

To All Ohio Comrades:

Debs' Defense and Campaign Subscription Lists have been mailed you.
Return the lists with remittances to the State Offices.

By Order of State Executive Committee, H. Wagenknecht, State Sec., P.T.

The Ohio Socialist

Official Organ of the Socialist Party of Ohio

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CLEVELAND, O., WEDNESDAY, JULY 17, 1918

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A CALL TO ARMS

Free Speech on Trial; State Executive Committee Plans Debs Defense in Ohio
YOUR HELP NEEDED

To All Ohio Locals.

Comrades: Yes, Ohio is in the fight and in to win. The arrest of Comrade Debs forced us to enter the campaign before we had expected to do so. But we were not caught napping. We are ready.

The arrest of Comrade Debs in our state has aroused a feeling of protest in the breast of every class-conscious worker.

Debs says, "This is a fight for free speech. If it was a matter that affected me alone I would not hesitate to go into the case without a lawyer and await the decision of the court. But this attack is not directed at me. It is not a personal matter. It is the government's big case, into which it will put all of its energy and we must stand up and meet the attack."

This arrest is met with determination on the part of the workers; not only those workers who are members of the Socialist Party but unaffiliated workers throughout the nation, to forever put an end to this persecution of our most loyal members, who are innocent of any crime.

The most active workers in every movement for the betterment of mankind have been persecuted by the master class. It has ever been their aim to make these loyal workers suffer that their companions and co-workers should become intimidated and cease their efforts to bring about better conditions for the workers.

Even more than meeting the attack, we must fight with every weapon in our possession, that the

right of free speech, free press and free assemblage shall be secured and maintained for the workers. Meetings must be held in every locality to raise money for defense and campaign purposes. This is most essential.

The State Executive Committee has

outlined this plan for securing funds for Debs' defense and the campaign. All funds collected on the lists which the State Office has mailed out to all locals and branches will be divided thus: One half the amount received by the State Office will be apportioned to the defense. The other half will be divided equally between the local making the remittance and the State Office to be used for the campaign.

The State Office has mailed to all locals, branches, members at large and Ohio Socialist readers new Debs Defense and State Campaign Fund Lists. Circulate these lists with all possible energy. This case is the supreme test of the traditional rights of free speech in America. It will require thousands of dollars to win it.

Comrade Brown is just the kind of speaker for street meetings and picnics. His voice carries well and his live, instructive and interesting manner of handling his subjects makes his services very valuable to the movement. When can your local use Comrade Brown?

COLORED SPEAKER TO TOUR OHIO

Comrade Ross D. Brown, the "Unbleached Orator," will tour Ohio

Circles of this state will be glad

to hear that the State Office has secured Comrade Brown for a tour of the state.

Need we say anything as to the

ability of this well known colored

speaker? Those locals for whom Comrade Brown spoke the past two seasons, will no doubt call for more

dates at once. Locals which have not

had the good fortune previously

should make applications at once.

Comrade Brown is just the kind of

speaker for street meetings and picnics. His voice carries well and his

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ner of handling his subjects makes

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Comrade Brown?

WHAT OTHERS SAY OF ROSS D. BROWN

The Opinion of Debs.

Ross D. Brown has won renown as

the "Unbleached Orator of the So-

cialist Movement. He is widely

known, this gifted revolutionist, as a

speaker and propagandist or rare ver-

acity and remarkable power. He is

thoroughly imbued with the spirit of

loyalty to his race and to his class,

and the earnestness and sincerity

which animate him are so apparent,

even to the most prejudiced, that he

is listened to with respect if not with

admiration and approval by the many

thousands who gather to hear him.

Eugene V. Debs.

The Ohio Socialist

Akron, Ohio, Sept. 19, 1917.—Ross D.

Brown was here the 13th. We wish to

say that we perceive in this comrade

a very close student who possesses the

ability to present his subject. We can

recommend him highly and say that he

is worthy of far more considera-

tion than he generally receives. We

propose to have him again soon.

And each one of us, in his own way,

reacts to these tests. Some, thank

heaven, conserve their sense of hu-

mor. It is humor somewhat shot

through with irony, 'tis true, but it is

the divine and salving grace of hu-

mor, at that.

We march with proud front and

chevy men during the few hours

in which we are allowed to walk up

and down in the gray stone-flagged

corridors "for exercise." We talk of

daily trifles or of battles seen of work

performed. Volubly we talk of these

things, but—are there not other

things deep and insistent in us, of

which we do not speak, after the man-

ner of those who subscribe to the con-

vention of "manly reserve?"

I do not know if that is so of the

others, but I suspect it is of some, and

I know that it is true of myself. For

manifold are the things which flicked

across the field of my consciousness,

and while I may be busy in banter or

the recounting of stale surface ex-

perience, another part of me is hush-

ed in contemplation of these wilful,

broken visions.

It is, perhaps, the pure smell of

newly fallen rain in the slow dark-

ening evening of a London street. Or

it may be the swift impression of a

little French cafe, humble and vivacious,

whose began a rich friendship.

Or, one day, when walking on the Ar-

gentine pampas, I saw the sun de-

cline, attended by all the color of a

regal court of the Orient . . . or,

perhaps, the memory, faint as a drifting

leaf, of an encounter which seemed to

carry promise of a splendid burgeon-

ing, but which ended soon with a

commonplace parting that left a sor-

row pale as the dying of distant

smoke upon the sky.

But, whatever their content, these

are dear and close remembrances

which step, with gentle intrusion,

upon the threshold of my weariness,

stinging me to sudden flares of feel-

ing which are stanch'd in their be-

ginning. They happen, I suppose, to

every one, and at any time, but I

think they are more frequent and

more poignant, although more shat-

tered, to one who is in prison.

Sometimes I wish I could quiet

these chance stirrings; I would re-

lease these vagrants of consciousness that

enter without warning, bearing varied

carcasses of compelling waves. But that

is only when I am in the first hurt of

them. I would not really banish

them if I could; for though they

bring pain, they also awaken and stir

me to a renewed appetite for that et-

ernal and supreme intoxication—life.

Forgetfulness in regu-

lar dues payments means

a monkey wrench in our

party machinery.

It's better to be safe

than sorry. Pay dues to-

day.

YOU OWE

Maybe for July

THAT'S BAD

Maybe for June and July

THAT'S WORSE

Maybe for May, June and July

THAT'S TERRIBLE

YOUR DUES

THEY'RE DUE RIGHT NOW

JULY IS PAY UP MONTH

SQUARE UP NOW

AND ALWAYS REMEMBER

IT'S BETTER TO PAY AHEAD THAN TO BE BEHIND

NOTE—If you do not know where to pay your dues, send them to this office together with your

dues book and we will remit to your local secretary. State Secretary, Socialist Party of Ohio,

1291 Cook Avenue, Lakewood, Ohio.

COOK COUNTY JAIL

in "The World"

By Charles Asheigl

In the consideration of principles, theories and movements, we should never lose sight of the personal. Many people who are too bookish, or whose cerebral diet has been too severely confined to the "practical," or academic, become inclined to live mentally among generalizations only. It is good to observe a great array of men in an army or a marching pilgrimage.

It is impressive, the sight of this moving mass in its slow and fluid immensity. But one should not forget that each unit of this host is a breathing bundle of emotions, a compact battle-ground, perhaps, of conflicting passions, warring instincts and twisted and twisted purposes. And some among them may even have souls which are as half-wild gardens, purpled with the mist of dreams, amidst which play the fountainings of fantasy.

And so it is with us in jail. O friend of mine. You look upon us as a body, a band of men who are passing through this ordeal of iron and stone and monotony, so that, one day, a larger and more colorful life shall be won for this world's folk. A legion of crusaders, adventuring to win the Holy City of social and industrial freedom; a strong-souled company of knights, seeking the Holy Grail; which is liberty and truth and the space to laugh and love and live.

It is, perhaps, the pure smell of newly fallen rain in the slow darkening evening of a London street. Or it may be the swift impression of a little French cafe, humble and vivacious, whose began a rich friendship.

Or, one day, when walking on the Argentine pampas, I saw the sun decline, attended by all the color of a regal court of the Orient . . . or,

perhaps, the memory, faint as a drifting leaf, of an encounter which seemed to carry promise of a splendid burge

NEWS

of the

International Labor Movement

From Socialist Committee on Information, 811 E. Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., Julian Pierce, Chairman

REPRESENTATIVE MEYER LONDON, SOCIALIST, CRITICIZES U. S. SUPREME COURT FOR DECLARING FEDERAL CHILD LABOR LAW UNCONSTITUTIONAL.

Representative Meyer London, Socialist from the twelfth Congressional district of New York, in an instructive speech in the House of Representatives on June 12, discussed the action of the United States Supreme Court in declaring the Federal Child Labor Law unconstitutional and offered some suggestions to prevent hereafter such a glaring nullification of the national will.

Several bourgeoisie Representatives plied London with questions. The questions show the trend of the bourgeoisie mind. London's answers reflect in broad outlines the tincture which a profound knowledge of Socialist economics and philosophy imparts to the lawyer's mind.

The house of Representatives had under consideration the Sundry Civil appropriation bill. Mr. London said: "Mr. Chairman, I intend to say a few words on a subject not connected with this bill. I have not had the opportunity to prepare a careful statement on the subject. I am utilizing these few minutes because in the crowded condition of legislation it may be impossible for me to get the necessary time to deal with the subject at length. I have in mind the decision of the Supreme Court on the child-labor law.

Lawyers defer as to the right of the Supreme Court to declare acts of Congress unconstitutional. A good many brilliant lawyers are of the opinion that this power has never really been vested in the Supreme Court. The very first time the Supreme Court exercised that power was in the case of *Murphy* against *Madison*, in 1803.

Jefferson mercilessly criticised the court and denied its right to declare an act of Congress invalid. Justice Clark, chief justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, stands out among the prominent jurists who believed that this power has never been conferred upon the court.

But whatever the opinions of lawyers may be—and lawyers will always differ, as it is their training to split hairs, to differentiate, to find distinctions, and to reason things out theoretically and abstractedly and altogether out of relation to existing things and to live more or less in the past—the predominance of the lawyer in social and economic legislation is nothing short of a calamity. Carlyle referred to lawyers' reasoning as cheap logic. The law may take though and differentiate and distinguish until there is nothing left of the original idea. Whatever the opinion of lawyers may be as to the right of the Court to declare an act of Congress unconstitutional, one thing is certain, that if this decision remains the law of the land it will be impossible for the National Legislature, for Congress, to cure by way of legislation any of the social or industrial evils which legislation in all civilized countries of the world tries to meet.

It will throw back into the industrial field all the groups that are contending for the right to exist, all the economic classes that necessarily exist in modern society, and among whom there is a ceaseless clash of interests. Instead of the national will asserting itself through the act of the national supreme body, of the legislature all the industrial classes will have to give expression on the industrial field solely, with all the horrors that industrial strife involves, and with all industrial disturbances to meet.

Outside of the general cardinal principles of the moral law, those principles that are found in the Decalogue, legislation has at all times represented the rule of one group of society over the other as culminating, perched by the power and influence of the other group. Thus for centuries in England, in all the countries of the European continent, the landed class has practically controlled legislation. In the early history of these United States the property holder enjoyed an influence in legislation far superior to what the numbers constituting that class were justified in exercising. As late as 1842 the famous Dorr rebellion in Rhode Island was the final stage of a conflict between those who believed that political power resided in every citizen, and every man, irrespective of whether he owned real estate or not, and those who believed otherwise. In Rhode Island, under an old charter, the right of primo geniture was pre-

ferred and only landowners and their first born were entitled to vote up to 1842.

What is tariff legislation but class legislation, in which certain interests which benefit by tariffs speak in the name of the entire people? The opposition comes from that portion of the community for whom free trade is more desirable, and who also speak in the name of the entire people.

In labor legislation the situation becomes quite clear. It is usually legislation on behalf of the masses, of large numbers, as against a small group, which enjoys a greater share of worldly goods and very often the greater share of knowledge and intelligence, and who, by reason themselves, the only competent element of society to guide the destinies of the Nation.

If the decision of the Supreme Court is to remain law, it will be impossible for the national legislature to take up child labor legislation, legislation in behalf of women, legislation calculated to modify or to change or to improve conditions industry.

The Official Bulletin this morning or yesterday contained a very interesting item that says that since the decision of the Supreme Court the Department of Labor has been flooded with telegrams of inquiry from employers throughout the country whether they are now free to employ children under the age of 14 or 16 in the mines and in factories, and these requests show so much anxiety that they are usually accompanied by the statement, "Wire reply, collect."

It is evident that this decision cannot be permitted to stand as law unless the entire course of social legislation is to be turned back, which no nation developing normally and developing rapidly, as the United States have been developing lately, can afford. Now, what is to be done?

There was a conflict in France between the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate for years as to the respective powers of the two legislative bodies. There is a conflict in England between the House of Commons and the House of Lords, and the House of Commons is all the time gaining at the expense of the House of Lords. And it is very likely that one of the results of this war will be the complete disappearance of the House of Lords, so that the British legislature, instead of being bicameral, will consist of one body.

How can we overcome the conflict between the three branches of the government? Is the Supreme Court to nullify the legislation of Congress? Is it the court to tell the Legislature what the Legislature intended to do? That is what it amounts to, because the Legislature cannot be assumed to have willingly committed an act contrary to the oath of office and contrary to the Constitution. By a majority of one the court nullified the will of the elected representatives of the people. How is this conflict to be avoided? Half a dozen suggestions have been made. Somebody has suggested that every law which we consider of vital importance should be accompanied by a statement that the Supreme Court should have no power to declare it unconstitutional. Another remedy proposed is that the Supreme Court, which has appellate jurisdiction, shall be deprived of the opportunity to have matters involving the constitutionality of federal statutes, brought before them on appeal.

There is, again, the suggestion made that the decisions of the court may be revoked by a referendum to the people, and finally that an amendment to the Constitution shall be so construed as to authorize the Supreme Court to declare any act of Congress unconstitutional.

Something must be done. We cannot afford to deprive the national legislature of the power to deal with great social and industrial problems. Perhaps it would be a good thing for Congress to appoint a select committee to study the entire problem and to submit a report. This matter cannot be left in the condition which it is in today. We cannot permit a state of affairs where by a majority of one, the Supreme Court can nullify any of the laws of the House of Representatives, of the Senate, and of the President of the United States. We cannot permit a repetition of the horrible effect which followed the Dred Scott decision. This is perhaps a poor analogy, because it is hardly likely that anything that can happen in America today will ever bring about the same disastrous result. The situation is extremely serious and Congress should not delay in taking up the matter in the most thorough going manner and face the

benefit of our experience should not prevent us from gaining by our own experience.

A situation has arisen where we have a conflict between what are supposed to be three co-ordinate branches of the Government. Does the gentleman mean to say that Congress is not to do anything about it and just take a chance that any act it may pass, no matter how important, no matter how far-reaching in its effect, may be nullified by one man in the Supreme Court?

Mr. Sanford—May I say to the gentleman in reply that Congress has the alternative of continuing to exist in a government by law, or else the Supreme Court may be abolished and we would immediately proceed to be Bolsheviks, and we would be the Bolsheviks.

Mr. London—That sort of reasoning is below the gentleman.

Mr. Sanford—That would be the effect.

Mr. London—England, a country of law, exists without that power vested in its courts and France exists as a country of law without that power in its constitution. The gentleman would not deny that France and Switzerland and England are other civilized countries governed by law. What the gentleman does contend for is this, that a law as laid down in 1787 should be the law for all time, no matter what lessons the present may teach us. That is the trouble with the gentleman. When he speaks of law, as we have it now, he speaks of it as though it had been handed down from Mount Sinai and was absolutely unchangeable. The difference between a human being and an animal is just this, that the animal never changes and the human being does.

Don't be an encumbrance. Don't be a drag. Don't lag behind. Regular dues payments makes you a lifter instead of a leaner.

The Socialist Party is your party as long as you help finance it. Pay dues regularly!

OLD MAN CAP

He is a Fun Maker.

He is a Money Maker.

Did you see the capitalist ball game at the picnic at Canton? Then you will realize the advantage of securing his presence at your annual outing. He is money maker from start to finish. The state office will rent him out to locals for the reasonable price of \$1 and postage to and from the picnic. Locals will make money on this proposition and afford amusement to all the young confidantes, and some of the older ones who still desire to appear young. Write us for him for your next outing.

The Negro: His Present Status and Outlook

By Eugene V. Debs

The leading article in the Intercollegiate Socialist for December-January, 1917-18, on "The Problem of Problems" by Prof. W. E. B. Du Bois, dealing with the negro question in the United States, deserves wide reading and sympathetic consideration. It presents the negro question to the American people from the standpoint of the negro himself and as an issue of commanding importance, which the nation can no longer ignore or pass by with save at its own peril.

In speaking for the negro Dr. Du Bois stands squarely upon the negro's rights as a human being, which rights have been shamelessly outraged from the day the first African natives, stolen by pirates from their native land, set foot upon American soil and were sold into slavery by their brutal cap-

italists.

But only a minor part of this crime of crimes committed against a race of men has ever been atoned for, complete reparation for which can never be made.

Never do I see a negro but my heart goes out to him and I feel like apologizing abjectly to my black brother for the crime and outrages perpetrated upon his race by the race to which I belong. I look into his starved, brutalized features, his dumb despair, and I read the tragic story of his soul's betrayal and shameless spoliation of body and soul, traced by the hand of the Almighty, as the ghastly indictment of the white man over to the negro for all time.

Professor Du Bois speaks out with becoming courage and candor. There is none of the apologetic spirit of Booker Washington in his attitude. He is admirably conscious of the rectitude of his purpose and the righteousness of his cause, and every word in his stirring appeal in behalf of the negro merits hearty approval and appreciation.

Dr. Du Bois has just cause to find fault with all the various schemes for ending the great war and bringing lasting democratic peace to the world, which schemes have nothing whatever to offer to the negroes and other races despised and held in subjection by the white race. Says Mr. Du Bois:

"In the peace proposals that are now being made continually, the future of the natives of Africa, the future of the disfranchised Indians of the Eastern and Western Hemisphere, and the disfranchised element of the negroes of the United States has not only no important part but practically no thought. What you are asking for is a peace among the white folk with the inevitable result that they will have more leisure and inclination to continue their despising of yellow, red, brown and black folk."

Quite right! There is thought for the Belgians, the French, the Italians and even the Germans, but none for the twelve million American negroes who are nominally citizens of the republic, yet most of whom have been stripped of their franchise by the rape of their constitutional guarantees and who, in the general reckoning of those who prate about war for humanity and democratic peace, are to remain "damned niggers," or at best "niggers" merely, on a dead level with other beasts of burden.

Freedom of speech is another phase of the question which takes little heed of the rights of negroes to the treatment due to human beings, to say nothing of free men, as Professor Du Bois so pointedly and persistently says:

"You are taking up the problem of the freedom of speech. Many of you are vastly upset by the increasing difficulty which you have in discussing the war in America; but I should be much more impressed by your indignation if I did not realize that the greatest lack in freedom of discussion of American problems comes not in problems you are not allowed to discuss but rather in those whom you are free to discuss but afraid of. I know and you know that the conspiracy of silence that surrounds the negro problem in the United States arises because you do not dare, you are without the moral courage to discuss it frankly and when I say you I refer not merely to the conservative reactionary element of the nation but rather to the very element represented in a conference like this supposed to be forward-looking and radical."

These words are as true as they are courageous and commendable. Even among Socialists the negro question is treated with a timidity bordering on cowardice which contrasts painfully with the principles of freedom and equality proclaimed as cardinal in their movement.

There is but one way for Socialists to deal with the negro and that is to regard him as a human being, the equal in point of rights and opportunities of every other human being on earth. If he is less cultured it is because he has been robbed and deformed by the more cultured, and this instead of militating against him but accentuates his claim to decent consideration.

The negro asks no favors; he seeks no privileges; he spurns the white man's supercilious airs and patronizing cant. As a matter of fact he owes the white man little but his contempt. The very crimes he commits spring from the seed sown in his brain and heart centuries ago by the white thief who stole him from his native land, lashed him as if he had been a beast, exploited him to the marrow of his bones, and did all in his power to sink him to the level of a brute.

All the negro requires is that he be recognized as a human being and treated as a man. That is absolutely all. Nothing less will and nothing less should satisfy him; and nothing less will ever solve the problem and remove this growing menace to the nation.

The Socialist who will not speak out fearlessly for the negro's right to work and live, to develop his manhood, educate his children, and fulfill his destiny on terms of equality with the white man misconceives the movement he pretends to serve or lacks the courage to live up to its principles.

The negro is "backward" because he never had a chance to be forward. He has been captured, overpowered, put in chains, plundered, brutalized and perverted to the last degree. That is why he is backward. All he needs is environment, opportunity, incentive, the rights of human being, the treatment due a man, the chance to do his best, and he will take care of the rest, and when his account is cast up he will have no reason to blush when comparison of results is made with his erstwhile "superiors."

The negro is entitled to exact the same economic, political, social and moral rights that the white man has, and until these are fully recognized and freely accorded all our talk about democracy and freedom is a vulgar sham and false pretense.

Proletarian Science

A Course in Economics Arranged for Study Classes
By W. E. Reynolds
(Written especially for the Ohio Socialists)

What is the difference between the method of production one hundred years ago and today?

How is labor power sold?

How is labor power measured?

What is a product? What is a commodity?

Not why not, and if so, why?

Do you have one law of value for labor power and a different law for the exchange of all other commodities?

What is the relation of the worker to the employer?

Does the worker always SELL labor power?

Can one be independent under a form of society wherein the seller of his labor power always has to have a boss, or his agent, in the form of the BUYER of his labor power?

If workers are sellers of labor power and employers of labor are buyers of labor power can their interests be identical?

What do we mean by value?

Does abstract labor measure value?

Does concrete labor create value?

Can you distinguish the difference between mental and physical labor?

What is meant by the term SOCIAL LABOR?

Can you quote the law of value? Who is its author? Wherein may it be found?

How many component parts to the law of value?

When is the law of value operative? Will it be changed under a new form of Society?

What do we mean by the word "price"?

What are wages?

What determines the amount of wages a worker will receive?

Clip these questions and use them to convince others that more information is needed along these lines by the workers.

To the one who sends me the best set of answers to these questions before August 1st I will send one volume of Marx Capital or if you have them I will send books from the Kerr Catalog of equal value. To the next best set of answers will go any \$1.00 book and to the next five best answers for subscriptions to the Ohio Socialist will be sent. Send all your answers to the office of the Ohio Socialist. Please enclose a stamped envelope for reply.

Next lesson begins next week on "prices."

enforce their demands. Then and then only will they take their rightful place in society and have equal voice with all others in the control of the nation and in realizing the ideals of civilized humanity.—Intercollegiate Socialist.

Wages In Germany and Yours

By B. OUVRIER

The first sentence in an editorial entitled, "Wages in Germany and Yours," which appeared in the Cleveland News Monday, May 27th, says: "The U. S. is fighting in this war a battle for the workers of America."

The question to be discussed here is not whether this is so or not, but whether the points brought forward as working class interests in the above mentioned editorial are working class interests or not.

The article states (in different terms) that if Germany wins this war the German capitalist class will be enabled to exploit the American working class, instead of America's working class being exploited by her own capitalist class.

We know that Germany's industries are higher developed. Therefore Germany can produce commodities cheaper than America. In case Germany secures free passage for her products American capitalism will be unable to compete with German capitalism, and the former would be forced out of the market. As a result of the lower cost of living resulting from this competition, the "Wages" of the working class of America would be lowered. This, however, is only a lowering of the exchange value and not of the use value. The same amount of commodities can be bought for both the higher and lower "wages." This is clear if one takes into consideration that a highly developed industry produces the same kind in less time than a lower developed industry and that the exchange value of a commodity is determined by the amount of social labor-time necessary for the production of that commodity.

The argument of the Cleveland News is similar to the cry of the Nationalists of Ireland. The latter say: The Irish worker must not be exploited by foreign capitalists but by Irish capitalists, and the former say the American wage workers must not be exploited by German capitalists but by American capitalists. The whole editorial has as a background a high tariff of a Chinese wall.

Workers, what do you care by whom you are exploited? Does it make any difference to you whether an American, an English, a German, or any other capitalist class exploits you? The exploiting remains just the same.

Workers, your interests demand the abolition of private ownership in the means of production. Don't bother yourself about the interests of the different groups of capitalists, whose different interests in the long run have one thing in common—the perpetuation of the capitalist system.

Nothing more important than having a dues stamp for the current month in your little red dues book.

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 17, 1918

Good and Evil

By MORRIS HILLQUIT ..

Business is conducted for profits. The larger the prices of the commodity or the higher the rate of service, the greater is ordinarily the profit of the capitalist. Hence the everlasting quarrel between the seller and buyer, the landlord and tenant, the carrier and passenger, the aggressive and inexorable "producer" and the pitiful "ultimate consumer."

The individualistic and competitive system of industry is a system of general social warfare, an ugly, brutal fight of all against all. It is a mad, embittered race for wealth or bread without plan or system, without pity or mercy. It has produced the abnormal type of the multimillionaire, with a hoard of material wealth enough to last thousands of families for countless generations to come, and the children of the slums succumbing for lack of the barest necessities of life. It operates through periods of feverish activity during which men, women and even children of tender age are worked to exhaustion, and periods of inactivity and depression during which millions of willing workers are forced into idleness and starvation. The system of competition has not been without merit. It organized industry, stimulated invention and increased human productivity a hundred-fold. It has created vast wealth and evolved higher standards of life. It has broken down the barriers between countries and united all modern nations into one world-wide family of almost identical culture and civilization. It has played a most important and useful part in this history of human growth.

But, sharing the fate of all other industrial systems, competition finally reaches a stage where its mission is accomplished and its usefulness is outlived. Competition, which in its youth and vigor is "the life of trade," becomes in old age a plague and a nuisance. In the long run it demoralizes the industrial life of the nation and exhausts and ruins the competitors themselves. At that point competition begins to yield, gradually but surely, to a new industrial form-combination. Then arise the modern business corporations, followed by trade agreements and pools, and finally by trusts and monopolies.

The trusts are not the invention of ingenuous financial manipulators, nor are they accidental and preventable evils. They are the inevitable culminations of the process of capitalist development, the mature fruit of industrial individualism. They represent a superior and more efficient method of industrial management than competition, just as the modern machine is a superior and more efficient medium of industrial operation than the antiquated hand tool.

The trusts are a powerful factor in the industrial life of the nation, and they modify the social conditions of the country both for the better and the worse. As large consolidations of capital operating in unison over the area of an entire industry or a considerable part of it they tend to eliminate much of the chaos and anarchy of the competitive system. They have the power to regulate the supply of commodities in accord with the demand, to curb waste and overproduction, and to diminish the evil of periodic industrial depression and financial crises.

But the beneficial features of the trusts are more than balanced by the new evils which they breed. The trusts, like all other modern industrial institutions, are primarily conducted for the profits of their individual owners and promoters. They are, therefore, afflicted with all the vices of private capitalist ownership and management, and their tremendous powers intensify the evils. The trusts have developed the art of over-capitalization to a most audacious and alarming extent. Billions of dollars of their watered "securities" are afloat in this country, and the workers pay an annual tribute of hundreds of millions to the holders of this paper in the shape of interest and dividends. It is practically a blanket mortgage which the trusts thus hold on the people of the United States and upon the products of the toil of generations of Americans yet unborn. —From Socialism Summed up.

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Up!

"Industrial Union" Scatters Plenty Over Peaceful, Smiling Zapataland

By EDGECOMB PINCHON

One hundred years ago there lived in Southern Mexico a humble priest, Morelos by name. For ten years this man maintained in the field undefeated a revolutionary host of sixty thousand despised and rejected peons. When his followers, flushed with the new victory, wished to salute him with the title, "generalissimo," he laughed, saying, "I would rather be remembered as the serf of the people." Like Jesus he was betrayed and executed. But the magic of his great heart still broods over the territory upon which he lived and fought and died; and it bears his name—the State of Morelos.

The ashes of his gaunt, naked army impregnated the soil with rebel seed. Seven times in the ensuing hundred years the region of Morelos blossomed with spears and mattocks and flintlocks in the hands who loved the earth better as a guerrilla's grave than a peon's prison. And seven times the intervention of a foreign power at the behest of the Mexican ruling class strewed their ashes to the winds.

But the eighth time came a resurrected Morelos—Zapata, the serf of three and a half millions of peons, gaunt and naked as their forbears, and back of him blossomed machete and musket in a lusthod at last compelling and unquerable.

Patient, humorous, cool, intractable with a limp sense of the realities, Zapata withheld in turn the well organized armies of Diaz, the frantic forays of Huerta, the cajoleries of Madero, and the diplomacy of Carranza. Of all the revolutionary leaders of Mexico, he alone has never yielded an inch of territory, never compromised, truckled or traded; and whereas the United States press has in turn pelted and vilified Madero, Huerta, Villa, Orozco, Carranza, it has not dimmed the clear lustre of Zapata with so much as a paragraph of praise. He remains, unfoaled and unbroken, the "Serf of the People."

It was Zapata who in 1910 at the head of a small body of compañeros started the conflagration which later enveloped the whole country. For five years thereafter he lived in the saddle. While the young men followed him to the hills with horse and rifle, the older men, women and children tended the farms and kept the army supplied. Not until two years ago did Zapata and his people have sufficient tranquility to recast their industrial life in a mold "nearer to the heart's desire."

The Disc of Brass

The Serf and his people have only one desire, to be let alone. They will not want to fight, and they will not fight more than the guardianship of their homes require. But because they greatly prefer the plaza to the bivouac and the guitar to the rifle, they fight very indistinctly when they want to shorten the job.

They want to shorten the job as much as possible. And what is true of their treacherous warfare is true also of their self-chosen peace. In farm and mill, as in camp, their chief delight is to shorten the job."

For these people, strange as it sounds to civilized ears, love fun.

They have a queer, half-formulated idea which comes skipping through their already rich repertoire of revolutionary ballads and camp-songs that life is fun—if one will let it be so.

Love and laughter seem to have overcome them with but scant resistance, and they are as improvident as a babe at its mother's breast, as unthrifty of crusts as a guest in the house of his friend, as unambitious as a rose.

This lack of the respectabilities finds its perfect expression in the little disc of brass which each member of the community carries. It is an identification disc, the size of a dollar and twice as thick—not unlike the talisman by the civilized combatant in the trenches.

Graven on the face of it is a simple inscription, "The bearer of this disc is Manuel Garcia, is a member of the Industrial Union of North and South America. Who shows him favor or shows favor to all the members of this union."

The peon is not intellectual. He

knows, however, that he wants land, home, food, clothing, travel, amusement, leisure for himself and his family.

The fifty odd haciendados who owned the country and said him nay in these little wants of his he has disposed of. He now helps himself to whatever he desires. It is as simple as that. He knows that he wants the general store of wealth on which he draws kept up to a certain comfortable level of abundance; and so he works—little, contributing his share toward the common welfare. He knows that he wants his simple service to be not less respected than the more conspicuous performances of the clever; and he knows also that the dollar is verminous with the brood of oppression. He wants to get rid of it; and he does so, paying no man the incredible insult of a meted and measured reward for his communal service; but paying every man the limit, the freedom of the industrial republic from sill to citadel. And it, too, is as simple as that.

And so everybody works a little, nobody much; for there are so many other important things to do—dancing, for instance, serenading, masking, the intricacies of the guitar or the conductor's baton, making songs, playing with the children, carving, hammering or weaving little trifles of beauty or just loosing with a friend or sweetheart. Nobody fails to do his share, not because he is inspired by any noble sentiments, but because the price of that little extra labor is too high. It costs the respect and fellowship of one's neighbors and there is none willing to pay the price. That is all. Everybody takes his excess product to the public market and leaves it there for his neighbors to use at will, or he serves the community in some public capacity—cleaning the streets or playing the tenor at the opera.

And now the secret of the disc is clear. Manuel Garcia, armed with his talisman of the Industrial Union of North and South America, shops, travels, puts up at the hotels, amuses himself at the theater or the opera, with his wife and children—without question, hindrance or price. It is a new suit for little Manuel, a new manilla for Dolores, a bunch of bananas, a round of excellent beef, a

trip to the mountains in the hot season, a new sombrero—Faust and sweetmeats? It matters not a whit. The little talisman of sweet good sense foots the bill unblinking, never takes the change and never goes bankrupt. Occasionally there is a shortage in this and that, but only in the luxuries and foreign importations, never in the essentials. The principle of "first come, first served," is tactfully honored everywhere; and there is no pushing or squabbling, for this would be regarded as mad manners; and this people loves everything beautiful, beautiful manners most of all.

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THE CONVERSION OF JOHN ERWIN

By JESSE JASON RUFNER
CHAPTER EIGHT

Summary of Previous Chapters

Johnathan Crane, pastor of the village church of Friendsburg, in order to arouse his congregation to activity decides to hold a revival and calls in his evangelist friend "Bob" Chalmers, to assist him.

John Erwin, a landlord of many acres, is the main support and pillar in the church, a conscientious but grasping man. Among his several

tenants are Bill and Sally Long and their brood of youngsters.

Sis daughter, Lucy, a sincere church worker is secretly in love with Shane, the blacksmith, a hearty, sharp-tongued and sincere friend of the poor, who is in love with Lucy, who became a beacon light in his life, the too diffident to speak of it.

Chalmers arrives and in conversation with Rev. Crane is told to speak guardedly of such subjects as might offend the rich members of the church. Chalmers replies with the story of his poverty-stricken childhood and strug-

Chalmers was doing more hard thinking than he ever had before. He was like a soul suddenly awakened among strange surroundings. For the life of him he could not understand what had happened to him; but somehow all the old well-trod ground of thought was slipping from under him and he was groping in the dark for bearings. The sermons which in the past had been so effective, would not satisfy themselves and his own train of thought had somehow veered in a different direction. Neither did it help him to recall the old Biblical heroes for somehow his mind had become imbued with the collective idea and he realized that greatness did not abide in individuals but in society which made individuals what they were from purely economic causes.

He never again would be a heretic worshipper. He sadly saw the failure of such sermons and was relentlessly judging the effect of them. Some way all the evil there was in the world he was pessimistically laying at the door of the church. Plainly he had no business in the ministry feeling as he did at present; still, who else had any business in it when it was the cause of such terrible error? There was no good in it, just a chain around the neck of progress, a forcing of mankind to look in the past for precedents.

He recalled the amused pity of himself and classmates after reading aloud a treatise on the fire-worshippers, yet how silly it now seemed in view of his own blind worship of something just as mythical for it was mythical, and not only that, it was proving criminal in its influence or the race. Men were purposely kept in ignorance of the fundamental principles of advancement. All the progress that had ever been made, he now knew had been made in spite of the church and in despite of Me! Men were taught meekness and docility for a purpose, of that he was certain, and that purpose was a deadly one. For instance, here was John Erwin, whom the world called (a trifle sarcastically, of course) a good man and who imagined himself a good man, and yet as Chalmers now saw it, he was one of the supreme criminals, for men or Erwin's class more than any other, were responsible for the world's condition. Smug and self-satisfied, they insist on judging after their own self-constructed ideals. They were narrow and prejudiced, musing over the Scriptures Sunday after Sunday, a matter of form or habit, yet very careful to read into them the meanings that pleased them best.

As Chalmers now saw it Erwin and his ilk were the supreme failers, who by some monstrous sleight of hand, deprived the balance of humanity of what in the very nature of things must be their just inheritance. Now he was seeing clearly, should he lend himself to them to become a pampered tool, who nevertheless must do their bidding, or should he search out the real truths of existence and manfully preach what in his heart of hearts he believed? Should he preach meekness and subjection to these humble farm slaves, who should make matters in his own hands, and for a spirit of revolt? Surely if God were God as he had been taught to believe, he had given him a brain to use in thinking out these things for himself. If God were evolution, he would be working hand in hand it perfect accord with him.

Chalmers sat an hour before services were to begin in deep thought. He knew full well he never could preach as he had preached before for he did not believe as he had formerly. He now recognized in the church a jail for souls in which their wings were clipped so they might not attempt flight only along given lines, and those lines fenced in by narrow superstition. He looked back on his own past and on his father's before him and realized fully the power the church had exerted in forging the

ggle for life. With his meeting with the nurse at the hospital, Eulalie Malcolm, the daughter of a once wealthy and high minded man, too scrupulously honest to remain rich, who became a beacon light in his life, the too diffident to speak of it.

Chalmers meets Shane and strikes a friendship with him, recognizing his strength of character. Shane, the not a church-goer, is influenced to assist in getting a crowd of non-church attendants to hear Chalmers' first sermon.

ed between them. Chalmers had fully expected an angry scene with this man who probably more than any other in the congregation had been hit by the sermon. The surely was not angry, that Chalmers was certain. Could he have misjudged him? Was Erwin really sincere and had this vehement outpouring of his shocked him into a realization of his own culpability? That Erwin did not denounce him outright was a relief in one way, in another it was disquieting. At any rate, he had done what was right. Surely he had nothing to regret whatever might happen. Chalmers squared his shoulders and breathed deep. At last he had thrown off the fetters which bound him and he was trying to learn who "whoever" was.

At midnight a pebble struck his window with such force that it awakened him. He hurriedly dressed and made his way down stairs as quietly as he could. He found Ned Shane awaiting him: "Allie has taken a turn for the worse and she wants you. Will she be pointing out the way, and he was free.

Some way Ned Shane and Lucy found themselves walking along the country road together. Lucy's hand tightened on Ned's arm as they discussed the sermon, Chalmers and everything else but what laid nearest their hearts. Shane felt a little awkward, for true to the Longs, he had come to church in overalls and jumper.

"Oh, Ned, I am so ashamed," said Lucy, "I can see it all now. You are more a Christian than I can ever be. You are always doing things for someone. That was a noble thing for you to do, Ned, taking in little Allie Perkins as you did. Come to think of it, it is always you that does things like that. You can remember anything coming to anyone else for help, but you and still they call you an 'unbeliever' because you do not go to church and quarrel with the rest of us. Ned, I— I am so ashamed!"

"Now, Lucy, don't you go to makin' no hero out o' me. Them things just kind o' come to me to do. I ain't aimin' to be no Christian. I just can't bear to see folks miserable when there's anything I can do to help em. Now if little Joey Perkins had come to your bedroom window and hollered for you like he did for me, you would have got right up and gone along. Of course you would, then if old Sir would have turned her out, you'd have fetched her along home with you too now, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, yes, Ned, I suppose I would, but that isn't it. In the first place Joey Perkins never thought of going for help to a single Christian in this town. Why? Just because we have never practiced what we preached. We've just been contented to do the preaching and let an old 'unbeliever' like you do the practicing."

"Now, Lucy, I hain't done nothing at all to make you go on like that. Them things just sorta come to me to do, and I done em. Don't you know you can't get rid o' me, Lucy? You makes me feel awkward than the devil than thunder, damn it I don't know just what I do mean; but Lucy, if you just say I do mean, then if old Sir would have turned her out, you'd have fetched her along home with you too now, wouldn't you?"

"I want my father. Make him forgive me before I go?" The pleading in her eyes was so unearthly, Chalmers could have cried. Surely, if heaven were true, the gates must open wide for the weary little wanderer.

Shane came forward. "I'll go fetch him, Allie. You rest easy now. That's a good girl, everything is all right. Poor little lamb, poor little lamb." Ned's voice was very tender and his rough hand seemed smooth as an angel's to the poor child who was fast approaching the "Valley of the Shadow."

Shane started for the Perkins home leaving Chalmers and the nurse together. He had hardly awakened from his dreaming and the expressive face of the nurse crowded with its white cap and capriole, look full of compassion, moved him strangely.

Chalmers approached the nurse. "Miss, did you ever tell the story of the Cross. If so, tell it now to her. Whatever you or I may believe, we have never gone back on the spirit of sacrifice on the cross which has carried the burdens of a race."

The nurse looked up startled. "Please do tell it," came from the white face on the pillow. Then followed the Story of the Cross, that wonderful story of world renunciation for the benefit of the race. Not told as Christians tell it, but as Socialists do who look back over the road of progress at the many crosses borne by the many Christs, and think of the future as a long weary road through superstitious terrors to the supreme ideal, where men shall be God, unhampered and un hindered masters of the elements—maph of life and of death—and be free.

Chalmers started to his feet. He had found his angel of the hospital ward, the guiding star of his life, and still she was ahead beckoning him to follow for she was a Socialist.

(To be continued)

The sermon he preached was a fear less one and a source of inspiration to the poor and of criticism to the wealthy members.

Si Perkins, a hard man who has developed his farm at the expense of the happiness and welfare of his family, has turned his daughter Allie, from home upon the discovery that she has been led astray. Allie returns to the home and is befriended by Ned Shane and his aged mother. A nurse from the city is sent for to care for Allie and her little daughter.

at himself in the glass. "I don't see how she ever could have done it," he soliloquized to himself. Of course the glass did not reflect the honest warm heart of him—nor did he understand that Lucy loved the soul of him which shone out from kindly gray eyes that make for a beauty God alone possess.

That night Bob Chalmers dreamed. Vision after vision of his past raged through his brain. Always just ahead flitted a childish form with long golden curly and sweet blue eyes, whose lashes curled upward; and always was she pointing out the way, and he was trying to learn who "whoever" was.

At midnight a pebble struck his window with such force that it awakened him. He hurriedly dressed and made his way down stairs as quietly as he could. He found Ned Shane awaiting him: "Allie has taken a turn for the worse and she wants you. Will she be pointing out the way, and he was free.

Chalmers hurriedly dressed and followed Shane. "Reverend Chalmers," said the nurse, "she imagines she is lost. Won't you say something to comfort her? I might at one time have prayed, or at least told the Story of the Cross—I cannot do it now. Seeing the present system and present day religion is to blame for things like this, I suppose it would be a fitting climax for you to say as preachers are wont to pray," said the nurse bitterly.

"Then you are not a Christian?" said Chalmers astounded. "Is what you do believe?"

"I am a Socialist and I believe in the Brotherhood of Man. Say something to comfort her, if you can," as Allie moaned and held out a wasted chief speaker.

Pennsylvania.

The Tri-State Co-operation Assn., a federation of co-operative stores in Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia, reports that it now has over 7,500 members and that 56 stores are affiliated with it according to a bulletin recently received from the Co-operation League of America.

Co-operation in Virginia.

From a letter recently received by the Co-operation League of America, 2 West 13th St., N. Y. C., we learn the following: "The Virginia Federation of Labor has set aside the second night of the annual convention of that body for the conference on co-operation. The program this year will include reports from stores at Richmond, Norfolk, Portsmouth, Newport News and Clifton Forge. President Samuel Gompers has instructed Arthur Holder, who drew up the report of the committee on co-operation at the last A. F. of L. convention, to be with us. Our co-operatives at Newport News and Portsmouth are particularly interesting and successful, and I believe that the labor movement will either adopt their methods entirely or at least will usually begin in that form. They are open only three nights a week and work is handled by a committee which receives no pay. The goods are sold at about 10 per cent less above cost. Only union men can purchase, and it is claimed that the saving in purchase of necessities has been a real inducement to non-unionists to join the unions. The committee men become educated in business and co-operative principles, a large amount of capital is not necessary nor can restrictive regulations be put upon the store by hostile city council or other bodies."

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