling and getting into shape to help bear the burden of our mother country and I have had very little time to write. I am a member of the Sixth Battery; when our country called I responded and we have been in training since August 12th. It is with pride that we know in a very short time every man will qualify for the front. Our magazine is an INTERNATIONAL publication and will not speak of what I consider Britain's righteous cause, but for the interest of some of the brothers I will write a few words relative to our trip. On October 3rd we saw the shores of Canada disappear and as we gazed, perhaps for the last time, on the last speck of land, where all our loved ones and friends are, we breathed a farewell sigh to the land of our birth, willing to lay down our lives for its glory," etc., etc., etc. (We have not space to print the rest of his twaddle in the REVIEW. The working class HAVE NO COUNTRY and this fool Canadian railwayman is merely fighting to help the capitalist class of ENGLAND prevent Germany from taking away some of her foreign BUSINESS.) F. L. Jacoby, member of So. Bay Lodge 731, shoots a bolt at Brother Patterson, the "patriot," that ought to find lodgment in his brain (if he ever had any or the Germans have left any), and germinate into an idea that would show him that he don't

know the first meaning of the word "Brotherhood" or "International." Among other good things Mr. Jacoby says:

We are among the common ones who are those stacked up in the fields to be torn to pieces by the musketry of manufacturers who are running night and day to produce bullets, powder, cannon and other munitions of war to destroy our "Brothers" in Europe. One of our Brothers has written an article for the Railroad Trainmen in which he says the publication is "International" and will not speak of the righteous cause of the allies. Still they, as members of our Benevolent Order, will take their bodies to the field of the greatest war that has ever raged in the world. These brothers have not even given a thought to the fact that there are BROTHERHOOD TRAINMEN fighting on the OTHER side and that their guns may kill one of their comrades. Brother Trainmen, let's give this question more consideration and see if we can't stop this war slaughter. . . . This should be the motto of every Benevolent Trainman instead of enlisting as cannon fodder or as makers of cannon fodder.

Good for Brother Jacoby! He has the right idea. The workers of France, England, Germany and Russia are our comrades. They are not our enemies, but our natural allies against the oppression of the capitalist class. The worker who volunteers to give up his life for the INTERESTS of the employing class is only a misguided fool. He permits himself to be USED for the business welfare of the very class that will force him to starve in his own old age. The workers HAVE no country. A real fatherland will look out for the welfare of its children—will take care of the workers when they are old, or will show them how to provide for themselves. The countries as they exist to-day not only refuse to care for the workers during illness, old age, or unemployment, but they drive these men out of cities at the point of GUNS for fear they will steal while they starve. Socialism will make every country a REAL FATHERLAND!

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Our Common Foe.—(From the Federated Furnishing Trade Society of Australia.) Sent by O. Schrieber, Gen. Secy. We are exhorted, principally by the ARM CHAIR warriors of the Stock Exchange brand, to "stand shoulder to shoulder" in a conflict to retain "OUR" country. This leads us to the issue of grimmer reality to the whole working class rather than capitalist wars; to the fact of their economic conquest on the battlefield of Modern Industrialism, the bondage cords of which are spun of the superstitions of nationalist pride and workingmen's humility.

Yes! The workingman should fight; he should take up arms; but against a FOE WHICH KNOWS NEITHER NATIONALITY NOR RACE; a foe common to all peoples of the world and all grades of labor—intellectual or manual. This foe needs neither bugle call nor sloppy patriotic phrases to achieve its supremacy. Labor's enemy comes not at us with ensigns flying; subjection of the laboring classes has been obtained without this show and glitter.

To comprehend the extent of servitude which the working people disenfranchised in factory, mine and market—are compelled to endure today, we need but to glance upon the structure of our social system. It is here we will find a more cruel warfare (in the sense at least that it involves the direct persecution of women and child labor), more prolonged, (in the sense, at least, that National Peace does not bring Industrial Peace), and less humane (in the sense, at least, that soldiers are but automata in the hands of ambitious Military Leaders) than France's soil is now witnessing.

The dominating class in the daily life of all is the Capitalist Section whose very existence (as a class) has made inevitable the workers' social destitution. We cannot here involve ourselves in an academic discussion in economics. For our present purpose, the issue may be given in these few and simple words:

The Capitalist class, in acquiring possession of the avenues of wealth production has deprived the wage-earning class from participation in the essential and primary pursuits of life, save under conditions which compel the forfeiture of the product of their industry. It is not only mere ownership which fortifies the capitalists with economic mastery; their accumulated wealth, built upon the surplus of exploited labor, is in turn employed to further deny access to natural resources and to that extent the impoverishment of the working masses renders their own existence secure.

If this is not Despotism,—what is?

OUR ANSWER

Capitalism is Labor's enemy, and, like the canker worm, bleeds the life of the nation from within. The economic subjection of the Industrial masses constitutes a conquest more real and more complete than the Militarist Fiend dreams of. Militarism itself is but one of the accessories in the hands of the Capitalist class to more securely subjugate wage-earners. Therefore let us not be misled as our grandfathers were; whilst they had but visions, we have weapons. Shibboleths and a vain appeal to base superstitious passion are but snares

laid for unthinking workmen. But the worker, now conscious of his economic status will reply:

We have fed you, housed you, fought for you;

And you have stunted our souls, crippled our manhood, pauperized our declining years;

YOU, the sweaters of our children, the oppressors of our class;

Sirs! AFTER YOU THIS TIME!!!

Clear Heads in England.—Charles Harrison, chairman of the National Union of Brewery Workers, sends us a reply by the organization's president to a letter from one of the boys who tried to justify himself in going to the front. We wish we had space to reproduce his entire letter here. It is worth pasting on every lamp post in this and any other capitalist country. We quote in part:

"There is no such thing as 'Freedom' (elementary or otherwise) in any civilized country. Wherever civilization is, Industrialism reigns; wherever Industrialism reigns, Capitalism is rampant. Economic bondage is the one universal feature. Wherever wage slaves are held in economic bondage, 'freedom' is merely a term and will remain so until Capitalism is overthrown. We must overthrow Capitalism.

"Prussianism is the logical conclusion to that colossal abomination—capitalism, so is Dublinism, St. Petersburgism and Johannesburgism. Wherever you find an industrial country, the rulers are certain to desire the protection of their country (THEIR property, THEIR vested interests). This protection can only be assured by military organization. This military and naval organization is not composed of the ruling class, but of 'Henry Dubbs.'

"No army and navy has ever yet been in existence for the benefit and protection of the wage slaves—they have all been used for the protection of vested interests. While the wage slaves are fighting on the Continent, the stay-at-home capitalist is grabbing the trade YOU are taking from Germany. Will YOU benefit? Most decidedly, NO! You are simply tightening the noose of wage slavery around your own neck. When labor has a country to fight for then there might be occasion to bear arms.

"The FIGHT AGAINST Capitalism is all Socialists live for. We will not drop it for any other 'ism.' If all Socialists had refused to participate, no European war could have gone beyond the starting point. Because we were not sufficiently organized is no reason why we should offer ourselves for targets for the bullets of Capitalism.

"It matters not to me which nation started the war. I care not which nation is supposed to be right from the standpoint of commercialism (which is the only standpoint our rulers consider). I am but a class conscious unit in the proletarian army and every unit of that army is too valuable an asset in the class struggle to be killed by a comrade.

"Capitalism is your enemy as it is mine and Militarism is no more the cause of the war than is burglary, prostitution, wife-beating or drunkenness—all these and many others are only the outcome of what you are at present offering your life for, i. e., PROFIT MAKING."

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT

Making Up Our Deficit. In the annual report of the financial condition of the publishing house, on page 503 of the *INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW* for February, I offered to make a personal contribution of one thousand dollars to the publishing house during 1915, provided other stockholders and friends among them make up an equal contribution. Up to the time of going to press only one such contribution has been received; it is from Comrade L. A. Jayne, an Oregon stockholder, who sends a cash contribution of \$2.30 along with an order for books. If one out of five of our 2,500 stockholders would do as much, the deficit would soon be disposed of. We certainly have a number of friends who could easily contribute larger sums, and probably would have done so before if they had realized how urgently the money is needed. We have always run the *REVIEW* at a slight loss and made up the loss from the sale of books. We have always sold our books to stockholders at just about the average cost, based on normal sales. The European war has cut off a large part of our sales, while it is impossible to reduce expenses in proportion. That is why there is a deficit, and it must be made up soon if we are to continue our work on the same scale as before. I am not asking others to do what I would not do myself. If I give \$1,000, what will you give?

CHARLES H. KERR.

Our Removal Sale. In a few weeks we shall move into a beautiful fireproof building near the lake shore, with plenty of air and light. Full particulars will be given in next month's *REVIEW*. But meanwhile it is vitally important that we sell a large part of our present stock of books before moving. This for two reasons: first, to reduce the quantity of material to be moved, and thus the cost of moving; second, to bring in the ready money that will be required to pay the bills. On pages 449 to 451 of our last issue we gave a list of the books to be closed out, with special reduced prices. We can not take space this month to

repeat the names of the books, but we will summarize the offers:

A full set of the Pocket Library of Socialism, fifty five-cent books, all different, for 50c; two sets to one address for 90c.

Twenty-nine ten-cent books, each 32 to 64 pages, all different, for \$1.00; 100 assorted 10c books for \$4.25, 1,000 for \$10.00.

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We prepay postage or expressage on the books included in all these offers.

The offers all expire March 31, 1915, and it is better to order at once, since some of our titles are nearly exhausted, and will not be reprinted till after we move, while some of the books, especially the "Pocket Library," may not be reprinted at all.

Bound Volumes of the Review at 60c Each. Until March 31 we will, on receipt of 60 cents, send by mail or express prepaid a cloth-bound volume of 796 large pages, containing the issues of the *INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW*, from July, 1907, to June, 1908, inclusive. This price is far below the actual cost of manufacture, and our only reason for making the offer is that through a mistake too many copies of this particular volume were bound. For \$4.20 we will send to one address by express prepaid seven volumes of the *REVIEW* in cloth binding, including all issues from July, 1903, to June, 1910, inclusive. These volumes contain a detailed account of the events leading up to the founding of the Industrial Workers of the World, and the early history of the

organization. Volumes I, II, XI and XII are out of print and can not be bought at any price. We have a few each of volumes III, XIII and XV, and until March 31 will sell them at \$2.00 each. After that time the price of all volumes will be raised, since not nearly enough are on hand to supply the demand. No Socialist library is complete without a set of the REVIEW.

A \$1,500 Loan to the Publishing House.

Just as we go to press with the March REVIEW, a letter reaches us from Comrade Estelle Baker, author of "The Rose Door," enclosing a New York draft for \$1,500 as a loan to the publishing house without interest, payable on thirty days' notice, but which she thinks she will be able to let us keep for at least a year. This help makes it certain that we can for some time to come continue to take advantage of the cash discount on all our bills for paper, binding, etc., but as this loan must be repaid later, it does not relieve us from the necessity of providing for the deficit mentioned on the preceding page. All contributions for this purpose will be acknowledged in the REVIEW unless the contributors wish their names withheld.

A HANDY PRIMER

"THE Law of Biogenesis," by J. Howard Moore, might be called a primer of physiology, sociology and psychology. It is by no means as awesome a thing as these names might suggest, however. On the contrary, it is a distinctly interesting and informing little book, one which is worth while for itself, and yet more for its value to parents and teachers.

The central idea of the book is that the development of the individual repeats the experience of the race. Each human being starts as a one-celled animal and even at birth its evolution is far from complete. The new-born child can not walk, can not even crawl, but it can hold its weight by its hands—a reminder of the time when our ancestors lived in trees. In mental matters, too, there is a recapitulation. The things the boy likes are often very different from those that interest the civilized man.

Prof. Moore emphasizes strongly the

fact that it is useless to combat nature, but easy to direct her. Boys like to throw, to run, to hit things with a club, and it is useless to hope to scold these desires out of them. But they will get more pleasure from throwing a base ball in from the field than from throwing stones at a bird, more fun from lining out a hot one than from clubbing a cat. The gang spirit in boys is unescapable, but parents and teachers can become leaders of the gang, instead of delegating that important task to the neighborhood bully.

A good many biologists doubt the recapitulation theory of development, yet in its broad lines, that theory is indisputable. Whether it extends to all elements of growth or not may be questionable; also, it is probable that the overemphasis of any stage, such as that of the gang foreshadows the preferences of the child when he becomes grown. But Prof. Moore is on firm ground nine-tenths of the time, and on interesting ground all the time.

"The Law of Biogenesis," by J. Howard Moore; Kerr & Co. Price, 50 cents.

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The Law of Biogenesis

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DEPARTMENTS

Editorial: We Must Fight It Out

News and Views

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A MORNING CROWD AT STAMBOUL AT THE END OF THE FAMOUS GALATA BRIDGE IN CON-
STANTINOPLE TOWARDS WHICH THE ALLIED FORCES ARE RAPIDLY APPROACHING.

The INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

VOL. XV

APRIL, 1915

No. 10

The War, the World, and the Future

By WILLIAM E. BOHN

THE war is now in its eighth month. The French alone are said to have lost upward of a million and a quarter men. The Germans have lost more. This includes killed, wounded and prisoners. It is estimated that seventy-five per cent have returned, or will return, to the front. But it is safe to say that in all the armies engaged a million have been killed or so mutilated that they might better be dead.

Our notions of warfare have been revolutionized. The business of prophecying has been thoroughly discredited. The greatest experts in military affairs were as much wrong as the rest of us in their pictures of what would happen. Aeroplanes, submarines and such like modern devices have occupied a large place in the newspapers, but they have not decided anything. The real fighting is in masses and often hand-to-hand. War may be somewhat more dependent on machines than it once was, but it is more animalistic, more a matter of brute force than it has been for a long time past. It has not become more impersonal; it has become more brutal.

The great thing which makes the whole struggle more long-drawn than other wars of recent times is the development of trench-fighting. This

The War as War development, which is really only an elaboration of a primitive method, has increased tremendously the power of the defensive. A small force entrenched can stand off a larger force indefinitely. The only thing that can defeat such a force is to have its flanks turned, and in the present war the lines are so long there is practi-

cally no such thing as turning a flank. So the whole fight has become a matter of endurance. If the Germans had human and economic forces indefinitely elastic, they could hold the world at bay for a generation.

These are matters with which the Socialist ordinarily has little concern. The development of the technique of the humblest industry is more interesting to us than this subject of military theory. But just at present the purely military aspects of the situation have for us a certain importance. I am thinking not merely of the outcome of the struggle. I am thinking more of the course of thought which led the nations into it.

During the indecisive fighting of the winter, thought about the causes has clarified a good deal. Even the veriest novice who wrangles before the newspaper

bulletins begins to see some things quite clearly. During the past twenty years

German capitalism has been quietly and steadily advancing toward the southeast. Rumania, for example, has come under the industrial and financial control of Germans. Rumanian banks have been placed under German directors. Rumanian industries have been developed in such a way as to furnish a market for Germany. The same statements can be made of Turkey with even greater truth. The German government has been more interested in the Bagdad railway than in the health or education of German citizens. This commercial and industrial drive to the southeast was German's way out of its industrial blind-alley.

The chief business of English and Rus-

sian diplomacy has been to cut off this drive. Russia could not secure Constantinople and a way to the sea as long as Germany remained dominant in Turkey. If Germany continued in the line of progress marked out by the Bagdad railway it would soon threaten India and the English interests in Persia. So the Russians and English combined to subjugate Persia. The Persians were rapidly developing their own government. Without the shadow of an excuse Mr. Morgan Shuster, the American adviser, was driven out. Russian troops occupied the country. From that time to this Persia has been a dependency of the English and the Russians. This development made a conflict inevitable. The way of the Germans was definitely blocked. Still the Germans had marvelously rich regions to develop. The Balkan states and Asiatic Turkey were being cultivated and would have given German capital a field for many years to some.

Then came the two Balkan wars. Turkey was defeated. The Serbs, naturally under Russian influence, were on the victorious side. German influence was threatened. The danger of an uprising among the Austrian Serbs was largely increased. This was the situation when affairs between Austria and Serbia became acute in June of last year.

The problems faced by the German government at that time were of the gravest sort. Those of us who have spent our time denouncing the German leaders as the sole aggressors might gain much by an attempt to imagine the alternatives which were presented. German capitalism had been steadily developing by means of the persistent application of "peaceful" methods. Government officials, bankers, industrial leaders of the regions under discussion had been bribed or scared into allowing Germans to run things for their own benefit. If the Germans refused to go to war they could go on developing for some time in this way. They could have increased the wealth-producing powers of the regions under their control. They could have cemented the control which their government exercised. All the motives of prudence must have tended to actuate them to take this course. If they had cared more for a bird in the hand than for two in the bush,

they would certainly have patched up affairs with Servia and kept the peace. This was one of the alternatives which they faced.

Against this course of action was the fact that development in this direction and by means of these expedients had a definite limit set by English and Russian control of Persia and Russia's increasing influence over Servia. Moreover, the great force which had kept Russia from making an open attempt to capture Constantinople had been English opposition. But now the governments of England, France and Russia represented a single group of capitalist interests. England's motive for opposing Russia's plan for securing a way to the sea had disappeared. Russia for the first time had a free hand to proceed against Turkey. This fact constituted a new menace to Germany's progress.

The other alternative was war. To disinterested observers this seemed at the time a foolhardy course. It was an open secret that Italy would not support her German allies. Germany and Austria alone would have to face practically all the rest of the European world. On the face of it the thing looked hopeless from the German point of view. But the Germans had the best army on earth. They had one of the best navies. They had the tradition of the war of 1870. And, above all, they had German organization and German technical development. They had, moreover, the spirit of German romanticism.

Since 1870 German thought has been curiously inbred. German professors of history and political economy have generally been recognized as among the most able in the world. It is in Germany that the materialist interpretation of history has been most brilliantly applied. One would think that German scholars and statesmen would have the sanest, the best founded, views of economic, political and military facts. These men, if any, might be expected to understand that in a great international struggle economic backing counts for more than guns or ships or troops. But since 1870 German scholarship has been under the control of the government. It has been utilized to help prepare for "the day." Distinguished professors at the University of Berlin,

with their eyes on the German army and navy, have deluded themselves and the nation into the belief that Germany really could defeat the world. They created fables about probable uprisings in Ireland, India and South Africa. To be sure, the government attempted to give some substance to these fables by means of a marvelous system of spies at work in these quarters. But any one with two grains of human sense knows that foreign attack immediately unites the most violent internal factions. And Austria was much more in danger from internal disaffection than England. But German scholars and publicists repressed the counsels of ordinary sense and served the purposes of the government with real conviction.

This is what I mean when I refer to German "romanticism." Perhaps this is not the best term for it. Perhaps it is mere short-sightedness, a form of provincialism. It was said in 1870 that the German schoolmaster defeated the French. It is certainly true at present that the German schoolmaster has helped to plunge the fatherland into a hopeless struggle.

But whatever the cause, Germany felt herself unconquerable. And there was in favor of war the possibility of sudden and indefinite expansion. To a nation rapidly multiplying in numbers this was a tempting mirage. For a generation progress had been made by slow and devious steps. Slow advances in the technology of industry and painfully won advantages in the miniature diplomacy of the traveling salesman had gained advantages all too moderate to satisfy the nation which had defeated the third Napoleon in six weeks.

So the unimportant Austro-Servian incident was made the pretext for a great struggle. The die was cast for war.

This recital of facts which are now indisputable does not, of course, imply that the Germans are more to blame for what has happened than the English or the Russians. These powers, representing a definite group of international capitalist interests, have been laboring for a generation to cut Germany off from the world, to pen her in. Taking the whole course of events into account, we must come to the conclusion that the English and the Russians have been more aggres-

sive than the Germans. Any general view of the situation makes it evident that the Russo-English group could get what they wanted peacefully, while the Germans could do so only by means of war. So, though the Germans have been on the whole less aggressive than their opponents, they were forced to become technically the aggressors. Evidently English talk of a fight against militarism and for democratic ideals is pure hypocrisy.

It is in connection with our thought about the choice which Germany made in those first days of August that the nature of contemporary warfare gains a certain importance quite apart from mere technical considerations. If the outcome could have been determined by a quick dash, by individual deeds of heroism, or by the genius of another Napoleon, Germany would have had a

The Probable Outcome. chance of success. Her venture would have been far from foolhardy.

But with war carried on as it is at the present moment her case is absolutely hopeless. This fact is gradually sinking into the consciousness of all classes of Germans. The tone dominant in their papers is one of heroic desperation. Even their chief-of-staff, General von Falkenhayn, practically acknowledges ultimate defeat. In an Associated Press interview he says: "So far as Germany is concerned, the war may last indefinitely. I see nothing which can compel us to discontinue hostilities. If we are defeated it will be with honor, fighting to the last trench and the last man." If they win every battle for a year they are bound to lose eventually. Their own victories will defeat them. They see now clearly what their mastery of economic theory should have made clear to them in the beginning, that battles are won by bread rather than by guns. And those outside the circular battle-line are supported by the bread supply of the world.

It is now evident, therefore, that when German statesmen made their decision in August, they made one of the gigantic blunders of history. They, the experts among experts, were fatally in error with regard to the possibilities of modern warfare.

And now that the struggle has settled into a phase which is bound to be prolonged, peace projects gain importance. The war may last six months longer; it may last a year. But we can now foresee with some degree of precision what the outcome will be. Eventually Germany will be crushed. What will be the result? How will the world be affected in its thought, its politics, its geography?

I am not at all tempted to essay the role of H. G. Wells. That sort of thing

The Future. has lost its attraction. A Socialist must keep his feet on the ground. But one great result of the war is self-evident and several others are definitely foreshadowed in recent news despatches.

The self-evident result is the rapid and tremendous development of international capitalism as represented by England and Russia. If capitalism was international before the war, it will be something more than that after the last trench has been filled and the last shot has echoed away. It will not merely be international; it will have nothing to do with nationalities. It will ignore them. After the European powers had crushed Napoleon I. they formed the Holy Alliance. Unless some quite new force intervenes the end of the present war will see the perpetuation of an unholy alliance. Government for profits will be carried on in a manner absolutely unparalleled. We talk mildly of local autonomy as a possible result. There will be less of local autonomy than at any previous period in the world's history.

In another respect Socialists especially have a great surprise awaiting them. Some comrades have been looking for

Democracy After the War. national revolutions as an aftermath. In France and Germany the political result

thus far has been a reaction in the direction of conservatism. In France the Royalists and Imperialists are more hopeful now than they have been for decades. In Germany the Conservatives state on every possible occasion that the government after the war must be absolutely devoted to the upbuilding of armaments. The people must be ready to sacrifice every penny, every shred of individual or

social liberty to the demand for a strong government and a strong army. The cry for reform must not be allowed to interfere with the plans of Junkerdom. The people, of course, have given nobly of life and money. They must have full recognition. But they do not know what is good for them. In order that they may be protected against foreign foes they must be ruled with a rod of iron. This tendency of thought has swept into its train a large part of the German middle class which has heretofore figured as liberal.

And the worst feature of the situation is that the great outburst of patriotism which the war has engendered tends to sweep large sections of the working class into the same current. Both materially and psychologically the workers have lost largely in their power of resistance. Unless all signs fail, democracy is losing ground.

I am speaking here of general tendencies. It cannot be denied that sections of the workers are growing more and more vigorous in the

The Revolutionary Workers. opposition to the governments and to the war. The Scot-

tish Independent Labor Party at its annual convention adopted ringing anti-war resolutions. The French Confederation de Travail has voiced a strong protest. England has been shocked by more than one strike. Shipwrights, dock laborers and miners, men on whose labors the prosecution of war directly depends, have not been too patriotic to strike for higher wages. Five members of the Russian Duma are being tried for keeping up their Socialist activities. These men are facing death at the present moment. When we talk of the German Socialists voting the war budget let us not forget these comrades who are giving the ultimate proof of fidelity to the ideals of international brotherhood.

The break between "war" Socialists and real Socialists is widening in Germany. Several party papers have been

German Socialists. suppressed temporarily or permanently for publishing anti-war articles. The Weimar Volkszeitung and the Eisenach Volkszeitung were suppressed for short periods for publishing an article

entitled "The Proletarian's Fatherland." The publication of the Gotha Volksblatt has been permanently forbidden. This paper has from the beginning opposed both the government and the Socialist parliamentary group. Finally, on January 9, it published, without permission of the military censor, two articles entitled "Proletarian Solidarity" and "The Social Democratic Group Under Police Protection." This was the last straw.

While these papers are giving proof of intellectual clarity and courage, others equally well known are persecuting German Socialists who have ventured to criticise the course taken by the majority. Among those who have been denounced and ridiculed for lack of patriotism are Anton Pannekoek, Rosa Luxemburg, Karl Liebknecht, Klara Zetkin, and Franz Mehring. The particular crime of these is said to be their revelation of German conditions to the Socialists of foreign lands, especially England and the United States. No doubt Pannekoek's articles in our own REVIEW have constituted the chief count against him. The virulence of the remarks on these comrades is sufficient refutation of the charges made. All sorts of miserable little personal scandals are hurled at them. In general, it is said that they have no right to speak for German Socialism. So be it. The Socialism which they cannot represent is no longer the Socialism of the International.

One very evident result of the war is a great acceleration of thought. This is especially marked in middle-class circles of neutral nations. But Socialists, too, have felt the impetus of great events. The Swiss peace conference, the Copenhagen conference, the London conference, the Chicago conference—all have exhibited a seriousness hitherto lacking in such assemblies. And it is evident that such gatherings now represent a larger section of public sentiment than ever before. A recent num-

ber of the New York Survey publishes in tabular form the programs drawn up by ten conferences or organizations. The remarkable thing about these programs is their essential unanimity. They all insist on disarmament, on the establishment of an international court, on resistance to humiliating and destructive demands of conquering nations, opposition to the tyrannical annexation of territories without regard to the will of inhabitants, etc., etc. The articles adopted by a number of bourgeois peace societies are practically identical with those of the Socialist Party of America. On the one hand this may show that under the pressure of the war Socialist thought has permeated middle-class radicals more rapidly than hitherto. On the other hand, it certainly shows that we Socialists have not sufficiently emphasized the distinctive points in our position.

All over the world there is among neutral peoples the demand for peace. But the machinery suggested for securing peace indicates a complete misunderstanding of the conditions which bring about war. Even our bourgeois friends have proved in countless magazine articles that war results from the operations of governments under the control of capitalist interests. Now, these good people propose to bring about peace by having these same governments constitute an international court and international police force. The whole proposal is as utopian as anything well could be. Let the thieves combine against thievery, the murderers against murder!

Some groups of Socialists have made the fundamental Socialist conception clear. If the internationalism of capital produces peace it will be the peace of a universal industrial slavery. But there is little hope that it will produce peace at all. Only in an absolute change in control of government and industry does there lie any sure hope. Now, while we have the ear of the world as we never had it before, we must make our message clear.



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HOHENZOLLERN CASTLE (N. E.) HOME OF PRUSSIA'S ROYAL FAMILY AND THE PEOPLE WHO SUPPORT IT.

After the War—What?

By HENRY L. SLOBODIN

I HAVE failed to read anywhere that the spots on the sun are the true cause of the war. Otherwise, about everything mundane was assigned and picked out at one time or another as the *vera causa bellum*.

I, too, am not without a cause of my own for the war, but I will not disclose the same at the present time. What I want to interest the Socialists just now in is the question: What are the Socialists going to do after the war? For some day this war is going to come to an end, in spite of the peace conferences. What then? Shall then the Socialists pursue the same course which they have pursued for some time before the war and which this war merely brought to a fruition? Or will the Socialist movement strike out on a new path?

The war has marked the collapse of the two greatest aims of the Socialist movement—the brotherhood of man, the greatest of social ideals, and the international solidarity of the working class, the most tremendous of economic motives. Neither of these great social objectives depends for its success on any program or movement. And while the existence of the Socialist movement depends on its loyalty to the great social ideals, this dependence is not reciprocal. The Socialist movement is supposed to be the awakened social consciousness reaching out for the control of social forces; to which heretofore man has been more or less passive material and so continues now. As such social reason, the Socialist movement has failed utterly in this war. It has abandoned its ideals of human brotherhood and working class solidarity and, instead, embraced the same low, reactionary motives which inspired the dominant social groups.

This was bad enough. Yet the greater danger lies in the fact that many of the leaders of the Socialist movement urge these low, reactionary and unsocial motives as permanent social standards and ideals for the Socialist movement. They would have

the Socialist movement abandon completely the ideal of human brotherhood as an exploded metaphysical concept and subordinate the international solidarity of the working class to ideals of national unity, patriotism. Should they prevail, then the Socialist movement will have to be eliminated as a factor of the social revolution and will be classified with the Society for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor.

Shall the revolutionary Socialist stand by passively while the Socialist Party is being groomed for service in the ambulance corps of the capitalist system? That depends.

It depends on whether the social revolution is a reasonable expectancy, or, like human brotherhood, an ideal which may endure without realization for several thousand years. It is my purpose to contend with all the arguments of science and logic that the social revolution is at hand; that the days of capitalism are counted and that collectivism is the order of the day.

The scientific argument involves the discussion of an aspect of social evolution which I was, I think, the first to point out. I cannot enter into a lengthy discussion of this argument in this article. Briefly, the argument is this: Each evolutionary period, and for the purposes of our discussion—social period, is shorter than the preceding period. On the other hand it contains more change in its shorter time than the preceding period contained during a greater length of time. Social evolution is, in that respect, subject to the law of accelerated motion. Consult Galileo's law of falling bodies and apply it to social development. Capitalism started with the momentum with which feudalism had ended. And the mandate of this law of evolution is that capitalism cannot endure nearly as long as feudalism endured.

Taking a bird's-eye view of the development of succeeding social periods beginning with the stone age, the archaic community, down to the present era, we are enabled to measure with reasonable certainty the arch

of life of capitalist society. An examination of this factor will bring us to the conclusion that capitalism is approaching its end.

The economic causes for the collapse of capitalism will also be abundant. The gigantic loans now being raised by all the warring governments are made at a high rate of interest. All government securities are being sold at a great discount. They are piling up tremendous obligations for the future generations to carry. But where is the high interest on these billions of debts to come from? There is only one source—surplus value. The war once over, the share of the capitalists in the product of labor will increase tremendously, while the share of the worker will decrease in proportion. The period after the war will be one of big profits, high taxes and low wages. Here we have the scientific and economic factors of the social revolution. But there are other factors.

This war marks the bankruptcy of religion as a moral factor, an ameliorating influence on manners and customs, and of

scientific liberalism as a refuge from ignorance, superstition and tyranny. These great controllers of social dynamics, safety valves for social discontent, may as well be junked for all the good they can do for the existing order. They were, however, the moral pillars of modern capitalism. With them eliminated, there remains nothing for capitalism to lean on, but brute force.

Force—without force no revolution was ever achieved. Without force no revolution will be achieved. The modern Socialist movement is characteristic for its hysterical nervousness at the mere mention of the word—force. I have in mind particularly our American movement. For it is composed of elements who were reared amidst peaceful pursuits. But will force hold the same terror for the proletarians now entrenched on the battlefields of Europe? Certainly not.

The conjunction of events points to a social catastrophe which must follow in the footsteps of the present war.

What will the Socialist parties do?

EVERLASTING PEACE

By WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD

TO INSURE "peace on earth, good will to men," reverse the present order of things.

Let no man pray for another man.

Let no man make laws for another man.

Let no man fight for another man.

Let no man keep money for another man.

Let no man block the opportunities of another man.

Let no man appropriate that which is produced by another man.

Let every man put his hands to the bounteous treasures of the earth, and from his brains will spring forth marvelous machinery that will feed and clothe and house and educate the children of the world in "peace and good will."



A CRAFT UNION OFFICIAL'S CONFESSION OF FAITH.

Mr. Trenholm—All the railroads—I make no exception—have rules that are satisfactory. They are not satisfactory to the men, as to the rate of pay.

The Chairman—You think, then, the rules treat the men fairly and impartially?

Mr. Trenholm—Yes sir, I do.

Mr. Stone—Mr. Chairman, you understand I would have to file a dissenting opinion from Mr. Trenholm.

The Chairman—I understand. I am simply endeavoring to get his viewpoint, Mr. Stone.

Mr. Stone—I also want to say, neither in the way of explanation nor excuse, that the grand officers of this organization, *instead of taking the lid off, try to keep the brake on*, and we are not imagining these grievances. *If the men did not come to us with these grievances we would not be here with them.* And the thing we have always tried to do is to be conservative and keep the dissension down, if possible, instead of adding to it, as no doubt you would infer from the testimony of the witness. We do not dream these things and *if we simply take the brake off and let the men go, it would be a whole lot more radical than what it is.* If any fault has been found with the executive officers of this organization it is because they have been too conservative *and have allowed the railroads to capitalize that conservatism and have not got the results that the rank and file think they should have gotten.*—From the Stenographic Record of Proceedings before the Western Railroads Wage Arbitration Board, Chicago, February, 1915.

FIXING THE PAY OF RAILROAD MEN

By CARL SANDBURG

ARBITRATION is a magic word. For twenty years and more it has gained in power. Now it has reached the high mark. Its magic is passing.

This article is about the machinery of arbitration; how it is working in one specific situation.

Up in Room 603 of the postoffice building in Chicago six men are sitting six days a week six hours a day. It all runs in sixes.

These six men are an arbitration board. The job they are working on is to fix the wages, hours and working conditions of

all the firemen and engineers on all the locomotives of all the ninety-eight railroads of the United States between Chicago and the Pacific coast.

Since the first week in December last year they have been listening to evidence. It is expected that all witnesses, experts, lawyers and special advocates will be heard and a decision handed down by the end of April, this year.

It is conceded on both sides that the cost of the whole job, counting expenses for experts, investigators, lawyers, printing of reports, travel and hotel money for both railroad company men and railroad

brotherhood men, will run upwards of one million dollars, and possibly above that amount.

James Shean, attorney for the railroad companies, is down for a \$100,000 fee for his work. W. Jett Lauck, statistical expert and economist for the brotherhoods, has spent over \$60,000 for compilation and printing of reports on railroad operation costs, food, rent and fuel prices for rail workers in various districts, and so on.

On the arbitration board proper the brotherhoods have two representatives: F. A. Burgess, Assistant Grand Chief Engineer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and Timothy Shea, Assistant President of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen. These two were elected by the general committee of delegates sent by the respective organizations on each of the western railways.

Representing the railroad companies are W. L. Park, Vice-President of the Illinois Central Railway, and H. E. Byram, Vice-President of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railway. These two were selected by the committee of railway managers from all the roads involved.

Most important of all, naturally, are the names and personalities of the two "umpires" elected and agreed on by the four men named above.

It is in the heads of these two umpires that the last and legal, final and binding decision on wages will be made. On the tongues inside these two heads rests the inevitable and irrevocable say-so as to how much more money the payrolls shall hold for 65,000 engine workers on ninety-eight railroads the next three years. That is the theory.

Therefore, the remarkable heads of these two "umpires" should truly be fastened on the remarkable shoulders of two remarkable men. Here, in brief, is who and what these two umpires are:

One is Charles Nagel. He is a lawyer from St. Louis. His special distinction that fitted him for the place of umpire was gained as a member of the cabinet of President Taft. He served there as Secretary of the United States Department of Labor. It was as Secretary Nagel that he formed close association with steam-

ship interests and the importation of a labor supply from Europe. The American Federation of Labor during its recent endeavor to pass a bill restricting immigration published correspondence connecting Secretary Nagel as a faithful servant of the companies who get their profits out of shipping cheap human beings from one side of the earth to another side where they are also and again cheap.

Anyway, the whole Nagel career may be searched from the time he lay in his cradle till now when the gray hairs tumble on his head and there will not be found any time he was accused of losing his control and doing something rash for the benefit of labor. So far as Nagel is concerned, the writer challenges anyone to find and name a railroad brotherhood member or official who has any hopes of Nagel handing any big extra wage dollars over to the workers. It is a common saying among the brotherhood men that little or nothing is to be expected from Nagel and all hopes are pinned on Pritchard.

Jeter C. Pritchard is the other "umpire." He is a judge of the United States District Court which sits in Richmond, Virginia. His home is in Asheville, North Carolina. Elected United States Senator by a combination of Republicans and Populists, when he left the U. S. Senate, he was appointed federal judge of the District of Columbia by President Theodore Roosevelt. During a receivership of a railroad handled in Judge Pritchard's court, he is understood to have shaded decisions in favor of the rail workers.

So there we are—two Republican lawyers, office-holders, appointed to fat jobs under Republican Presidents Taft and Roosevelt, are going to say the last word on wages and labor conditions on ninety-eight western railways. These two "umpires" are supposed to be impartial. Under the theory of arbitration, both Nagel and Pritchard are understood to have no leanings one way or the other.

Take a look, however, at the social connections of these men. Nagel is chummy with steamship capitalists. All his friendships are in the world of corporation lawyers and the whole range of capitalistic interests that were tied up with the



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CHARLES W. NAGEL (LEFT) IS A ST. LOUIS LAWYER. JETER C. PRITCHARD (RIGHT) IS A NORTH CAROLINA FEDERAL JUDGE. THESE GENTLEMEN ARE THE TWO "UMPIRES" ON THE WESTERN RAILWAYS WAGE ARBITRATION BOARD. THEY WILL HAVE THE LAST SAY-SO ON WHAT THE PAY CAR WILL BRING TO 65,000 ENGINE WORKERS ON 98 WESTERN RAILWAYS FOR A PERIOD OF THREE YEARS.

Taft administration. When he goes out for a dinner or a concert or a game of golf, he doesn't pick up any "old rail" of an engineer or fireman. They are outside his social fences.

Nagel goes out with men of the class where his law clients and his political backers are. He looks at things the way they do. His slant at wages and capital is the same slant as that of the people he eats with, drinks with, hears music with or plays golf with. The people

Nagel goes with believe investors should have an "adequate return" on the capital they have put into railroads.

The return to labor in wages for work done? Well, that's all right. Worth thinking about, maybe. But first of all "adequate return" to capital. And it's a common saying in the Taft-Nagel-Railroad politico-financial crowd: "Railroad men are the best paid workers in the country today; wait until the railways have been saved from bankruptcy and

there is general prosperity before any wage raise is granted."

Now, nearly all of this which goes for Umpire Nagel goes for Umpire Pritchard, too. It is everywhere understood in the inside circles of the railway brotherhoods that Pritchard is the best hope of the rail workers for a raise of wages and betterment of conditions.

Yet the significant thing bothering the heads of many a man at the throttle or shoveling coal is the fact that two men, each a lawyer, each a close personal friend of notorious corporation presidents of the United States, each a Republican politician, holds the power of fixing the prices at which 65,000 railroad workers shall sell their labor power for three years to come.

This has set railroad men to thinking. They are asking themselves: "Why should my wages, the means of life to me, be settled in the brains of two men who don't know anything about railroading except in theory? Why do the railroad companies always get the long end of it while the workers get the short end? Do these brotherhoods we have organized count for anything? Why are the companies always putting it over on the unions and on the state and national governments?"

Some people might say this is just the prejudiced view of an industrial unionist. To such people attention is invited to a Page 182 of Exhibit No. 59 presented by Witness W. J. Lauck in behalf of the brotherhoods at the Chicago wage hearing. On this page is a quotation from the testimony of Louis D. Brandeis before the United States Commission on Industrial Relations, January 23, 1915. Brandeis said:

"The main objection, as I see it, to the large corporation is that it makes possible—and in many cases inevitable—the exercise of industrial absolutism. . . . We have the situation of an employer so potent, so well organized, with such concentrated forces and such powers of reserve and ability to endure against strikes and other efforts of a union, that THE RELATIVELY LOOSELY ORGANIZED MASSES OF EVEN STRONG UNIONS ARE UNABLE TO COPE WITH THE SITUATION. . . . These powerful organizations of capital can af-

ford to successfully summon forces from all parts of the country, can use tremendous amounts of money in any conflict to carry out what they deem to be their business principle. You have necessarily a condition of inequality between the two contending forces. . . . The result in all cases of these large corporations has been to develop a benevolent absolutism. It is that which makes the great corporation so dangerous. It is because YOU HAVE CREATED WITHIN THE STATE, A STATE SO POWERFUL THAT THE ORDINARY FORCES EXISTING ARE INSUFFICIENT TO MEET IT."

This is precisely the philosophy workers are talking in cabs, cabooses, round houses and the hangouts where rail men tell one another what they honestly think. They are beginning to wonder why they pay Warren S. Stone, Grand Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, a salary of \$10,000 a year. And they say those are two wonderful heads fastened on the shoulders of Charlie Nagel and Jeter Pritchard. Because inside those two heads are the brains that shall understand the vast network of rail lines interwoven between New Orleans and Seattle, Minneapolis and Los Angeles, and fix for three years the price at which all engine workers in that railroad empire shall sell their labor during three years of grocery bills, rent bills, coal bills and all the other bills that make a railroad payday look cheap.

Along with an expression of complete confidence in the ability of Chief Stone to take care of the brotherhood's end of the arbitration, F. E. Wood writes from New Orleans in the March number of the Locomotive Engineers' Monthly Journal:

The men show that the earning capacity for the roads has been largely increased on account of longer hours, larger power, bigger cars and heavier tonnage, while their earning power to themselves has not increased but DIMINISHED. Engineers and firemen are under pay only when performing actual service on duty in the interest of the company. In other words where there is no business the men are the losers. They are far underpaid when compared with other skilled labor. The company can work them cheaper on overtime than with schedule trains or on mileage basis. Employees are worked in violation of state and federal laws and all kinds of subterfuges

resorted to by the companies to avoid punishment.

The men expect to show where not only hundreds, but thousands, yes millions of dollars have been squandered for imaginary equipments, maintenance and supplies and charged out for such, while the entire matter, save getting rid of the cash, was on paper only.

The men expect to prove hardships have increased, discipline is more frequent and severe, that only a small percentage live to be over 32 years of age and that only one out of every 33 engineers lives to hold a passenger run.

What will the harvest be? With each side contending it is the under dog, both presenting exhibit after exhibit to prove the other fellow is in error, each side trying to destroy the other's evidence, a continual rag-chewing pot pourri of conflicting statements intertwined with sarcastic retort from both factions, the real parties to settle the question between the devil and the deep blue sea, WHAT WILL THE HARVEST BE?

Colloquies taken from the stenographic reports of testimony and argument before the arbitration board show what the New Orleans engineer meant by "a continual rag-chewing pot pourri of conflicting statements." From the official record:

Mr. Trenholm (for the railway managers)—There are lots of men who can shovel lots of coal. I have had some experience with them.

Mr. Stone (for the brotherhoods)—And there are lots of men who have to shovel a lot of coal to keep the engines hot, do they not?

Trenholm—Lots of men can shovel lots of coal and not be exhausted. There is a lot of difference in that respect. The fireman on a passenger engine works more rapidly and more continuously than a fireman on a freight train for the same time. Speed eats up the coal.

Stone—It is also a fact, when you get the long hours with a man shoveling coal on a heavy drag train, his fire becomes dirty and his engine begins to leak steam and he has to work that much harder.

Trenholm—Long hours are, of course, conducive to hard work and are tiresome. A man on his twelfth or thirteenth hour on an engine shoveling coal, it is not as easy as it is the first hour.

After an arbitration board fixes a rule for the railroads to follow, then the railroads follow

that rule as they Please. Light is given on this point in this passage:

Mr. Trenholm—I started the right of the railroads in emergencies to call on a man to do a piece of emergency work without giving him a full day.

Mr. Stone—After listening to your testimony for the past several days there is no doubt in my mind, Mr. Trenholm, whether a general manager would concede any rule that was an improvement EXCEPT UNDER PRESSURE.

Mr. Trenholm—I do not think I have given any testimony of that kind.

Mr. Stone—You have testified repeatedly that you don't think a certain rule would not have been granted except under pressure.

There is nothing rough-neck or disorderly about the arbitration show. No excitement. The six arbitrators sit at a long table with the railroad lawyers and managers on the right side and the brotherhood officers on the left. Seats in the court room have been vacant practically every day of the hearing. There is no high tension of enthusiasm. One newspaper man remarked to another: "This is highbrow stuff." And taking a look at page 235 of the *Locomotive Engineers' Monthly Journal* for March, we see an explanation of part of the lack of enthusiasm. Here is a letter signed "Member Div. 828," of Grand Island, Nebraska. This member writes:

In regard to our PROFESSION, it is a known fact that the depression at present is caused by the war. There seems to be an oversupply of engineers regardless of how business is. After showing how some engineers are thrown back into the ranks of firemen, the writer says, "The future engineman will have to learn two PROFESSIONS so as to have one to fall back on if he be so unlucky as to lose out on the road he starts with."

According to this railroader, some engineers are no longer workingmen. They are members of a profession. Get the difference? They haven't got any jobs like firemen, trackmen, or switchmen. Instead of a trade or a craft, they have a PROFESSION.

Other exclusive articles will appear on New Line-ups in the Railroad Game.



SAVAGE SURVIVALS IN HIGHER PEOPLES

By PROF. J. HOWARD MOORE

II. VESTIGIAL ORGANS.

(Note.—This popular Course in Biology by Prof. Moore, which started in the March number of the Review, will probably run for ten months or a year. The general outline of the Course covers: Domesticated Animals, Vestigial Organs, Survivals of the Wild in Domesticated Animals, The Origin of Higher Peoples, and Savage Survivals in Higher Peoples. The minor subjects may prove even more interesting.

We feel ourselves more than fortunate in being able to secure this Course by Prof. Moore, the value of whose work in popularizing some of the more important biological laws cannot be over-estimated. Biology is the most important study in the world because it is the Science of Life. It traces the origin, descent and evolutionary DIRECTION of Man; explains the origin and use of his natural tendencies, emotions and habits.

If we did not seek pleasure and avoid pain; if we unanimously sought death on the battlefield instead of life and industry, there would be little hope of mankind surviving to bring victory to the working class. It is of vital importance to know what sort of animals we are, our necessities and desires and how far we may be counted upon, how far our instincts and habits may be depended upon in securing those necessities and satisfying our desires. We must know along what lines and for what ends we may rely upon the co-operation of our fellow men.

In all lines of education it is not sufficient to destroy the old Gods or beliefs. It is necessary to replace them with the facts of science. And this is a great deal easier. A study of biology will give men a sound basis for their ideas. It will substitute science or metaphysics and fact for blind belief. We will be glad to have you call the attention of your friends to this Course by Prof. Moore.)

1. Meaning of the Subject.

An *organ* is a *department*. Any particular part of an animal or plant which does a certain work is an organ—as the stomach which digests the food, the heart which pumps the blood, the brain which is the organ of thought, and the ear which enables us to hear. The body of an ani-

mal is a machine, and the different organs are the different parts of the machine. Plants have organs the same as animals. The leaves do one thing, and the roots another, and the stems do still other things. All the organs ~~work~~ ^{work} together. They co-operate. And when they all do their part, everything is done

that needs to be done to keep the animal or plant alive and well; that is, the machine runs well.

Anything that is made up of organs is called an *organism*. Organs represent division of labor. Society is really an organism, the people in the various occupations being the organs.

Vestige means "remnant," or "trace." *Vestigial* is an adjective formed by adding *al* to the noun *vestige*. In welding the *al* to the noun, *e* is changed to *i* for sound's sake.

Vestigial organs, therefore, are *remnant* organs, organs which do not have their full size or standing in the body. The purpose of this lesson is to point out some of these organs, and to explain to you why such organs exist in animals and plants.

2. Adaptations.

As a rule, animals are adapted to their surroundings. They have the form and architecture which they need to enable them to exist. They *fit* their surroundings, as if they had been whittled out by some expert to suit the various places in which they live. They have just the organs they need, arranged in just the way they should be, to carry on life successfully.

It used to be supposed that this wonderful adaptation of living beings to their surroundings was the result of the skill and benevolence of the Creator. Animals were all supposed to have existed from the beginning just as we find them today. It is now known that the perfect adaptation of animals to their surroundings is the result of a world-wide struggle to live and a consequent survival of the fittest to survive. In the struggle for life most animals perish. Only the few survive. These few are the ones *best fitted* to their surroundings. *The survival of the fittest*, which has gone on for millions of years, has resulted in the production of species with natures and bodies exceedingly well fitted to the world in which they live.

3. The Struggle for Existence.

More beings are born than can live on the earth. There is an over-production of life. There is not enough food and air

and room to go round. It is estimated that a single pair of house-sparrows would, if none should die, produce enough sparrows to cover the state of Indiana in twenty years. The lobster lays 10,000 eggs in a season, and the oyster 2,000,000. A female white ant, when adult, does nothing but lie in a cell and lay eggs. She lays 80,000 eggs a day for several months. The natural increase of a single pair of gypsy moths would destroy all the plants of the United States in eight years. The eel produces eggs but once in a life-time, but it produces the almost incredible number of from five to twenty millions, depending on the size of the fish. Certain low forms of animal life reproduce so rapidly that, if they should all survive, their offspring would in a few days fill the seas. If every egg of the codfish should produce an adult, a single pair in twenty-five years would produce a mass of fish as large as the earth.

One result of this overproduction of animal life is a world-wide struggle for existence. The earth is a battle-field. How it may be on other spheres, we do not know. But on the particular globe on which we have been allotted to come into existence life is one mighty tragedy. Species are pushing and crowding and murdering each other in the effort to live. And this pushing and crowding and exterminating has gone on ever since the beginning of life on the earth, millions of years ago.

There are about a million species of animals known to science at the present time; that is, about a million that are known and named. And there are probably a million more that are not yet catalogued. And it is estimated that from 20 to 100 times as many species of animals have lived and perished from the earth entirely as today survive—20 to 100 times as many *species*, remember, not individuals. The rock masses over which we walk every day are vast cemeteries in which lie all that is left of innumerable billions who once lived, breathed, and had their existence as we do now. These facts give a little idea of the nature and extent of the struggle which has gone on here on the earth, and whose story lies locked forever in the fossil-bearing rocks.

4. How Vestigial Organs Arise.

In the struggle for life species are continually displacing each other, continually driving each other out of one set of surroundings into another set. And it is one of the results of this displacement that is the subject of this lesson; that is, vestigial organs have been caused by the displacing of species.

When a species is driven out of one set of surroundings to which it is fitted into another set different from the first, it is very likely to have some organs that are left over and not needed in the new environment. On the other hand, it will probably need some organs which it does not have. Now, it is possible for it to make over an organ which it does not need into one that it does need, somewhat as our mothers used to transform a coat which we did not need into a waistcoat or a pair of trousers which we did need. The wings of birds were formed in this way out of the forelegs of lizards. Birds have been developed from lizard-like reptiles. And in the transformation of the scaly lizard into the feathered bird the forelegs of the lizard went to form the bird's wings. The bird's wing has the same general architecture as the lizard's foreleg: humerus, ulna and radius, carpal bones, and three series of metacarpal bones. Two of the five toes of the lizard have been lost in the bird's wing.

But the transformation of superfluous organs into useful organs is the exception. As a rule, organs that are not needed go to waste.

Now, it is a law that when organs are not used they tend to disappear. Organs that do nothing are not nourished, and hence tend to fade away. Then, too, organs that are not used are not emphasized by Natural Selection. And if their uselessness continues long enough, they will not only shrivel and decay, but will finally pass out of existence entirely. There are almost numberless examples of extinction of this kind known to biologists. The disappearance of legs in snakes is an instance. Snakes have come from lizards, and originally walked on four legs. But in the struggle for life they have found it of advantage to adopt a wriggling or creeping style of locomotion.

The legs went out of use as a result. And this change in the life of these reptiles took place so long ago that in all but a few cases every vestige of limbs has disappeared.

But there are many instances in the animal kingdom where discarded organs still survive in a dwindling and drying-up condition. These organs, in the ancestors of the animals now possessing them, were fully developed and useful, but because of changes in habits or conditions of living, they are now of no further use, and are gradually dying out. Such organs are called Vestigial Organs.

Vestigial organs are simply organs without a job. They are organs which haven't anything to do, and which are suffering the inevitable consequences of long idleness. The amount of degeneration which any organ has undergone depends on the length of time which has elapsed since it became useless. Vestigial organs are departments which have gone out of use but which have not yet gone out of existence.

The rest of this lesson is made up, for the most part, of accounts of vestigial organs in various animals and of explanations as to how these organs came to be vestigial.

5. The Eyes of Cave Fishes.

One of the best known examples of vestigial organs is found in cave fishes. Fishes ordinarily live in the light, and have eyes. But in the struggle for life certain species have been driven down into the ground. They have come up the streams flowing out of the caves—up into the uninhabited region of darkness. They found no enemies up there, and the conditions of living less severe than on the outside. And they have lived there. And they have lived there so long in that world of night that they have become blind. They have eyes, but mere vestiges, and of no use. Crickets and lizards that have lived long in total darkness have suffered the same degeneration. All inhabitants of total darkness will in time, that is, after generations, lose their eyes; not only lose their sight, but also their eyes. But the eyes will exist in a vestigial condition for a long time after they have become useless, and before they disappear entirely.

6. Why the Mole Is Blind.

The mole is another example of this kind. It is a mouse-like animal that lives in the ground, and makes its runways along just under the surface of lawns and gardens. The mole once lived on the surface of the ground. But in the struggle for life it has been driven down into the earth, and it has resided down there so long that it has become completely adapted to its underground life. Its front feet have become shovels, and are provided with powerful muscles for opening ways through the earth. Its nose has become sharp and sensitive and serves as a plow. Its fur is exceedingly smooth. And it is *blind*. It is commonly supposed to be without eyes. But in under the fur there are two little bead-like vestiges of eyes, the remnants of organs which it had and used when it was an inhabitant of the light of day.

7. The Vermiform Appendix.

In the lower right hand corner of the human abdomen is a little tube about the size of a goose-quill and two or three inches long. It is closed at one end and opens at the other into the large intestine. It is called the "appendix" for short, but its full name is the *vermiform appendix*, meaning "worm-like" appendix. In times of low vitality or impure blood this organ often becomes inflamed, and we have the disease called appendicitis.

It used to be supposed that appendicitis was caused by a grape-seed or other hard object lodging in the tube, and by irritation setting up the inflammation. This is sometimes the case, but not often. A young man told me the other day that he had had appendicitis, and that when they came to operate the surgeons found a tooth-brush bristle in the appendix. He had been brushing his teeth and had swallowed a detached bristle, and it had become stranded here and by its irritations set up disease.

But it is very seldom that anything is found in the appendix except pus produced by the inflammation. The common remedy for this disease is amputation of the diseased part, although recovery is possible without an operation by a change in the habits of life. The chief causes of human disease are over-eating,

under-exercise, and bad air. Any of these may lower the vitality enough to cause disorders of any kind. And a necessary condition for the cure of most human ailments is to acquire correct habits of eating, exercising, breathing and bathing. By improving our ways of living appendicitis may be relieved, but it usually comes back as soon as the patient relapses into his old ways of living, that is, into the ways of living which brought it on in the first place.

The appendix is a useless organ in man. We would be a great deal better off if we had been born without it. It is more than useless, for it is the seat of a dangerous disease. But in the rat, bird, monkey, and other animals it is large and a regular part of the digestive system. Food enters it, and its walls absorb nourishment and contribute digestive chemicals, the same as the stomach and intestine. In the rat it is a pouch as large as the stomach and serves as a sort of second stomach. In the bird it is double. In some of the lower ruminants it is as long as the body. And in the koala, a kangaroo-like animal, it is twice as large as the body.

But in man, for some reason, it has been abandoned as a digestive organ and is headed for extinction. Food never enters it, except by accident. There is every reason for believing that this organ will in the course of evolution pass away entirely, as has been the case with the legs of snakes and the seeds of pine-apples and bananas.

8. The Ear Muscles in Man.

The ear is found in all animals except some of the lowest. It is an organ which enables us to be affected by air-waves. In the fish, frog and bird there is no external part to the ear. But in the more highly perfected ears of mammals there is an external part, usually in the form of a funnel, for more effectually catching the sound-waves. There are muscles connected with these funnels for turning them this way and that in order better to receive the effect of the waves. In common with other animals, man has these ear-muscles. You sometimes see them pictured in books on muscular anatomy. But in men these muscles are

so small and weak and out of practice that they cannot be used. Occasionally there is a boy who is able to "move his ears" slightly, but not enough to serve any useful purpose.

Ear-muscles are not necessary to man. Man has conquered or exterminated the most of his animal enemies. Man's greatest enemy now is himself, and it is of no advantage to him in his battles with himself to be able to turn his ears artfully this way and that like the horse.

Funnels for catching sound are much more necessary to wild animals than to those that have been domesticated, because they live in conditions of greater danger. And in all wild animals, except the elephant, the ears stand up. But when animals are brought in by man, and put in pens and pastures, and protected from their natural enemies, they have less use for these organs. And as a consequence they go into decline. The lop-ear, which is found in certain varieties of nearly every kind of domesticated animals, even in some kinds of cats and horses, is an evidence of security and civilization. The straight ears, on the contrary, are evidence of nearness to the wild.

9. The Whale.

The whale, from the standpoint of evolution, is one of the most interesting animals in the world. It is not a fish, as many people still believe. It is a mammal. It belongs to the hairy crowd of animals. It breathes air by means of lungs, the same as we do. It does not live *in* the water, like the fish, but *on the surface* of the water. When it dives, it holds its breath. The whale is a warm-blooded animal. The young are born alive, and nourished during their infancy by milk secreted by the mother, the same as in all other mammals.

The whale is a land animal which was once covered with hair and walked on four legs. In the struggle for life it has been driven off into the sea, as the mole has been driven down into the ground and some fishes into caves. And it has lived out on the waters so long that it has acquired a fish-like shape, and lost all connection with the land.

The whale is like the seal, which, scientists think, was originally a bear

which has been crowded off the continent somewhat more recently than the whale, and which never comes back to the land except once a year to raise its young. Some of the seals do not come to land even to breed. In order to avoid the dangers of the shore, they give birth to their young on cakes of floating ice off in the sea. The seal still has four legs, but in the fur seal the hind legs have grown permanently out behind, one on each side of the stump-like tail, and serve as a swimming or diving organ. But it has almost lost its powers of land locomotion. The seal is perfectly at home in the water, but it can merely flounder or wriggle about on land.

The whale has lost its hind legs, and its front legs have been modified into flippers for swimming, but having the same parts and bones as our own arms—humerus, ulna and radius, carpal bones, and five series of finger bones at the end. The tail has become the great driving organ in the whale. The hind legs have hence been rendered useless, and have gone out of existence. No external remnants of hind limbs exist in whales. But internally, in the place where hind limbs would naturally be if it had any, are found two bones. They are the ruins of hind limbs. In the skeletons of the whale in museums, these bones are usually seen hanging down by two wires from the backbone in the place where hind limbs belong.

Hair is a hindrance to an animal occupied in driving itself through the water, at least it seems to have been so in the case of the whale. And the whale has lost its hairy covering. It has only a few bristles about the mouth remaining. A species of whale has recently been found in the south Pacific which has a considerable growth of hair under its chin. It is bald, but has "whiskers."

10. The "Toothless" Whales.

Some whales have teeth and chew their food. They are called the *toothed* whales. Others are toothless and swallow their food whole. These latter are called *whale-bone* whales, because it is from them that the so-called "whale-bone" of commerce is obtained—or *was* obtained before we killed off the whales and had

to go to making "whale-bone" out of feathers. The "whale-bone" is in the mouth of the whale, arranged in the form of a sieve or colander. It is a device of the whale for catching its food. The whale has a capacious mouth. And it takes in a large amount of water, together with the small fishes and other animals inhabiting it. It allows the water to strain through the colander, and the fishes are caught and swallowed.

These whales are called "toothless." But in under the gums are rudimentary teeth, which they never use—indicating that the "toothless" whales once had teeth and chewed their food like the toothed whales today. But they went into the colander business and got to swallowing their food without chewing it. The teeth went out of use, and have now almost, but not quite, gone out of existence.

The sea-cow has rudimentary nails on its flippers.

11. The Lizard-Bird.

Another animal of much interest from the standpoint of evolution is the bird. The bird is a feathered animal. Instead of hair and scales, its body is covered with that most wonderful of skin creations, the *feather*. For a long time it was a problem where birds had come from. They seemed to stand off alone, without any intermediate forms connecting them with any other group of animals.

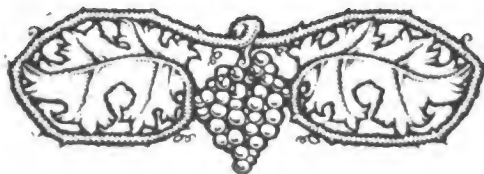
But in 1861 there was found in the slate quarries of Bavaria the fossil remains of an animal which solved the problem of the relationship of the birds. And since the finding of this fossil scientists have never had any doubt that birds have come from lizards. Another fossil of the same

animal was found a few years later. One of these fossils is now in the Berlin Museum and the other is in the British Museum. The animal was a bird, because it had feathers. It has been called the *Archeopteryx*, which means "ancient bird." It was about the size of a crow. It was about as perfect a connecting link between lizards and birds as could be formed by taking a lizard and a bird and mixing them. Its bird characteristics were its feathers, its general bird shape, and its wings. But it had teeth, like the lizard, and a long vertebrated tail, with a pair of feathers extending from each vertebra. It had three fingers in its wing, all of them entirely free, and each ending in a claw, as in lizards. (There is one modern bird that still has claws on its wings—the hoazin of South America.) Its feet and legs and fingers were covered with scales. The principal feathers of the wing, instead of extending from the fingers, as in modern birds, were attached to the forearm (the ulna-radius region of the wing), and corresponded to the secondaries of living birds. It was the first rough-draft of a bird.

In the modern bird's wing there are two fingers and a vestige of a third—the "thumb." The main or primary feathers of the bird's wing are attached to the first and second fingers. The "thumb" is vestigial. It supports a small bunch of four or five feathers, called the "bastard wing." The three fingers of the modern bird's wing correspond to the three fingers (or toes) of *Archeopteryx*—only in the modern birds one finger ("thumb") has become vestigial.

The rudimentary hind toe in certain birds is also vestigial, never touching the ground.

(To be continued)





THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

By EUGENE V. DEBS

ON A speaking tour in the middle and eastern states some time ago I was given the benefit of a line of free advertising from a new and unexpected source. It had all been prearranged and covered practically every point on the trip.

This advertising consisted of a hand-bill, placed on every doorstep the night before my arrival, warning the people against me as an infidel, the friend and defender of Gorky (who was denounced in the same circular as a moral leper), the champion of free love and the enemy of religion, morality and Christian life. In short, I was pictured as a monster going from place to place corrupting the morals of the people, undermining the fabric of society, blaspheming the church, reviling religion, breaking up the home,

destroying the family, and sowing the seed of violent and bloody revolution.

This hand-bill was signed, THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

It did not bear the union label.

In some places it was supplemented by a half-page advertisement in a local paper containing substantially the same matter. At several points it was still further supplemented by the priest's warning to the faithful, issued from the pulpit, to beware, as they valued their souls, of the Socialist free-lover and home-destroyer who was about to invade the city.

Of course the effect was exactly opposite that intended. Curiosity to see the monster was aroused and could not be resisted. Instead of empty chairs the house was crowded at every point.

The experiment was abandoned as sud-

denly as it was undertaken. Never since have my lectures been openly advertised by the Knights of Columbus. I am still the recipient of their knightly religious and moral attention, but covertly and in the dark, and no longer by public advertisement.

On the same trip a workingman who was at the same time a Catholic and a Socialist asked me to account for the venomous hostility of the Knights of Columbus to the Socialist movement. I did not, in answering, attack or denounce the Knights of Columbus. I shall not do so now. I did, however, put a series of questions to my questioner and let him answer them for himself, with the result that he now understands as clearly as do all well-informed Socialists, as well as all well-informed Knights of Columbus, just why the Knights of Columbus, ostensibly a social and mutual benefit association, has vaulted into the arena as the special champion of the church and religion against the alleged onslaughts of the Socialist movement.

I have had occasion to observe closely and study carefully this organization, its backers and promoters, as well as its purpose, its policy and its tactics; I have been on the trail of its agents and emissaries and could easily, were I so disposed, convict some of its leading lights of personal falsehood and slander, but I have no time for that. If they find it necessary to hurt me and help themselves in that way it is only because the truth will not serve them and I am satisfied with the compliment and willing to let it pass.

I am not going to descend to the level the Knights of Columbus found it necessary to do when it spread the report broadcast that I was a monster of meanness and depravity at a time and under circumstances when I had little or no chance to be heard in my own behalf. I am willing that it shall exhaust its entire capacity in the attempt to discredit Socialists and destroy Socialism, but I insist that it shall fly its true colors and be known to the working people for exactly what it is in its relentless warfare upon their revolutionary movement.

The vast majority of the Knights of Columbus are honest, but their minds have been methodically poisoned against

Socialism. Of their own knowledge they know, and are permitted to know, little or nothing about Socialism. They have taken the word of their "superiors" for it and hence regard Socialism as an unclean, hateful thing to be resisted as religiously as if it were led by the devil himself.

To these misinformed and misguided Catholic workingmen I wish to admit in all candor that the Knights of Columbus has a sound reason and a well-defined purpose in fighting Socialism, but that it is not because Socialism is a menace to religion, or morality, or the church, or the family, or the home. That is but the pretext, the excuse behind which lurk in the dark shadow the *real reason, the true purpose* for arousing hatred against Socialists and inciting bitter opposition to the Socialist movement.

The enemies of the human race have always persecuted reformers and resisted progress in the name of religion. The scribes and pharisees (whom He denounced as hypocrites) and who conspired to have Him crucified, accused Jesus Christ of "spreading a false religion," the same charge the Knights of Columbus are repeating today in their warfare on Socialism.

But it was not on account of His alleged attack on religion, but on account of His real attack on the robbery of the poor by the rich that He was branded as a blasphemer and crucified as a convict.

"Religion" was the excuse, the subterfuge of the money-changers, the shysters, the grinders of the poor then as it is today, to discredit the man and crush the movement that threaten the system in which the workers are robbed, impoverished and brutalized by the master class.

When Mark Hanna extolled the virtues of the Catholic church and declared it to be the bulwark of the future it was not because he had a particle of use for the Catholic religion, but because as a captain of industry he had a keen eye for the possibilities of the Knights of Columbus.

If the members of the Knights of Columbus, the rank and file, the common herd as they are known in "upper class" circles, will persist in having the following questions truthfully answered by those of their leaders and preceptors who

are in position to know the truth, they will no longer be deceived by their professed religious advisers and spiritual saviors, but they will understand the real reason, the sole and only reason, why their association is so desperately opposed to Socialism:

First. Did Mark Hanna, E. H. Harri-man, John D. Rockefeller, John Pierpont Morgan, Sr., Andrew Carnegie, August Belmont, James J. Hill and other Wall street magnates and captains of industry, all Protestants, contribute financially in support of the Knights of Columbus, and to what extent?

Second. By whom were the bulk of the funds furnished for the building of the palatial K. of C. club houses which sprang up spontaneously all over the United States?

Third. How many millions of dollars is the Catholic Archbishop Ireland, boon companion of James J. Hill, the Protestant promoter, worth, and how did he acquire his great fortune?

Fourth. What interest has Wall street in building up and patronizing the Knights of Columbus?

Fifth. How does it happen that every plutocrat, every labor exploiter, every enemy of union labor, every grinder of the faces of the poor, every devourer of widows' houses and every corrupt politician in the land is a friend of the Knights of Columbus and a foe of the Socialist movement?

Sixth. What interests have Protestant capitalists in the "religion" of Catholic wage-slaves?

Seventh. Who pays the salaries and expenses of the gentlemen who travel over the country under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus to defame Socialists and warn the faithful against the Socialist movement?

Eighth. How does it happen that the great capitalist newspapers, owned by Protestants, are so extremely friendly to the Catholic Knights of Columbus that they give columns and columns of space to the attacks made by its speakers upon Socialists and Socialism, and laud them to the skies editorially, while at the same time they either ignore the great meetings held by Socialists or deliberately misquote and malign Socialist speakers?

Ninth. Do you not think it strange

that the rich who live out of your labor, who look down upon you as the low, vulgar and ignorant herd; who never associate with you or have anything in common with you, are so painfully concerned about your "religion," your "morals," and your "spiritual salvation"?

Tenth. Does it not seem a trifle unusual that the rich and respectable "upper class," who look down upon you as the "lower class"—the great majority of whom have no homes you can call your own—are so bitterly hostile to Socialism because it will break up your homes?

Eleventh. Can you account for the Knights of Columbus receiving large contributions of funds from Protestant gentlemen who, according to the Catholic religion, are heretics and therefore doomed to damnation?

Twelfth. Do you know of any Jew, outside of the Knights of Columbus, who turned Catholic from the sole desire to save the souls of the working class from Socialism and damnation?

Thirteenth. Can you think of any possible reason why Socialists, who are human beings like yourselves, would want to destroy your homes, and what they would have to gain by breaking up your families (those of you who have any), and sending your souls to purgatory?

Fourteenth. Have you ever paused to take notice that those who are so profoundly interested in having you lay up treasures in heaven have swiped about all the treasures on earth?

Fifteenth. Does it not strike you as rather remarkable that the rich war lords who declare war and have millions of you workers, Catholics and Protestants, Jews and Gentiles, white and black, fall upon and cut one another's throats—does it not seem at least a bit strange that these eminent gentlemen, all of them friends of the Knights of Columbus and all of them enemies of Socialism, should be so fearful that you workers may not get to heaven—soon enough?

Sooner or later the Catholic working-men will know the truth and when they do they will line up, as thousands of them have already done, with all other workingmen in the Socialist movement, the movement of the working class in the world-wide conflict for the destruction of wage-slavery and the emancipation of the workers of the world.

THE REWARD OF THE MINERS

By

MARY R. ALSPAUGH



TODAY the United Mine Workers of Colorado are starving in the golden West—in the “land of opportunity.” There is no bread to give the children. We have not even prison fare—not so much as bread and water. We have only water.

It is cold. The snow in my door-yard is hip-deep. We go about on skis. Last Saturday the last shred of strike relief was cut off; and only scabs and Christians are able to get work at the mines. We were left without one day's food ahead of us.

O, you United Mine Workers of America, who go into towns and call strikes and break up Socialist Locals! Is this the best you can do for your comrades who, for more than fourteen months, faced hot lead and cold steel—who kept their children out all night in

winter storms and in holes in the ground—who had their tents burned over their heads and their children cremated before their eyes in the interest of a common cause—your cause as well as ours! Is this really the best you can do by us or have you just naturally lost interest in us now that we are no longer necessary to carry on a strike? Is starvation for our children the reward you offer us for having fought a good fight? Or has your whole fund gone to pay officers' salaries?

We are curious about this, and we feel peeved. We should like to know just how our organization regards us. And we more or less respectfully make the suggestion that when a labor union is no longer able to take care of its strike victims until they can get their bearings, it might be advisable to cast about a bit in search of more progressive, up-to-date

and effectual methods of gaining our point than those now employed.

Truly, we are "The rear guard of a forlorn hope." We fight always a losing fight. We employ seventeenth century methods. When have we won a strike in recent years?

The United Mine Workers of America is afflicted with the creeping paralysis and another year will see it relegated to oblivion. There are many United Mine Workers in Colorado who will hesitate a long time before repeating the experience of 1913-1914, with only starvation awaiting them at the finish. Craft unionism has just about lost its lure for the majority of us, and one hears much talk of industrial unionism these days.

Notice the demoralized condition of the Socialist movement and the Socialist vote in every district where the craft unions have conducted a strike. The Socialist Press and the Socialist purse have ever been open to the strikers' cause since I have known of the organization. The union and the Socialists have fought as one man for the cause of labor, and always where the Socialists chanced to be in power they gave the strikers their undivided support. The Socialists are the only friends that labor has, and yet when election time has come the strikers have joined forces with the business element, the church people and the scabs—all of whom had literally stood over them day and night with drawn guns—and fought the Socialists with all the fury of beasts.

I am writing from Oak Creek, Routt County. Four miles east of this town, on the railroad, there is a little settlement called Phippsburg. It is the property of one of the coal companies operating here and persons employed at the mine live at Phippsburg. During the recent strike this town was, of course, occupied exclusively by scabs. Last fall's election returns showed that there were more Socialist votes cast in Phippsburg than in Oak Creek, although it is a smaller town and has fewer inhabitants.

We fight the boss industrially and support him politically. What operator could ask more of union people! Who ever heard of the boss voting the workers' ticket! What influence is brought to bear upon union people to cause them to act in this manner? There is a cunning

and a craftiness at the bottom of it all so fine and so finished that it compels admiration. And the pity of it all is that our people stubbornly refuse to see it or to use their own heads, but seem to have a vague idea that some time, some how, some one is going to do something for them.

In this connection one cannot refrain from thinking of Father Peter Dietz and the Catholic Church working through the A. F. of L. Of course if the A. F. of L. is controlled by an agency that is bitterly opposed to all forms of industrial and political progress we can hardly expect results to be other than they are. Personally, I have never been able to understand why a priest of any church should be allowed to sit in a labor hall. It is absurd. Verily our heads *are* "solid ivory" and twenty-five years from now people will be digging them up and using them for billiard balls and saying what a useful race of people inhabited this world in the dark ages.

And, in the mean time, please remember that we are starving. When I was a child I was taught that "whatever is, is right." So perhaps after all it is right that we *should* starve, for it means that John D. will have more to give for charity, and charity, you know, covereth a multitude of sins. The ship that carried the Rockefeller gifts of food to the stricken Belgians was wrongly named. It should have been called "The Ludlow," in commemoration of a deed that enabled John D. to give vast sums of money to charity.

If the Socialist movement harbored a man like John D. Rockefeller it would be the scorn of honest men and women everywhere, and it ought to be. Better that we should bury our children tomorrow than have them sit in Sunday-school and take council of the human hyenas acting as teachers there. But to a powerful strike-breaking agency John D. is a fitting ornament, and perhaps we should not criticise the organization for its acquisition. Rather we should feel flattered that he would scorn to become a member of our movement.

During the strike no one who valued their good name would attend church for fear of being considered a scab. The gunmen were dubbed "Boy Scouts," and the

Chamber of Commerce, "The Thugs' Alliance." Last spring one of the churches here celebrated Lincoln's birthday. This was regarded as a huge joke, and some one said, "Would not Lincoln turn over in his grave if he knew the scabs were celebrating his birthday?"

Yet despite all this, when it came time to nominate a town ticket the union people united with the Christians and business people to elect the bosses' ticket. They called it (unofficially) a United Mine Workers' ticket. Of the five candidates on the ticket three were business people, two were United Mine Workers. It would have gone through smooth as clock-work but for the fact that a mere handful of loyal Socialists, who were union people as well, had raised a horrible roar about it, and that one of the "United Mine Workers" was employed as a strike breaker before he was sworn into office. I think this was a little disconcerting to some of the union people who had called the Socialists scabs for opposing the ticket, but the enemies of humanity were equal to the occasion and played their trump card with a skill that I have never seen equaled anywhere. To the union people they said:

"Now all this is the fault of the Socialists. If the pesky Socialists had not been so all-fired contrary and so set in their ways it never would have happened. If they had been just a little bit reasonable we'd have had a Socialist ticket with one or two popular non-Socialists on it and everything would have been lovely. You can only thank them for this result." And the rank and file took it up with parrot-like intonation and sent it down the line with the speed of chain lighting: "The Socialists; they did it."

The streets were hardly wide enough for Socialists and union people to walk in at the same time. Somewhere there was a mailed fist pulling wires with a dexterity and skill that comes only of long practice. And when the fist moved, our people danced.

In all this disgraceful piece of political cunning there was no more prominent nor active figure than the school principal, formerly a minister, who occasionally conducted funeral services. I believe conditions here are typical of conditions in the labor movement all over the country and it behooves us to wake up and use what little gray matter we possess.

RULES AND THE GAME IN WEST VIRGINIA

THERE are some people simple-minded enough to imagine that in their fight to keep the workers in subjection the capitalist class is going to adhere to LEGAL conduct. They fondly hope the class that robs us on Saturday night is going to play square at the ballot box and permit us to elect our comrades and seat them in office according to the rules of the game.

But the capitalist class is not going to permit us to take anything anywhere, to gain any offices, to conquer any counties or states unless **THEY ARE FIRMLY CONVINCED THAT WE HAVE THE POWER BACK OF OUR VOTE TO MAKE IT STICK.**

We want you to read the following quotations from a letter we have received from Local Star City, West Virginia,

Socialist Party. And then we want you to think over what the National Socialist Party is going to do if we are nationally disfranchised (illegally) as our comrades have been in Star City.

Are we going to calmly sit down and fold our hands and say, "Well, goodness gracious! It is all off with the revolution now!" when the capitalists refuse to seat our elected officials? If we are, we may be certain sure that the master class is going to do that very thing. They will merely throw out the socialist votes and seat their own tools. And unless we have some way of fighting back we are going to be absolutely helpless. What shall we do about it?

From Local Star Resolution:

"The overwhelming power of concentrated capital has been massed against

Local Star City S. P., and is trying to stamp out of existence the little band of revolutionary socialists banded together under the glorious crimson banner of Socialism. Whereas, the Court of Monongalia County, W. Va., has disfranchised the socialist voters by deciding that the duly elected socialist mayor, John F. Higgins, is ineligible to serve, we feel that the attack is not only on the Star City Local and the socialist voters, but that it threatens the very existence of our National Party, and is also a direct blow at the fiat of the ballot and the principle of political democracy. If this case stands the expressed will of the people as recorded at the polls will be null and void; and

"Whereas, the Russianized State of West Virginia was the first to try strikers at a military drum-head and has always been quick to set aside the law of Habeas Corpus, we believe that this latest move is but the beginning of a capitalist scheme to set aside the will of the people in elections all over the U. S.,

"Be it resolved, that the S. P. of Star City, W. Va., do hereby call upon the S. P. of the U. S. for moral support in our fight for justice. Attacked as we are on every side by corrupt capitalist powers, we call upon our comrades in the

U. S. and the world to uphold us in this fight against those who would rob us of our last political right—the ballot."

Recording Secretary Stansberry was instructed to send copies of these resolutions to the S. P. officials and papers. The resolution closes with these words:

"We earnestly solicit the advice and moral support of our national officers and the National Executive Committee and the fearless party press."

The Class Struggle is *war* and the capitalist class believes that all is fair in war as well as in peace. They are not going to tamely sit down and permit the workers to take the control of industry. We believe they will pay their soldiers to fight till the last ditch if need be. What we need is, not street barricades, nor guns, but a compact, wide-spread, ever growing working class UNION on the economic field that will enable us to paralyze industry and establish our victories.

The only way we can make an election stick is to have the industrial strength back of us to ENFORCE them.

Later—We have received word from Comrade Higgins that the State Supreme Court of Appeals has upheld the decision of Judge Sturgiss. Harold W. Houston is fighting the case for the socialists.

THE IMPENDING CONFLICT

By SCOTT NEARING

THE student will search in vain through the annals of economic history for a situation more fraught with destructive possibilities than those now confronting the American people. The recipients of property income (derived from property ownership) and of service income (paid for the expenditure of effort) face each other and prepare for the conflict. Those who have put forth the effort declare their right to the products of that effort. Those who own property hold fast to their property and to the prerogatives which are inseparable from it.

Law, custom, and business practice have made property income a first charge on industry. There can be no considerable readjustment of income values until

the preeminent position of property is overbalanced by some social action.

The present tendency should greatly increase the total amount of property income and the proportion of property income paid with each passing decade. Land values should continue to rise as population grows denser, demand for land increases, and methods of using land are perfected. The returns to capital (the interest rate) show every indication of advancing. It certainly will not decrease in the near future.

Meanwhile the immortalization of capital proceeds apace. The day when capital could be easily dissipated has passed away. Accounting systems, insurance devices, depreciation funds, boards of directors, and trusteeships conserve capi-

tal, reduce risks, distribute dangers, and in general, provide against misadventures for which interest, at least in part, is supposed to be a recompense. When once created, capital does not disappear. Instead, every conceivable method has been devised to perpetuate it. It may even add to itself, as it frequently does, when earnings, instead of being used for the payment of dividends, are reinvested and turned directly into new capital.

The workers, meanwhile, are living, for the most part, a hand-to-mouth existence, successful if they are able to maintain health and keep up appearances. Against the value of the products which their energy creates, is charged the property incomes for which the labor of someone must pay. Today the producers of wealth are saddled with an enormous property income charge, which increases with each passing year—increases far faster than the increase in the population—and which, from its very nature, cannot be reduced, but must be constantly augmented.

Were there no protest from the producers of wealth, the future for capital would indeed be a bright one. With increasing stability, increasing safety, decreasing risks, an increasing interest rate, and increasing land values, the property owners might face a future of unalloyed hopefulness.

Fortunately, no such situation exists. On the contrary, there is every indication that, with the passing years, the producers of wealth will file a protest of ever increasing volume against an economic system which automatically gives to those who already have.

While the spirit of protest grows in intensity, the form remains a matter which future years alone may determine. An appeal to the available facts leads to the conclusion that the most effective protest the producers can make will be based on a clear recognition of the distinction between service income and property income. Shall the economic world decide that only those who expend effort shall share in the wealth which is the result of that effort? Shall the economic world decide that each person expending effort is entitled to all the value for which his effort is responsible—no more and no less? Shall the economic

world set its stamp of approval on effort, and its stamp of disapproval on parasitism, by turning the income from activity into the hands of workers, and denying income to all others? Has the time arrived when a few may no longer live in idleness upon the products created by those who give their lives to labor? Shall not the social blessing be bestowed upon those who labor and the social curse be hurled upon the idler and the wastrel? Lo! these many years has mankind looked forward to a day when economic justice could prevail. Is not this the day and this new century the seed-ground for this new idea?

Who shall say? Who but those who carry the burden of production, and are bound by the bonds of economic necessity to the tread-mill of toil?

Could the remainder of the world view life as the worker is forced to view it, could the favored few look upon life through the same medium of discipline and stern necessity which surrounds the worker, there would be but one answer. Few, indeed, are they who are sincerely convinced that justice is fulfilled where the many labor and the few enjoy. Few, even among that favored few, can face the facts unmoved.

During these dawning years of the twentieth century, where so many questions have been answered, in part, and where so many issues have been raised and laid to rest again, men and women innumerable in every walk of life have awakened to a new realization of the realities of life. Great and small, they have been turned aside from the false gods of their youthful training to a better understanding of their obligations to mankind, chief among which stands the obligation of creating an economic world in which he who expends effort shall be rewarded, while he who is unwilling to enter the workshop of life shall receive but the barest subsistence which will hold life intact. What other message save this one can the producers of wealth dispatch to the recipients of property income? The human race must finally learn "the immorality and practical inexpedience of seeking to acquire wealth by winning it from another rather than by earning it by some sort of service to one's fellow men."—University of Pennsylvania.



THE COCOANUT IN THE PHILIPPINES

By MARION WRIGHT

THE poor of the human race—and they are many, indeed—would indeed be left to the yellow fangs of famine if the palm tree should become extinct. There are hundreds of varieties of palms, and all of them are useful in a way that may be utilized by the poor. We may class dates and pineapples as luxuries coming from the palm tree, but the cocoanut is a dire necessity—it is the staff of life to millions.

Medical men will tell you that if the druggist were to banish from his shelves all the medicines derived from coal tar and opium the corner drug store would be practically empty except for the "side issues" carried to be sold. Similarly, if the cocoanut and its products were banished from the Philippines, the home of the native would be stripped clean. He would have no roof over his head; no mat under his feet; no cup for his drink—in fact, no drink—and his bill of fare would be restricted to rice and fish. The cocoanut is the most valuable tree in the world, supporting as it does many millions of human beings in all tropical countries besides the uses to which its products are put by the people of civilized countries.

Every child has seen pictures of the royal cocoanut palm and has wondered at the big brown nuts piled up at the

corner grocery, but how many, even among the grownups, know anything worth while about the nut—where and how it grows, and the manifold uses to which the tree and its products may be adapted for the well being of mankind? One of the greatest cocoanut countries in the world belongs to the United States, the Philippines.

Already the American capitalist is grabbing up the rich lands adapted to the growth of the nut and pushing the native with his few trees into the background. Before many years—just as the rich sugar lands were taken from the Hawaiians—no Filipino of the working class will own a tree, but he will tend the trees of the capitalist and receive enough fruit for his labor to enable him to exist.

Cocoanut trees begin to bear from seven to ten years after planting and continue to bear indefinitely. Groves known to be more than one hundred and fifty years old are still producing. Thus the expense to the exploiter of these lands is in maintaining the grove for seven years and then the profits begin to roll in and the profits never cease during his lifetime or that of his grandchildren.

There is no harvest season in the tropics. The trees bear all the time and the nuts are gathered every three or four months. Nimble naked men scamper up

the long trunks with knives in their teeth and cut the nuts from the tree. The nuts are sent to market by sled, cart or packhorse, and sometimes are made into big rafts along a river and floated down to the sea.

To begin at the top of the tree, the native uses the leaves to roof his hut and obtains fibre from the stems to make hats, baskets, brooms and mats. When the tree begins to flower he taps the blossoms and obtains a sap called *tuba* from which he distils cocoa wine and another intoxicating drink. This gathering of the sap destroys the nut, but as there have been plenty of trees the native finds enough for both his drink and his food.

From the matured nut the Filipino drinks the rich milk and eats the soft white meat, both excellent articles of food. And let it be recorded here that a cocoanut just off the tree is vastly different in quality from the dried specimen you pay a dime for at home. The milk of the fresh nut is thicker and sweeter and the meat is much thicker and softer and more palatable than that obtained

from the nut after it has been shipped across the sea and stored for months in warehouses. From the *coir*, a tough fibrous jacket two or three inches thick which covers the nut, matting and cordage is made. And the shell is made into cups, ladles, bowls, spoons and useful articles of every description.

The white man gets far more out of the cocoanut than does the native. He converts the milk into fine vinegar; produces excellent charcoal by burning the shell; manufactures brushes, brooms, caulking and cordage from the fiber, and makes his big profit from the copra, or dried meat.

In the manufacture of copra the nuts are husked and cut in halves and dried in the sun until the meat can be easily removed. This dried meat is then sacked like potatoes and sent to market. It gives off a very offensive, oily odor, and anyone familiar with the San Francisco water front knows the smell of a copra ship. The copra is sent chiefly to France and San Francisco. The French city of Marseilles has many factories for extract-



COCOANUT PALMS.

ing the oil from the copra and refining it into various bases to be used in making fine soaps, face creams and proprietary articles. A great deal of the oil is shipped to Denmark, where it is converted into cocoa-butter, used extensively for medicinal purposes and also as a food.

Husking cocoanuts is an art. It has been said that a white man would starve to death in a cocoanut grove for the reason that he would be unable to get the husk off the nut. It would certainly take many hours' patient work with a strong pocket knife to overcome the tough fibers. In fact, they are hard to cut even with a heavy knife. The native cuts down a green sapling about as big as one's wrist with his bolo or head knife, drives a piece about three feet long into the ground with a club, leaving a foot exposed. He sharpens this end with his

knife and, swinging the nut above his head, brings it down hard on the pointed stake. This rips a seam in the husk and he inserts the stick again and works it around until the fiber is torn so that the nut drops out. He can then hold the nut in one hand and with one sweep of his big knife take the top off neatly without spilling the milk.

If the wonderfully rich resources of the Philippines could be socialized and its wealth of fine hard-woods, hemp, tobacco and cocoanuts utilized for all the people, each and every one of its inhabitants would be what is known in this country as "well off." Only Socialism will prevent the Filipino going the way of his Hawaiian cousin, robbed of his land and his right to make a living except on the hard terms of his plutocratic masters.

MAKING FRUIT JARS

By ORAN BURK

DOWN in Oklahoma things have been changing just as they have in the old capitalist East. In one place there is a glass fruit jar factory, where sweat shop workers are produced as a by-product and little children are taken from the schools and taught to labor.

It is interesting to visit the batch-room, where the soda ash, sand, lime, vitriol and other ingredients are mixed before being fed to the tank. You have to step carefully, the men say, for the ash soda has been known to eat a man's flesh to the bone. I saw a man last year who had worked a couple of weeks unloading soda ash. One day he worked while the wind blew the soda ash back into his face. He looked like a corpse when I saw him and did not recover for some time. These men get \$2.00 a day.

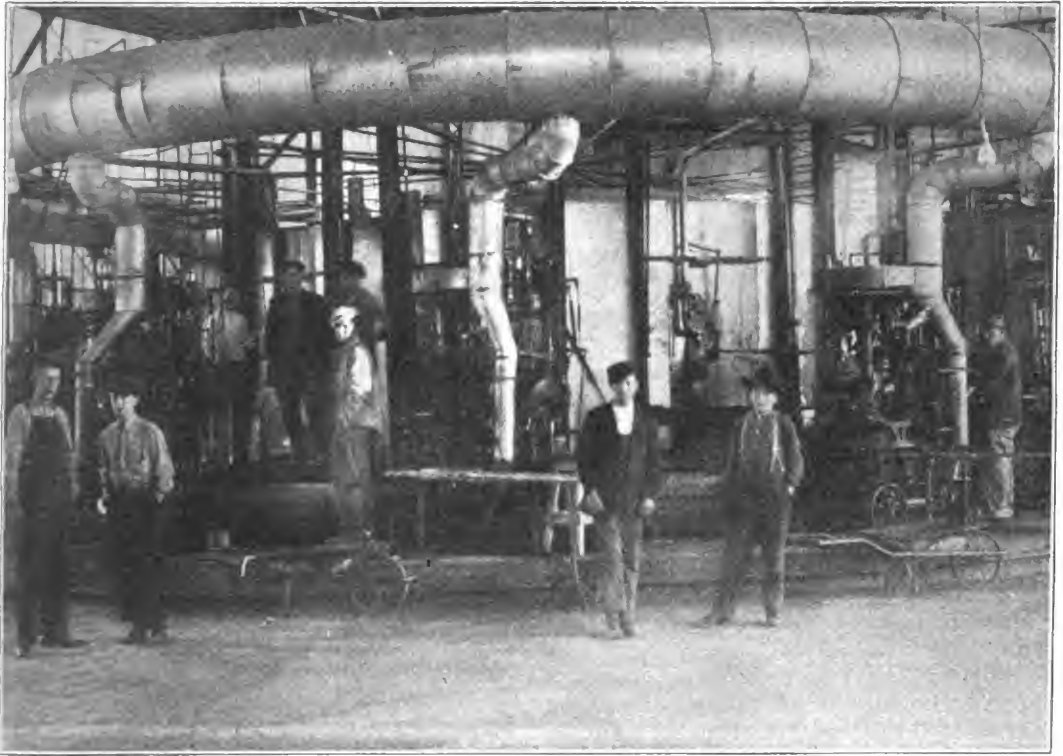
The tank into which this mixture is fed is fired by natural gas from gas wells near Sapulpa. The compound is shoveled into the tank by hand. From the tank the white hot mixture is run off into machines containing jar molds, which re-

volve automatically and perform all the work except opening and closing the molds. The molds are operated by compressed air.

A gatherer draws a lump of melted glass out of the tank through a small round hole by means of a rod with a wooden handle and a round-edged, flat knob on the other end. He drops the lump into a mold. The machines revolve this under a plunger that makes a hole in it when the machine shoves it along under a pipe that blows out the hot glass to fit the mold.

Again the machine pushes the mold to the "turn-out" boy, who opens the mold, lifts the jar out with an iron fork and deposits it on a carrying pan. As soon as the jars have partially cooled they are again transferred, by boys, to an endless chain moving table that bears them through a gas fire and out to the cooler air, thus tempering them so they will not break easily.

The gatherers are paid 18 cts. per 100 jars and the "turn-out" boys and carriers receive \$1.50 for eight hours' work.



AUTOMATIC MACHINES AND THE TENDERS.

These automatic machines never stop from 3:00 p. m. Saturday to 7:00 a. m. Monday.

The layer is run by an electric motor receiving its power from the Sapulpa plant a mile and one-half distant. One man removes the jars and three men sort them.

From the "sorters" the truckers remove the boxes packed by the sorters. These men receive 17 cts. per hour for a twelve-hour day. There are only two shifts—night and day.

The box-makers are girls. The boxes are shipped flat and joined and made up by them. They receive 3 cts. a hundred for pasting on bottoms and making the body of the boxes.

After the jars are put into the boxes, which have separate compartments for each vessel, they are sent to the capping department.

The Oklahoma law is supposed to prohibit boys and girls under sixteen from working in factories, but here, as elsewhere, the law is only used when con-

venient to the capitalist class, and evaded at other times.

The manufacturers come to Oklahoma because they can get cheaper fuel and cheaper labor power than elsewhere. Here no concern is given the working human beings, neither men, women or children. They are burned out, or burned up, just like so many feet of gas, and the market is, thus far, still unexhausted.

A system that throws men and women on the scrap heap in a few years cannot long endure, and the sooner it is overthrown the better. Year after year the working class mothers bear weaker and weaker children, until now thousands of the Southern children are dying every year from pellagra, the new Poverty Disease—the disease that comes from INSUFFICIENT nourishment, or from misproportioned rations. Doomed to early deaths are the children of the South, and doomed to be born into a world that cares only to exploit them. Meanwhile Margaret Sanger goes to jail for teaching mothers how to prevent conception.



Administration Building

THE PEOPLE'S COLLEGE

By
LESLIE H. MARCY

A SOCIALIST dream is coming true at Ft. Scott, Kansas—the dream of a working class college is becoming a reality.

The loyal comrades who are on the educational job invited the REVIEW to send some one down to see what was being done and I was fortunate in being chosen. I could write a book about the two splendid days I spent at the college, but will have to confine myself this month to a couple of pages.

From time to time you have read in the REVIEW of the splendid work the Central Labor College is doing in England, and we also know the great educational work which has been carried on by our German comrades through the Socialist Party schools. In England the College is now receiving substantial support from the powerful miners' and railwaymen's unions. In Germany, particularly in Berlin, every trade union is entitled to one student in the Party Schools. All the student's expenses are paid, and if he is a married man, his family is taken care of. The result is the party schools have turned out hundreds of trained speakers and writers, and broadened the minds of thousands of workers.

We have often dreamed of doing the same thing in this country, but it remained for our Fort Scott comrades to put the big idea to work on this side of the world. Comrade J. E. Shepard, the secretary of the college, saw the possibilities ahead along this line while conducting the Appeal Law Classes. He interested Comrade Arthur LeSueur in

the idea and soon a little group of socialists were laying plans which culminated in the People's College.

They early realized the fact that every worker has a little time and a little money with which to educate himself; but because he is tied up to a job it is necessary for the school to go to him or to her, and they began to investigate the correspondence schools throughout the country, of which they found there were over a thousand. This fact alone demonstrated the practicability of teaching by mail. They also discovered that capitalists had found many of these correspondence schools were good investments. Not only in a money-making way, but through the control of these educational schools they were able to instil into the minds of the workers the old ambition to ride on somebody else's back, at the same time developing in them a slave psychology which made them absolutely submissive to the boss when they got on the job.

Both Comrades Shepard and LeSueur were educated in the school of Hard Knocks, and therefore they recognized the necessity of beginning at the bottom by teaching reading, writing and spelling.

After looking over several hundred courses in English they could not find what was wanted and therefore they built up an English course of their own. They were fortunate in securing the services of Marian Wharton, of the University of Chicago, to work up the course, and hundreds of students are today enrolled in

the department of plain English. The price for the course, \$18.50, made in monthly payments, is within the reach of every worker; whereas other correspondence schools charge from \$40.00 to \$60.00 for a much inferior course of instruction along this line.

The law course is the result of years of experience of both Comrades Shepard and LeSueur in the practice of law. They recognize the fact that as the class struggle becomes more intense the need for workers legally trained steadily increases. There are good Socialists now behind the stone walls in various States serving long sentences because they were unable to secure the services of a competent working-class lawyer. A three years' course is given for \$97.00, payable monthly, and both Comrades Shepard and LeSueur give the papers their personal supervision. Hundreds of students are now enrolled.

A course in public speaking as well as shorthand and typewriting are also offered and the demand for courses along other lines of work will be supplied as soon as competent teachers can be secured to produce them.

I looked over hundreds of letters from young men and women who are eager to broaden their lives by securing a better education. I will quote one:

"The Peoples College, Ft. Scott, Kans.

"Dear Comrades:

"Please send me circulars containing the particulars of your college. I am one of the Socialist factory girls of this city and was obliged to quit high school and go to work to help support the family. I am anxious to get a better education so that I may be of future use to the girls of my class. Signed R. R. Ft. Wayne, Indiana."

Our comrades recognize that there are also many workers who cannot secure an education in any other way than by working their way through, so a residence college is to be established. An

option has been secured on two thousand acres of land, beautifully located in the suburbs of Fort Scott, and buildings are going up as fast as money, brains and hands co-operate.

This land contains coal, lime and clay and there will be work for hundreds of students in putting up the buildings. Vocational training will be taken up as soon as the residence college is in working order.

In the May number of the REVIEW I hope to tell you more about our college, its magazine, the People's College News, the open forums which are being organized, and of the work that is being done in establishing circulating libraries. I cannot close this article without giving you the credo of the college, which sums up the ideas and aspirations of our comrades who have taken up the big task of educating the worker while he is on the job.

WE BELIEVE

In the right of every man and woman to live and know the joy of living; to work with hand and brain and find joy in the doing; to possess in peace the fruits of their labor.

We believe in the boys and girls, the men and women of a great tomorrow and in their right to laughter, to love, to growth in full freedom and happiness.

We believe in education as the open door to life, as the foundation stone of progress, democracy, freedom.

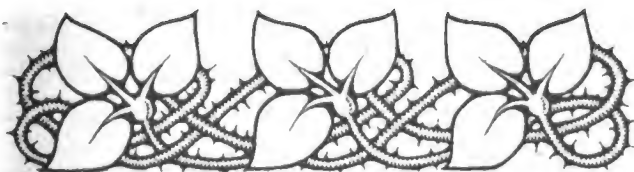
We believe in education free from bondage to superstition or tradition, free from Theocracy, Aristocracy, or Plutocracy, free to teach the TRUTH.

We believe in education whose keynote is service not profit, the education which will herald the day when there shall be no exploiter and no exploited, no master and no slave, but only free men—only one great class—the workers of the world.

We believe in the right of every man, every woman, every child to this education, which will mean equal opportunity to all, which will open the door to life, complete, free, joyous.

"TO REMAIN IGNORANT IS TO REMAIN A SLAVE."

"FOR THE EDUCATION OF THE WORKERS—BY THE WORKERS."



THE SOCIALIST PARTY AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

By FRANK BOHN

THIS is now the most discussed subject in school circles. What should the schools do toward making the child a worker, toward developing his "efficiency?" We can understand the subject only by approaching it from the point of view of the history of education and especially the history of our American public schools. It would be a very great error to conceive that educational systems have in the past been founded by ruling classes for the sole purpose of maintaining and developing their power over subject classes.

The first public schools for peasants and working people were established by the absolute monarchs of Prussia. The cause lay as much as anything else in that dogma of Protestantism that the free will required that each should read the Bible for himself. This view was emphasized more by Puritanism than by Lutheranism and led to the foundation of the public school system of New England, under the Puritanic theocracy. Yet, naturally enough, class interest has been the greatest force in the upbuilding of the public school system of America.

When the agricultural democracy established its power in the frontier states west of the Allegheny mountains, they introduced universal suffrage. For once on earth the spade and hoe took the place of sceptre and the sabre. It was the theory of the frontier that good citizenship required at least a modicum of education. When, a generation later, under the influences of the first labor movement and the Jacksonian democracy, the working class of the middle eastern states fought for political enfranchisement, they demanded free public schools as well. Even today it is the theory of the average old-fashioned bourgeois that the worker should have just enough education to make him a "good citizen." That is, he should learn to read and write and learn to remain silent in public meetings while

lawyers and politicians tell him how to vote.

The progressive bourgeois, however, has brought forth a totally new view of education. This is now being developed in detail and discussed from every angle in scores of books and magazine articles. The child should be made more "useful"—that is, useful to his employer. He should spend less time at books and more in learning how to handle tools. Girls should be taught how to cook economically, to the end that the worker's grocery bill may be kept within the limits of his weekly wage. The schools, in short, should be turned into workshops and the capitalists saved the trouble and expense of producing skilled workers through private effort.

This is the argument, open or covert, of the bourgeois advocate of extensive manual training in the schools. It has naturally followed the tremendous industrial development which has marked the past generation. The capitalists of the United States are now girding on their armor for their greatest conflict—that with Germany, England and Japan for the conquest of the open markets of the world. Our victories thus far have been won much more through the possession of colossal quantities of cheap raw material than through any large knowledge or degree of adaptability on the part of either our capitalists or workers. So our factories and offices are hungry for cheap brains—young brains from the middle class, trained in the great technical schools of our universities, and young brains from the working class, developed in the technical departments of our high schools and grammar schools.

Two Sides to Manual Training

Right here let us go slow and not be misled into hating something simply because the capitalist loves it. That is a mistake which Socialists make only too

often. I recall once discussing the matter of manual training with the head of that department in one of our most distinguished state normal schools. I was then much opposed to the increase of the manual training courses and placed the conventional Socialist and labor union argument squarely before her. The reply she made to me was something like this: "Our public arguments in this matter are purely Machiavellian. We tell the capitalists and the school boards that industry will greatly profit by manual training in the schools. The hard-headed parent of any social class likes to think that his child is learning how to work and will thus be able to make a living when he leaves the school. So we never have any difficulty in getting appropriations. But, as a matter of fact, our courses are developed for a totally different purpose. Manual training is a part of the necessary education of a child to the end that his brain may develop. You must educate the hand or the mind will lag. For instance, we teach girls how to use a hand saw and make a straight cut through a board. We don't expect them to become carpenters, but we do know that they will learn their lessons in language and arithmetic better, and in half the time, after having done manual training work."

This latter argument is undoubtedly correct. The country boy uses saw and hammer and spade and axe. It is because the city boy lacks the opportunity to apply himself to these processes that he so often lags behind physically and mentally. The use of tools is a form of delightful play for most children which should not be denied them. Of course, this work should not be conducted to the neglect of training in language and pure science. But the argument against it results largely from the fear of the skilled mechanic that he will have too many applicants for membership in his union. Let the member of the job trust not be unduly alarmed. Our manual training departments so far have not turned out many candidates for real jobs. Whether or not they do so in the future they should be retained and developed by Socialist teachers and school boards as an essential feature of modern education.

School Extension

Progressive educators are everywhere developing the movement for the use of school buildings on evenings, holidays and Sundays. Moving picture entertainments are being furnished free. Our excellent school auditoriums are being thrown open for public lectures of all kinds. The school center is being organized in many cities, the leader of which is Rochester, New York. This movement is bound to develop in every community and the Socialist party should everywhere seek to urge it forward as rapidly as possible and make it serve the ends of sound working class education. With the coming of the eight hour day, young working people will wish to continue their studies after they leave school. At present the evening courses, like the high schools and universities, are being perverted toward the production of an army of Socially worthless and largely unemployed professionals. The watchword of the new higher education in school extension work should be "education for the worker on the job." Let the unskilled proletariat be given instruction in French, German and Italian literature, in history, government and economics, in pure science and the fine arts. What nonsense for the young boiler-maker to go to a night school and employ his free time in learning to make more and better boilers when he should be reading Plato's Republic and learning to play the violin.

This thought suggests the ultimate of our Socialist attitude toward education. "EDUCATION IS NOT A PREPARATION FOR LIFE; EDUCATION IS LIFE ITSELF." AS the time allotted to labor grows less and less and thus the time for leisure increases, our schools will grow and grow and grow. Municipal theaters, gymnasias, playgrounds, bath-houses, music halls and art galleries will eventually be placed under the direction of school committees. Everybody will be going to school throughout life.

Only with such an ideal of public education can a Socialist school teacher or board member today perform his full duty to the working class.

THE LOVE STORY OF THE TAPE WORM

By WILHELM BOELSCHÉ

Being an Extract of "*Liebesleben in der Natur*" Translated by Rheanives Dredenov

THE tapeworm is a most troublesome fellow if he happens to be an inhabitant of our bowels. He is one of the worst parasites of our body, which, together with his field of action in the intestines gives him the character of loathsomeness.

However, from the standpoint of the naturalist, the tapeworm is one of the most interesting creatures, and little less than a wonder. There are three different species, one becomes ten feet long, the other one twenty-five feet, while the longest one attains a length of about forty feet. Their way of propagation is also somewhat variant. In order to take away some of the repulsiveness of our friend, just think that from his viewpoint you have not "missed your calling," but that you have yielded to him a home-stead in your intestines. So as long as it is a question of your tapeworm there should be for you less distastefulness about it. Like everything alive, the tapeworm must live before he loves. Now let us see how he gets his living.

Imagine you are in a chemical factory, where the work is going on at full capacity. There are laboratories where the material is being analyzed, formed and shifted. The raw material, right after coming through the entrance of the factory, passes first through a mill, where it is cut and crushed and ground; at the same time it is thoroughly mixed with a liquid and shifted down through an elevator into a large storage room (your stomach). Here the chemicals are more or less prepared for further elaboration and the material is transported further down through an elevator into other galleries.

Large retorts are working here, where the chemicals are sifted, separated, analyzed and transformed. The worth-

less part is taken aside and thrown into a deep shaft. The remainder is being transformed and distilled until it is absorbed by ingenious pumps in the main pipe line of the establishment as purest extract. In this extensive pipe line system circulates a wonderful red fluid in fixed rhythm.

This fluid is your blood. Through the chemical and mechanical work in the laboratories of the bowels the food has been distilled into pure nutritive extract. This extract joins the circulation of the blood, where it fulfills its purpose as fuel and motor force in the larger engineering establishment, of which the bowels form only a part. But the most astounding part of this factory is that it seems to run entirely automatically, not even light is required.

In this large factory the tapeworm has smuggled himself. Like a small competitor he has clandestinely connected his little motor with the powerful engine of the factory. He whistles at the old saying that he who does not work shall not eat, and represents an ideal type of workless parasitism. Everything is done for him. He does not even take up the food with his mouth—in fact he has none. As the human intestinal system prepares the food extract for him, he lacks also stomach and bowels, and absorbs everything he needs through the surface of his body. In many cases the blind passenger is never noticed. Only occasionally does it occur that the manager (brain) of some factory finds out a mysterious deficit in the balance between the supply of raw material and the actual benefit in blood strength, so his presence is traced by figures. In the meantime, vigorous and well-fed and free of all sorrows, the tapeworm undertakes with matchless energy the fulfillment of the mission of his life through love.

Here is a description as to what a tapeworm looks like: First, the so-called head, with a kind of a hook, by means of which he gets a firm hold, and the sucking cups, which are usually taken for eyes. Then comes an endless chain of so-called links, which only gives to the whole combination the appearance of a worm. These links are smaller near the head, while they grow larger and wider towards the end; they are pretty loosely connected and detach themselves very easily.

Now let us scrutinize this "worm" with a scientific eye. What is supposed to be the head and neck is already a complete outgrown tapeworm, a true type of the class of the so-called "flat worms." In the system of the worm family these stand much below their well-known representatives, namely, the rain worm and the leech. The tapeworm shows a tiny beginning of a brain and a concentrated system of nerves; however, he is without ears and eyes. But how does the tapeworm spread? There are no sexual organs—not a trace of them.

Which means to say that your strange, unwelcome guest is neither a male nor a female, not even a hermaphrodite, who is said to have embodied both. And yet watch him. He just has had a decent meal and feels himself fit to proceed.

Right behind the apparent neck, which is in reality the rear end of the body of the whole tapeworm, starts to grow out a young creature. It grows like a bud out of a plant, without any special act to this effect, and like a bud it does not detach itself from the parent body. The connection is not even interrupted when a new bud develops between the bud and the body, it simply looks as if a new link had been added. It doesn't last long and the chain grows again, and if you happen to be a good boarding house the love energies of the tapeworm turn out to be inexhaustible. Bud after bud thrives out of the parent worm, and link by link is added to the long chain of tapeworm youngsters and seems to become endless. Instead of the one original tapeworm the chemical factory of your intestines

is lodging a huge family of them. But now comes the most interesting thing.

These worm kids which come into existence in the described way, are not like the parent worm. They have their nerves and certain remnants of organs; they absorb the food extract—in short, are so far regular tapeworms. But outside of this, they possess complete sexual organs—indeed, both male and female organs in one and the same body. Each young one generates his own sperm, which can be transferred by means of an extensible limb, and besides has an ovary provided with a sheath, behind which the eggs are lying ready. So while the original tapeworm is still busy in turning out bud after bud, his offspring are already in love with each other. However, they do not actuate their love through "budding," but do it in the superior way. Every member of this large family is male and female in the same individual.

Two neighbors form a pair and they unite in a crosswise manner so that their family tree does not die out. One fertilizes the eggs of the other and in turn offers the female to the male of the neighbor for the same purpose. Like in all hermaphroditic cases, self-fertilization seems to be the exception.

Sooner or later after due fructification the eggs are enclosed in strong shells. The number of eggs produced in such a love affair is tremendous. For instance, the "broad tapeworm" has a chain of double-sexed youngsters forty feet in length, or about four thousand in number. Each of these produces about 50,000 regular fertilized eggs, which means in all, two hundred million grandchildren of this tough crowd.

Once the eggs are ready to be shifted, the days of the second generation are counted. It is physically impossible for the chain keeps on growing indefinitely. Although the original tapeworm may remain as long as ten or fifteen years, the ends detach themselves from time to time. The members concerned, together with the waste of the chemical factory is thrown way down into a deep shaft where it is awfully dark * * * and finally leave the whole establishment. They die now and leave their eggs as the only sign of their existence.

The eggs can have different fates, but

a good number of them find their way home. Sometimes they are transported into the open field, sometimes they go down the river into the blue ocean, and another time they make a short cut into the warm stomach of a hog. The eggs that come to the field are fed occasionally to a cow between the grass or cabbage leaves. Those in the water have burst their shell and are swimming freely about and are waiting to be swallowed by a fish.

In every case the little embryo knows exactly what to do. Those still in the egg are freed by the acids of the hog's or cow's stomach. By means of their hooks they pierce the wall of the stomach and penetrate into the best part of the animal's muscle flesh. Here they throw off the hook and develop into a fat bladder of the thickness of a bean; gradually they envelope themselves in a strong shell. In this state they are commonly called bladder-worm and are seldom taken for a tapeworm in disguise.

The bladder-worm seems now to be condemned to inactivity. Being sexless, he cannot do any mischief in this direction, nor can he leave the new boarding house by his own will. But after a little while new mysterious life begins.

Out of the bladder-worm grows out like a bud, a tiny little head and neck, which is nothing else but a regular tapeworm in miniature. Some species develop hundreds and even thousands of these babes.

Now the situation is singular enough. The tapeworm kindergarten is well packed in the muscle flesh of the cow or hog or the fish. How can they get out? But they are not in a hurry and can bide their time. The day comes when the cow and hog are led to the slaughter-house and the pike goes into the net. It is easy now to imagine how the tiny babe reaches the human stomach. But if a single one should gain yours, then you'll have twins and the second edition of our love story begins.

Now, don't worry and think that one tapeworm produces two hundred million young ones. He does not seem to be increasing, and it may be said that each tapeworm creates practically only one new one which survives.

*NOTE—Chas. H. Kerr & Co. have published English translations of William Boelsche's "Evolution of Man" and "The Triumph of Life," in cloth; 50c each.

PLENTY OF JOBS!

One day last week a fat, greasy, over-fed individual, wearing those quack-doctor side whiskers that make a man look as though he were peeking through the sage-brush, sauntered into the office of the REVIEW to Let His Light Shine for a few moments.

He said there were some good things about us socialists, and that if the workmen would submit to be "guided" by men of a higher intellectual order, we might hope to persuade such men to accept office and pilot the good ships of Industry into a safe harbor.

But there was one point upon which he insisted, we would have to change our

minds. There were not enough jobs to go around in the world and there never were going to be, so it would be necessary for the socialists to inaugurate some world-wide charitable organizations if they ever hoped to "settle the world's problems." In fact, according to his view, "the broad view," the chief function of socialism ought to be "Charity work."

And this reminds us of a short communication which we received some time ago from a Chicago workingman, S. B. Davidson, entitled "Work for the Eight Hour Day." Some of the things Comrade Davidson says are so good an answer to our would-be side-whiskered

Saviour, that we are going to try to give them here. When it comes to mental illumination, Comrade Davidson's advice is like a metropolitan electric light plant set upon the top of a high hill, beside which our "charity" friend looks like a fire-fly in comparison. It goes a long way toward establishing our faith in working class ability to save the working class.

You may line up college and professional brains beside the most ordinary day laborer when it comes to solving the problems of the unemployed or shedding some light on how to abolish the wages system, and you will nearly always find our professional friends piffing away over some minor phase, while the hard-handed, rough-neck lays his finger on the cause of the trouble.

If you want to know how utterly bankrupt the capitalist class is both in brains and efficiency, you want to read what our high-browed statesmen have had to say on the problem of unemployment. One and all have almost invariably come to the conclusion that there is not enough work for everybody, and that we may as well make up our minds to facing a constantly growing Army of Unemployed.

And now comes Comrade Davidson with his suggestion:

"We can only work effectively on the political field by backing up our efforts on the industrial field. We can only work effectively on the industrial field by backing up our efforts on the political field. The two go hand in hand. Let us now give our earnest efforts to the industrial field and win for ourselves the eight-hour day. Make this our slogan: 'Not a man or woman shall be working more than eight hours a day at the close of the year 1916.'

"Some one has suggested that we co-operate with the unemployed, and we know of no better way to co-operate than **BY ABSORBING THEM IN INDUSTRY BY REDUCING OUR HOURS OF LABOR.**

"If we reduce the hours of labor of four men from ten to eight, we can give eight hours' work a day to one man who is now idle. If we reduce the hours of one hundred men from ten to eight, we can **GIVE EIGHT HOURS' WORK A**

DAY to TWENTY-FIVE MEN WHO ARE NOW IDLE.

"By the time we have reduced the hours of ten million workers from ten to EIGHT, we will have **ABSORBED TWO MILLION OF THE UNEMPLOYED.** Then our jobs will be more secure, and when we demand more wages there will be fewer idle men to take our places. Don't forget that the idle workers are the ones who set your scale of wages.

"So work for the Eight Hour Day. It will benefit you. Enough can be produced in less than eight hours a day to supply every human want. You have no need to work more than eight hours a day in order to live in comfort.

"Capitalists pay the workers just enough to keep them in working condition and to produce children to take their places when they can no longer be used at a **PROFIT** to the owners of industry. But the boss has **GOT** to give you a living while you are on the job, for when **YOU STOP, PRODUCTION ALSO STOPS.** As long as the profit system lasts you are going to get a living while you are at work, and that is about all you are going to get. If you get any more you will have to fight for it. You will have to fight to keep on getting what you receive now. Life is a constant warfare between the employers and the employed."

Did you ever hear anything like this from the great "Institutions of Learning" (?) or from our presidents or ministers or U. S. senators? Did you ever hear Jim Hill or John D. Rockefeller suggest that the way to help the working people would be to cut down the hours of labor and give work to the unemployed?

There **ARE PLENTY OF JOBS,** there is plenty of work for every human being in the world. Take the steel mills, where men labor ten or twelve hours a day seven days a week. Here is an opportunity to make **FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND GOOD JOBS OUT OF 250,000 rotten jobs** by cutting the hours of labor in **HALF** and paying out the profits that are absorbed by the idle mill owners **IN HIGHER WAGES FOR THE MEN.**

The same thing applies to the farms,

the railroads, the mines and factories all over the world. Millions of human beings NEED food, clothing and homes, and millions of men and women want to go to work to produce these things. The only thing that prevents them is the fact that the EMPLOYING CLASS ARE UNABLE TO MAKE PROFITS BY EMPLOYING SO MANY MORE WORKERS. And they prefer to let men and women starve to employing them when there are no profits to be gained for themselves.

And this is why we intend to abolish the profit system. We intend that the value of their products shall go to the

workers when the Glad Day arrives. And we are not going to MAKE UNNECESSARY work for anybody. We are going to cut down the working hours just as low as possible for everybody, and we are going to use machinery where it will do the work of men and women, so that every factory, mill, mine and shop in the world will be turning out things with as little labor and as little time as possible to supply all the needs and desires of Man.

And, as the workers will themselves own and enjoy the things they have produced, there will be no poverty for any man who wants to work.

Billie Sanger and Anthony Comstock

ANTHONY COMSTOCK'S latest antic has been to arrest Billie Sanger of New York, because he handed to a visitor a copy of a pamphlet by Mrs. Margaret Sanger on "Family Limitation." The charge is circulating obscene literature. And the trial is set for March 15.

Anthony Comstock stands unmoved before the sweated, tubercular child workers in the cotton mills. His heart is untouched at the reports of thousands of little ones who have died from the new Poverty disease, pellagra, which comes from lack of food and proper nutrition. And he arrests and sends to jail those enlightened, decent human beings who teach the mothers of these children how to avoid bringing more children into the world. What has he to say to the high-browed statesmen who say that UNEMPLOYMENT has come to stay? What assurance does he offer these enforced mothers of the working class that their children shall have wholesome food, homes, education and opportunity?

A hundred years from now people will write about Billie Sanger and Margaret Sanger and they will be remembered for the things they have done and the sufferings they have endured to spread a little knowledge in a benighted land that suffers from Anthony Comstocks, a little

knowledge that means the saving of thousands of lives from a society that neither cares for nor desires them.

And Anthony Comstock? What will the future say about him? Perhaps some playwright, ambitious to faithfully portray the ignorance of our time, will resurrect him for the youth to laugh over and marvel on—the Genie who touched the purest, the most beautiful things in life into vileness with the magic of his evil vision and who hounded the trail blazers of progress into prison.

In Holland, Belgium, France and England books on the Limitation of Offspring are legally distributed to all young folks who are about to be married. The London "Malthusian" carries a standing advertisement offering to send FREE information on Hygienic Methods of Family Limitation.

Help to free Margaret and Billie Sanger. Send your donations to the Free Speech League, care of Leonard D. Abbott, 241 East 201st street, New York, N. Y. They, and other pioneers like them, must be free to carry the fight into the camp of the enemy. We must be free to spread the light of Knowledge among the working class. This fight may decide the issue—and it is YOUR FIGHT.

To Repeal the Full Crew Laws

By W. B. MILLER

SOCIALISTS and organized labor should not overlook the movement lately instituted by an association of railroads of the states of Pennsylvania and New Jersey to have the Full Crews Laws of these two states repealed. Twenty odd railroads of these states have banded themselves together for this purpose, which is probably the initial act in a general movement against the few laws of this country which are in any way favorable to the workers. Beside the advertisements in the newspapers, etc., they have issued circulars which they have distributed among their employees requesting them to petition the Senate and House of Representatives of these two states to repeal the Full Crew Laws.

They have even furnished their employees with letters addressed to the House and Senate ready for their signatures asking them to show these letters to all employees, except trainmen, and give them an opportunity to sign them. Of course the trainmen would not sign it and might dissuade others from doing so, hence it is not good policy that they should see it. They have been able to get a few signatures from various sources, but the railroaders, except some section men and a few others, have not fallen for it.

The railroads probably figure that if they can entice the other railroad organizations to use their influence toward having this law repealed it will help to revive the fastly disappearing antagonism among the various railroad unions.

The Full Crew Law calls for an extra trainman on all freight trains of thirty or more cars and on passenger trains of five or more cars.

These railroads assert that instead of making for safety the law has acted to increase casualties. They show figures for the P. R. R. for six months before and six months after the law went into effect, the first half of 1911 and the first half of

1914. Their 1911 figures show 15 trainmen and 1 passenger killed and 1,046 trainmen and 99 passengers injured. The 1914 figures show 16 trainmen and 2 passengers killed and 1,699 trainmen and 141 passengers injured. We can see how it might possibly increase the casualties among the trainmen. But what method did they employ to kill and injure so many more passengers? Probably they used the brake club or maybe chloroform.

They also state that the extra man retards efficiency. We know that when a freight train is en route that it should be looked over for defects occasionally, and this is the practice with all roads. The conductor and middle man are the only available men for this job, and the middle man has more time for it than the conductor has. To remove the extra brakeman is to remove the middle man. One man can very seldom inspect both sides of a train of thirty or more cars at the stops for coal and water, the only convenient time for this work, while two men can and do inspect both sides. If this is harmful, why do they ask the crew to do it? The larger crew can do switching or other work better and faster, in a fog, on a curve, or under almost any other conditions. But of course the extra man may have some faculty of interfering with the movement of trains that is beyond the ken of any but the trainmaster or spotter.

We are told that, "Were the claims of those who arbitrarily force the railroads, under the Full Crew Laws, to employ men for whom no job exists just and warrantable claims, the railroads themselves would be the first to recognize those claims." Now we have at last found our friends. Our ignorance blinded us to the fact that the Nine Hour Law which organized labor forced upon themselves was detrimental to the best interests of the railroad telegraphers, but the

omniscient and humane railroads were awake to our needs and fought like demons against this pernicious law which makes it possible for the block operators to get enough sleep to properly do their work. We will leave it to the impartial observer to decide whether or not the Nine Hour Law has worked for or against safety.

They assert that anything that makes for safety they themselves will install as a matter of business policy. Sure enough they will, provided it costs nothing more than the tacking up of "Safety First" signs.

This "Safety First" would be a fine thing if it were applied to railroad opera-

tion as diligently as it is to dividend gathering. They are going to make their dividends safe, regardless of public, employes, or anybody else. During these times of "Watchful waiting" the hobo complains of being unable to get "pinched," but the man who looks as though he might have a few dollars is not as immune from the railroad "Bull." This all is, no doubt, due to that inexorable law of "Safety First" working from the stockholders' viewpoint.

The state Legislators and Senators of Pennsylvania and New Jersey should be apprised of the sinister motives of the railroads, also of the one-sidedness of their argument.

Government Owned Railways and Government Blacklist in South Africa

By K.

The Superintendent sits in his office, a pile of papers in front of him. Suddenly he reaches out his hand and rings a bell. A boy in uniform appears, and awaits instructions.

The Superintendent speaks: "Boy," he says, "those drivers who were summoned to attend here, have they arrived?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then send them in, one at a time."

"Right, sir."

The messenger retires and presently the door opens, letting in a man dressed in the familiar garb of an engineman, who on catching the eye of the Superintendent, mutters, "Morning!"

"What's your name?" the Superintendent throws at him, ignoring the greeting.

"Harry Jones."

"Now look here, Harry Jones, do you want an eight hour day?"

"Well, sir," begins Jones, taken by surprise.

"No 'wells.' Do you or do you not want an eight hour day?"

"It's like this, sir My mates—"

"Never mind your mates," thunders the Superintendent. "Do *you* want an eight hours' day? Answer me, yes or no."

"No, sir."

"Good." Rings the bell. "Boy, show the next man in. All right, Jones, you can go, but just sign this paper before you leave."

So it goes on the State Owned Railways of South Africa to day.

Twelve months ago, when the General Strike was declared, the Railwaymen came out on strike with the rest of organized labor. They presented their demands and were promised a Commission of Inquiry. They accepted the Commission and elected their General Secretary, H. J. Poutsma, to represent them. Then the Government forced a strike on them in January, 1914, and calmly deported Poutsma along with eight others.

It is well known how the Government broke the strike with all the armed forces of the State. The men returned to work and the *Government*, to show it bore no ill feeling against its rebellious slaves,

circulated a *black list* amongst all other employes of labor, containing the names of 591 men they would never again re-employ. The Railwaymen were later asked to elect another representative on the Commission to replace Poutsma. They replied by electing the Acting General Secretary, J. M. Nield, by a larger majority than Poutsma went in by.

Since then the battle has begun in earnest. The Government has engineered a well organized opposition to prove that the Railwaymen neither want an eight hour day, a minimum wage of 8 shillings, or the abolition of piecework, although these were the three chief demands in July.

The men have been frightened and coerced into signing petitions praying against the alteration of hours as an eight hour day would mean so much less pay to them.

The men have allowed themselves to be bullied into signing because they have never got rid of the vision of our railways and streets being overrun by those low, degraded specimens of humanity, the military forces of the country, and the vision of their 591 colleagues, some of whom are still walking the streets. They are timid as they face the bosses, but they mean not what they do when they sign. They can see how the land lies and from the point of view of tacticians they must fall in with the bosses, for none know better than they how they are economically situated. The Government organized the State forces for the Strike of January in revenge for the workers' victory of July. As soon as the Railwaymen raised their hands, the Government stepped in and hoped, as the Salvation Army puts the fear of hell into the weak and the timid, to put the fear of Starvation into their own employes.

So, on the face of it, it would appear as if the Government really had succeeded, but, on deeper inquiry, one cannot but realize that they haven't. The iron heel methods of the Government must and will have a boomerang effect.

Then the Government has got the "Loyalists"—it will soon be illegal to call a man a "scab" or a "blackleg," as the Government has a bill in the House of Parliament providing for the fine of £200 or two years' imprisonment of the

person committing such a "crime"—to come forward and give their valuable testimonies.

Lastly, all the Assistant General Managers, Divisional Superintendents, etc., have been brought forward to give the benefit of their "wide" experience. Yes, experience! Half of them have been pitchforked into the jobs because they have influential friends in the service.

It would be interesting to give a few samples of the evidence.

"The men today are quite satisfied with nine hours a day. Certain birds of passage came and tried to undermine them, coming forward and condemning overtime, by which men could make and save money. Agitators were asking them to revolutionize the old system, which would be detrimental to their interests."

"The men feared with an eight-hour day and no overtime they would have to reduce the standard of living considerably."

"The running staff were opposed to an eight-hour day, as it would increase the inconvenience already experienced of staying away from home."

"An eight-hour day was unnecessary and not desired by the men."

Then hear the "experts."

"An eight-hour day throughout South Africa would cost an additional £690,000."

"The introduction of an eight-hour day on the system at Cape Town alone would involve an additional expenditure of £106,000."

"The estimated cost of an 8-shilling minimum wage on that system would be £85,000."

"There was no need and no demand for a general eight-hour day."

"The introduction of an 8-hour day on 'A' system alone would involve the employment of 1,306 extra men on the railway and 166 at the harbors."

"The men are so content and happy that if left alone and not interfered with from outside we would have no unrest at all."

And so on. Such are the brainy statements that the capitalist press of South Africa is flaunting in the faces of the workers.

The Commission will no doubt close

during the next two months, and will find—

1. An eight-hour day is not wanted by the men and its introduction would be unpopular.

2. It would be inadvisable to abolish overtime.

3. A minimum wage of 8 shillings per day would prove too expensive for the finances of the country.

4. Piece-work should be encouraged, as it finds great favor with the men, enabling them to increase their earnings and incidentally their savings (save the mark).

And the report will wind up saying that the cause of industrial disturbances is the fiery and revolutionary speeches of agitators whose salaries are secure, and who make it their business to go about preaching strife and seizing and enlarging upon petty matters, magnifying them and deluding the peaceful workers into believing them real and grievous injustices.

And we can be thankful when the Commission is over, when the curtain is rung down on the farce. Then the work of reorganization can begin.

Tom Mann has spent considerable time

traveling around amongst the railwaymen, and the seed which he is today sowing will surely bear fruit when the reorganizing begins.

The inevitable, of course, will be another resort to direct action. Guns will not frighten, nor will uniforms scare the railwaymen next time. And they will not be put off with Commissions. They will grab at the substance, ignoring the shadow. And not alone. Along with them will stand another branch of the state service. The post office. This department is seething with discontent; it is steadily organizing, and at the right moment will also raise its hand to strike a forcible blow.

South Africa will truly be the field of battle between the working class and the highest form of the capitalist system—state ownership. I venture to predict that, barring a slight reaction following the election of a government of labor politicians to parliament, the workers of South Africa will be amongst the first to rise and to grapple with the capitalist system, seize it by the throat and settle once and for all who shall reign, by putting it out of its misery.

Speed the day.

An Appeal for Starving Miners of Ohio

FOR twelve long months past the coal miners of Eastern Ohio have been on strike.

They have been fighting bravely against the greatest odds.

Fifteen thousand men with their wives and children have carried on the struggle for more bread.

The self-proclaimed law-abiding Mine Owners for a year have refused to obey the provision of the State mine run law. They have carried the law from court to court and put it to the test of constitutionality even before the U. S. Supreme Court. In every instance the case has been decided against them. But these Mine Owners, drunk with power and feeling safe from legal prosecution at the hands of their political tools whom they own body and soul, have continued in

their conspiracy to pay no attention to the law or the decisions of courts.

The authorities of Jefferson and Belmont county have been the co-partners and accomplices of the Mine Owners, they have winked at this open violation of the Mine Owners and have been veritable watchdogs for the Mine Owners, scenting and closing their iron jaws upon the least opportunity against the workers.

Dozens of workers guilty of no offense have been arrested on various charges ranging from assault to "treason against the State of Ohio." Some of them have already passed through the Claudian forks of the law and have been sent to prison, others have had heavy fines imposed upon them—failure to pay meant loss of liberty to these workers.

In the following simple, yet touching,

language the miners are asking for solidarity. What worker is there who upon reading the letter of these fellow workers can refuse his or her help?

DILLONVALE, OHIO, Feb. 26, 1915.

Fellow Workers:

At our last meeting, on the 20th of February, attended by all our members, we decided to appeal to you for some small help in our case to win a fight for a larger piece of bread. As you are aware, we have been on strike for eleven months now and only part of that time we have received benefits, and now they are cutting our benefits down and next week it will be only \$1.00 a week. With everything rising so high, we are expected to live on that; so we sent out an appeal to help us as much as you can.

Yours for Industrial Freedom,

JAMES DOLEZAL, Secretary.

In the name of working class solidarity and on behalf of these long struggling workers of the mine pits of Eastern Ohio, we appeal to all the men and women for contributions to aid these fighters on to victory. Send all contributions to James Dolezal, Box 247, Dillonvale, Ohio. Those who wish to contribute to the Belmont County Miners can send their contributions to D. Massimo, Box 36, Bellaire, Ohio.

In appealing for these fellow workers we are not unmindful of the fact that contributions of money alone will be insufficient. These struggling coal miners are face to face with the same situation as the heroic miners of Colorado. They are surrounded by miners in adjoining districts who are digging coal, many of them

with union cards in their pockets, and filling the orders for the coal barons of Eastern Ohio. If these coal miners on strike go down in defeat as their brothers did in Colorado, it will be another defeat added to the already long list of failures because of division among the miners by districts.

Miners of West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Western Ohio and all others digging coal in the adjoining districts: Your fellow workers need your solidarity, they must have your help, not mere moral help, but material aid.

Erase from your minds the imaginary county and state lines that cause you to feel in a separate world from your fellow miners and make you scab on them.

Lay down your picks, blow out your lamps, and go out in the free air and light in aid of your Ohio fellow coal miners. Refuse to mine coal under conditions except that the coal barons in Eastern Ohio come to terms.

Railroad Workers! Stop, think of your struggles in the past and of the many failures for lack of solidarity. Let the past be a part of history, but learn its lesson. Refuse to haul coal, union or non-union, to fill the orders of the Eastern Ohio Coal Masters.

An injury to one is an injury to all.

The coal diggers of Eastern Ohio are now appealing for aid from their fellow workers. Extend it to them with an open hand and a free heart; it may be any one of you next to ask for solidarity.

WM. D. HAYWOOD, General Sec'y. Treas.
JOS. J. ETTOR, General Organizer.

INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD.
307-164 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

London, March 16.—The national conference of the Miners' Federation held in London decided today to demand an immediate increase of 20 per cent in wages to compensate for the increased cost of living due to the war. The conference represents 800,000 workmen.

A strike of 150 stevedores at the London docks has thrown 2,000 other dock laborers out of work. The stevedores demand a "war bonus."

OUR ASIATIC FELLOWS

By BRUCE ROGERS

THE space allowed me here will permit of no more than a syllabus of the case for the Asiatic.

It was when he entered upon business pursuits that the Asiatic became a "yellow peril." From a standpoint of service, excellence and condition of stock, economy of methods, he is the superior merchant and soon takes his place as such, if unhindered. As a competitor he practices a sort of mercantile jiu jitsu that puts the white merchant out for the count.

As a worker he constitutes no peril to white labor, *of himself*. Long under repression, he takes to unionism and Socialism like a duck to water. These are new found privileges to him. He can give us lessons in militancy and solidarity of action. It is only as we exclude and ostracize him that he is any sort of menace.

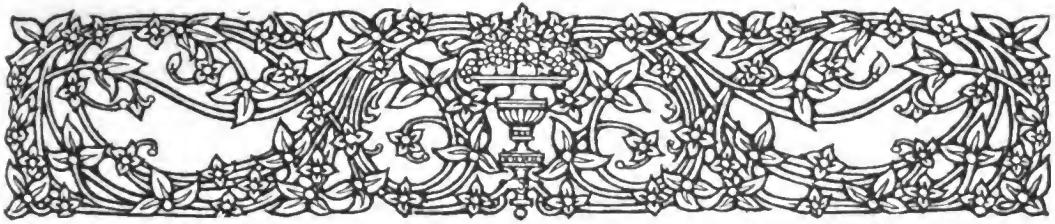
In the sense of infidelity to his kind there is no such thing as yellow scab. They see to it that scabbing is an avocation in which the mortality rate is total. A yellow strike cannot be broken with yellow labor, and to break a white strike—a rare occurrence—yellow labor must be herded and kept in ignorance of what it is doing. The rule is that a white strike must be broken by white scabs. In the Vancouver traction strike steps were taken to call out other crafts in sympathy. The white carpenters "affiliated," stood upon their agreement and their "craft rights." The yellow carpenters, unaffiliated, came out, although excluded and ostracized.

On the Pacific Coast, Japanese workers are slowly crawling their way to job control in those employments wherein they are peculiarly adapted and without reference to the degree of skill required. In

domestic service the Japanese drudge has done more to standardize household work than has ever been done. This is uniformly the housewife's experience. She engages a Jap. He agrees to any hours she may name, but when he does what he thinks is enough for the money, he is simply not to be found. Milady is irritated. She storms. She notes that his work so far is exceedingly well done. When he makes his appearance she has decided to keep him until "she can do better." When wash-day comes she shows him the linen, and the soap and the tubs. He takes the clothes and begins carefully to sort and to check them. She knows that he is going to make the same methodical, thoroughgoing job of it, and she departs for a club meeting. Completing his careful count, the Jap calls up the laundry. Milady is irritated again and would fire him if he were about. She frets, but fretting, sees that her house is in order as never before. When Newah comes in the morning she has surrendered and holds him ever after as a treasure.

These are the workers whom the American Federation of Labor excludes from membership, without reference to skill required or developed. Can it be said that in any genuine sense the A. F. of L. seeks the organization of the working class?

And these are the workers whom the Socialist party in America, joining with the capitalist state, seeks to exclude from citizenship. Has the national soil become so sacred to the Socialists? How coyotish then becomes our yelp at capitalism that it deprives us of the right to work and live. What, then, is to become of our legendary "Workers of the World, Unite," etc.?



EDITORIAL

WE MUST FIGHT IT OUT

Comes a friend, P. A. Levene by name, with a thought-inspiring article in the New York Sunday Call, in which he says that the war in Europe is, perhaps, only the BLIND striving of the big capitalists of the world for real, international capitalism.

Just as, in national boundary lines, the big oil interests fought for the oil wells until the Standard Oil Trust was evolved, just as the small packing companies battled until there grew up the Packing Trust, and as the steel companies fought each other in the competitive markets until we have the Steel Trust, so, says he, the great capitalists of the great nations are today engaged in a BLIND struggle for industrial and economic world supremacy.

And the rising economic class has ever used the exploited workers to help fight its battles. Thus, says Mr. Levene, the capitalists of Europe are today using the working classes of the various nations to fight their battles. And out of the storm and stress of the struggle he believes there will evolve gigantic international capitalists, gigantic world-trusts, international corporations. And with the coming of these international trusts, he believes we shall have the basis for a REAL International of Labor, an international wherein the workers of the world will be FORCED to join hands to fight the international capitalistic monarchs.

And when all is said and done, he may be right. Europe may today be going through a tremendous shaking down, from which may spring actual, working, international Capitalism, a Capitalism

that will render futile and comic anything short of a REAL International of Labor.

And if Mr. Levene IS right, he has shattered another of our illusions. We have been receiving jolts and shocks in such close succession during the past few months that it is hard to adjust ourselves to the new viewpoints.

Is it true that the European war was NECESSARY to the complete development of international Capitalism? Is it true that the only way we can have a real International of Labor is when the economic basis for such an organization becomes a crying need through the organization of international Capital?

Is it true that, if left to itself (as we have apparently had to leave it to itself) Capitalism, in its effort to develop to perfection, will make way and PAVE the way, and even (industrially) ORGANIZE the workers for Industrial Democracy?

These last few months have upset many of our old ideas. They have taught us that even we all-wise socialists have much to learn. They have shown us that we cannot count on plastering the earth with our Ideas and looking for the Co-operative Commonwealth the next day. In fact, if we have learned anything, we have come to see that IDEAS, even RIGHT ideas, are not all it is going to take to make the revolution.

Perhaps some of us are thinking that it is barely possible that we may not be able to THINK the workers out of wage slavery. They thought a long way in France and Germany (apparently), but

when they came to cash in their Ideas, we find they amounted to very little in plain brass tacks. Their ideas did not prevent them from being led into war. Perhaps our ideas will not prevent us from being dragged, or forced or deceived into war.

But all these jolts and jars and shakings-up are good for us. They are teaching us that we do not know ALL about it. They are preventing the Socialist Parties from becoming FIXED institutions. And FIXED things neither grow nor progress.

And some of us are beginning to suspect that perhaps instead of THINKING our way out of Poverty, we may have to FIGHT our way out. If IDEAS alone are not enough to save us, what more do we need? Perhaps it is this very jolting, these shocks and breakings of habit. Perhaps we had to be thrown into the water before we would even TRY to swim.

Evidently the Revolution is not going to be as easy as some of us prophesied. The capitalist class has not done developing its own supremacy. At least the

stronger capitalists have not yet thrown out, or fought out, or squeezed out the smaller capitalists of the world. The new monarchs mean to supplant the old ones. The capitalist king is coming to replace the Czar and the Emperor.

And perhaps this further development bears in its accomplishment a constant measure of AID to the revolution.

Anyway, study as we may—history, economics, biology—much of our progress is going to be CHANCE progress, blind luck discovery that comes from CONSTANT STRUGGLE. The wisest among us have failed in the war in Europe. Sometimes the Capitalist *way may* DO MORE *for us* THAN OUR OWN WAY. I do not know. I only know that we shall never get anywhere on our own initiative unless we revolt, unless we rebel, unless we struggle.

The class war will have to be FOUGHT OUT. And every act of rebellion and revolt will make us better fighters for the overthrow of Capitalism, fighters with weapons tried and found effective. Revolt! Revolt again! And again Revolt!

M. E. M.

To the Dumps

Theodore Vail, president of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, in his annual report lets out one loud howl because "there are 2,000,000 unemployed persons in this country," and these unemployed are compelled "to live on their savings, their friends, or the public."

The Wilson administration is moving along with a bill for the United States government to buy the whole Bell telephone system, have a long distance phone in every postoffice in the country, and so wreck and sabotage the whole Western Union telegraph system, which is also a part of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company.

The United States Express Company

went to the scrap pile busted and bankrupt when the United States government went into the parcels post business and the Western Union will go the same way if the United States government goes into the phone business.

Which is why Vail howls that the government is not giving business a square deal and therefore we have "2,000,000 unemployed persons."

Fat Mr. Vail says the same thing as the street corner soap boxer, only Vail has another reason for saying it.

Those who know the cowardly, thievish tactics of the Western Union in beating down labor organization won't be sorry for anything that happens to it.

To the dumps!

A Pamphlet for Farmers

You want Pearson's Magazine to grow.

Well, here's a way to help.

Distribute the Russell pamphlets among your farmer friends.

Russell's article, "The Revolt of the Farmers"—(the grain elevator trust), is something that will make every farmer sit up and take notice.

Give him the April Pearson's to read, and he will be sure to want the May number, and to get it he will subscribe. Our stock of April magazines is sold out—**exhausted**.

That's why we have printed Russell's article in pamphlet form. It is printed from the page plates in Pearson's, and on superfine paper. We don't want or expect to sell this pamphlet at a profit. All we want is cost of printing, plus postage or express cost of delivery.

No need to tell you anything about the pamphlet. Read the article in the magazine. You have been asking for years for something to give the farmer.

Here it is. A beginning anyway.

An education must be begun. Unless there is a beginning there is no education.

Give the farmer something easy to start with. Get him **started**.

Feed him **Pearson's Magazine**. He'll land **right**. Of course other people besides the farmer are interested in the wheat and bread question. So you can use the pamphlet on any one. Go as far as you like. We will print all you want to use—and if you can use a million copies the price will get cheaper.

PRICES OF THE RUSSELL PAMPHLET

1000 copies express paid by you.....	\$6.00
500 copies express paid by you.....	3.50
200 copies prepaid.....	2.00
100 copies prepaid.....	1.25
50 copies prepaid.....	.65

Address: Pearson's Magazine, 435 East 24th St., New York, N. Y.

The above pamphlet is a reprint from Charles Edward Russell's article in the April Pearson's entitled "The Revolt of the Farmers." A second article on the same subject will appear in the May issue.

If you subscribe now your subscription may begin with the April number. **Pearson's** with the **International Socialist Review**, both one year, **\$1.50**. Send your subscription to the **Review** and if you want some pamphlets, include same with your subscription. Orders for pamphlets will be received and forwarded.

Address: International Socialist Review, 341-349 East Ohio St., Chicago.

NEWS AND VIEWS

A Red Card Railroader's Record.—Can you beat it? I have seen 29 years' service on this road as an engineer. In limited service five years. A socialist since 1886. Last year bought and distributed fifteen thousand leaflets, besides taking subscriptions for socialist papers. Sold \$10.00 worth of three-month subscription cards for the REVIEW without trouble.

The reason it is so hard to get the dollar now is that we have many single men in train service. Men both in the ranks of trainmen and enginemen were sure of promotion at the end of four years. The introduction of large engines together with slack times have placed an engineer of one to six years' experience at every firemen's job. There is not a single man firing here today in New England but is qualified to act as engineer.

These men all have families and their wives, having no insight into coming events, have rented expensive houses. Many of them bought homes which are mortgaged from cellar to chimney. Every cent is spent before the pay-car door opens.

We have a few members who are not afraid to go through every shop, or any other place, with subscription cards and sample copies, so send them along.—From One of the Rank and File.

A Socialist Maker.—"Have been a reader of the REVIEW for the past five years, as well as other Socialist papers, and have come to the conclusion that the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW is the best Socialist maker in the market. Send me your Taylor Efficiency Talk as I think it is time for the likes of me to get into action and help along the educational work. Having lost a leg I am not good enough for a boss any longer to make a profit of, besides, the labor market is overstocked with able bodied slaves at the present time."—W. J.

From a Mountain Local.—"Dear Comrades: Received your bundle of REVIEWS and my youngest boy got on the job and sold them. We have a little local up on a big mountain but the members are wise to their class interest and are the best bunch that ever came down the pike. In winter we meet in neighbors' houses; in summer, under trees, and we are doing our part to put the wage system out of business."—W. B.

From the Live Ones.—Comrade Debs sends in a five spot with instructions to send the FIGHTING MAGAZINE to ten young wage workers, young men and women, for six months. You bet your life we will!

A railroad engineer in Massachusetts orders \$5.00 worth of three month subscription cards and is going to round up every railroad worker in the division. More power to him!

There never was a time when the wage workers were so anxious to find a way out as the present. They are not interested in penny telephones, but pay envelopes. Get into the game and help us wise them up by giving them the real class struggle dope.

The following "live ones" have slipped over ten or more subscriptions during the past twenty days:

Jackson, Sturgis, Mich.....	12
Mitchell, Tower, Mich.....	10
McGowan, Nordegg, Alta., Can.....	16
Bernat, Kansas City, Mo.....	10
Clanin, Canton, Ill.....	10
Bavly, Ann Arbor, Mich.....	10
Peters, Flint, Mich.....	40
Rehm	12
Koster, Grand Rapids, Mich.....	10
Hayes, Dowagiac, Mich.....	21
Johnson, Cuyahoga Falls, O.....	15
Merrill, Tacoma, Wash.....	10
Schoenberg, Muskegon, Mich.....	13
Hein, Youngstown, O.....	10
Miller, Jerome, Ariz.....	11
Huff, Easton, Pa.....	10
Jacobsen, Alamosa, Colo.....	10
McLeod, Hayre, Mont.....	10
Lewis, Pittsburg, Kan.....	10
Grocott, Beaver Falls, Pa.....	20
Messenger, Nampa, Idaho.....	16
Moe, Burlington, Wash.....	11
Camagar, Columbus, Kan.....	10
Bowser, Irwin, Pa.....	10
Witter, Newmanstown, Pa.....	10
King, Porthill, Idaho.....	11
Ruth, Lancaster, Pa.....	10
Wirth, Bayard, Kan.....	12
Sanvik, Star Route, Mont.....	12
Terry, Oneonta, N. Y.....	10
Seltmann, Nekoma, Kan.....	10
Frederick, Souderton, Pa.....	10
Haugen, Roseglen, N. D.....	17
Wheeler, Hamilton, Mont.....	13
Dellinger, Lititz, Pa.....	10
St. John, Kokomo, Ind.....	11
Kaminkovitz, Washington, D. C.....	10

Help From Debs.—Comrade Eugene V. Debs sent in the money for ten yearly REVIEW subscriptions which he asks us to enter for ten young comrades. Can't you follow suit and put the REVIEW into the hands of your fellow workers?

From a Coal Miner.—"I am only a poor wage slave, but am on the fring line for the FIGHTING MAGAZINE and intend to stay there until we get the whole cheese. Enclosed find check for 50 March REVIEWS."—T. F., Wyoming.

From Cody, Wyoming.—"I like your February number. It was a dandy."—H. G.

Disciplined Out of the Party.—Impressed by the summary way in which the militaristic "Discipline" of the Socialist party was used to bludgeon some German Socialist deputies into voting for the war budget, and which more recently has been used to threaten punishment to Liebknecht for having had the daring to break away from paper rules and regulations and stand by his principles, various American Socialist publications are now at last deservedly exposing the self-evident mockery of this fetich of "Discipline."

Have we not seen it in the United States used to punish members or boycott and black-list Socialist publications? To antagonize the machine has been equivalent to the crime of high treason, and to offend any of its leaders equal to the enormity of lese majeste.

It may be excusable for me to point out at this time that it is now nearly three years ago since I deliberately chose to set an example of defying this sacred "Discipline" and treating it with a justifiable and publicly-expressed disdain. Mr. Hillquit and his satellites in local New York no doubt have not forgotten that memorable occasion. For the high crime of having effectively retorted to Mr. Hillquit's cheap sneers, an ancient pretext, some years old at the time, was suddenly trumped up against me, and I was "summoned" to appear at the bar. This trick was sprung at a time, too, when I was absent in Canada, absorbed in writing my "History of Canadian Wealth." I not only showed my supreme contempt for the whole proceeding but exposed it, and the Canadian Socialist party, with a full knowledge of the facts, at once invited me to membership.

This is a personal note, but it well-illustrates anew the point that you have so well raised of the abuses, degeneracy, paralysis and even petrification that this system of "Discipline" has brought about. Who can withhold scorn for a "Discipline" under cover of which trickeries, subterfuges, compromises and contemptible and cowardly actions have been brazenly done?—Gustavus Myers.

It Can't Be Done.—Replies are coming to THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW from Canada and various states in response to an article that appeared in the March number in reference to selling the REVIEW and boosting the circulation as well. Any comrade out of employment can do as much as I am doing here in Chicago selling single copies of the REVIEW. I am making from \$2.00 to \$4.00 a day with my Taylor Efficiency Talk, which will be sent on application and will enable you to make a living as well as to assist in increasing the circulation of the REVIEW, which is doing something for the Social Revolution as well. My appeal to you is to try the game like I did and be convinced.—M. C. Walsh.

A Word From Wyoming.—"Please send me your Taylor Efficiency Talk. I am out of a job and would be very much pleased if I could do only a small part of what you have done in educating the workers to their class interest. I want to do my part on the circulation end."—J. A. B.



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Michigan Against War.—"Whereas, The European Socialist movement has suffered severely by the present war because of unpreparedness to meet the crisis with true revolutionary solidarity; and,

"Whereas, Militarists of the United States are bending every effort to involve this nation in this conflict and in such an event we, too, may find ourselves weak and unprepared, therefore be it

"Resolved, In case of war between the capitalists of the United States and the capitalists of some other profit-mongering nation, we, the Socialists of the state of Michigan, do hereby agree, that we shall allow the said capitalists to patriotically do all the fighting and dying for THEIR country; and we do hereby offer this pledge to them, and to one another, as

Socialists, that we will, under no circumstances, take up arms in defence of THEIR country, nor will we bear arms in an aggressive move on the country of any of their fellow capitalists, of Europe or elsewhere, leaving the defence of all privately-owned land, buildings and machinery to their patriotic owners, who claim a legal right to do what they please with their own property.'

"Furthermore, be it resolved, that in case we, the Socialists, are forced to take up arms, we hereby agree to use said arms wholly in self-defense, considering as our enemies only those who rob us of the products of our toil, or who attack us personally to do us bodily harm or to deliver us of liberty."—Adopted by the Socialist Party of Michigan in convention assembled at Grand Rapids on February 20, 1915.

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The Finnish Comrades.—The State Committee of North Dakota have sent the following letter to National Committeeman, Comrade Arthur LeSueur: "The State Committee of the S. P. of No. Dak. feels that section 5 of the decision of the N. E. C. in the matter of the controversy within the Finnish Federation imposes gross injustice on the Finnish comrades, who by that ruling stand expelled from the party. We request you to second the motion of Comrade Ruthenberg of Ohio or endorse the action of Comrade Latimer of Minnesota or take such other action as will secure justice to these revolutionary comrades in the Finnish Federation." The North Dakota State Committee also adopted a resolution declaring that in the event of war the S. P. of the U. S. "REFUSE to ENLIST and if forced into the military service to participate in the wholesale murder of members of their own class, shall choose to die in their own ranks fighting the enemy of humanity rather than die for the pleasure of the capitalist class." We hope every party member will read these resolutions at their locals and get the comrades there to follow the lead of the North Dakota friends.

Local Madison, So. Dak.—Also has passed a resolution as follows: Whereas, the subcommittee of the N. E. C. upheld the executive committee of the Finnish Federation in unjustly and arbitrarily expelling members from the Federation for supporting a radical Socialist newspaper and other similar justified actions; and whereas the N. E. C. consisting of Comrades Berger, Germer, Maurer, Duncan and Wilson upheld the subcommittee in its nefarious decision, and whereas the said ruling is contrary to the Constitution, Article X, Section 4, and opposed to a spirit of fairness; whereas should this ruling be allowed to stand it will lead to a disintegration of the party and make of it merely a bourgeois reformist party, we the members of Local Madison, declare that we are opposed to such bossism and propose to fight this ruling and other similar decisions to a finish.

Wants Workers' Party.—Comrade Michelson of Portland writes: What the workers need is a class-conscious Socialist party and such a party can only be run by the workers themselves. As A. Fillmore says, "Let us keep the issue clear. You can't expect anything from the professors, business men or ministers." Comrades declare on which side you belong and don't let the professional class lead you by the nose any longer, in order to provide a meal ticket for them. You can't expect business men to help you. They are looking for more profits and we want to do away with the profit system. We must work out our own salvation. The capitalist class wants profits and you may be looking for a job. Well, why not own your own job? You CAN OWN it but you will have to study Socialist literature instead of newspaper lies and you will have to organize with your fellow workers and be a class conscious Socialist instead of a reformer. Build up a strong fighting organization of workingmen and women and then I know you will vote and strike right.

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Charles Cline Given Life.—It is with a feeling of great loss that we have to report that Charles Cline, our comrade on trial in Texas, has been given a sentence of "99 years in the penitentiary." Comrade Cline writes to us: "Well, it came out 'all right.' The jury found me guilty and on what I do not see. It looks as if the way had been paved to produce just such results for they showed moving pictures in the moving picture theatres, the pictures being lectured on by the State's CHIEF witness. Of course all he said was purported to be facts. How in the world can a man get a fair or impartial trial after that? My lawyers tried to get a change of venue and we produced witnesses to show how prejudiced this district was, but our motion was overruled. But I don't want to bother you too much. Best regards to the comrades. Yours for Industrial Freedom, Charles Cline, County Jail, San Antonio, Texas." We think Comrade Cline will never serve out his term. Partly because of the very work he has done in the revolution, the workers will arise and abolish all prisons which are becoming more and more the modern Bastiles for those who organize the working class for revolt against the exploiters of labor.

From Honolulu, Hawaii.—A comrade writes: "After four years' residence in these islands, I find that it is impossible for me to make a living here and will return to the United States. These semi-tropical islands are certainly beautiful but they have been made abhorrent by a few men who own and control everything. Neither free thought or free speech are tolerated in opposition to our grand old United States corporations which flourish on this soil."—R. M.

Sold One Hundred Reviews in Five Minutes.—"I could not get along without the FIGHTING MAGAZINE and will renew my subscription shortly, also purchase a share of stock. Put me down on your Red Card Railroad men's list and I will send you a list of Red Card Railroad boys in a few days. The Debs' meeting which was held here February 12 was a great success. The theatre was packed with 1,300 enthusiastic people. The 100 REVIEWS which we ordered were all sold in less than five minutes; could have sold two or three hundred more if we had had them. The unemployed situation here is very acute. It is estimated that there are 4,000 out of employment in this city. Two large demonstrations have already taken place."—A Salt Lake City Red.

From Idaho.—"Dear Comrades: Enclosed find \$1.50 for the REVIEW and Pearson's. You probably have felt that I was of the strongly political group of the party and did not agree with your work. I see no greater danger to our movement than the fellows willing to "soften" a bit the real basic facts under our movement to win the crowd on elections. I have wanted the REVIEW every month. Am on a homestead and know something of the 'back to the land' struggle."—George F. Hibner.

From Kentucky.—"I cannot do without the REVIEW any longer so I am enclosing subscription card and send me your latest catalogue."—R. H. C.



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BOOK REVIEW

The Harbor, a novel by Ernest Poole; published by the Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.40 net.

This is a remarkable book . . . an achievement in itself. It is one of the most brilliant novels added to American fiction in many a year. As the reviewer on the *New York Tribune* declares: The Harbor is "the first really notable novel produced by the new democracy . . . a book of the past and the present and the future, not only of New York and of this country, but of all the world. Mr. Poole is an author of exceptional gifts, of ideas and convictions."—*New York Tribune*. We quote from this very able critic only because we do not want to go to press without telling the REVIEW readers that we have discovered one of the greatest American novels that has appeared for many years. The REVIEW staff wants to declare right here that Ernest Poole's Harbor was one of the treats of the year—in fact—THE big treat. Through the pages of this book we relived our college days (those of us who were fortunate enough to attend college) and glowed again with the hopes and joys and illusions of youth. Through the varied and ever human experiences through which Mr. Poole takes his hero, the one phase that he was happy enough to miss, and with which, alas! we were inoculated, was the season when Youth imagines that it will set the old World by the heels and will solve all the problems that are worrying society. Mr. Poole's hero fell in love with the great God Efficiency, but the labor agitator, who reminds us of Bill Haywood, took him behind the scenes at the Harbor and the young man takes part in a great strike of the transportation workers. And this is what he says:

"I have heard them (the workers) say to these governments:

"Your civilization is crashing down. For a hundred years, in all our strikes and risings, you preached against our violence—you talked of your law and order, your clear deliberate thinking. In you lay the hope of the world, you said. You were Civilization. You were Mind and Science, and in you was all Efficiency, in you was Art, Religion, and you kept the Public Peace. But now you have broken all your vows. The world's treasures of Art are as safe with you as they were in the Dark Ages. Your Prince of Peace you have trampled down. And all your Science you have turned to the efficient slaughter of men. In a week of your boasted calmness you have plunged the world into a violence besides which all the bloodshed in our strikes and revolutions seem like a pool besides the sea. And so you have failed, you powers above, blindly and stupidly you have failed. For you have let loose a violence where you are weak and we are strong. We are these armies that you have called out. And before we go home to our homes we shall make sure that these homes of ours shall no more become ashes at your will. For we shall stop this war of yours and in our minds we shall put away all hatred of our brother men. For us they will be workers all. With them we shall rise—

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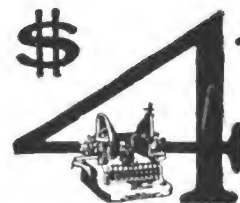
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"What change was coming in my life? I did not know. Of one thing only was I sure. The last of my gods, Efficiency, whose feet had stood firm on mechanical laws and in whose head were all the brains of all the big men at the top, had now come tottering, crashing down. And in its place a huge new god, whose feet stood deep in poverty and in whose head were all the dreams of all the toilers of the earth, had called to me with one deep voice, with one tremendous burning passion for the freedom of mankind."

Chants Communal, by Horace Traubel; published by Albert & Charles Boni, 96 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 25 cts. net.

A popular edition of a wonderful collection of Horace Traubel's writings has just been issued. Horace Traubel has the distinctest personality of any man of letters now before the American people. Although a loyal disciple and devotee of Walt Whitman, he not only brings the old Prophet of Democracy up to date but he traverses untrodden fields and explores new realms in quest of the truth that is to light up the heavens of humanity, banish darkness from the face of the earth and set free the countless captive children of men.

Social Evolution, by Benjamin Kidd. The Macmillan Company, New York. Price \$1.50 net. A revised edition with additions to date.

Mr. Kidd says, the philosophy which seeks to find in the nature of things a rational sanction for human conduct in society must sweep round and round in futile circles because "the interests of the social organism and those of the individuals comprising it at any particular time are actually antagonistic." Therefore, he says "there never can be any rational sanction for the conditions of existence prevailing."

Mr. Kidd thinks it is religion that makes people sacrifice conditions today for better conditions tomorrow. What about parents who deny themselves to give their children a happier life and a better economic status? We do not think it is religion, but actual personal satisfaction in looking after the welfare of their offspring. We think this may be explained on strict materialist biological laws. As we see it, the key to progress is man's endless striving for food, clothing and shelter, his material struggle for more of the good things of life, for himself and his offspring—often blind and erring, but coming ever and ever nearer to the heart's desire. What has religion to do with these problems? Self-preservation and race-preservation (through our children) is the answer to social evolution. Religion has always taught that a man might lose his life in order to save it (his soul). This may be good religion but we can't see where it would help the future generations. In fact, if followed consistently it might mean the death of the human race.

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PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT

Wiping Out the Deficit. As already explained on page 503 of the REVIEW for February, we have a deficit of \$1,112.84 to provide for. If allowed to stand or to grow, this deficit will be a serious menace to the future of the publishing house. We are therefore wiping it out by contributions from stockholders. Those thus far received are:

L. A. Jayne, Oregon.....	\$ 2.30
C. D., Missouri.....	1.00
O. J. D., Washington.....	1.25
G., Victoria, B. C.....	2.50
Edward C. Peters, Michigan.....	5.10
Charles H. Kerr, Illinois.....	500.00

Total to date.....\$512.15

The publishing house is the property of 2,500 Socialists, most of whom have each subscribed just one share of \$10.00. Up to this time we have been discounting all printers' bills and repaying all loans from comrades as fast as asked for. But the European war and the business depression in the United States have cut our receipts in two, and it is impossible to reduce our expenses in the same proportion. That is why Charles H. Kerr has contributed \$500 toward the deficit and is ready to contribute \$500 more, provided that \$1,000 is contributed by other stockholders and friends, thus making up the deficit for 1914 and the probable deficit for 1915. All contributions will be acknowledged in the REVIEW by name unless we are requested to use initials only.

Removal to New Building. On or about April 1, we shall move to the new concrete building at 341-349 East Ohio Street, with windows looking out on Lake Michigan. We shall have a large floor, well lighted and heated, at a lower rent than we have been paying for cold and dark rooms at 118 West Kinzie Street. The new building is less than a block from the Grand Avenue car line, running west from the lake and connecting with north and south lines on State, Clark, Wells and Halsted Streets, so that it is easily reached from any part of Chicago. Next month we shall publish a picture of the building with further particulars. We shall be "at home" to our friends any time after April 10.

Closing Out Pamphlets. We have for some time been selling Socialist pamphlets at a loss, when the cost of handling and advertising, as well as manufacture, is considered. We have come to the conclusion that we can do better work in future by giving up the publication of booklets selling for less than 10c, and by limiting our line of 10c books to a few of the best ones. While our present stock lasts, which will be only a few weeks, we shall continue to mail **fifty Socialist books, all different, for fifty cents.** We also offer the following titles at 90c a hundred or \$6.50 a thousand, postage or expressage prepaid. The omitted numbers are of booklets which can no longer be supplied except in the assorted sets of fifty:

1. Woman and the Social Problem, Simons.
2. Economic Evolution, Paul Lafargue.
4. The Growth of Socialism, Eugene V. Debs.
7. Wage Labor and Capital, Karl Marx.
8. The Man Under the Machine, Simons.
9. The Mission of the Working Class, Vail.
10. The Origin of Great Private Fortunes, Myers.
11. Socialist Songs.
12. Socialism and Primitive Christianity, Brown.
13. Rational Prohibition, Walter L. Young.
15. How I Acquired My Millions, Corey.
16. A Christian View of Socialism, Strobell.
17. You Railroad Men, Debs.
18. Parable of the Water Tank, Bellamy.
19. The American Movement, Debs.
20. Why I Am a Socialist, Herron.
22. Science and Socialism, LaMonte.
23. Unity and Victory, Debs.
24. The Federal Government and the Chicago Strike, Debs.
25. Breaking Up the Home, Mary E. Marcy.
26. Intemperance and Poverty, T. Twining.
27. Where We Stand, John Spargo.
28. Socialism and the Home, May Walden.
31. Methods of Acquiring National Possession of Our Industries, N. A. Richardson.
32. You and Your Job, Carl Sandburg.
33. Liberty, Eugene V. Debs.
34. Class Unionism, Eugene V. Debs.
36. An Appeal to the Young, Kropotkin.
37. The Issue, Eugene V. Debs.
38. Easy Lessons in Socialism, Leffingwell.
41. Forces that Make for Socialism, Spargo.
42. Danger Ahead, Debs and Russell.
43. Craft Unionism, Debs.
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48. Useful Work vs. Useless Toil, Morris.
49. The Tramp, Jack London.

Sample Sets of Booklets. We shall continue for a few weeks more our special offers of sample sets of Socialist books in paper covers. We will mail:

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The Theoretical System of Karl Marx. By Louis B. Boudin. This book, based on a series of articles originally published in the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW, is one of the most important works on Socialism ever produced by an American writer. It is a book of 286 large pages, containing the following chapters:

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- II. Materialist Conception of History and Class Struggle.
- III. The Materialist Conception of History and Its Critics.
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- XI. Conclusion.

A third edition of this book has just been published, bound in dark blue cloth, with gold stamping, uniform with the other volumes of our Library of Sociology, price \$1.00 postpaid. This library now includes the following volumes, all exactly uniform in size and style.

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PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT



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May

1915

The INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

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Edited by Charles H. Kerr

No. 11

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

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DEPARTMENTS

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News and Views

International Notes

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AT THE BATTLE FRONT NEAR ARRAS, FRANCE—TWO FRENCH INFANTRYMAN CARRYING A WOUNDED CORPORAL FROM THE TRENCHES TO THE FIELD AMBULANCE.

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IMPERIALISM, The World War, and Social Democracy By H. GORTER

(The following pages are part of a book which is now being translated and edited, and which we hope to publish early in June. Of it Dr. Anton Pannekoek lately wrote us that a group of the revolutionary comrades in the various countries were preparing a book to point out the failure of the old International, and to show, by examining the causes of the war, that new revolutionary tactics are necessary. "Our ablest theorist, Herman Gorter," he continues, "author of 'Der Historische Sozialismus, is writing it with our assistance.")

I.

Imperialism

THE International Workingmen's Association, which Marx founded in 1864, and which disappeared in 1871 and came to life in 1889, now lies shattered. The first time that it might have been truly international, it fell to pieces. In the war between Germany and Austria on the one side, and the Triple Entente, England, France and Russia, with Servia and Belgium, on the other, the Labor parties of Germany, Austria, England, France and Belgium have sided with the bourgeoisie of their countries. Already the different Labor parties have addressed to each other the most violent reproaches, as if they were enemies. The International seems to have cast aside Socialist ideas.

This overthrow, this defeat of the social-democratic idea and organization, will be explained in the following pages. We shall try to show the real nature of the International up to the present time. From this will appear the cause of its defeat, the change it is undergoing, and

the forms and methods of action it will have to adopt in order to succeed.

The enormous increase of capital, caused by the growth of productive forces in the nineteenth century, produced Imperialism,—the tendency of all powerful states to acquire new territory, especially in Asia and Africa.

Just as, economically, free competition has to give way to the monopoly of great corporations and trusts, so every powerful capitalist state tries to obtain the monopoly of land, property and the power to exploit in foreign dominions.

The first awakening of the New Imperialism, its first act, was the annexation of Egypt by England; then followed the war of Japan against China, in which Japan conquered Korea; that of the United States against Spain, in which the States took Porto Rico and the Philippines; that of England against the Boers; the expeditions of Europe against China; the war of Japan against Russia.

Meanwhile the world had been divided up; no free territory remained, not even in Africa. Then, one after another, crises broke out. The Powers tried to get each other's possessions. Three times the Moroccan crisis threatened to

bring about a European war; the Balkan crisis twice. Then came the Italian-Turkish war about Tripoli, and the wars of Servia, Bulgaria and Greece against Turkey, over territory held by the Turks.

Through all this, the strain becomes more and more intense. The partition of Turkey excites the passions, greed and ambition of all. Germany wants Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, the Belgian and French Congo, the Dutch Indies, the Portuguese colonies, an unbroken territory in Africa from east to west, Morocco, and if possible, parts of the English colonies. France wants to keep the enormous territory it acquired during the last century, and if possible it wants to get more,—Syria, part of Asia Minor and the German provinces in Africa. Italy seeks expansion in Africa, if possible in the eastern part of the Mediterranean. England wants to keep what she has, and to make of Africa an English continent. She wants an unbroken territory from the Cape to Egypt, and across the Suez canal through Asia Minor, Arabia, Persia and Afghanistan to India.*

Germany, France, England, Russia, Japan, the United States,—all have an eye on China. Holland wants to keep the Dutch Indies, Belgium the Congo, Portugal its African colonies. All these minor powers want to exploit and dominate their colonies more and more. Austria-Hungary wants the east coast of the Adriatic, Servia and part of Macedonia—as an entrance to the Aegean Sea. Russia wants the Balkans, Turkey, Asia Minor, Persia, Mongolia, and, perhaps, ports on the Atlantic.

All the powers seek increase of territory to promote the export of their goods and to insure the investment of their capital at great profit. Imperialism wants not only colonies, it also wants spheres of influence for commerce and industries, and financial monopoly. We must not infer from this, however, that Imperialism only seeks expansion in colonies far away, across the seas. Russia and Austria, seeking expansion in Europe, testify to the contrary.

If the acquisition of new colonies or dominion over the sea demand it, exten-

sion is sought in foreign countries of Europe, through new conquests. This is what Germany is now doing in the case of Belgium, and may do later in Holland and Denmark. It needs these countries, because of their location and their ports, for its expansion over the world, and its struggle against England.

All the larger states seek world power, dominion over the seas, and definite trade monopolies for their own citizens. In order to obtain all, or at least part, of these results, and to prevent others from doing the same, the great Powers have concluded mutual treaties, Germany with Austria, England with France and Russia. And in order to settle this contest, at least provisionally, in its first stage, this war has been begun. So the real cause, the originator of the war, is not one state alone, but every one that maintain an imperialistic policy,—Germany, England, France, Austria, Russia, Belgium, Japan,—every one and all together, they are the originators of the war.*

All the talk of either capitalistic or Social-Democratic officials and newspapers, about the war being a defensive one, in which they were forced to engage because attacked, is nothing but lies, intended to supply some noble motive for their joining in the war.

To blame Germany or Russia or England for the war, is as nonsensical and as mistaken as blaming the crack in the volcano for the eruption. All the states of Europe have been preparing for this contest for years. They all want to satisfy their greed; they are all equally guilty.

II

The World-War

Capitalism, therefore, is guilty of this first world-war,—the Capitalism of the world, seeking expansion. The growth of Capitalism is one continuous story of bloodshed and murder, murder of competitors, of laborers, of home and foreign populations. Countless are the pages of the history of modern Capitalism that are

*The nature of imperialism is different in the different countries, that of Russia, for example, differs from that of England. It would lead us too far to explain this here.

*It goes without saying that in such an immense war other nations, too, are drawn in here and there. These, however, are insignificant compared to the great imperialistic nations, and may, therefore, be omitted here. We will only mention that Servia is fighting for its national existence.

soaked with blood, ever since it began its course in the struggle of the Portuguese and Spaniards for the conquest and possession of India and America, and then found its continuation in the wars of Spain with Holland, of the Dutch against the English, of the English against the French. On an ever greater scale it went on, until England, through its victory over Napoleon, obtained dominion over the seas. Countless are the blood-soaked pages of the struggle on the various continents for capitalistic power.

But no page is more bloody than that which is being written now. The states that take part in this war extend over more than half the surface of the earth, and have a population of 900,000,000 inhabitants. The armies they can and will bring forward count tens of millions, and the dead, wounded and permanently disabled will become millions upon millions. The earth is being covered with corpses as never before. This is caused by Capitalism and the capitalistic classes alone,—each of them and all together, since all this is only perpetrated *for the gain of capital*. In this war all the capitalistic classes aim at the extension of Capitalism over the earth, in order to obtain, through all the peoples of the earth, whom they hope to transform into wage-laborers, new and greater capital. Emperors and Kings, boasting of the call of the Fatherland, and of God's being witness to the justice of their cause and promising them victory,—these are but pitiful puppets in the hands of the all-powerful capitalist class, developing the resources of the whole world for its own profit. It is the profit of this class which marshals bankers, manufacturers, merchants, owners of transportation lines and landlords in the national parliaments to vote for and promote war.

It is profit, the small, mean profit they make through submitting to big capital, which induces the middle classes, the peasant and farmer to side with capital, however fearfully and anxiously, in this war. It is profit, golden profit, which forces Science, Art and Religion to side with Capitalism and stain their hands with the blood of millions of human beings. It is profit, low material profit, which subdues all these classes to the

most glaring hypocrisy imaginable, that of saying that *their* nation fights this war for just causes, that *their* motives are most elevated and true, such as the Freedom of the Nations, the promotion of Culture, Light, Civilization.

All this is lies and hypocrisy. The war may bring progress, but that is not the aim of those who wish for war; their will, their way, is blood, human blood, the blood of their enemies, human beings like themselves. And their only aim is profit.

Capital, profit, surplus value, squeezed out of weak nations and laborers. A mean and sordid profit, not culture.

And finally it is that Profit for which and through which they drag the proletariat into this war.

Let the laborer's wife whose husband or son is killed in France, in Flanders or in Poland, say to herself: "My son, my husband lies there because he had to fight for the profits from the Congo, from China, from Asia Minor.

In that light, in that light alone, the emperors and kings, the ministers and members of parliament, the bankers and manufacturers must be judged; so, too, the professors, clergymen and artists who defend this war.

Many Social-Democrats, especially in Germany, speak of the madness of war-expenditure, of Imperialism. And yet it is far from madness on the part of the capitalists, for every capitalist country to want colonies, and monopolies, and for each country to prepare itself to win and defend these by spending millions and millions on arming. For enormous wealth comes into the mother country out of such dominions, if the colonies are rich. If Germany succeeded in getting part of China, or the Dutch Indies, to exploit, hundreds of millions of profits would yearly come into German hands, as now from India into England. The big German banks, and the few great industrial and commercial magnates who rule Germany, would make the whole German nation pay the sums needed for the army and navy, and they would keep the millions of profits for themselves. With good reason, therefore, they force the German nation to arm, and with good rea-

son, when judged from their own viewpoint, do they drive Germany to a war for imperialistic expansion and colonial property. And with good reason the middle class joins in, since it, too, profits directly in the end. The madness is not in the capitalists, nor in the middle class.

Behind all these classes, behind the kings and emperors and parliaments, behind the armies, hidden, and only visible to the scientific eye, stand the great bankers, the mighty steel and iron and coal magnates, the world-trusts, the great concession-holders and monopolists. They control the great mass of capital, and thus they control society. They are few in number. Everything obeys them. Unseen, pitiless, they control the great movement of capital. Driven by growing production, they have willed this war, in order to extend their capitalism, to increase it, to fortify it, to make it the almighty world-power.

All the capitalist classes are guilty of this war, for they all follow Big Capital. This has united them into one mass, and as one mass they are guilty of this man-murder.

The nature of Capitalism is the formation of surplus-value, ever more, through ever better machines. Its nature, its existence, its practice is therefore extension, extension,—in the end, over the whole world. Originating as it does from private property in the means of production, and therefore always in the hands of the few, the method of capitalistic extension is through war. This world-war, therefore, is an outcome of the nature and life of capitalism. It is therefore inevitable. It is Fate, as they used to call it long ago, and God's will, as it was called later on. It is the necessary development of Capitalism, as we think now.

The capitalist class has a great task in the world still, the extension of capitalism over the earth. It still wields enormous power, with which to fulfil this mission. The proletariat is as yet too weak; it has too slight a realization of its aim and its ideal. It is still unequal to its task, the liberation of the world from Capital.

Imperialism, with its foreign and colonial policies, that is to say, the extension of Capitalism over the earth, the last necessary phase in the development of the profit system, finally brings about

World-Socialism. But *the way in which Capitalism develops* threatens the proletariat with destruction. And it is through the very struggle against these methods that the proletariat becomes stronger, and ripe for liberty.

III

The Proletariat

World-Labor Against World-Capital

Through Imperialism the relation of capital towards the proletariat changes. Through Imperialism the relation of the proletariat towards the bourgeoisie changes also. In general, Imperialism makes conditions worse for the proletariat.

Here we shall have to go somewhat more into detail. In order to understand that the working class must oppose Imperialism with all its might, one must realize that Imperialism is disadvantageous to the proletariat.

Colonies bring to capitalistic society in general immense advantages. It was colonies that in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries brought a stream of precious metals into Europe, and so produced modern capitalism in Holland, England and France. Through colonies, capitalistic commerce and industry were born; through them also the world-market. The colonial policy has conquered India, North and South America, Australia and Africa, and converted these worlds into producers of agricultural products for Europe.

Through colonies, England first, and then other countries, were able to become industrial nations. Through them the streams of gold came from California, Australia and the Transvaal to Europe, which again enormously enriched and extended capitalism. Colonies therefore bring gold, are the generators of new markets, the producers of ever more food and raw materials. They have continued that creative force from the sixteenth century now into the twentieth, without interruption and with ever more intensity. They, therefore, with Capital, have produced Industry, and thus the modern proletariat.

The colonial policy of Imperialism may

also bring a direct gain to the proletariat. Whether it does or not depends upon the colonies alone. There are colonies which bring profit only to a small group of capitalists; there are some which bring profit to many capitalists, public officials and military men, but little or none to the proletariat; and again there are some by which a great part of the capitalistic as well as part of the working classes benefit.

The British and Dutch Indies, immensely rich countries by nature, with an industrious, dense, civilized population, bring great gains to the working classes of England and Holland, that is to say, work and wages. And there are more of such countries which capitalism now covets, e. g., China.

When, for instance, capital is exported to British India, this means the export of iron and steel goods, machines, etc., made in England. English industry, English capital are in the colonies, consequently, if quality and prices are equal, the mother country is favored. Thus there is direct gain for the laborer in England. Then again the production of goods to be exported to the colonies, and to "spheres of influence" in weak countries like China, employs many workers, as, for example, in the English textile industry. Here also the colonies, the "spheres of influence," bring profit to the mother country, other conditions being equal.*

Again, much ship-building is done in the mother country for the purpose of traffic with the colonies. This also means work for many men, and in turn influences the other industries, such as iron and steel, coal-mining, etc. Besides this, trade with tropical countries creates special industries, rice and coffee husking, cocoa factories, etc. Finally, the vast profits made in India trickle through to the higher and lower middle classes, and even down to the workingmen. Regions and cities of the mother country live in part from that profit. It is shared to some extent with the workingmen of the building trades, and those who make articles of luxury, also the servants, footmen, etc. All these workmen together

form a considerable number in Holland and an immense number in England.*

And yet revolutionary social-democracy is, or at any rate ought to be, against capitalist colonial policies. Why? Because colonies are almost always acquired and held by means of plunder, murder and the worst exploitation.†

A revolutionary social-democracy can never agree to this, not only because of the principles and ideals of humanity for which it stands, but also from self-interest. The laborers of the oppressed colonies are used as their competitors, they lower the standard of wages. Moreover the small farmers and laborers of India, and of all regions which the great Powers over-run, are the socialists of the future. More and more the time approaches, it is very near or even here already, when not only the Japanese workmen, but those of India and Egypt, and part of the black working population of Africa will adopt socialism. The proletariat must not estrange these laborers and tenant-farmers from itself. It must help them in all things, for later it will need their support. They should begin to feel that they are one with the proletariat of Europe, America and Australia. When wage-workers of different nationalities support the colonial policies of the ruling class, these bring dissensions among them. Colony-grabbing engenders a spirit of imperialism, nationalism and chauvinism in the workers who join in it, and thus brings discord into their ranks.

In small things and for the immediate future, therefore, the proletariat may benefit by a colonial policy, but viewed broadly, and in the long run, such a policy corrupts the life of the working class that embraces it. An imperialistic colonial policy may bring certain advantages to parts of the working class (miners, iron and steel workers, ship-builders, etc.), but *in the long run it corrupts the fighting action* of that class.

*When the capitalists boast to the workers of the advantages that result to them also from the colonies, the workingman may well reply, Perhaps so, if the capital now being exported were to be kept at home, in Holland, for example. And he may add that a capitalist country without colonies or spheres of influence can attain immense prosperity merely through commerce and industry, as Germany and Belgium prove. Therefore, this imperialistic war is not needed by the laborer, but only caused by the unquenchable thirst for gain of the capitalist.

†See, for example, the system of taxation in the Dutch and British Indies.

*Even sometimes when they are unequal, for the same group of capitalists is often interested at once in production, commerce and transport.

Therefore the proletariat can not, as a general rule, join in capitalistic colonial policies, and therefore the contrast between it and organized capital becomes more marked.*

If this was true in the case of former colonial policies, it is all the more so when we have to deal with modern imperialism.

In the first place, modern imperialism, in times of peace, puts intolerable burdens on the working class. Militarism increases infinitely through imperialism, social legislation comes to a standstill, import duties become higher, living dearer, the value of wages decreases, reaction becomes stronger.

Secondly, in time of war, imperialism crushes the working class. Its organizations are destroyed; endless burdens are laid upon it,—hunger, want, unemployment, battle-wounds and the extinction of entire generations. For years progress is stopped; nations are incited one against the other, and war carries new wars in its wake.

Thirdly, after the war, progress for the proletariat will be most uncertain, if not impossible, for years. If the war lasts long, the states may become so poor, so deeply indebted, that if more arming and new wars were to follow, it might mean the economic ruin of the proletariat, and its extinction as a fighting class.

Through all this the proletariat can less than ever afford to join in capitalistic colonial schemes, that is to say, in the policy of imperialism.

For all these disadvantages are infinitely greater than the aforesaid advantages.

And through all this, Imperialism ren-

ders the relations between the proletariat and the capitalist classes far more strained and hostile.

But fourthly, and here is the most important change, Imperialism has now immensely deepened and sharpened the antagonism between capital and labor. For the first time in the world's history, as a result of Imperialism, the entire working class of the world is involved in a single struggle, that can only be fought out by one united proletariat against the international bourgeoisie.

This is the new state of affairs brought about by Imperialism. This is the new phase that must be clearly seen. This is what neither the International, nor the national parties of which it consists, have understood. Only he who sees this can understand the new phase which through Imperialism has come over the contest between capital and labor. On the basis of this understanding the new tactics to be adopted against Imperialism should be decided upon.

All modern states, without one exception,* constantly menace the working class in time of peace and crush it in time of war. In times of peace the bourgeoisie, the government, the capital of Germany menace, through their Imperialism, not only the German, but also the French, the English, the Austrian, the Russian proletariat, and force upon it unbearable burdens. The French, the English, the Russian capitalist class does the same with the proletariat of all countries. In time of war, the German capitalist government destroys not only the power of the German, but at the same time that of the French, English, Russian, Austrian working class. The same is done by Russian, French, Austrian and English Imperialism, each separately and all together, to the proletariat of all countries.

And Imperialism is covering the whole world. Arming is going on everywhere. In this war already the greater half of the civilized world has joined. The greater part of Europe, nearly the whole of Asia, the whole of Australia, South Africa, Egypt, Algiers, Morocco, Canada, Tunis, all the French, English and Ger-

*And the proletariat, though recognizing that a colonial policy develops capitalism, should oppose it. For not only is the earth already divided up, but it makes no difference to the working class as a whole whether England or another country possesses a greater part of the world; therefore, the workers should oppose all colony-grabbing. They should oppose capitalistic colonial policies, because they aim at a better society than this capitalistic one, a society that needs no colonies to exploit. Besides, the western European states at least, and Germany and England especially, are economically ripe for that socialist society. For these and other reasons it is the duty of the proletariat to fight imperialism.

The colonial program of the revolutionary social-democracy is as follows: (1) Protesting against colonial usurpation and extortion. (2) Attempting to protect and liberate the natives, so long as they themselves are too weak for revolutionary action. (3) Supporting every revolutionary act of the natives and demanding their political and national independence, as soon as they begin revolutionary activity for themselves.

*Not even the smaller ones can be excepted; Spain, Holland, Belgium, Portugal take a direct part in the struggle for colonies.

man possessions, and there may be more to follow.

Now for the first time, through Imperialism, World-Capital, in all its parts, stands actually, as one whole, through

one deed, against the World-Proletariat. For the first time the World-Proletariat has, in practice, to deal with World-Capitalism.

(To be continued)



"HERO COLONY" FOR GERMANS

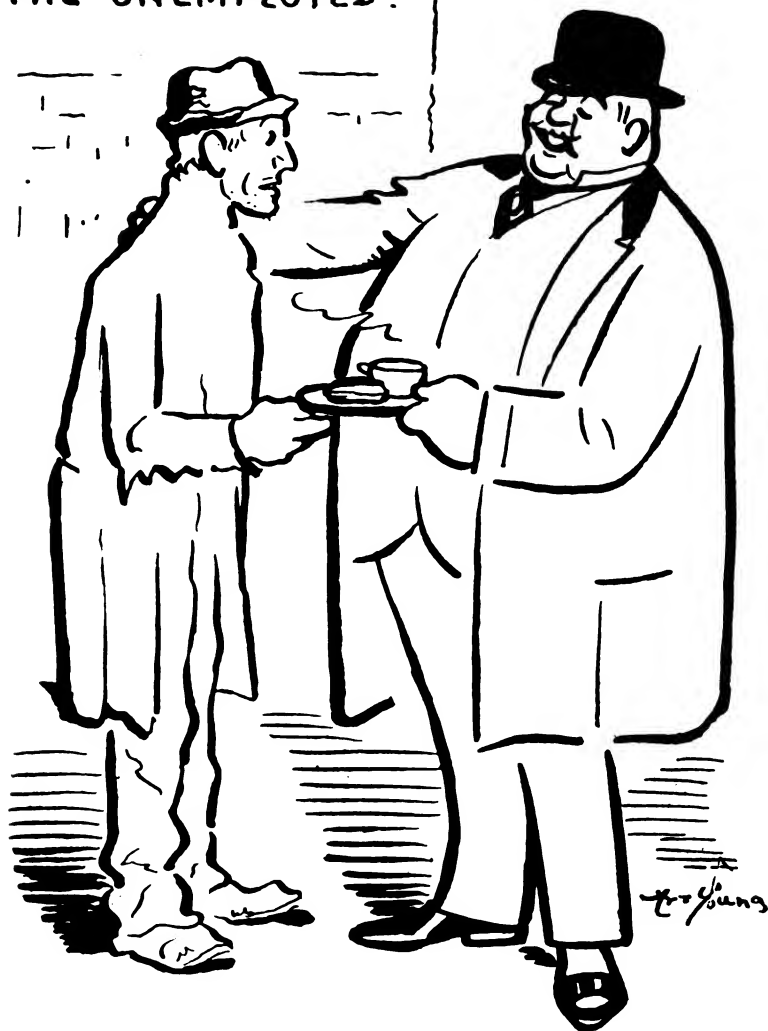
Berlin, Germany, April 1.—Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg is considering the feasibility of a suggestion for the establishment of a "hero colony" near the famous old Pforta school in South Prussia, of which he is an alumnus, where men maimed and crippled in the war may take up their life after it is over.

The originator of the idea is Paul Kersten, head of a big factory in Bad Koesen. He believes that there will be thousands of patriotic girls and widows of soldiers who, when peace is concluded, will be glad to be married to the men who have been injured and who otherwise would gravitate into soldiers' homes. Kersten feels that men in soldiers' homes soon come to feel that they are useless and in the way, whereas they can continue a useful and happy existence if they have their own homes and wives to help care for them. He believes that the loss of an eye or a leg is not a defect that in any way affects future generations. If injured soldiers can marry and live in colonies instead of in homes by themselves he thinks that the birth rate will show some of the increase that is to be necessary after the war.—*Chicago Daily News*.

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HE WON A BRASS MEDAL AND A PAIR OF PEG LEGS.

THE UNEMPLOYED.



From the Masses.

"WHY, MAN, I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU STARVE—I NEED YOU TO KEEP MY EMPLOYEES FROM ASKING HIGHER WAGES."

SOLIDARITY AND UNEMPLOYMENT

By AUSTIN LEWIS

A UNION is for persons in employment. When owing to the exigencies of the economic situation or, for other reasons, the craftsman loses his employment, he ceases automatically, as it were, to be a member of the craft. The craft rules do not apply to him. And if the period of un-

employment is in any way protracted it is also obvious that he will cease to be a dues paying member of the union and will thus be lost to the organization.

But a man out of employment is still a man. He must eat, and if he has a family it must eat also. The union offers him no remedy for his condition. It

really cannot offer him any. If labor is a commodity, which is predicated by the very nature of craft union, he is merely a commodity which cannot find a market and, being in this condition, must suffer the fate of all commodities for which there is no effective demand; he must be laid on the shelf.

But to be laid on the shelf is precisely what the unemployed, skilled or unskilled, cannot endure. His labor power may be a commodity, though he would not gladly admit it. But that commodity is wrapped in a human body, which must be fed, and cannot be fed unless that labor power is released and enabled to earn.

So that while the unemployed may be ignored by the union, the union cannot, as a matter of fact, afford to ignore him. For the unemployed, by virtue of his human attributes, becomes the enemy of the union in that he is compelled to go out and earn his bread under such conditions as the times permit, union or no union. Necessity knows no law, and the need of life is superior to the laws of the union.

This can be seen even in the ranks of the union when the threat of hard times puts the fear of ensuing want into the hearts of the workers. Little by little the scale becomes lowered. Little by little the men ignore the union rules in order to keep their jobs. The business agent is really powerless against this tendency, which he cannot afford to recognize, for to admit that men are working under the scale would be to threaten the very foundations of the union itself, since who would pay dues when the union is unable to guarantee the results for which dues are paid? The business agent therefore is compelled to make examples. Certain men are caught, brought in and fined, but this does not stop the process, which is inevitable, for the conditions are superior to any rules.

Of course, if the tendency were universal the union would lose, in that the gates would be thrown wide open, and the era of individual would succeed that of collective bargaining, and at the end of the period of hard times the union would have to begin at the beginning again.

But as a matter of fact the union can

control sufficient, even during the hard times, among the large contractors and those with whom the good will of the union is more important, from a business point of view, than the mere economies achieved by lowering the scale. They are thus able to hold the nucleus of the work at the same rates as before the period of unemployment and to advertise the scale as maintained, whether it is so or not. The union may therefore maintain itself, but at an enormous sacrifice. On all the small jobs, particularly those which lie outside a large town where the union is in control, the scales are cut to pieces. Men work, although ostensibly belonging to the union, at lower rates than the union allows.

And it is just at this point that the hardest burden falls on the best union men. They will refuse to work under scale and, unless they are able to get jobs in places where the shield of the union fully protects them, they go without work altogether and thus become part of the unemployed. While, on the other hand, the mere mercenary who is in the union for pecuniary reasons, dodges, makes terms with the bosses, carries himself through the hard times on the reduced scale, and comes in for the full scale when returning prosperity makes jobs at the proper union rate possible.

Unemployment, therefore, strikes at the very basis of unionism. It also strikes at the basis of working class progress. For the craftsman who is unemployed, while he may have compunction against reducing the returns on his own craft, has, naturally, little about reducing the rate for unskilled labor, so that the poorest and most helpless portion of the working class is compelled to see its scanty wages still further reduced by the inroads of those who have had better wages than the unskilled could ever hope to get, but who now lay the burden of their needs on backs already breaking beneath the load.

Times of unemployment have always been times when the solidarity of labor seemed the most foolish of dreams. It is a time of rout, of the devil take the hindmost. There is no opportunity save to preserve one's self, and, under such conditions, the more or less incoherent voice of class solidarity is lost in the uproar. At no time hitherto have such times been

other than times of disillusionment and disappointment.

But this winter, hard as it has been, and discouraging in many respects as far as the demonstrations of the unemployed have been, has still shown some remarkable signs of a tendency in the direction of solidarity which we have not hitherto had. These are, moreover, evidently not of a superficial or transitory character, but rather mark a development which will take on a broader scope until the solution of the unemployed problem by labor itself will appear more probable than has hitherto been the case.

In California in 1914, when the unemployed problem pressed for solution, work was offered at certain reduced rates of pay, which the unemployed refused. Their refusal was met with a howl of horrified dismay by the members of the committee which was charged with the care of the unemployed. It seemed outrageous that men who were supposed to be on the verge of starvation—and actually were so—should have any voice as regards wages, beyond the mere starvation point. They should be content to get whatever was offered to them, it was solemnly stated, for the charity of the community was saving them from destruction, and they owed society thanks for its helping hand. They had no right to look a gift horse in the mouth. It was not their place to criticize the amount of the gift. They were not entitled to the usual recompense for their labor; they were entitled, perhaps, as members of a Christian community to be saved from starvation, perhaps hardly that.

But the unemployed remained firm in their original demand. They would not work for less than the rate which the Laborers' Union had fixed as the minimum for laborers. In other words, their solidarity was such that they would not make the lives of those who were fortunate enough to have work more insecure by their actions.

They would not scab even on those who had no organization. The effect is obvious. The acceptance of the terms offered by the committee would have reduced the wages of that unskilled labor which was employed and, at the same time, would have materially lessened the aggregate amount paid for employment

in those occupations which come under the head of unskilled. The unskilled would have entered the competitive labor market and the general level of welfare would have still further lowered. In refusing the terms the unemployed therefore conferred a benefit on the entire community.

But their action was, as we have already seen, deeply resented; so much so indeed, that every effort of the ruling class was devoted to driving them out of the city of San Francisco. Their meetings were rudely disturbed by the police and when, in the course of their travels, they arrived at Sacramento they were outrageously abused and maltreated with the openly expressed approval of the governor of the State.

But they had accomplished their work and had made a display of solidarity as unexpected as vigorous. Henceforward there was a greater tendency on the part of organized labor to take steps which would help in the partial solution of the unemployed problem, independent of the State.

The governing class, on its part, also saw that something had to be done, and proceeded to formulate plans for employment bureaus throughout the State. These bureaus were to place the worker, as far as possible, in touch with such jobs as could be found, and at the same time to extend the state activities so that work could be found for the unemployed at the regular rate of pay for unskilled labor. It has been assumed that such employment as is given shall not tend to reduce the scale of wages for the unskilled. This is directly due to the attitude of the unemployed as above described, and marks a striking advance on former schemes of this kind.

But a dispute has arisen as to the Commission which shall have charge of the unemployed question. The Labor Commission, which is purely labor, claims it and so does the Housing and Immigration Commission, which is much more mixed in its composition and has as a member of the commission a Roman Catholic Bishop of San Francisco, and certain other representatives of the non-labor element. The Housing and Immigration Commission says that they can handle the matter better, as a mixed

board would have a better chance in dealing with employers than would a purely labor body. The Labor Commission, however, claims the handling of the matter of unemployment as being entirely within their scope as representatives of the working class, which alone should have the say in matters of employment.

Thus a lively fight has been precipitated between the two commissions, which has found an echo in the San Francisco Labor Council and has caused quite an amount of discussion. The result is that the feeling of labor solidarity in the matter of unemployment is much increased and an educational agitation of no slight importance has resulted.

On the other hand, the unions are themselves taking a much greater interest in the question than heretofore and have announced their intention of looking after their unemployed as far as possible.

Proposals have been made and widely agitated that the men employed should work fewer hours than usual so as to allow of the employment of members of unions who are out of employment. It has been argued that there should be a general working day of four days a week in place of six so as to give the unemployed a chance to earn something and thus keep things together. This suggestion has met with a much wider response than would have been possible

hitherto, but it cannot be said that the proposal is as yet in a sufficiently practical shape to be really considered.

The State Conference of Painters, however, passed resolutions to the effect that in the winter months the work day should be six instead of eight hours. This also has been done by the painters of Chicago. Other unions are taking the question in hand with the purpose of dealing with the unemployment problem.

All of these advances are admittedly slight, and the backwardness of the organized working class in these respects, as in many others, is irritating and perplexing. But the really encouraging circumstance is that the working class is beginning to take up the unemployment problem as a working class and not as a governmental problem.

This implies a growth in sympathy and understanding in a word that solidarity which has been so often preached but so seldom practiced. Any union which attempts to deal with the question of its unemployed must necessarily make a much closer and deeper examination of labor conditions than the workers themselves have been so far in the habit of making. It must in the long run learn that identity of interest which binds the whole working class together. However, a very definite step has been taken towards that solidarity this year.





ARBITRATION BAIT.

FIXING THE PAY OF RAILROAD MEN

Second Article

THE western railroads' arbitration hearing is ended. The six men of the arbitration board are holding secret sessions as this number of THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW goes to press. When our June number comes out it will tell you what the arbitration award gives to the 65,000 engineers, firemen and hostlers on the ninety-eight western railroads in wages and working conditions. In this article are given some of the high lights of the hearing.

WARREN S. STONE, the \$10,000-a-year chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, closed the four-month wage arbitration hearing in the postoffice building of Chicago. He told the arbitration board that no matter what kind of a deal is handed his men, the men will take it and stand for it. In a news letter sent out under the signature of Richard Fairchild, the head of the press bureau kept by the brotherhoods, Stone's words are quoted in this way:

"We believe, gentlemen, you are big enough and broad enough and have the courage of your convictions to do what is right in this case. Whatever may be your decision, regardless of whether these brotherhoods get all of the things or only part of the things they ask for—regardless of what your award may be—I want to say to you, as chief executive officer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, our men on these ninety-eight western railroads will accept your award and will carry it out in good faith. I leave it with you, believing in

the justice and equity of our requests and believing thoroughly in the fairness and justice of the arbitrators who are going to decide these questions. Gentlemen, I thank you."

This was the best that Stone could do. Engineers and firemen are roused and exasperated, fighting mad over the way the railroad managers and owners are beating them down. Food prices, coal prices, rent and clothing prices going up—everything going up except wages. And, on the other hand, at the top of the railroad world, the most hoggish, swaggering crew of millionaires that ever buncoed and swindled a nation of people.

They swim in millions, dizzy millions of dollars, these owners of the American railroads. A table compiled by W. Jett Lauck and submitted to the arbitration board showed that on ten representative western railroads the total dividend payments in 1913 were \$140,404,789. For that same year, the total amount of wages paid to engineers and firemen amounted to a measly

\$37,803,020. That is, the stockholders, the owners of the roads, most of whom never do anything except ride in sleepers and observation cars, for not working pulled down five times as much money as the engineers and firemen got for pulling out in the sizzling heat of summer and biting cold and the driving blizzards of winter.

In the face of one small class of thieves, highbinders and bunk artists grabbing off \$140,404,789 while the engine workers got a measly \$37,803,020 for doing the work, the chief spokesman for the rail workers ends four months of evidence and argument before an arbitration board by telling that board:

"Our men on these ninety-eight railroads will accept your award and carry it out in good faith."

To show the good-will and the peace and the fraternity that exists between the grand officers of the brotherhoods and the railroad managers, nothing is more pointed and clear than these remarks of Stone as they appear in the stenographic report of the proceedings:

"We bear no ill-will towards our friend, the enemy (glancing to his left at Chairman A. W. Tremholm and the conference committee of managers). You have given us a good fight, gentlemen, and I wish to say that there is just enough Scotch and Dutch in me to enjoy a fight once in a while. You certainly have given us a run for our money."

The best witness who took the stand for the rail workers at any time during the whole four months was a lean, dark-eyed, long-headed young man who was trained at the University of Wisconsin under Prof. John R. Commons. This young man's name is W. Jett Lauck. He told his story in masses of straight figures and straight facts never questioned by the railroads. It is the story of one of the greatest get-rich-quick games ever played by American millionaires. It is the story of how a few dozen men have piled up multimillion-dollar fortunes by stock watering and stock rigging and by land grabbing and by labor exploitation.

For months Lauck has been at work with a staff of investigators getting at the facts. He placed in the record the most convincing evidence that could possibly be presented to show that the owners and manipulators of the American railroads have

stolen and made their getaway with enough millions to double the wages of all railroad workers in America for a hundred years. Those who were listening to Lauck's testimony almost got dizzy at hearing him pronounce the word "millions" and "millions" over and over again. The only thing that made it worth listening to was the thorough finish of the job, its fidelity to detail.

He showed at least \$30,000,000 of watered stock in the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Company. In \$275,000,000 of shares floated in the formation of the Rock Island Company of Iowa and the Rock Island Company of New Jersey, he gave proof to show "there is practically no asset behind them save some office furniture." In other words, there is \$300,000,000 of water and wind in the Rock Island capitalization.

How the Frisco road bamboozled the public out of \$58,911,946; how E. H. Hariman faked the Chicago & Alton Company's accounts; how a dividend of 629 per cent was declared on the stock of the Northwestern Improvement Company, a subsidiary of the Northern Pacific railroad; how one trick and then another was used to fool the stock buying public and skin the rate-paying consumers, while all the time the workers on the engines of the railroads as a class were held down with low wages, mercilessly long hours and hazards that made them cripples in large numbers, wrecks and paralytics—this was the cold and terrible story the dark-eyed, long-headed young man told.

The railroad game IS a fierce, mercilessly brutal game today.

That men shall work hard out in the open weather in order to get the means of life is a fact that can be faced with a smile.

That men shall go forth in rough clothes and takes chances against death, sudden clashes and crashes in the dark with broken bodies to follow and then weeks of restless tossing in hospitals—this, too, is a fact of life that brave men can face with smiling.

But why should this be done for the sake of piling up enormous fortunes going into the pockets of dollar-hogs that never work? That's where the rub comes. It's here you find the reason why railroad men are turning away from the old leaders that have stood by, satisfied with "keeping the brake" on the members of the brotherhoods who want "to tear the lid off."

In the capitalist game of swindling the workers, arbitration has one point always in favor of the employer. Until the arbitration award is handed down, the workers get nothing. Not until the umpires have said their last say-so and the capitalist courts have put their O. K. on the arbitration award, do its rulings go into effect.

After the six men who compose the western railway arbitration board in Chicago hand down their award, does that finish it? Is the whole affair over? Does everybody go home and the conditions decided on by the arbitration board go into effect right away? Well, maybe so. And maybe not. It all depends.

1. First of all, the corporation lawyers who wrote the Newlands Act, under which the arbitration is conducted, had to arrange for what they call "error of law apparent on the record." If such error is found, it can be used by shrewd railroad lawyers to throw out the whole award. Article 11, Section 4 of the Newlands Act says:

"The agreement to arbitrate shall provide that the award, the papers and proceedings, including the testimony relating thereto, certified under the hands of the arbitrators, which shall have the force and effect of a bill of exceptions, shall be filed in the clerk's office of the District Court of the United States of the district wherein the arbitration is entered into, and shall be final and conclusive upon the parties to the agreement unless set aside for error of law apparent on the record."

2. Language, and especially the language of lawyers, is like rubber. It can be stretched. A railroad lawyer can argue that any language means what he wants. So Article 12 of the Newlands Act provides for what shall be done if the railroad companies and the brotherhoods don't agree on what the language of the award means. They then *arbitrate* on *what the arbitration award means*. Article 12 provides for it in this manner:

"The agreement to arbitrate may also provide that any differences arising as to the meaning or the application of the provisions of the award made by a board of arbitration shall be referred back to the same board or to a sub-committee of such board for a ruling, which ruling shall have the same force and effect as the original award, and if any member of the original board is unwilling or unable to serve, another arbitrator shall be

named in the same manner as such original member was named."

3. Last of all, the arbitration board's award is not final at all as a matter of law. The board might go wrong on law. Even good lawyers on an arbitration board might make a bum guess and not please the railroad managers and lawyers. Then the whole case goes out of the hands of the arbitration board and at one jump passes on up to a regular court of law. From the district court of the United States it can then pass on higher up to the supreme court. If railroad lawyers don't like an award they can stall it off for years, completely snag it up in the higher courts. This is provided for very clearly in Sec. 8 of the Newlands Act, which says:

"The award being filed in the clerk's office of the District Court of the United States as hereinbefore provided, shall go into practical operation and judgment shall be entered thereon accordingly at the expiration of ten days from such filing, unless within such ten days either party shall file exceptions for matter of law apparent on the record, in which case said award shall go into practical operation and judgment be rendered accordingly when such exceptions shall have been finally disposed of either by said District Court or on appeal therefrom."

So there we are. The railroad lawyers can blow up bridges ahead of us or behind us if they feel that way about it.

The longer an arbitration award is stalled off the longer the time the old wages and the old working conditions hold on.

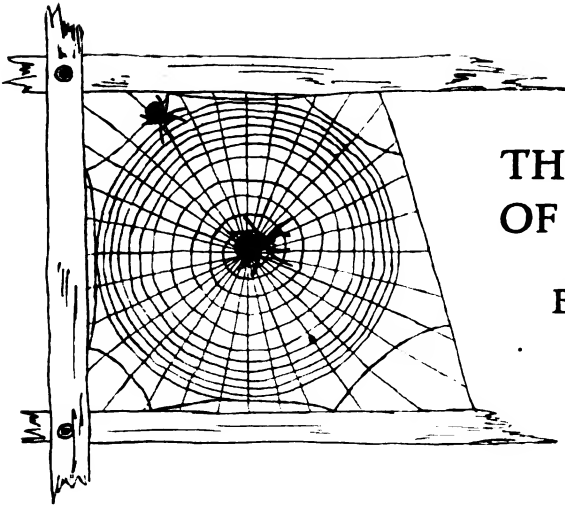
During the five months since Nov. 30, when this arbitration started, the 98 western railroads have gone along paying the old wages and working the workers in the same old way.

Since last August when arbitration was agreed on, the railroads have had the bulge on the men because every condition the men first kicked about and voted a strike vote on, has kept right on without change.

It was October, 1913, that the present "wage movement" began. So it is clear that for a year and a half it has paid the railroads to arbitrate.

Any time they can't see that it has paid them to arbitrate the award now coming, they will tie up that award in a district court and then a supreme court.

One way or another, the railroads make arbitration pay.



THE LOVE ADVENTURES OF THE SPIDER

By WILHELM BOELSCHE

DRAWING BY ARTHUR LINZ.

(Being an extract of "Liebesleben in der Natur," translated by Rheamars Dredenov.)

WHO is not interested in spiders? The little knowledge we have about these insects surrounds them with an air of mystery which makes them still more interesting. In our early youth we caught flies and threw in their webs in order to observe the spiders better and to see how they attacked and overwhelmed the flies. We could never understand how they were able to spin such beautiful "nests," and only knew that they were useful creatures.

Yes, the spider family is certainly a curious and interesting folk. The most prominent feature about them is that they seem to compound the eating instinct with love.

Those who have read about the evolution of man will remember that in the earliest forms of life eating meant propagating. The first one-celled creatures absorbed food for their existence and by growing bigger divided into two parts and spread. This was the simplest way of propagation.

Out of this, going through various stages, gradually developed procreation by direct sexual relation; the absorption of one life by another without destroying either. This may be regarded as a high form of eating.

The one-cells or protozoas absorbed "dead" nourishment, either inorganic or mineral. It may be also that they killed other living cell material and absorbed it. At any rate, these organisms had already the power to transform the absorbed dead material into living cell material.

In the direct sexual procreation life is thoroughly melted with life. It may be pictured as life "eating" life. The female "eats," or rather is given to eat, the living material (sperm). The sperm is received with a "mouth" reserved for that purpose and brought into a separate "stomach." Here it is completely united with the living egg cells and "digested." However, not for the conservation of the body, but for the creation of a new, distinct life.

The spider, or rather the female spider, does not seem to be fully in harmony with this principle. She has not grasped the idea that she should not look at the male spider with whom she is to enjoy a most ideal repast of love as eventual prey.

Here are the male spider and the female spider (which shall be named "spiderina" in this article), both of the species of the garden spider. The former is only two-thirds of the size of Miss Spiderina. On an old wooden fence under shady pine trees they have built their large webs. For many months they have been living here, both male and female. But they are living absolutely separate and are bitter enemies, even when they are members of the same family. They have arrived at the prime of their lives and have passed through a long life full of strength and work. This means to say long only from the spider's viewpoint. In man's measure of time it is not even one full year—one voyage of the earth around the sun.

But for the spider this is a world-year, divided into long cosmic epochs. First, the ice age, winter. During that time the young ones were lying in their winter sleep, hundreds of them together in a warm little nest. When spring comes along and the warm sun touches the nest, the little spiders burst the egg-skin and are born. This lively little bunch sticks together only about eight days and then they separate in all directions, everyone going his own way.

The spider does not pass through the stage of the larva like the higher insects, as for instance the butterfly. They crawl out of the eggs ready-made, only uncolored and very small. In their webs they grow during the summer into big terrible beasts of prey which scare even you sometimes. Such a rapid growth is only possible through their great voracity and a frightful slaughtering of small insects.

The wonderful web has only been built for this purpose. Victim after victim is caught in it. Their whole life from May till September is a continuous killing and eating and must be considered as a gigantic accomplishment, both in ability and intellectual power. Much ability and great skill are displayed in the construction of the web. It is a masterpiece in engineering science. All threads running from the center are of equal carrying strength, in accordance with the first principle in mechanics that a construction is only as strong as its weakest point. Individual intellect in the highest degree is required in finding the proper place for the web, which must be of different construction in every case, according to prevailing conditions. The strength of every victim must be judged and compared with their own, while wind and weather must be reckoned with.

Life is a wild chase for victims throughout the summer. Anything that comes along is seized and devoured if the strength of the spider is sufficient to make this possible. This is also the case with the small spiders that happen to trespass the borders of the web, even if it is a member of the same family. Relative or no relative, brother or sister, friend or foe, they all suffer the same fate. They are seized, bound and sucked out. This explains how in a few months the tiny creature has turned into a giant spider. The stomach is provided with special "store bases" which

are filled when the hunting grounds are particularly good.

When fall has arrived the stomach has done its duty and the aim seems to have been attained. But the spider's rapid physical development is only a step to a bigger purpose. The sexual organs of the ripe, outgrown body generates eggs in the spiderina and sperm in the spider. The tremendous voracity, with the reckless dismay for the life of others, now gives way to a mysterious love-longing that is the wish to combine with the life of a stranger for the extension of life beyond death.

Here is where the behavior of both the spider and the spiderina prove to be quite some handicap for their coming together. They have attacked and devoured their kind whenever one was able to overwhelm the other. The spiderina knows this actively, while the spider, being smaller in size, feels it in a passive way. The stout matron, without ceremony, caught the little spidermen whenever she had a chance. But now comes the great conflict—love. Both must come together in ideal harmony; must meet each other "in love."

The generative organs of the male garden spider, like those of all other varieties, are strictly separated. He has two long sperm bases in the body and the two grape-shaped ovaries. There is no possibility to procreate without coming together, like the oysters, for which this is only possible in the water where the animals are close together. They must find each other. There is no way of getting around that.

The sexual parts are lying deep in the body of male and female and have their opening on the lower side of the body, not quite at the rear end of it, because there the spinning organs are situated. The right course of procedure, therefore, would be that for this exceptional occasion that the couple should make a peace truce and see each other for a little while on the web of one party, so that opening can touch opening. If it only were not so dangerous! The spiderman, of course, is scared the worst. Instinct, which is the result of past impressions experienced by forefathers throughout countless ages, tells him that there is danger ahead.

If he would now go to her and propose? A refusal means here more than a simple heartache. He feels like a man that is going to perform looping the loop in an aeroplane

—either he does it or he is a dead man. But the bright September sun laughs and the longing grows stronger and stronger, while over there the charming queen is waiting in her silver net. He must risk death for love. However, an indispensable preparation must be fulfilled before he can proceed.

Now look what he is doing. He is not yet going to the spiderina, but is first occupied with himself. His sexual opening is a simple aperture, without any trace of a genital limb. While he is sitting there he rubs the lower end-part of his body on the web, still hesitating and wondering whether he shall venture or not. Suddenly a little bit of sperm runs out of the sexual opening and falls upon the web as a tiny drop. Now our friend, the spiderman, is running around, so that the lower part of his head can touch the drop. It looks as if he wanted to eat it, which would mean the highest confusion between eating in the nourishing sense and "eating" in the higher sense of procreation, but, no, he does not eat it.

Nevertheless, it looks that way when the drop disappears near the mouth. Here is the explanation: The mouth is, of course, a simple opening through which the nourishment reaches the stomach. Around this opening are situated a number of strong, movable jaws, by means of which the victims are seized and overwhelmed after they have been maimed through a poisonous bite. These jaws are remnants of the feet of the spider's ancestors, probably the thousandth grandfather. This explains also why the spider has eight legs, consisting of six running legs and two spinning hands. So the spider seizes the drop of sperm with a pair of points of the lower jaw and proceeds to present it to his charming neighbor, Miss Spiderina.

Boldly he walks now to the edge of the other web. Spiderina in the center of it has noticed him already. Various happenings are now possible. It may be that he does not please her at all. Perhaps he is dangerously big or his coloring is not distinct enough, or perhaps he is too small. Anyway, for some reason or other she may not like him. Then, of course, his case is already a desperate one. She waylays him as if he were a fly.

But *our* Spiderman is well built and of pleasant coloring. The spider maid observes him and is agreeably touched by his looks. Slowly she walks now toward the

corner of the web where he is waiting modestly. No doubt she is in love herself. The tremendous longing for love subdues for an hour individual voracity. With back downward, the legs drawn as though numb, the spider bride hangs herself on the web and awaits the intended. Will he be Romeo?

Nothing is decided yet. To every female come several waiting and expectant males, the general proportion being about twelve to one. So all of a sudden our hopeful bridegroom is attacked by a rival and a fight follows. The maid is watching them; the winner is surely the more energetic. Our friend comes out victorious; his competitor is running along. Now then, from fight to love.

Carefully, very carefully, the conqueror goes now toward his lady, back downward like herself. Now he puts his arm around her while she remains quiet. For about a quarter of an hour he caresses her in this way, just like a farmer does to calm his excited horse.

And yet it has been observed that even at this stage the female has suddenly turned around to overwhelm and kill the spider. The males of some smaller species do not take such chances, but simply jump upon the back of the female and are so free of danger.

In this time of anxious crisis and pressed by irresistible desire, the spider makes the decisive step. With a quick turn he throws himself around the queen so that they face each other. In the same moment those grope points of the lower jaw that hold the drop of sperm pass already into the female sheath of the Spiderina. Curiously enough, this sheath shows an extensible limb which receives the sperm.

This is the period of true copulation, which lasts about half a minute. As quickly as the spider has come, he jumps down again and retires for a little while. Only after a quarter of an hour this game is repeated, and so often until the last bit of sperm has found its way to the right spot. The sperm is stored and kept alive separately in a reserve receptacle until all the eggs have matured or it is sometimes spread over the eggs after they have been laid.

No matter how adventurous her time of courtship has been, the mothership of the female is of absolute purity. The short remaining period of the life of the spider-

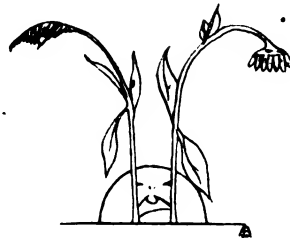
mother is now solely devoted to the welfare of the offspring. With great skill she prepares a nest of the finest threads for the eggs. After these have been laid and fertilized, she rolls them into a little bundle which she protects and watches with the greatest care.

The bringing up of the youngsters is outside of the earthly mission of the spider mother. Soon sunflowers and golden rods wither away. Winter once more arrives—ice age and the end of the world. The young brood in its warm bundle is well protected against cold, while its enemies

are destroyed by frost, that same frost which makes an end to the life of the spider mother. . . .

The cannibalistic spider female that is wavering whether or not to devour the male that brings love to her . . . the devoted mother that watches over the cradle unto her last breath . . . out of these conflicting sentiments nature has wrought what today is termed "love."

*NOTE—Chas. H. Kerr & Co. have published English translations of William Boelsche's "Evolution of Man" and "The Triumph of Life," in cloth; 50c each.



WHIPPING POST IN THE MARYLAND STATE PENITENTIARY.



FANNING A BRONC.

THE COW-BOY

How He Is "Broken to Ride or Drive" by Industrial Evolution

By HARRISON GEORGE

NUMBERLESS books have been written about the cow-boy. His position in the economic life of the west has been draped with romance by fictional authors. Though changed conditions have undermined his prominence and resulted in the prevailing notion that he is dead, yet this is not strictly true. His position indeed is robbed of importance, his craft status is broken, but his spirit is not, and will yet play its part in the industrial struggle.

The romance is dead enough all right, and the subject of it is "whip-broken" to the call of the boss. The wild days when he ruled the west with the law of the "forty-four" is gone along with the open range.

The skill needed in range riding and meeting the dangers of frontier life gave the cow-boy great economic power as a craft workman, and fostered a spirit of individual independence that has survived the change in production.

The power he wielded in conquering the west resulted in a corresponding exaltation of him as a social unit of the times. The stockman of the old type ate,

drank, rode and fought along with his "boys"; and a comradeship of roughing it democratized western life. With little regard for statutes the men who rode the range had rules of their own and enforced them summarily upon all violators. They held in contempt the petty officials of the time and when they took the notion to shoot up the town in the cow-country, the constable took to the saloon cellar while the pioneer parson crawled under the board sidewalk. Being a supremely necessary factor in economic development, the "buckaroo" felt the tang of power and gloried in it.

For approximately thirty years the man on horseback ruled the range from Canada to the Rio Grande. But with the building of the transcontinental railways and the steady stream of settlers, conditions swiftly altered his status.

The seeker for farm lands invaded his domain and settled the most tillable valleys. Gradually driven to the hills, the old stockman rapidly went to the wall, his place being taken by fewer and larger livestock companies, who succeeded in obtaining large areas of range land to-



THE SHOSHONE DAM, CODY, WYOMING—ONE OF THE FACTORS WHICH IS RAPIDLY CHANGING THE OLD COW-COUNTRY INTO AGRICULTURAL AREAS. THIS DAM IS 329 FEET HIGH AND FORMS A LAKE 18 MILES LONG AND SEVERAL MILES WIDE.

gether with hay land, by means of dummy entrymen and legislative deals, etc. But even most of their land is now fenced and the need of the skilled cowboy of the old type does not exist.

These large stock companies formed an alliance in order to gain control in the days when settlement began and resorted to murder on a wholesale plan such as the famous Johnson County War of Wyoming, where three hundred settlers were slain in four years by hired killers of the cattle ring. Evidence to show that Ex-Governor Carey and U. S. Senator Warren were involved in this murder campaign was suppressed at the time their gun-men came to trial. A lone copy of this startling, sworn testimony is in possession of a Cody man known to the writer.

This conspiratory body called itself the Wyoming Stock-Growers' Association, and in conjunction with the eastern packers and commission men blacklisted any of the small stockmen. Any cowboy starting in for himself and who sent his

cattle to the east found that the money for them was sent back to the Stock Growers' Association and he was left helpless.

When the cow-puncher became less important his pay stopped after the last fall round-up, although he was formerly paid the year round though he did no work in the winter. This enforced hunger period was avenged by him in rustling mavericks (unbranded cattle) for any small settler who would feed him and his horses over winter. This is why so many of the old timers are in the penitentiary today.

Though he yet holds the spirit of freedom begot by the wild life in the saddle, he is now compelled to do work most distasteful to him. He must make hay, dig ditches, hoe spuds, and follow a band of "woollies" over the hills AFOOT! Only one who has lived with him can appreciate how humiliating it is to him to be compelled to make hay and walk afoot over the hills. Yet he must perforce, as the railroads have brought competition

in labor power and his skill is now useless.

His economic power nullified, his camp democracy is gone. While the owner is enjoying Palm Beach or the Great White Way, the foreman is speeding up the slaves to make the ranch pay. As a ranch hand the cowboy is transformed socially and is regarded as a mere working-man. The foreman even will not eat at the same table and in the ramshackle bunk-house there are posted a set of printed rules telling him when he must get up, when he is allowed to eat, when to work, and how he must conduct himself. His old craft skill is useful now only to movie companies and at western fairs, where he is hired to edify eastern tourists.

Although numbers of frontiersmen and cow-punchers took up land, yet most of them clung too long to the saddle, and even after getting land were ill-fitted to survive in the new environment. "Buffalo Bill," the super-hero of western life, though capable of meeting victoriously bad Indians and road-agents, is now an old man and in the clutches of the bankers and mortgage holders, against whom he can no longer use the trigger-law of

the cow country or summon the cow-boys to defend the ranch from its besiegers as of old.

In "chaps" and flapping Stetson the cow-boy strolls the streets of small western towns, but should he venture to wear a gun or get gay, he is promptly thrown in jail in enforcement of city ordinances duly made and provided. His skill useless and himself degraded to an unskilled proletarian he must face conditions and bow his neck though his proud spirit revolts at the task and taskmaster.

More and more is he commingled with the unskilled worker fleeing from the factory hells of the east. More and more will he be imbued with the class conscious solidarity and working principles of the ONE BIG UNION.

In the camps and bunk-houses his liberty-loving soul rejoices in singing songs of revolt from the little Red-Book and he listens with interest to the pioneer I. W. W. who ventures into his western habitat. Once he understands the message he may be counted on as a militant factor in the class struggle. And he does love DIRECT ACTION.



THE HOME OF COLONEL W. F. CODY (BUFFALO BILL)

BETWEEN MEALS IN A MINER'S CABIN

By Mary R. Alsbaugh

WHEN the miners of Colorado went on strike in 1913 they soon found that they were not striking against the operators merely, but against every petty business and professional man, every politician, coupon clipper, landlord, railroad magnate and banker, against every profit-monger, interest taker and appropriator of unearned increment, against every chamber of commerce, against the whole world of thieves generally, within a radius of a million miles. They called themselves organized, unionized, but the organization that arose and advanced upon them the moment they showed their teeth was to their organization what the light of the noonday sun is to a firefly. They were like matches trying to hold back two-foot timbers.

The capitalists, big and little, were well enough organized that when the strike began and a stand was taken against the operators, the whole class of business and professional people rallied to their support. They said, most emphatically, that they could not abide strikes, that unions made them nervous, and that the outside agitator and organizer was an abomination in the sight of the Lord and an ever-present source of trouble. And this in the face of the fact that they maintain a standing strike against the workers year in and year out, decade upon decade, generation after generation. The capitalist class is *always* on strike against the working class. If we will not or cannot pay the price they demand for their goods they immediately declare "closed shop" against us and withhold them. In vain do we argue that we cannot possibly meet their demands; that they will take our homes and starve our children; that this will put us in the streets and baby faces will be pinched with cold; in vain do we cry that it is not humanly possible for us to meet their prices; in vain do we plead with them to stave off the evil day for a little longer—till times get a little better—till work is a little more plentiful. In short, we cry for a chance to *just live*. We are not concerned with profits. We might as well appeal to a pillar of salt.

And mark you that this is the godly element. Church workers tell us that it is the working people who are largely untouched by the church. But when *they* cannot or will not pay the price *we* demand for what *we* have to sell and we plan to withhold our commodity (labor), every branch of the government, legislative, judicial and executive, from the president down to the county sheriff and local justice of the peace, is at our throats like so many bulldogs. And mark you, this, also, is the godly element. President Wilson, ex-Governor Ammons, General Chase and our local sheriff are not ungodly men; neither are the operators nor the militiamen ungodly, and especially is John D. a godly man.

It is all a question of being well enough organized to get away with it. And the class that controls the bread supply always comes out best. But the capitalist class is organized politically and industrially, while the working class is not even organized industrially. The workers even vote the capitalist ticket! Who ever heard of a capitalist voting the workers' ticket!

This same class of people who depend upon us for their support and berate us all the time because we cannot pay our bills are at our throats like a pack of wolves the minute we attempt to secure a better wage in order that we may be able to pay them their bills. And these are the persons that we have been accustomed to call intelligent, whom we send to represent our interests in the most important affairs of our lives!!!

The "law and order" gang have taken from us all that is sacred—our homes, our fires, our liberty, our means of life and even our children—and in its stead have given us—GOD. We live in an age of superstition and every working man and woman who can be corralled is stuffed and crammed with it. There is no class of people today with whom the truth is so unpopular as it is with the so-called Christians. Introduce the truth to your local sky pilot, try to interest him in Socialism, and see if he doesn't recoil as though you

had struck him and tell you with a hard look on his face that it is repugnant to him; that he considers it profane and thinks it very unbecoming in you to speak slightly of John D. and George Washington. The chances are fifty to one that he will get downright insulting before you part. I have never found any one harder to interest in Socialism than the so-called Christian. He seems to have absolutely no room in his makeup for anything containing an element of the truth.

The Christian will tell you that the way to make the world happier is to Christianize it. Now, as a matter of fact, Christianity will not bring more happiness, but more misery to the race, for Christianity teaches and preaches against the desire for material things. This idea is the mainspring of all its activities. The church has taught its doctrine of noncombativeness, self-sacrifice, meekness, lowliness, turn the other cheek, and the lack of self-respect and self-preservation generally. It has preached against every form of wholesome worldly amusement, against every form of physical gratification, whether it be of food, clothing or bodily comfort generally, until the standard of living has been so lowered it is well nigh impossible to lower it any more. Capitalism has only to tighten its strangle hold a little and the whole race will be chattel slaves. The church can well afford to crumble to dust now, for she has done her work and done it well.

Some time when you cannot pay your month's grocery bill go to your grocer and say to him, kindly: "Mr. Jones, I am very sorry, but on account of being out of work so much I am unable to pay you what I owe you. I regret it very much, but even if you haven't so many material things, there is comfort in the thought that you will have more time to reflect on your spiritual blessings," and see if he doesn't rush right out after the constable and send him down to your house to take the baby's cradle and the cook stove and your bedsprings and mattress, your pillows and the pretty quilts your wife pieced when she was a little girl, and the swiss curtains and the eight-day clock and the rugs your mother worked on for so many years, your little girl's rocking chair and the mirror your brother gave you when you were married and, incidentally, anything else that you happen to possess.

Christ drove this class of people out of

the temple and called them *thieves*. Today we call them merchants, or even Christians. I wonder what Christ would say if He should come back to earth today!

There are some who will object to these sentiments on the ground that they do not believe in attacking a person's religion. Right, provided, however, that religion does not interfere with my means of obtaining a livelihood, but the moment a person's belief begins to affect my bread and butter supply it becomes a matter of the gravest concern to me. The person who supports the church of today either financially or morally is either consciously or unconsciously a traitor to the proletarian movement.

How often we hear it said that "business is business," which means, in plain Anglo-Saxon that any crime on the calendar immediately ceases to be a crime when tagged with the magic word "*business*," and that those having tickets of admission may do with impunity those things which carry with them a prison sentence or worse when committed by those without the charmed circle. It is the world-old scheme for control by the few of the many, or in other words of getting something for nothing.

During the strike here the miners' wives and daughters organized a woman's auxiliary. A discussion came up in one of the meetings as to whether or not we should patronize a certain merchant who was accused of being "unfair." In fact, there was strong evidence that he was unfair, but one member objected to any discrimination on the ground that she did not believe in "tearing down what it had taken a lifetime to build up." A very remarkable statement, it seemed to me, to come from a "strong union woman," especially in the face of the fact that this very class of people had robbed us of all we had slaved for all our dull, drab lives, and that the very merchant in question was at that moment undermining the Socialist movement—the hope of the laboring class.

Is it any wonder that we lost the strike? Is it any wonder that the U. M. W. A. has lost thirteen consecutive strikes? Is it any wonder that the Socialist movement is a wreck in the wake of the A. F. of L.? Is it any wonder that the Catholic Church and Father Peter Dietz control our destinies to a big extent? Is it any wonder that the State Federation of Labor instructed union

people to vote the capitalist tickets? Is it any wonder that we have not been allowed a union store, but have had to spend every dollar of our strike relief for upwards of a year and a half with our antagonists and thus furnish them the funds with which to fight us? Is it any wonder that we have not had a union bank, but have allowed the capitalists' banks to handle the millions of

dollars that have been spent on the Colorado strike and thus furnished them with funds again? Is it any wonder that the United Mine Workers of Colorado are starving today and have to rub the grain out of barley hay (when they can get it) and eat it? Is it any wonder that the U. M. W. A. is a thousand years behind the times?

Win a Free Trip to the World's Fair

Hundreds of the REVIEW readers have all their lives been wanting to visit San Francisco and see California. Some have written us to know if we cannot offer a free railroad ticket to the San Francisco World's Fair for a certain number of subscriptions to the REVIEW.

We are glad to announce that we have made arrangements with the railroads whereby we can make such an offer. If you are interested, ask your railroad passenger agent what is the best round trip rate he can make you from your home and write us what it is. By sending us a little less than *twice* this amount in REVIEW subscriptions at the regular rate you can win a *free* first-class round trip ticket.

For example, the first-class round trip tickets from New York to San Francisco are nearly one hundred dollars. When our friends in New York send us 185 yearly REVIEW subscriptions (or twice this number in *six months subs*) at the regular rate of \$1.00 per year for U. S. subscriptions, we send them *free* a first-class round trip ticket to the World's Fair, good for three months with stop-over privileges. This special rate does not apply to Chicago.

Some of the REVIEW hustlers who live a little way west of Chicago or who live nearer to San Francisco can win a free round trip ticket for *only* 100 yearly REVIEW subscriptions, or *less*.

The railroad fare is the big item of expense in taking a trip to the western coast. We can secure accommodations for you

that will not cost you a cent more for room and meals in San Francisco than you would pay on your ordinary vacation.

A score of our readers have written us that they mean to win a free ticket and to spend Socialist Week with a group of their friends in the Golden West. A comrade in Omaha declares that he is going to attend the meeting of his union and secure enough subscriptions *in one evening to win the trip*. A Socialist comrade in a nearby city believes he can easily take the necessary 120 yearly subscriptions from the members of his S. P. local and from his friends *in less than one week*.

You can do as much! We feel confident that any active Socialist can get 100 yearly from his friends and his comrades in this length of time. And every time you start the REVIEW going into a home you are starting a monthly propagandist for Socialism. We are printing some hot stuff for the railroad boys, for the miners and for all workingmen and women generally. Tell them about it and get their subs. You can win the big vacation of your lives and work for Socialism at the same time.

Write for information and free samples and subscription blanks. Be sure to give us the rate on a first-class round trip ticket from your home. We will tell you how many subs. you will need for the trip. Start now before somebody else cleans up all the available subscribers in your city.

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ONE OF THE BOYS.

The Power of the Railroad Boys

By MARY E. MARCY

NO class of workingmen in the world possess more power than the Railroad Boys, and the men who run the great ships, and the seamen all over the world.

England and Germany are today howling for shipments of FOOD, and when we stop to remember that it is the transport workers—the railroad boys, the dockers, the stokers and seamen who carry every ounce of food, clothing and chemicals, who transport the ore with which battleships and guns are made, it gives us a very small notion of how important the transport workers are.

They are so strong that they can tie up and paralyze the entire world of industry in a week if they WANT to. In the great class war waged by the workers and the capitalists for possession of

the PRODUCT OF THE WORKERS, the transport and railroad boys HOLD THE STRATEGICAL POSITION.

And just so far as the railroad boys and the steamship men become class conscious, just so soon as they become LOYAL to the interests of their own class, they will take this wonderful power into their own hands and make it a resistless weapon against the master class.

Just as the railroad boys may make the most important revolutionists, just so have they opportunity to do the most scabbing. It is the railroad boys who are called on to haul scabs into mining camps to break strikes; it is the railroad boys who are commanded to haul guns for the thugs that shoot the strikers, and these same railroad boys who run the

cars that bring supplies to the CAPITALIST ENEMY in times of strike or labor warfare.

And it is the railroad boys who are finding ways by which they are going to defeat the enemies of labor and throw in their lot with the men and women of their own class.

Two railroad boys dropped into the office this month from Indiana, and told us how some of the boys handled the ammunition that was enroute to the Rockefeller Gun Men in Colorado.

O, I suppose some of the readers of the REVIEW will claim that it is not quite "ethical" to let little accidents happen to the property of John D.'s gumshoe thugs, that it would have been "more honorable" to shoot the dynamite and ammunition straight through and help these dirty-workers kill off more Ludlow men, women and children. But we are not concerned with people of this calibre.

We are glad to record that something both unfortunate and unforeseen (?) happened to that carload of death-dealing property and that it never reached its destination. And we prophesy that soon the day will arrive when the railroad boys will communicate with the boys on strike and see that the ammunition reaches OUR SIDE in any labor war. It would be strange, would it not, if some of the miners should happen to be occupying a mountain pass and should stop a train and switch off any cars of food or protective material they might need?

Of course, we are all agreed that the best method of fighting the boss is with organization instead of with GUNS. It is true that the bosses can't even get guns without trusting to the train crews—any more than they can get food, or clothes or anything else in the world. And so we may be reasonably sure that the day will soon come when GUNS shipped to the capitalist enemy (your enemy and MY enemy) will not reach their destinations. We don't want to fight guns or with guns if we can help it.

In the meantime it is up to us to educate the railroad and steamship boys into what the class war really means.

We know there are still old-fashioned people in the world who believe that the Rich Men worked along honestly, pick-

ing up pins and saving pieces of string, and studying by grate fires until they saved up a few millions of dollars to buy a railroad or a copper mine, or 60 per cent of the oil wells. They imagine that all you have to do today is to stay away from the nickel shows and put your pennies in the bank and become a capitalist in your old age.

They don't stop to think that according to the U. S. Government statistics the average American workingman only receives a little over five hundred dollars a year TO RAISE A FAMILY on, and that if the unhappy father drowned off his offspring at birth, as men sometimes drown puppies, and refused to support his wife, and managed to live without spending his wages—he couldn't possibly save more than a little over five hundred dollars a year, anyway.

He would have to live to be as old as Methuselah to cut any ice in the Wall Street crowd.

On the other hand, according to U. S. Government statistics, the average workingman produces something near \$2,500 worth of value a year. His boss keeps about four-fifths, which is divided up among the landlords, lawyers, advertisers, manufacturers, wholesalers, retailers, etc., etc. And YOU, Mr. Workingman, get about ONE-fifth in wages.

No matter how you figure it out, the stockholder in the railroad or the steamship line by which you are employed DRAWS DOWN the FAT pickings (or profits) for DOING NOTHING, while you, who run the roads and make the clothes, or build the houses, or produce the food—you get about a measly little one-FIFTH of the value YOU create, for DOING ALL THE WORK.

When people ask you what Socialism is—it is simply the fight to STOP this system of generous reward for the Donothings paid OUT of the value that is produced by the workers. It means the PRODUCTS FOR THE WORKERS themselves.

"Well," a man said to us the other day, "that is true, perhaps, but Old Man Vanderbilt BUILT the ROAD." DID HE? If you want to know who built the railroads and who stole the railroads, you want to read Myers' History of the Great American Fortunes, published by

Charles H. Kerr & Co. Myers gives facts and figures that show up our Great Railroad Kings as the biggest bunch of financial pirates the world has ever known.

And wasn't it our little old school readers that taught us that the original Old Man Astor bought the Island of Manhattan from the Indians for about twenty dollars? And today his princely grandsons are still forcing people to dig up millions of dollars every year for the privilege of living in New York on the land their grandsire cheated the Indians out of a few score years ago.

There are so many workers and so few capitalists, who exploit them, that once the workers are *united* to abolish the present system of profit grabbing; when they make up their minds to stop this crazy system of DIVIDING UP with those-who-do-not work (but take all the CREAM), the idle exploiters will not be able to hold out against us.

What we need is EDUCATION of

the workers and class conscious solidarity. We want to unite on election day, and we want to remember that we often have a chance to SHOW OUR working class loyalty EVERY day in the week one way or another. We can HELP to win strikes, we can work for ONE BIG working class union, we can pass around the magazine, the book, the paper that will make our friends wake up and learn to FIGHT.

Socialism does not only mean that you must elect your comrades to office; it means carrying on the educational work and the FIGHT every day in the year.

Keep in touch with the REVIEW, and whenever you know a good story of how the railroad boys have shown their class loyalty, send it in to us. The boys are going to be one of the most important, if not the most important, group in the great struggle to abolish the wages system. You want to do YOUR share to getting them organized.

ASHES AND DREAMS

By Carl Sandburg

Silence,
Dry sobs of darkness
In the houses and fields,
O mothers of the world,
Watching.

Hour on hour
The trenches call
And the ditches want
And the shovels wait.

White faces up,
Eyes wide and blind,
Legs stiff and arms limp,
Pass them along
And pile them in
And tumble them over,
Ashes and dreams together.

(Mothers of the World,
Your waste of work.)

SAVAGE SURVIVALS IN HIGHER PEOPLES

By PROF. J. HOWARD MOORE

II. VESTIGIAL ORGANS—(Continued).

(Note.—This popular Course in Biology by Prof. Moore, which started in the March number of the Review, will probably run for ten months or a year. The general outline of the Course covers: Domesticated Animals, Vestigial Organs, Survivals of the Wild in Domesticated Animals, The Origin of Higher Peoples, and Savage Survivals in Higher Peoples. The minor subjects may prove even more interesting.)

III. SURVIVALS OF THE WILD IN DOMESTICATED ANIMALS



12. The "Glass-Snake."

The "glass-snake" looks very much like a cousin of the common garter snake. It is called "glass-snake" because of its brittleness. Strike it with a stick and it will break into three or four pieces. It is sometimes called the "joint-snake," because of this weakness for going to pieces in times of excitement.

The "glass-snake" was common in that vanished world where I spent my bare-foot days. We children believed (for we were told so, and we believed everything we were told) that when one of these creatures went to pieces and the enemy with the stick went on, the pieces came back and went together again, and the restored individual went on its way rejoicing. We thought it was a trick to save its life. And I can recall now in memory the picture which I formed in my mind as a boy of these pieces wriggling cautiously back from their hiding places and backing up to each other and in some mysterious way becoming attached to each other again, and the reconstructed individual taking up once more the thread of its unfinished life.

But the "glass-snake" is not a snake at all. It is a *lizard*. And it is so classed in all the books. Scientists call it *Phisaurus*, which means "snake-lizard."

Snakes are limbless lizards. When we

find a lizard without legs, we call it a snake. And when we find a snake with legs, we call it a lizard. The "glass-snake" is a lizard because it has four legs. But its legs are not visible. They are internal. The "glass-snake" is a lizard on the way to becoming a snake. We catch it in the act. It is a connecting link between these two orders of reptiles. The legs have gone out of use, but not long enough ago for them to have passed out of existence. They are vestigial. In the bodies of some snakes, as the pythons and constrictors, there are little clawed remnants of hind limbs.

Snakes have only one lung. They have come from ancestors with two lungs, but their body is so narrow that there is not room for two lungs side by side, so one lung has been abandoned, and the other one has become larger by extending out along the body. The abandoned lung still exists, but it is a mere unused remnant.

The right ovary of birds has become atrophied in a similar way, all of the eggs of birds being produced by the left ovary. The ovary is the egg-producing organ of animals. In nearly all animals there are two ovaries, just as there are two kidneys and two lungs. But in birds, for some reason, the right ovary does nothing, and has shriveled to a mere remnant.

13. The Toes of Mammals.

Mammals are the animals that are covered with *hair*. Fishes and reptiles have scales. Birds have feathers. All mammals are covered with hair. All of the different kinds of existing mammals have, of course, come from some one ancestral species of mammals.

The original mammals had five toes on each limb. And a good many mammals have still this five-fingered style of foot. Man has. So has the monkey. So has the dog. So has the elephant. But the great majority have lost one or more toes from each foot. The hippopotamus has lost one toe from each foot, and has four left. The rhinoceros has lost two toes from each limb, and has three left. The tapir has four toes on each front foot and three behind. The cow, sheep, pig, and a large number of other animals have two toes on each foot, having lost three. The horse has gone to the extreme in this process of elimination, and has only one toe on each foot. The horse walks on its big finger—on the *nail* of the big finger.

In the feet of many mammals are found remnants of these discarded toes, in all stages of dilapidation. In the two-toed animals there are two small toes just back of the ankle. They are the vestiges of the last two toes abandoned. In the horse the last two toes abandoned are represented by two internal splints just back of the ankle. We can trace the horse back through the rocks to a time in the Eocene age when it was a little animal and the size of a fox with four toes on each front foot and three behind.

The toes in human beings are really almost vestigial. In man's ancestors (the ape) the toes are used to grasp with, the same as the fingers. The first toe in apes is opposable to the other four toes, just as the first finger in the hand. But in man the toes are never used for anything, and the muscles are so weak and unskilled from lack of exercise that we would be about as well off if we couldn't move our toes at all, or even didn't have any.

The dog uses only four toes of each foot, the thumb being vestigial.

14. Human Hair.

Man is a mammal, and, like all other mammals, his body is covered with hair.

Hair is found over the entire human body, except on the palms of the hands and feet and the last segments of the fingers and toes. On the head the hair is useful. It is an ornament and protection. And until very recent times the hair on the faces of men was cultivated as an ornament. Shaving the face is a very modern practice. But the hairy covering of the body generally is of no use. It is vestigial. It survives, though in a greatly dwarfed condition, from the time when it was the natural and only clothing of the body.

Associated with each hair are muscles by the contraction of which the hair is raised and lowered. But these muscles are in man never used—they are too weak to be of any use—except on occasions of great excitement, sometimes, when the muscles of the scalp may cause the hair "to stand on end." These muscles are vestigial. This power of raising the hair of the head is still possessed by the ape. It is an aid in rendering it more terrifying in appearance, like the bristles in the dog and pig.

15. Other Vestigial Features.

In man and most other vertebrate animals there are two bones in the leg from the knee to the ankle—the *tibia* and the *fibula*. In birds and in some mammals there is but one bone (tibia), the fibula being represented by a mere splint extending down part way from the knee. You have probably seen this splint without recognizing it in the leg of the chicken. The big bone in the chicken's leg is the tibia; the splint is the vestigial fibula.

Horns in domesticated animals are vestigial. They are of no use. In the wild life horns were weapons of defense. But domesticated cattle have no enemies, and hence no use for horns. They are worse than useless, for we sometimes amputate them.

Insects ordinarily have two pairs of wings. But flies have only one pair, the hind pair being represented by a couple of knobs. In other species of insects the front wings are rudimentary. The male cockroach has two pairs of wings, and occasionally uses them in flying. But the female is flightless, the wings being rudimentary. The ovaries are vestigial in

the working class of bees and ants. In the cow there are two teats that are rudimentary and four that produce milk. The rudimentary teats occasionally yield milk. In one breed of Chinese sheep the ears are mere vestiges, and in another breed the tail has dwindled to "a little button smothered in fat." In tailless dogs and cats there is a rudimentary stump. In some breeds of chickens the comb and wattles are rudimentary; and in the Cochinchina the spur has nearly disappeared. In the hornless breeds of sheep and cattle tiny knobs often grow out where horns would naturally be; these are sometimes shed and grow again.

In many plants the petals and other parts of the flower are rudimentary. The purpose of the petals is to advertise the flower to insects by bright displays of color. In some flowers this is done by the stamens, while in others (the poinsettia, for instance) this advertising business has been taken over by the leaves adjacent to the flower. In the dandelion all of the outer florets have vestigial pistils. In some varieties of the cultivated gourd, which no longer lead the climbing life, the tendrils are rudimentary.

Parasitic animals and plants are commonly much degenerated, having abandoned entirely many of the organs which they had when they led a free and independent existence. Such organisms are, as a result, nearly always rich in ruins. The narwhal is a kind of whale that lives in the far north. It has only two teeth. They grow straight out in front. One of them grows to be six or eight feet long and is used in spearing its enemies and in breaking holes in the ice. The other one is vestigial, never projecting beyond the skull. In the pouched mice of Australia, the young are no longer carried in the pouch and the pouch has degenerated to a mere fold of skin on the abdomen.

The so-called "wisdom teeth" in man are teeth which are in the act of passing out of existence. They appear late in life and in many persons do not appear at all. There is a remnant of a "third eye-lid" in many animals at the inner corner of the eye. Man has this remnant, in common with many other animals. In birds, turtles, and other animals this third lid

of the eye is in full use. It is the thin membrane that is pulled over the eye, often when the two ordinary eye-lids are open. In man and the man-like apes, the tail is vestigial, consisting of only three or four vertebrae much grown together. Before birth in all of these animals the tail is long and has muscles for wagging it. The bird's tail is also a mere remnant of what it once was. The oldest birds found fossil in the rocks had long tails composed of twenty vertebrae.

Vestigial structures are found everywhere. They are by-products of all organic evolution. There are vestigial *instincts* in the minds of men and other animals, and vestigial parts in all human laws, customs and institutions. Our political, industrial, religious, educational and legal institutions are full of vestigial features. This is a big subject. And if you will only get the *key* I am trying to give to you, you will be able to understand many things that are now mysteries to you.

16. Vestigial Letters.

Silent letters are the vestigial parts of words, parts which have gone out of use but have not yet gone out of existence. In general all silent letters were once sounded. But through changes in the nationality of words or in the habits of those using them, many letters have fallen into disuse.

Take the word *knight*. The *k* and *gh* are silent. But our ancestors pronounced them, as the Germans do today their word *knecht*. So in the French word *temps*, meaning "time." The *p* and *s* are silent. But the Romans, from whom the French got this word, used all the letters, for they spelled and pronounced it *tempus*.

We happen to be living at a time when a good many English words (too few, however,) are being rationalized in their spelling. Why should we add *ugh* to the word *tho*, making the word just twice as long as it need be? Why should we not spell *thru* as we pronounce it? Or, if we insist on adding the unused *ogh*, why not throw in *ty* or *ski* for good measure?

Life is too short to spend half of it in learning to spell. We should have a letter for every sound and a sound for every letter. Then any one in a few hours or

days could learn to spell any word in the language, whether he had ever heard the word before or not. If we cease to use any certain *sound* in a word, we should cease to use the *letter* that stands for that

sound. The practice we English have of littering up our language with silent letters and spending so much useless agony trying to remember them is a plain case of imbecility.

III. SURVIVALS OF THE WILD IN DOMESTICATED ANIMALS

I. Purpose of These Lessons

The general purpose of these lessons is to teach something about our natures and how we happen to have the natures we possess—something about where our natures come from.

You often hear it said that human nature never changes—that it is the same today as it has always been and that it will always be the same as it is now. This is not true. Human nature has *grown* to be what it is, and it will continue to change and grow throughout the ages of the future. It has been *formed*, like coal and river valleys and mountains.

We used to believe that coal had always been in the ground. But we know now that it was nearly all formed in a certain age of the world called the Carboniferous Age. Before this age there was no coal in the ground, or very little, if any. And we know that coal has been formed by the accumulation of decaying vegetable matter, especially forests, which grew and fell down age after age, and then was covered up by rock deposits and by being subjected to different degrees of heat and pressure the different kinds of coal were formed. Hard coal is different from soft coal because it has had different experiences.

We used to believe that mountains and river valleys had always existed just as we now find them. But you know better since you have studied physiography. You know that river valleys have been filed out by the rivers that flow through them. And you know that mountains have been lifted up and sculptured by weathering and erosion into the forms of today.

It is the same way with human nature. It has grown to be what it is. And in this course I want to teach you something about the origin of some of the instincts that are found in our natures.

The first lesson on "The Origin of Domesticated Animals" teaches that all domesticated animals have come from wild

animals. It teaches also something about the world in which these wild ancestors of domesticated animals lived, and the kind of lives they led.

The third lesson the "Survivals of the Wild or Domesticated Animals" shows that a great deal of the wild ancestral nature still survives in domesticated animals; that while domesticated animals have changed their surroundings, their natures are in many ways not changed.

The fourth lesson on "The Origin of Higher Peoples" shows that the higher (domesticated) races of *human* beings have come from wild men called *savages*, just as domestic animals have come from wild animals. This lesson tells also something of the natures of savages and the kind of world they live in, what they do, and the like.

Then, lessons five and six on "Savage Survivals in Higher Peoples" show that a great deal of the natures of wild men still survive in all higher men.

Lesson two ("Vestigial Organs") is merely a preparation for lesson three.

2. Origin of Vestigial Instincts

Useless instincts survive in the *minds* of men and other animals for the same reason exactly as useless organs survive in their *bodies*. Living beings are, as a rule, fitted to their surroundings, not only in form and structure, but also in their natures and ways of acting. Animals have not only the organs and parts in their bodies which they need in order to enable them to live, but they have also the *instincts* to drive them to do the things they need to do in order to enable them to live successfully. Every being has a certain set of urges in its nature pushing it to do things, and these urges are generally useful. But when a species in the struggle for life is driven out of one set of surroundings into another set different from the first, it is likely to have some instincts and ways of acting that are not needed in the new environment.

These useless instincts are called Vestigial Instincts.

Vestigial instincts are merely those instincts which have been thrown out of employment by changes in conditions imposed by the struggle for life. Men and other animals have many ways of acting that are useless, just as they have many organs that are useless. These ways of acting survive wholly through momentum acquired in times gone by. Like the vermiform appendix and the eyes of cave fishes, they have gone out of use but have not yet gone out of existence.

Domesticated animals have been subjected to very great changes in surroundings, and they have, for this reason, an unusually large number of instincts that are useless. These instincts have been imported. They can be understood only by reference to the wild conditions in the midst of which they evolved. They are *survivals* which the centuries of human selection have not been able to iron out. In the wild life among the forests, mountains and prairies, surrounded by enemies and pursued by wolfish wants, these instincts were useful to the individual and the species. But in the artificial conditions created by man, they are not only useless, but *often even injurious*.

This lesson treats chiefly of the vestigial instincts of domesticated animals. The vestigial instincts of *man* will be taken up in lessons five and six.



3. Wild Survivals in Dogs

I will mention four vestigial instincts found in dogs, viz.: the hunting instinct, the "sheep killing" instinct, the instinct to turn round and round before lying down, and the howling instinct.

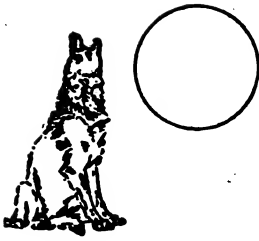
Dogs *hunt*, even when filled with food. Take the gentlest Collie for a walk. It will not follow behind, nor walk by your side. It will be nosing about here and

there and scouring the thickets and bank-sides to see what it can find. And if it finds something it will run it down if possible and take its life. A lamb or a calf will not do this.

The dog is a made-over wolf. Its ancestors lived on rabbits, birds, sheep and other animals, which they hunted down and slew with their teeth. But the dog eats out of a bowl. The dog hunts because its ancestors were hunters. It hunts in order to exercise an instinct which is unprovided for in its peaceful life among men. The hunting instinct in dogs is an instinct which has gone out of use (except in dogs used for hunting) but which has not yet gone out of existence.

The Collie is the dog used in herding and handling sheep. The Collie has been so changed since its association with man that it ordinarily defends and loves the sheep in its charge. But once in awhile this gentle being is liable to go on a spree of "sheep killing." It does not eat its victims nor drink their blood. It simply cuts the big blood vessels of the neck and leaves its victims to bleed to death. The Collie does not kill because it is hungry. It kills for exercise. It kills because the wheels of its nature have gone round in a certain way so long that it can't stop them. The impulse to kill, so strong in the wolf has become weak in the Collie from long disuse. But occasionally this old instinct mounts to the high places in the nature of this canine, and for the time being it is a wolf again.

If you will watch a dog when it starts to lie down, you will see it go through a performance which has survived from the time when as a wild creature it used to make its bed among the grasses. The dog does not lie right down without any preliminaries. It turns round one or more times in the place where it is going to lie before actually lying down. Darwin says he has seen a dog turn round 20 times before finally settling down in a reclining position. Darwin thinks that this performance is a survival of the old bed-making process of the wolf. It is the old process of tramping down the grass to make a place to lie in. This performance was useful when the dog made its bed on the prairies, but it is a mere



waste of time to a dog lying down on a rug or a floor.

Dogs *bark* as a general thing. But occasionally they express themselves in a strange, hair-raising *howl*. The "bark" is a product of domestication. Wolves *howl*. A wolf will get up on a hill and give out a long, loud howl, and another, miles away, will answer. They find each other in this way. And once in awhile the dog will drop into this old method of signaling. I used to hear this howl years ago on the prairies of Kansas when the coyotes called from the hills at night. Nell was our house-dog and friend. And ordinarily her voice was as soft as rippling waters. But when she heard the coyotes at night, she would stop barking sometimes and deliver herself in a loud, prolonged howl. It was so unearthly and so entirely different from her usual utterances that it always seemed surprising that she could ever be the author of it. *It was the call of the wild*. Long ago she and her associates were accustomed to megaphone to each other in this way. And her machinery, although weathered by ages of domestication, had not forgotten the ways of the old, wild, long-vanished life.

Superstitious people sometimes account for these howlings of the dog by supposing that they foretell death or some other calamity to the household. People who account for this instinct in this way are themselves showing a survival of the past—a survival of pre-scientific times when men everywhere interpreted things by signs and omens. A few hundred years ago there was no such thing as chemistry or physics, or science generally, such as we know them today. Such a thing as *natural law* operating everywhere was not even dreamed of. In those times men accounted for things by signs and dreams and omens. And a good deal of this old, pre-scientific way

of thinking still survives in all higher peoples.

4. Wild Survivals in Cats

The domesticated cat is from the wild cat. And if you will watch cats about your homes, you will see many things that go back to the old, wild life which they left behind.

Dogs *chase* their prey. This is true of the whole Dog Family—wolves, foxes and jackals, as well as domesticated dogs. The members of the Cat Family get their enemies in a different manner. They slip up on their prey until they are near enough, and then leap on it. All the Cats do this—lions, tigers, leopards, wild cats and domesticated cats. The cats hunt by stealth; the dogs by fleetness very largely.

But the domesticated cat eats out of a bowl, like the dog. Many of them never have an opportunity to *catch* anything oftener than probably once a month. But the instinct to catch things in the old way still survives in domesticated cats. And often you will see them making opportunities of their own to satisfy the instinct to catch something. They will creep along the ground a little distance, and then leap, as if they were catching something. Perhaps it is a grasshopper. Maybe it is a fly. Maybe it is nothing. They are merely giving an old, unexercised instinct an airing.

The practice the cat has of going up to a tree or post and scratching at it for a few moments is probably an exercise which it goes through in order to relieve uneasiness in the muscles of its feet and toes. The wild cat climbs trees a good deal, and catches and holds things with its claws. The cat's claws are different from the dog's claws. They are *retractile*, that is, movable. They can be pulled back into the foot and then extended. These movements are made by muscles which no doubt get uneasy and "tired" from long idleness, just as we get "tired" or uneasy on rainy days sometimes when we are kept indoors all day. When the cat scratches a tree it is exercising muscles which in its ancestors were used daily in hunting and tree climbing, but which are to some extent vestigial in domesticated cats.

There is one difference between the

psychology of the dog and that of the cat that may be mentioned here.

It is the nature of the dog to become attached to *persons*. When the family moves, the dog moves, too. The dog's home is where his master is. The dog will follow a handful of rags wrapped around a beggar, day after day, through heat and cold and starvation, as cheerfully as he will follow a king. The devotion of the dog to man is one of the divinest things in this world. And there are few more affecting sights than that of a "lost" dog. The dog wants to *belong* to *somebody*.

The cat becomes attached to *places* more. Its affection and loyalty are lavished on localities. It has a strong homing instinct. And it has a sense which men do not have which guides it almost unerringly back to its home. Cats may be carried away for miles, and carried in such a way that they cannot see anything to guide them in returning, but when they are released they will find their way back in the most surprising manner. Dogs will do this to some extent. Cats are almost indifferent to persons, but they cling to their native haunts as they cling to life.

The homing instinct is still more highly developed in the homing pigeons. The homing pigeon has been carried a thou-

sand miles away from home, but the sense of direction is so unerring in these birds and the longing for their home so strong that after a few circles on being released they will start on tireless wings for their native cote.

Wild animals do not rove about the world as they are generally supposed to do. They live for the most part in localities. They learn the ins and outs of a locality from their parents and associates, and are much safer in these familiar surroundings than they would be wandering into new and unknown regions. The homing instinct is useful to all animals that possess it naturally—to ants and birds as well as to cats. It is *not useful*, however, to a cat that comes into existence in a home that has cats for export.

The dog's ancestors were wanderers much more than the cat's were. And this would be one reason for the cat's greater regard for locality. But the dog's great devotion to man comes from its long domestication, and from the fact that it has always been selected for its devotion and intelligence much more than the cat. The dog more than any other animal has been the *companion* of man, while the cat has been kept primarily to hunt mice and rats and other small animals that tend to invade human homes.

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FOOLED!

By NORMAN SPRINGER

DOWN the white road that ran beside the railway came the party of the reconnaissance—a long, slouching column of dirty, kahki-clad men. The bugle blared, the company officers barked their commands; the column turned and shuffled off the highway toward the slope of the railway embankment. The bugle sang again. The files of weary men threw themselves upon the ground. The regiment rested.

William Smith dropped his rifle and slipped the buckles of his knapsack load with a grunt of relief. He wiped his sweaty, stubble covered face with a grimy sleeve, and scratched himself. He swung his water bottle to his lips and swallowed a sparing mouthful of the precious fluid. Then he stretched himself comfortably upon his stomach and peered over the top of the embankment upon the countryside.

The little valley lay bright and cheerful in the morning sunshine, as yet unscarred by man's passion. Birds flew overhead, the field life hummed, a habbit scurried in and out of sight—a restful, peaceful countryside. Only the long line of dirty, scratching men upon the slope of the railway embankment seemed to be out of place, like a blot upon the face of the morning.

Upon the opposite side of the embankment the ground sloped to a meadow, and at the farther end of the meadow was a little hedge-surrounded, vine-covered cottage. A field of wheat, rotting upon the stalks, made a broad yellow square behind the cottage; and beyond the wheat was a small hill covered with a patch of woods.

"Why, we been this way before!" exclaimed Smith. "Remember, Tom, about a week ago we 'ad a noon spell in front of that little 'ouse? Remember that nice old lady what looked like my old mother used to look? She give us some buttermilk."

"Aye," replied Morely, his chum and shoulder man. "We been marchin' in a circle the 'ole blooming week. Ain't we ever going to get anywhere! 'Ow's your water, Bill? Mine leaked."

Smith unhooked his canteen and passed

it to the other. Then he resumed his contemplation of the terrain.

"We'll be getting somewhere today, I'm thinking," came a voice from the line. "I 'eard the Adjutant tell the Captain there was some Dutchies in that bit o' woods on the little hill, and 'e said he was going after them."

Smith stared at the hill, searching for the glint of steel in the sunlight. No flash rewarded his scrutiny, but he noticed that the birds circled slowly over the tree tops and did not alight. His eyes narrowed as he regarded them.

"I 'ope that old lady has cleared out," he said. "It'd be a hell of a place for a woman if a scrap started here."

"Scrap! 'Oo said scrap?" broke in a querulous Cockney voice. "There won't be no scrap. We'll just dig a 'ole in the ground, an' crawl in, an' blize away at shadders. Hit's just march, march, walk, walk, till your bleedin' feets is raw—an' then dig a 'ole, an' crawl in, an' listen to the Dutchies' blarsted hartillery!"

A few heads raised at the outburst, and a few grimy, fatigue-lined faces cracked with appreciative grins.

"That's right—give 'em 'ell, Cocky!"

"Maybe you'll see the Dutchies today!"

"Maybe!" scoffed the Cockney. "Ow, yus, mybe! Only Dutchies Hi've seen in the rotten country was them corps we 'ad to bury, an' they was so far gone it myde me fair sick to smell 'em. Cyme for a soljer, Hi did, an' they myde me a blooming navy. Ayn't 'ad a wash in six weeks! 'Ole regiment lousy! Just louses hourselves, that's wot we are—just louses acrowlin' about France, an' not knowing where we're goin'!"

"Cocky's blowing up again," remarked Smith to his chum.

Morely did not answer. He did not even look up. Head on breast, he sat in moody reverie. A worried line cracked the coat of dirt on Smith's forehead, and he leaned over and shook the other man's shoulder.

"Don't, Tom," was his low voiced urge.

"You can't 'elp anything by feeling blue. It don't do any good to think on it."

"I can't 'elp it, Billy. I got to think on it, an' I got to talk on it."

"It don't do no good to worry, Tom. She'll be all right. There's my Bess to look after her."

"I can't 'elp worrying, Billy. She's so young, an' it's her first. She ain't strong like your Bess. Oh, if I only knew—it's about the time now, Billy!"

"Everything'll be all right, Tom. There'll be the doctor, an' Bess will look after her."

"We was lookin' ahead to it so much. 'Ad names all picked out. Saving every penny, an' plannin' great things, we were."

"I know, Tom; an' we'll carry out all them plans when we get 'ome."

"When we get 'ome! Oh, Billy, what will 'appen to our women if we don't get 'ome? 'Ow will they do this winter?"

"Don't think on it, Tom. Don't think on it."

"I can't 'elp it, Billy—what with Annie sick, an' the baby coming. The savings'll be most gone by now. 'Oo'll pay the rent? They was all smiles when we come away, but you know *them*. They'll want their rent."

"I know, Tom; but folks will 'elp each other, an' this won't last always."

"And what if we get potted, Billy? Oh, I ain't no coward, you know, but it fair unnerves me when I think of Annie being left alone with a young'un to take care of. I ain't afeard for myself, you know, Bill."

"I know you ain't, Tom. But don't think on it—it can't do any good. Remember what the parson said about the Will o' God—and 'ow we all 'ad to make sacrifices for the country. We can't 'elp things—it ain't our fault."

"Aye, I remember. But who's goin' to make sacrifices for *us*? Who's going' to 'elp our women? Hey? Parson talks fine—but he ain't left his woman on five bob a week an' come to war. But 'e tells the likes 'o us to make sacrifices!"

"But 'e's a man o' God, Tom. 'E can't fight—it's against 'is religion."

"But 'e can give us a blessin', an' tell us to fight!"

"It's his business, Tom—givin' blessings and such."

"It's a rotten, nasty job to be putting blessin's on."

"I know, Tom, it do seem queer—but the

parson, he's a good man, Tom, an' he knows more than us. 'E's doin' his duty. It was all right for us to come, Tom—we ain't religious. We would only 'ave been a drag on them at 'ome if we 'adn't come. There was the works shut down, and the company putting up signs that they expected all the young men to go. They wouldn't 'ave give us any work, Tom. It was our duty to come—it's for the country."

"I know, Bill. We 'ad to come or be ashamed to lift our 'eads up. All the blokes was joining. An' the parson promised to keep an eye on Annie."

"Fine lad, the parson. Fine talk 'e gave us the night afore we left!"

"Aye, it was. I ain't a religious man, you know, Bill—but somehow, I'm glad God is on our side. Parson showed that plain."

"Remember the prayer at the station just afore the train left? Ho, ho—didn't 'e damn the Dutch?"

"Aye, he was bitter. Somehow, Bill, they are more bitter at 'ome than we are over here. Somehow, it's different when you see them dead an' wounded."

"Aye, it is different, someway," mused Smith. "They ain't so bad, them Dutchies."

"Oh, I'm fair sick of it, Bill! At 'ome it was different—all bands, an' speeches, an' patten' a man on the back. Made you feel you was doin' something fine. Over here it's just dirt an' killin'!"

"Just killin'," echoed Smith. "But we got to do it, Tom. It is for the country. An' it might be worse—shooting from trenches like we do, we never know for sure we've potted anybody. Like as not we ain't—like as not we don't hit anything. I wonder what it feels like to know you got one of them?"

"Ugh! It ain't a good feeling!" said Morely."

"Oh, I forgot. You was in the squad that fixed the old bloke last night in the town, wasn't you?"

Morely spat, as though to rid his mouth of a bad taste.

"Aye, an' I wish I 'adn't been," he said. "I dreamed about it."

"Spy, wasn't he?"

"They said 'e was. Don't see why they was so keen on killin' him off. Don't see why they didn't lock 'im up. 'E was that old and feeble 'e'd 'ave died quick enough."

"We got to kill spies, Tom. It ain't wrong to kill a spy."

"I know, Bill; but all the same, it's a rotten, nasty job. I was glad when they detailed me in the squad—it was a bit o' excitement. Then when I saw the poor old bloke I was sorry."

"Did 'e make a fuss?"

"No chance. 'Appened against the wall back o' headquarters. They brought 'im out and tied 'im in a chair. 'E wouldn't take no eye bandage—looked right at us. When we fired, 'e just sprawled forward, chair an' all; an' his mouth went open, an' the blood ran all down 'is white beard. Ugh! Made me fair sick, him crumpled up and staring at us. We 'ad to bury him. Sometimes I think God ain't with us at all."

"Aye, this work, do make a bloke feel squeamish at first," said Smith. "After a bit, I dare say we won't mind it no more than them regular blokes do. They get fat on killin'."

"Killin' is their job—'ere come our orders!"

Smith turned his head. A motorcycle dispatch bearer stood dismounted by the colonel's side; the captains were scurrying towards their commands. The sharp, low voiced commands reached Smith's ears.

"Fix bayonets! Leave your knapsacks!"

"Ow, blimme! We're going arfter' em!" exclaimed the Cockney.

II

The khaki line started down the farther slope of the railway embankment, automatically responding to the crisp commands, "skirmish lines—no shooting—make for the house!" The line reached the edge of the meadow and started across it.

From the center of the patch of woods on the hill came a shrill whine. It grew to a shriek, overhead, and passed on—followed by the dull bark of the gun.

"Shrap!" shouted Smith.

The air was filled with hissing, crackling noises. A narrow veil of thin, brownish smoke-fringed the edge of the woods near the base of the hill. Smith heard dimly the popping of musketry, like fire crackers being exploded by the package.

Men fell. The khaki line broke, and became a crowd with sprinters and laggards. Smith lumbered heavily along at Morely's side, his eyes upon the green hedge before the cottage. A man dropped his rifle, clutched his stomach—and fell to his knees.

He lifted a distorted, gibbering countenance as Smith plunged past.

"Cockney's down!" cried Smith.

They reached the hedge and threw themselves upon the ground. Smith was aware of a new sound added to the rattle of the rifles and the boom of the field pieces. It was a ludicrously familiar sound, a sharp, insistent rat-tat-tat; it reminded Smith of his own air-hammer at the works at home.

"Machine guns—got the range!" cried Morely.

The top foot of the hedge, above their heads, disappeared as though a giant, ragged-edged, invisible scythe had sheared it with a swoop.

Smith hugged the ground. On the opposite side of the hedge something tumbled against the shrubbery. Smith exchanged a startled glance with Morely. He tried to peer beneath the hedge—and six inches before his eyes he saw a hand.

A motionless hand, gnarled and brown—a woman's hand. Smith stared at it. He clutched Morely's arm, and Morely stared at the hand.

Stealthily, the two soldiers drew apart the shrubbery and gazed upon that to which the hand belonged. She lay upon her back staring upwards with wide-open, unseeing eyes—the old woman who had given them the buttermilk; the old woman who had looked like Smith's mother.

She no longer looked like a man's mother.

Smith grew sick. He drew back shuddering, and let the bush snap together. Through the mist of his nausea he saw Morely's lips moving, and he heard a cracked voice chanting, "just killin'—old men, old women—just killin'."

"They done it!" gulped Smith. "Damn 'em—they done it!"

"Forward! Through the wheat!"

A shouting subaltern rushed the length of the hedge, and the khaki line rose with instinctive, willing obedience. The eager youth pointed with his sword and led the way. The line followed.

Into the field, where the life-giving grain was at last being threshed with the leaden flail of war! Smith plunged ahead, mouth-ing his wail, "They done it! They done it!" Morely ran by his side.

A shell burst above their heads—a blinding flash, and a hail of sharp fragments. Morely threw his rifle far from him, and pitched forward upon his face.

Smith stopped, and bent over his chum. But his chum was gone. Upon the ground was a writhing, faceless thing.

Smith screamed, and dashed ahead.

Out of the grain, and up the slope of the hill! With every footfall the words pounded upon Smith's brain, "They done it—they done it!" He howled it aloud. He was conscious of men running by his side. Dimly, he saw dancing, mouthing, gray-clad figures in front of him.

A burst of flame in his very face! A tearing, searing something passed through his body. He flung himself forward—and he felt the wild, joyous thrill of the fighting brute as his bayonet sank into the soft flesh.

III

"Water! Water! Water!" The insistent babble dinned its way into Smith's consciousness. "Water! Water!" He felt no pain—only a terrible lassitude. His feet were cold. He had a consuming thirst. "Water! Water!" And he knew that the weak voice that babbled was his own voice.

His right arm was folded across his breast. Slowly, with infinite labor—it was as though a huge weight pressed upon his elbow—he straightened his arm. He fumbled at his side for his water bottle.

It was gone! Tom had it! Tom was gone!

And his tongue wagged, of its own volition, "Water, water, water!"

"Hier, kamerade, wasser!"

The faltering voice was at his side, almost in his ear. He felt a hand creep slowly and uncertainly across his breast; the cool canvas of the canteen touched his cheek. The bottle's neck reached his mouth, and his eager lips sucked greedily.

He lay on his back, his eyes open to the sky. The heavens were bright with the eyes of night, the round moon bathed the world with soft radiance. A sky of surpassing loveliness, so restful, so peaceful. His hot flesh was grateful to the cool kiss of the night.

The night was filled with strange noises—with murmurings, and moanings, and queer, choked cries. One by one they separated themselves in Smith's mind.

As from afar came a broken, boyish crying; a despairing, wailing crying, "mutter, mutter, mutter"; a crying with no beginning and no ending. Fro mcloser by, came a low, sustained, unhuman moaning; and

mingled with it was a weak voice pleading unceasingly, "Oh, Jesus, oh, Jesus! Oh, let me die!" At his side, in his ear, the faltering voice added its plaint, "Meine kleines kind, meine kleine Bertha!"

Slowly, laboriously, Smith turned his head towards this last voice. The body the voice came from lay in a tiny hollow—a dim, gray, headless bulk, the face hidden in the shadow. Smith stared across the top of the body, and saw a strip of ground bright in the eerie light of the moon.

A strip of ground crowded with strange figures and fantastic shadows. Some sprawled limply, as though sleeping; some sprawled stiffly, in outlandish postures; some writhed upon the ground, and their shadows danced.

Smith saw a horse stretched upon its side, and a low, steady, unhuman moaning came from the horse. The moonlight showed the gaping belly wound, and the beast's vitals hanging out in a black heap. And through the viscous mess protruded a human hand—a living hand, with twitching fingers.

As Smith looked, the horse lifted its head and screamed, and a futile, struggling tremor rippled over the great body. The protruding hand opened and shut, spasmodically, and from beneath the horse the pleading voice ascended in gasping pants, "Oh, Jesus—oh, God—oh, kill me!"

From the black shadow of some bushes the broken, boyish wail came like an echo, "mutter, mutter, mutter!"

"Meine Bertha, meine kleine Bertha!" The man at his side moaned the cry. It stabbed Smith like a needle in the brain. It made him think. "My Billy—my woman—Bess!" he answered cry with cry.

"Englishman, you haf killed me!" came the other voice. "Why—why it is?"

"Why! Why! The word hammered. Why? Why was he there upon the ground? *Why was it?*"

"Englishman, why make you death for me?" the weak voice lisped in his ear.

"I 'ad to kill you," whispered Smith. "I 'ad to come. They told us to come an' fight you. We 'ad to save the country."

"Dey tell us so. Dey tell us to fight for der *Vaterland*. I was a man—I haf to come. I like it not to leave mine woman und mine baby, but I love der *Vaterland*."

"I 'ave a wife and baby!" whispered Smith.

"I come from Hamburg, und by der docks

I work," continued the voice. "I think not der English vas bad. I haf sailed, und I know der English. But yet, you come!"

"We 'ad to. They said it was our duty. We 'ad to save our country. They said the German's would smash us."

"Dey tell us you kill Germany. Dey call to us to save der *Vaterland*. Gott, is with us!"

"With us!" said Smith. "God is with us—all of them say so."

"Nein, nein, Gott is with us. Und I leave mine liddle Bertha und mine Hilda"—the voice trailed weakly, and stopped.

Smith stared across the gray heap at the bright strip of ground. The shadows were shifting, but the moaning horse was still in the light. The living hand writhed above the steaming entrails, and the muffled prayer rose steadily from the ground, "oh, Jesus, oh, God have mercy, oh, let me die!"

Why? Why? Why had he come? Why had he killed—this good man, who gave him water? Why was he dying? Why was Morely dead? What for? And Bess and little Billy!—and Tom's woman, and the baby to come! Why?

The voice at his side recommenced its muttering, "meine Bertha, meine kleine Bertha." Smith joined his cry to the plaint, "my Bess—my little Billy!"

"You haf a child?" spoke the voice. "I, too, haf a baby—mine liddle Bertha. I work by der docks, und when I come home mine liddle Bertha meet me by der corner. Und Hilda meet me by der door."

"I got a boy," said Smith. "'E's a fine chap, my little Billy. 'E brings my lunch to the works all by 'imself. My Bess, she sends it 'ot."

"We vas happy, mine Hilda und liddle Bertha und me. It vas hard to det der living, but we vas happy. Ach, Gott, how do they now?"

"We was goin' to send 'im to school—we was goin' to give Billy a chance. And now—oh, Bess, what will you do now?"

Smith turned his eyes to the clean, bright sky. The stars seemed very close, the smell of the night was sweet in his nostrils. The dread sounds of the night beat upon him.

Smith thought. He thought of the man at his side—this man he had been sent to kill, and who had been sent to kill him. He, too, had a woman and a baby, and loved

them. He, too, had found the living hard to get.

He thought of his Bess and little Billy. He thought of Morely's Annie. He thought of all the Bess' and Annie's waiting dreadfully at home. And the fruit of his thought was bitter.

For in the jeweled sky he saw the future. He saw the road his wife and child must travel—the endless road leading into the abyss. He saw the slum, the sweatshop, the squalid tenement room.

With the keen clairvoyance of the work-ingman, he saw the drear years to come. He saw his wife with haggard cheeks and hopeless eyes. He saw his son with stunted body and deadened mind. He saw the pinch of hunger in their faces. He saw the end of comfort and happiness for those he loved.

These things he saw, and his soul revolted.

"Damn their sleek faces and smug cant! Damn their specious tongues! They sent him out to kill—to save their treasure! Who will save his treasure? Will they? Will they care for his woman and his child? God's curse on them who sent men out to kill with God's blessing! God's blessing! Did God do this?"

The wild gust shook him, and passed by. Smith lay quiet and calm. He felt no pain, no thirst—but he was cold, his legs were numb.

The voice murmured in his ear.

"She meet me by der corner when I come home from der docks. She haf blue eyes, mine liddle Bertha."

"My Billy has gray eyes—like Bess," whispered Smith.

He turned his face again to the man at his side. He looked at the strip of ground, at the sprawling figures, at the grotesque shadows.

The wounded horse lifted its head and screamed. In the throes of dissolution, the great body threshed upon the ground. The living hand shut and opened, and the fingers twisted; the voice beneath the horse rose in a shrill, agonized shriek, "Oh, Jesus—oh, God have mercy—ah-h-h." From the shadow of the bushes came the wailing echo-answer, "mutter, mutter, mutter."

The beast's great body stiffened. The hand was still. It was clenched, save for one finger that pointed skyward. Smith gazed at the pointing finger. "He is point-

ing at God!" he thought. "He is blaming God!"

"No, no, God ain't done this," he muttered. "God ain't mixed in this. He ain't to blame."

Smith was cold, his legs were numb. At his side, the voice had ceased only a slow, labored breathing told him that the heap his hand touched was not yet a lifeless lump. He looked up at the peaceful, beautiful sky. Below his waist his body was dead, and death was creeping upward. But his mind was alive.

Why had he killed and been killed?

And in the sky he saw the Truth. Written in stars across the arch of heaven was the answer.

Slowly, with infinite labor, Smith stretched his arm towards the other man. His groping fingers reached the other's hand and closed upon it.

"Brother!" he whispered.

As weak as his own grip came the answering pressure on his fingers.

"They fooled us!" said William Smith.

"Ja," said Wilhelm Schmidt.

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH BUTTE, MONTANA?

By LOWNDES MAURY

"The Socialists were overwhelmingly defeated, casting only 30 per cent of the vote. The spirit of the people of Butte, Mont., has been crushed by the brutal exercise of the tremendous economic and political power of the local Rockefeller interests."—Lewis J. Duncan.

THE above telegram appears in the issue of the *American Socialist* of Saturday, April 10, 1915. The sender of the message apparently desires to create the impression that the defeat of the Socialist Party in Butte is due to external forces separate and distinct from the Socialist Party of this city. Nothing could be further from the facts. The Rockefeller interests of this city have always exercised their economic and political power at every election, and two years ago their activity was just as great as it was at this recent election. Nevertheless the Socialists won at that time with a handsome majority against a combination of both Republicans and Democrats on a Citizens Ticket, while this time the Socialists were defeated by a tremendous Democratic majority against a divided field of Republicans and Democrats out of a total vote of 13,500. Lane (Dem.), received 6,681; Smith (Soc.), 3,698; Ellingwood (Rep.), 2,714; and Meany (Prog.), 388. The Socialist candidate for mayor received less than 27½ per cent of the total. In other words, the proportion of the loss of the total Socialist vote to two years ago was more than 50 per cent. Why this crushing Socialist defeat? Were there any other factors beside the Rockefeller interests, operat-

ing to make such a defeat possible? These are questions that need an answer.

When the Socialist Party first went into power it came as a surprise to old party politicians. The Socialist Party at that time was composed of men with working class tendencies and socialist ideas. As long as these elements were the dominant factors in checking dictatorship and undemocratic authority on the part of elected Socialist officials, everything progressed fairly well. But gradually the Socialist Party grew in membership. The new members came into the organization not so much because they were concerned about working class interests or emancipation, but rather because the itch for office or the desire for a political job on the streets of Butte at \$4.00 per day inspired their membership. The dispenser of these jobs, the mayor, formerly Lewis J. Duncan and now C. A. Smith, found themselves in a position of "Economic Power" because of control of those jobs. In the last two years the number of non-Socialists in the Socialist Party was greater than the Socialists, and the battle between jobs versus principle began. Ex-Mayor Lewis J. Duncan and present Mayor C. A. Smith, recognizing that pelf, power and position are based on the servility of slaves, naturally threw their lot

The Class-Struggle and the War

THIS is the story of how part of the workers in England and Germany made a bargain with the capitalists and lost. Of course, the bargain was not written out and signed. But it was understood all round. The German Socialists in the Reichstag said over and over that if their 4,000,000 voters proved their devotion to the Fatherland they would have a right to demand consideration after the war. And when internal defensive peace was declared between parties it was understood that all were to have consideration. In England there was a good deal of ministerial talk about "the man at the bench" being as good as "the man in the trench." In the first mad days of recruiting the workers were being constantly told how the nation depended upon them in its extremity. They, for their part, immediately began to demand better pay for soldiers and adequate support for dependents left at home.

Amidst the gush of patriotic fervor princes and generals and big-business statesmen were cheered and lauded among the common herd as they had not been for half a century. This was eight months ago. We have all had time to catch our breath, and some of us have partially recovered our reason. A goodly number of English and German workers are "coming to," as we say. They are discovering that this is the same old world as the one we knew so well before August 1, 1914. The governments care little about governing, so long as they can make things go. The capitalists are still after their profits. And the workers are poorer than ever and just as much dependent on their own efforts for improvement.

This department has already chronicled the bitter struggle carried on by German labor unions to prevent the utter loss of all the advantages gained by fifty years of struggle. While prices went up, wages went down. What I want to record at present is the political disappointment of German Socialists. It is voiced tragically in

the address which Comrade Haase made at the opening of the regular session of the Reichstag on March 10.

Virtue Its Only Reward

After assuring the government that his group still offered its support, he proceeded: "Unprecedented sacrifices have been made by the people and are still being made by our brothers in the field. With almost superhuman exertion they do their duty. Under these circumstances the government dare no longer refuse to guarantee that those who bear equally the burdens should also enjoy equally the privileges of citizenship. It is intolerable that all citizens do not have equal rights, irrespective of class, party, religion or nationality. Working class organizations have furnished more than twenty army corps. On the field of battle and at home they have, according to the testimony of the government, done great service. And yet this session of the Reichstag is to pass without the repeal of the Exceptional laws passed against the workers." He then went on to tell of the oppressive measures against freedom of speech and assemblage which had been enforced as war measures. In conclusion he showed how dealers in food had reaped golden rewards at the expense of the poverty-stricken consumers. All through this remarkable address there was a tone of bitter disappointment. Evidently the majority of the Socialist group in the Reichstag is beginning to feel that it has sold its soul for a mess of pottage and hasn't even got the pottage.

How far their feeling is justified was proved by the answer given by Dr. Delbruck for the cabinet. This learned gentleman said that he knew of no laws directed against any particular classes, and if there were such laws it was impolite to talk of them at such a time. Evidently the government is as deaf, dumb and blind to popular demands as ever it was. But the point that needs emphasis is the fact that oppression actually goes farther now than ever before.

very few unemployed. The men have labored ceaselessly to do the work demanded of them by the government. They have done overtime to an unbelievable extent. It is not uncommon for them to work all day Saturday and Sunday, twenty-four hours or thirty-six hours at a stretch. Illness has increased among them at an alarming rate. Many of them have sacrificed life even as have their brothers in the trenches.

How have these men been treated by the government and the capitalists? Bear in mind that the products turned out on the Clyde and the Mersey are being disposed of at war prices. What of the wages? Here is a passage from the *New Statesman*: "Nearly a year ago they (the men) had asked for a rise, only to be put off till December. When they then applied the employers delayed twenty-four days before even answering their letter. (Thus doing the men, by mere procrastination, out of ten or twenty thousand pounds.) Then delay after delay took place—always from the employers' side—so that not until the beginning of February could the men even get the case before a conference (total gained by the employers from the men since December by merely denying the inevitable rise, some forty thousand pounds). And the end is not yet. Even the partial advance that the employers at last offered was not to take effect till the 16th of March, thus mulcting the men of some more thousands of pounds! Naturally the men feel that the employers are deliberately cheating them. . . . The employers openly pride themselves on the cleverness of these arrangements by which every rise in wages is, of course, delayed by at least three months."

In March, as everyone knows, the men struck. It was then that one of their employers called them a lot of "dirty, lazy loafers," and Lloyd-George talked piously of "the lure of drink." The cabinet as a whole came to the conclusion that the English working class was failing in a crisis. Its patriotism and efficiency were not up to the mark. Overtime during long months! Rising prices and increased suffering! The spectacle of employers making fortunes out of the exigencies of war! And because they struck after all other means had failed they were dirty and lazy and given to drink!

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ment commission. In the meantime the Transport Workers at various points have asked for increases. When they became threatening some attention was paid to them. In certain cases increases have been granted.

On February 24 a conference of miners was held in London. There were 140 delegates present and they represented 700,000 men. George Smillie, the miners' president, advocated a general demand for a 20 per cent increase. This demand will probably be made.

Ramsay Macdonald, who, in spite of his statesmanlike bourgeois leanings for a long time past, has been true to the working class since the beginning of the war, prophesies hard times for British labor. After the war, he says, "there will be fewer concessions and we shall have to do more fighting to get what we want." Speaking of English capitalists, he says: "Their great hope, greater than the defeat of Germany, is the emergence of a broken, battered, defeated Labor party."

But to the Socialist looking at things from the outside, the spectacle presented by the English workers is an inspiring one. To a remarkable degree they have preserved their sense and their courage under the stress of war. They may have hard struggles before them, but they have shown themselves capable of making a good fight against odds.

Reliable news with regard to the attitude of Socialists in various countries is of vital importance. At the present moment our chief business is not to vindicate our movement. We have practical business on hand. We must be prepared to take part in the movements which will determine when peace shall be made and on what terms. We must consider, too, the international of the future. What shall be its principles? What shall be its constitution? Can we trust the direction of the movement of international labor to a feeble federation of strong national movements?

Our thought with regard to these matters must be based in part on our knowledge of the state of things in various countries. We must know the state of mind of the working class. When we know what our

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More and more, as exact knowledge reaches us, it appears that the Socialist movement is in a vastly better condition than seemed likely six months ago. About one party, the British Socialist party, we now have really accurate information. During the last days of February divisional conferences of the membership in the various parts of the country were held and decisions were reached with regard to the issues presented by the war. Different resolutions were presented at these various conferences and it is, of course, difficult to guess just why a given resolution was carried or defeated. But at least the results are rock-bottom information. They show what the individual members of the party think and what they propose to do.

The reports of the conferences were canvassed by the Agenda committee of the party and the results were published in *Justice* on March 4. Following are some of the more important actions taken: Resolutions or amendments with regard to recruiting were presented at five conferences. In general these were so worded as to express approval or disapproval of the support given to the government's recruiting service by the executive committee of the party. Totals must be looked at with suspicion, for, as I remarked above, the resolutions are not identical. It appears, however, that 356 members voted against the committee's policy and 278 voted in favor of it. At four conferences resolutions were adopted dealing with the subject of conscription and the citizen-army play. It is unnecessary to report that no one voted for conscription. It is, however, extremely interesting to discover that 187 members voted against the citizen army, while only 164 voted in favor of it. In the minds of some this plan is a part of the accepted Socialist policy. Evidently the members of the B. S. P. are not going to have anything so reactionary foisted upon them merely because a few important and talented leaders have taken it for granted.

In regard to the attitude to be taken toward the war as a whole the resolutions carried and lost were so varied and complicated that a general result cannot be



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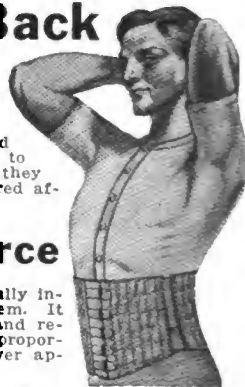
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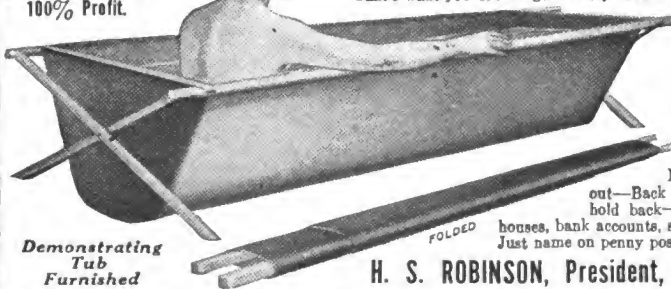
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Chicago and the friezes for the British Art Section at the St. Louis exposition. He was a master of design, yet the characteristic thing about his work is a peculiar grace and freedom of line. Every one of his sketches, no matter how slight, suggest a world in beautiful motion, a world where expression is free and fine.

With William Morris he joined the Socialist movement when he and it were young. And to this movement was given much of his best thought and work. For many years he contributed to *Justice* a new and wonderful design with each recurring May day. Many of his best drawings are collected in the well-known portfolio, "Cartoons for the Cause."

It is well for us now, when Socialism is starting on a new era, when the labors before us seem endless, to see the vision of the future as Morris and Crane saw it. Their faith will yet be justified. And we in America, who so deeply appreciated the work of these men, have one great comfort in reviewing the completed work of these men. We have in America now a goodly number of eager, young and inspired artists who are carrying on the work so nobly begun in England.

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NEWS AND VIEWS



AS THE WORKERS USED TO PARADE IN EUROPEAN CITIES ON THE FIRST OF MAY.

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International Socialist Review,
Chicago, Ill.

Comrades: Please find enclosed order for £8 15s, which I think is equal to your \$42, which you stated would be the cost, including postage, of fifty copies of the REVIEW monthly for twelve months. I hope ere long to be able to increase our order. In the meantime the demand points that way.

Best wishes to all the comrades.

Yours fraternally, Harry Norrie.

From California.—Your April number—no, dammit, your twelve monthly numbers and some more besides, were humdingers. The “more besides” might go back fifteen years, as I have been an appreciative reader of the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW since it started.

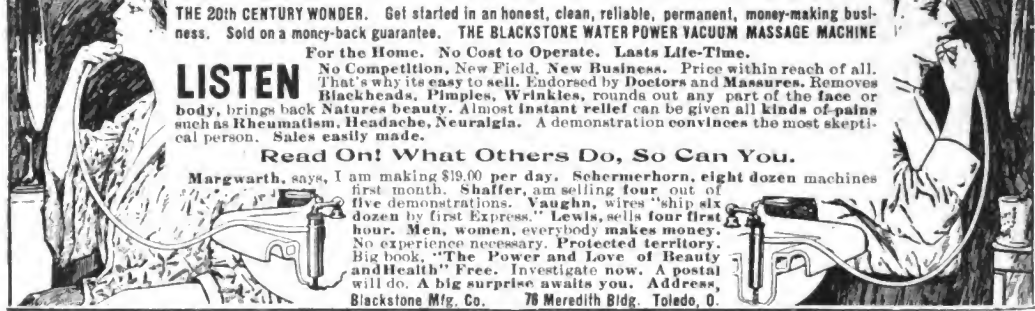
I have most of your publications. The science series is fine. If more of our comrades would read your good scientific literature there would not be so many Henry Dubbs and Harry Boneheads in our party.—J. J. Hawkins.

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Margwarth, says, I am making \$19.00 per day. Schermerhorn, eight dozen machines first month. Shaffer, am selling four out of five demonstrations. Vaughn, wires "ship six dozen by first Express." Lewis, sells four first hour. Men, women, everybody makes money. No experience necessary. Protected territory. Big book, "The Power and Love of Beauty and Health" Free. Investigate now. A postal will do. A big surprise awaits you. Address, Blackstone Mfg. Co., 78 Meredith Bldg. Toledo, O.



An Interesting Letter From Canada.—"Dear Comrade: I bought a copy of the REVIEW for the first time last month and I thought it was one of the best magazines I had ever come across, but the April number clinched the argument. Comrades, I congratulate you. THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW is not only one of the neatest looking little magazines, but its contents are the real dope; it is the greatest 'trail blazer' for Socialism I know of.

"People will read and be interested in the REVIEW who would NOT read a book or pamphlet or listen to a Socialist and turn out to be a rebel before they know.

"The biology studies are great. I would not have missed Professor Moore's series for a good deal. Yours fraternally, W. H. McNey, Vancouver."

From Canada.—"Though times are hard up here, I cannot afford to miss the coming REVIEWS. I have Professor Moore's new book, 'The Law of Biogenesis,' and it is splendid. I am glad to know you are going to devote much space to science—that great closed book to us workers. The REVIEW is certainly our magazine."—Charles M. Thompson.

From Kansas.—"We were greatly pleased with the editorial in the April REVIEW entitled, 'We Must Fight It Out.' It certainly will require something more than thinking to do any good in this part of the country."—Jay Miller.

From Toledo, Ore.—"Hurry up the May REVIEW, as we are anxious to read the next number of J. Howard Moore's excellent series on 'Savage Survivals' in Higher Animals.'"—C. M. Drake.

From Massachusetts.—"You are getting out a magazine that is constantly winning its way and more and more people, I am happy to say, are beginning to see that the REVIEW's stand for revolutionary Socialism and industrial unionism is the only sound position to take."—J. D. W.

From Arkansas.—"I have filed copies of the REVIEW from 1908 up to the present and, of course, you may know that I would not consider letting my subscription lapse. The REVIEW grows more interesting and helpful each month."—H. P. Bevington.

When the Russians Came.—Comrade Schragger, of Chicago, tells the following story related to him by Mrs. Hollenden, of Cleveland, in connection with her experiences in Europe after war was declared. She said, nobody was permitted to leave Lemberg after the entrance of the Russian troops. When the Russian army began its attack on that city it was impossible to venture out on the streets and for four weeks previous to Russian occupation the family I was with sat in their dark cellar, never once even venturing upstairs. They lived on bread and water. There was no interval during all that time when we could not hear the roar and boom of cannon. One morning it was quiet and, venturing up stairs, the father learned that the white flag of surrender had been hoisted and all Austrian forces had fled the city under cover of night. About eight o'clock that morning the advance guard of the Russian army entered the city. The civilians fired upon them, a bullet struck the window in which I was and I rushed to the rear and hid the children. Soldiers forced open the front and back doors, entered, but finding no arms there, passed out. Every saloon was closed and sealed with the Czar's seal.

About noon the Russian army entered the city amid the playing of bands and much flourish. The Russian military governor took official office and established himself in the undestroyed part of some hotel. Heralds went about through the city announcing that all should attend the reading of the military laws for the city. All were at the public square at 4 o'clock. In order to make room for the townspeople to stand, dead bodies were piled high outside the square. Many streets were completely blocked by mountains of the dead. They mounted as high as the third stories of the houses. Mrs. H. finally secured a passport to Moscow. She reports that the military governor of Lemberg ruled with an iron hand but not one case of atrocities came to her attention. She walked about the streets at all hours of the day or night and was never once molested. The treatment of the Russian soldiers was pitiful. Wounded officers were carefully treated but not so the privates. If it was reported by a civilian that a private had disobeyed any rule, his number was taken, he was brought before the governor, questioned

In every struggle for justice, the working class is crushed by law, the strike is crushed by law, the workers are robbed by law. Get on the firing line. Study law and fight for your class.

"Law is today merely a code of haphazard guesses, backed by mystery and precedent. It should be in working class hands and should be as simple as the ten commandments."

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Power is coming into the hands of the workers. We need competent, trained men and women. The course in law will fit you to render this service to your class. We need working class lawyers in active practice. Think how Darrow, Sheppard, Le Sueur, London and many other brilliant defenders of labor have fought for working class justice.

STUDY LAW

You don't need a college education or a high school education. Can you read and write the English language understandingly? That is education enough. Lincoln had no more education than that when he began to study law.

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In your own school, where working class lawyers will teach you the working class interpretation of the law—how to wrest it from the grip of the capitalist and make it the weapon for labor's protection.

Why study in a capitalist law school?

We give you the same training as the best capitalist law school, for you must be trained to meet capitalists upon their own ground. Our textbooks are prepared by America's foremost legal experts and instructors. Upon enrollment you receive a fourteen-volume law library, a magnificent set of books, and in addition fifty-two textbooks.

The Dean of our Law Department is Arthur Le Sueur and your work will be under his personal instruction. We offer all that the capitalist schools offer you and **something which they cannot give you—a working class interpretation of law.**

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trial unionism as distinct from syndicalism and revolutionary political action as opposed to parliamentarianism. What I think that the working class in general and the Socialist party in particular need is a more thorough adoption of this policy and attitude and the disregarding of the social reform policy. Personally, I am a firm believer in the revolutionary policy, both industrially and politically, as the only sane policy for the working class to adopt. I believe that this terrible war that is taking place in Europe could and would have been prevented had we adopted and supported that policy in the past.

Well, comrade, I shall do my best to spread the REVIEW, as I think it is worth supporting, but the reform policy has got such a hold of the average worker that he is inclined to fight shy of anything that savors of revolution. The blame for this in a large measure is due to our so-called leaders.

Hoping that you will receive the order all right, I beg to remain,

Yours for the Social Revolution,
William Hoare, Top of Tranch,
Pontypool, Mon, England.
61 Stamford Hill Road,

Discipline Necessary.—Comrade Gustavus Myers, in the April number of the REVIEW, seems to be very much wrought up over Discipline in the German Socialist movement being the cause of the supposed breakdown of political Socialism. The collision of two powerful locomotives with heavy trains behind them would mean TOO MUCH DISCIPLINE that caused the wreck.

Will our members of the Socialist movement never wake up to the recognition of the inexorable laws of economic evolution and relegate Anarchism to the rear in party tactics?

What have the sane educational teachings of evolutionary Socialism to do with the natural collision of competing capitalist groups? The political program of the German Socialist movement was no more to blame for the world's great conflict or the clash of struggling Capitalist interests than our own weak Socialist movement in the United States.

Discipline is just as necessary to build up a powerful political, or labor, movement, as discipline is necessary in the management of the great machinery of wealth production, so as to be able to specialize each worker at a certain operation, that not only increases his efficiency, but prevents him from meddling and interfering with his fellow workers.

This idea of a Social State, or co-operative Commonwealth directed by every fellow to do as he pleases is a direct contradiction to Marxian Socialism; it contradicts the historic explanation as to how Feudalism was overthrown, by the present ruling class, simply because the present ruling class was better disciplined than the former ruling society of Feudalism.

Let the majority will determine the program

considerably the last year or so. The Commission of Immigration and Housing has been investigating and inspecting for more than a year and is still at it. At the present time they are going around through the different cities of the state having a Housing Exhibit, which with word, figures and hundreds of pictures shows how bad working conditions are in the camps and the living conditions in the crowded districts of the cities, etc.

The commission states that nearly a thousand camps have been inspected, and that filthy and bad conditions are found everywhere; that there are manure piles close by a good many cook houses; that the food is fly-infested; that a great majority of camps have no toilets, and so forth and so on. And also out of those camps *reinspected* that more than two hundred have been very much improved. It holds forth how people sleep in the cities, in the tenements and slums, crowded together in unhealthy and insanitary lodgings—in damp cellars without ventilation and in shacks surrounded with filth and every indescribable sort of loathsomeness.

This board of "investigators" is now bringing up its report before the legislature of California. It suggests that a law should be passed which would force the employers of the "roving migratory laborers" to have sanitary camps; a law that would make a general clean-up in the cities. And also that a sum of money should be appropriated by the state for the purpose of improving the housing conditions for such people who can't do it themselves. It says that London spent more than nine millions on better housing of the poor, and other English cities as well. And it can see no reason why America can't do likewise.

Now however, bad we all know that it really is; however much improvement they might make, (if we give them a thousand years to do it on) we should always remember that those two men who caused all this investigation and inspection are still behind the prison walls of Folsom penitentiary. It was Ford and Suhr who organized the Wheatland hop pickers in August, 1913, who caused this to be done. We should also remember that the campaigning for getting them out is not at an end—and will not be before they are free. And the best way to show our appreciation of what those two men did for the workers in California (and for which they were given a lifetime sentence) is to remember them on the job—to agitate and organise.

The workers all through the State are now deriving benefit from that organizing of the hop pickers by those two men. Before that there was no investigation nor improvement. Therefore, let us always keep in mind that it

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It was the life work of C. Osborne Ward to dig up and reconstruct the true story of the working people of the ancient world. Not content with studying thousands of ancient volumes and manuscripts, he journeyed hundreds of miles on foot around the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, deciphering and translating inscriptions telling parts of the forgotten story of the ancient workers. The results of his research are summed up in two large volumes over 1400 pages.

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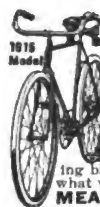
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George E. Boomer—Biographical Summary.
—George Ellsworth Boomer, known for many years under the pen name of "Uncle Sam," was a consistent rebel all his life long. Born at Lewiston, Maine, November 28, 1862, he became a cotton mill slave at the age of 12 years. Demanding his own wages from his family he ran away from home and returned only when his father agreed that he should have them at the age of fourteen. The following year he entered the printing business in the office of the *Greenback-Labor Chronicle*, at Auburn, Maine. Went to Providence, Rhode Island, in 1882, where he joined Typographical Union Number 33 at its reorganization in 1883. Held various offices in the union, and for seven or eight years represented that body in the Rhode Island Central Labor Union, which he also served in official capacities. He was continuously connected, many times prominently, with the Socialist movement in America from its very earliest beginnings, having joined the Socialist Labor Party in 1884, and he was a representative member of the Knights of Labor throughout practically the whole existence of that organization.

On Labor Day, 1893, he launched the Providence, R. I., *Justice*, which, when it was turned over to him by the Rhode Island Central Labor Union in the spring of 1894, became the first Socialist paper in New England. He was the Socialist candidate for governor of Rhode Island in 1895 and received an excellent vote. He went to Maryland in 1896 to edit a syndicate of radical papers for the Vroon brothers. Total destruction of the office by fire, and later Bryan's nomination by the Populists drove him out of that field, but not, however, until he had killed the very paper he was running by printing Bryan's name with the letters inverted. Immediately afterward he started the publication of *Uncle Sam* at Cumberland, Maryland. This paper, most unique in typographical appearance and fearless in utterance, attracted attention all over the country, the subscription list running into thousands the second month. The plant was under mortgage and the paper was in time strangled when Boomer flatly refused to quit propagating Socialism. He subsequently became editor of the *Appeal to Reason*, helped to build that remarkable paper, and later moved to the state of Washington, where he edited and published papers in turn at Prosser, Edmonds, Bremerton and the Port Angeles *Free Press* at the time of his death, April 5, 1915.

Although a deep student of politics and frequently the candidate of his party, Comrade Boomer was far from being a politician. He despised the sickly fake cordiality and hand-shaking hypocrisy so essential to popular approval. He did not value a Socialist vote unless it was backed by intelligence, sincerity and courage. The watchword of his life was "unremitting war upon the enemy at every point of contact." He had witnessed the dissolution of the great Knights of Labor organ-

—opposed bourgeois tendencies within the Socialist Party and with which he would not compromise.—Bruce Rogers.



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WHY YOU SHOULD BE A SOCIALIST

LOOK around wherever you are and you will see furniture and machinery and buildings and street cars, bridges, ships and trains, stores filled with food and clothing, coal yards and factories.

The hands of the workers, the brains and hands of workmen and women have made them all. They have made the clothes you wear, have produced the food you eat, built the house in which you dwell. These working class hands have produced every commodity that exists in the world today.

And the shippers, the commission merchants, the owners of storehouses, are complaining because the warehouses are filled to overflowing with goods and food they cannot sell (because the workers have no money to buy them). They complain because there are no more storeplaces in which to lock up the great harvests which will soon be pouring into the great shipping centers.

The landlords are bewailing the fact that they have hundreds of thousands of empty flats and houses which they cannot sell or rent, because the workers who have built them have no money to buy or to pay rent.

There are plenty of homes; there is an abundance of food and clothing made by the workers and there are several millions of workers who cannot buy these things because they are without money and without jobs.

Except for a little land, a few cheap clothes and poor personal belongings—all these things which the workers have produced are owned by the non-working, employing or capitalist class.

The whole struggle between the employees of labor and those who work, whether it be for shorter hours or more pay, is really a great battle between the bosses and the workers as to *who shall own the things the workers have produced*. Every time the workers gain higher wages, they are getting back in money a little bit more of the value of the things they have made.

It is evident that if the workers owned the things they made there would be no idle millionaires. And the man who possessed

the most would be the man who worked the longest.

And this is why, if you are a working-man or woman, you should be a socialist. Socialism means that the workers will have the things they produce. The farmers will have the value of their crops, the miners the value of the coal, or gold, or copper they dig. The railroad men will receive full value for their necessary labor in transporting things from one part of the country, or from one nation to another.

The lone switchman or the engineer who tries to force the C. B. & Q. Railroad to increase his wages has about as much chance of success as one lonesome miner striking against the Standard Oil Interests.

You know that you have no chance to beat the boss in an individual fight against him. He has only to discharge you and all the forces of society will rally to support him and to prevent you gaining any advantage.

A good many years ago workmen learned that they could not fight the employers of labor alone and so they banded together in small trade groups, which groups were able for a time to help their members in securing higher wages, shorter hours and better working conditions. Some of these trade unions still enable their members to maintain higher wages and shorter hours than they would otherwise have.

But the strongest trades unions in the world are only able to gain a very little more of the wealth they produce for a very small percent of the workers. In hundreds of cities other unions, while pretending to maintain the union wage scale, are rebating stipulated sums to their employers. (See article by Austin Lewis in this number).

The United Mine Workers of America have lost nearly a dozen big strikes in the last few years. The railroad boys have steadily lost ground in their fights for better working conditions and more pay. They have not even held their own, but have been forced to accept lower wages. The trade

fighting against their employers in federations of unions in larger and ever larger groups—Socialism will organize the workers of the whole world to take over the factories, mines, railroads, mills and shops to run them *FOR the workers*.

Socialism is broader than ANY national party or any national union. It means One Big Union of the Workers of the World to abolish the present system of robbery and exploitation from the face of the earth!

We are only GROPING our way toward Socialism. We are only beginning to see that we cannot struggle against poverty, unemployment, robbery and exploitation ALONE, or in small trade unions, or national party groups. But we are learning fast. We are learning that the World has been made to blossom with plenty through the hands of Labor and that by joining with the members of our class over the whole world we shall reap the fruits of all that we have sown. MARY E. MARCY.

for April 1, 1915:

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(Signed) Charles H. Kerr, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of March, 1915.

(Seal)

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(My commission expires March 8, 1916.)

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CARTER, in New York Evening Sun

BUT—SUPPOSE THE WORKERS GET WISE AND THROW DOWN THEIR GUNS!



FIXING THE PAY OF RAILROAD MEN

By CARL SANDBURG

Third Article

RAILROAD firemen and engineers got beaten, soaked, trimmed to a finish, in the western railroad wage arbitration award handed down April 30. Because there were 65,000 enginemen on 98 railroads involved, taking in all the roads between Chicago and the Pacific Coast, it was the biggest deal of the sort ever put over by the railroad companies in the handling of labor.

It was the worst fizzle in collective bargaining, mediation and conciliation ever carried on in the holy name of "industrial peace," whatever that means under present conditions.

There's nothing hard, harsh, mean or unfair about this kind of talk in connection with this particular arbitration. Harsher and fiercer talk may be heard almost anywhere when you come across a bunch of live railroad men these days. They know they were handed a lemon and raw stuff was squirted all over them. What they want to know now for sure is who was to blame and how they can stop the same kind of a deal ever again being put over on them.

They asked in their demands for more than \$40,000,000 raise in pay. They got just a little over a \$1,000,000. These figures probably measure the ratios of what they got all down through their long list

of demands. That is, they got about one one-fortieth of what they asked for.

So ended the longest, the most expensive, the most thoroughly prepared and the most widely significant arbitration hearing that the world has ever seen between forces of capital, formally organized, and labor, formally organized.

The end was a breakdown. The arbitration machinery proved to be a fake. Instead of a piece of fair play the whole game is now shown as crooked from start to finish and nobody is quicker to declare the crookedness of it than the officers of the railroad brotherhoods.

Sizzling on the inside of the big organization is discussion and inquiry. They are asking how and why about things that never used to bother them. For twenty years they have gone along piling multi-million dollar funds in their treasuries and building their organizations entirely with a view of mediation, arbitration and peace. Now they have been jolted with a blow so staggering that instead of mediation, arbitration and peace, they are looking toward fights, strikes and industrial war, straight economic pressure, to get them what they want. How and why this is so will appear from some of the facts of recent railroad history here reviewed.

brotherhoods were for a \$41,000,000 increase in wages. In dollars and pennies, they will get \$1,020,498.10.

There are 5,767 engines affected. Increase per day is \$851.86 or \$311,111.40 per year.

Engines where firemen's wages are affected number 7,005. Increase per day is \$1,395.58 or \$509,386.70.

Increases for hostlers, by latest estimate, total \$200,000 a year.

There are 27,000 engineers, 30,000 firemen and 8,000 hostlers, trying to use their heads figuring out what these figures mean. To a hostler on the Chicago Junction Railway, it means, for instance, that he now is raised from \$2 a day for 12 hours work to about \$2.04 a day for 12 hours work. The increase will not buy a glass of beer daily in which to soak his grief over the failure of arbitration.

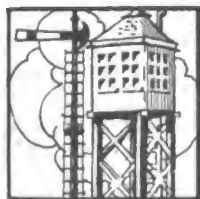
Railroad enginemen are slipping down from the high place they once held. Tables introduced in the evidence of the hearing showed engineers in switching service in Chicago work for 42½ cents an hour, while hod carriers of the same city are paid 48 cents an hour and skilled workers in other trades are paid from 65 to 75 cents an hour.

It was also shown that on June 30, 1914, the combined accumulated surplus of 43 western railroads amounted to \$625,895,415 and the actual cash on hand of the railroads in on the arbitration amounted on the same date to \$208,278,196.

Looking at these big piles of cash on hand, the fellows in the cabs of the engines today feel there ought to be more of it peddled out to the men who run the engines and haul the trains and risk their necks on the job.

Surprise Tests.

On some roads, the company has a trick for trying out the engineer. When a red light is flashed on him all of a sudden, it's his duty to stop the train. Of course, his heart jumps into his throat, his blood pressure shoots up, and there have been cases where a man's hair



where a man's hair

The brotherhoods demanded that red lights shall be flashed only when there is actual danger to the train. To throw a danger signal at an engineer when there is no danger, merely to find out whether the engineer is efficient and how quickly he can make a stop, is an atrocity on the engineer, his health, his family, his life.

Under the arbitration award, the railroads will go ahead with surprise tests as they please and just as they did before. The award lets it go with a simple statement that such surprise tests "should not be conducted under conditions that are hazardous to employees."

Principal Demand Kicked Out.

At some railroad centers now are rows of small engines boarded up and useless, getting rusty. They are on the scrap pile because bigger engines that haul longer trains and get more work done have taken their places.

Firemen shovel more coal and engineers have to be keener handling these monster new models. So the brotherhoods demanded that rate of pay should be based on weight of engine on the drive wheels. The bigger the engine the more the service of the enginemen and therefore the higher their pay should be. That was the argument.

During the hearing, it was ably supported by W. Jett Lauck, economist for the brotherhoods. He set up a new theory in economics, holding that increased productive efficiency of the workers entitled them to higher wages.

The demand was struck off from the award. Nothing doing.

It Sure Was a Lemon

Without analyzing the award further, suppose we just notice these facts. The two brotherhood men who were members of the arbitration board—F. A. Burgess assistant grand chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and Timothy Shea, assistant president of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, refused to sign the award. They said it was unfair, unreasonable, unwarranted, reactionary, repugnant, disastrous. Their long statement to the public said that the theory back of the arbitration "if allowed to flourish and grow will rapidly place the

nel, they said, the award does not permanently settle any of the questions involved and unquestionably will create chaos and ill-feeling among all classes of train service employes and particularly engineers and firemen."

As usual, these high officials of the railroad brotherhoods fail to show any feeling at all for the less skilled and lower paid workers on the roads. The 8,000 hostlers were forgotten completely in the last statement and they were only a minor side issue through the whole arbitration. Hostlers, of course, come to know a whole lot about engines. It is from hostlers that the railroad companies will try first to recruit strikebreakers if a strike ever comes. At such a time, the brotherhood officials will feel a little more real brotherhood toward the hostlers than they do now.

This was the statement of Warren S. Stone, grand chief of the engineers, on the award: "The engineers have gained practically nothing. There are approximately 34,000 engines in the western territory. On not more than 3,000 of these have the engineers gained an increase in wages and that increase is so slight that it practically amounts to nothing. We had better rules before than the rules granted us by this award."

In short, Stone is now "eating crow." He admits defeat. And there would be no reason for jeering at him now and pointing accusations at him, if his record on strategy was all straight. This is precisely the time for calling attention of railroad brotherhood men again to the words of Stone in February, speaking to the arbitration board. Of all cheap apologies ever made by a labor official because his men are fighters and ready to strike for what they want, there never has been anything surpassing these remarks of Stone. They were delivered in reply to a criticism by A. W. Trenholm, chairman of the railway managers committee, that Stone was going farther than his organizations wanted him to. Stone replied:

"I want to say, neither in the way of explanation nor excuse, that the grand officers of this organization, instead of taking the lid off, try to keep the brake

with them. The thing we have always tried to do is to be conservative and keep the dissension down, if possible, instead of adding to it, as no doubt you would infer from the testimony of the witness. If we simply take the brake off and let the men go, it would be a whole lot more radical than what it is. If any fault has been found with the executive officers of this organization, it is because they have been too conservative and have allowed the railroads to capitalize that conservatism and have not got the results that the rank and file think they should have gotten."

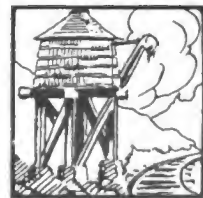
Charley Nagel Stuck With His Class

On the day the arbitration award was made public, the brotherhood officers gave out these facts on the life record of Chas. Nagel, the lawyer who sat as one of the two umpires or neutrals on the arbitration board. To labor men the startling feature of it was the unmasking of Nagel as a former militia captain and a companion of sluggers and gunmen when the St. Louis street car strike of 1900 was on. Four strikers were killed and more wounded by the forces of law and order in which Nagel was a commanding officer.

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* of April 2, 1909, is cited as containing an interview at Washington signed by the reporter, James Morrow. In this interview Nagel tells what he did in the street car strike. He says:

"I volunteered my services to the sheriff. In six hours I reported with 75 men. It was a company of representative Americans, being composed of lawyers, clerks and porters from stores and warehouses. We put on rough rider uniforms and were armed with riot guns, each of which shot seven bullets with every pull of the trigger and made a noise like thunder. We were on duty 21 days and nights and we established order wherever we were sent."

In the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* of June, 9, 1900, page 12, column 4, is an item



been secretary of commerce and labor under President Taft?

The American Federation of Labor in a February news-letter published correspondence showing Nagel as a tool of the big steamship interests promoting immigration for American capitalists. THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW for April discussed all these connections and said any kind of a wage raise from Nagel was impossible.

As we look over some of the work of Stone and Carter patiently going along month after month trying to squeeze a drop of justice for workingmen out of the hide of Charley Nagel, we are reminded of:

1. The man who locked the barn after the horse was stolen.
2. The man who built a boat in his barn and made it so big he couldn't pull it out through the barn door.
3. The waiter who spilled the soup

Kick me right here, sir—right here, sir. These two men who are at the head of the two rail brotherhoods pull down higher salaries than any other labor officials in the United States. They get \$10,000 a year apiece. What for? While the cost of living has gone up 100 per cent the wages of railroad workers have gone up 15 per cent.

Is a man worth \$10,000 a year who will make the open brag before an arbitration board that he and the other officers of the union "keep the brake on" while the rank and file members of the union want "to tear the lid off?"

These are some of the facts and questions that underlie the talk now running strong in the rail brotherhoods for a newer and a bigger brotherhood that will take in all rail workers—and which will strike to enforce its demands instead of going through the farce, the mummary, the inexpressible monkeywork of arbitration.





International News Service.

FEDERAL COMMISSION ON INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS.

Left to Right—A. B. Garretson, Harris Weinstock,
Mrs. J. Borden Harriman,

John B. Lennon,
Frank T. Walsh,

Richard H. Aishton,
James O'Connell.

SAYS LABOR WILL WIPE OUT CAPITAL

Haywood Declares I. W. W. Would
Not Stop at Revolution.

PICTURES ERA OF FREEDOM

DECLARES NOTHING WILL HALT
CLASS STRUGGLE.

Only Implacable War Ending With
Great General Strike and Confis-
cation of Means of Production
Could Bring Workers to Ideal —
No Identity of Interest Between
Labor and Men Like Rockefeller
and Morgan, Who Contribute
Nothing to Production.

(From the *Baltimore American*)

Washington, May 12.—A revolution that would wipe out America's present industrial and political system and establish an ideal era of freedom was described to the federal commission on industrial relations as the ultimate object of the Industrial Workers of the World, by William D. Haywood, its secretary and treasurer.

A world in which labor, organized into a vast compact union, should control all the means of production and in which there should be no such thing as "capital" was held up by Haywood as his land of promise. He declared that only implacable war between labor and capital, ending with a great general strike and confiscation of the means of production, could bring the workers to that ideal existence.

For Revolution, He Says

"This is a class struggle that must go on," he told the commission. "There can

and such men as Rockefeller and Morgan and their stockholders, who contribute nothing to production. The struggle will go on despite everything this commission can do or can recommend to congress. The battle is inevitable. Labor must fight for what capital now controls, the means of production, tools, machinery and all of those things which should be controlled by labor alone.

"I have had a dream of a new society some time in which there will be no struggle between capital and labor, in which every man will have free access to the land and the means of production and livelihood. There will be no government, no states, as we know them now. Congress will be made up not of lawyers and preachers, but of experts from all branches of industry, come together for the good of all the people."

Commissioner Weinstock questioned Haywood as to what methods would be employed to bring about this change.

"I believe in any kind of tactics," said the witness. "I don't care if it means revolution. That's all."

Would Tear Down New York

In reply to other questions Haywood said the I. W. W. differed with the trade unionists because it believed in the organization of a single great union instead of craft unions. Its ultimate purpose, he said, differed little from socialism.

"I might say it is socialism with its working clothes on," he added.

In the new era, Haywood said there would be no great cities.

"What is to become of New York, Chicago and the other great cities?" asked Commissioner Weinstock.

"There would be no idle brokers, lawyers and financiers to occupy such cities," replied the witness.

"But what would you do with New York?"

"Tear it down, or leave it as a monument to the foolishness of this age."

Haywood sketched the stormy incidents of his past life, telling of strikes in which he had participated, from the early troubles in Colorado and Utah to the recent outbreaks at Lawrence and Paterson. He continued his testimony the next day.

William D. Haywood, secretary-treasurer of the Industrial Workers of the World, was on the witness stand nearly all of the afternoon.

Hastily Haywood sketched his life, beginning work in the mines at 9 and running down through a career of turbulence and strife to fifteen years ago, when he ceased working in the mines; then down to the present as an agitator. In this Haywood laid the background for an exposition of the purposes of his organization, carefully, though seemingly without forethought, building the basis for his position on the developments of his former industrial observations.

It was a dramatic story that "Big Bill" told—a story of strike after strike, hundreds thrown into jail, workers charged upon by soldiers, men and women beaten, court orders binding the workers and constant revolt against exploitation.

At the end of the recital he said:

"This outlines the main strikes of the organizations I have been connected with, and, I think, clearly portrays that there is a class struggle and that the workers are on one side, with the capitalists on the other; that the worker has nothing but his labor power and that the capitalists have all of the forces of government and of law; that he can have the police for the asking, that he can have the militia and the regular army.

"There are workers who have come to the conclusion that there is only one way to win. We don't agree with the statement that has been reiterated here that there is an identity of interest between employe and employer."

No Identity of Interest.

"We say there can be no identity of interest between the worker who produces all, and Rockefeller and Morgan, who, neither by brain or muscle, contribute to the productivity of the industries that they own. We say the struggle will go on in spite of anything this commission can do. It's for the things now owned and controlled by capital. We say these things should be owned and controlled by the workers alone.

"Personally I don't think this can be done by political action. The wage



WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD.

working class is in the minority. They are not educated to the game of politics. While they are the only valuable units in society, their efforts must be confined to the shops where they work. I have dreams of a new society, in which there will be no battle **between** worker and capital, but where every man will have access to the land and to the machinery of production.

"There will be no political divisions as we know them now, and no congress of lawyers. There will be experts and the machine will be made the slave of man instead of a use of machinery that now makes the man the slave. I think this

can be done by direct action—that is, by organizing the forces of labor."

Haywood went on to explain direct action. "We propose by strength of numbers to declare ownership," he said.

After this came a prolonged tilt with Commissioner Weinstock, in which the Pacific coast capitalist sought to break down Haywood's presentment as something that Americans would never stand for. While, of course, the real point is the tactics involved, rather than the picture of the ultimate painted by Haywood, Weinstock gathered together writings of I. W. W.'s and others presenting the collection as the program of Hay-

the commissioner was the chorus of the national song of France, while the second was from a speech made in this city by Abraham Lincoln at a time when speculators were trying to force up food prices. Lincoln's advice was to break open the storehouses and take the food, according to the quotation.

Haywood Puts One Over

Again the big witness slipped a sizzler across the suave commissioner when the commissioner brought up what he said was the I. W. W. idea in making poor goods as a form of sabotage. Haywood said, "that's a complaint we have against the capitalist system."

He denied that he wanted the workers

said, "Well, we'll cut out that part about inferior goods," much to the amusement of the audience.

Weinstock then contended that Haywood's doctrine would make a nation of thieves and liars, because of his advocacy of no contracts with bosses and nonrecognition of promises made under duress. "That's what you have now," said Haywood. "That is what the capitalist class practices every day."

In every one of these highly amusing clashes on the broad question of right or wrong, such as relates to those cited here, Haywood had Weinstock fighting for wind.

Haywood said that his organization now has 15,000 members.

FROM AUSTRALIA

Melbourne, April 8, 1915.

Dear Comrades:

In spite of the War, perhaps because of it, our sales for the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW continue to increase and we now want you to make our bundle order 300 copies monthly. By next week's mail we will forward check for \$100.

Fraternally,
Will Andrade.

FROM AUSTRALIAN WORKERS' UNION

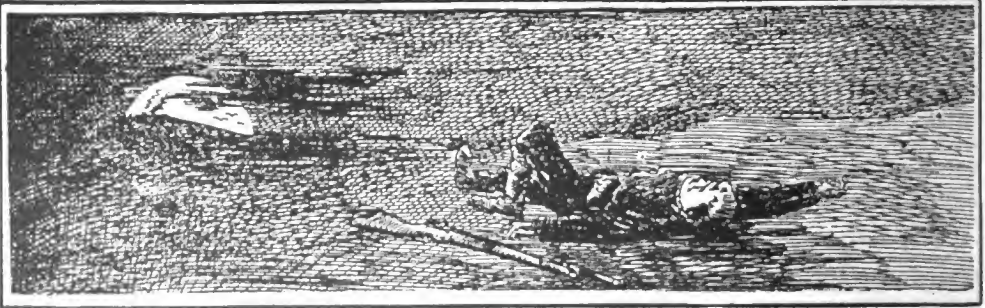
Brisbane, April 9, 1915.

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Dear Sirs:

Please find enclosed draft for \$119.50 for books and pamphlets. These are to be distributed free to the members of our organization.

W. H. Dunstan, Secy.



COFFMAN, in Pittsburgh Post

WHILE WAR LASTS—CHILDREN ARE REARED FOR THIS.

THE strong men are those who make the morals for society. And we may be sure they make them in their own interests. When kings were absolute autocrats, the King himself "could do no wrong," and all those acts which were for the BENEFIT of the King and the nobility were considered "good" acts, and those acts that were opposed to the security and interests of the King or the nobility were "bad" actions.

If you consider the various morals that have been taught in any nation for the past few years, you will find that nearly every "virtue" so applauded by the Church, the State, the University and the Press is admirable FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF THE PROPERTY OWNER. The "virtues" are the acquired human characteristics that make the owners of the mines, the railroads, the great factories, shops and mills SECURE in the enjoyment of their wealth; a "virtuous" workingman not only maintains the security of the Rich, but, by his virtue helps to maintain a condition that enables the great Owning Class to acquire still MORE wealth and power.

We are always taught that ANY line of conduct on the part of the working class that will help the great Owners of Wealth in securing MORE wealth, or in the peaceful enjoyment of their wealth, is right, and virtuous and noble and praiseworthy.

The whole nation and, in fact, the whole civilized world teaches you and me, and the whole working class to do the things that are to the interest of the OWNING CLASS.

But the strange feature of the capitalist morality, the things we are taught are "good" or "bad," change from day to day, *overnight* if the masters so desire.

About the Babies

When men began to accumulate property and to acquire the desire of be-

queathing their property to their sons, the old styles of marriage made way for the new style. Women were made the absolute property of their husbands and a wife was permitted only *one* husband. This became the law, the custom, the *virtue* in order that rich men might be certain that their own children, and no others, might inherit their *property*.

And this is the foundation of the lauded chastity in women, so that men might hand down their property to their own offspring and to the offspring of no other man. When it was considered right and moral for women to possess many husbands, no man could know his own children. Virtue in wives was the only insurance men of property had of leaving their wealth to their own sons.

And because the property-owning class has always found plenty of men and women in the working class ready and eager to work for a part of their own products, because the property owners have always had all the soldiers they might need to protect their property and to fight to win more property for them, the unmarried mothers have won only opprobrium and stigma from the state and from society.

The young, unmarried girl who gave birth to a child was shunned and cast out. The babies who were unfortunate enough to be born outside the "bonds of holy matrimony" were permitted to die or starve for all the Capitalist Class did for them. Babies were a drug on the market. Children born to unmarried women were given none of the privileges of the state. Widowed mothers might be entitled to a pension to care for their young; the unmarried mother was barred from any and all consideration.

But the day came with the Great War in Europe when the great Owners of Wealth in England, France and Germany discovered that soldiers were the most important beings in the world for the protection of their property and for

ning FUTURE wars wherein to gain more foreign territory and markets, to gain mines, rich lands possessed by them within the boundaries of their own nation.

They saw millions of the young men of their lands killed down in the war and the supply of vigorous young fathers depleted at home. They began to fear that the birth rate would decrease, that fewer babies would be born into the world, to do the world's work, and to do the future fighting in the *interests* of the Capitalist Class.

And the *morals* of the Capitalist Class changed overnight. They changed at the very moment when the Rich of the lands discovered they needed *more healthy* babies, to fight their battles, to make profits for them, to keep the min security against the Capitalists of foreign nations.

Whole regiments were married in batches, and thousands of healthy young soldiers were encouraged to breed before they went to the front. The German Government issued a proclamation to the effect that it would care for women who were confined for a period of six weeks, whether these women were married or unmarried. Later this same Government came forth with an offer to raise all undesired babies born as a result of the German occupation of Belgium. France promised to pension *all* mothers, and puritan, honorable Old Mother Grundy England encouraged her soldiers to breed before they died. Young folks were urged into sexual promiscuity in order that England's "chaste" womankind might have the *honor* of becoming unmarried mothers for the glory of Old England. To salve over the bridge of this sudden change in front, the English Government has taken the position that children born of the union of soldiers and their mistresses were as respectable as those born in "holy wedlock," and that the unmarried woman who became a mother had the same right to the care and attention of the state.

And so, suddenly, breeding legally, or without the law, has become respectable,

what it needs is *right* and noble; the actions opposed to its supremacy, its growth, its security are *bad* and vicious.

When the rising merchants of Europe travelled from one country, or one part of a country, to another, in the eighteenth century, it was counted a brave and gallant deed for the servants of the nobles or for the noblemen themselves to fall upon and rob them of all they possessed. Thieving was a most honorable profession, and the most successful hold-up man wore the biggest plume in his hat.

Today it is considered clever and praiseworthy for those on the Inside to juggle the stock markets, in any portion of the civilized world, and deliberately to steal the wealth of the Outsiders. It is the wolves of Wall Street who dine with the Roosevelts and the Tafts. The Lambs are the weak and foolish who have been shorn. This is "good" capitalist ethics. It enables the stronger owners of wealth to rob the weaker owners—legally.

But it has always been considered highly immoral for workingmen, out of employment, to steal clothing to protect themselves from the cold, or to take food to preserve life. It is immoral for poor men to steal because—from the viewpoint of the owners of the wealth of the world—such stealing is "bad" for them—it threatens their property.

In the old days when women were allowed more than one husband, just as today men may be perfectly respectable and possess half a dozen women, it was considered the right and proper thing. But when the growing property owners decided that the old, loose form of marriage had to go, in order to insure the *property* of the man descending to his children, the new morality was straightway endorsed by the Church. Wise Men taught the new morality and it was written upon the Law Books of the lands—just as everything that is needed by the Rich and the Strong—to protect them in their robbery, in their riches and in their strength, has always been made into laws and has always been endorsed by the Church and the Clergy.

class, the great property owners of the world. All that we do will be garbed in the broad mantle of Patriotism, Heroism, Loyalty, *so long as we do not act in our own interests, in the interests of those who perform all the useful work of the world.*

To the Master Class, morality is solely a question of expediency. They have always used us to serve their interests and to fight their battles. But we are learning to understand the forces at work about us. We have learned that the com-

work is the most important thing under the heavens.

And we are more and more setting ourselves to so unite the workers that they may arise in their great strength and take the world for themselves—to make of it a world wherein all may labor and all may enjoy, and where every healthy man and woman shall perform some useful function in society—shall enjoy the benefits of the Great Brotherhood of Labor!

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION

By UPTON SINCLAIR

I AM living on the "Mississippi Sound," and the physical wants of our family are being cared for by "Aunt Katharine," a negro ex-slave, who was my wife's "old mammy." How old she is no one knows; she was a grown woman at the time of the war. And the other day my wife came to me exclaiming, "I always declared that old woman was a witch! What do you think she said to me just now, washing the milk pails?" And she repeated the conversation which I am here setting down, word for word. In order that the significance of it may be appreciated, let me explain that the people who have constituted this old negro's "world" live in the dark ages so far as economic science is concerned. They are my relatives-in-law, and very nice people in many ways; but so far as concerns exploitation and the class-struggle, there is no depth of ignorance which the reader can conceive which will be as deep as the reality in their minds. So that the following has come straight out of that old black skull:

"Miss Ma'y, I done make up my mind I'se glad I ain't rich. Dey ain't none of de rich folks is happy. I'se an old woman, an' I done worked hard all my life, an' now I got nothin,' an' still got to work. To be sho' I done spent a lot o' money on dem no-count boys o' mine, but dey's lots of rich folks got no-count chillun, and still dey don't have to work hard when dey's old. I been tryin' to figger

it out, an' it's like dis: It ain't right how people makes de money. You say dere's some work to be did, an' I say I'll do it fo' two dollars; I say it's wuth two dollars. But den I goes an' I hires some nigger to do it fo' one dollar. He's willin' to do it fo' one dollar, but still it's wuth two dollars, and he ought to have dat other dollar; but he don't git it—I keeps it, and so I gits rich. Dat's de way it is, Miss Ma'y—I done figgered it out one day, washin' de glasses. I'se a old nigger—you know I was a co'n-fiel' nigger, Miss Ma'y, an' I can't count up very far, but I kin count up to two, an' I knows dat nigger ought to have dat other dollar. Dese here niggers roun' here is a triflin' lot, an' de Lord on'y knows how anybody'd make 'em work any other way, but still it's true de white folks is robbin' 'em right along, an' dey ain't got de sense to figger out how it is. But here's what I been thinkin,' de folks dat gits it ain't happy wid it. You take de Colonel's chillun, dey's ready to scratch each other's eyes out over his money. It seems like dey git de habit of robbin' de niggers, an' dey can't help tryin' it on each other. So dat's why I'se glad I'se po,' even if I does have to work when I'se old."

Here, you see, is the whole theory of exploitation and the class-struggle sprouting by itself inside one old black skull. And yet there are people who ask us if the negro will ever understand Socialism!

By MARC N. GOODNOW

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JACK, LEADER OF THE HOUNDS.

THE huge pine forest, its cool shadows interlacing across a ground growth of palmetto stubble, afforded a tranquil retreat to a lonely wayfarer that Sunday morning. The pungent aroma of fresh resin was exhilarating. Palmetto leaves playing against each other in the light spring breeze and a distant, mournful baying of hounds were the only sounds that broke the stillness.

Suddenly the baying of hounds grew near and raucous; every tree became a sounding-board—a voice in itself. Nearer and nearer came a great scuffling and crunching. A man plowed his way through the mat of dead leaves, grass and pine needles—a Negro running head-

long, his face burnished with sweat, casting furtive glances over his shoulder. On his body was the flannel garb of a convict.

For a moment the swift impression of witnessing an escape flashed through the spectator's brain, but there was not the slightest chance of that. The dogs were beating through the palmetto growth like an avalanche down a mountain side—six of them, their dilated nostrils scenting the ground every few leaps, tongues hanging dry from their vicious mouths.

Great drops of sweat flooded the receding forehead of the hunted black; sweat glued his striped shirt to his muscle-taut body; to one foot clung a coarse shoe; his trousers were torn and frayed from contact with sharp palmetto leaves

He swept one last look across his shoulder. Then, with an agility surprising to see in a body seemingly spent from long pursuit, the black arms shot up, the legs came up under the thick trunk, and the Negro in one giant, primitive spring, had landed six or seven feet up the stock of a virgin pine—straddling it as a gorilla would a grapevine—and “shinned” on up to a place well beyond the reach of the dogs.

Almost in the same instant a hound pup sprang even higher up the tree and fell back savagely, not once taking his hungry, fire-shot eyes from the crouching form above. In another instant the entire canine detachment had surrounded the tree, baying furiously.

A shout arose as three husky young men, mounted upon horses and wearing large black slouch hats, with long barreled pistols protruding from their hip pockets, swept up in full pace. They dismounted, leashed the dogs, and led them back through the woods. When they had reached a safe distance, the black, with the hunted look still on his face, crept down and shambled after.

It was only the usual Sunday morning practice, the rehearsal of the hounds—professional convict-trailers—from a nearby turpentine camp manned by forty Negro convicts, sold body, mind and soul, to the distiller of turpentine for the sum of \$400 apiece per annum. And this usual Sunday morning rehearsal took place, not as you might suppose, in South America or Zanzibar, or Mexico, but in the state of Florida!

Of course, dogs must needs be kept in practice; disuse might dull the keenness of their sense of smell. It is a practical application of the theory that men and animals alike lose the talents which they do not improve. A “cracking” good hound dog in a convict camp is a much more fit object for the pride of officials than the black man who dips pitch or scrapes resin and toils in palmetto scrubs and swamps, wet to his shoulders and ill with pneumonia, rheumatism or consumption!

There is small fear that the Negro who plays the role of escaped convict will escape. His trail is only an hour or two

the hunted creature of that balmy Sunday morning, shot forward blindly in a mad desire to escape the punishment meted out to him in the midst of a wilderness of pine forest and infested swamps, might not have been bent actually upon no “make-believe” escape? At any rate, the officers and guards did not inquire after the health of the convict at the end of the chase; they only patted the dogs’ heaving ribs and stroked their heads in appreciation.

This particular chase I witnessed two years ago. It was then a weekly custom in each of the thirty-one convict camps of the state of Florida. Since then some of these camps have gone out of existence and the state has made a beginning in humane consideration of its prisoners. But other camps were given a new lease of life and are still running. While the light of a new day is dawning in the penology of Florida, the conditions now to be described and the spirit back of them, still play a dominant part in the treatment of convicts not only in Florida, but throughout a large portion of the South.

Along the homeward trail through the pine woods that Sunday morning, horses, riders, hounds and Negro lengthened out in caravan-like twists. A mile’s tramp brought the party to a clump of white-washed, rough board buildings squatted in the white sand close to a railroad. From a distance the largest building had the appearance of a warehouse or a stable surrounded by a high board fence or stockade. It was a story and a half high, thrice as long as its width, with windows along the sides heavily barred.

At two opposite corners of the high stockade were rudely constructed platforms sheltered by as rude a roof of pine boards. Beneath these shelters sat two young men lazily smoking cigarettes, their long-barreled pistols beside them.

Near the railroad was the camp store, or commissary. Inside another enclosure was a small, one-story shack from one end of which a cloud of smoke issuing, proclaimed the kitchen. Farther back in the same enclosure was another shack, open on three sides, and a pig pen.

In the middle of the sandy yard stood



A FLORIDA CONVICT CAMP IN THEIR SUNDAY CLOTHES.

a well, fed from surface water and the excess of the bayou more than a mile away. There were no trees, no grass, no shade of any kind, nothing but hot white sand and a few stumps.

A lean, swarthy man of thirty-five years, wearing the ubiquitous black slouch hat, and known by the official title of Captain, welcomed me as a visitor, and announced that dinner would be ready shortly. Until then we might inspect the camp.

Working Squads.

The convicts are worked in three or four squads, each in charge of one or two guards and several dogs. One squad may box virgin trees, another dip fresh pine pitch, another scrape third-year trees, another pull fourth-year trees, and another back-box older trees that are sufficiently large to yield still more resin.

The work is so arranged that the squads arrive at a certain stage of their rounds on certain days of the week. The entire territory is covered between early Monday morning and Friday night or Saturday noon. But it is constant and

heavy work. A soft pitch is gathered from the open face of the blazed tree from March to October. From October to March, the gum must be scraped or pulled from the tree. The still, in which the gum and pitch are distilled into spirits of turpentine, is located near the camp and is kept supplied by teamsters and their wagons. A barrel of soft pitch produces approximately ten gallons of spirits of turpentine. In a single charge of ten barrels of scrapings, or gum, there are about six barrels of resin and two barrels of spirits. The stills run two charges a day ordinarily, and produce from 100 to 120 gallons of turpentine in one charge.

"Sunday mornin' the men spend in cleanin' up, takin' a bath, and changin' clothes," drawled the captain, as the big gate of the stockade swung open and a growing pile of soiled, striped flannel garments became conspicuous. Here was the unique sight of a score of nude convicts, exchanging soiled garments for fresher ones. Their glistening bodies were burnished bronze in the strong sunlight and their huge, knotted muscles played under the skin like great cables.

the bunkhouse and mess-room, but it is more the smell of disinfectant than anything else."

The interior of the building was even more crude as a place in which to live than the exterior as a means of shelter. No attempt had been made to "finish" the building, as craftsmen would say; that is, to ceil, or plaster, or remove the bare effect of finished rafters and boards. A barricade of heavy timbers set vertically from floor to roof formed a partition between mess-room and sleeping quarters. Next to the only door of the building, was a small cage built of heavy timbers and furnished with a small heating stove and a chair for the guard who kept night watch over the forty sleeping convicts.

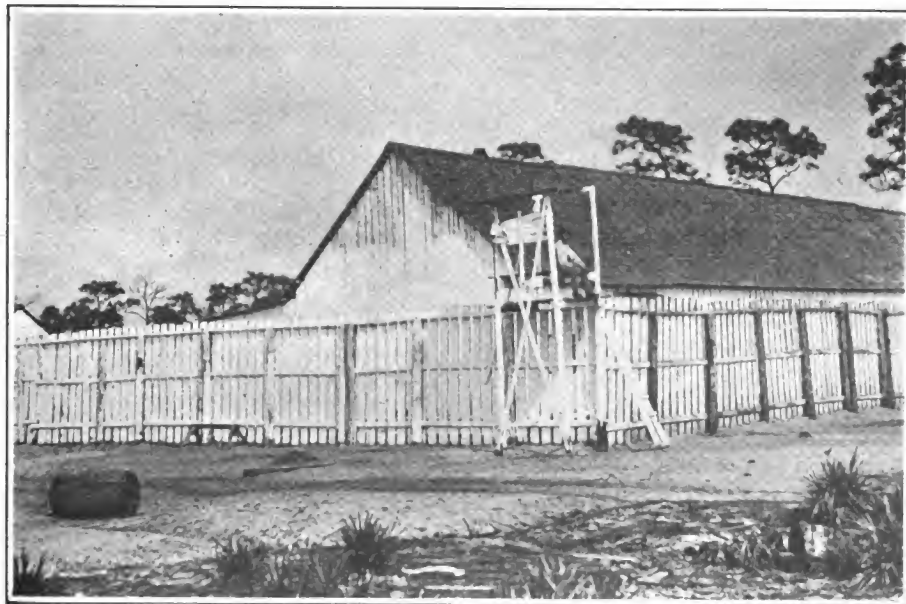
Two zinc-covered tables to the right of the entrance formed the dining-room tables; boxes and broken chairs formed the seats. In a corner close by stood a sink and basin where the dishes were washed. Only dishes, pans, and spoons are used inside this stockade. There are no knives or forks (except for warden and guards). Fingers were made first; besides, knives and forks are much too ugly as weapons in a quarrel.

lain-lined tubs set in a space not screened off but merely surrounded by torn wire netting. Several more broken chairs and boxes and a heating stove within a wooden pen, completed the furniture and equipment of the mess-room. On one wall hung an illumination of the ten commandments, and several illustrated psalms. On another wall hung the rules and regulations of the state prison authorities, almost too black from soot and grime to be deciphered. Except for these wall decorations, there was no evidence anywhere of any reading matter.

The bunk-room was a long, low compartment filled with iron beds supporting filthy mattresses. The floor was bare and reasonably clean, and the entire interior smelled strongly of a mixture of formaldehyde and other disinfectants.

"The beds are a bit old," was the explanation volunteered, "but we've made a requisition for new ones. We disinfect every other day and scrub the floor every morning. Sunday morning, of course, the men always take their time about things."

In the mess-room the prisoners were singing and laughing and telling jokes. In one corner a black figure was just



BUNKHOUSE AND STOCKADE.



A HOLIDAY TIDBIT—"SWAMP" POSSUM AND YAM 'TATER

Certainly he was enjoying himself now, however great the strain of the morning might have been.

In another corner of the yard, a dozen men were engaged in shaping and smoothing long pine poles for use in pitch gathering. Charlie Jackson had come away from his vaudeville within and was now laboriously turning the crank of a grindstone while one of his co-workers sharpened the end of a three-cornered file for use in the woods.

All the men were in their barefeet; feet, too, that were swelled and misshapen almost beyond recognition. They were spread out, broken down, cut, gouged, blistered and scratched; and the nails of many of their toes were gone. It is hard to imagine what comfort such feet will ever find in the shoes of civilized society when release from prison conditions finally comes.

"Niggah's dat fust comes heah," said Charlie's mate at the grindstone, "what ain't use' to bein' on dey feet, gits fagged easy an' hit mek dey feet swell up sump-tin' awful, boss. Dat's why dey all goes barefoot in de stockade an' roun' camp. Dey shoes ain't big enough foh dey feet. Mine doan swell no mo.'"

One could see that easily enough; they had already reached their limit.

up with such conditions as were found in Doodle's kitchen, to which the captain and visitor and several guards now went for dinner. Doodle was a wiry little cook with a genial and continual smile, but he had not been schooled in domestic science. On one corner of this unique culinary establishment was a rude stove of bricks with a metal strip across the top. In another corner was a barrel of flour and a bread board; and finally, a chest containing supplies.

There was no flooring; the kitchen was carpeted only with a soft layer of sand. Through the open door strolled at will two huge Berkshire hogs and any of the six or seven dogs that happened to smell something they liked. The dining-room adjoined the front of the kitchen.

The meal consisted of stewed tomatoes, boiled rice with tomatoes, soggy corn-bread, leaden biscuits and fried chipped beef. Cream for coffee came from condensed milk cans, fly-specked and rusty. The knives and forks were encrusted with a thick coating of rust which made contact with one's teeth the equivalent of excruciating toothache and produced a form of nausea. The beef was well cooked, though it was too strongly seasoned with sand to make an appropriate viand for a Broadway cafe.

The state report catalogues the following as the diet of the prisoners:

"Good bacon, meal, flour, grits, rice, peas, white potatoes, onions, beans, syrup, coffee, vegetables. In addition, prisoners are served twice a week with fresh beef, pork, or fish for a change. On Thanksgiving, Christmas and July 4, when there is no work, they have chicken, turkey, pork, pies, cakes and all kinds of fruits."

A tempting menu. But this is what the convicts tell you they get: "Three biscuits and a piece of meat for breakfast; biscuits or cornbread and meat for dinner in the woods; biscuits, meat and beans for supper. The meat is generally salt pork, sometimes bacon or fresh pork. And beans till you can't rest."

Being able, however, to catch racoons or opossums and to buy the big sweet potatoes or yams, the convicts often feast

When two o'clock came there were twenty men in line at the gate ready to file out for a game of baseball. The yard man counted each one as he came through and checked off his name on a list. Two guards carrying rifles walked just ahead.

The game—there were six innings of it—was uproarious. It was crude, of course, but full of life, each side bantering and joking with the other over an error or a "strike-out." And the pitchers invariably yelled that old cry of "judgment!" after each pitched ball.

Only the catcher and first baseman wore gloves. These were fashioned from hemp sacking, stuffed with straw and rags. The rough diamond was covered with palmetto roots and stubble; yet most of the men played in their bare feet, and they were fleet runners, too. But they were ready to quit at the end of the sixth inning, and marched back to the stockade under guard.

After the game I shared my seat on a log with a guard. "Jack" and "Scrap," two of the "dogs of war," followed and flopped down before us.

"They're lazy looking pups," I suggested.

"Yes," he smiled, "till they get on the trail."

"Then its serious business, eh?"

"I should reckon. They don't allow no one to mess around 'em. They're tired now; had a two-mile chase this mornin'."

"Would they have torn up that black this morning if they had gotten him?"

"They sure would. We train most of them just to follow the scent and keep a barkin' after they've treed him; but Scrap there, goes right after his man. The other dogs would jump in, too, if Scrap got the fellow before he shinned a tree."

"But Scrap's only a cur dog," he continued after a pause. "Can't keep full bred blood-hounds in this country; they get sick and die. All our pack here is nothin' but plain cur dogs. But they follow a scent as well as a blood-hound. Scrap got after a white fellow just yester-

He spat a stream of tobacco juice beyond the dog's body and stroked Scrap's head reflectively:

"If I had my choice," he added, "between dogs and guns, I'd take the dogs every time. There'd be twice as many escapes round here if there wasn't any dogs."

"And do the dogs always track down the fugitive?"

"They do if there is any scent at all. When the nine men broke out of the back end of the stockade last year while the guard—he was hard of hearing—went out to ring the night bell, they got about three hours start before we knew they were gone. Three of our picked dogs chased them for miles. They never were captured. The dogs died a few days later from the effects of the chase; too much exertion, I s'pose. Two men got out later, but the dogs treed them."

From the total of 1,421 state prisoners "on hand" in Florida, January 1, 1912, 516 of whom had been committed the previous year, there were in all 96 escapes. Just 47 of this number were captured and returned. The company which leased them lost the \$400 invested in each escaped convict.

Seven convicts died in this camp in a single year from diseases contracted from standing or working in water around their waists at all seasons of the year. There were no funeral services. The local carpenter throws together a rude coffin of pine boards; the black, inert hulk is rolled into a blanket, dropped in the box, nailed up and carted to the burying-ground—mourned, perhaps, by a disgraced mammy who may have raised the future governor of a state.

July and August, the rainy season in Florida, are the worst months of the year for ague, chills, fever, pneumonia and the like. Then it rains almost every day and the water floods the country.

"Dat's de time when it gits yo," said a convict in a whisper. "Mah Gawd, men, hit's sho' awful, standin' in watah an' runnin' all day long in the wet grass up to yo' waist. Why, man, Ah's got a lump in mah chist right now as big as

In 1910, Governor Gilchrist considered twenty deaths among 1,781 prisoners a low rate, because "so many are diseased before entering the camps." He also declared "at least 75 per cent of the colored prisoners have syphilis in some of its stages."

Few men are sent to these camps on short terms. It isn't profitable to the sublessees to have them, for the cost of keeping a prisoner is figured at \$2 a day, and constant changing increases the cost and interferes with the work. But even though it pays \$400 a year for each convict, in addition to nearly \$750 a year for his upkeep, the camp mentioned here made a profit of \$25,000 on distilled turpentine and resin in 1912. If there is any loss in earnings from the year to year, it is generally the pine trees that are at fault and not the men who work under the task system. Their stint for the day or week is about the same, rain or shine, sick or well. The treatment, of course, depends very largely upon the captain, who sometimes has an interest in the business.

Keeping Order

My host, the captain, was a slender, wiry fellow who, one could see at a glance, was accustomed to overseeing Negroes. He showed a certain quiet reserve of manner, but an unmistakable force. There was a catlike stealthiness, springiness, about him even in moments of repose, that gave one a kind of wonder, when he discussed the treatment of prisoners.

"Tisn't necessary to handle the men roughly, except when they get incorrigible or commit some act that requires punishment," he said with a typical drawl. "Yes, we use a strap; but not very much. I don't have much trouble."

My mind reverted to the picture which the tales of people who lived close to this camp had conjured up for me, of Negroes yelling for mercy while being flogged: "Oh, Captain—, I'll be good. I'll be good, Cap'n. Please don't beat me no more, Cap'n."

No one who has seen that strap—a heavy leather lash four inches wide, with

floor receiving full punishment at the hands of a broad-shouldered guard of even from the lithe, wiry captain himself.

"Of course," observed the captain, "there are some things about a convict camp that are best not talked about."

In confidence he told of an instance just that week in which a Negro had refused to work. The captain was on the point of shooting the fellow for insubordination, he said, but changed his mind and only knocked him down three times with the butt of his revolver, as the prisoner rushed at him. Refusal to work, induced frequently by other things than sheer laziness, forms the basis for a large part of the punishment.

A trusty at the turpentine still seemed to voice the inevitability of the thing when he said: "We all gets pretty good treatment, boss. 'Cose, Cap'n, he drives pretty hard, an' a man gits sick oncet in awhile, boss; but then that doan mek no difference 'roun' heah—dey all jes works 'bout de same, nohow."

All prisoners are worked on the task system, and if they finish their work on Friday evening or early Saturday morning, they have the balance of the week in which to rest. This system, inspectors say, has been the means of getting good work out of the men without punishment. But there are many camps where there is entirely too much punishment, where the wardens and guards are not at all suited to their positions. Thus does the state delegate to thirty or more wardens or captains and six or seven times as many guards, the very important feature of punishing its prisoners.

The captain draws \$150 a month; the guard draws \$25 a month—\$35 if he has a horse. The life they are compelled to lead drives them to excessive drinking as well as to gambling and other questionable practices. One of these captains was a part owner of the still and business, and allowed the prisoners to work overtime, for which they were paid. Then, because of his fondness for gambling, he compelled the prisoners to gamble with him, and in that way won back all the overtime he

tain is an officer of the law, as much as is a county sheriff.

In addition, there is the "private pardon" system, operated by a firm of lawyers who for \$25 will start proceedings to secure a pardon. It is always the great hope of the man who goes to prison; he thinks he is innocent; he is sure his case was not presented properly in the first place. Perhaps the case is started, applications filed and other legal overtures made. Then, another payment of \$25 is necessary to carry the proceedings on farther. There is another period of overtime work or appeals to relatives by mail and the second installment is sent on.

Sometimes a pardon does come; that is why the scheme is so well and faithfully patronized by men who wear the stripes. But what chance is there for the average prisoner? Of the 1,821 prisoners in 1911, the state report shows that only 37 were pardoned. Of a total of 1,928 prisoners during 1912, 60 were pardoned.

When you cut or burn your finger and run to the medicine cabinet for a bottle of spirits of turpentine, you seldom stop to think of the way in which this medicine is gathered; how much more of pain it involves than the pain which you seek to allay by its use; what bodily and mental travail; what cost in human life; what degradation of a great and beautiful state merely for the sake of a few paltry dollars—the continuation, in fact, of a slavery even blacker in its sin than that before the war.

At the time of my visit to this camp, 1,800 or more convicts were leased by the state of Florida to one company—the Florida Pine Company—for the sum of \$323.84 per convict annually and in turn subleased by the company to the individual turpentine distillers operating the 31 convict camps of the state for the sum of \$400 a year apiece. Thus the Florida Pine Company was collecting the tidy little sum of about \$76 per annum per man upon the labor of between 1,400 and 1800 convicts—a total of perhaps \$125,000 a year. This company paid to the state in 1912 for the use of

both parties that the lease was renewed in 1909 for a period of four more years; and on January 1, 1914, a number of leases were renewed for two years.

But what does the convict get out of it?

Nothing but a whitewashed stockade, work the year round in all kinds of fever and weather, punishment with a leather strap for infraction of rules or lagging at work, no energy left for overtime work even if he were paid for it, and no money for those who may be dependent upon him.

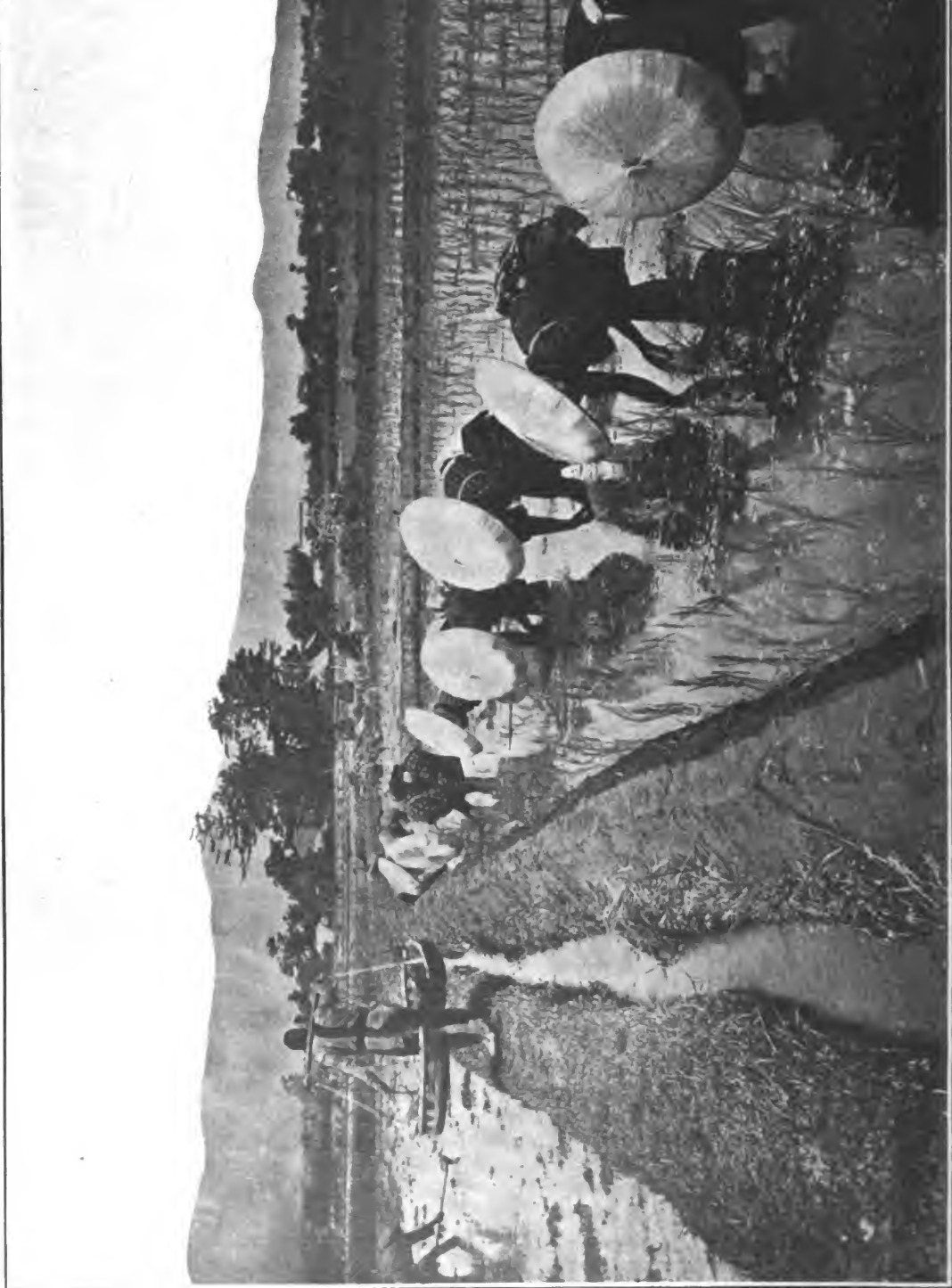
This is what Florida—and in greater or lesser degree a score of other states—gives these men in return for the more than \$300,000 worth of labor they annually produce.

This is the opinion also of the Commissioner of Agriculture, in whose department convict labor is placed. He asks in his report: "What has the state done for the convict?" and answers his own question by saying: "Nothing. But we have taken the money from his labor and have appropriated and used the same for every known purpose except one—the betterment of his unfortunate condition."

Until 1914 the state owned not a single prison building, stockade, hospital, or any other equipment. All these belonged to the lessee or sublessee companies. There is a system of state inspection, which seems never to have had any effect upon the type of buildings, or to have been used for any real reform in prison practice. The whole idea of the camp's local government is to get out the full run of turpentine or lumber; the previous record is always before its eyes.

As thousands of pine trees lose their productiveness each year and are cut down for lumber, it is no longer profitable to operate some of these camps. Several went out of existence when the four-year lease expired on January 1, 1914. Scores of convicts have since been turned back to the state or released for some other work.

¹During the thirty-two years in which the convict has been leased by the state, the state has received a total of \$2,722,620.14.



TOILERS IN THE RICE FIELDS.

THE Japanese tiller of the soil can run rings around any American in the business, and he has even the expert gardeners of European countries discounted. It may be said to be physically impossible for any white man to develop the infinite patience, the painstaking thoroughness and attention to detail so essential to success shown by the little brown man in the field. Short of leg and body, with the squatting position a natural one, the native of Nippon fits in the field with his tiny hand hoe. Owners of California berry land report 100 per cent more profit from their land when leased to Japanese than when worked by white men. A Jap will take an acre of garden and make a living for himself and family, where a white man would starve on three acres.

The agriculture of Japan is often referred to as "handkerchief farming," but the business of tilling the soil in Japan is petty only in the sense that the individual farms are tiny. Japan cultivates fifteen millions of acres, and they are cropped twice, thrice and even four times annually. That the harvests are abundant may be inferred from the fact that fifty millions of people obtain their principal subsistence from the crops borne by these millions of "pocket handkerchief" farms, many of which have been under cultivation for over two thousand years. So intensely and intelligently have these fields been cultivated that they produce the principal food supply for three persons on each acre cultivated.

Twenty centuries of intensive farming must of necessity breed a race of farmers, and Japan has the breed. The tiller of the soil in that country is accorded a higher social position than in any other, the farmer ranking above the artisan and tradesman. This distinction dates from many years back, when the art of farming began to be patronized by the nobility, the scholars and the wise men of the empire, who perhaps wisely realized

that unless the farmers were encouraged the nation would eventually starve. But it is not alone in empty social honors that the Japanese farmer is rewarded. About forty years ago the imperial government realized that much as its people knew about farming, it would be wise to find out what the most advanced nations of the Occident knew also. And with characteristic Japanese thoroughness, the government set about finding out. Hundreds of her brightest young students were sent to the United States and to Europe to study the latest scientific truths about the farm, returning to their native land to become teachers. The farmer became a direct ward of the government, with an agricultural bank and government aid in organizing co-operative benefit societies. Extensive experiment farms and stations were established and fostered in every way until at the present time Japan is far ahead of the United States in the interest taken by the authorities in the farmer and his welfare.

The farmers of Japan may be divided into four classes: The man who owns land, but who does not farm it. The independent farmer, or the man who owns his farm. The man who owns some land and rents some, and the renter.

First, we have the absentee landlord, the curse of this and every other civilized country. But, strange to say, he is comparatively unknown in Japan. Only a very small portion of the farming land of Japan is owned by the absentee landlord.

Of the agricultural workers, 33 per cent own their farms of from three to seven acres. About 40 per cent own an acre or two and rent a few acres more. Only 20 per cent are tenant farmers, these usually renting from an adjoining small farmer who has more land than he can use.

At best, the annual net income of the Japanese farmer is small, but he is given



OFF FOR THE HARVEST FIELDS.

GATHERING THE GRAIN

By E. F. DOREE

THE great, rich wheat belt runs from Northern Texas, through the states of Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska, South and North Dakota, into Canada, and not a few will point with pride to the fact that last year WE (?) had the largest wheat crop in the history of this country. But few are the people who know the conditions under which they work who gather in these gigantic crops. It is the object of this article to bring out some of these vital facts.

About the middle of June the real harvest commences in Northern Oklahoma and Southern Kansas. This section is known as the "headed wheat country," that is to say, just the heads of grain are cut off and the straw is left standing in the fields, while in the "bundle country" the grain is cut close to the ground and bound into sheaves or bundles.

In the headed grain country the average wage paid is \$2.50 and board per day, but in the very end of the season \$3 is sometimes paid, the increase due to the

drift northward of the harvest workers, who leave the farmers without sufficient help. This is not a chronic condition, as there are usually from two to five men to every job.

The board is average, although fresh meat is very scarce, salt meat being more popular with the farmer because it is cheaper. Most of the men sleep in barns, but it is not uncommon to have workers entering the sacred portals of the house. Bedding of some kind is furnished, although it is often nothing more than a buggy robe.

The exceedingly long work day is the worst feature of the harvesting so far as the worker is concerned. The men are expected to be in the fields at half past five or six o'clock in the morning until seven or half past seven o'clock at night, with from an hour to an hour and a half for dinner. It is a common slang expression of the workers that they have an "eight-hour work day"—eight in the morning and eight in the afternoon.

Most of the foreign-born farmers serve

in the afternoon, but the American farmers who do are indeed rare.

In this section the workers are sometimes paid so much per hundred bushels, and the more they thresh the more they get. On this basis they generally make more than "goi'n' wages,"* but they work themselves almost to death doing it. No worker, no matter how strong, can stand the pace long; the extremely hot weather in Kansas proves unendurable. Twenty-five men died from the heat in one day last year in a single county in Kansas.

The workers threshing "by the hundred" must pay their board while the machine is idle, due to breakdown, rain, etc.

About the time that the headed grain is reaped the bundle grain in Central and Northern Kansas and Southern Nebraska is ready for the floating army of harvesters.

Here the wages range from \$2 to \$2.50 and board per day. They have never gone over the \$2.50 mark. Small wages are paid and accepted because thousands of workers are then drifting up from the headed wheat country and because of the general influx of men from all over the United States, who come to make their "winter's stake." This is about the poorest section of the entire harvest season for the worker. The following little story is told of the farmers of Central Nebraska:

"What the farmers raise they sell. What they can't sell they feed to the cattle. What the cattle won't eat they feed to the hogs. What the hogs won't eat they eat themselves, and what they can't eat they feed to the hired hands."

In Nebraska proper the farms are smaller, as a rule, than elsewhere in the harvest country and grow more diversified crops. Almost every farmer has one or more "hired men," and for that reason does not need so many extra men in the harvest, but in spite of this, the whole floating army marches up to get stung annually. Most of the "Army From No-

ther north to be ready.

The farmers in South Dakota do not believe in "burning daylight," so they start the worker to his task a little before daybreak and keep him at it till a little after dark. If the farmer in South Dakota had the power of Joshua, he would inaugurate the twenty-four-hour workday.

The wages here range from \$2.25 to \$2.50 and board per day, while in isolated districts better wages are sometimes paid. A small part of the workers are permitted to spend the night in the houses, but most of them sleep in the barns. Sometimes they have only the canopy of the heavens for a blanket.

As soon as the harvest strikes North Dakota wages rise to \$2.75 or \$3.50 and board per day, the length of the workday being determined by the amount of daylight.

The improved wages are due to the fact that thousands of harvesters begin leaving the country because of the cold weather, and the fact that the farmers insist on the workers furnishing their own bedding. At the extreme end of the season wages often go up to as high as \$4.00 and board, per day.

The board in North Dakota is the best in the harvest country, which is not saying much.

In North and South Dakota no worker is sure of drawing his wages, even after earning them. Some farmers do not figure on paying their "help" at all and work the same game year after year. The new threshing machine outfits are the worst on this score, as the bosses very seldom own the machines themselves and, at the end of the season, often leave the country without paying either worker or machine owner.

This, however, is not the only method used by the farmers to beat the tenderfoot. In some cases the worker is told that he can make more money by taking a steady job at about \$35.00 a month and staying three or four months, the farmer always assuring him that the work will last. The average tenderfoot eagerly grabs this proposition, only to find that

*"Goi'n' wages" is an expression used by the farmer in answer to the question, "What do you pay?" It really means the smallest wages paid in the country.



JUNGLE CAMP.

thirty days later, or as soon as the heavy work is done, the farmer "can no longer use him." There have been many instances where the worker has kicked at the procedure and been paid off by the farmer with a pickhandle.

The best paying occupation in the harvest country is "the harvesting of the harvester," which is heavily indulged in by train crews, railroad "bulls," gamblers and hold-up men.

Gamblers are in evidence everywhere. No one has to gamble, yet it is almost needless to say that the card sharks make a good haul. Quite different is it, though, with the hold-up man, for before him the worker has to dig up and no argument goes. This "stick-up" game is not a small one, and hundreds of workers lose their "stake" annually at the point of a gun.

As is the rule with a migratory army, the harvesters move almost entirely by "freight," and here is where the train crews get theirs. With them it is simply a matter of "shell up a dollar or hit the dirt." Quite often union cards are recognized and no dollar charged, and the worker is permitted to ride unmolested.

It is safe to say that nine workers out of every ten leave the harvest fields as poor as when they entered them. Few, indeed, are those who clear \$50.00 or more in the entire season.

These are, briefly, the conditions that

have existed for many years, up to and including 1914, but the 1915 harvest is likely to be more interesting if the present indications materialize.

The last six months has seen the birth of two new organizations that will operate during the coming summer. The National Farm Labor Exchange, a subsidiary movement to the "jobless man to the manless job" movement, and the Agricultural Workers' Organization of the Industrial Workers of the World.

The ostensible purpose of the National Farm Labor Exchange is to handle the men necessary for the harvest systematically, but its real purpose is to flood the country with unnecessary men, thus making it possible to reduce the wages, which the farmer really believes are too high. If the Exchange can have its way, there will be thousands of men brought into the harvest belt from the east, and particularly from the southeast. It is needless to say that these workers will be offered at least twice as much in wages as they will actually draw.

News has come in to the effect that the farmers are already organizing their "vigilance committees," which are composed of farmers, business men, small town bums, college students and Y. M. C. A. scabs. The duty of the vigilance committee is to stop free speech, eliminate union agitation, and to drive out of the country all workers who demand more than "goin' wages."

tion, which is made up of members of the I. W. W. who work in the harvest fields. It is the object of this organization to systematically organize the workers into One Big Union, making it possible to secure the much needed shorter workday and more wages, as well as to mutually protect the men from the wiles of those who harvest the harvester.

The Agricultural Workers' Organization expects to place a large number of delegates and organizers in the fields, all of whom will work directly under a field secretary. It is hoped this will accomplish what has never been done before, the systematization of organization and the strike during the harvest, as well as the work of general agitation.

Both of these organizations intend to function so that the workers in the fields will have to choose quickly between the two. If the farmers win the men to their cause, smaller wages will be paid and the general working conditions will become poorer; if the workers swing into the I. W. W. and stand together, then more wages will be paid for fewer hours of labor. Both sides can't win. Moral: Join the I. W. W. and fight for better conditions.

Mr. Worker, don't do this year what



A WOBBLY SHAVE.

you did last, harvest the wheat in the summer and starve in breadlines in the winter.

Let us close with a few "Don'ts."

Don't scab.

Don't accept piece work.

Don't work by the month during harvest.

Don't travel a long distance to take in the harvest; it is not worth it.

Don't believe everything that you read in the papers, because it is usually only the Durham.

Don't fail to join the I. W. W. and help win this battle.



nest now, whether it contains her eggs or not. With utmost brutality the patriarch chases her away. However, this brutality is here fully justified because the females are lacking all motherly feelings, especially those that have laid eggs. They try to break again into the nest to rob the eggs and what is worst of all, to eat them up.

The eggs require about ten days to give life to the tiny young stickle-backs. During this whole time the family father does not move from the nest. The least damage on the nest is repaired at once. Oftentimes he goes inside to convey fresh water to the eggs by means of slow movements of his breast fins. This is to bring the oxygen which the eggs require for their germination.

Finally, the youngsters arrive, unbelievably small and only perceptible with a microscope. These little creatures need

fully he now breaks down the roof of the nest, without letting the small ones go into the much-stirred waters of life. He does not let them have their way even if they try to escape when they have gradually grown stronger and bigger. He "recalls" by swimming after them, swallows them, and returns to spit them back into the nest. They live on a yolk bag which they are still carrying around.

Only after the offspring has attained a certain size the active interest of the old man fades away and the young colony parts into all directions through the waters of life.

So the stickle-back man bears all the work and duties of the matrimonial life. The female not only does not aid him, but tries to interfere and to destroy the fruits of his labor, of course, without showing any trace of affection. These are the love-troubles of the stickle-back.

From Colorado—"Never was the REVIEW so good as now. We especially like the articles by Professor Moore and Wm. Boelsche. Enclosed find money order covering our regular bundle, also additional copies to distribute among railroad men."—Grace B. Marians.

From New Zealand—From T. G. M. "Your March issue is pregnant of good things. Article by Jim Larkin worth the whole price, to say nothing of all the other telling articles thrown in. It is well called the FIGHTING MAGAZINE. I would not miss it for worlds. It stimulates, entertains, educates and is a powerful factor for good. Long live THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW and those who so ably conduct it."

IN HIGHER PEOPLES

By PROF. J. HOWARD MOORE

III. SURVIVALS OF THE WILD IN DOMESTICATED ANIMALS

(Continued)

Note.—This popular Course in Biology by Prof. Moore, which started in the March number of the Review, will probably run for ten months or a year. The general outline of the Course covers: Domesticated Animals, Vestigial Organs, Survivals of the Wild in Domesticated Animals, The Origin of Higher Peoples, and Savage Survivals in Higher Peoples. The minor subjects may prove even more interesting.)

IV. SURVIVALS OF THE WILD IN HIGHER PEOPLES.



5. The Mother Instinct

Infancy is the time of the greatest mortality in all animals, including man. It is the time when living beings are weakest, and least able to defend themselves against the many enemies that lie in wait for them. Hence, in many species of the higher animals there has been developed, especially in the females, a strong inclination to care for and defend their young. Those species have survived that have had this instinct for child preservation most highly developed. No species can live long that does not save its young.

The domestic cow *hides* her new-born calf. This is useless in human pastures. But in the danger-filled life of the past, where a hundred hungry mouths awaited every calf that came into the world, this practice of the mother of retiring to some secret place when she gave birth to young was an exceedingly useful precaution.

Domestic fowls hide their nests for the same reason. And in those fowls, like the turkey and the guinea hen, which have been most recently domesticated, this instinct is much stronger than it is

in the more anciently domesticated chickens. Some breeds of chickens don't seem to have much of this instinct left. They lay their eggs openly, almost any place where a nest is provided, although they may prefer to have it somewhat secluded. The goose takes the additional precaution of covering her eggs with grass and sticks when she leaves her nest to feed. How absurd it is for a goose to come off her nest right in plain sight, go to work and cover up her eggs. But the wheels of her nature have gone round in this way so often in the wild life that they can't stop now, and continue to run on after all reasons for their movement have passed away. Sometimes a goose will show a weakening of this instinct by not actually covering the eggs but merely throwing a few straws or sticks over or in the direction of the eggs and letting things go at that.

In the wild state the mother rabbit makes her nest out of hair which she pulls from her own body, and she will continue to do this when domesticated even though cotton or other nesting materials are provided for her.

By HENRY L. SLOBODIN

IN the previous article under this title I have indicated in a general way some of the causes that will make for the social revolution after the war. These causes are the general law of development; the new economic conditions and the consequent political uprisings.

In this article I want to enlarge more fully on the new economic conditions that will confront society after the war.

At the outset of the war the national debts of the European countries aggregated the total of \$18,850,000,000, divided as follows:

European Debts Prior to the War

	Total Debts	Debts Per Capita
Great Britain	\$ 3,305,000,000	72
France	6,575,000,000	166
Germany	1,200,000,000	18
Belgium	740,000,000	97
Austria-Hungary	2,450,000,000	48
Russia	4,450,000,000	21
Servia	130,000,000	44
Total	\$18,850,000,000	47

On top of this tremendous debt Europe is now piling up the cost of the present war. Mr. Lloyd-George, the British Chancellor, estimated that the cost of one year of the war to England alone would be about \$10,000,000,000. (For these figures I am indebted to Hon. Edward Ewing Pratt, Chief of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of the Department of Commerce, Washington, D. C.) This would probably include loss to commerce, destruction of property, etc. The London Economist estimates that the cost of the war on the larger countries only amounts to an expenditure of \$50,000,000 each day, divided as follows:

Russia	\$12,500,000
Germany	12,500,000
France	8,750,000
Austria	8,750,000
England	7,500,000
Total	\$50,000,000

The cost of one year's war to Europe will be over \$50,000,000,000. This by way of expenditures, and loss of commerce and property. All of this sum will not be covered by national loans. Municipal and private loans will have to be resorted to. In other words, even now the world is rapidly and deeply mortgaging itself. And it is mortgaging itself at a high, usurious rate of interest. The world is borrowing now at nothing like the rate of interest which the present national bonds are bearing. These bonds bear from two and one-half to four per cent interest. The war loans are being made at seven to ten per cent. So that while the national debt may be quadrupled, the amount of interest will be octupled. The per capita or, rather, per-family-of-five, amount of interest on the national, municipal and industrial debt which the European workingmen will have to pay after this war will be so crushing as to present the most tremendous economic problem.

The world is now being rapidly mortgaged. The question is, to whom? We must abandon the old idea of money lenders. There is not money enough in the world to cover these debts. Nor can they come from the big fortunes. The Rothschild family is credited to be worth \$2,000,000,000. The Rockefellers, \$1,000,000,000. Yet they cannot lend these amounts to any one in cash. For the simple reason that these fortunes are already invested in industries and are not convertible into cash. They represent securities. And by controlling the security market, the great financiers control the entire credit of the world. Any little money that you or I and millions of others may deposit in a savings bank or any bank or invest in life insurance or any other thing comes at once under the control of the financiers.

Only recently these lords of bonds began to come into power. But this war

greatest oligarchy the world has witnessed—will become absolute.

Bondlords on one side and bondsmen on the other.

The employer of labor and the landlord; the manufacturer and the merchant, they, too, will be bondsmen. But the workingmen will be the bondsmen par excellence. For out of their labor will have to come the profit of the manufacturer, the rent of the landlord and the INTEREST OF THE BONDLORD. And INTEREST will overshadow in its magnitude profit and rent.

Bondlords will be the dominant economic class in the near future. Interest will be the great economic burden of the future. It will be paid by taxation, direct and indirect, municipal and private.

And REPUDIATION OF THE WAR BONDS will be the great political issue after the war. The peoples of the world will never pay these war debts. They will be repudiated. Repudiated by direct confiscation, maybe. But most likely re-

land proposes to confiscate two-thirds of this income by direct taxation.

The bondlords will be the most powerful class in the history of mankind. Economically, they will hold the state and the municipalities and all great industries as their bondsmen in the hollow of their hands. But while politically also powerful, their political power will be far less than their economic power. Therein will be the danger of their existence. With a world in subjection, with a world at stake, the bondlords will not have the political power necessary for the enforcement of their legal rights.

Bond repudiation will be carried to a success, but only by means of a social revolution. For when the world will despoil the small group of large spoilers, it will not be for the purpose of dividing the spoils among a large group of small spoilers.

Oh, no.

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EDITORIAL

WHEN WE GO TO WAR

IF the United States should propose to take up arms against Germany tomorrow, what would the workers in this country do to prevent war? What would we do to prevent war on Mexico?

What could you do, you railroad man, you miner, you carpenter and you steel worker? You would have no opportunity to go to the election booths to vote on the question—because elections are not held to decide whether the United States should make war or not. Your (?) Government has given you no legal machinery with which you can voice your demands in this matter.

And because there is no legal way in which we may declare our hostility to war, are we going to shoulder our guns and march to the front to be killed, or to kill others in order to fight the battles of the capitalists in this country? We might secure the churches and hold protest meetings; we might send letters to the capitalist papers proclaiming our antagonism to wholesale murder. But this would not check the war.

We would need to paralyze the industrial machinery that makes war possible, in order to impress our wishes and our demands upon the Government.

Strong industrial organization and a strong anti-war spirit can kill any war. The boys who dig the coal to supply the great war vessels can then strike against coaling these great engines of destruction. They can refuse to coal the trains, and to haul the soldiers to the front; they can demoralize the production of the munitions of war and make botches of the war guns. They can produce bad am-

munition; they may even go so far as to refuse to join the army and navy. **THEY MAY STOP THE ENTIRE WHEELS OF INDUSTRY!**

Not one wheel need turn; not one telegram be sent; not one newspaper appear. Water supplies may be cut off; electric lights go blind and the whole world of industry go dead. And two or three days of industrial paralysis **WOULD BRING ANY GOVERNMENT TO ITS KNEES.** It would be an exhibition of strength that no man or group of men could ignore. It would kill off any thought of war with any foreign power.

Organize in your union, or in the factory or shop where you work, so that you may be able to demoralize the whole plant if it seems that war is about to be declared.

Some people will tell you that **VIOLENCE** is wrong, that it is illegal and unethical. But the violence that may attend the putting of a steam engine out of business, a shop or mill temporarily out of commission in **ORDER TO PREVENT WAR**, would be like burning a match in order to prevent a forest fire.

The German comrades always persistently and consistently opposed all German propaganda for the general strike or for direct action or violence in any form, just as some of the socialists in America have spoken against violence, direct action and the general strike.

But the German comrades as well as the German working class have been guilty of more violence, more bloodshed, more direct action, more illegal activities than any other nation in the world. They

workers of Germany.

War means not only wholesale violence, direct action, and illegal destruction, it means MURDER and torture by the wholesale of combatants and non-combatants.

We do not need pink tea society ladies and sissies to talk against war. We want MEN AND WOMEN who will demoralize the wheels of industry so that there CAN BE NO WAR. And a general strike can accomplish this purpose better than any other weapon. Votes can't help us tomorrow—because we will have no opportunity to vote on any war issue.

But each and every one of us must organize with our fellows so that in case war threatens, we may be able so to act that we can PARALYZE the whole nation for a few days as an exhibition of our power and make the very thought of war unfeasible to the minds of the OWNING class in America.

Not Because We Will Not Fight.

We do not oppose the wars of the capitalist class because we wish the working class to turn the other cheek when it has been smitten by the Boss.

But we propose to wage wars only in the interest of the *working* class and not for the benefits of the employers of labor, who rob and exploit us.

We are the bitter foes of all sorts of exploitation. We mean to wage con-

whole product of the workers because they own the mills, railroads, factories, the land and the mines. This is why we oppose the private ownership of the plants of production, the factories, mills, etc., etc., and are fighting for the common ownership of these great productive institutions **BY THE WORKERS for the WORKERS THEMSELVES.**

This is our war. It is the only war worth fighting today. All other national wars are waged today for the property owners who desire to acquire more lands, more mines, more oil wells and railroads in foreign lands so that they may exploit **MORE WAGE WORKERS** and pile up more profits for themselves.

And so we will have none of the quarrels or struggles or wars of the **OWNING CLASS.** Our war is to abolish a private **OWNING** class and to make the world's wealth the property of the working class of the world, when all that labor may enjoy comfort and leisure and all the good things of life and when no man shall wallow in riches and wealth produced by the labor of others!

As Hervé so well said only a few years ago:

REBELLION RATHER THAN WAR. IN WAR, WE FIGHT THE BATTLES OF OUR BOSSES; IN REBELLION, WE FIGHT FOR OURSELVES!

For Joe Hill—We are in receipt of the following from the Joe Hill Defense Committee: "Joe Hill's case is to come before the Supreme Court of Utah this week. Judge Hilton has prepared the brief and will make the argument in his behalf. Our defense fund is exhausted and we are worried and harried by the imperative demands for attorneys' fees and other expenses. We are glad and willing to put in our time and utmost efforts, but there must be money also to carry this work to a finish. We do not need to remind you that our organization owes as much or more to Joe Hill than to any other man or woman in it. So we appeal to you, fellow workers, to do what you can. Yours for the freedom of our song writer, Joe Hill, Hill Defense Committee. Send funds to Geo. Childs, 45 South First West street, Salt Lake City, Utah."

The Socialist Argument

By **CHARLES C. HITCHCOCK**

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INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

French Socialists and the War. France is not encircled by enemies, as is Germany. Communication with the outside world seems to be as easy and constant as in time of peace. And yet most of us are better informed about the internal affairs of Germany than about those of France. This is partly because the French newspapers and periodicals have been harder hit than those on the other side the Rhine. Many have suspended publication altogether. Others appear in much reduced forms. But the chief reason is that in the papers which do reach us there is little objective discussion of conditions. The French have gone into the war with a sort of religious enthusiasm which is entirely unparalleled in the other warring nations. They contemplate with a transfiguring idealism the glories of a French victory. Even if the censor would permit it, there is little tendency to criticize or analyze. So the French papers give us much less information than those from Germany and England.

On this account the present writer has hitherto refrained from discussing at length the position taken by the French Socialists. The time has now arrived, however, when this matter must be gone into on the basis of whatever fragmentary information can be found. Whatever errors are made must be rectified whenever more materials come to hand.

It is well known that up to the very eve of the declaration of war the French Socialists and labor unionists made the most energetic protests. There were nowhere else such tremendous anti-war meetings. With the death of Jaurés the

anti-war campaign became a sort of holy war. Then came the invasion. On the instant all was changed.

We know that in Germany about a third of the Socialists opposed the war at every stage and still oppose it. In France there has been practically no opposition of this sort so far as we know. A few provincial groups have protested against the action taken by the majority of Socialists, but these have been so few and so feeble as to lack real significance. The government was immediately reorganized as a "Committee of National Defense." Comrade Guesde, the classic old revolutionist, and Comrade Sembat became members of this "committee," and have proved to be invaluable as directors of public safety. In all that they have done they have had the enthusiastic support of the party membership. They report regularly to the National Committee and receive the official advice and support of the party. Everything goes to show that they really represent French Socialism. What they are doing in the cabinet each party member is doing on a smaller scale to the best of his ability. France is then, the prime example of national unity.

This is, of course, not the whole story. There is much to be said about the recent history of the French Socialist Party and the Confederation General du Travail. But this sinking of Socialism and the labor movement in such a spirited and idealistic upwelling of defensive patriotism is the first thing to be explained. On the face of things the German war "Socialists" are justified when they say, "Look at the French. They have done

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man parliament present definitely rose in rebellion against both the imperial government and the decision of the party caucus. Two voted against the war budget and thirty withdrew before the vote was taken.

This result was the climax of a stormy session. There were two regularly authorized representatives of the Socialists who took part in the formal discussion. Comrade Stadthagen spoke on the injustice of the press censorship as exercised by the military authorities. He showed by means of an imposing body of facts that this censorship is so managed as to injure the Socialist papers as much as possible. The Socialists are praised for their loyalty; they are shedding their blood at the front and their eloquence at home, but their papers are suppressed or so emasculated that they are useless. It is impossible to carry on in them the sort of discussion that is necessary to the well-being of a political party. Very feeble replies were made to these representations.

Comrade Ledebour spoke on the treatment of nationalities in the Empire. It is well known that the German government has persecuted the Poles and French shamelessly. Populations speaking languages other than German have been forced to forego their mother tongue. They have often been expropriated. In connection with the war this matter has become one of prime importance. Even the war "Socialists" have maintained in their modest way that there should be no oppression of annexed people as a result of this war which they are so loyally supporting.

In connection with his discussion of this topic Ledebour took occasion to refer to a threat made by war office. For every German village destroyed, it was said, three Russian villages would be destroyed for revenge. "I was horrified when I read this," said Ledebour. "Barbarous!" cried Liebknecht from the floor. At this there was great excitement. Various members shouted: "Orders of the war office must not be criticized here!"

After order had been restored the vote was taken. The two Socialists who voted "No" were Liebknecht and Otto Rühle.

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ocratic group. I hold that the various resolutions of our party congresses on the matter of voting for budgets as operative and binding upon me, and I refuse to recognize the right of the group to disregard these resolutions. Since the party resolutions require opposition to the granting of budgets I cannot agree to withdraw from the session before the vote is taken."

Here are the names of the Socialists who withdrew: Albrecht, Antrick, Baudert, Bernstein, Bock, Brandes, Büchner, Davidson, Dittman, Emmel, Fuchs, Geyer, Hasse, Henke, Herzfeld, Hoch, Hofrichter, Horn, Kunert, Ledebour, Leutert, Peirottes, Raute, Schmidt (Meissen), Schwartz (Lübeck), Simon, Stadthagen, Stolle, Vogtherr, and Zubeil. It will be seen that there are among them many of the best known and most respected members of the group. It is certain that they represent a considerable number of party members.

Again I add, as I did last month in speaking of the majority of the members of English Independent Labor Party and British Socialist Party, here is a splendid block of material for the new International.



The General (dictating): "Two-thirds of our task of terrorizing the men, women and children of Belgium is already completed. It remains only to include the men."

Socialists. For some reason there has not been much talk about them. But there should be. Their distinction is that a declaration of war changed neither their principles nor their allegiance. They were Socialists before the war, and they are Socialists in the war. So they will be exiled for life.

Here are their names: Petrowski, Bajew, Muranow, Samoilow and Schagow. They are members of the Russian Duma. At the very start of hostilities they refused to vote for the war budget. More than that, they went on with Socialist agitation against the war. On November 17 they were arrested at a conference of Socialists. Papers taken at the meeting and others found in their homes served as the basis of the prosecution.

They were charged with treason. The prosecutor maintained that they were members of an organization which made a business of advocating the overthrow of the government and the establishment of another in its stead. He attempted to show also that they had secretly attempted to weaken the military power of Russia and so bring about her defeat. This latter charge he was, of course, unable to prove. But during the trial, with death staring them in the face, the accused men clearly and unmistakably proclaimed their opposition to the war. Their attorney declared: "The members of the Socialist group explained in their declaration to the Duma that the proletariat was unable to prevent the outbreak of hostilities and that it ought in the interests of international solidarity to work for the basis of an early peace. This they have declared, and they retract not a single word."

But it was necessary to make an example of these men. They were sentenced to exile for life and total loss of civil rights.

We are still hearing that Socialism failed. Well, Russian Socialism did not fail. What we have been saying in the safety of distance and neutrality they said in the face of the judge, the police and the gallows. This means more than the fruitful blood of martyrs. It means that Russian Socialism will come out of the war strong and true. Let us not forget this when we are discussing the new International.

RHEUMATISM

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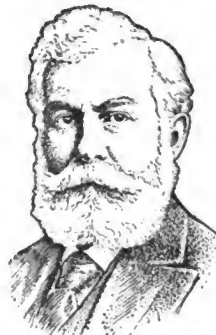
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FRED K DYER, Cor. Sec.

It is the organizations which represent the different crafts I have just mentioned that need to organize an "Industrial Union" instead of being divided and separated as they are at present, each having schedules and working agreements taking effect and expiring at different times of the year instead of simultaneously, as they would if all were in one organization. It is my firm belief that we should change from our present form and all organize into one organization on the basis of which I have explained, with a program somewhat after the following, adopted and put in effect on every railway system in the United States and Canada:

1. An eight-hour day for all classes of service, and time and one-half for all overtime after eight hours, Sundays, holidays and night work.

2. A car and tonnage limit to all trains, and that a minimum number of men constitute all crews.

3. Men engaged in their respective classes of service not to perform service in another class of service.

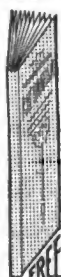
4. Abolition of all personal records, this to include age limits, furnishing bonds and physical examination (except a practical and fair test for eyesight, hearing and heart trouble).

5. Pay to commence from time called until relieved.

There are several other minor things that would have to be adopted to suit local conditions that would arise in different places, but a program like the above would be applicable to every part of the country and would put thousands of idle men to work that are now tramping the country and will be a menace to the railway workers in the near future in the way of getting better conditions and more pay, unless we who are fortunate enough to be employed adopt some means to relieve them of their distress. It is not the employed that the organizations have to fear; it is the unemployed who are hungry and ragged, and it is this class that the capitalists are going to use against us, and will ultimately defeat us, as they have done to other organizations in the past; therefore, let us get together, hold union meetings and discuss these real live questions which mean life to us, instead of quibbling over seniority, system rights and a lot of other foolishness which only benefits a few; work for "One Big Union" and the eight-hour day, and seniority will take care of itself when all are provided with jobs, working eight hours a day, leaving sixteen hours for rest and recreation to which we are entitled and should enjoy.

Yours fraternally,

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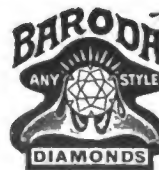
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